

A Millionairess; —or— Countess Westerleigh

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"You are fond of melo-drama, Mr. Tyers," she said, as quietly as before, "but I scarcely see how you are going to secure even the temporary triumph which every villain on the stage is permitted to gain. You forget—"

"That you are safe, that you have attained the desire of your life, that you are married to Vane Tempest, the man you have loved for so long, and for so long hopelessly!" he broke in.

She looked at him with calm disdain, and did not contradict him, did not even exclaim, as most women would have done, "I am not married, the wedding is put off!" She felt that it was war between them—a war of wits—and she kept her counsel and waited.

"You wonder why I, loving you as I did—and do—should help on your marriage—and I don't think, Lady Florence, you will ever know how much I have helped it on. You will say: 'When you married me to Vane Tempest, you lost me forever,' but you will see that I have not done so, if you will favor me with a few moments longer." He passed and passed his handkerchief across his lips. "Lady Florence, if you had known, if I had told you that I loved you, I do not think you would have married me; would you?"

She lifted her face, with a smile of such scorn on it that it struck him like a blow.

He inclined his head. "Quite so. You would have smiled exactly as you smile now. I knew that, and so I waited until you were married to poor Vane—and in my power."

"In your power?" She put the words with calm, cold incredulity. "Even so," he said, quite as calmly. "What?"—he laughed with fine derision—"did you think that night you signed my little paper that I was

only desirous of making a paltry sum of money out of you? Oh, surely, you who are so intelligent, so keen-witted, can not have so misread, underestimated me? No, no! It was not the money I wanted, as you will see." He paused. "But there, why should I explain my modus operandi to my little scheme to you? It will only offend you; while, Heaven knows, I desire no triumph over you save that which my love for you shall win. Florence—"

She shrunk slightly at the direct use of her Christian name, but recovered her impassive self-possession instantly.

"Florence, I love you with all my heart and soul! I love you with a passion of which Vane, poor fellow, is incapable. If you will trust yourself to me, I will stake my soul upon your happiness; if you will fly with me and leave your future in my hands—"

She rose with a cruel smile which grew into a laugh. "Will you not come up to the house and let my husband and the rest share in the amusement your really clever performance affords me, Mr. Tyers?" she said.

He bit his lip—she saw the thin streak of blood follow the snap of the white teeth, and nodded.

"Good! You refuse, spur me," he

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said, his eyes fixed on hers. "You will force me to use my power?"

"I refuse to listen to this ranting absurdity any longer, Mr. Tyers," she said. "For the sake of my husband's old and alas! mistaken friendship for and belief in you, I will conceal this madness of yours from him; and that is a greater concession than you deserve. Now, please will you go up to the house; or, if you would rather not—"

"Pardon me," he said, with a smile: "I will go with you. I wish to hand this little paper to Vane."

She started slightly. "To—Vane?" she said.

"Yes," he smiled, and twisted his mustache. "It will interest him; but I venture to think that it will not interest him one half so much as my account of the way in which it got into my possession. But there; it will not need telling. Even Vane will understand that you would not have given me a thousand pounds and signed this undertaking with the name you would bear as his wife, unless it was as hush-money."

"Hush-money," she echoed in a low voice.

He raised his brows, as if surprised that she should not understand. "Why, certainly. Hush-money paid to one lover to buy his silence and to bribe him into permitting you to marry another."

She understood. Her face went whiter than before, and she stood with distended eyes glaring at him, her writhing lips trying to form a smile.

"It—it is ridiculous!" she said.

"He—he would not believe—"

Sentley Tyers shrugged his shoulders. "Pardon me; he could not help but believe. There is the evidence!" He tapped the paper with his long forefinger. "He knows that you and I have been together a great deal; he will remember that you have passed hours in my studio; he will recall the night—and I shall help him to recall it—the night at your house when you signed the paper. I will prove it up to the hilt; and if he will not believe it, the world will here in my pocket-book I have a plainly written account of the whole business; it will be in the hands of the editors of the society papers tomorrow, unless—"

"Unless you will accept my love and leave England with me."

She put her hand to her lips, as if bewildered, overwhelmed, by the completeness of the plot for her subjugation; and he saw the terror, dread, which possessed her, and drank it in as a man dying of thirst drinks the water which alone can give him life.

"Now you see why I have waited until you were Vane's wife," he said slowly, deliberately. "If I had—well, yes, threatened you with this yesterday, it would not have been too late to set me at defiance; there would have been a scandal—yes, but a very poor and colorless one compared with that which awaits you if now, being married, Vane casts you off. And believe me—but indeed, you know as well, better than I—that cast you off he will."

There was a pause. He stood watching her, as mentally she struggled in the meshes of the net he had so skillfully woven around her. Then he bent down and whispered:

"But why do you hesitate, Florence? How can you, who are proud of yourself, so cling to a man who has married you for rank and wealth alone, whose heart, whose love, are given wholly and entirely to another woman?"

He expected to see her start; but

though she winced, he saw that he had told her no news. "You know that?" he said, watching her intently. She breathed hard. "You—you are not so astute as one would think, Mr. Tyers," she said, painfully. "That last argument of yours has lost your case. I defy you—and her, whoever she may be." She looked at him with scornful defiance. "Go to him and do your worst—"

He caught her arm and bent forward so that his face was close to hers.

