
An Uncommon Affair

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CHAPTER ONE

BY THE time Torey Farrell reached the city limits of Springhill, the afternoon sky was almost black and the rain that had been threatening for the last hundred miles had begun to fall. The first few drops were huge, and they splashed against the car with the intensity of falling rocks. Torey's nerves were already stretched by anticipation and the strain of five days on the road, and each time a raindrop smacked into the glass just a few inches from her face she cringed and tightened her grip on the wheel.

Rainstorms had never been one of her favorite things, and as for driving through an unfamiliar city in the midst of a downpour, without a map and without instructions, in search of a house she had never seen...

Well, it wouldn't have been her first choice of entertainment for an afternoon in early spring, that was certain, Torey told herself with as much humor as she could muster. Her choice would have been a fireside chair, a cup of hot cider, a plate of ginger snaps, and a book, with the curtains firmly drawn between her and the outside world.

But, since she couldn't have the fire and the ginger snaps, the first step was to resign herself to the rain and find Violet Endicott's house. Oh, *why* hadn't she asked for directions?

"Because," she reminded herself, "when you were talking to the lawyer you didn't have a glimmer of an idea that you were going to come out here, so you didn't need directions. And besides," she added with a wry smile, "everybody on the West Coast told me that towns in Iowa only have three streets—two of which are always called Main and Third—so what could be complicated about getting around?"

Of course, any faith she had put in that myth had died the instant she had reached the city limits of Springhill and looked down into a small, bowl-like valley that was absolutely filled with houses and highways and schools and shopping complexes. It was certainly not Los Angeles, but obviously Springhill did not fit the generally accepted pattern of small Midwestern towns. She wondered how many other things that *everybody on the West Coast knew* might turn out to be false, as well.

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It could have been a pretty sort of town, she thought, but in early March the gray and dingy remnants of the winter's snow still lined the streets and masked the beauty of the simple houses, the spacious lawns, the low skyline. The rain pelted down, pocking the icy clumps and slowly wearing them away, leaving sand and dirt behind.

But surely it couldn't look like this all the time. Didn't all the people she knew who had moved to California from the Midwest say that the thing they missed the most was the changing seasons, and especially the beauty of spring? Well, it was almost spring — and it was obvious that it wasn't the sort of springtime she'd been hoping for. She shivered under her thin jacket.

Highway traffic came to an abrupt halt for a red light, and as she waited for it to change Torey noticed a sign that marked the intersecting street as Third Avenue. Perhaps there was a fragment of truth to the myth after all, she thought with a smile, and purely on a whim she turned left as soon as the light changed.

She had the lawyer's telephone number in her handbag, but despite the rain there was a sense of adventure in trying to find her way around by herself first. If she had to, she could always call Stan Spaulding to rescue her. But she'd rather do it herself.

Besides, this town was going to be her home for a while—a long while, she told herself—and she felt almost a desperate need to get the feel of the place as soon as she could. She wanted to see the house, too—Violet's house—this house she now owned. And she was too impatient to wait around a lawyer's office for him to find time to take her out and show her the property. She could at least drive by it first and look at the outside, couldn't she? There must be some logic to the way streets were named in this town...

In the last five days, as Torey had driven across the country, she had had plenty of time to think about Violet Endicott's house. She had never even seen a photograph of it, and she had never given it any thought, because it had never been important to know where Aunt Violet had lived. But now that Violet was gone and house was Torey's, and now that she had wildly burned her bridges and flung caution to the winds and come halfway across the continent to live in her new possession, her imagination had begun to play tricks on her. The long hours behind the steering wheel had given her nothing but time to think, and she had spent those hours

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conjuring up everything from a marble-encased castle in the air to the lowliest tar-paper shack.

“Six hundred Belle Vista,” she recited stoutly to herself. “Does that sound like a proper address for a tar-paper shack?”

But the other half of her brain, the uncooperative part, reminded her of an inner-city slum she’d once heard of that was called Starlite Woods, and added that Belle Vista only indicated that the view from the house would be pleasant, and promised nothing about the appearance of the structure itself.

“Oh, stop it,” she told herself firmly. “You’re getting nervous enough to fly.”

A driver who had stopped in the next lane at a traffic light gave her general directions, and she found herself in a residential neighborhood where large houses sat at prim distances from each other and well back from the traffic. She looked hopefully at the street signs, but it wasn’t Belle Vista Avenue. Well, she told herself philosophically, she couldn’t have expected that Violet would live in a neighborhood like this.

