

The Honey Trap By DJ Priddle

Chapter One:

A shadowy figure stood outside the frosted glass door, Jonas Brock could see in the silhouette that it was a large framed man. The handle turned slowly and the door opened.

“Four weeks!” The voice now shouting at him was that of his brother. “Four weeks! You selfish little prick!”

Jonas remained silent as he looked up from his desk into Ray’s red face.

“Fuck you Joe.” Jonas could see that Ray was seething. Flecks of white spit were gathering at the corners of his mouth and his face was red with anger. On retrospect, Jonas thought, he probably should have at least made the effort to contact him.

“You’ve been out for four weeks and inside for five bloody years Joe!” It was not a question and his brother continued, “You never called me or mum from inside. Where was a phone call? You could’ve been dead for all we knew. I’ve had to find out about you from bloody police informants. We all asked for a visiting pass and every time it came back to us, you had refused it. You don’t give a shit about anyone but yourself, do you?”

“Ray, I’m sorry.” Jonas attempted weakly.

“Oh, great. You’re sorry! Is that it?” Jonas had probably just made it worse for himself, so he sat back in the chair, ready for the onslaught that he knew would follow.

“It was my birthday last week. Did you remember that? The big five fucking o, of course no card from brother Joe, but I didn’t expect one. But then I find out that you were released. That would have been a great birthday present that would. My little prodigal brother returns and finally has a tiny little scrap of thought into someone else’s life for a change. But, no, I forgot you don’t go to family events now do you? Even when it’s a funeral.” As Ray paused for breath Jonas opened his mouth to speak, but thought better of it. Ray did not even notice as he ploughed forward with his torrent of abuse. “You know Suzy has cancer? You know she’s dying? Did you hear about that? I did send a letter informing you. Did you even read it? Did you even open it? Do you give even the slightest care in the world, about your sister-in-law? You never bothered to write to ask about anything in my life. Or mum, because you couldn’t give a shit. It’s all about you Joe. You started your own little mafia down here like one of the bloody Richardson’s, but it all got totally messed up. I don’t suppose that you remembered that you were a bloody policeman. Meanwhile your poor bloody family sits here waiting and picking up the pissing pieces Joe. You know that your wife died I suppose? I suppose you got that letter, or one of your guards at least informed you? As you can imagine, her folks were thrilled that you made such an effort to attend her funeral. I’ve never even heard some of the words that came out of her father’s mouth about you, mate. Do you know anything about *how* she died? She was working Joe, on a night that you should have been home. If you were still bringing any money in, she would have never been there when those drunken assholes hit her. You know they closed the case on her before they solved it. She’s just a number now Joe. Another mindless hit and run statistic with no one taking the blame. The car that hit her smashed through her poor body like it wasn’t even there, Joe and she still stayed alive long enough to get to the hospital, and do you know what she did? Do you? The poor cow, fucking asked for you!” Jonas was up on his feet now, and walking quickly towards his brother. Enough was enough.

“Ray, watch your mouth!”

“Or what Joe? What? Are you going to try and hit me like we were kids again? I beat your ass to the ground then. And I’ll do the same now. You little shit.” Jonas had never seen his older brother this angry. The five years of anger now being vented toward him was justified. They had been close once, before all the bullshit with the backhanders. Ray was the reason that

Jonas joined the force in the first place. He had always looked up to him, nine years older and without a father in his life, Ray had been the only male role model in his life. When Jonas had started running his protection rackets and looking after the street girls, he had tried to distance himself further and further away from Ray. His brother was a bloody good copper, and had taken the desk job when he was given the chance. In his own mind, Jonas was doing it for Ray. The last thing that he wanted was for his brother to be tarred with his filthy brush. While Jonas was in Belmarsh he chose not to contact his family. With their background in the police, he knew that it would bring too much shame to them within the force and outside of it. Ray had found out two years ago that his wife, Suzy, had been diagnosed with terminal cancer. He had written a heart felt letter to him in prison, which Jonas had never bothered to reply to. Jonas had been sad to hear the news of course, but every letter back that he mapped out in his head, felt hollow and impersonal. So the days became months, and Jonas realized that he had left it far too late.

“How is Suzy?” Jonas asked in an attempt to satisfy his brother’s anger.

“Dying Joe.” Ray lowered his voice a little saddened by the truth of his words. “Two years ago they said that she would be lucky to live six months, but she’s dying.”

“Shit Ray, I’m truly sorry.”

