

I followed, hearing the end of Mrs. Huffaker's statement. "No, I leave him alone when he's inside his office."

Fern held her hand up to her throat.

Iverson glanced at her, then back at Mrs. Huffaker. "And from your desk, you can't see the back door?"

Mrs. Huffaker frowned. "No."

"Can you hear it?"

She shook her head.

Iverson walked down the hall and opened the door. Nothing squeaked or squealed. Depending on the time of day, the door was shaded, so it wouldn't affect the office lighting.

"Mrs. Bingham, will you have a seat?" Iverson asked.

Fern reluctantly sank into one of the leather waiting chairs.

"Are you and your husband in any financial difficulties?"

"No more than most people, I suppose."

"Meaning?"

Fern sighed. "We have three children in a two-bedroom house. The yard is teeny, and the boys are wild. I've been telling him we need more space. He says we can't afford it. But he wouldn't have killed for money. I know he wouldn't have."