

Bishop POV Bonus Scene

Any moment now, someone is going to peer behind the Levine town house and see a massive black wolf pacing the alley. Instead, a rat pops its head out at the clicking of Bishop's nails. He whirls, teeth snapping, and the rodent squeaks and runs like the hounds of hell are on its tail.

Not the hounds of hell. Just one very irritated werewolf who would dearly love to chase the rat, if only to vent his frustration. Instead, he's stuck outside, ears attuned to what's happening inside, which does *not* sound like what is supposed to be happening.

The stench doesn't help. A warm springtime in London means rotting trash, scattered by those rats before the rubbish man comes to collect it. Even as he paces, Bishop has one eye on the cobblestones, making sure he doesn't step in anything. When he swishes his tail in annoyance, it hits the wall, and he growls, frustration jolting through him with every step.

It's broad daylight and he's in a stinking city alleyway, and he doesn't even have enough room to move his tail. When he growls again, a familiar chuckle wafts from the rooftop, and he looks up to see Julius grinning down at him. Julius is in human form. He can't stand guard on the sloped roof as a wolf. Also, Bishop needs someone to speak for him when the time comes, and the only person he trusts to do that is Julius—his cousin, confidante and closest companion.

"It's fine," Julius calls down. His voice is too soft to be heard by humans, but Bishop picks it up easily. "The girl knows your plan. She'll carry it out."

The "girl" is Henrietta, the young witch in charge of the supernatural mercenaries that their Alpha—Silas—hired to handle this. The problem is that Henrietta hardly seemed to listen to the plan Bishop had so painstakingly devised. He'd even given her written notes. And now, as he waits for a long overdue signal from her, he's quite certain those notes ended up in the nearest fireplace.

The real problem, though, is with a very different witch. Silas's daughter, Cordelia Levine, the target of this mission, which is to extract her from her current situation. That situation is the guardianship of her aunt. There doesn't seem to be anything wrong with Lenora Levine or her treatment of Cordelia. Silas never claimed there was—he just wants his child. Only Cordelia *isn't* a child. She's a twenty-three-year-old woman who should be allowed to make her own choices. But that's not how things are done, and this isn't the time for Bishop to voice his opinion. If he wants to be the next Alpha, he cannot openly oppose Silas.

What currently has Bishop pacing and snapping is Cordelia herself. More specifically, the fact he's in this alley when he should be at the Pack's town house with her in tow, this entire mission unnecessary. Bishop didn't like how it was playing out with Henrietta, so he'd made contact with Cordelia this morning, telling her that she was in danger and urging her to come with him for her own protection.

And she'd refused.

Outright refused.

Bishop can still hear Julius's laughter when he told him.

"She refused to accompany a total stranger who declared her life in danger?" Julius said.
"How dare she!"

"I was trying to help her. And she kept asking for . . ." Bishop snarled at the memory.
"Details. What danger? Who am I? What's going on?"

"Outrageous, demanding such trivial information." Julius patted his back in mock sympathy. "At least she didn't cast a spell on you."

"She did. Knocked me backward and then threatened to scream for help on a crowded street."

“Clever girl.” Julius leans in. “I can see why you like her so much.”

Bishop glared at his cousin.

“And I was wrong,” Julius said with a grin. “She absolutely has cast a spell on you. The worst sort. Or the most inconvenient, at least.”

Bishop huffs. He should have snatched Cordelia when he had the chance. Pushed aside those licks of conscience and been done with it. But no, Silas wants his daughter to think he rescued her from imminent danger. He wants to play the hero.

And maybe Bishop does, too?

Bloody hell. He shouldn't care. Cordelia Levine is a means to an end. Bring her to Silas unharmed, and he'll win the Alpha's gratitude. But Bishop has been following Cordelia for days, biding his time, hoping for a chance to speak to her, to convince her to come with him, and the more he followed for duty, the more he found himself following because he wanted to.

Julius is right. She has cast a spell on him, and it *is* inconvenient.

He pushes aside the thought. Following a beautiful young woman ignited the wolf in him. Nothing more.

Nothing more?

He thinks of her in the bookshop, how she'd turned that leather-bound book over in her hands, longing writ large on her face until she checked the price and regretfully set it back. After she was gone, he'd slipped in and bought it for her. Which was madness.

