

It wasn't theft, Georgia Holt told herself defiantly. She was retrieving stolen property.

Her heart thundering, she hitched up her mother's favourite cocktail dress, clenched her evening bag between her teeth, and clambered over the chain link-fencing.

She bent to retrieve the stiletto-heeled shoes she'd tossed over ahead of her.

'Now', she muttered. 'Where are you, you big pussycats?'



Two Dobermans and a German Shepherd bolted round the corner of the house, towards the noise of the intruder. At the sight of Georgia, they came to a scrabbling halt.

'Here you go, Tyson.' Scratching one of the Dobermans between the eyes, she offered him a crumbling biscuit from her evening bag. When the German Shepherd rolled over she rubbed his tummy with one bare foot.

'Right, scam', she hissed.

*'Smelling of dog isn't going to help my cover.'*

Satisfied, the dogs trotted off.