“Well I really appreciate your sudden bout of concern, mate.” Ray said, seeming to get slightly calmer now although he was clearly still angry, Jonas knew that he must be careful not to antagonize him again.

“Why didn’t you even ring Mum, mate? From inside? Don’t they give you a phone call these days? Go and see her, now you’re out and grovel, beg and steal to make things right. I know she wants to see you.” Jonas knew that she would want him to visit, but he also knew how disappointed that she would be in him, and he was not sure that he could deal with that yet.

“I will.” Jonas lied, “I’ll ring her later.”

“No you won’t.” Said Ray knowing that his brother would take some convincing. “You’ll just ignore it all until it goes away. You’ll bury your fucking head in the sand and pretend that none of this is happening, like you always have.”

Ray seemed to have calmed down now from the initial onslaught and now slumped down into the sofa behind him. He looked exasperated and completely at a loss for what to say to Jonas. He chewed the inside of his mouth angrily as he continued, quieter than before.

“I wish that you could understand all the shit that we have had to put up with out here. Everything changed for all of us Joe, not just you. Work has been hard. Being the brother of a bent copper doesn’t put me in a great situation. I hear people whispering their rumors, they laughed at me for the first two years. But I had to just carry on, what other choice did I have. Apart from my promotions falling on deaf ears, I just kept my head down and got on with it. Did you hear about Donovan?”

“Heard what about Donovan?” Jonas asked his brother.

That was a name that Jonas was not expecting to hear again. Donovan Quinn, the man that put Jonas inside. They had worked together on one case when Jonas was a Detective Sergeant at Thamesmead Police. Donovan was smart and young, full of the love for the job that only happened when you were fresh to it. The Superintendent had said that he was top of his class at the training school, and it was of great interest to him to watch Donovan’s progress. After two years as a uniformed officer, Donovan was granted a move to Detective Constable and placed under the wing of Jonas. For the majority of their short time together, Jonas had ensured that the lad was out in the field and away from him. The last thing that Jonas wanted was prying eyes into his private affairs. Then there was the dead girl. DI Clayton, Jonas’ immediate superior had demanded all hands on deck with the whole branch working toward the case. Clayton demanded that the mess was ‘mopped up quickly and efficiently,’ and in his

own tasteless words, “The last thing we need right now is some dead tart blocking up the drains.”

Jonas had never seen eye to eye with Clayton. Every decision that his superior made was a highly charged stupid one, and this time was certainly no different. Regardless of the many ongoing cases at Thamesmead, everybody paused and worked together. Unfortunately for Jonas the dead girl belonged to a group of prostitutes that he was paid to protect.

Five years in Belmarsh has taught Jonas that grudges were futile, especially ones that you had no intention of doing anything about. Donovan was a fantastic police detective and deserved to do well. He was a better detective than Jonas and secretly Donovan had begun investigating him and his methods, and Jonas had been so brazen about his own ability, that he had never bothered too much to hide them. So it was Donovan’s evidence that sent him to jail after the whole local force found out about his misdemeanors.

“He made Detective Inspector.” Ray answered checking for Jonas’ reaction. “The Superintendent Coyle pulled some strings to get him your job when you fucked up, and then about six months ago he got promoted again.”

“Good for him.” Jonas said graciously, hiding his real feelings.

“Yeah, good for him,” Ray smiled, “He’s got the job both of us wanted now. So, yeah, good for him.” Ray quickly moved the conversation on, not wishing to dwell. “So what are you doing now? You’ve got a shitty little office in town, with your name on the door. What are you selling?”

“I’m doing some investigator work.”

Ray laughed aloud

“Investigator work? Playing at being a copper then?”

“Hardly, all I’m doing is following guys around that can’t keep their dick in their pants.”

“Sounds fucking perfect for you then.” Ray joked, “You can probably sympathize with all of them.”

“Yeah,” Jonas conceded, “But I’m not supposed to be on their side, am I?”

“No probably not.” Ray laughed again, “So, my little brother the private dick. Ha! I always knew you’d admit to being a dick one day.”

“Bugger off.” Jonas said, “I’ve had one interesting case come in. But the rest is bollocks.”

“What’s the case?” Ray asked.

“It’s about this Unimerch Sterling company. Apparently a load of files have done a walk off. It came in this morning.” Jonas pointed to the paperwork in front of him, and Ray came closer to read the top page of the report.

