

HIS LITTLE SPY

SCOTTISH SUBMISSION BOOK TWO



FINLEY BROWN



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This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only. Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the author's advocating any non-consensual sexual activity.

PROLOGUE



SCOTLAND 1736

The full moon shone brightly, reflecting off the gentle waters of the tidal pool in silver shadows of light. Kellina made her way down the narrow path leading to the boathouse, looking behind her to make sure no one followed as she pulled her black, velvet cloak tightly around her body. She didn't have long before someone noticed she was missing from the house. Opening the wooden door, she knew he was there as the sweet, woody scent of stale incense filled the small, dank space. She slipped into the dark corner and waited for him to come to her.

"Do you have the papers?" he asked in a hushed voice.

Kellina could just make out the outlines of his withered face, hidden deep in the folds of the hood of his priest's robe. "Yes, Father." She passed the rolled-up scroll to a hand resembling nothing more than the bones of a skeleton, shrunken and frail with age.

"I have news," she whispered. It was not customary for them to

exchange information verbally, but she had no time to create a cipher.

"Go on, child."

"I'm being sent to the Highlands. The Duke of Montrose has requested my presence. I leave tomorrow."

"Aye, that will change things, but it may prove useful to have you so close to Mount Heredom. I have a document that needs to be transferred. Find the priest in the area and give it to him. He will know what to do with it." He handed her a sealed parchment.

"Yes, Father." She gathered her skirts, making to leave when the bony hand touched her shoulder. Turning, she looked into watery eyes narrowed with concern. The old man reached into his robe, pulling out the black beads of a rosary.

"Take these; they will help in distinguishing friend from foe; those whom we can trust will recognize it," he said, placing them in her hand.

"I can't get caught with these," Kellina protested, almost dropping the Papist object.

"Aye, you can for the rightful king." The old man stepped back, looking her up and down. "Be safe, child. I fear your journey will be dangerous."

Kellina hid the rosary in a pocket. "For the king," she said.

CHAPTER 1



Lady Kellina Crawford sat in the coach with her traveling companion as it rattled along the rutted path, bouncing and jarring the two ladies as they perched precariously on the gold brocade bench. As Kellina was recently widowed from the late Viscount of Garnock, her mother had insisted Kellina take the old woman back into her employ as a chaperone and lady's companion, having been her old governess. At eighteen-years-old, Kellina thought it unnecessary. As a widowed lady who had finally gained her freedom and independence, it bordered on ridiculous. She sighed, resting her head on the glass window. The Duke of Montrose had summoned her to his home, Buchanan House. Even though she had no idea why, etiquette insisted she answer the requisition. He was a distant relative; she a great niece to him on his wife's side, albeit they had never met.

Her old governess, Mistress Baxter, pinched her on the arm. "Sit up, Lady Kellina," she whispered to her. "It is rude and lazy to slouch and not becoming of a young lady of your stature." Her eyes drifted to the young man opposite them.

Kellina rolled her eyes but sat up straight nonetheless, looking over at their riding companion who had joined the coach earlier in

the day in the small town of Balloch. He gave her a wink, having heard the exchange. The nerve of him; they had not been introduced yet and she a viscountess; she was just glad Baxter had not seen him. Looking under her eyelashes, she snuck another peek. He was leaning back, napping, his legs stretched out in front of him awkwardly, his body too large for the tight space. He had pulled his cocked hat low over his brow to block out the light, but she could tell, even though his eyes were closed, he held himself with a militant quality, ready to strike if need be. He wore no wig; his blond hair, tangled with curls, was pulled back at the nape of his neck in some semblance, giving way to a strong chin and high cheekbones. A scar ran down his left cheek, making him look somewhat sinister. Kellina doubted he was a gentleman. Despite the fact his clothes were of fine quality, he displayed an arrogance which lacked manners and refinement. Tilting his hat up, he opened a gray eye, glanced at her and smiled. Her eyes grew wide; he had caught her staring. Holding her head up high and putting on her best superior attitude, she looked down her nose at him then turned to look out the window. It was time for her to get into character anyway; they would be at the duke's soon enough. It would be expected Lady Kellina Crawford perform to the best of her abilities.

The coach arrived to the fanfare of the staff lined up at the entrance of the duke's grand residence. The duke, himself, was not present, which seemed strange to Kellina. Exiting the cramped coach, she delicately managed the footstool laid before her feet, barely holding onto the groomsmen's hand for balance as if he might have the plague. She stood regally as she had been taught, waiting for the duke to make his presence. Dark clouds had formed overhead, shadowing the sky and her mood—a storm was brewing.

The young man exited behind her but didn't stop at her side to await his introduction; instead, he walked up next to the butler. *Poor manners*, Kellina thought.

"My lord." The head butler bowed. "I'm glad you arrived safely. I

hope your journey was not too arduous."

"Thank you, Cummins," he said, turning around to face the coach and standing up straight, adjusting his dark blue coat. He was handsome and rugged, his posture domineering.

"May I introduce Lord Hamish MacDonald, nephew and heir-apparent to the Duke of Montrose," Cummins said.

Kellina's eyes grew wide. Nephew to the duke? He'd sat in the same coach as she, and he hadn't introduced himself. Was he trying to make a fool of her? Concealing her emotions, she tilted her chin up and stepped forward, curtsying elegantly before him. "My lord," she said curtly.

"Lady Crawford." Hamish bowed his head. "You may call me Hamish," he said, kissing her gloved hand across her knuckles.

She could think of a thousand other things she would like to call him.

"May I introduce my traveling companion, Mistress Baxter." Kellina extended her hand to the older woman.

