Chapter One

'See, this is when you are glad to have a pool here. For about five weeks a fucking year it earns its upkeep!'

Patrick Kelly's voice was jovial but Kate knew that it galled him that their beautiful pool didn't get much use in Grantley. Still, they had a stunning villa in Spain if they needed the sun and they had also purchased a condo in Florida, as Patrick liked the golf courses out there. Florida was also where George Markham had died – the man who had murdered Patrick's daughter, Mandy – and she knew that he liked being close to where that evil bastard had met his end. It gave him a small sense of satisfaction. They had a very luxurious lifestyle and Kate enjoyed it more than she thought she should. She couldn't shake the feeling that it was too opulent, but it was part of Patrick's make-up. He needed to feel that people could see and admire his success and, in a way, she understood that.

After all these years together, she knew she was lucky to have him; they were growing old together these days, but they were happy. He still had it in him to give women the 'glad eye', as he called it, but his roaming days were over. At least she hoped so. She knew he still had his fingers in a lot of dirty-looking pies – Patrick Kelly was never going to be able to go completely straight – but she was retired from the force now,

and she had decided that 'what couldn't be cured had to be endured'. One of her mum's old sayings; even now Kate still missed her.

Beverley Collins, their housekeeper, walked out to them where they were sitting on their terrace, smiling as usual. She was a confirmed spinster in her forties with a soft Cork accent and a face that Patrick once said was what his mother would have called 'unfortunate'. Meaning that she wasn't exactly a raving beauty, but she was wonderful at her job and that was all that mattered. Also, she had an endearing personality and wasn't even remotely intrusive. She loved her little independent flat on their property and fitted in with their set-up perfectly.

'There's a gentleman here to see you, Pat – won't give me his name.'

Patrick stood up, scowling. As he dragged on a robe, Kate followed suit. She hoped this wasn't trouble coming to their door. But after years with Patrick Kelly, Kate suspected that there'd likely be more to this than met the eye. Patrick still loved what he called 'a bit of skulduggery'.

Unfortunately, that sometimes came back to haunt him.