

SEVEN DAYS AT MANNERLEY
Audrey Schuyler Lancho
EXCERPT

She swung the door open, pocketing her key, and grabbed the corner of her dress and held it to walk. Arthur was standing a short way off by the stairs where he had been waiting for her, every golden hair perfectly combed. His pocket watch's chain glistened on his vest in the lamplight. He heard her and turned to face her.

“Your hair. It's wild.”

“I'm sorry, I slept too long.”

“I like it,” he said almost too quietly, a bit raspy, and she took his arm. Once again, she was his object, and she didn't know quite what to make of it.