



savannah
blues

"A great heroine, steady Savannah setting,
a hunky chief, antiquee galore, and an intriguing
mystery. It doesn't get any better than this."

—SUSAN ELIZABETH PHILLIPS

MARY KAY ANDREWS

Savannah *Blues*

Mary Kay Andrews

 HarperCollins e-books

This one is for my big sis, Susie, with love.

Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

The rapping at the front door of the carriage house...

[Chapter 2](#)

Of course, once I'd calmed down from my encounter with...

[Chapter 3](#)

James Aloysious Foley leaned back in his chair and studied...

[Chapter 4](#)

I turned up the air conditioner on the pickup truck...

[Chapter 5](#)

James Foley held his breath as he watched the two...

[Chapter 6](#)

"*Eloise Foley!*" Merijoy Rucker's eyes went all crinkly with delight...

[Chapter 7](#)

Right after Tal announced he was in love with somebody...

[Chapter 8](#)

Merijoy Rucker knew something was up. Not for nothing was...

[Chapter 9](#)

Weezie was shaking and milky-pale by the time she got...

[Chapter 10](#)

The day after Anna Ruby Mullinax's memorial service, I went...

[Chapter 11](#)

Within a month it was in all the papers, the...

[Chapter 12](#)

The doors at Beaulieu were supposed to open at 8...

[Chapter 13](#)

"Tell me the game plan again," BeBe said, slapping at...

[Chapter 14](#)

Jethro barked.

[Chapter 15](#)

The redbrick police barracks was at the corner of Habersham...

[Chapter 16](#)

I spent the night in jail. That much I could...

[Chapter 17](#)

I closed and locked the door behind me and took...

[Chapter 18](#)

On the Monday morning after my arrest, I had a...

[Chapter 19](#)

James parked his car beside the navy blue sedan, in...

[Chapter 20](#)

When I was just a little kid, we'd go out...

[Chapter 21](#)

Daniel let go. I climbed down off the chair.

[Chapter 22](#)

Daniel had the radio in his truck turned to a...

[Chapter 23](#)

I could hear the phone ringing as I unlocked the...

[Chapter 24](#)

I was just taking the last of the cheesecakes out...

[Chapter 25](#)

Time was running short. Half a dozen times Friday morning...

[Chapter 26](#)

Amazingly, he was still standing there when I opened the...

[Chapter 27](#)

The Ruckers' garden reminded me of a painting I'd seen...

[Chapter 28](#)

"How's the potpie, Weezie?" Randy boomed from his end of...

[Chapter 29](#)

"Are you mad at me?" Daniel asked after I threw...

[Chapter 30](#)

Daniel screeched off in the truck, laying rubber, not an...

[Chapter 31](#)

Saturday. Six A.M. I struggled out of bed and into...

[Chapter 32](#)

I was unloading the truck when BeBe pulled into the...

[Chapter 33](#)

James caught up with Jonathan near the Spanish-American War monument...

[Chapter 34](#)

“Weezie? Pick up the phone, Eloise. I know you’re there.”

[Chapter 35](#)

I really did need help moving all that heavy furniture,...

[Chapter 36](#)

“Whew,” Daniel said as he stepped into the living room...

[Chapter 37](#)

We left the oak stuff in Daniel’s truck in Thunderbolt...

[Chapter 38](#)

“Two point five million dollars,” James said, taking off his...

[Chapter 39](#)

By Tuesday, I’d sold Cousin Lucy’s furniture for seven hundred...

[Chapter 40](#)

Jethro was hiding under the kitchen table when I got...

[Chapter 41](#)

Convincing Mama to let me take her to lunch took...

[Chapter 42](#)

After a fruitless half hour of searching for Mama, I...

[Chapter 43](#)

I stopped at my parents’ house on the way back...

[Chapter 44](#)

True to its name, La Juntique was mostly junk, with...

[Chapter 45](#)

“Two strikes,” Daniel said. “I think there’s another antique store...

[Chapter 46](#)

“This isn’t what you think,” I said. “Tal left a...

[Chapter 47](#)

When I woke up, Daniel was nibbling on my ear.

[Chapter 48](#)

James pushed through the door to his office, concentrating on...

[Chapter 49](#)

James eased himself into a rocking chair and took a...

[Chapter 50](#)

“Mama?” I poked my head around the doorway of my...

