## 54. Bloody Work

Mr Ambrose's intertwined fingers clenched hard.

"We?" His cool voice had a dangerous undertone – and overtone and middle tone, if I was being absolutely honest. "Wehave not found anything nor will wefind anything, because in we a youwould be included, Mr Linton. And you will have no further part in the search for the missing documents. I thought I already made that abundantly	
clear."  This was what I had been afraid of.	<b>5</b> 22 <b>d</b> 1
"Not clear enough for me," I shot back, matching his cold tone with fire. "Why shouldn't I help?"	103 a
"Because you will only be a liability. Keep to o ice work, Mr Linton, and leave the darker parts of this life to real men."  The words hit me like a fist in the stomach. I didn't know exactly why – I mean, he was right, of course, that underneath the trousers I was	å <sup>sk</sup>
still absolutely female. It wasn't the words so much as the way he said them – real men as if men were something special, something stronger, something better than women.  So this was how things stood. Nothing had changed. He was prepared to keep me, to let me work for him, but not as he would let another	a³⁵
work for him. He was being charitable to the poor, mad girl who wanted to earn a living. Rage welled up inside of me!  "There is no need to concern yourself in any case," he continued.  "Clues have been discovered as to the whereabouts of the	a⁰
mastermind behind the the . Warren and his men are out on the streets searching for his hideout as we speak. They will soon discover it and this will be taken care of."  "Why won't you let me help?" I demanded. "You did last time, in the search for Simmons."	ਰੰ' ਰੰ
"That was di erent."  "Di erent how?"	a් a්
His eyes took on a whole dierent level of coldness. They seemed to be staring o into icy distances, over the endless expanse of the Arctic, or some similarly desolate place I couldn't even imagine.  "That, Mr Linton, was before I found out who is behind this."	a ä
"Well, who is it then? Who is this mystery man you are so scared of?" His eyes snapped back from the distance onto me, flashing.	593 d6
"I am not scared, Mr Linton. I am cautions. There is a dierence." I bit back a comment. Men and their egos. "Very well, then. Who is	<b>a</b> 61
this man you are so cautious of?"  Silence.	49 256 60
"Why won't you tell me?" My voice grew louder as my anger rose.  Silence.	a <sup>0</sup>
"Will you at least tell me what's in this file that is worth killing for?"  Silence.	ã° 3° 16
"Will you tell me anything at all?"  Silence.	a <sup>6</sup>
He sat there, glowering, and I stood in front of him, fuming. How quickly things had turned from a relatively companionable work mood into a fierce battle.  "Um excuse me?"	aී aී
Both our heads jerked towards the door. We had been so consumed by our argument that neither of us had noticed how Mr Stone had poked his head into the room. He was nervously playing with bow tie, his eyes flicking from one of us to the other.  "I am deeply sorry to disturb you, Mr Ambrose," he hastened to	476 a
assure his employer, "only I needed to deliver this memorandum." He held up a piece of paper. "I knocked twice, but you probably did not hear me over all the err shouting."  "Well, don't just stand there like an ape, man, give it to me!" Mr	293 a
Ambrose snapped, his voice not so devoid of emotion as usual. Mr Stone rushed forward, deposited the memorandum on his master's desk and got out of the danger zone as quickly as possible. The door fell shut behind him.  "Why can't you accept me?" Strangely, my voice was so now. So	A25
and muted. "Why can't you let me do the work that needs to be done, whether harmless or dangerous?"  He met my eyes without flinching.  "You know why."	#24 #34 #31
"Because I am a lady?" Silence.	13°
"Talk to me!" Silence.	329 a 162
"The search for the file" I began again, but a raised hand from Mr	<b>.</b>
Ambrose stopped me in mid-sentence.	å
Ambrose stopped me in mid-sentence.  "You want to work for me?" he snapped. "Really, seriously work for me? All right. If it's work you want, it's work you're going to get. Bring me file 38XI201."  "The search"	
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"You want to work for me?" he snapped, "Really, seriously work for me? All right. If it's work you want, it's work you're going to get. Bring me file 38XI201."  "The search"  "I said bring me file 38XI200"  What could I do? I le was my employer, if was his prerogative to tell me what to do. Honestly, I wondered as I went searching for the appropriate box, maybe Ella and I should just move into the workhouse voluntarily. Surely, the lyranny of the workhouse foreman and the tyranny of Mr Ambrose would be much the same?  Well, I was wrong about that. As I was about to find out, the tyranny of Mr Rikkard Ambrose could be much, much worse.  ******  "Bring me file 38XI205! Take this note to stone! Hurry! Here, the safe key! Go and fetch the steam engine model from the safe. No, not that one, the one with two pistons and the larger exhaust outlet. Move faster! If you dawdle so much you'll never get your work done. Where is that file?"  That's how it went on all day. He harried me like a pack of vengeful harpies, chasing me to this task to that and when that was done to these and those and numerous others. It wasn't long until my feet began to ache and! I had numerous papercuts on my fingers from hastily leafing through files. When I got bloodstains on one of them, he accused me of wilfully damaging company material and ordered me to stop bleeding.  "How about if I bandage my finger?" I hissed at him.  "Too time-consuming. Just stop bleeding, and that's the end of it!"  I could see exactly what he was doing, but I wasn't giving in. No matter how much he hounded me, I wouldn't collapse and admit it was too much, or he was being unfair. I would give him no leverage, no reason to throw me out!  Without pause, I worked as long as I could, but at some point came the time when I had to step up to his desk and say: "Um Mr Ambrose? Have to powder my nose again."  "You nose looks fine. Continue working."  "Har Ambrose, do we have to have another talk about euphemisms?"  He hesitated for a moment.  "Oh. Thatkind of nose-po	रेंग्न

Continue reading next part

I sincerely hope you liked the newest chapter of my story? By the

way, I have spi ing news for all of you: The next chapter of "Up

and Down", the spin-o of "Storm & Silence" that I am also

an additional Easter surprise for you, my fabulous fans! :-)

currently writing, will be posted here on Wattpad in the near

future, and in addition to that I'm right now also working hard on

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a<sup>7</sup>

a<sup>8</sup>

a<sup>3</sup>

method to... persuade you."

My Dear Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen,

Your multi-tasking Victorian Author;-)

Sir Rob