No, it's simple consideration. Her father is uprooting her from her life and taking her to Trevelyan, a house full of werewolves. Finding a book she wanted in her bedroom might help, at least a little.

Inside the town house, he can hear Henrietta talking to Cordelia and Cordelia's friend,

Audrey. Bishop growls in annoyance, hair rising along his back. He had been *very* clear that Henrietta was to get into the town house on her own, leaving Audrey safely at home. Cordelia won't like it if her friend gets hurt.

But now Audrey is inside and Henrietta's forces are about to enter the house, and Bishop can only hope that Henrietta follows the rest of the plan. Keep Cordelia safe. Let her see the invaders. Let her understand the danger. But make sure absolutely nothing happens to her until Bishop can come to their rescue.

He waits for the rear door to open, his signal to—

Cordelia's voice sounds strained. Even angry. He can't make out the words, but her tone has him on edge. He should get inside. Find out what's wrong.

A yelp from within has his head jerking up, ears swiveling.

That sounds like Audrey. His ears detect light footsteps running upstairs, and he moves closer to the window, even as he tells himself all is well, Henrietta is just getting Cordelia and her friend to safety.

A shout. A loud crack. Audrey's voice, panicked. Cordelia's voice, struggling for calm but obviously alarmed.

Bishop doesn't bother waiting for that door to open. He runs and leaps through the window. One of the mercenaries is in the hall, and Bishop charges. The fellow screams, and Bishop gives him credit for his acting ability. While Bishop won't seriously harm anyone—these are hired employees—he needs it to sound as if he's cutting a swath through the supernatural invaders. Bishop grabs the man's trouser leg and yanks hard, and the man falls with a crash. When he goes down, he stays down.

Good. At least Henrietta conveyed that part of the plan.

Footsteps continue up the flights of stairs. Henrietta escorting Cordelia and Audrey to the attic. Bishop longs to follow and end this charade, but he needs to make sure it's clear to Cordelia that she's in mortal danger. That requires more theater, and so he tears through the main level, pretending to terrify the handful of supernatural mercenaries.

One of them is supposed to have a pig's bladder of blood, which they'll use to make it look as if Bishop attacked and left them all for dead. But the few supernaturals he encounters just scream and flail and fall to the ground as he snarls and growls.

This isn't going to work without the blood. Cordelia is a dark witch, from a line of dark witches, her aunt being notorious in the London underworld. Cordelia will expect a blood-drenched scene, and she'll realize something's amiss if she doesn't see one.

"Oh!"

At Cordelia's voice, Bishop slides to a stop, paw pads skidding over the hardwood.

Her voice wafts down from far above.

"Thank you, sir. Someone's broken into my friend's house, and I don't know what's happening. She's locked herself in that room over there."

Bishop squeezes his eyes shut and growls softly. While he didn't expect Cordelia to panic, he needs her to run. Flee. Get to safety. Don't fight the invaders. Because that is *not* part of the plan.

Which is his own damned fault. She *will* fight. At least for now, though, she seems to be reasoning with whoever is pursuing them. But where the hell is Henrietta? It's her job to keep Cordelia moving.

It doesn't matter. Cordelia is clever. She's talking, not fighting—

The sound of charging footfalls. Heavy footfalls. Whoever Cordelia spoke to, he isn't

buying her ploy. She yelps, and Bishop is already in flight, leaping over the bodies of the fallen. His rear nails scratch one of those “corpses,” who curses, but Bishop keeps going.

The sounds from above continue. Footfalls. Grunts. A sharp, pained intake of breath from Cordelia. Bishop bears down, racing toward the stairs, and then there’s another sound. The smashing of wood.

Bishop is leaping over the last “corpse” when it rises, and he sends the woman flying. She screams in real terror.

“Come quietly, little witch,” a voice rumbles from far above, “and I won’t tell anyone what you’ve done.”

The man says more, but Bishop doesn’t hear it. A body lies at the foot of the stairs, and the smell has him sliding to a stop.

Henrietta.

The young witch lies on her back, her legs still on the stairs, as if she tumbled down them.

She did more than “tumble down,” though. Her eyes are open, neck broken.

Henrietta is dead.

Is there another intruder? Is that who Cordelia is fighting above? Not a hired supernatural who won’t hurt her, but someone who will?

Footsteps tap up the stairs. Cordelia’s, light and quick. Then the galloping stomps of a much larger person. An oomph from the man.

