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BEAUTY AND THE BEAST



"I'm trying to get back in shape," she said. Man, if her shape got any better she'd be banned for just walking down the street. I'm Shell Scott, private eye, and my job was to guard her day—yeah, *and night*.

I didn't have a chance to discuss these points with her because I saw the man walking toward us. There was only one of him but he seemed to outnumber me. I was surprised his feet didn't leave jagged holes behind him in the concrete.

"Shell Scott," he rumbled. "Shake."

I hardly dared.

His laughter sounded like thunder. "The boss says for you to get out of town. If you don't, he says for me to kill you . . ."