

Want to know why Big Tobacco boss Tony Burton is a sleazebag? Read on...

Away from the crowd in the kitchen, Tony poured himself a generous measure of aged Bushmills. “You wanted to see me about some letters?” he asked.

“Yes.” Cranbrook delved into a black leather document wallet, showing Tony a photocopied letter. The addressee’s details were blanked out, but the sentiments expressed were clear.

“Stop selling tobacco, loser, or it will be your funeral next,” Tony read aloud from the typed script. “Short and to the point.” He yawned. “I receive letters like this all the time. It goes with the territory in my industry. I’m sure I’ve seen the exact same one, in fact.”

“The person who received this one is dead. He was found hanged yesterday.”

“Anyone I know?” Tony understood now why a Met detective would be working overtime, and even taking the trouble to visit a small country village.

“Andrew Bugleman.”

Tony knocked back the contents of his glass and filled it right to the brim. He would have liked a cigar, but fear of his wife’s rage outweighed the desire. “One of our valued customers,” he admitted. Randy Andy owned a chain of specialist tobacconists in London. Although hardly Albion’s largest customer, he was one of Tony’s favourites, recently divorced and determined to use his penthouse flat in Soho as a pleasure pad. They had enjoyed many an evening in a lap dancing club with Tony’s company credit card.

In [Up In Smoke](#), Tony has everything he could desire – wealth, success and a beautiful mistress. He still ends up fighting for his life...