



Reid leads us into the fateful confrontation.

*'Nebu danced nude, narrow-hipped, the strong calves and plow-widened shoulders like dark old wine catching what light there was about.'*

The woman entered the room.

*'She had ridden in through the rainstorm and her clothes were soaked and clung to her horsewoman's body so she was all long flat legs and shoulder hollows, and breasts proud as Babylon . . . brown hair flecked with water tumbled to her shoulders. The black, posed catlike on his sprung knees, was sculptured in hard, young manhood. With the tip of her tongue, the msabu touched the rainwater on her lips.'*