

"He's paid me for work done."

"What sort of work?"

"Restoring old bits of stuff. What has that got to do with us?"

She followed her thoughts, not his questions.

"And why is there all this hurry? Mr. Tamlin said just now that there was no time to waste."

"He's right; there isn't!"

"But why?"

Her voice was gently insistent. She laid her hand softly upon the sleeve of his coat, as if entreating him to trust her, as she trusted him.

"It's like this, Posy. I told you last night that I could deal with your father, that the right moment had come to deal with him. Now, give me a free hand!"

"Mr. Tamlin spoke, not very clearly, about your being able to ruin father and him. Father denies that!"

"Does he?"

Posy grew nervous, the colour ebbed from her cheeks; into her eyes flitted a shadow of fear. Her sharp wits were at work adding and subtracting, fitting together this jig-saw puzzle.

At this moment, her memory answered oddly to the strain imposed upon it. In this room, before the *coup de foudre*, her father had spoken roughly to her, ordering her out of it with a peremptoriness apparently quite unjustifiable, because she was on an errand connected with his business. This tiny fact had rankled.