

The Emancipation of Agnes

Part 2



Dulci Daily

An "Adult TV" Novel

Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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The Emancipation of Agnes

Part Two

by Dulci Daily

Chapter Four

Lord Blowboys' post-chaise, in which Kathleen and I had been transported to London, came to a halt a little distance north of Piccadilly. A pure white three-storey house, bearing a golden plaque proclaiming it to be "BLOWBOYS HOUSE," was our destination. Kathleen carried her own luggage up to the door, while the driver carried mine; he then pulled the bell-pull. A tall, thin, balding, smirking man, who stank of liquor, opened the door and welcomed us.

"You'll be Miss Agnes, I'm thinking," he said to me, "and this will be your personal girl, Katharine.

Rutler's my name, butler's my game—doubling as doorman, tripling as foreman, quadrupling as store-man, quintupling as lore-man—to say nothing of *sextupling* as *whore-man!*” He gave us a lewd, repellent grin, with special attention to Kathleen. ”How's *that* for an hallucination?”

I stared at him, thinking him not at all unsuitable to appear in an hallucination, though hoping fervently that I was not undergoing one. “An hallucination,” he explained to me in a distinct Cockney accent which he did fairly little to conceal, “is a literary device in which something ordinary and natural is made to appear contrived, artificial, and fantastic—or, contrariwise, something contrived, artificial, and fantastic is made to appear quite ordinary and natural.”

I thought I had made some study of literary devices in Sir Arthur's library, but of this one I had never heard. I had no time to consider the matter, however, for Lord Blowboys himself was approaching the door.

“My dear Agnes!” he greeted me warmly, ignoring Kathleen as a mere servant. “Welcome to your new home!” I extended my hand and he kissed it according to custom. “I am confident that you will find everything to your liking here. There are few servants; Rutler here does everything about the house except for the cook's and housemaid's chores, and of course you will have your personal girl.” Here he did at least nod to Kathleen. “But I do not think you will find any deficiencies in your manner of living here. If ever you do, just notify Rutler, and he will correct them at once.” Rutler bowed.

I was already thinking of how I would notify the police, not Rutler, when the time came to correct a most

striking deficiency. I had memorized the name and address of the royal courier, Mr. Overhill. At the earliest opportunity, I would send Kathleen to post a letter to Mr. Overhill and request an inconspicuous meeting with him. I had best specify a time and place at the outset, lest any of Lord Blowboys' servants be over-curious about the contents of any letters I might receive. At present, however, I had best respond to Lord Blowboys.

"I am most grateful, my lord," I assured him. "The establishment you have so graciously made available to me will be most satisfactory both to myself and to your lordship, I have no doubt." I tried to give him my biggest, loveliest, most innocent-looking smile, though it did not come easily.

"I am sure it will," he said. "Rutler will show you the house. There will be a private worship service in the chapel at noon to-morrow." What that meant, he had already disclosed to me privately before my departure from Troveroy Park.

"I thank you most kindly, your lordship," I said, giving a graceful curtsy.

Rutler showed Kathleen to her room, and then showed me the house. It was an elegantly appointed house indeed, with a well-stocked library, a luxuriously furnished sitting room, a most comfortable-looking private bedchamber for me, and all else that one would expect to see in the London house of a wealthy member of the House of Lords. After viewing everything on the lower storeys, we ascended to the top storey to view the chapel—which was entirely dif-

ferent from anything one would ever have expected to see.

“I dare say you may find this a bit shocking, Miss Agnes,” Rutler said as he opened the chapel door. I noted that, fortunately for any constables who might wish to enter, the door had no lock; it had only a bar on the inside, which would pose no obstacle to constables who had already been admitted to hiding-places within. I wished to begin at once to see where the hiding-places might be—but my attention was arrested by the interior furnishings of the chapel.

The most immediately shocking of them was a huge crucifix above a long white altar. The body of our Lord on the cross appeared to be covered with all manner of things that might be thrown at a man on the pillory—dung, rotten food, and every kind of filth. There was no stench of dung or putrefaction in the room—but there was one in my soul, when I gazed in horror upon the abomination.

