

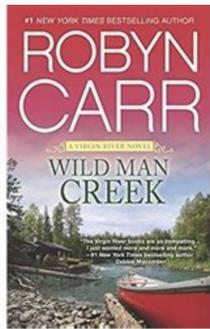
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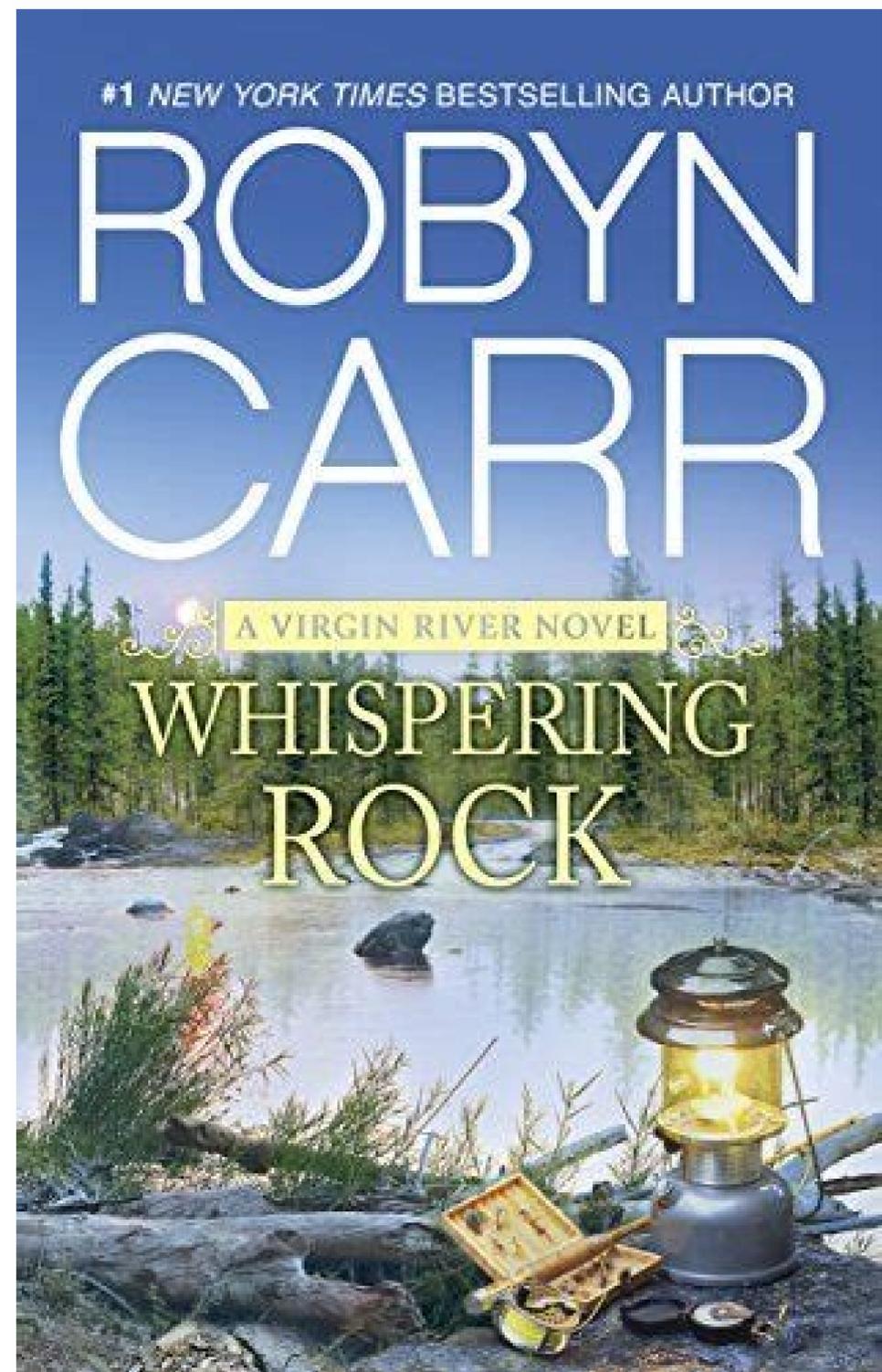


#1 NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR

ROBYN CARR

A VIRGIN RIVER NOVEL

WHISPERING ROCK



And intelligent. There didn't seem to be a wishy-washy tone in her body even though she had a lot to work out. She was late turning in a book for which she'd been paid, for one thing. She was worried about it, but she was powering through. That took strength and determination. He knew only too well, as he often made contracts on art that was not yet created. After they had dinner they went back on the porch. He asked her to talk about the book. A couple of models she'd mentioned in the book. A couple of models? He murmured, and the suspicion is that it's a killer stalking beautiful younger women. There are many lines between the deceased woman, their boyfriends, family members, colleagues, etc. Their attempt is made on a third model, also linked to the first two, and she not only escapes, she steps up to try to solve the murders before it happens to her. You know, act or be eaten. Our killer gets by with a couple more signatur murders, always putting her closer to danger. And of course she makes friends with a sexy detective who not only wants to protect her, he wants to help her figure it out. And there's an elderly forensics expert also on the case. "Hm. Sounds interesting. Is it almost done?" "It's getting closer but it's weeks from done. I'm writing another book at the same time, one that I don't have a contract for, one that I'm more interested in writing. So I'm forcing myself to write six pages a day of the suspense, and then I find myself sitting up very late writing the one I enjoy writing. This is just coping; my ability to concentrate and think creatively took a giant hit when my mom died." "Tell me about the one you enjoy," he said. "It's a fictionalized version of me, the character often growing in directions that make her stronger and more together than I really am. It's not unusual to write about characters I admire or wish I was more like. It's about a woman who runs off to the mountains to reclaim her confidence and strength after her husband dies. I decided it should be a husband, not a mother. But as I'm writing, I know the truth. And as I write, I figure things out. "Is that something you do to get closure?" "No, it's something I do to understand what I'm feeling. See, when I hear of a problem or have an issue that needs to be resolved, I often don't really know how I should work out until I write about it. Sometimes I interview my characters, asking them key questions about themselves. Sometimes I'll write about situations that confound me. I'll start out writing about how it was and finish up writing about how I should be. "It must be cathartic." "Sometimes. I've written a few terrible husbands named Dick or Richard or Rick or Dax." She beamed. "Once he was Zach." "I bet they had some familiar qualities..." "Oh yes. Sometimes they died, depending on how I was feeling about him at the time. They always got tripped up by their arrogance and self-centeredness. And it makes me better somehow. Once I write about them, I develop some understanding. "Does your ex-husband ever redeem himself?" Landry asked. "Sadly, no. That is his forever punishment." Remind me not to piss you off," he said, laughing. "Oh, I honestly don't personalize those quirks of plot. If you piss me off, I might name a very bad doctor Dr. Landry. Or maybe just an incompetent pilot. Not an evil person, just a stupid one. "And I might make an ugly pot shaped like your head." She laughed happily. "Talk like that and you could end up a serial killer!" "How long have you been writing these books about killers?" he asked. "Since I started. It was my favorite genre when I was learning and you should always write what you want to read. I like the edginess of a great suspense novel, like a really good J.T. Ellison." "Who?" She shook her head. "You have homework to do." "I might just read a few Kaylee Sloans." "There you go. If I'm worth my salt, you'll sleep with one eye open while I'm renting your