“Keep out of this one, Joe.” He said, “It’s a fucking huge case and a media circus. The last thing that they need right now is some dirty cop snooping about.”

“Can you tell me anything about it?” Jonas said, “I haven’t heard anything.”

“Well,” Ray began, “Only what I have seen on the news. It’s a tax thing so it’s revenues not the police. Steadily, over the past four or five years, brick loads of money was being moved out of the company to its subsidiaries in Russia. All of the shit storm started when a large transaction had been used to hire the services of a company in Russia called Cedars Rhos Holdings, for what looked to be basic computing work.”

“So they were moving money out instead of being taxed?”

“Kind of.” Said Ray, “Except it wasn’t just a few quid here and there. We’re talking millions. I’m pretty sure that the directors were nothing to do with it, and it was all down to one or two greedy fuckers with the accountant in their pockets.”

“What has happened to the company now?”

“Liquidation mate. The directors all went bankrupt; a couple of them topped themselves. It was big news for a while. The media loved it. They were showing figures every time a new

piece of information came in. It was investigated by the Serious Fraud Office and they pegged the lot on one of the CEO's."

"When does it go to court?"

"I don't know. Two or three weeks I guess. Not long."

"Well, according to this, the evidence has gone." Jonas said pointing again to a sheet in front of him. "Hard copies stolen, and computer files deleted."

"There will be more than one copy though, won't there?" Ray asked.

"I think it's more about compromising the case."

"I would keep the fuck out of this mate. Don't say that I didn't warn you," Ray realized that he had never had any real say on what Jonas did. Even from a young age Jonas practically ignored him. "Look, Joe, Suze is too ill for me to start pissing about with these cases for you. I've got enough of my own work to do right now and I'm two weeks away from compassionate leave to look after my family, but I do know this guy who might be able to help. He's a bloody computer genius. Much cleverer than either of us. I can put you in touch with him if you like. Tell him that you are my brother." Said Ray writing down the name and number, "And be nice to him, he's a good kid."

"What do you mean kid?"

"You don't get to our age and become a computer whizz, Joe." Ray made his way all the way across the room to the office door before he turned back. "While you are playing at policeman, don't get into any trouble again. You have a tendency to create piles of shit everywhere you go. Keep your head down this time Joe."

"Yeah, prison solitary is really boring. I certainly don't want to be going back any time soon."

"Why solitary? Couldn't they control you in there either?"

"The copper thing was a little too much for some to take." Said Jonas, "Belmarsh was only my home for four out of my five years at her majesty's pleasure. The cell was small and cramped but it was better in there on my own. When I first arrived being with the general population of inmates was shit scary. I was sharing a cell at HMP Parkhurst with a relatively safe old lifer, but it didn't take long for the inmates on the wing to find out that I was a bent copper. They obvious don't like the filth going inside, but a bent copper is even worse to them. It's a policeman with no honour."

"Christ, you are popular wherever you go, mate."

Jonas laughed thankful to be able to banter with his brother again. Suddenly the office alarm made a strange squeal.

"What the hell was that?" Ray asked looking around the room.

"The alarm, I really can't afford to change it." Jonas admitted.

"Well turn it off." Ray said, "You don't want that going off in the middle of your 'important' cases. I'll see you soon. Don't be a stranger this time. And ring mum."

Ray walked out of the office. Jonas smiled to himself and looked at the phone, but instead of picking it up, he went back to reading the case file.

Four weeks had flown by so fast that Jonas had not even thought about them. Renting the small cramped office had been easy enough. Luckily for Jonas, the landlord did not care about references and guarantors; he just wanted cold hard cash in his hand. The office was cheap, included bills and already included two swivel chairs, an old untidy, but sturdy desk and a large tatty sofa. The only thing that Jonas had needed to buy was a laptop and printer, and the new telephone system. He had also had the new sign commissioned for the door. It stated simply 'Jonas Brock,' as he did not believe that a Private Investigator should be advertising himself too much, and the sign above the shop Jonas had decided to leave blank, painted gloss white. The office was small with barely two foot of space around each item of furniture already in it but it was perfect for what Jonas needed. There was a small kitchenette off the back through

one door, and a single toilet with washbasin through another. The alarm for the office was faulty, and made erratic beeps throughout the day while Jonas worked, but when he had looked into replacing it, he balked at the astronomic prices of replacement and servicing. He had decided that the alarm could wait, at least until his new venture got off the ground.

