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^{*}names available on request

J. RAY

"You Lied to Me!

You told me you were honestly interested in seeing this house. Now, the minute you've got your hands off the wheel, you've got them on me!"

He held up his palms in mock surrender. "Hold on! My reasons for coming here were quite genuine. But that doesn't mean I can't be attracted to you at the same time."

"Maybe so," she shot back breathlessly, "but you're wrong if you think the attraction is mutual."

It was a flimsy lie. To cover it, she started sideways. "I think we'd better get on with this tour. . . ."

A strong hand on her arm stopped her. "Not yet. Not until I'm satisfied that your feelings are as strong as I know they are."

His arms circled her and pulled her suddenly pliant body against his. She did not pull away this time as his lips found hers.

KATHRYN MALLORY

started writing romances right after getting married. As a newlywed, she looks forward to a lifetime of love and "many, many more romance stories."

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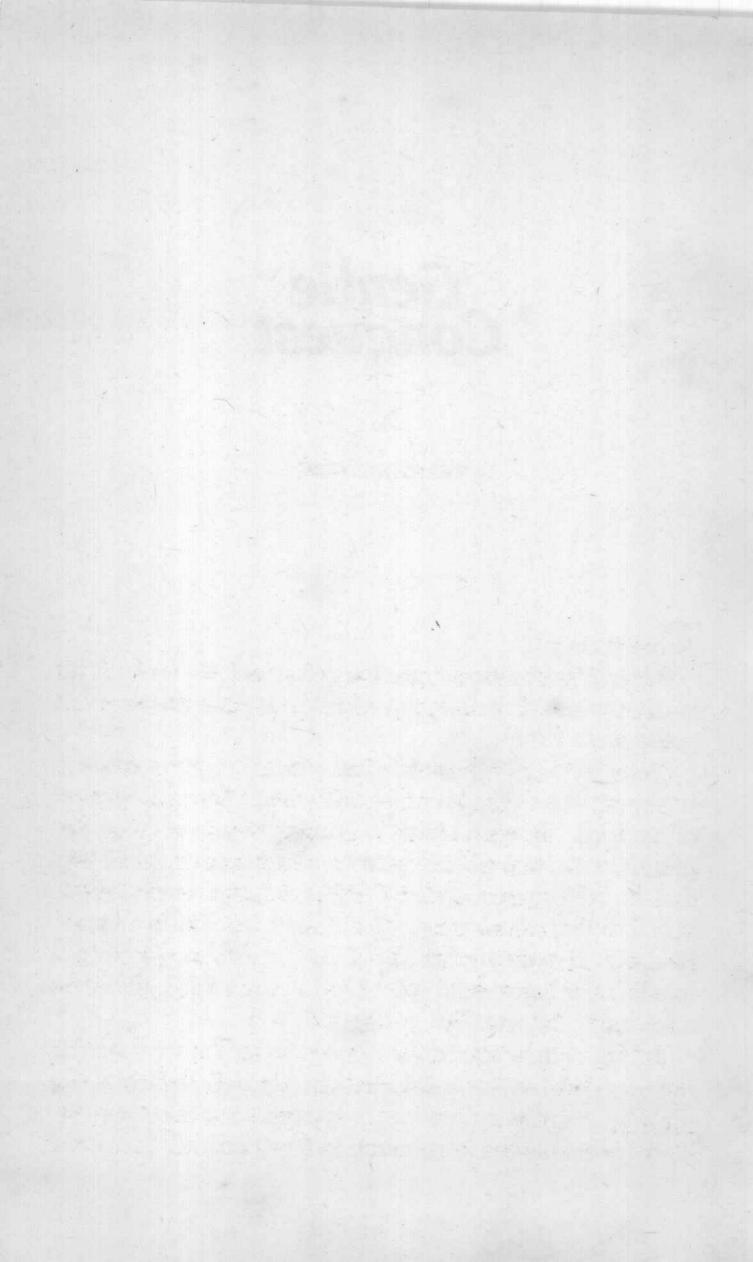
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Gentle Conquest



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Tear it down!"

Robin Elliot made a conscious effort not to flinch at this loud outburst. The meeting with Louise Brogan was not

going well.

"Tear it down!" the formidable Miss Brogan repeated, sweeping away imaginary rubble with a forceful motion of her arm. "Brogan House is nothing but a nuisance. Do you know how much it costs me every year to maintain that crumbling monstrosity? Fifty-five thousand dollars. Yes! And the damn thing hasn't been used in five years. Had it been mine to dispose of, rather than my father's, it would have been sold long before now. Well, it's mine now, and I tell you I'm getting rid of it!"