"Florence," he said, thickly, "don't, for your own sake, defy me; don't force me to play my last card!"

She twisted her arm from his grasp and drew herself to her full height. "You dare, dare to touch me!" she panted, with scorn and loathing in her voice, her blazing eyes. "You—you madman! Go!" she raised her hand and pointed down the avenue. "I give you five minutes to escape—yes, escape! In five minutes I will send my grooms to whip you off the place!"

He gnawed at his lip, his eyes fixed on her.

"You will send your grooms—" He laughed. "Ah, well, you can not say that I did not try and spare you! Florence—he drew near her again and bent his head and whispered—"Florence, your marriage with Vane Tempest is a sham. He is married already. You are not his wife!"

CHAPTER XL.

"Married already!" Lady Florence repeated the words mechanically, as if she failed to grasp their meaning. When the significance of Senley Tyers' assertion before down upon her, she uttered a faint cry and pressed her hand to her heart.

He laughed as he saw the effect he had defeated, and the laugh stung her to self-possession again.

"You are a cowardly liar, Mr. Tyers!" she said, contemptuously. "I should have deemed you too clever to attempt to delude me with such an improbable story."

She half turned to leave him as she spoke, but he made no movement. He drew her, and probably because he did not, she paused and looked over her shoulder at him.

"What induced you to venture on so absurd a falsehood?" she said with cold contempt.

He laughed again, his eyes fixed on her with sinister intensity. "I quite expected you to take it in this way," he said, coolly. "I did not want to tell you, but you forced me, and, candidly, Florence—"

"Be good enough to remember, Mr. Tyers, that I am only addressed by my Christian name alone by my friends and equals," she put in.

He smiled. "Pardon me. You are Florence in my thoughts. And when you are not in my thoughts? Well, 'Lady' Florence, as you desire it, I say I expect you to take my news like this candidly, I should have preferred to retain it until a later moment, but I s'out now, and you know that it is true."

"It is false! It is a clumsy lie!" he said; but he detected the slight alter in her scornful voice.

"You do me an injustice," he said. "You insult my intelligence. Believe me, I may be the villain, the scoundrel you no doubt deem me, but I am not a fool—not fool enough to attempt to palm off upon one so cunning as Lady Florence Heathcote—forgive me."

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me; in courtesy, I suppose I must say Lady Florence Tempest."

An evil sneer curled his lip at the studied insult, and though she was not yet married to Vane, it stung her.

"Coward!" she breathed between her teeth.

"No; neither fool nor coward," he said, calmly. "Try me. There is nothing I would not do to win you. I have proved it. You do not believe that he is married, and that you have been deceived? Good! I offer you—it is your due—irrefutable proof."

She panted, her eyes fixed on his as watchfully as his on hers. It was like a duel between two expert swordsmen, each dreading the other's skill, and each expecting a foul lunge from his opponent.

"Proof!"

Her lips formed the word.

He inclined his head, took a cigarette from his case, and with a murmured "Permit me," lighted it, and smoked with an exaggerated serenity.

"Yes, I am not so foolish as to make such a statement without good evidence to prove it."

She smiled scornfully.

"Oh, I know the whole proceeding!" she said. "You will produce a forged marriage certificate."

"Oh, no, no! You wrong me. That would indeed be clumsy," he said, almost sweetly. "I will do better than that, Lady Florence; I will take you to the lady who has the honor of being Vane Tempest's wife."

"Vane Tempest's wife?"

The words seemed to ring in her ears and confuse her.

"Yes," he said, calmly, with an insolence beyond all description. "Vane Tempest's wife. You are, if anything, his mistress."

She put her hand to her heart, and a faint cry escaped her lips. He sprang to her side.

"Florence! Florence! Why do you force me into torturing you? Don't you know—can't you guess—that it is still greater torture for me? I love you! I love you! and yet you compel me to wound you! Why will you not yield? Why will you not acknowledge that I am not only your lover, but your master?"

He caught her arm. She was too stunned by the violence of his passionate appeal to throw off his hand.

"Florence," he went on, "give in now. Believe me—oh, believe me, you can not resist me! Sooner or later you must throw down your arms; and own yourself vanquished. I have surrounded you in a net from which you can not escape. Month by month I have spun it round you. There is no weak place in it—none. Vane Tempest, the man you think is your husband, was married before this morning. His wife is living. He loves her—loves her—not you. Do you think that you can keep him by your side long? That this farce of a marriage can be played for more than a few days—weeks? Why, you know that if you refuse to give yourself to me, I shall make the first marriage known."

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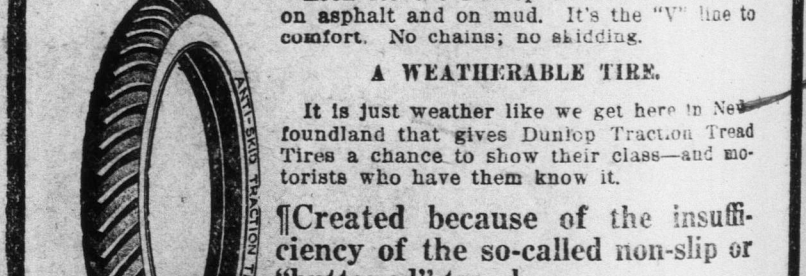
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