Jonas tried to take in the information on the case files in front of him. A company called Unimerch Sterling was being investigated for fraud. The law firm dealing with the prosecutions evidence was a company called 'Reynolds & Scott' who had been collating the evidence for the crown. A month ago, important evidence files were deleted from their computer system, and the hard copies were stolen. Without these important pieces of evidence, the fear was that the court case will collapse. Without the files the court would see that the case has been compromised, and if the defence council found out then they will surely use the blunder to their advantage. Reynolds & Scott had now privately approached Jonas for help, before admitting their mistake to the Crown Prosecution Service. The job was much more than Jonas was used to, find the files and find out who stole them. Jonas looked for the contact number at the top of the first page and called the law firm direct.

"Good Morning, Reynolds and Scott, how may I help you?" Said a friendly female voice on the other end of the line.

"Good morning," Jonas replied feeling prickly at the girl's cheeriness, "Would it be possible to talk to one of the partners please?"

"Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Scott and Mr. Klein are all out of the office today I'm afraid, but I can put your call through to Mr. Harrison, one of our junior partners." The girl continued to talk with a happy professionalism that irritated Jonas immensely.

"Yes. Fine." Said Jonas running his hand through his new short haircut and down onto his clean-shaven face.

"I'll put you through." The music was tinny and shrill in his ear, and far too loud in his opinion. It sounded like something that he recognized but before he could identify it, the call was picked up again.

"Mr. Harrison's office." The voice was foreign, a strong deep male voice. "How can I help?"

"Good morning, could I speak with Mr. Harrison please?" Jonas asked.

"Mr. Harrison is in a meeting I'm afraid." Said the voice. The voice was not as cheery or polite as the girl before. It was slightly more harsh and impersonal which Jonas put down to the accent.

"Ok," Jonas wished that he'd never called at all. His patience was thin, even at the best of times. "Can I just leave a message? Tell him my name is Jonas Brock."

"Jonas Brock," Confirmed the man who sounded like he was writing it down.

"Someone from your office has contacted me, and I'm just making a courtesy call back in response. If possible I would like to talk to one of the partners at some stage. Perhaps set up a meeting?"

After the man had all the information that he needed, Jonas thanked him for his time and hung up. The alarm beeped loudly again, making him jump a little and Jonas cursed.

Chapter Two:

Jonas used his key to lock his office door, and made a note to in his mind that the door looked a little flimsy. Having put the key into the pocket of his jeans he opened the zip of his thin brown jacket. He did not really feel like himself yet; as the clothes and haircut were all still fairly new, but he knew that he would in time, get some way back to where he was before. Jonas had been looking forward to this visit, and relished the thought of the twenty-minute walk, allowing his anticipation to build up inside of him. He took a left along the road and placed both hands into his jacket pockets as he walked. This was a habit from six years in uniform, keeping his hands warm on the cold night time walks around the streets. Jonas hoped that he could remember the way especially as he had usually driven there before but his car had been the first thing to go during the trial, seized by the courts to repay his debts. He turned to his right along the road where the housing estate began.

As he walked the long roads he saw just how many of these council houses were crammed tightly into the area. Each house was identical, terraced and set into rows and at each corner roads sprayed out like the tracks in a spider's web. All had long gardens backing onto each other and every now and again the council had used strips of unused land to brighten up the place with a little grass. He looked up at the tall four storey apartment buildings that matched his own and wondered if they had all been built at the same time.

There were speed bumps in every road here. Equally placed at just enough distance to make even the most proficient drivers have to slow to a snail paced crawl. Jonas was surprised to see a number of buildings that were new as he headed toward the old business park. Sparkling new flats that could only have been privately owned, as from what he could see through a couple of the windows, these people had money. As he arrived at a place he once again recognised, he remembered meeting her there under that very same bridge almost eleven years ago. She was sixteen back then and Jonas had been a detective sergeant for only two years. The job was his life and he would never have dreamed of what was to come, but when he met her, things changed. He remembered the seemingly accidental meetings with her in the car park beside the bridge and his fear that she would one day end up like so many of the nameless girls that he investigated. Now he could not wait to see her again. She was the only one who knew the whole truth about his life, as she had been part of his decisions.

