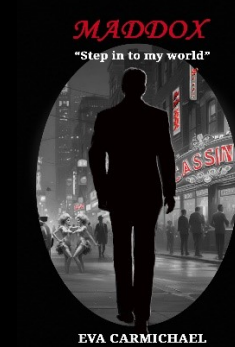


Extract from MADDOX



Simon was in the lounge when the two women wearing blue and white tabards entered the room.

“Everything’s done,” said the older of the two women. “We’ve made up the beds and put clean towels in the bathroom.”

“Did you stock the fridge like I asked?”

“I went to Tesco this morning,” the younger woman said. “I got everything you asked for.”

Simon handed each woman a brown envelope. “Good. Here’s the money we agreed. I’ve put a little extra in for your discretion.”

The older woman frowned. “Discretion? I don’t understand.”

“It’s for keeping your mouth shut. You were never here. Understand?”

“Come on Liz,” the younger woman said tugging at her companion’s coat. “Let’s go.”

...

“What do you think that was about, Sue?” Liz asked, once they were out on the street. “That bloke looks a bit shifty to me. Who do you think he’s expecting? The Queen Mother?”

Sue giggled. “I don’t thing he’s shifty. I think he’s sexy.”

“You think every man’s sexy.”

“Only the goodlooking ones, and you’ve got to admit, Simon is goodlooking.”

“I still think there’s something dodgy. That place hadn’t been lived in for months.”

“You do know who the house belongs to?”

“No. Who?”

“Karl Maddox.”

“What, the bloke who owned all the clubs? I thought he was dead.”