Bishop races on the stairs, even as a little voice in his head, one that sounds suspiciously like Julius’s says, “Well, you did want to play the hero, and rescue her for real.”

No, he did not. Because rescuing Cordelia “for real” means she is in danger “for real,” and his heart hammers at the thought. A clatter sounds, then a curse and the thunder of those heavy

footfalls, chasing Cordelia.

Bishop rounds the last landing to see a huge man reaching the top of the stairs. A few feet ahead, Cordelia flees across the attic. Bishop grabs the man by the leg and wrenches him back. The half-demon bellows as he hits the floor face first.

The man twists fast, getting out from under Bishop. Then he grabs Bishop's foreleg, and his fingers burn through Bishop's fur.

Fire half-demon.

Bishop bites down on the half-demon's arm. The man yowls and rips away, and that's where Bishop gets the blood he's been grumbling about, as it sprays his muzzle. Bishop goes for the man's throat, but a last-second shove means he ends up grabbing the fellow by the jaw instead. He twists, and there's a crack as the man's neck breaks. Then Bishop shoves his body down the stairs and wheels.

The entire fight lasted mere heart beats, and Cordelia is still running across the attic, having almost reached a narrow door. Bishop lets out a soothing growl to tell her she's safe, and she wheels, hands flying up to ward him off.

"If that's you, Bishop Daniels, I know who you are, and I believe I know who my father is. If you're responsible for those screams below—"

He lowers his head with a rumble of reassurance, telling her it's all right, she's safe. But the problem with growls is that non-werewolves can't decipher a warning from an invitation to play from a rumble of reassurance.

Cordelia takes another step back. "I appreciate the help, but if you're trying to prove yourself an ally, this isn't the way to do it."

Bishop looks behind him. Where the hell is Julius? He's supposed to explain everything.

Seeing no sign of his cousin, Bishop steps toward Cordelia.

“Please, sir,” she says, her voice quavering. “Whatever you’ve done to the others, I won’t tell anyone. Just don’t hurt me—”

A fireball erupts from her fingers. Bishop curses to himself. He should have realized she was feigning fear to lower his guard. While he manages to duck the fireball, heat still scorches his back.

This isn’t working.

He should just pin her. He won’t hurt her—he’d never hurt her—but that will keep her from running, especially since there seems to be another faction at work, judging by that half-demon who must have killed Henrietta.

When Bishop pounces, Cordelia hits him with the spell that knocks him back, but it’s not enough to stop him, and in a blink, they’re on the floor and—

Pain stabs through him, and he falls back in shock, twisting to see blood dripping from his chest. Then he glances up just as Cordelia dashes through that narrow door, a knife in her hand. A knife with his blood on it.

Bishop runs and leaps at the door, but it shuts just before he reaches it. He stands there, sides heaving, fighting the overwhelming urge to bash down the door and . . .

And what? Haul her out?

That would be efficient, yes, but it isn’t how Silas wants his daughter brought to him, dragged from her home, terrified and overwhelmed.

A low chuckle ripples through Bishop’s flanks. Terrified and overwhelmed? Hardly. Cordelia would be spitting mad, a trapped wild cat. The image flashes through his mind and it’s . . . oddly tempting?

No, none of that. She'd be furious, and he suspects her fury is magnificent, but she still has that knife, and being stabbed once today is quite enough. Perhaps another time.

That low chuckle again, which sets his injury aflame, but he barely notices.

He needs to handle this properly. Show her that werewolves aren't dumb brutes who solve every problem with dumb brute strength.

Bishop walks to the top of the stairs and looks down. Where the hell is Julius? Bishop needs help here—someone to speak for him, someone who can speak far more winningly, too.

He hesitates. Does he really want Julius here? His cousin *is* more charming. Nicer. Kinder. Wittier. Also, admittedly better looking, at least according to every woman they'd met since they were old enough for women to say such things to them.

Bishop can handle this. He might lack Julius's charm, but he knows his own strengths. Well-spoken, commanding, even charismatic in his own way. All traits he's honed for the goal he has pursued since childhood—to become Alpha.

He can speak to Cordelia, and he'll do a better job of it than he had this morning because now they're alone and he can tell her everything. First, he just needs to be able to talk.

