

Her Lord and Master

me—won't you?" she asked, imploringly, a look of terror dawning in her eyes. He extended his hand, with averted gaze. Indiana grasped it quickly, then held it for dear life. "You shall listen to me," she pleaded, in a voice vibrating with intense emotion, her breast heaving, her eyes dilating, until they looked almost black under the yellow hair. "I won't let you go until you've heard it. All my life I've queened it over people, delighting to feel my own power—to make the poor things who loved me bend to my will. Last night I saw the horror in your face when you turned from me—leaving me alone with my uncontrolled, undisciplined nature. Thurston, how could you expect me to be different? It wouldn't be natural if I were. I wanted to queen it over my husband—to be put up on a pedestal and worshipped. I thought it was