“It’s a very sad story, Miss Agnes,” said Rutler, seeing me gaze. “Lord Blowboys, in his youth when he was just plain Rodney Rogerson, was once sent to the pillory and to prison for a time, because of a most unfortunate misunderstanding—and it affected his mind. He started wishing to do unto others like what had been done unto him—and he took it out on him up there, among others.” Rutler pointed to the likeness of our Lord.

“I’ve got no kind of *faith* in that character on the cross, you understand—I left all that behind me long ago—but still, you can’t help seeing that he was on the pillory of his time, only worse, and that was all because of a misunderstanding too. He didn’t de-

serve it any more than what young Rodney Rogerson did. If it was mine to say, I dare say, I'd say it's not right to take it out on him any more than on anyone else—but Lord Blowboys don't see it that way. So have pity on Lord Blowboys, Miss, and do everything you can to comfort him—because he's much in need of pity, no matter how high and mighty he may be in this world."

My heart was almost touched by this sad story—until I looked around at the stained-glass windows of the chapel, which were at least as shocking as the crucifix. All of them portrayed Lord Blowboys himself indulging his fleshly lusts with men and women, boys and girls—and each of them bore the name of a saint. The worst of all bore the name of my namesake, St. Agnes; it showed Lord Blowboys unmistakably bugging an innocent-looking girl, who seemed to be crying out in pain under his attack.

"This here is an authentic Popish chapel, Miss," said Rutler, "only modified a bit by Lord Blowboys. He didn't like the windows, so he had all new ones put in. A Popish family used to live here and have a priest come in for their ceremonies, but Lord Blowboys uses it for different purposes. You'll have plenty of time to find out about those to-morrow at noon. And don't be late, Miss; Lord Blowboys is most punctual about starting his worship services on time."

"I shall be punctual as well," I said.

"That's the spirit," he replied. "Now, speaking of spirits, might I interest you in a drop of liquid refreshment?"

“Er, I’m not much of a drinker,” I said—but I stopped short, on recognizing that Rutler might be able and willing to tell me some things of considerable interest, with his tongue well lubricated by “liquid refreshment.” I began again: “I’m not much of a drinker, but I do like a drop of sweet sherry from time to time. Have you any?”

Rutler smiled. “Miss Agnes, sweet sherry is one of my favourite forms of liquid refreshment. It’s got some of the kick, you know, of a stronger drink, but it goes down a whole lot easier, and it don’t knock you on your back nearly so soon. Let’s go down to the pantry right now.”

“That was a dreadfully sad story you were telling me about what happened to Lord Blowboys,” I prompted Rutler when I had sipped some of a small glass of sweet sherry, and he had consumed most of a large one. “Can you tell me more?”

“All too much more, Miss,” he said. “Up in a little village called Endwick in Warwickshire it was, where Lord Blowboys grew up under the name of Rodney Rogerson, until ‘e went to the pillory and to prison for the misunderstanding I mentioned.” Rutler’s liquid refreshment had now brought him to the point where he made no effort at all to conceal his Cockney accent.

“Er—how did that come about?”

“As I said, Miss, it was all a misunderstanding.” Rutler’s expression grew more serious and indignant. “I was never able to follow my father’s footsteps in the profession of law, but I’ve always ‘ad a great in-

terest in the laws as relates to matters of the flesh.” He displayed a salacious grin, but it vanished soon.

“The offence of buggery, Miss,” he said, “when properly understood, does not include any act perpetrated *per os*—what’s Latin for ‘through the mouth’—as distinct from *per anum*, what’s through the arse-’ole. That ‘as been the consistent decision of the courts of England since the year 1817. Before that, there was a grievous misunderstanding, to the effect that buggery did include the acts *per os*. To young Rodney Rogerson’s great ‘arm and misfortune, long before 1817, ‘e ‘appened to be performing an entirely innocent act *per os* upon the mouth of a fellow youth, who turned out to be a malicious informer.”

“I see.” This was not at all the sort of misunderstanding to which our Lord had been subjected, but I did not try to explain the difference to Rutler. “Er—and so young Rodney was sent to the pillory and to prison?”

“Indeed ‘e was, Miss—and it was a punishment as ‘ad no tendency whatsoever to lead the offender to reform and lead a virtuous life, such as they say a punishment ought to do.”

