

*thing* I've got. And I shall hold tight on to you till Mr. Right comes along. You'll know him when you see him, missy, because of this nasty little experience with Mr. Wrong."

He stroked her hair, caressed her cheek, touching her lovingly with the tips of his fingers. Posy looked up.

"You do love me, don't you?"

"By God," he answered, "I do."

THE END