

‘My father. He lives close. But please. Just tell me.’

‘Well, I am afraid to say that early this morning the body of your husband, Michael Rimmer, was discovered by his housekeeper in the basement of his house in Antibes.’

Rachel made a sound, a hard intake of breath with a *whoosh*, like a steam train. ‘Oh,’ she said. ‘No!’

‘I’m so sorry. But yes. And he appears to have been murdered, with a stab wound, several days ago. He has been dead at least since the weekend.’

Rachel sat up straight and moved the phone to her other ear. ‘Is it – Do you know why? Or who?’

‘The crime scene officers are in attendance. We will uncover every piece of evidence we can. But it seems that Mr Rimmer had not been operating his security cameras and his back door was unlocked. I am very sorry, I don’t have anything more definite to share with you at this point, Mrs Rimmer. Very sorry indeed.’

Rachel turned off her phone and let it drop on to her lap.

She stared blankly for a moment towards the window where the summer sun was leaking through the edges of the blind. She sighed heavily. Then she pulled her sleep mask down, turned on to her side, and went back to sleep.