

Perfect Partners

I had thought her unbecomingly assertive at first, always demanding her own way in everything and I wasn't used to that. I frequently wondered if she realised how fortunate she was to be mine or whether she fully appreciated my finer qualities. I'm not one to flatter myself but my features have been widely admired, frequently described as handsome, and what of her appearance? Neat and tidy, of course, I would accept nothing less, but her figure could at best be described as diminutive. And how would her breeding compare with my own esteemed ancestry? Manners forbade the enquiry.

Still, she was good to me in many ways, I will allow; always kept my home clean, produced regular meals, that sort of thing. But no more than a chap expects. And, as I say, she had her way in all things - when we went out, where we went, what time we came home was always of her choosing and, naturally, I indulged her. What else can a fellow do, really, with a woman like that?

It must be admitted, we did look rather smart together and, despite my modesty, I could not but enjoy the compliments. I think the side saddle attracted attention amongst the field and she cut rather an elegant figure in that well tailored habit. Just the sort of girl a chap likes to be seen with.

She rode so lightly with such a well balanced seat, she was no effort to carry. Her trust in me to convey her safely over treacherous going was most touching and I should have died rather than fall with her. How we galloped over the breezy moors, how my heart sang to the wild music of hounds and when she gave me my head, oh, how we flew!

Then, late in the evening, after my bath and a good meal of corn when I was warm and dry in cosy rugs with a generous net of hay, she would see that all was well before wishing me goodnight. And I would turn my head to breathe the sweet fragrance of her tumbling hair.