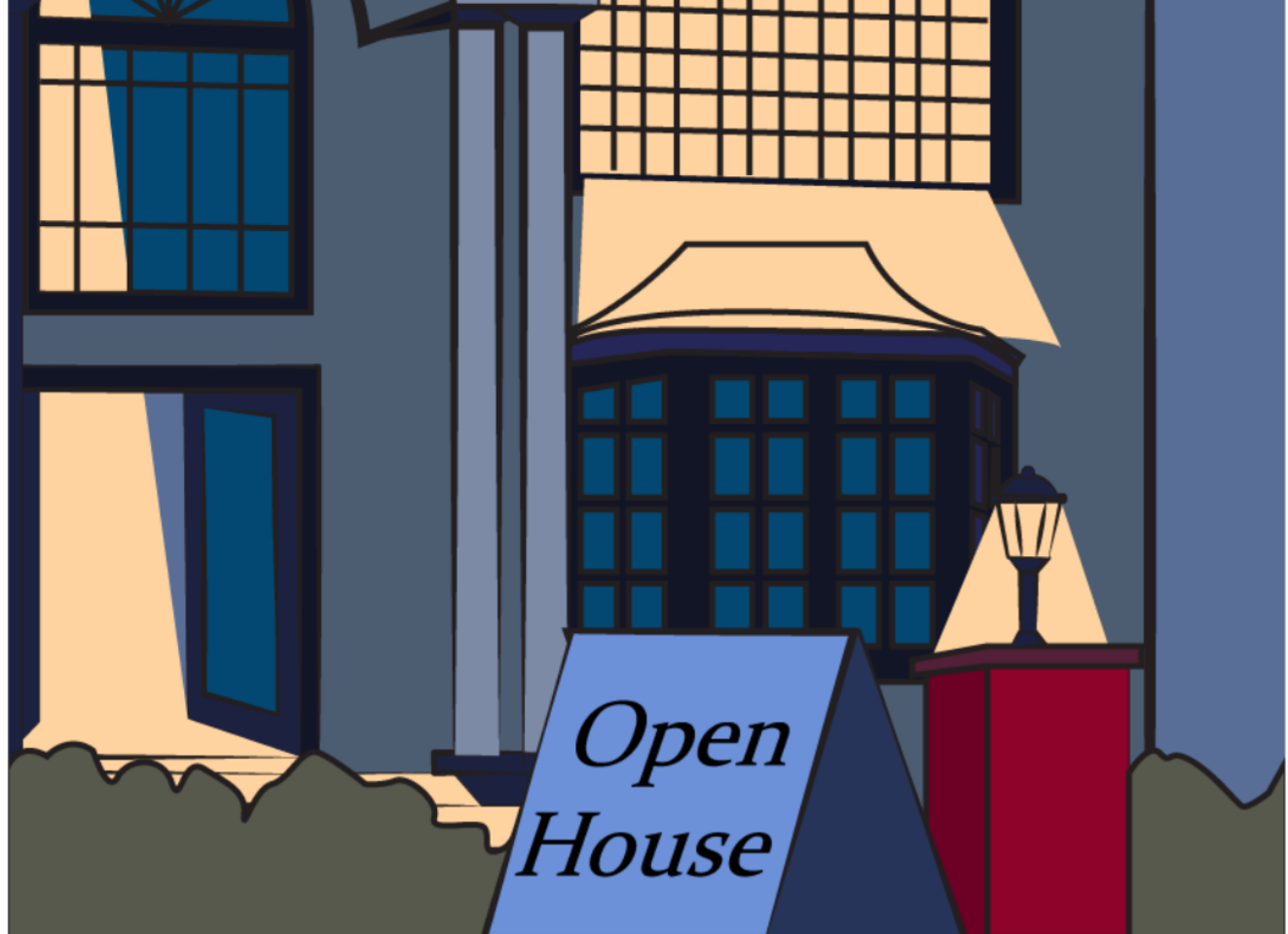


MORTGAGE MYSTERY THEATER

EPISODE ONE

Madelyn is just an ordinary loan officer who somehow gets herself caught up in a classic murder mystery. Is it simply a case of wrong place, wrong time - or does she play more of a part in the story than she realizes? With no help from the police, natural sleuth Madelyn sets off to solve this classic whodunnit mystery herself – before it's too late.