little house. Oh, by the way, Jack's having a Halloween party on the thirty-first. I'm planning to go. Are you?" "I've stopped by a few town parties. I'll probably go." "I suppose you know everyone." "I did grow up here." "What was it like, growing up here then?" "It was good," he said. "I had fun. I had friends, although like I said, I was a little too serious. I played ball, went to school things, got good grades. But almost every kid who grows up in a quiet small town can't wait to get to the real life in the city, and that was me. I went away to college, missed my dad and my friends, came home when I could. Then after Laura went to Hollywood and hardly came back. I gave up the city and moved back here and had a whole new appreciation for it. I think it's the people. The air, the quiet and the people who stand up for each other." Oh, there 21 didn't expect to make friends here," she said. "I expected to be a different kind of lonely." His brow wrinkled. "Different from what?" "From the kind of lonely I was in Newport. There were lots of people around but there was only one I wanted—my mother. I ached with loneliness. "My mom and I didn't live together after I went to college. Oh, there were a few months here and there—while I was waiting for a new apartment to become available or after my divorce while I looked for my own place, just temporary situations. Then when she got sick, I moved home to be with her. After she died, the house became mine, but it was always her house. I couldn't seem to escape the feeling that I'd just lost her, surrounded by her decorating and her things. That's why I looked for a getaway. And I'll go back to that house. It's a wonderful house with an office on the second floor that looks out to the ocean. It has a large backyard and a pool. I can walk to the beach from there. I want to live in that house again. I just hope I'm stronger when I do." "You seem pretty strong now," he said. "Don't worry too much, Kaylee. That immediate, crushing feeling of loss will pass. You'll always miss her. But you'll start to feel better." "Is that how it was for you?" she asked. "Yes. It took a while, but eventually... Yes, that's how it is." * * * The next day Landry had an appointment with Brie Valenzuela, Jack's sister, and a local attorney with a small practice. She opened the door for him to come in, a smile on her face. "So good to see you. I'm glad you called. But I'm confused. You need a divorce?" "That's right," he said, shaking her proffered hand. "I'll explain." He had a seat in front of her desk and laid it out quickly, eleven years married, ten separated. "Laura visited recently and I told her I was done being legally bound and that I'd like to be official. I've been thinking of her as an ex-wife for years. We're still on very good terms. We're friends. But we haven't lived together for a decade." "How do you plan to handle the settlement? Will her attorney be contacting me?" "I doubt there will be any kind of settlement. We've both paid our own way since she moved out." "You haven't paid any support or alimony?" "Nope." "Nothing?" "No. I gave her a few loans that she never repaid, but I wasn't expecting repayment. Her life as an actress went hot and cold—she'd have a good season followed by waiting for work followed by another role. It wasn't steady. Thus the loans. She'd need money for rent or to get her by till her next check or for some special thing that would help her in her business. Like, once it was dental work. Very expensive. I helped if I could." "And did you also borrow money from her?" "No, I wouldn't do that. No, I never asked her for money." "I suppose that's a demanding and uncertain lifestyle, acting." "I thought she'd be a star. I thought she was good. When I was over being insulted that she'd choose a career over a marriage, I tried to be supportive." Brie folded her hands on top of her desk. "Will she be expecting to receive divorce documents?" "When we last talked about it she said that I should go ahead and do whatever I felt I should do. I don't think she'll be surprised. If she is, it's only because I've done nothing for so long." "Okay. Maybe it will go smoothly. I can