Here there were even fewer people walking, and most of them were scurrying for shelter, certainly not interested in being hailed and asked for directions. At a corner, however, a young woman with a little girl beside her was waiting to cross, and Torey lowered her window and pulled as close to the curb as she could.

She saw the young woman’s gaze flick over the old station wagon, loaded almost to the roof with boxes and bags, as she asked her question. It was a curious glance, as if the woman was wondering what that sort of vehicle was doing in this neighborhood, but her voice didn’t betray her inquisitiveness. “Belle Vista? It’s just two blocks east, but you have to go clear down to Main to find a through street because the rest are cul-de-sacs. Which block are you looking for?”

“The house is number six hundred.”

“Six... That’s Violet Endicott’s house.” Now there was no doubt of the lively curiosity in the young woman’s face; her eyes were practically sparkling with it.

Torey nodded.

“But surely...” Then the young woman seemed to think better of it, and she began to give the most precise directions Torey had ever received. When Torey drove off

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a couple of minutes later, she looked back to see the young woman still standing on the corner, one hand deep in the pocket of her raincoat, the other holding the child's, and looking thoughtfully down the street after the car, as if studying the California license plate.

You might as well get used to it, Torey told herself. Don't be fooled by the bustle; Springhill is still obviously a very small town, and everyone is going to know everyone else's business or die trying to find it out. It's just one of the things you'll have to adjust to if you're going to live here.

And she was going to stay; she had made up her mind about that. She was going to be successful. She was not going to go back to Los Angeles in defeat. Springhill was the best opportunity she was ever likely to have, and she owed Aunt Violet a debt of gratitude that could never be repaid.

She took her right hand off the steering wheel and flexed it, only half-conscious of the action, exercising each finger separately as if she had just finished a long session of drawing. She was depending on that right hand now.

As if you haven't always depended on it, she told herself a bit sharply. This was no different, really. She was just going to draw something different now, that was all. She was going to do what she had always dreamed of doing—and she was going to do it well.

Turn left on Main Street, the young woman had said. Two blocks and another left, and she was on Belle Vista. Six more blocks and she would be there...

The houses were fairly close to the street, but that was deceptive, Torey soon realized, because Belle Vista itself was a divided street, two narrow lanes separated by an expanse of grass that was just beginning to show the hazy green of spring. It was like having a park the length of the street just outside the front door of each house. Here and there playground equipment had been set up, and sandboxes awaited the coming of warmer weather. At regular intervals there were old-fashioned street lights, wrought-iron poles topped with white glass globes. Some of them had already sensed the coming darkness and had turned themselves on. It was a pleasant, old, quiet neighborhood, and Torey breathed a soft sigh of relief. She could work here. She could be happy here.

She had a bit of trouble spotting number six hundred Belle Vista; it was on a corner and there were three huge old oak trees in front of it. The bushes and shrubs

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that lined the lawn were overgrown and badly in need of trimming. The house itself was big and white and almost square, a turn-of-the-century structure as solid and practical as the merchants who must have built this entire neighborhood. It was taller than most of the surrounding buildings, its gambrel roof sheltering three full floors. On the side was a *porte cochère*; in front was a wide, pillared veranda on the ground floor with a balcony above. Here and there the gingerbread trim sagged a bit, but it was all still there.

And in front of the house, almost blocking the narrow traffic lane, was a moving van, its cargo doors open and a ramp extended to the lawn.

The car's brakes squealed in protest as Torey stamped her foot. "That's my house," she announced to the world at large. "And what the hell someone is doing moving into *my* house, I'd certainly like to know!"

There was no possibility of a mistake; the moving van certainly belonged to number six hundred. The front door of the house stood wide open, and as she watched, two burly moving men carried a white leather couch off the truck and up the steps to the front veranda. The rain had stopped for the moment, and they were obviously in a hurry.

It was a difficult maneuver to steer her car around the big truck and into the narrow driveway, which had been built for the vehicles of a much earlier day. Torey extricated herself from the tightly packed car, slammed the door and burst across the lawn and up the steps to confront the moving men, who were stamping back across the veranda towards the truck. "Who's in charge here?" she demanded.

One of them jerked his head toward the interior of the house, and Torey stepped across the threshold and into her house.