35 MAPLE ROAD

Madelyn Sloane drudgingly got into her car on a particularly dreary February morning after her usual three cups of black coffee. None of that almond/oat milk business for Madelyn – she was a no-nonsense gal who was just about as straightforward as they come. Her clients and partners appreciated her candor, though she did inevitably offend people from time to time with her unusually direct manner. While she had been stuck working from home for the past year, she wasn't really thrilled to be leaving the comfort of her living room on a miserable day such as this one. She'd just as soon rather have stayed in her sweatpants listening to a little Janice Joplin by the fireplace, contemplating where all the real rock bands had gone. Being a loan officer, after all, is mostly a desk job – and Madelyn was used to it.

She was obliged, however, to make the journey down to 35 Maple Road across town to meet Raquel Sommerstone, one of the premier realtors in all of Hillsdale county, before her open house started. As usual, she had asked Madelyn for some flyers at the last minute late the night before and there was just no way she could have gotten them there in time otherwise. Raquel was your typical gorgeous blonde who never seemed to have even one hair out of place. She was definitely a type A personality and could be quite pushy at times, with a big-toothed smile that was just a tad insincere. And though Madelyn was not really all that fond of Raquel as a person, she did throw a lot of mortgage business her way and was one of her biggest referral partners.

The freezing rain was starting to come down harder as she approached Maple Road from the south, which was little more than a winding dirt path that wrapped around Great Pond for miles, the area on the outskirts of town being still largely undeveloped. She felt every bump and pothole in her late model Ford Explorer as she slid down the long narrow driveway that led to the vast old property at the end of the road. Raquel's Mercedes, which was already neatly parked in the driveway, looked oddly out of place next to the large antique farmhouse with deteriorating shutters and the cedar shingles in a state of disrepair.

"Oh, great, this will appraise real easy." Madelyn muttered to herself sarcastically as she shut off her engine and made a dash through the rain to the front door - there was a large wrap-around covered porch (it was leaking quite a bit with all the water from the storm) surrounded by undeniably gorgeous bay windows.

Perhaps Raquel had found a gem in the rough after all. She did always have a way of finding great value for the price for her clients. Starting to get drenched, she wiped the rain from her brow and tapped on the door. The force of her knock creaked the door open, as it hadn't been shut all the way.

"Raquel?" Madelyn called out as she entered onto the squeaky floorboards of the main hallway. The house was dark and quiet. She thought it was strange that Raquel wouldn't have opened the drapes to let some light in before the clients arrived. Maybe she felt that less light would hide some of the less-than-endearing antiquated qualities the house possessed, she chuckled to herself.

"Raquel? Where are you?" Madelyn yelled out loudly this time as it was a big home with many corridors. It was also quite drafty, so she thought perhaps Raquel had gone down to the basement to check on the furnace. It was also odd that she didn't see any of her usual "realtor essential" items around the entrance to the house - no scented candle, no brochures, no pocketbook, no raincoat - not even an umbrella. While Madelyn was the type to bumble through the rain with only a sweatshirt or her arm to shield herself, Raquel would never even dream of letting even the slightest drizzle ruin her perfect coif, silk suit, and full face of makeup.



“Are you down there? It’s Madelyn!” She echoed at top of the basement stairs. No response. She sighed. Where could she be? Maybe she was still in her car? Madelyn had been in such a hurry to avoid getting wet that she hadn’t really checked. She pulled open the curtains and peered through the beautiful bay window in the living room looking out over the driveway. The Mercedes was empty. She did, however, hear the tinkering of water pipes coming from overhead. Typical Raquel- she was probably upstairs in the master bathroom touching up her hair or some other nonsense before the clients arrived. Madelyn tried not to get the floor too wet as she made her way up the spiral staircase and through the master suite towards the sound of the running water – only to stop dead in her tracks as she reached the entrance to the bathroom.

