

Lady Sallinger paused at the top of the stairs. The house was quiet. Mr and Mrs Lawrence were chatting with Meg and Joe in the kitchen; Marchmain, she had closeted in the study with the task of dealing with changes she demanded to be made to the house; the others were in Saint Peter Port. The discovery of the skeleton had unnerved her and the presence of police and a potential investigation only added to her abhorrence of the whole incident. If word got out, and it surely would, the scandal was something she wished to avoid. Newspapers, television, all kinds of rabble, seeking money-making tittle-tattle. If only they'd done as she wished and covered the remains, it would all be forgotten about, but that girl had to go and contact the police. Melba wondered if she could convince the police to keep the discovery quiet. It was worth a try, but of course, any one of the witnesses to the unearthing had the ability to spread the news. She could ask them to remain quiet, not spread the news, but there was no guarantee they would agree and social media had become such a curse the whole world would know of it. With a glance down the stairs to confirm she was alone, Melba made a slow progression down the corridor and past the bedrooms. The door to the priest's room stood ajar. An impulsive thought came to her mind and with quickened step she pushed the door open and entered.