It was cold and dismal inside; the light in the hallway was on, but the single dim bulb succeeded only in casting shadows across the parquet floor. In other circumstances Torey would have stopped to give the intricate pattern of inlaid wood the admiration it deserved, but today she was too anxious to pay attention.

Her running shoes didn't make a sound on the parquet, and for a moment there was no other noise anywhere in the house. She stood absolutely still for a while, wondering if she should call out or just start searching from room to room, and then a man's voice spoke from her left, beyond an open doorway formed by glass-doored bookcases and two carved oak posts.

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“Marsh, I still say this is not a good idea,” he said.

You shouldn't be eavesdropping, Torey, she told herself. But her feet seemed to have taken root in the parquet.

A second male voice said, “You’re a first-class worrier, you know. You win all the awards.” There was a hint of laughter in the mellow baritone. “When will you learn to seize an opportunity the instant it comes, instead of hanging about studying every angle until it’s too late to do anything at all?”

“I’ll admit you usually land on your feet, but...”

“And I have this time, too. I was a little concerned about being able to sell that town house of mine, you know. Housing may be in short supply in this town right now, but there isn’t a lot of demand for one-bedroom town houses in that price range.”

“Watch what you’re saying, Marsh—it sounds as if you think it was a mistake to buy it in the first place.”

There was no doubt about the laugh now. “Not a mistake, exactly,” the baritone confided. “A second bedroom in a bachelor apartment can be a serious liability.”

The other man made a sound that might have been assent. “And now that you’re getting married...”

“I’m acquiring the old family home. Perfect, wouldn’t you say?”

Torey’s jaw dropped. *Acquiring the old family home*? He said it as casually as if he were picking up a package of tacks at the hardware shop. And what did he mean, *the old family home*, anyway? It was Violet’s house, and now it was Torey’s.

“I still say you shouldn’t be moving in here until the deal is firm.”

“What else was I supposed to do? I had to take the offer; my buyers wanted the town house, but they weren’t willing to wait for it. And what difference does it make, anyway? If the girl makes a fuss, I’ll just pay rent on the place till the sale goes through. A reasonable rent— nothing outrageous.”

A fuss, Torey thought. *As if this entire invasion doesn't mean a thing to him, and shouldn't bother me in the least*. “I haven’t heard a word from her, Marsh. I sent those papers more than a week ago.”

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“She’s probably thinking it over and talking to all her friends.”

It was funny, Torey thought, how expressive a voice could be. She knew, for instance, that he had shrugged as he’d said that.

“You’re letting yourself in for all kinds of trouble, Marsh.”

“What kind of trouble can she make? And why would she want to? She’s got a fast sale.”

“She can hold you up for more money.”

“She’d better not try.” The humor had faded from the baritone voice, and something very like grimness remained. “I’m offering her a fair price for the house. It’s more than fair, it’s downright generous. If she thinks the place is worth West Coast prices, she’s wrong, and she’s welcome to come back and look at it herself. But in the meantime...”

Torey stepped into the open doorway, one slim hand braced on each of the carved posts. “Thanks,” she said crisply. “I’m glad to have your permission, because that’s exactly what I’ve done. I’ve come to look at...” she paused, and added very gently “...my house.”

The man sitting on the white leather couch looked up at her as if his worst nightmare had suddenly sprung to life in broad daylight. He grabbed for the arm of the couch and hauled himself up from the leather depths. Then, as if uncertain what to do next, he shifted his weight from one foot to the other and tugged at his unkempt blond moustache, and darted glances at Torey.

He was the worrier, she concluded, and nothing to be concerned about. She turned her attention to the other man. This was the one with the laughing baritone voice, the one who had dismissed her as unimportant, a mere trifle to be disposed of in order to get what he wanted.

He was standing with his back to the empty fireplace, one elbow propped on the carved oak mantel. His sports jacket was unbuttoned and his other hand rested easily on his hip. By the time she turned her head to look directly at him, he had concealed any surprise he might have felt at her sudden appearance. He didn’t even blink.

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Torey was a bit disappointed at the lack of reaction. A guilty flush might be too much to expect from someone of his caliber, she told herself, but shouldn't he at least have been startled? She put her chin up and gave him the look that some of her friends called the Farrell Searchlight—a long, direct inspection from which no personal flaw could hide.