Sitting neither too far back nor too far forward on the ultra-modern visitor's sofa, Robin listened to this tirade placidly, her face composed, her posture erect yet relaxed. She wanted very much to toss back her luxurious

GENTLE CONQUEST

black hair with a flip of her hand, but knew the gesture would betray her nervousness. She willed herself to keep still.

She wondered why Louise Brogan bothered to provide such comfortable furniture for her guests when she was only going to harangue them. Still, she supposed, if you were the major stockholder in the Brogan Bank and Trust Company, one of the nation's oldest and most powerful banks, you were entitled to behave any way you pleased.

The company's significance to the financial health of the United States was apparent in the location of its headquarters. The vast corner office in which the two women were sitting commanded a spectacular view of New York's financial district. The twin towers of the World Trade Center were visible off to one side, as were the tops of several lesser skyscrapers. Far below was the canyon of Wall Street.

Beyond, there was a beautiful view of New York Harbor, the water silvery in the sunlight of this June afternoon. Out on her tiny island stood the greenish

Statue of Liberty, looking lonely.

Louise Brogan had stopped talking and was now staring at Robin challengingly across the clutter-free expanse of her desk. With her stout, fifty-ish figure squeezed into a severe blue suit, she looked like a cross between a society grande dame and a prison guard.

Robin knew she would have to speak, and that it

would have to be good.

"Miss Brogan," she began, "I certainly appreciate the tremendous expense that Brogan House represents for you. I'm not in the least surprised that you want to dispose of it. Any reasonable person would. And that's

GENTLE CONQUEST

why I'm here: to make you an offer on behalf of the Massachusetts Historical Trust."

Louise Brogan narrowed her eyes suspiciously. "Your people have already made two offers, both of them unacceptable. I hope this one's going to be better."

It wasn't, but Robin knew she couldn't say that.

"We're prepared to make you a more advantageous offer," she said diplomatically. "For a slightly lower purchase price, we can offer you a fixed percentage of all revenues that will accrue after Brogan House is opened to the public. You would also receive a share of all private endowments, and any miscellaneous monies, such as location-use fees from film companies, and so forth. The long-term benefits for you could be quite handsome. Rather than selling Brogan House outright, you could turn it into an investment."

"Bah!" the older woman scoffed. "Film companies! That's pie-in-the-sky talk, my dear. What you're saying is that you can't go any higher than the paltry price you've already offered."

Eight hundred thousand dollars was hardly paltry. "We—"

"I thought so," Miss Brogan interrupted. "I'm sorry, but the land alone has been assessed at more than your organization is able to pay. The real estate agent handling it tells me he already has an offer from a private developer for over three times the amount you're offering."

Berkshire Properties. Robin already knew about their offer, a cool two-and-a-half million dollars. It was the reason she had been flown down from Boston for this last-ditch effort to salvage Brogan House for the public.

"Miss Brogan," she pleaded, "won't you reconsider?

Brogan House is one of the finest examples of Classical Revival architecture in the country. Many experts rate it with the mansions in Newport and the Astor residence in New York. You can't let it be torn down just to make way

for plywood condominiums!"

"Why not?" Louise Brogan shrugged. "The building in which we sit is one of the finest twentieth century steel and glass boxes in America. Do you suppose that a hundred years from now anyone is going to complain if it's torn down? Of course not! The old must make way for the new, Miss Elliot. The land must be productive, and the land on which Brogan House sits is, I'm afraid, unproductive."

New. Productive. Robin had heard these buzz words before, and she hated them. They were just excuses used by small-minded people to justify monstrous injustices to the landscape, history and culture of the country.

Looking around Louise Brogan's office, she should have guessed that the woman would drag out these false principles. There were no antiques, no artwork to soften the room's cold utilitarianism. In place of art, there was a bank of six TV screens built into one wall. They provided a constant stream of Dow Jones averages, gold quotes, exchange rates, and prices in the spot market for oil.

Robin kept her disdain carefully hidden, however. She lifted her head slightly, and the sunlight flashed briefly down the length of her silky black hair. Her large, dark

eyes were bright with honest conviction.

"Miss Brogan," she said. "It's true that we can't offer you the market value of Brogan House. But as I'm sure you've heard before, to a great many people its value cannot be measured in money. Brogan House is living history."