As he continued to walk past the private housing with their individual driveways and well tended gardens he could feel a knot of excitement building in his stomach. It had been five years of course, and he had changed. Would she recognise him now? Would he recognise her? What if she did not live there anymore? He shook the thoughts from his mind and passed the long chain metal fence that he had handcuffed her to. He laughed as the memory came into his mind. She had been so drunk that she had woken up the whole street. She was hitting and punching him all the way home as he tried to ensure that she safely returned. Jonas had had no choice but to cuff her to the fence and call for a car. When the officers arrived and escorted her home he warned her against a drunk and disorderly charge as she reluctantly got into the car. He was quietly pleased with himself for having protected her for so long, although he realised that without her arrival in his life things may have been very different. He passed the familiar en bloc garages and walked up to the door that he had stood outside so many times. He rang the bell.

A sweet female Italian accent called from somewhere within.

"Un momento prego! I'm coming. I'm on my way."

Jonas smiled and raised his fist to the door. He rapped on the glass as hard as he dared and heard her voice again, this time quieter.

"Shit."

The door opened a crack and Jonas could see that it was still on the chain.

"What the fuck do you want, Bastardo?" Said the girl with long jet-black hair. Jonas could see her thick eye makeup in the gloom of the flat, but the curtains were drawn and against

the bright June sun it was hard to see much more. Suddenly the door slammed shut and Jonas could hear the chain rattling on the other side. The door was flung open and she almost jumped onto him with a squeal of delight. She kissed his cheek hard and whispered in her natural south London accent.

“Where the hell have you been?” He could just make out her softly whimper and sigh deeply as she held onto his neck tightly. Jonas placed his hands around her and carried her back into the flat, closing the door behind him. The girl seemed to pull herself together and stood up once more, smiling broadly. She placed her finger to her lips to suggest that Jonas stays silent and motioned him to move into the small toilet area through the door beside them. He quietly did as she asked and pushed the door so that it was nearly closed. He could hear her slipping carefully back into her Italian accent talking to the unseen guest in the next room.

“Signor Jenson, amore mio, I must ask you to go. Something very important has come up. Can we schedule another time? No charge.” Mr Jenson whoever he may be took his leave and telling her that he loved her all the way to the door was quickly ushered out. “Ciao, a presto.” She said allowing him one last kiss before she closed the door.

When Jonas heard the front door click closed and the chain was replaced on the lock, he opened the toilet door.

“Selena,” He smiled, as he looked her up and down.

Stood in front of him now she still looked so young to him, what would she be now, twenty-six? Twenty-seven? He remembered her innocent expression when she was so much younger, along with the fear that she had in her eyes back then, which had vanished long ago. She had come so far since that scared little girl approached him under the bridge for change. She was tall and pretty underneath all the make up that she now wore. Her hair was cut with a fringe and jet-black straight down to just below her shoulders.

“You look hot as always.” He said, “I like your outfit. Did you pick it out yourself?”

Jonas had seen her dressed in so many different outfits that he had lost count, but the black leather bodice that she wore now, was a new one on him. It had five brass holes through the centre with a thick black cotton lace tying it tightly around her breasts, which bulged over the top pushed closer to her body and upwards by the figure-hugging corset. From just above her stomach the bodice was fastened with straps of extra leather sewn in to the sides and clasped at the front with four matching brass buckles. Below her waistline Selena wore the smallest French knickers that Jonas had ever seen. He mused that they were clearly two sizes too small, but her near perfect size-ten body was only accentuated by the obvious constrictions. On her beautiful legs she wore tights woven into perfect small hexagonal shapes drawing a man’s eye line down to the highly polished gloss black stiletto heels on her feet. Metal chain link as large as a fifty pence coin fell from the leather collar around her pale soft neck and joined at the waist to the bodice below.

“Let me go change, Joe.” She said breaking his stare, “You got some talking to do.” Her voice was so well known to him after all these years and he was always pleased by the thought that everyone else around her knew her as the ‘Italian girl’.

“No don’t change.” Jonas said quickly as she began to walk toward her bedroom. “I kinda like it. It suits you.”

“Yeah right.” She said, “At least let me cover up a bit.”

Jonas followed her through the narrow hall to the lounge area of her flat and watched as she removed the collar and chains. Reaching around the back of the door of what Jonas knew to be her bedroom; she pulled a cheap towel dressing gown from its hook. Wrapping it around her she looked up at Jonas from under her hair.

“So Joe,” Selena grinned, “It’s been a while, right?”

“Five years and then some.” He replied pretending to work out the numbers in his head and mocking counting on his fingers.