“But, er—I thought the punishment for buggery was death, and only for attempted buggery would it be the pillory and imprisonment.”

“That’s entirely right, Miss. ‘E was convicted only of the attempt, because they couldn’t prove the emission of seed. As to that, you see, the informer swallowed the evidence without a trace!”

Rutler laughed. “I trust there’ll be no objection to me discussing matters improper for a young lady’s

ears to ‘ear, Miss,” he said, “for Lord Blowboys, if you don’t mind me saying so, ‘as informed me that you are no ordinary young lady; indeed, you’re quite the same as *us* down ‘ere!” He pointed to his loins. “So you’ll be knowing all about the emission of seed at *first ‘and* already, I’m sure—you know what I mean!” I gave a single nod in affirmation, though not in approval of his ribald play on words, much less of the obscene gesture of his hand with which he accompanied them.

“Well, as I was about to say,” he went on, “young Rodney got off with a very short term of imprisonment, in consideration of his youth—but it was the pillory that really marked ‘im for life. You see, I think ‘e’s likely always ‘ad more than ‘is share of pride and esteem for ‘imself about ‘im, as ‘e still ‘as to-day; and the pillory don’t do nothing to favour a man’s pride, to say the least. ‘E vowed ‘e would kill ‘imself before ‘e’d ever go back to the pillory.”

“Did he indeed!” My eyes opened wide, and thoughts raced through my mind.

“Yes, indeed ‘e did, Miss. But ‘e’s never yet ‘ad to, and I trust ‘e never will.”

“Oh, dear! I certainly hope not!” In saying this I was perfectly sincere, for I had good hope that he would agree to migrate to Australia instead.

“That’s the spirit, Miss,” said Rutler, quaffing the remainder of his large glass of sherry. “Well, far from going to the pillory again, young Rodney went to London to make ‘is fortune—and make it ‘e did, complete with a wealthy wife. When King George IV was in need of some ready cash, Rodney Rogerson was ready with it, and ‘e was created Lord Blowboys out of

gratitude by the King. Then ‘e promptly renamed ‘is country ‘ouse out in your parts as Blowboys Manor, and ‘e bought this ‘ouse in town to become Blowboys ‘ouse. And there’s the story of Lord Blowboys in a nutshell, Miss—excluding most of such parts as are unfit to be ‘eard by a proper young lady such as yourself!” Rutler laughed loudly at this.

“I thank you very kindly for informing me of these things,” I said, disregarding the impropriety of thanking a servant. I hoped I was succeeding in looking as innocent and guileless as I wished.

“It’s my pleasure, Miss Agnes,” said Rutler. “You and me will get along splendidly, I can see!” He grinned again. “And, speaking of my pleasure,” he said in a lower tone of voice, “there’s a little matter as I ‘ope you’ll see fit to discuss with your personal girl.” His grin grew lewder, and he drew nearer to me. “She’s an attractive one, you know—a bit plain of face, it may be, but no worse than our new Queen, whom they say the King’s quite fond of!” He chuckled at this. “The girls with slender figures are my particular favourites, Miss, and your girl looks to me to ‘ave the fire within, such as a woman ‘as what feels the strong urge to give full satisfaction to a man. I was wondering if you might give ‘er some suggestion to the effect that, if she ‘as any inclination toward a lucrative assignation with a man, she might do a lot worse than to direct ‘er attention my way.”

I looked away, so that Rutler could not see the expression on my face. I could hardly imagine the outrage that Kathleen would display at any suggestion of a “lucrative assignation,” with Rutler or any other man. Still, I did not wish to rule out the possibility that Kathleen might gain Rutler’s confidence as I had done, if I were to explain the situation to her.

“Well,” I said, “I do not think that Katharine has any inclination toward assignations, as a rule; on the other hand, I think she might well have an interest in a meeting, if such a man as yourself were in question. I shall surely enquire of her about this matter.” Pleased at the knowledge that I had not exactly lied by equating a “meeting” with an “assignation,” I gave him a great, gracious smile.

“That’s most kind and gracious of you, Miss. And would you mind mentioning one more little thing? I shouldn’t be at all surprised if your girl Katharine were still to ‘ave ‘er maiden’ead about ‘er—and, if I find that she ‘as, the remuneration will be at double the ordinary rate. There’s nothing like taking a girl’s maiden’ead, and a girl as gives it up to a man is worthy of a rich reward.”

