

CHAPTER V

THE moment Horace closed the door on her, he had a dim realization of what he had done in his sane jealousy; but he defended himself by an excess of anger and accusation, and kept on shouting himself as he went up the trap-door stairs:

"A plant, a plant, that's what it is. No, I'm not easily deceived as that. Thought she was wanted, she? Well, she knows the truth now. I never wanted her. Never. Ah, I knew it. I knew it all the time. Beaudesart was talking to me. Cabled money to her, did he? Cabled money to her, did he? In my name. That was a good idea, wasn't it? Ah, I felt sure there was something at the back of it all the time. Wanted her? Never. Never."

But he had wanted her intensely, passionately, increasingly — and on her own terms. He had poured out his whole history of his longing to Beaudesart, and he had said that he could no longer stand being without her, and that he must go and find her, no matter where she was, even in the most distant quarter of the globe, and find her he must, for life was intolerable without her, his work was intolerable without her, nothing mattered without her. He said that the gulf between the time when he had delighted in molding her to his own pattern and this present time in the history of their relationship was vast, immeasurable, and that instead of his spell being on her, her spell was on him, and that he was content to be so, and that now he wanted her for her own self, for all her own natural qualities, for her own individuality, for all those things pertaining to her in which