“You shouldn’t turn up unannounced though, babe. When you knocked on the door old Jenson shit his pants, and I thought it was the fucking police.”

“That must have been a delightful sight.” Jonas said laughing at the thought of her clients panic. “He didn’t seem too worried about getting out of here quick.”

“No, but if you keep doing things like that, now that you are home, I get the feeling that you’re going to be really bad for business.” She smiled and then quickly pretended to be serious. “So you are a criminal now? I’m not sure that I should even be letting you in anymore. How was prison? I bet you had the time of your life with all those murdering fuck heads that you put away. I bet they kept you busy in the shower. Did you have any time at all to think about me?”

“Jail was amazing.” He replied with sarcasm, “The best five years of my life. Apart from spending four years of it in solitary because I got stabbed, it was a ball. Everything that I hoped it would be. The golf course and the swimming pool were to die for.”

“God, you got stabbed?” Selena’s face wrinkled up at the thought, making Jonas smile again as he affectionately watched her. “You made friends just as easy in there as on the outside then?”

“I see that you haven’t lost any of your charm. Yeah, stabbed in the shoulder by some junkie trying to kill me.”

“And still survived to tell the tale. Oh, you are so tough.” She joked, taking a cigarette from her packet and placing it to her lips. “Can I see the scar? So you really didn’t have time to think about me?”

“I had quite a lot of time to think about lots of things, to be honest.” Jonas avoided the question for a second time, as Selena lit the cigarette in her mouth. “It’s good to be home though and good to see you.” He coughed at the smoke and waved it away.

“Sorry,” She moved toward the window and opened the curtains. Light shone in to the room and shined against the smoke hanging in the air. As she opened the window, the air rushed in and carried the smoke out. “I should give up, right?”

“Yeah you should,” Jonas replied, “They really will kill you in the end.”

“There’s a lot of things out there that will kill me, babe. I’m not sure smoking is my main concern.” Selena stood outlined by the sunlight, “The pimps have been getting twitchy. There has been a few disappearing acts recently. Nothing major, just a shit load of money that never arrived. Do you know what I mean? One minute a pimp has six girls on the street, and then one night later he has five. I’m lucky to work for the guys that I’ve got. But other girls ain’t that smart.”

“True,” Said Jonas, “But I seem to remember one particular dark eyed little girl who was once in the same boat. I would even say that back then, she wasn’t that smart either.”

“Oh that is the harsh truth, DS Brock.” When she said his name her voice was filled with irony.

“Back then, I seem to remember, that I had the world at my feet and the streets in my hand.” Jonas continued.

“And the pimps in your pocket.”

“But without your, DS Brock, you wouldn’t have lasted five minutes out there, let alone all of the years that you have.”

“Well thank you,” She said mockingly, “For your shining armour routine, but you fell a little short of pulling me up onto the back of your horse, babe. In fact, popping me in the hands of a local brothel is not how most kids dream their future is going to pan out.” Jonas was stunned into silence by her comment, and for the first time in all of the time that he had known her, realised that his actions had changed the course of her life, as she had to him.

“Relax,” She smiled and carried on, “What else was I going to do? It was only a matter of time before I did it on my own anyway. I certainly wasn’t about to trot on home was I? And

I would probably have washed up on the banks of the Thames somewhere near the estuary. I didn't just rely on you to make my bad decisions for me; I was more than capable of doing that on my own. You just made my life a little more simple." Her impish grin caught him off guard, and he laughed a little under his breath.

"You still never trusted me enough to tell me your real name though." Even after all that had gone between them, Jonas still only knew her as Selena. The first day that they had met, she fumbled a moment with her words before blurting out her pseudonym. He knew then that she was lying, but did not press her for it until some years on. Her answer was always the same, a shake of her head and a kiss. He had resigned himself to not ever knowing it. A year later when she told him that her surname was Ferrari, he had laughed so hard that he had nearly choked on the coffee that he was drinking. Selena had looked a little dejected by his reaction and given him an affectionate punch to his ribs.

"And I very much doubt that I will ever tell you my real name." She responded to his statement. "I doubt I can even remember it myself. I've been Selena Ferrari for a long time. Anyway, that's the beginning of the end for you and me after that, I'm sure. Our relationship will come crashing down as soon as you realise that I'm not that exciting. What is the real reason that you are here, babe? Although it is lovely to see you, I know you well enough to know that it's not just me that you're here for."