“Raquel!?” Her heart leapt into her throat as she saw a woman’s body strewn across the marble tiled floor, limp, the sink still running. Madelyn rushed to her side to check if she was still breathing, but as she leaned in and touched her delicate face, she knew it was too late. She was already cold. ⚡

[READ CHAPTER TWO](#)

MORTGAGE MYSTERY THEATER

EPISODE TWO

Madelyn is just an ordinary loan officer who somehow gets herself caught up in a classic murder mystery. Is it simply a case of wrong place, wrong time - or does she play more of a part in the story than she realizes? Her adventure continues as the police arrive on the scene to assess what exactly happened that morning at the old house. While trying to make sense of everything, the lead detective corners Madelyn and she realizes she may have stumbled into more than she bargained for...



THE INTERROGATION

Madelyn sat patiently in the living room of the old house, rain rapping away at the windowpanes, as a slew of police officers assessed the scene upstairs. Multiple squad cars had accumulated around the driveway, blocking in her truck, their blue and red lights flashing but no sounds were heard. The house was still eerily quiet except for the low rumblings of footsteps and voices coming from upstairs. Yellow caution tape had been haphazardly draped across the front banister, blocking off the staircase leading up to the bathroom where she had found Raquel. They had asked her to wait around for further questioning. She was still in a state of shock. What on earth could have happened to poor Raquel? She couldn't get the image of her body, looking so small and helpless on the ground, out of her head.

"What brings you all the way out here this early in the morning Miss Sloane?" One of the detectives, Bloomfield, approached her and lazily took a seat in the velvet upholstered armchair directly to her left and placed a small plastic bag marked EVIDENCE on the antique looking coffee table near their feet. Madelyn sighed before responding. She had already been through this with several of the local policeman. At nauseum.

"Like I told the other officers, Raquel had asked me to bring by some of my flyers for the open house today." She wondered when they were going to give it a rest. She had already had an emotionally exhausting morning, and this was an added stress that she definitely did not need.

"Right. Right. And what exactly is it that you do?" His tone implied that he did not believe her and that offended Madelyn a little bit.

"I'm a loan officer. I get people mortgages." She replied abruptly.

"I've never seen a loan officer at an open house before – were you and Raquel close?" Again, it seemed as if Bloomfield was implying she was doing something wrong.

"Well, no. Not really. We did a lot of business together. She sold houses, and I get people financing. She asked me late last night if I'd come by this morning. A lot of my business depends on referrals and she usually is able to close a sale on an open house like this day one, especially in this market." Madelyn didn't know why she was feeling defensive. She didn't have anything to hide. She wondered if the detective could sense it.

"I see. How did Raquel seem last night when you talked to her?"

"Fine. I mean, I didn't notice anything unusual. We only spoke for a moment." She answered plainly.

"Has she ever been to your house, Ms. Sloane?" That question seemed kind of out of the blue. Madelyn resisted the urge to ask why he would ask something like that.

"No. No, we weren't that close as I said before." She tried to keep her voice steady.

"Right." The detective slowly reached into his coat pocket for a tin of Altoids. It felt like he took ten minutes to take one out of the tin and put it in his mouth before finally returning the container to the inside of his jacket.

"Do you have any trouble sleeping, Ms. Sloane?" Another seemingly random subject. Madelyn was still confused by his line of questioning.

"Not really. I mean, not more than any other person given the times I guess ha." Her attempt at humor was lost on Bloomfield. He sighed and checked his watch.

"Do you know if Raquel had a drug problem of any kind?"

That question also caught Madelyn off guard. From what she did know of Raquel, she was a workaholic – a go-getter type who wouldn't have gotten mixed up in too many drugs – but then again, who knows?

"I don't think so – I mean, that doesn't sound like her. But I wouldn't know for sure, I guess. Our relationship was strictly professional." Now this guy was making Madelyn super nervous. Where was he going with this?

Detective Bloomfield paused again. Longer than usual this time. He stared straight at Madelyn, expressionless. Madelyn stared back. Her heart was racing. His hand motioned towards the evidence back sitting on the coffee table. She hadn't looked closely before but now that he pointed it out, she noticed a pill bottle inside – with her name and address on it.



"Where did you get that?!" Madelyn's eyes almost burst out of her head. It was a sleeping pill prescription that she had gotten back during the market crash of 2008. Back then she had gone through a pretty tough time making ends meet. The crash hit her business. Hard. Raquel's referrals had really pulled her through during that long stretch. But she never told Raquel about the pills or shared them with her. Had she? She was racking her brain...it was such a long time ago.

