

His questions had been rapid, breathless, his eyes were searching hers deeply. He was very near, but he had not put out a hand to touch her. Yet no woman, seeing him as he stood there, could feel herself the one who wooed, even though she led him on.

She looked away for an instant, while her lips broke into a little smile of wonder at his control of himself. No need to tell her how she drew him—she knew it with every fibre of her. Then she let him have her eyes again.

“Do you think you can help letting me?” she said, and lifted her face with that adorable, irresistible movement which tells its own story of its own desire.

“No!” His voice shook. “Thank God, I don’t have to try any longer.”

It was no passive creature he took then into his eager arms, it was one who raised her own with the rush of self-abandonment which made his joy complete. Long as he had loved her he