I could not look at him, and I tried not to evince my outrage as I spoke: “I am quite confident that Katharine has retained her maidenhead, and I shall surely mention this to her as well.”

Kathleen did find Rutler’s proposition outrageous, of course, but so absurdly so that it made her laugh. “I’d give up my life before I’d give up my maidenhead to such a man,” she affirmed, “but he needn’t be advised of that, if I can be of any help in distracting him when it comes time for the constables to arrive!”

“Oh, yes, that’s a wonderful idea!”

“I don’t think I shall cut off his head, but perhaps at least I can get him drunk, as Judith did to Holofernes in the Scriptures.”

“Er—I’m afraid I’m not familiar with that part of the Scriptures,” I admitted.

“Oh, it’s in one of the parts the Protestants cut out—the book of Judith, in the Old Testament. You see, Judith was a beautiful Hebrew woman who attracted the attention of the evil tyrant Holofernes. She went to him one night, and he thought he was going to have his way with her—but she got him too drunk to stay awake, and then she cut his head off, so the Hebrews were made free from him!”

“Er—that’s most remarkable,” I said. I was not at all sure what to think of such conduct—despite a certain resemblance to my own plan for Lord Blowboys, aside from the drunkenness and decapitation.

Kathleen laughed. “Don’t worry, I won’t try to cut off Rutler’s head, or even Lord Blowboys’ head—though that would be by far the greater temptation! People weren’t very squeamish about sending their enemies to hell back in Old Testament times, but I’d be terrified that those two would go to hell if they died without a chance to repent.”

“Well, then, let’s hope and pray that they will get a chance to repent,” I said. “But for that we’ll need the constables, and we’ll need Mr. Overhill to help us get them here at the right time.”

“When will be the right time?”

“I shall have to find out from Lord Blowboys. Fortunately, as Rutler says he’s very punctual about his so-called ‘worship services,’ we should have a bit of advance notice.”

“But I thought the—er—‘worship service’ was to be at noon to-morrow!”

“That will be only one of the preliminary ones, not the final one at which the arrest is to occur. Lord Blowboys has explained his initiation procedure to me, and to-morrow will be only the second step of four.” I devoutly hoped Kathleen would not enquire what was to take place at the second and third steps, and she did not.

“All right, then. Will you write a letter to Mr. Overhill now?”

“Yes. Please be ready to take it to the post as soon as I have done.”

I wrote to Mr. Overhill stating how he was to recognize us, and requesting a meeting at three o'clock to-morrow afternoon, at a specified location near Blowboys House but not within view of it. In case the post did not arrive in time, I said, we would again await him at three o'clock on the day after. I also informed him that I believed Lord Blowboys to have been previously convicted of attempted buggery, occurring at Endwick in Warwickshire, and that the King should be notified, so that he might command that this matter be diligently looked into. When the letter was done and sealed, I gave it to Kathleen to be taken to the post. Then I began to pray, most earnestly, for the success of the coming endeavour.

Next day, I entered the chapel at a few minutes before noon. Lord Blowboys was not to be seen, but I barred the door as he had prescribed. I then scanned the chapel carefully for possible hiding places for constables. It appeared that they might hide beneath the pews, or perhaps beneath the altar, which now was covered with a white cloth that reached to the floor. I noticed also that there were entrances to a

sacristy behind the altar wall. I silently ventured to peek in.

Lord Blowboys was there, wearing a short green Popish priest's vestment, barely reaching below his manhood, over his ordinary clothing. He was gazing upon his reflection in a looking-glass, with his hands folded together as if in prayer. He did not see me; he saw only himself. I withdrew.

Lord Blowboys had given me instructions in writing, which I followed. I was to wear one of my old-fashioned, high-waisted, low-necked Regency gowns with no corset, and I was to kneel among the pews until he appeared; then I was to arise. I knelt, still praying to Almighty God for success, and arose when he came into view.

"In the name of Me, and of Myself, and of the great I WHO AM," he said, "my help is in the name of Myself, who create heaven and earth anew. I am the Lord thy God; thou shalt have no other gods before me."