[Chapter 51](#)

“We could check Daniel’s personnel file. From the restaurant,” BeBe...

[Chapter 52](#)

On the way home from Guale, I drove by the...

[Chapter 53](#)

I drove directly to Uncle James's house on Washington Avenue.

[Chapter 54](#)

As we pulled up into the Ruckers' driveway, Merijoy emerged...

[Chapter 55](#)

After we left Merijoy Rucker's house, Jonathan took me back...

[Chapter 56](#)

James sat down at the desk in the house on...

[Chapter 57](#)

"What do you think they're doing in that warehouse?" I...

[Chapter 58](#)

Saturday nights, James had a gin and tonic promptly at...

[Chapter 59](#)

"Tell me again how this scam of Hargreaves's works," Daniel...

[Chapter 60](#)

BeBe waited until we heard Jonathan's car pull out of...

[Chapter 61](#)

After Daniel left, I was in shock. He hadn't yelled,...

[Chapter 62](#)

Mama cocked her head and gave me a coy look.

[Chapter 63](#)

When I came downstairs in the morning, Tal was gone.

[Chapter 64](#)

James fidgeted with his collar. He straightened his tie, coughed...

[Chapter 65](#)

Merijoy Rucker's face was flushed with excitement.

[Chapter 66](#)

"Absolutely not," Merijoy said, looking from me to Liz Fuller...

[Chapter 67](#)

Hargreaves sat back in his desk chair and gave me...

[Chapter 68](#)

"Has he said anything about me?" I asked BeBe. She...

[Chapter 69](#)

I was sorting through a box of old sterling flatware...

[Chapter 70](#)

I stopped blotting my dress with the edge of the...

[Acknowledgments](#)

[About the Author](#)

[Books by Mary Kay Andrews](#)

[Credits](#)

[Copyright](#)

[About the Publisher](#)

Chapter 1



The rapping at the front door of the carriage house was unmistakable. Her. I could see Caroline DeSantos's slender profile through the frosted glass inset of the front door. She had started by ringing the bell, once, twice, three times, then she began rattling the doorknob with one hand and banging at the brass knocker with the other.

“Eloise? Open up. I mean it. That beast of yours did it again. I’m calling the dogcatcher right now. You hear me? I’ve got my cell phone. I’m punching in the number. I know you hear me, Eloise.”

She did indeed have something that looked like a phone in her hand.

Jethro heard Caroline too. He raised his dark muzzle, which has endearing little spots like reverse freckles, his ears pricked up, and, recognizing the voice of the enemy, he slunk under the pine table in the living room.

I knelt down and scratched his chin in sympathy. “Did you, Jethro? Did you really pee on the camellias again?”

Jethro hung his head. He’s just a stray, but he almost never lies to me, which is more than I can say for any other male I’ve ever been involved with.

I patted his head as a reward for his honesty. “Good dog. Help yourself.

Pee on everything over there. Poop on the doorstep and I'll buy you the biggest ham bone in Savannah."

The banging and door rattling continued. "Eloise. I know you're home. I saw your truck parked on the street. I've called Tal. He's calling his lawyer."

"Tattletale," I muttered, putting aside the box of junk I'd been sorting.

I padded toward the front door of the carriage house. The worn pine floorboards felt cool against the soles of my bare feet. Caroline was banging so hard on the door I was afraid she'd break the etched glass panel.

"Bitch," I muttered.

Jethro barked his approval. I turned around and saw his tail wagging in agreement.

"Slut." More wagging. We were both gathering our resolve for the coming barrage. Jethro crawled out from under the table and sat on his haunches, directly behind me. His warm breath on my ankles felt oddly reassuring.

I threw the front door open. "Sic her, Jethro," I said loudly. "Bite the bad lady."

Caroline took half a step backward. "I heard that," she screeched. "If that mutt puts a paw in my garden again, I'm going to..."

"What?" I demanded. "You're going to what? Poison him? Shoot him? Run him over in that sports car of yours? You'd enjoy that, wouldn't you, Caroline? Running over a poor defenseless dog."

I put my hands on my hips and did a good imitation of staring her down. It wasn't physically possible, of course. Caroline DeSantos stands a good four inches taller than I do, and that's without the four-inch spike heels she considers her fashion trademark.

She flushed. "I'm warning you. That's all. For the last time. There's a leash law in this town, as you well know. If you really loved that mutt of