



## **Married to the Mop**

by Barbara Colley

*a January 2006 release*

*Kensington Publishing Corp.*

*ISBN: 0-7582-0764-6*

*\$22.00 US \$31.00 CAN*

As owner of Maid for a Day, Charlotte LaRue is cleaning up New Orleans house by house. When it comes to hired help, she's the best there is, especially if murder runs in the family...

Though she's short two employees, Charlotte answers a desperate plea the weekend before Mardi Gras. A woman named Emily Rossi is hosting a huge bash for out-of-town guests, and just lost her maid to a family emergency. It seems an acquaintance of hers from the society set highly recommended Charlotte's services—so she makes Charlotte an offer she can't refuse...

And Charlotte soon learns why. Emily's husband, Robert, just happens to be the most ruthless crime boss in the country. The number-one suspect in the murder of his own father, he's taken over the reins of the "family business."

As usual, Charlotte keeps her nose to the grindstone—but that doesn't stop her from seeing the dysfunctional Rossi clan in all its glory. Robert's mother is seemingly senile, his daughter hates him, he quarrels with his brothers, and Charlotte suspects him of abusing his wife. She also gets a front-row seat to an explosive display of Robert's hair-trigger temper when he finds some of his priceless Faberge eggs missing.

Nevertheless, Charlotte agrees to help at the costume ball when one of the servers comes down with the flu. She's beginning to think that the party is a cover for Robert's illegal activities, when the man himself is found dead in the library. And there's Emily, standing over her husband with a bloody knife in her hand.

The case seems cut-and-dried—to anyone but Charlotte, that is. Although Emily looks guilty as sin, Charlotte has seen enough of the Rossi family's dirty laundry to suspect everyone. And the Faberge eggs continue to disappear. If there's a crack in the killer's plan, Charlotte will find it, because she won't stand for anything—least of all, murder—being swept under the rug. But she'd better tread carefully if she doesn't want to spend Fat Tuesday in the bayou, sleeping with the catfish...

**[www.barbaracolley.com](http://www.barbaracolley.com)**