He pads out of sight of that door, should it swing open. Cordelia might not actually be frightened, but that will change if she sees him mid-transformation. Or perhaps "frightened" isn't the word. More like "utterly revolted."

There is no magic that lets a werewolf instantly change from man to wolf. His body physically transforms, muscle and bone and sinew and skin reforming itself. Which is as excruciating as it sounds.

He remembers the first time he changed. His father and Julius had tried to prepare him, but Bishop hadn't listened. He wanted the transformation—wanted it so badly—and he'd expected

to simply grit his teeth and suffer through it, as he would with any physical pain.

Only wasn't mere physical pain. It was agony, unbelievable agony, and he'd been furious, brought nearly to tears by his body's betrayal. He was a werewolf. He'd been given a gift, the ability to change into a wolf, and yet those early transformations had felt like a curse. This thing he wanted so much nearly ripped him in two.

That eventually passed. Not the pain itself, which would never go away. But Bishop learned how to position himself to aid the transformation rather than resisting it, and that helped, but what helped most of all was that he wanted to change, that the sheer joy of experiencing life as a wolf was worth it.

When the transformation ends, he stays on all fours, shaking and sweating and catching his breath. Then he slowly rises and looks around. There are storage boxes up here, and he opens one after another until he finds a crate of table linens.

He uses a tablecloth to dry himself and then wraps a narrow table runner around his hips. Once he's covered himself, he takes a napkin and slips toward the door, where he affixes it to the top. Then he smiles. That should do nicely.

He steps back a few paces. "Cordelia."

A pause. "Miss Carter to you," she says.

He snorts under his breath. "You nearly put a blade between my ribs. I think we're past formalities. Since you know who I am, you can call me Bishop."

"Oh, I have far less polite names to call you."

He smiles at that. "I'm sure you do. However, I also believe that, considering what just happened, you know you should have listened to me earlier."

"I know little of werewolves, but I understand that the blood is passed through the male line

only, which means you probably don't have much experience with women and are under the mistaken impression that we're foolish chits who can be ordered about as children."

"You're correct."

She huffs, indignant.

He continues, "You're correct that I treated you differently because of your sex. Were you a man, I'd have hauled you off bodily. That's impossible to do with a young lady in a public place, so it has come to this. I need you . . ."

As he talks, he steadily lowers his voice, until the last words are barely a whisper, one she won't hear.

He smiles to himself. How do you tempt a wildcat? With curiosity.

"I know who you are," she says. "My aunt says you work for my father."

"Yes."

"Who is a werewolf?"

"Your aunt said that?"

"No. I possess a brain and a capacity for basic logic. I can smell you. Vanilla and anise and musk. My mother explained my acute sense of smell by claiming my father was a perfumer. As for my appetite and my restlessness and my night vision, that has never been explained . . . until now."

The first part gives him pause. Vanilla and anise and musk? The musk is werewolf, and Cordelia has some of that in her own scent. The vanilla would be his soap. While werewolves avoid strong scents, he's particular to one brand with a faint vanilla smell. But anise? He hasn't eaten anything with anise in months.

Then those thoughts evaporate as he hears the rest of what she said, and he goes very still.

She has secondary werewolf abilities.

A lycan.

He realizes he's not answering, so he says, as calmly as he can, "So you have secondary traits? That's unusual among daughters. Very unusual."

"My father is unusual, too, right? Alpha of the Albion Pack."

"Your father . . ." He trails off to a whisper again and then comes back louder with feigned impatience, "Cordelia?"

"Enhanced hearing is one werewolf trait I apparently didn't inherit. I couldn't make out what you said."

He leans against the wall, enjoying this game far too much.

"Because the door is . . ." He whispers the rest. "Your auditory senses must be somewhat enhanced if you can hear me at all, but . . ." Whispered words. Meaningless words. It's the whisper that will do it, suggesting she's missing something, and he suspects Cordelia Levine hates to miss anything.

"Fine, I'm . . ." Whisper, whisper. ". . . middle of the attic."

He moves deeper into the room and speaks up. "I'm now twenty feet away, which you can tell by my voice. You can safely crack open the door. You could shut it again before I can get to you."

A pause, and then that door opens the barest crack. "Speak again."

"I'm over here."

She opens the door enough to peer out and blinks. And then . . .

"You're staring," he says.

