

*'Couldn't she just be injured?' Faye said.*

*She looked down at the table, unable to meet their gaze.*

*A brief moment of hesitation. Then a sympathetic voice.*

*'There's an awful lot of blood. From such a small body. But I don't want to speculate until a medical officer has made an evaluation.'*

*Faye nodded. Someone gave her a transparent plastic mug of water, she was shaking so much as she raised it to her lips that a few drops ran down her chin and dripped onto her blouse. The blonde policewoman with the kind blue eyes leaned forward and gave her a tissue to dry herself with.*

*She wiped herself slowly. The water was going to leave nasty blotches on the silk blouse. Not that it mattered any more.*

*'There's no doubt, then? None at all?'*

*The female police officer glanced at her colleague, then shook her head. She chose her words carefully:*

*'Like I said, a doctor needs to reach a verdict based on the evidence at the crime scene. But as things stand, everything points towards the same explanation: that your ex-husband Jack has killed your daughter.'*

*Faye closed her eyes and stifled a sob.*

Julienne was asleep at last. Her hair was spread out across the pink pillow. Her breathing was calm. Faye stroked her cheek, gently, so she wouldn't wake her.

Jack was coming home from his business trip to London that evening. Or was it Hamburg? Faye couldn't remember. He'd be tired and stressed when he got home, but she'd make sure he managed to relax properly.

She carefully closed the bedroom door, crept into the hall and checked that the front door was locked. Back in the kitchen she ran her hand along the worktop. Three metres of marble. Carrera, naturally. Unfortunately it was ridiculously impractical, the porous marble absorbed everything like a sponge and already had some ugly stains. But Jack had never even considered choosing something more practical. The kitchen in the apartment on Narvavägen had cost just shy of a million kronor, and absolutely no expense had been spared.

Faye reached for a bottle of Amarone and put a wineglass on the counter. The glass touching the marble, the glug as the wine poured – these sounds were the essence of her evenings at home when Jack was away. She poured the wine carefully so there wouldn't be another red-wine spatter on the white marble, and closed her eyes as she raised the glass to her lips.

She dimmed the lighting, then went out into the hall where the black-and-white portraits of her, Julienne and Jack hung.

They had been taken by Kate Gabor, the Crown Princess's unofficial court photographer, who every year took a fresh set of enchanting photographs of the royal children playing in the autumn leaves in crisp white outfits. She and Jack had chosen to have their pictures taken in summer. They were standing by the shore in a relaxed, playful pose. Julienne between them, her fair hair lifted by the breeze. White clothes, obviously. She was wearing a simple cotton Armani dress, Jack a shirt and rolled-up trousers from Hugo Boss, and Julienne a lace dress from Stella McCartney's children's collection. They had had a row minutes before the pictures were taken. She couldn't remember what it had been about, only that it had been her fault. But none of that was evident in the pictures.

Faye went up the stairs. She hesitated outside the door to Jack's study, then pushed it open. The room was situated in a tower, with views in every direction. A unique layout in a unique property, as the estate agent had put it when he showed them the apartment five years ago. She had been pregnant with Julienne at the time, her head full of bright hopes for the future.

She loved the tower room. The space and all the light from the windows made her feel like she was flying. And now that it was dark outside, the arched walls enveloped her like a warm cocoon.

She had chosen the décor herself, as she had with the rest of the apartment. She had picked the wallpaper, the bookcases, desk, the photographs and artworks on the walls. And Jack loved what she'd done. He never questioned her taste, and was always incredibly proud whenever guests asked for the number of their interior designer.

In those moments, he let her shine.

While all the other rooms were furnished in a contemporary style, light and airy, Jack's study was more masculine. Heavier. She had put more effort into this room than Julienne's nursery

and the rest of the apartment together. Jack was going to spend so much time in here, taking important decisions that would affect their family's future. The least she could do was to give him a refuge of his own up here, almost in the clouds.

Faye ran her hand across Jack's desk with satisfaction. It was a Russian desk, she had bought it at an auction at Bukowski's, and it had once belonged to Ingmar Bergman. Jack wasn't much of a Bergman aficionado – action films with Jackie Chan or comedies starring Ben Stiller were more to his taste – but like her he preferred it when furniture came with a bit of history.

When they showed guests round the apartment he always patted the top of the desk with the palm of his hand twice and said, as if in passing, that the fine piece of furniture had once stood in the world-famous director's home. Faye smiled every time he did that, because their eyes usually met as he said it. It was one of the thousand things they shared in their lives. Those covert glances, all the meaningful and meaningless gestures that went to make up a relationship.

She sank onto the chair behind the desk and spun it until she was facing the window. Snow was falling outside, turning to slush as it hit the street far below. When she leaned forward and looked down she saw a car struggling through the dark February evening. The driver turned into Banérgatan, towards the city centre. For a moment she forgot what she was doing there, why she was sitting in Jack's study. It was far too easy to drift away in the darkness and become hypnotized by the snowflakes pushing slowly through the blackness.

Faye blinked, sat up straight and rotated the chair so she was facing the large screen of the Mac, then nudged the mouse and the screen came to life. She wondered what Jack had done with the mouse-mat she had given him at Christmas, the one with a photograph of her and Julienne. Instead he was using an ugly blue one from Nordea Bank, a Christmas gift to their private banking clients.