This was my signal to arise and approach Lord Blowboys at the altar. I did, and there I knelt before him, as prescribed. "What does thou ask of me, my child?" he enquired, and I said the response: "Bliss beyond belief, my lord."

"Ask and thou shalt receive," he said. "Arise."

I arose. He turned me around to face away from the horrid-looking crucifix, and stood behind me. Through my thin gown, I felt his great manhood pressing against my rump. He pressed my bosoms through my gown; then he reached over my shoulders, thrust his hands down through the wide, low neckline of my gown, down beneath my petticoat and

chemise, and squeezed my bare bosoms. My secret grew erect almost at once, and I knew I would abandon myself wholly, for a little while, to his manly magic.

He lifted the skirt of my gown, my petticoat, and my chemise in back; he thrust his manhood between my thighs, still covered by my linen drawers. My loins began to quake, and I shamelessly consented to their quaking.

With the utmost speed and skill he removed my gown, my petticoat, and my chemise; then he stripped me of my drawers and promptly resumed his thrusting between my thighs from behind, all the while rubbing and squeezing my bosoms. My breathing became most irregular, and my excitement ungovernable. Before we reached the culmination, however, he withdrew from between my thighs and turned me about to face him.

“Conceal your secret,” he commanded me. “I must see your womanly nakedness, and know you as fully, unquestionably a woman.”

I complied, pressing my secret down and back between my thighs as I had so often done in bed with myself alone. I knew I would pretend that Lord Blowboys was Edwin if he entered me as I had imagined Edwin doing. I now fully wished him to do so; my shyness and shame had utterly vanished, slain by his manly magic.

I stood before Lord Blowboys as I had imagined myself standing before Edwin, bare and blushing, my hidden secret throbbing between my thighs, my bosom-tips hot and hardened with desire. He faced me and touched me gently now, almost as if I were



his wife. Patiently but inexorably, he pressed his massive manhood further and further into my tight, hot, moist womanly opening, the narrow crevice between my hidden secret and my thigh. Then, when he had entered me to his fullest extent and his manhood was protruding along with my secret beneath my rump, he began to thrust again, slowly at first, then faster, then with all his might.

I gasped. I knew the culmination was approaching. “Edwin! Yes! Yes! I love you!” my heart cried out in silence, heedless that Lord Blowboys was not Edwin. I moaned and clasped Lord Blowboys, I matched his potent thrusts with my own as best I could, just as if he had been Edwin indeed, my beloved husband-to-be. Then the culmination was upon us both at once; Lord Blowboys was groaning and crying, “Agnes! My love! My love! My everything!” and I was moaning simply, “Yes! Yes! Yes!” as our loins lost all restraint, and the hot fluids of our united seed spurted and mingled behind my bucking rump and thighs.

“Agnes!” Lord Blowboys murmured when our loins had ceased their quaking and our seed was quite exhausted. “You are my heart’s supreme desire! I could hardly have dared imagine—not long ago you seemed so prim and reserved—and now all has completely changed! All I have is yours, my Agnes; ask and you shall receive, whatever you wish!”

“I thank you most kindly, my lord,” I told him, “but at present—at present, I have nothing more to ask!”

I must, I simply must marry Edwin, I was thinking, as Kathleen and I awaited Mr. Overhill at the street-corner I had designated. The foolish fancies I had entertained from time to time, of throwing all to

the winds, disclosing my secret to Kathleen, and marrying her, were nothing but that—foolish fancies. Between the extreme excitement that had overcome me in my encounter with Lord Blowboys, and the calm comfort of deep friendship—but nothing more—I felt with Kathleen, there was no comparison. In marriage one must have fleshly union, and I had found that I could have it only with a man.

I looked up to the sky, comparatively clear for London, and considered the all-encompassing providence of my Creator. He had known always, from the beginning of time, that I was to be raised as a girl—and surely He had made me as I was, with my urgent desire for fleshly union with a man. I must express my desire in marriage, no matter what those who did not know me might think—and only Edwin could be so deeply in love with me as to share my disregard for what they might think.

A fast-looking curricle approached us, pulled by two powerful-looking white horses. The lean, sharp-eyed driver stopped the little carriage and got out, keeping hold of the reins. “Good afternoon; I am Mr. Overhill,” he said. “You, I believe, are the King’s friends whom I am to meet?”