write it up for you. One piece of advice—even couples on the best of terms can get a little weird or strange when the divorce becomes a reality." "Even couples who have been separated for ten years?" "Completely separated?" she asked. "She has only visited a few times in the past ten years. She left some things behind when she first left but over the course of a year they slowly found their way to LA, her home since then." "So, she also wants the divorce?" "Well..." He paused. "Actually, on her recent visit she asked if I'd be willing to try again. She says she's frustrated with acting and it's not going as she hoped. I told her it was just too late for that. That she was a little disappointed, but she said it was up to me." Brie just stared him down for a moment. "I'll need some information—birth dates, Social Security numbers, ID, addresses, date of the marriage. I'll have the initial documents ready by the end of the week. But Landry, I suggest you call her, tell her of the progress you've made." "Probably a good idea," he said. "I wouldn't want to upset her, though she should be aware this is coming. I told her I would get it going." "The reality is this is a no-fault, community property state. If you two don't agree on the terms of the divorce and decide to each get a lawyer, it can become a very expensive and protracted case. If you can avoid that it will be quick and easy. But don't be too surprised if you run into a little resistance." "In eleven years we've hardly had a fight. There were a few tense conversations, but no real fighting." "I hope that record holds," she said. "Now, let's get that information. If there's anything you do not know, you can get it from her and email it to me." * * * That night Landry called Laura. He had to leave a message, which was often the case. Within the hour she called him back. "Are you in that play you auditioned for?" "I did get the part. It's not a big part, but since they're paying for my hotel I decided I might as well take it. San Francisco is a lot closer than LA." "Closer to what?" he wondered. "Well, I wanted to tell you that I saw a lawyer today and she's starting the paperwork for a divorce. She'll write everything up and if we don't each have a lawyer, it will be cheap and easy, and since I'm the one who wants to do this, I'll pay for it. I'll have the preliminary documents by the end of the week. Give me your current address and I'll send them to you." There was no response for a moment. "I see," she said at long last. "I had really hoped you'd think things over and give us another chance." "I'm sorry, Laura, but I'm afraid I'm past all that. Time to move on." "Fine. If that's what you're going to do, I'll text you my address." She disconnected without saying goodbye. 8 OCTOBER 20 WAS an unforgettable day for Kaylee. It had been a life-changing day. She tried ignoring the significance of the date, but it snuck up on her and left her feeling melancholy and fatigued. She didn't go for her morning walk, nor did she check on Lady and the puppies. Instead she got out the special suitcase she had brought along with her from Newport Beach. This was only the second time she had opened it since she'd been in Virgin River. This was her treasure chest. Her secret garden. Inside were artifacts of her mother. Nothing valuable by monetary standards but priceless to her. Inside were sentimental things that helped with the remembering. Folded neatly on top was her mother's favorite wrap. It was pale blue, knit with fine, thin yarn, and she'd loved to put it around her shoulders first thing in the morning and sometimes late at night. It was perfect for keeping her from getting a chill. Meredith's sister, Beth, had made it for her. And with it, the scarf that she loved, Armani, that she had tied around her bald head. There was a framed picture of Kaylee and Meredith, cheek to cheek, smiling and holding on to each other, their hair blowing in the wind. She loved that picture. She had other favorites, she had filled a small plastic bag with them—in the swimming pool, her first dance recital, snowboarding in the mountains, on the beach, Disneyland and later more recent pictures—out to