I look over him my eyes filled with disdain. It's terrible but I have to admit that he was a good looking guy.

And then she had seen Charles and James, now returned from London, board the royal yacht, taking Minette and Jemmie and Frances Stuart with them so as to have that last half hour en famille. A few miles off shore the Fleet had anchored again, and Charles's Greyhound was bobbing against the flag ship's dark hull. Using his Dutch telescope, she had been able to make out people, like black ants, climbing from yacht to warship. It had seemed an age before the ships had disappeared into a hazy horizon and the yacht, with billowing sails, had scudded back to Dover.