“Er, yes,” I said, handing him the envelope. “This is for the King, and I thank you for your assistance in delivering it.”

“Only my duty, Miss,” he said. “What more can I do for you? The King expected you to have further need of my services in future. Shall I come here every day at three o’clock until further notice?”

“Why, yes, that would be splendid. The King, I believe, has informed you that you will be notifying the police of a need for their assistance at some point?”

“He has indeed, and I look forward to it! There’s more than one opinion about the Peelers, you know—I mean, Mr. Peel’s New Police—but mine is quite favourable, and I’m always glad of a chance to meet them. Some say they’re a bit too rough on the criminals, but I don’t agree; there’s been a need for efficient policing here for a great while, and I’m not at all sorry now that we’re finally getting it.”

“Well, I do think that efficient policing will be needed in the situation we anticipate,” I said with great relief, “and I am most pleased to hear that we shall be likely to get it.”

“Lord Blowboys wishes to see you in the library at ten o’clock sharp, Miss Agnes,” Rutler informed me next morning.

“Thank you, Rutler,” I said, not knowing what to expect.

At ten o’clock sharp I entered the library. Lord Blowboys was reading a newspaper. “Good morning, my lord,” I said, in as cheerful a voice as I could manage.

He lowered the paper. “Good morning, Agnes, my love,” he said. “Did you sleep well?”

“I did, my Lord,” I told him truthfully.

“Very good. And have you found sufficient occupation for your mind? You know that my library is always open to you, and if you wish to request any ad-

ditions to it, you need only let Rutler know and he will acquire them.”

“I am most grateful, my lord—but is not Rutler’s presence required at the door, in case any one should call?”

“Oh, any one can answer the door here. You may do it yourself, if you wish!” He laughed. “You might find your personal girl a more suitable substitute for Rutler in that regard, though—unless you find that Rutler has lured her to his bedroom at the time!”

“Er, Rutler has indeed expressed some interest in something of the sort,” I acknowledged, “but, in that event, I am sure I am quite equal to the task of answering the door, as well as either of them.” I smiled.

“No doubt.” He smiled in return, but more faintly. “If only I myself were as equal to a certain task as I was in my younger years, I should greatly delight in sharing another worship service with you at noon to-day. Alas, I am not, and I have been forced to borrow a rule of life pertaining to worship of another sort: *On the third day I shall rise again.*” He looked at me to see my response to this. My eyes were blank and innocent, my mouth only slightly agape.

“Therefore,” he said, “two days hence, at noon, will come the third step in your initiation; three days thereafter, at noon again, the fourth and final step. After that, until the opening of Parliament, every three days at noon will be the invariable rule. After the opening of Parliament, another schedule will be required, but that need not occupy us now. Aside from the schedule of worship and of meals, your time will be entirely your own. I trust that will be satisfactory.”

“Oh, yes—quite satisfactory indeed!”

“Very well,” he said. He leaned forward, as if to speak with me in confidence.

“Agnes, my love,” he said to me, “you know that this is what I have dreamed of all my life, and always sought in vain, until now. You know of my reputation, I am sure, and I dare say it has been richly deserved, until now—but always, always, I was seeking what I have found at last in you. The loveliness, the innocence, the devotion, the honesty, the eagerness to please me and be pleased, the worthiness of my fullest trust—in no one but you have I ever found all these united. With you, I trust, I shall pass the full remainder of my life.”

I gazed into his eyes in silence, until I realized that he was expecting me to speak. “My lord,” I then said, “I am honoured indeed, and I hope that I shall always be as worthy of your trust as I am to-day.”

“If only it were possible for us to marry,” Lord Blowboys mused. “Alas, I married young, for wealth and not for love, and I lived to regret it. I do not wish to speak ill of Lady Blowboys, for she is quite devoted to my interests—but she does not love me, nor do I love her.”

“That is dreadfully sad, my lord,” I said.

He sighed. “It is indeed,” he said, “but there is nothing to be done, except to seek a better life apart from the old, stale, dead form of marriage that still endures. Lady Blowboys quite understands that I am in need of this, and she has no objection, so long as no harm is done to her interests or to mine.”