dinner, a trip to Turks and Caicos, a trip to London, San Francisco and many more. From the patio, which was their joke name for evenings on the patio of Meredith's house. There were copies of two books her mother loved—*Eat, Pray, Love* and *Rosie Colores* classes. She crossed them and decided Meredith loved them. There were some magazines, people didn't subscribe to any more, but Meredith and her company had been mentioned in several of the articles and photos, so into the treasure chest they went. There was a cell phone, Kaylee kept it, kept it charged, checked it often to see if any messages had been left, people she should notify. And she turned off the ringer but called that number sometimes just to hear her mother's voice answering. She paid the monthly bill to keep the account active. Her mother's voice was worth fifty dollars a month. Meredith's Kindle was in the suitcase. It was the most recent record of what Meredith had read. Kaylee intended to read everything her mother had read. Her mother had a picture of Kaylee as a flower girl that she kept on her bathroom shelf, that went in the suitcase. And she had found in her mother's desk drawer several cards Kaylee had given her over the years. There was a card from Art, the man Meredith had dated for quite some time, a couple of years maybe, until Meredith had decided to end the relationship because they had too many disagreements on crucial issues—like, he wanted them to live together and Meredith didn't. In fact, he thought they should marry and Meredith declined. He was constantly giving her advice about how to run her business when perhaps he could use some advice on how to run his. They argued and Meredith wasn't interested in arguing. "Do I need to get into a power struggle at this late date?" Meredith had said. "I don't think so." Meredith thought Kaylee what Art had written in the card. I'm very disappointed and sorry for whatever I might have done to cause this rift, but if you've made up your mind, I guess that's it. I will always love you. Page 23 At the time Kaylee had said, "That's so sweet." Meredith had agreed that it was very sweet. "But he doesn't know what he might have done wrong. He doesn't know why we're breaking up. That's a huge red flag. All that talking and arguing and he still doesn't know what he might have done differently." Then she had smiled and said, "Maybe he should have asked." And then listened to the answer. "Kaylee wanted to be like Meredith, strong and fearless, independent and confident. She spent a couple of hours with her memories, gloomy and sad and lonely, and then she cried. She threw herself into the crying and wondered if there would ever be a day she wouldn't long so much for her mother. At about three her phone rang, but she didn't answer. She looked at it and saw it had been Landry. She might call him back later, after she'd pulled herself together. Then she fell asleep for a while. At five she woke up with a puffy face that cold water didn't improve on it. The sun was setting much earlier and soon they would be turning the clocks back. Right now it was growing dark by six and in a couple of weeks that would be five o'clock sunset and it would stay dark much later in the mornings. There was a knock at the door. She didn't move. Landry knocked and yelled, "Kaylee! Are you all right?" With a heavy sigh, she went to the door. "I'm fine. Just having one of those days." He looked alarmed and pushed inside. "Kaylee, what is it?" Her eyes welled with tears because she hadn't quite shaken it off. "I'm just having a sad day. I'll be fine in the morning." "But wait, what's wrong? You've been fine! Did something happen? Everything all right with your publisher? Tell me." She shook her head. "It was one of those memory days. I couldn't stop it so I let it take me. I'll pass now, I think. But I'm not likely to be good company." "What was significant about today?" he wanted to know. "I'm not that important..." "Yes, it is." He reached for her and pulled her close. "I can't bear to see you hurting. It's too familiar. I remember those feelings." "That was all I took for her to lean against him and sob. He murmured that it was okay, he