It pained her to admit, a full minute later, that the man didn't appear to have many. He was tall and lean, with broad shoulders that tapered nicely to narrow hips. His hair was black; it looked almost too silky to be real, and for a moment she had to fight off an irrational desire to walk across the room and give it a tug, just to see if it would come off in her hands and leave him looking like a hard-boiled egg. He had a generous mouth which at the moment was pressed into a firm line. His eyes were dark, too, and fringed with lashes that were outrageously long and curly. In fact, a Roman nose was all that kept his face from being too good-looking, she decided, and concluded with a bit of spite that his flaws must be the sort that were on the inside.

His hands were big and well-shaped and looked strong enough to bend steel; a momentary whitening of his knuckles was the only sign that he might be uncomfortable under her scrutiny. It amused her a bit. So he wasn't quite so certain of himself after all, was he, this—what was it the worrier had called him? Marsh?

“Finished?” he asked dryly. “Or would you like me to turn around so you can inspect the back too?”

Torey smiled sweetly. “Does it bother you that I want to take a good look at the person who's trying to move into my house by force?”

The movers stopped in the hallway behind her with a large black leather reclining chair. “Where do you want us to put this, Mr. Endicott?” one of them called.

Endicott? It startled Torey, and then she remembered that he had said this was the old family home. Endicott—that would make him some relative of Violet's late husband, that was all. Well, he'd soon learn that, relative or not, this wasn't going to be his family home again.

“Put it...” he began, and then seemed to think better of it. “Down,” he added succinctly. “Anywhere.” His hand slipped to the back of his neck, as if it hurt.

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So he isn't so dense after all, Torey thought. He knows quite well he's been caught, with no ground to stand on.

“Put it back on the truck,” she contradicted crisply. “Along with all of Mr. Endicott’s other possessions. Because he’s not moving into my house.”

“Your house?” He glanced at the worrier. “Didn’t you tell the young lady—?”

Torey interrupted firmly. “I gather that you’ve made an offer to buy the house, Mr. Endicott. Since I haven’t received the offer, I couldn’t say whether it’s a generous one or not.”

“It’s generous,” he put in.

“But it doesn’t matter what it is. The house is not for sale. Thank you for your interest, gentlemen—there is the door. Oh, and if you’d give me any keys you have before you leave...”

Marsh Endicott’s laugh was wonderful, a deep, rippling sound that seemed to fill the room. In other circumstances, it would have been infectious.

“I wasn’t aware that I’d told some sort of joke,” Torey said stiffly. “If you think I’m not serious about this....”

He didn’t seem to hear. He was still looking at his friend. “Don’t you think you should tell the young lady the facts of life?”

Torey put her hands on her hips. “I could call the police, you know, and have you evicted.”

“I wouldn’t advise it. Stan? I think you’d better make plain to the young lady right now that she doesn’t own this house.”

For an instant, Torey’s head swam with the shock of it, and everything in her field of view turned slightly green. Just how had he accomplished that, anyway? A faked deed? A forged signature? Something outside the law, that was sure.

Then she started to laugh. “That was a good try,” she said admiringly. “But if I don’t own it, why on earth are you offering to buy it from me?”

Marsh Endicott moved then, to lean indolently against the mantel with his ankles crossed, his hands deep in his trouser pockets. “Tell her, Stan,” he invited.

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For the first time since she had come into the room, Torey took a good look at the worrier. It was an appropriate name for him, she thought; it appeared at the moment as if he were about to have a heart attack. So this was Stan Spaulding, she thought. This was Violet's lawyer. From the way he had sounded on the telephone the night he had called to tell her that Violet had died and named Torey in her will, she would have thought he was a much older man.

"The offer Marsh has made is for your half of the house," Stan Spaulding said quietly.

The words were like knives slicing through her chest. Torey was suddenly having trouble breathing. "But—" she gasped. "You told me—*Half* of the house?"

Stan Spaulding shuffled his feet on the worn spot on the carpet and said, "I very foolishly told you what Violet's will said, before I checked for pre-existing conditions on the property. In actual fact, I found that Violet and her late husband owned the house as tenants in common rather than the more usual way, which is known as joint tenancy with the right of survivorship, so as a matter of practicality..."

Torey shook her head. "I haven't the vaguest idea what you're talking about!"