"Yes." She replies as calmly as if he said the lights were dim in here. Had the lights actually

been dim, that might explain the staring. But even the attic has electric lighting, and yet she continues to stare, which makes him feel all the more exposed, standing nearly naked in front of a young woman whom . . .

Whom he wouldn't mind being nearly naked in front of? Particularly if it meant she was in the same state?

A sudden stiffening under the table runner has him shifting his weight.

"You should avert your eyes," he says, and immediately regrets it. He sounds like a bloody prig.

She only smiles, though. "Why? Because young women aren't supposed to stare at naked men? If you expect a blushing miss, you have the wrong woman."

No, he's quite certain he does not have the wrong woman. Which is the problem.

"I'm not objecting to that," he says. "I'm objecting because it isn't my fault I'm not dressed."

"It isn't my fault either. I didn't steal your clothing."

"Wolf form is better for fighting humans. I can't transform while dressed. Nor can I bring my clothes with me for later."

"You can't stuff them into a pouch? Tie them around your neck like a Saint Bernard?"

He bites his cheek to keep from smiling. "Next time, maybe. For now, I'm asking you to turn away because I can't carry on a serious conversation while you're staring at me."

A pause, and then she says, "I apologize," she says. "Staring was rude."

Bishop tenses at the mockery. Then he realizes she's genuinely apologizing, which makes him feel even more foolish for complaining.

"I won't look away entirely," she continues, "because that'd give you a chance to sneak up.

But I'll focus on your face. Good?"

He tries to answer, but isn't sure what to say to that, so he only makes a noise of assent.

"Fair warning, though. You can't expect to walk around nearly naked without women staring. Not when you look like that."

He blinks. Did she just . . . compliment him? He opens his mouth to reply, but he's too flustered. Flustered? Him? No, she just threw him off balance.

"I don't make a habit of transforming around women," he manages finally. "But I'll take that under advisement."

"Good. Now, what's going on? Why are you here?"

He arches a brow, finding his balance again. "To rescue you, obviously. Your house was under siege."

"I appreciate the help. Please invoice my aunt for your services. Now, if you could explain *why* my home was under siege and my friend's cousin turned out to be a witch, I'd appreciate that even more."

"You shouldn't befriend humans. It's unsafe for you, and for them."

Her expression makes him want to withdraw the words. He's acting like a sanctimonious prig, and he can't seem to stop himself.

"Is that all you got from my question?" she says. "Either explain the situation or go. Please. My aunt will be home soon, and we'll leave and be safe from whatever happened here."

"Leaving won't help. They'll pursue."

"*Who* will pursue? *Why* will they pursue? *What* do they want with my aunt?"

"Nothing. They want you. Because, apparently, others know your secret, probably including one your father doesn't—that you're a lycan."

“A what?” she says, frowning.

“The daughter of a werewolf who has inherited our secondary traits. Your father will explain everything, Cordelia. We don’t have time to chat.”

“Chat? I’m asking obvious questions, and I’m not going anywhere with you. If my father wants to meet with me—”

“Your aunt won’t allow it.”

“Then I presume she has good reason.”

“Prejudice and fear. That’s all. Now, I’ll ask one more time. Will you come with me willingly? Or do I need to take you by force?”

Her eyes narrow. “Would you like the next blade in your heart? And if you tell me I’m being unreasonable—”

He lunges. Cordelia zips into her room and yanks on the door. Bishop eases back to wait for her to try locking it. There’s a muffled curse as she realizes she can’t. That napkin he affixed to the top of the door keeps it from shutting properly. His backup plan. Because with Cordelia, he knew he’d need one.

Bishop waits a moment and then calmly tugs open the door. Cordelia backs up, knife raised, and for a second—one brief heart beat—Bishop is tempted to let her come at him. Let her fight. *See her fight.*

Except she’s holding a knife, and she’s furious, and he’s nearly naked, and this table runner around his waist won’t hold forever.

He grabs her knife-arm and squeezes just enough for her to drop the blade. Then he swings her around and tugs her hands up to her back, pinning her.

“Cast a spell if you must,” he says, “but it won’t change anything.”

She hesitates, and he knows she's racing through her options. When she struggles, it's weak enough that he knows something else—that she's making a show of fighting weakly, hoping he'll lower his guard so she can strike.

Again, there's that odd temptation to let her. To see what she's capable of.