rocked her in his arms and she cried for what seemed like a long, long time but it was probably only five minutes. She finally pulled away and looked up at him. "It was this day a year ago that the decision was made. The doctor said they had done all they could with the chemo. She was weak and thin and bald and at the end of her endurance. She was done. That's when we moved to Hospice care. From that day on, the focus was on quality of life rather than curing her cancer." She cried a little more. "I was just going through some of the things I saved, things that were special to us. You know—artifacts. Her shawl, her scarf, some pictures and books." She glanced over her shoulder at the open suitcase on the sofa. He had the most gentle smile. "Tell me about her." "Aw, I don't know." "No, really. Tell me all about her. I have a feeling you take after her." "If only." "Let me make us some coffee. Tell me everything." * * * They sat on the couch together, holding their coffee mugs, when Kaylee began. "She was the most awesome woman I've ever known. She was so strong and fearless. When was a little girl she worked for a decorator in the LA area and after years that she began to design beautiful patio furniture. When I was a senior in high school she opened a company that manufactured high-end patio furniture. Sunshine was the name she gave her company. I didn't pay that much attention at the time but I knew she took out loans, did all kinds of special promotions, had to do some part-time design to make ends meet, but locally, Sunshine took off. She joined with a partner and they doubled in size. She designed the most beautiful, luxurious outdoor furniture, very heavy so the high wind we're famous for wouldn't blow it away, and she became successful. She sold a lot to resorts and hotels. She was in her early fifties and it all came together. She was featured in so many local design magazines. She worked long hours and we almost never got to spend days off together, but she was so happy. She was so proud of herself." They moved to the porch swing for a while with a second cup of coffee and unsurprisingly, Otis found them and lay down on the porch. "When I was small and my father had left us, it was hard for her to work and keep all the mommy commitments from parent-teacher conferences to attending special programs and do her part to host playdates and sleepovers. I remember that I wanted a sleeperover and she was up to her eyebrows in work and just couldn't, so I pitched a fit and made things even more difficult. And she was furious, but she forgave me, and then we had a long talk about how it was just the two of us and we were going to have to work as a team or we just wouldn't make it. I'm not sure I tried hard enough to hold up my end." "It sounds like she did very well even with all her duties. Was she fun?" "Oh God, she was always fun. She had close girlfriends, some from as long ago as high school and some she had met later, but when the women were getting together I was included most of the time. Once I was out of college and teaching, I was always included, as were some of my friends. We were usually going for four to eight and divided into two generations. We went on a few weekend trips together, to wineries or art walks in small towns and we had a ball. It was so fun—we would gossip and laugh till we cried. There was one time when we were in a small restaurant in Half Moon Bay and we, mother and daughter, got hit on by a father and son. Oh God, our whole group found that hilarious. I was a little interested, to tell the truth, but my mother said, "You can have them both, I'm not going there." Then there were those times of crisis when we had to be there for each other as support and there might have been less laughing. Like when Janette went through a divorce and her pain was so awful and we propped her up." "And when you went through a divorce," he said. "Oh, that was classic," she said. "My mother always knew it wouldn't work. And she could see right away that Dixon was self-centered and lazy and she really tried not to say anything. Then there was an incident—he stood me up for dinner on my birthday! He had an excuse, but