Marsh Endicott cleared his throat. "Stan, you're doing your law professor act again," he said dispassionately. "Miss Farrell—you *are* Victoria Farrell, aren't you? Perhaps we should ask to see identification."

Torey wanted to stick her tongue out at him. She settled for what she hoped was a devastating glare—it would have been more effective if she hadn't had to look so far up to meet his gaze—and turned back to Stan Spaulding in the vague hope that this time his words would make sense. Considering that her head was starting to vibrate like a world-class earthquake, it seemed doubtful.

Marsh Endicott folded his arms across his chest and said, "I think it might be easier if I translate, Stan. Miss Farrell, your Aunt Violet and her husband—who, by the way, had the honor of being my grandfather even before he was her husband—each owned half of this house. That's not uncommon among married couples, of course, except that they did it a little differently than most. In most cases the survivor—in this case, Violet—owns the house outright and can leave it to whomever she pleases, which in this case would be you. Or else, if the person

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who dies first—my grandfather—owns the house outright, he can leave the house to whomever he pleases...”

“You,” Torey said. “Yes, I see, but—”

“—with the survivor, Violet, having the use of the house as long as she lives.”

Torey put her fingertips against her aching temples. “This entire thing makes no sense.”

“I agree absolutely. For some unknown reason, my grandfather allowed Violet to wheedle him into giving her half of the house when they married. It was certainly not her native charm and beauty that made him do it,” he mused, “because she was ugly as sin and would have made the average boa constrictor look like a warm and delightful pet. On the other hand...”

“Can we stick to the point?” Torey fumed.

“Of course. Sorry, I got distracted. The result is that when my grandfather died ten years ago he left his half of the house to me, with Violet having the right to use it as long as she chose. Now that Violet’s dead, that half of the house is mine absolutely—there is no question of that. Meanwhile, her half, which I have to admit she had every right to dispose of as she chose...”

Torey groped for the arm of the white leather couch and sat down, hard.

“Why she did it I can only speculate,” Marsh Endicott went on airily. “I’m sure it had something to do with the fact that on more than one occasion in the early years of her marriage my father was heard to refer to her as— well, we won’t go into that. Let’s just say that Violet was known for holding a grudge.”

If Marsh Endicott’s father was anything like him, Torey thought, she could see Violet’s point.

“I’m awfully sorry, Miss Farrell,” Stan Spaulding said miserably. “But her will didn’t say anything about the life tenancy, you see. It just said, *All real and personal property to my great-niece, Victoria Farrell*, and so I assumed...”

“Careless of you, Stan,” Marsh said, but it was almost casual, as if he’d said it a great many times before. “I told you, she was hoping the whole thing would be overlooked, or that I would be too proud to make a fight of it.”

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Stan Spaulding gritted his teeth for a moment and then went on, “As soon as I found out differently I tried to call you, Miss Farrell, but...”

“But I’d already left Los Angeles on my way here,” Torey muttered.

“And where have you been all this time?” Marsh Endicott asked curiously. “That was nearly a week ago.”

“Not that it’s any of your concern,” Torey said, “but I’m now an expert on how much a complete brake job costs in North Platte, Nebraska, and as for fan belts, tires, and radiator hoses...”

He raised his eyebrows, then walked over to the window and tipped the ancient Venetian blinds so he could peer out at the battered old station wagon in the driveway. What he saw must have satisfied him, for he nodded and came back to the center of the room.

Stan Spaulding was saying, with determination, “So I mailed copies of everything—both of the wills, and Marsh’s offer to buy your half.”

“They’ll be forwarded,” she said. “They’ll probably catch up with me in a week or two.”

“Well, there’s an easier way than that,” Marsh Endicott said briskly. “Stan had copies of everything, so we’ll all just run down to his office and get the paperwork out of the way.”

“Hold it,” Torey said. “What paperwork?”

“For the sale.”

She turned to Stan. “Let me get this straight. Half of this house is mine without question, right?”

“Absolutely.”

“Which half?”

Stan frowned. “Well, that’s a little hard to say, actually. I mean, it’s a tenancy in common, so you each have the right to possession and use of the whole property. That means...”

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“That means Mr. Endicott can’t put a lock on the kitchen door and shut me out,” Torey said with satisfaction. “Or make me climb a ladder to the balcony to get in and out because he’s claimed the ground floor as his. Right?”

