

Seaton Carew

in

“No Big Deal”

Kindle Edition

By Pat Cresswell

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Seaton Carew in 'No Big Deal' Kindle Edition

The second novel in the Seaton Carew Series by Pat Cresswell

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Contact Pat Cresswell

Pat4fun@hotmail.co.uk

Find out more about Seaton Carew at

<http://www.patcresswell.co.uk/seatoncarew/>

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~ 1 - The goddess of love ~

1.1

Thursday, 25th May, Paphos, Cyprus

The doorbell rang like crazy. Demanding short rings then long, urgent blasts. It was well past eleven p.m. and he was not expecting anybody at all. Seaton walked briskly in from the terrace, straight past the door camera monitor without so much as a glance and opened the large pine front door of the rented villa. He was shocked at the sight before him.

Krystal stood in the bright porch light in a short, tight-fitting black dress, her mouth agape, holding out her hands in front of her, hands which were red with blood to the wrists. Seconds went by and then she said, "He's been shot, my punter."

"What?"

"Dead!"

Seaton reached out, took her by the forearm and drew her into the villa, closing the door behind them.

"When?" he asked, guiding her into the hall washroom.

"I went down to the mini market. I was only gone a few minutes. Got back and he was all over the bathroom."

Seaton turned the taps on and helped her wash her hands.

“I checked but there was no pulse, just all this blood.”

Seaton stepped out of the washroom and called to Nina, the young housekeeper he had hired for his stay in the luxury villa in the Aphrodite Park, a new, secure, five star villa complex near Paphos that catered for the rich and famous. Nina came out of her bedroom still tying her silk wrap.

“What’s wrong?”

“Nina, please get us two coffees and brandies, large brandies. We’ll be in the lounge.”

“Sure,” she replied rather curtly and headed off to the kitchen. Krystal was drying her hands and he led her out of the washroom, along the marbled hall to the lounge. The folding doors to the terrace were completely open and the pool lights glowed beyond in the darkness of the night.

“You’re in shock. A sweet drink will help, sit down.” He guided her to one of the three white leather settees set in a ‘U’ shape around the coffee table.

“Have you called the police? Security?”

“No I panicked and came straight here.”

He handed her some tissues and she wiped her eyes, smudging her heavy makeup.

“Here,” he said taking more tissues and removing the mascara smear under both her eyes. Her sobbing calmed.

“Thanks,” she said holding his hand.

Nina came in with a tray of coffee and brandy. Seaton just caught the end of her scowl towards Krystal before she stood in front of Seaton, back to him then deliberately bent down from the waist to place the tray on the coffee table. She kept her legs straight and the wrap was short. Seaton enjoyed the view.

“Thanks Nina, for everything,” he said as she straightened up.

“Will you want anything else tonight?” she asked with a wink.

“Er no thanks, I think we’ll be OK,” replied Seaton then added, “sorry to have disturbed you when you had gone to bed.”

“It’s OK I was still just reading, alone. Nite.” Seaton watched her long, tanned legs as she left them.

He handed a brandy balloon to Krystal who took it from him and immediately took a sip. “And a sweet coffee should do the trick,” he said stirring in two, heaped spoonfuls and placing the coffee in front of Krystal. He let her be for a few minutes. “You will need to call the police. You can’t ignore a dead body I’m afraid.”

“I know, but then there will be a lot of questions. Questions about how I knew him, what I am doing here. And as you know they are difficult to answer.”

Seaton knew exactly what she meant.

1.2

Early May

Seaton had first spoken to Krystal only four days ago at Paphos airport, but he had seen her a number of times before at that same place. March that year had not been the best of times for Seaton. A stalker had tried to seriously harm, maybe even kill, him in a series of attacks that culminated in him being injected with a laboratory virus capable of causing gene mutations. He was currently waiting for the results of extensive tests to see how successful the virus had been. Rather than idle away the time in dull, rainy London he had decided to take a break in the sun, so after moving to his new penthouse apartment in Chelsea Harbour he had hired the luxury villa in Cyprus and arranged for a few friends to come and stay with him. So each week he had dropped 'friend of the week' at Paphos airport Departures, kissed them goodbye then dashed round to arrivals to meet the next 'friend of the week'.

Vicky had flown out with him and stayed for the first week. She was his favourite older woman, being just on forty, but in great shape and in his opinion a sexual expert. She had never disappointed him and after five years of knowing each other she could still surprise him regularly. The week had flown by and as he was waving Vicky off Seaton had first noticed a slim,

well dressed blonde saying goodbye to an older man. She looked Russian and from what Seaton could hear was speaking Russian to her departing friend. With both their partners gone though Departures, they briefly exchanged glances. A few minutes later he saw her again. He'd walked along to Arrivals and was now waiting for Heino and Eva, an Estonian couple. Eva was a stunning, ash blonde Scandinavian and Heino, her husband of four years, liked to watch her with other men. Not Seaton's ideal situation but Eva was irresistible. As he waited the woman from Departures meet her passenger, another middle aged, slightly rotund, Russian looking man. They kissed and she led the way out to the car park, giving Seaton a glance and a smile over her shoulder.

