

turned to Don. "Sure there isn't anything you'd like to add to what you've told us, before we send in our report to the Prosecutor's office?"

"What could I add," Don said, "except that those of us who knew Mister Grolheim can't believe he'd be guilty of any crime?" •

The lieutenant stalked toward the corridor, spoke over his shoulder: "We'll drop in again this afternoon on the chance you may have thought of something."

Becky Kahn waited until they were well out of hearing: "I hope I did the right thing, putting that call through . . . ?"

"Right as rain, Becky." He patted her shoulder with more reassurance than he felt. "See if you can get Mister Stolz for me."

He decided not to tell Bob about the call from Grolheim just yet. Time enough for that after the crown sable had been returned, if it was going to be; after Jim Preston had shown up, if that was what Grolheim had meant.

But there was a reservation about that in Don's mind. The buyer hadn't said Press was all right, only that he was coming in with the crown sable coat. *Dead or alive?*

Even if the doorman at the Buckinghamst and Salvatore had been wrong about the disappearance of old Jim, even supposing the implication of the heaviness of the amber-colored box didn't mean what Don thought it meant, still—there was no longer any doubt that both Press and Grolheim were in the hands of murderers. If they had killed Max, expecting to lay the crime on Grolheim, they might just as easily have put Press out of the way, with the intention of shifting the blame for that onto Grolheim, too.

The red eye glowed. "Bob? Our friends have gone. Demised party turns out to be the juvenile delinquent who nearly bashed out my brains."

"Oh? So? Well, relieved to know it wasn't Jim Preston."

"So'm I. Still leaves Grolheim with his tail in a crack, though."

"How 'bout you? Do they know you had a run-in with this kid?"