"Ok, you got me." He said with a wry smile, "I need to know about the Unimerch Sterling case. I'm doing some private dick work, and this one has just landed on my doormat."

"A private investigator? Glad to see that you are putting your skills to good work. But I can only tell you what everybody knows, babe." Selena shrugged, "The Company went tits up due to a shit load of money making its way somewhere else. Can't you YouTube the news reports?"

"Of course, but I've got all that already." Although they were alone, Jonas lowered his voice; "I just thought that you might have heard something from a client or two?"

"The accountants were in on it, I seem to remember. I think the company had owned shares in loads of different smaller firms, so they effectively bought their consent to rip off a shit load of people." She said shaking her head, "One of my clients was something to do with the company, but I haven't seen or heard from him since the case broke. He was a regular as well. Maybe he can't afford me anymore. I can let you know if I hear anything else though."

"That would be great. Thanks. I just thought one of the staff might be a client of yours."

"I think they go a little higher class than me, babe." She laughed.

"Surely there *is* no one 'higher class' than you? Otherwise, what the fuck have I been wasting my time on for all these years?"

"Ha ha and go fuck yourself. I wish that I was a high class hooker. Instead of the bottom end clients that I get, maybe Richard Gere would walk into my life. That'd be nice. Do you think that he'd take me to some big hotel and buy me stuff while he fucked my brains out?" Selena looked away and pretended to be talking to an imaginary figure in the room. "Signor Gere, senza di te non sono niente. Cara mia, ti voglio bene. What? You don't speak Italian? Well, neither do I really. So, perhaps you would just like me to shut up and suck your cock?" Selena moved her tongue around in the inside of her cheek, acting out the oral sex that she was picturing in her mind.

"That's fucking charming, that is." Jonas said.

Selena looked him in the eye once more, and theatrically wiped the corner of her mouth with her finger.

"Sorry, babe." She said, "I didn't realize that you were still here. Mr. Gere is just leaving."

She gave the imaginary man a pat on the rear and a wink before turning to Jonas again.

“And that would be the end of you and me.” She said, “I wouldn’t open my doors to the likes of you ever again.”

Jonas was happy that she had not changed. In all the years that he had known her, she was cheeky, and always gave him a run for his money. It was one of the things that drew him to her back then, as it did now.

“Open your doors to me? Or legs?” He raised an eyebrow at the insinuation. She walked over from the window towards him without a word, and began to unlace the bodice.

“Both.” She said, before returning to her Italian accent. “Ti voglio scopare.”

“Selena, you know I don’t know what you are saying. In English?”

“Do you have any idea how long it took me to learn Italian?” She asked, “But it’s wasted on you, babe. I said, I want to fuck you.”

“I have no money.” Said Jonas.

“It’s always business with you.” She said reproachfully, “Call it a welcome home present.”

Dropping the corset to the floor and exposing her bare torso she sat astride him on the chair. She brought her hands up to his face while grinding her crotch into his. He leaned in to kiss her and she pulled her head away, biting her lip as she held him in place. Selena reached around him and down onto the floor to pick something up. He ignored the unnatural movement as he brushed his lips against her skin. He felt her hands on his as she held them against the back of the chair, then something cold. Jonas heard the click as the handcuffs tightened around each of his wrists fixing him to the chair. He looked up into her face, but her expression had become cold.

She looked into his eyes and demanded in her false accent. “Stay there.”

“What are you doing? Selena?” But she was already walking toward the kitchen. She disappeared behind the half open door and he watched as she seductively removed the French knickers. She bent provocatively to take something just out of reach behind the door. When she returned, her left hand held something secretively behind her back. Wearing only the stockings and heels, she alluringly sat over him once more. When her hand came around to the front of her body, he saw what she had been hiding. The blade shone in the daylight coming through the single closed window. Selena carefully held the knife to his throat as he sat motionless and powerless in the chair in front of her.

“You never showed up to our dinner date.” She said with malice in her voice. “So I think you owe me.” Her right hand began to unbutton his shirt as she kissed his cheek and neck, never once moving the knife from his throat. When his shirt was fully opened, she pulled it to one side, showing the large tattoo that covered the left side of Jonas’ body. The tribal pattern started at his neck, just underneath his shirt collar and made its way down his left arm and the side of his torso. He had had it done when he was just 17, in some way a middle finger to his father for dying and leaving him so young. Selena ran the ice cold flat of the blade against his twitching skin. Her head rose above him as she kissed him one last time. Jonas closed his eyes.