To be sure she can defend herself, in case she needs to once she's at Trevelyan.

No, he tells himself firmly. He will make sure she's safe. He hates Silas's entire scheme, and so he accepts responsibility for Cordelia. And if he's a little too eager to accept it, to take care of her, to protect her, well, he won't think of that.

He suspects Cordelia Levine can look after herself, and that's good. He just wants to be sure she can, for her own sake. He'll suggest that Silas lets Bishop teach her. For her own good, and to please Silas, which always helps.

For now, though, if he lets her fight he runs the risk of hurting her. So he turns and shouts.

"Julius!"

A sound below, and then his cousin's boots tap up the stairs.

"Oh," Julius calls, far too cheerfully as he drops a bag with Bishop's clothing. "Are you asking for my help? Admitting that your plan might—gasp—not have been perfect?"

"My plan presumed she would be reasonable," Bishop growls.

"I have been reasonable," Cordelia says. "I *reasonably* demanded answers. I *reasonably* refused to follow a stranger. I *reasonably*—"

"Do you see what I'm dealing with?"

Julius chuckles. "Yes, I see a very reasonable young woman who very reasonably doesn't wish to comply with your very *unreasonable* orders. How dare she."

Bishop scowls. "You're enjoying this far too much."

“Of course. How often do I get to see my dear cousin’s will thwarted, his plan in tatters, his . . . Is that blood? Oho. That’s a *lot* of blood. She did some damage.”

“It’s a shallow cut. You can tend to it later.”

“I wasn’t offering to tend to it now.”

“Then get over here and tend to this.” Bishop nods at Cordelia as he steps back from her.

“*This* has a name,” she snaps. “And . . .” Her head shoots up. “What’s that smell?”

Julius steps toward her and murmurs, “I’m sorry, Miss Levine,” and then he presses a chloroform-soaked cloth over her mouth and nose.

Bishop catches Cordelia before she collapses, which earns him a hard look from Julius.

“I wasn’t going to let her fall,” Julius says.

Bishop only grunts as he drops to one knee, carefully lowering her to the floor. When he glances up, Julius is watching him, head tilted.

“What?” Bishop snaps.

“You’re very gentle with her.”

Bishop narrows his eyes. “Should I have dropped her to the ground?”

“No. You asked ‘what,’ and I answered.” Julius lowers himself beside Cordelia and checks her pulse and breathing.

“Is she all right?” Bishop asks.

“I know how to administer a sedative.”

“To werewolves. She’s not a werewolf.” Bishop pauses. “But she is a lycan, apparently.”

Julius looks up sharply.

“She has secondary traits,” Bishop says.

Julius swears under his breath. Bishop shifts his weight and tries not to think about it. Not

yet, at least. He'll have to, though, before she gets to Trevelyan.

Silas is taking Cordelia into a house of werewolves. A lushly beautiful witch would be tempting enough. But a lycan?

Trouble. It was going to be trouble.

Bishop will handle it, though. She'll come to no harm on his watch. He'll take care of her and teach her to take care of herself among wolves.

Julius finishes checking Cordelia and moves to examine Bishop's wound, but he waves his cousin away.

"I'll clean it later," Bishop says. "We need to get out of here. Something went wrong. An outsider attacked—a half-demon—and Henrietta is dead."

"I saw them both," Julius says. "But that half-demon was her confederate. One of the mercenaries."

Bishop looks over sharply as he tugs on his shirt. "What?"

"I spoke to the other girl. Audrey? Cordelia's friend? She came out on the roof, and I helped her down. That's why I was late. I thought you'd want me to make sure she got away safely."

"Yes. Thank you."

"She said Henrietta took her captive. Put a knife to her throat. Cordelia found them and rescued Audrey, and then they fled Henrietta, who chased them."

"That was *not* the plan."

"I know," Julius says. He looks at Bishop. "Something's wrong here. I don't trust Silas—"

Bishop lifts a hand, glancing around. They should be alone here, but he's not taking the chance. He lowers his voice. "Silas hired the wrong people. That's all. He should have left it with me. But it's over now, and Cordelia is safe, as is her friend. Help me get her out before her

aunt returns.”

Julius hesitates, as if he wants to say more. Then he gives an abrupt nod and strides ahead to clear the way as Bishop lifts Cordelia over his arms and carries her down the stairs.