"I was actually hoping you could tell me how it wound up in Raquel's purse. We suspect her death was an overdose – though we have to wait for the autopsy report to officially confirm." He said matter-of-factly. Madelyn didn't know how to respond – her mind was scrambling to make sense of what was happening. She realized she was their number one suspect. ⚡

[READ CHAPTER THREE](#)

MORTGAGE MYSTERY THEATER

EPISODE THREE

Madelyn is just an ordinary loan officer who somehow gets herself caught up in a classic murder mystery. Is it simply a case of wrong place, wrong time - or does she play more of a part in the story than she realizes? While the detectives don't yet have any solid evidence to hold Madelyn, she sets out to solve the mystery herself before she can stumble into any more trouble – and to clear her good name. She may, however, discover more than she wishes to know.



MEMORY LANE

Madelyn took a deep breath. What was she so nervous about, anyway? She didn't do anything wrong. She didn't have anything to hide. She figured as long as she was straightforward with him, the detective would have no choice but to start to believe her if she simply told the truth. *The truth will set you free* or some such nonsense, however, was something that Madelyn knew all too well was maybe true in the movies but certainly not in real life. She was no idealist. She knew she was in pretty hot water at this point, and that it would be up to her to get herself out of it. Great. Just what she needed. On top of all this, it was nearing the end of the month and she had several loans she was trying to close in order to make quota. Although, a couple of them were Raquel's clients and she wondered for a moment if she would be the one who would have to inform them of this whole mess. She tried to put that out of her mind temporarily.

"Listen, I honestly have no idea why or how Raquel would have my prescription. I mean, I haven't used or filled that in years." She exhaled. Hopefully he would believe her. Detective Bloomfield took his usual time in responding.

"So...you have no idea how these pills wound up in Raquel's possession?" He replied.

"No. I swear I don't." Madelyn pleaded.

"When was the last time you filled that prescription?" he asked calmly.

"Like I said, I literally haven't taken those pills since the market recession over ten years ago. They must have been super old." Maybe the pills weren't even effective anymore at that point, Madelyn wondered to herself.

"Are you aware that giving prescription medications to other people is a federal offense?" he replied.

"I didn't give them to her." Madelyn said firmly.

"Right." Bloomfield paused for a moment. "And you're *sure* you don't have anything else you'd like to share with me on this?" He fiddled with the now empty orange bottle, passing it slowly back and forth between his left and right hand, but his gaze never left hers. Madelyn shook her head.

"Well, I can see you're not going to be of much help here today Miss Sloane." He let out a long sigh. "Listen, you're free to go for now – but don't leave town – I'm going to want to get in touch soon. We will have some more questions for you once we get those autopsy results."

"Sure. I understand." Madelyn tried half-heartedly to maintain her composure as she gathered up her belongings from the house. The salesperson in her contemplated for a moment leaving her fliers, as there probably would be a lot of foot traffic coming through the house to investigate. Any publicity is good publicity, she shrugged to herself and left a few on the entryway table and exited the front door towards the driveway.

There were about a thousand thoughts racing through her mind as her car rattled as fast as it would let her go down the winding dirt road. Who would want to kill Raquel? And how in the world did she end up with that bottle of pills? Was someone trying to get her in trouble? And if so, who? And the even more puzzling question, why? She made a pact with herself that she was going to get to the bottom of this. And quickly.

Eager to get a good look at her medicine cabinet, she absent-mindedly left the driver door ajar as she sped into her gravel driveway. She began to unlock the front door but quickly realized she'd left it unlocked. Or did she? Madelyn gasped, but then shrugged it off – she easily could have forgotten to lock up that morning because she had been in such a rush to make it across town to the open house. Was that really today? She wondered– it literally felt like days had gone by when it was really just a few short hours.

She searched high and low in her messy bathroom for the sleeping medication, but there was none to be found. The only other prescription bottle she had were some allergy pills leftover from last spring. She stared at the bottle in her hands, moving it from side to side the way Detective Bloomfield had, trying to think of what to do next. She noticed the pharmacy phone information and decided to give them a call and do a little sleuthing of her own.