1.3

Sunday, 21st May

A week later as Seaton was seeing off Heino and Eva, the same woman was saying a fond goodbye to the man she met a week ago. She was in a close fitting, floral dress and really high heels so she was clearly taller than her departing friend. Still he looked happy Seaton thought. As their respective friends disappeared into Departures Seaton was aware the woman had moved next to him.

“Dashing round to Arrivals?” she asked, not just in English but London accented English. Seaton's assumption she was Russian was obviously wrong.

He turned to her. The blonde hair looked genuine; she had high cheek bones and an attractive jaw line. Her blue eyes were smiling and Seaton was attracted to her. “No, not this time,” he replied, “a week off to catch up with some friends who live here. How about you?”

“No, my next punter arrives Tuesday,” she said in a matter of fact way. It confirmed Seaton’s idea of her profession.

“I’m Seaton,” he said holding out his hand, “Seaton Carew.”

“Krystal,” she said taking his hand and giving it a gentle shake. “You have a strange name if you don’t mind me saying so.”

“Not at all, it’s where I was conceived and my mother thought it was a fun name.”

“Could have been worse I guess,” she said with a giggle that turned out to be infectious.

“It could, easily! A drink?” asked Seaton looking at the bar in the terminal. They walked across and sat on two stools. Seaton had a small beer and Krystal had a white wine.

“So how long have you been doing the revolving doors’ business?” she asked.

“Sorry?”

“Oh don’t come the innocent with me. You’re on the game, like me. Older women, and a couple this week, very adventurous. Still whatever pays the rent.”

“Ah I see what you mean. It’s a bit different, they’re friends, guests of mine. I don’t charge.”

Krystal raised her eyebrows in response.

“I’ve had a rough time this year, felt like a break and needed some people to share the luxury, sunshine and fine food.”

“And I’m guessing they were all very grateful.”

“Well all except Heino I’m glad to say, that’s the guy who just left, just to set the record straight.”

Krystal laughed and put her hand on his.

“Only one a week?”

“I said I was on holiday, it is supposed to be a break, relaxing and that sort of stuff.” Again they both laughed.

“Where are you staying?”

Seaton took a sip of his beer and said, “Aphrodite Park.”

“Really! I haven’t seen you, that’s where I’m based. Which villa?”

“Nicosia. It’s on the hill, pretty well the last on the road.”

“The posh end. I’m in Larnaca, just where the road takes a right.”

“Yea I know the one. Must say I haven’t seen you either and I would have noticed.”

“Well I don’t get out much in the day. They are paying for twenty four hour service if you see what I mean.”

“I guess I do. I thought you were Russian.”

“No I’m from Croydon! The Russian trade here is the best though. They pay very well and so far have been polite, if a little heavy on the vodka.”

Seaton was finding her more and more attractive. Krystal looked straight at Seaton, her face gradually forming into a smile. They both started to speak at the same time, but Seaton backed down and let her continue.

“This is probably not appropriate, but if you’re free and I’m free for a few days do you fancy ..” she paused, then seemed to decide to plunge in, “er, test driving a thousand a night muff? No charge of course.”

Seaton was a little surprised, but he had been about to suggest a similar idea but not in such blatant terms.

“Sounds like a plan, let’s go back to Aphrodite.”

“Your place.” It was a statement not a question.

Seaton waited by the airport exit for Krystal to get her car. He was enjoying the rented, white Audi TT convertible. With the hood down in the sunshine it was great and the performance

was fine for Cypriot roads. The engine note caught his attention first and Krystal screeched to a halt alongside him in a silver Porsche Boxster Spider, hood down, hair flying off her shoulders.

“Let’s go!” she shouted and floored the throttle. The Boxster fishtailed on the gravel and launched out of the airport onto the road. Seaton slotted in first and hit throttle to follow her. She drove aggressively, overtaking with the minimum of room to spare. Just north of Paphos on a two lane road they quickly caught up to a train of three lorries heading towards a left hand bend. Krystal pulled out and floored it. Seaton followed, dropping a gear to get the TT on song, but then the truck appeared round the bend and it was moving fast towards them. Krystal’s Boxster squatted down at the back as she took it to the limit. The oncoming truck’s lights flashed then stayed on full beam. There was no way Seaton could follow her. He braked and let the two trucks he had passed go by on the inside and then dropped to the left lane. Krystal powered on, but the gap was closing. At the last moment she pulled right on to the dusty roadside at over one hundred miles an hour passing to the right of the oncoming truck, then cutting in front of a car following it to rejoin the road. Clouds of dust obscured the road.

By the time Seaton arrived at his villa Krystal was waiting, leaning against the rear wing of the Porsche.

“Are you mad?” he asked, a little annoyed.

“Life’s too short, live it to the full,” was her flippant answer.

He looked at her for a moment wondering just what he may have got himself into. They went in and Seaton gave her a quick tour that included an introduction to Nina, the twenty year old housekeeper that Seaton had hired for his stay. She was by the pool sunbathing topless and made no attempt to cover up. And also made no secret of her displeasure that Seaton had brought back another woman.

