

THE SUNDAY TIMES BESTSELLER

SUSIE STEINER

PERSONS UNKNOWN

A brutal murder.
A detective with no one left to trust.



'I loved it... like walking on quicksand,
for reader and detective alike'

VAL McDERMID

Susie Steiner

**Persons Unknown: A Richard
and Judy Book Club Pick 2018**

Аннотация

SUNDAY TIMES BESTSELLER 'I loved it ... Persons Unknown is like walking on quicksand, for reader and detective alike' VAL MCDERMID Second literary thriller from bestselling author of MISSING, PRESUMED. A brutal murder. A detective with no one left to trust. A YOUNG MAN MURDERED A city banker bleeds to death yards from a Cambridgeshire police headquarters. A DETECTIVE OUT OF HER DEPTH DI Manon Bradshaw's world is turned upside down when the victim turns out to be closer to her than she could have guessed. WHO SHOULD SHE BELIEVE? When even her trusted colleagues turn their backs on her, it's time to contemplate the unthinkable: are those she holds dear capable of murder?

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PERSONS UNKNOWN
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THE BOROUGH PRESS

Copyright



The Borough Press

An imprint of HarperCollins*Publishers*

1 London Bridge Street

London SE1 9GF

www.harpercollins.co.uk

Published by HarperCollins*Publishers* 2017

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A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

First published by HarperCollins*Publishers* 2017

Cover layout by Claire Ward © HarperCollins*Publishers* Ltd 2017

Cover photographs: Front © Henry Steadman. Back © Dave Wall/Arcangel

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Ebook Edition © February 2017 ISBN: 9780008123352

Source ISBN: 9780008123338

Version: 2018-04-20

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14 December

Jon-Oliver

Down. Dizzy. Pitching left. He is draining away like dirty water, round and round. Stumbling not walking, the ground threatening to come up and meet him. And yet he presses on. Something's not right.

He is swampy, heavy-footed. His shin is throbbing. A scuffle – like being spun in blind man's buff – so quick that when it was over he thought he'd been mugged, but he patted himself down and his wallet and phone were there all right.

His muscles are soupy, unresponsive. His legs wade, the landscape too broad for him to make headway. The air is close like a wet web. He can barely draw breath.

He stumbles to the right, into a muddy wooded area in a direction he hadn't intended to take and it's as if the ground is reaching for him. Is it quicksand, not mud?

He's really scared now; nervously places a hand to his chest. His shirt is wet through but it's not raining. He looks at his hand. It is glistening dark; the colour unclear because of the dark and the orangey street lighting.

He starts to panic, cannot fill his lungs. What is happening to him?

He falls into the mud, feels some arms take him up and cradle him, looks up to see blonde hair. The alien scent of perfume.

Saskia?

‘Sass?’ he whispers, confused. Is she the cause of this, after all her stupidity? She went too far and he couldn’t stop her.

‘Sass?’

His sight dims, he is too tired.

The world dips.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

Текст предоставлен ООО «ЛитРес».

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