A woman picked up right away. "Hi, my name is Madelyn Sloane and I was wondering if you could check on an old prescription for me?"



"We can't typically refill any expired prescriptions without written permission from your doctor. You'd need to get that directly." The woman prattled off in a thick townie accent.

"No, no, I was just wondering if you can remind me of the last time I filled it? I lost the bottle." Madelyn was scrambling to keep the lady on the phone. She wasn't used to this type of scheming, but all those years of cold calling and working in sales finally paid off and were making it really easy for her to think quickly on her feet.

"I see two prescriptions on file for you – one was filled last week so you must be talking about the Zyrtec allergy pills? You still have one refill." The lady replied.

"Wait...which one was filled last week?" A chill ran up and down Madelyn's spine. She already knew the answer to her own question.

"The insomnia medication, says you picked it up last Thursday." The woman said matter-of-factly. Madelyn sat down, her cell phone still at her ear but unable to speak. "Ma'am? Hello? Did you want me to start that refill for you?"

"No, no. Thank you – I'll call back another time." Madelyn was in shock. She hadn't been to that pharmacy in nearly a year. Who had picked up those pills? And how? She was beginning to have regrets about placing that call – she had a feeling she was in way over her head already. She marched towards her front door and bolted it shut. She needed some time to think. ⚡

MORTGAGE MYSTERY THEATER

EPISODE FOUR

Madelyn is just an ordinary loan officer who somehow gets herself caught up in a classic murder mystery. Is it simply a case of wrong place, wrong time - or does she play more of a part in the story than she realizes? In this episode, our amateur sleuth is exhausted by the day's events, and sets out to blow off some steam. But instead of finding some reprieve, she instead encounters a handsome stranger and an unwelcome guest or two.



COMFORT IN STRANGERS

Madelyn awoke in a cold sweat to a loud banging at the door. Had she passed out on the couch? It had gotten very dark outside. She checked her phone – how could it already be 8:30pm?! She must have been asleep for hours. She reached for the table lamp to turn it on so she could see and then decided against it. Afterall, who could it be at this hour? Probably that nosy detective from this morning.

Whoever it was, she didn't want them to know that she was home just yet. Madelyn took off her boots, which she had apparently slept in, and tiptoed her way to the front door using her hands as guides to help ensure she didn't knock anything over. She did, however, stub her toe on the end table and it took every bit of self-control not to let out a couple of choice expletives and completely blow her cover. She crept up to the front door to take a look through the peep hole but didn't see anybody.

Madelyn paused. This suddenly had all of the beginnings of one of those cheesy horror movies. She let out a rather large groan and grabbed the old wooden Louisville Slugger she kept in the entryway for the occasional coyote or fisher cat that might make its way onto the property from the nearby woods. She took a deep breath, quickly swung open the door, and stepped outside. The night air felt cold against her face as she hurried to check the perimeter of the house. Luckily, the outdoor lights were on so she could actually see where she was going. She searched the full perimeter twice but there was nobody to be found.

Relieved, she and her trusty baseball bat made their way back inside. "I really need a drink."

Madelyn muttered to herself. She certainly didn't feel like sitting around the house waiting for whoever it was to return. As she grabbed her purse and car keys, she plucked a single hair from her head and left it on the doorknob before she bolted it shut again. She'd seen that on a TV show once - as a way to tell if someone had entered the house while she was out. She managed to smile at the absurdity of it all and headed to the local pub down the street.

"You would not believe the day I've had, Frank." She announced to the bartender as she plopped down into one of the old wooden chairs at the near empty bar.

"Want your usual?" he greeted her with a wave.

"Can you make it a double, though?"

"A double is your usual, Madelyn." He chuckled. Madelyn tried to offer a half-hearted smile. Looks like nobody was going to give her a break today. She thought about all the work emails that she probably had waiting for. All this commotion today had made her completely forget that she had been waiting on some closing paperwork from an important client and she knew her boss was going to be livid if she didn't close the deal by the end of the month. She resisted the urge to check her phone as Frank slid a glass of pretty much straight vodka in her direction. She took a long sip and let out a big sigh.