The afternoon slipped into evening, wine was drunk on the terrace, in the pool and just about everywhere. Krystal matched Nina with her disregard for clothes swimming in just the small thong she was wearing. Then as they returned to the poolside table the thong was discarded as well. She sat nude on a towel.

“Stay for dinner?” Seaton asked trying his hardest to concentrate on Krystal’s face.

“Only if you abide by the dress code.” Her grin looked wicked.

“OK, but not in front of the staff. Bad form that!” Seaton replied mimicking an upper class English accent.

“Get her to prepare the food and tell her to take the night off.”

“OK, but she lives in.”

“Tell her to stay in her room then.”

Seaton was beginning to see a hard, pushy side to Krystal, but then her chosen profession was not one for the faint hearted.

Dinner was arranged, Nina decided to go out and a friend collected her to go into town. In the sheltered corner of the pool terrace they ate a fine salad niçoise, drank more dry white and were completely naked. On the way back from a natural break Seaton opened the doors from the main bedroom suite to the terrace. Within five minutes they had drifted into the bedroom.

She was on top of him, sitting up and doing all the movement until the first orgasm caught her. Seaton took over and soon Krystal joined in until she screamed louder than before and immediately collapsed down onto him. He pushed into her slowly and repeatedly and was rewarded with a low moan as her body jerked with pleasure. Wrapping his arms around her back he turned the two of them over and took his weight on his arms.

“That felt good,” he said quietly, looking down at her face, her hair spread across the bed.

“Umm” He pushed into her again.

“Harder” He pushed harder

“Harder!” He obeyed and Krystal arched her back then suddenly it was over for him. He lay down on her and then rolled to lie on his back to her left. She was good at her chosen job. Very good he thought.

1.4

Tuesday, 23rd May. Aphrodite Park, Cyprus

Krystal had stayed with Seaton until Tuesday when she left for Paphos Airport to meet her next client. Seaton had decided on a late lunch and sat in the sunshine on the terrace reading from his Kindle. It was the latest SAS novel and was reading easily and quickly. He took a break from the text and thought about Krystal.

The sex had been good, very good, but he had to remind himself that that was her job. But her enjoyment had been real as far he could tell. She had initiated many of their lustful sessions. Maybe she was one of those lucky people who enjoyed their job. He smiled to himself as he thought 'a real labour of love.'

Then there had been the hard, pushy side of her, determined to get what she wanted. It had been open hostility between her and Nina, but then maybe he hadn't noticed Nina's reaction to his other guests. Still Krystal was gone, back to work probably with another overweight, balding Russian, twice her age. He wondered when she had decided to take up her chosen career and what had made her do it. The only clue he had was that she had told him she was getting five thousand clear a week so in not many years she would be a wealthy lady.

Nina drew his contemplation to an end when she arrived with a tray bearing lunch. Earlier he had asked her to join him if she wanted to and so two plates of fish were laid out on the table under the large umbrella.

“Lunch is ready,” she called over the pool.

She was just shorter than Seaton, with a slim but curvy figure, thick strawberry blonde hair below the shoulder and, for the first time in days, smiling. And smiling did suit her. Seaton appreciated the effort she had made to dress for lunch. A see through black wrap was knotted across bare breasts and her thong was barely visible.

As he walked over to enjoy lunch he thought he would probably never see Krystal again, other than perhaps a wave as they passed each other. Then he looked again at Nina. ‘It’s a hard life, but I guess I’ve just got to get on with it,’ he thought as he sat down and Nina placed a cotton napkin across his lap and smoothed it flat with her palm.

But how wrong he had been about Krystal.

~ 2 – The past calls ~

2.1

Thursday, 25th May, Aphrodite Park, Cyprus

The sweet coffee and the brandy had done a good job of calming Krystal down.

“Will you come back to my villa with me and stay while the police come?”

“Course. I’ll just get some shoes.”

When Seaton returned Krystal was on her feet as if eager to go. They walked briskly down the hill to Villa Larnaca. All was quiet, the outside and garden lights were on and the cicadas chirped in the warm night. Seaton thought how innocent and calm it looked considering it contained the body of a murdered man. The front door was still just ajar and Seaton opened it and let Krystal walk in, but she seemed reluctant to go any further than the hallway.

“Where is it?”

“En suite bathroom, the door to the right.”

Seaton went ahead, steeling himself for what he expected to be a gruesome sight. He went into the bedroom and seeing another door left open with light spilling through it to the left of the bed walked towards the en suite. He looked through the door. It was spotless and there was a strong smell of bleach.

“Krystal?”

The sound of heels told him she had come into the bedroom.

“This is the right bathroom, right?”

“Isn’t it obvious!”

Seaton took a step back and held out his left forearm, inviting her forward.

“I don’t want to see it again.”

“Look.”

She did not move.

“Look!” Seaton’s voice hardened and she started nervously towards him. As she came closer and hence could see more of the bathroom a surprised expression grew on her face.