it wasn't a great one. And he wasn't sorry. And my mother carved and broke her own rule. She asked me what I was thinking and had I lost my fucking mind. And yes, she said 'fucking.' And of course I said, 'But I love him!' and she stopped talking. She said she just had to do it once in case there was some sanity in my head." "Her rule?" he asked. "Do what once?" "She said when you're the mother of a young woman and you don't think the boyfriend is good enough, you dare not say so or your daughter will marry him before morning. It's more of a challenge than advice. So she always tried to be welcoming to any boyfriends, to be accepting. I strained her willpower with a few of the guys I brought around, but the thought of me marrying such a selfish egomaniac just wore her down. And of course I married him! He came on to the maid of honor and I still married him. And when I divorced him she never once said she told me so. Instead she was totally sympathetic." "You came up here together, after the divorce," he said. "That's right. A quiet getaway. I told Dixon to get his stuff out of our house and that I was filing for divorce." She grew quiet. "He never asked for another chance. Now, of course, I can see that I led a bullet. I'm so much better off. But at the time I felt abandoned and lonely and devastated." "We need to eat before there's more story," Landry said. "And I know there's more story." "I can't even think about eating," she said. "Even more reason." He went inside and she followed him. He opened the refrigerator and took inventory. "There's lots of stuff in here. How would you like an omelet? A veggie omelet with sausage and potatoes on the side?" "Sounds delicious, but I don't have sausage and pulled her closer. "Cuddle up here." She put her head on his shoulder and snuggled close. "This is much better." "Do you want to tell me one of your favorite memories? Or maybe tell me a story? Like the story of the book you're writing?" "I'll tell you tomorrow," she said, and she burrowed in. Her head rested on his shoulder and her leg was draped over his thighs. He had an arm around her, under her shoulders. She let a hand drift across his chest. "This is very nice. You cuddle very well. I'm sure you've been complimented many times." "Not that many." "Is there anything you need to talk about?" she asked. "Not tonight," he said. She softly snored and he laughed. "Sorry," she said. "No, please just let go. This is nice." So she did, floating off into a blissful nothingness. It was soft but blank. In her sleep she remembered her mother saying, "Don't worry. I have enough morphine in me to sink a ship. I'll just go to sleep. I'll always be with you, but I'll be watching from a new perspective." * * * It was dark and Otis was snoring at the foot of the bed. Or maybe that was me, Landry thought. It might have been what had awakened him. But no, that wasn't it. It was the movement of Kaylee's hands, gently rubbing his chest. She was as close as she could be without lying right on top of him. He turned his head and his lips found her temple. He inhaled the fresh scent of her; it was soap, water and that which was Kaylee, the special scent that could belong to no one else. He pressed his lips there. And damn, he sprang to life. She squirmed against him and, lifting her lips, found his neck and then his chin and then his cheek. And he groaned. They moved around a little bit, turning on their sides, and Landry found her lips. His arms were around her, his large hands grabbed her bottom, pulling her closer against him. Her arms mimicked his, his hands on her neck, his tongue explored. It brought a deep sigh from him. That just fueled his passion and he went after her mouth like a starving man. It had been so long and he'd tasted a deep taste of her. From the first day he saw her. He pulled away enough to kiss every last part of her face—her neck, her chin, cheeks, forehead, neck a little more. She put her leg over his to get closer, pushing against him right where his bulge drove them both a little crazy. He plunged his hands into the soft silkness of her hair while he kissed her and loved the little sounds she made while he touched