"That bad, huh?" A stranger's quiet, deep voice caught Madelyn off guard. She had been so swept up in her own thoughts that she didn't notice a man had walked in and sat down a couple seats to her left. He was a very attractive man – tall, masculine, with strong shoulders and soft blue eyes that seemed to also reveal an abundance of other colors when the light hit them just right. Madelyn suddenly realized she was staring, and quickly turned her gaze back toward her drink – which was somehow already half empty. She had been through a bad break in the past year and since then had pretty much given up on men for the time being.

"I really don't want to talk about it." She replied coolly. Real friendly, Maddie. Nice one – she thought to herself. Today was just not a good day for her to all of a sudden take up flirting. Besides, knowing her luck he was probably married.

The man smiled. Of course, he had a great smile. "I wasn't really asking you to – you just seemed kind of upset so I thought I'd say hello and see if I could maybe take your mind off things."

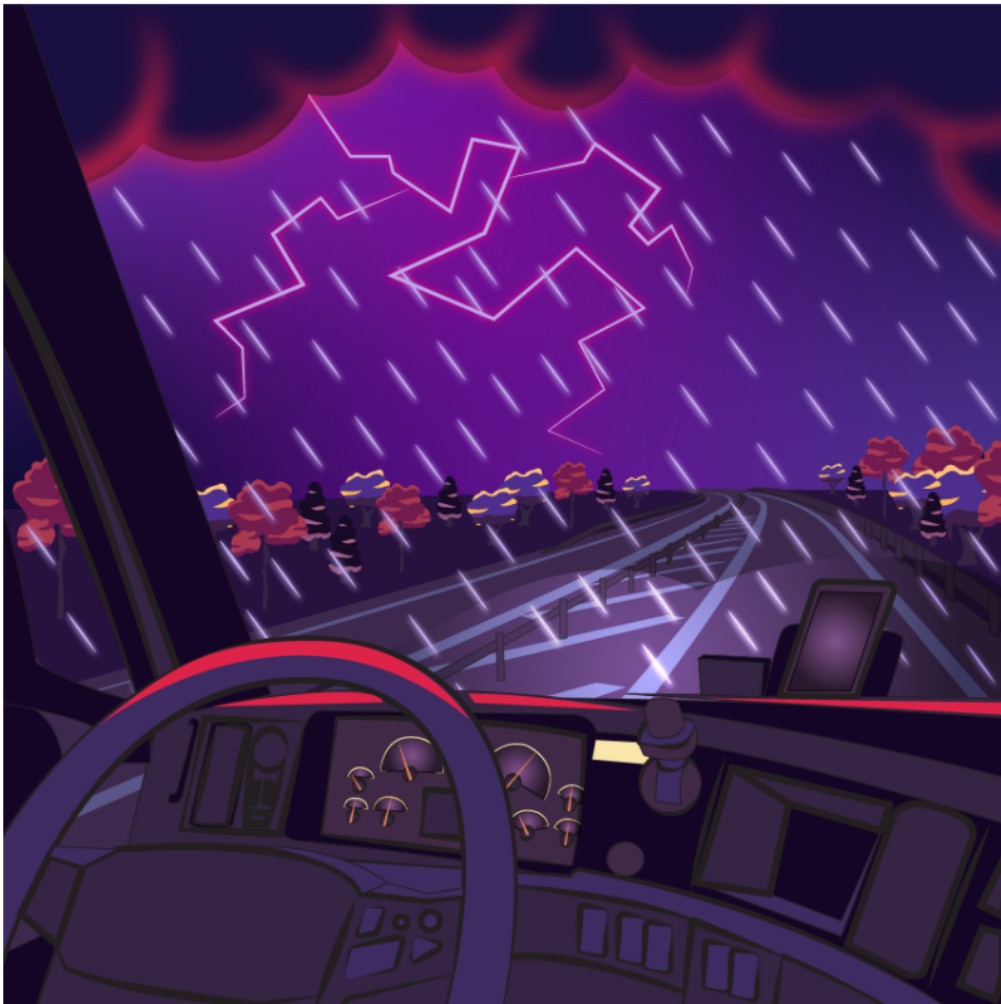
"That's kind of you. But no offense, I guarantee that would be impossible to do." She turned her attention back to her drink. The man laughed quietly and took a sip out of his Budweiser bottle. His hands and face were quite tan and judging by the way he was dressed, Madelyn guessed that he must be in construction. He was probably great with his hands.

