

[njbayley@outlook.com](mailto:njbayley@outlook.com)  
+61 0423153858

*Murder of a*  
*Brighton Belle*  
*A Lady Lyttle Murder Mystery*

*By N.F. Bayley*

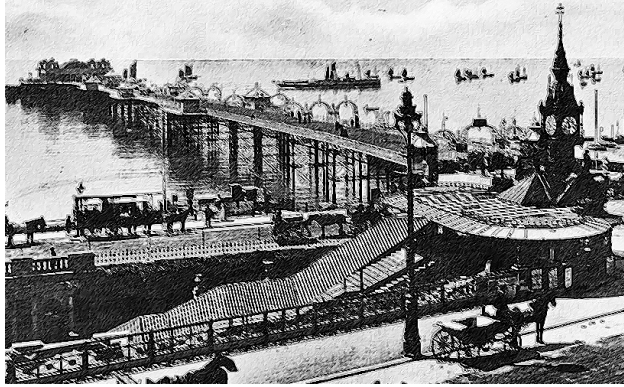
**A Lyttle Murder never hurt anyone...**

Detective team Lady Rosemary Lyttle and her intrepid butler, Mr Brooks rush back to London to attend the wedding of old friends Lady Amelia Pearce and Roberto di Arenella. All goes well until the newlyweds arrive in Brighton for their honeymoon. While Lady Rosemary and Brooks try and settle back into London life, their young friends become caught up in a situation so dangerous that it soon ensnares them all...

Book five of the Lyttle Murders Series

## *Prologue*

Lady Amelia di Arenella-Pearce  
Brighton Beach  
East Sussex  
September 1906



The girl was definitely dead. Spread-eagled face down on the pebbles, hair fanned out like seaweed. She might have been sleeping, save for the dark shadow of blood around her. That, and the long knife handle that stuck out between her thin, sharp shoulder blades.

Above us, on the boardwalk the chatter and giggles of evening strollers could be heard. Children whined, full of ice cream, but still wanting chips. Brutish herring gulls swooped and dived, their raucous screams almost, but not quite drowning out the wheeze of a squeezebox from the theatre at the end of the pier. They were gearing up for another performance, but they would be one short tonight.

It had been a lovely day, an Indian summer they were calling this unexpected September sunshine. It was certainly warmer than July or August had been. But here, in the slatted shadows below the pier, I shivered. This was not how I had planned my honeymoon and anyone who knows me will tell you; once I've made a plan I like to stick to it.

No, a dead chorus girl with a bread knife in her back was definitely *not* on my schedule. I looked over at my new husband, Roberto. So handsome normally, now his face was pale green. He looked at me, eyes wide,

"Amelia, *carissima*, you see who she is?"

I nodded. Even without seeing that pretty face, I'd recognized the girl's golden curls and impossibly pale skin. The dress, like a mermaid, of iridescent blue-green spangles. Last seen sat on the most important knee in the land. I swallowed and reached for Roberto's hand. My new husband patted it kindly, then shrugged his distinctive, Neapolitan shrug, whispering,

"Darling, *mi dispiace*, I'm sorry, but I think we must to call my sister..."

He was right. Lady Rosemary Lyttle, my old friend and new sister in law, was the only person who could help us now. She, and of course her indomitable Mr Brooks.