her and pressed against her. "Okay," he whispered. "Okay, are you sure you don't just need a little comforting?" "I'm sure I do," she whispered. "And I also need a little of this." "You might regret it later," he said. "Why aren't you planning to be good to me?" "Oh, I'd like a chance to be very good to you. Listen, I don't have protection." "I do," she said. "Condoms. A little on the mature side, I keep a couple in my cosmetic bag, just to be careful, never really expecting to... They've been there quite a while. I don't think I'd regret it. Will you?" "Kaylee," he said, brushing her hair back. "We've been good friends and I want to stay good friends. You have to be sure." She smiled at him. "I'm sure I'm not letting you go. You feel too good." "Okay, if you're sure." "You aren't going to make me beg, are you?" A deep and low laugh rumbled out of him. "Go get those condoms. And make it quick." She rolled right over the top of him and was back before he had his shirt off. She put the packets by the side of the bed and climbed on him, straddling him. He rolled with her until they were again on their sides, clutching each other desperately, their mouths locked together in the never-ending kisses of lovers. Without breaking free for even a second, they pulled at each other's clothes and when they were down to boxers and panties, they slowed. Their hands explored more carefully. He touched her whole body gently, tenderly, hungrily. She touched his, caressing his chest and flat belly, a hand sliding underneath the elastic waist of his boxers. "Oh my God," he said in a breath. And then he made her panties disappear. With great care, he parted her legs and touched her in her most vulnerable spot. It was amazing and he heard him breathe her name around the world. "Good," he said again, going down later, plunging his tongue deeply. His fingers moved slowly and more deeply into her. "Yeah, I think this is what you want." "I can't remember ever wanting anything like this much." She said. He rolled away, found one of the condoms and quickly applied it. Then he took her in his arms again. "I'll try to slow down." "Don't," she said. "You can slow down later." He grinned into her pretty eyes. "In a hurry, are you?" "No more talking," she said. "Just doing." He laughed at her. She was cute; she was fun. He was on fire. He didn't have anymore. He went to work on her with his fingers, with his tongue, more fingers. Then he rolled her on her back and took his place between her legs, entering her slowly. He groaned and she sighed. He held her hips and rocked with her, slowly at first and then a little faster but not too fast. He went deep and strong and he couldn't keep his eyes open. He stroked her, giving it all he had, and when he felt her come, he held her tight against him. She made a gasping sound, clutching him desperately close. They exploded together, holding on for dear life. It was quite a while before their breathing calmed and their clutching relaxed. He rose above her. "That was amazing. You are amazing." "It was. I think that was probably the best sleeping pill I've ever had." "Think you'll be able to rest now?" he asked. "No question. You have to stay, of course." "I get up early." "I know." "Otis may request a trip outside and you don't have a doggy door." "I understand. But don't leave me until you absolutely have to. Even if I'm sleeping." "I'll hate leaving you. If you need me for any reason in the night, just tap my shoulder," he said. Somewhere in the depth of night, she reached out to him and gave that shoulder a tap. He pulled her to him at once. Without a word, the only sounds their breathing and shuffling in the bed, he made love to her again. Again, it didn't take very long before they were exploding together, left shuddering in satisfaction. "This is the best night of my life," he whispered. "Same," she said. And she fell back to sleep in his arms. "Like a poem or a song, the morning sun was brighter than ever before. The birds were more melodious. The sky far bluer than she'd seen. And her heart was exploding. Kaylee was filled with feelings that didn't hurt. 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