"Sounds like a hell of a problem. I'm Jake, by the way." He gazed at her, awaiting a reply.

"Madelyn. Nice to meet you." Looks like he was not going to leave her alone. She tried to look over in Frank's direction, hoping he would give her an out, but he was busy greeting a table of four that had just walked in.

"That's a pretty name. Suits you. Mind if I ask what you do for a living in a sleepy little town like this one?" Oh boy. Who does this guy think he is? Madelyn wondered. Was she just being overly protective or paranoid, given her current status as a murder suspect?

"I'm in the mortgage business." That's all the info this guy's going to get, Madelyn assured herself. She finished the last of her drink and was craving another one but wasn't about to sit around and be subject to an interrogation by this mystery man. She motioned to Frank for her check.



"Oh, cool. Then we have something in common. I have my own carpentry business, Diamond Carpentry. I'm based a few towns over but with the market so busy, I've been working all over the place these days. Lots of homeowners trying to improve things around here before it gets too cold." He sure was trying hard.

"That's great. You're right it has been super busy, which is one of the reasons I've gotta get home and back to work." She scribbled down an illegible signature and a nice tip for Frank and started to get up from her seat.

"Sad to see you're leaving so soon. Hope your day gets better." Madelyn thought he might put up a bit more of a fight but was relieved (and maybe deep down just a tad disappointed) that he didn't. She hopped in her truck and decided to take the back way home. The drive was only a couple of miles, and there was rarely anybody on that road this time of night, so she'd sometimes get to see some wildlife, like a fox or coyote.

About ten second after she made the turn off the main interstate, she noticed a van or truck following closely behind her. Normally, she'd think nothing of it, but given the circumstances, she decided to make another turn right and detour just in case. The van followed and Madelyn started to panic. She made another turn, heading back toward the interstate, and sure enough the van did the same, this time almost tailgating her it was so close. She definitely didn't want to go home so she decided to head right for the police station, which she decided would scare off her pursuant. Hopefully. ⚡

MORTGAGE MYSTERY THEATER

EPISODE FIVE

Madelyn is just an ordinary loan officer who somehow gets herself caught up in a classic murder mystery. Is it simply a case of wrong place, wrong time - or does she play more of a part in the story than she realizes? While Madelyn seeks refuge at the police station, she winds up running into Detective Bloomfield. While he still makes it painfully obvious that she's his number one suspect, she turns her own suspicions in a new direction as she finally sets out to get down and dirty with some serious sleuthing.



MAKE A U-TURN

The tires on Madelyn's old explorer screeched to a halt as she hastily pulled into the small parking lot at the Hillsdale police station - the van still hot on her heels. She watched anxiously as it gradually pulled up directly behind her. It was a work van with some kind of lettering across the front, but in the blackness of the night she couldn't quite make out what it said in the rear-view mirror. She glanced into the station and saw that the lights were on and there were definitely a few officers milling about inside. As she was contemplating if she should make a quick dash for the front door or stay put with doors locked and start honking the horn, she was startled by a soft tapping on her driver's side window.

She gulped and turned her head slowly to the left, her hands on the wheel and foot on the gas pedal. She let out a huge groan as soon as she realized that it was Mr. Chatterbox from the bar, smiling and waving a credit card in her face. She rolled both her eyes and the car window down.

"You literally scared me senseless! I thought I had some psychopath following me. Why on earth were you tailgating me like that?" Madelyn could not have been more annoyed.

"Oh I'm so sorry I didn't mean to scare you! I saw you left your bank card back at Lost Dog and was just honestly just trying to help." The disappointment in Jake's voice was quite evident.

Madelyn sighed and took her card from his outstretched hand.

"Thanks a lot." Madelyn said dryly. She glanced into his every-colored blue eyes and could now see the discouragement on his face as well. "Listen, sorry if I snapped at you. It's just that I've been a little on edge lately."