Marsh Endicott said something under his breath that Torey was glad she hadn’t heard clearly. His face was beginning to resemble the sky outside—they were both dark and threatening a storm.

“That’s true,” Stan said, with a judicious tug at his moustache. “He can’t.”

“Thanks a bunch, Spaulding,” Marsh Endicott muttered and turned his back on the discussion.

“But as far as the house is concerned, Miss Farrell, I really think that you should consider...”

“I *have* considered. I am not interested in selling my half of the house to Mr. Endicott.”

Marsh Endicott wheeled around and glared at her. “Who the hell besides me do you think is going to buy half a house?”

“Don’t you ever listen?” Torey chided. “I told you twenty minutes ago that it’s not for sale.”

“Of course it’s for sale!”

“I’m going to live here.”

“You can’t be serious.”

“Why can’t I? It’s a beautiful house.” Then, for the first time since she had burst into the big room, she took a good look at her surroundings.

The room they were standing in was a formal parlor, unusually large for a house of the period, with elegantly carved moldings, oak ceiling beams, and big windows, hidden just now by the dust-laden Venetian blinds. The twin chandeliers could also stand a cleaning; their crystal facets were too dulled by dirt to gleam. The carpet was worn almost threadbare in spots, and the wallpaper...

Torey walked over to a corner to get a better look. The wallpaper had once been livid pink. Now it was faded to the dull, blotchy shade of an overripe peach, except

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where Violet's pictures had obviously hung. There the pink remained, making the wall look as if it had developed an extraordinarily bad case of eczema.

"It's a wonderful house," she added stoutly. "It needs a little work, but it will be great when it's done. Yes, I think I'll be very happy here."

"I suppose next you'll offer to buy my half," Marsh snapped. "Well, get rid of that notion. I'm damned if you're going to con me out of my share!"

"I haven't the money," Torey said placidly. "If I did, I'd be happy to match your generous offer—whatever it was—and then we could talk about who was trying to defraud whom."

He growled a little, and his fists clenched.

Stan Spaulding cleared his throat and said, "You might consider the financial realities, Miss Farrell. As you said yourself, the house needs work. And there are expenses here: real estate taxes, and high utility bills in a house this size. If you don't have any money..."

"Did I say I was destitute?" Torey asked pleasantly. "I certainly didn't mean to. I have a perfectly good job; it's just that I don't have lumps of cash lying around. I assure you I can afford the real estate taxes, Mr. Spaulding." She smiled sweetly at Marsh Endicott. "My half of them, at least. And I'm also willing to pay a reasonable rent..." She paused, and then deliberately and maliciously quoted him. "Nothing outrageous, of course—to my co-owner for the use of his half of the property."

Stan Spaulding chewed the end of his moustache. "Still, I think it would be the wisest thing if you would just accept Marsh's offer and have the thing done with. It's really very generous, considering the appraised value of the house and everything."

"Why should I take your word for it?" Torey asked. "You're obviously Mr. Endicott's friend."

"He used to be," Marsh Endicott muttered. "I wouldn't say he's been acting too friendly today."

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“But how do I know that’s a correct appraisal? Besides, you’ve overlooked the fact that I don’t want to sell. I came out here to live, Mr. Spaulding—I have all my things with me.”

“Everything you own is in that car?” Marsh Endicott walked back to the window and took another look, then shook his head. “I doubt it will make it back to Los Angeles,” he said thoughtfully.

Torey’s cynical sense of humor bubbled to the surface. “I don’t see why it wouldn’t,” she murmured. “It’s half new pieces. But that’s beside the point. I’ve just finished a five-day drive, and I’m not going off on another one.”

“All right, I’ll raise my offer by the price of a first-class ticket back to Los Angeles.”

Torey gave him the sweetest, most meaningless smile in her repertoire. “That’s very generous of you. But I’m still not going anywhere. Now, since the movers are standing here waiting for instructions, where would you like them to take your mattress? Back to your previous residence, I’d suggest.” Then she remembered that he’d sold it. Too bad, she thought. It certainly wasn’t her problem.

“Upstairs.”

“But...” It was a mere squeak of protest.

His smile was just as saccharine, and just as deadly, as hers had been. “I own half of this house, too, Miss Farrell. If you can live here, so can I. Have you got a quarter, Stan? We’ll flip to see who gets the master bedroom. Unless you’d like to consider it common property—Victoria?”