"No need to explain, Madelyn." He flashed that gorgeous smile of his again as he said her name and lingered by the driver side door. Maybe she should give him a break, she thought. He did seem like a genuinely nice guy.

"Well, if it isn't Miss Sloane." Their moment was interrupted by the unmistakable voice of Detective Bloomfield as he came waltzing out of the station. "It's a good thing you're here - we've gotten the results of Ms. Sommerstone's autopsy. Would you mind stepping inside for a minute?"

"Autopsy?!" Jake exclaimed in surprise.

"It's a long story..." Madelyn's voice trailed off as she got out of her car and started to follow Bloomfield as he held the door to the station open for her with a peculiar expression on his face.

"Drive safely Mr. Diamond - I may have some questions for you later and will be in touch." Bloomfield hollered back through the rain at Jake as he was getting back into the van. He gave them both a somewhat apathetic wave and sped away into the night.

"Do you think that guy had something to do with what happened to Raquel?" Madelyn blurted out – her curiosity had gotten the better of her.

"How long have you known Jake Diamond, Miss Sloane? You can take a seat anywhere you like." He gestured towards the main room filled with empty desks and chairs.

"I don't know him at all. He followed me here from Lost Dog just now because I had left my credit card there." Madelyn plopped down in the nearest empty chair. The clock on the wall ticked loudly in the quiet of the nearly deserted station. It was almost eleven.

"I see. And what brings you here so late in the evening if you don't mind my asking?" Madelyn could see Bloomfield was back to his irritating lines of questioning.

"Well, I didn't know who was following me at first and thought this would be the safest place to stop." The detective simply stared at her instead of replying. She could practically see the wheels in his head turning. She gazed back at him, determined not to break the silence this time – she knew it was some kind of tactic of his. He thought he was such a hot shot. She had studied negotiations, too. Suddenly they both jumped at the sound of an alert from Madelyn's phone. Four loud pings, slowly spaced one after another, echoed quite loudly in the emptiness of the room.

"Do you need to get that? It's not a problem." Bloomfield finally spoke. She glanced at her cell phone - it was a notification that a client had messaged her with some questions regarding their closing but that the loan officer assistant at her firm had already replied for her. Thank goodness for technology, Madelyn thought to herself. She was in no state of mind to be chatting with clients right now.

"No that's ok – my assistant took care of it." She replied coolly.

"You work some late hours in the mortgage business then, Miss Sloane?"

"Yes, we do. We're always on call for our clients. A lot of them reach out in the evening because that's when they have the time for it." It bugged Madelyn when he gave her the third degree about her profession. She was very passionate about her job and often people didn't understand how much time and effort when into getting people a good loan – it was definitely NOT an easy 9 to 5 occupation.

"Interesting." He paused. "I called you in here because I thought you'd like to know the preliminary autopsy findings regarding Ms. Sommerstone. It turns out she did not overdose on sleeping pills." Madelyn breathed a sigh of relief, but before she could respond he unsettled her with three more words.



"It was poison." Madelyn, aghast, covered her mouth with her hands. "We won't know exactly what it was until we get the toxicology report, but judging by the condition of her organs, it was something quite lethal and we now officially consider this to be a homicide."

"Wow." She didn't know what else to say. It's not like she knew how any of this worked, or how they could tell what kind of poison it was, or how deadly sleeping pills could really be. She was completely in the dark.

"Have you thought any more about who might have wanted to harm Raquel?" He inquired, after a moment. Madelyn had been so consumed with figuring out how her old sleeping pills wound up at the crime scene that she felt bad about not having thought beyond her own personal involvement.

"I truly have no idea who would want to poison her. I'm still trying to wrap my mind around this whole situation and how she ended up with my pills. I can't believe something like this could happen right here in Hillsdale."

"Right." Bloomfield was hard to read. Was her reaction not what he was expecting? She got the feeling he somehow thought she was still involved. "Well, it's getting late and I've got a bunch of paperwork to do. I'll be in touch." He gestured toward the door and Madelyn dragged her feet towards the front of the station. She was a little afraid to go home still but would never want to admit that to Bloomfield. She got into her car and started the engine. Perhaps, she decided, she'd make one more quick stop. ⚡