"Traveling companion? I was told you were bringing your governess," Hamish questioned.

Kellina's cheeks flaming with embarrassment. She tried to compose herself as quickly as possible. "Mistress Baxter is my traveling companion; she used to be my governess."

The elderly lady curtsied before Hamish. "My lord," she said. "Although a dowager, Lady Kellina is still a young girl in need of guidance."

Kellina heard him chuckle. Who the hell was this man? Who would laugh at a lady in public? She turned her steely gaze on him. She would deal with Baxter later.

"My lady, Mistress Baxter, shall we go inside before the weather turns?" he asked, holding out his hand for her to go before him.

She ignored his impudent behavior, turning her head in scorn. "Where is the duke?" she asked, looking for him as if he might appear out of thin air.

"I think it would be best if we discussed this inside," Hamish

said, taking her arm and tucking it in his.

Kellina jerked back, pulling her hand away and grimaced in distaste. "I can manage, myself." Gathering the skirts of her gray traveling dress, she followed him inside.

Seated on a blue velvet chair in the lavish sitting room, Kellina pretended to sip from a fine china teacup, her stomach too tied up in knots to take refreshment. Something was going on, and she had a feeling she was the only person who didn't know what was happening.

"I'll ask again, where is the duke?"

Hamish stood by the fireplace, tapping his finger on the mantle. "He is delayed in Glasgow. He asked if I would come in his place."

"Delayed? Why would he request my presence if he wasn't going to be here?" Her eyes narrowed. A soft rain began to fall outside as the wind picked up, darkening the room and casting shadows on the wall.

"That is what I am going to explain to you, Kellina," he said, looking over at the servants as if to muster support. Cummins and a valet stood at the back, lighting extra candles to brighten the place and ward off the grayness of the impending squall.

Clenching her jaw, Kellina set down her cup and saucer. His lack of formality was brazen. "I didn't know the duke had a nephew. I've never heard of you."

"Lady Kellina," Mistress Baxter scolded.

Kellina glared at the old woman. "Be quiet, Baxter. I wasn't speaking to you." Venom laced her voice.

"No, Mistress, Kellina has a right to ask." Smiling at the old woman, he nodded his head in approval at her reprimand then turned to Kellina. "You wouldn't have heard of me. I'm new in the country and newly acquainted with the duke, myself. My mother was his sister; after my father died, she left Scotland to live in the colonies. That is where I grew up. The duke has been kind enough to take me into his confidence the past few months."

"Why has the duke called me out here?" Kellina looked Hamish

up and down. No wonder he lacked social etiquette; growing up in the American colonies was practically barbaric. "And you can call me *Lady Kellina* or *Lady Crawford*." Her title was still higher than his if he even had one.

Hamish ignored her. "You have been called out here to meet your betrothed. The duke and your mother arranged it."

Kellina stood up suddenly, feeling her face turn red with anger. "Betrothed. I only just finished mourning the viscount." She turned on Mistress Baxter. "You knew. You knew, and you didn't warn me."

"You were married for exactly four months before the viscount died, my dear. Your estate and title are being challenged. You are not in a position to be difficult. Marrying is your only option, and the duke has seen to it," Mistress Baxter said.

"I won't do it. I won't be married again. I finally have my freedom. I earned it being married to that old toad. I'm leaving." She started for the door. A loud crash of thunder rattled the room, making Kellina jump. The storm was getting stronger.

Hamish stopped her, pulling her into his arms. Their eyes locked for a moment, gray against blue. "You can't leave, Kellina," he said, not without sympathy. He at least had the decency to look abashed.

"Let go of me," she said through clenched teeth, pulling her shoulders from his grip. "You can't tell me what to do."

"I can, the duke and your mother have put me in charge of you. You're only eighteen and in no position to care for yourself. It is my job to protect you and see you married in their absence."

Kellina's breathing became rapid, and she began to feel light-headed. Panic took over her rational mind. Not now, she could not have an attack now in front of this man. The vision rose in her mind. She called it a vision, but it was more of an overwhelming feeling that took over her body of something that was going to happen in the future. Turmoil and confusion threatened, along with a pleasure that settled deep between her legs. This man would cause a great disturbance. She fought against the confusing

emotions, forcing them down with each breath she took so they would not devour her. Hamish led her over to a chair.

"Take a deep breath, Kellina. You're working yourself up for no reason."

"For no reason," she said between breaths, putting her hand to her chest. "You are not in charge of me. I am an adult." *Breathe*, she repeated in her mind, closing her eyes, willing herself to calm down as the emotion began to deplete her. Her fingers were beginning to tingle; the last thing she wanted was to pass out in front of him. Drawing a deep breath into her lungs, she let it out slowly, counting to ten.

Baxter looked concerned. "Kellina, are you still suffering—"

"Shut up, Baxter," Kellina shouted. "I'm fine." Sitting up straight, she smoothed her skirts as she began to regain control. Her sex thrummed with a pulse she did not recognize, and her face was alight with heat. She fingered the sapphire pendant around her neck, holding on to it for strength.

Hamish looked quizzically between the two women. "Kellina, I am in charge of you, whether you like it or not, until you are married. I have the contract here." He pulled a folded parchment from his coat pocket, handing it to her.

Kellina unfolded it, looking down her nose as she read it, not once but twice. Looking up, she glared at both Hamish and Mistress Baxter. Standing up, she strode from the room slamming the door behind her. The valet followed her out.

"Let me show you to your room, my lady," he said, leading her up a flight of stairs and down a long hallway. He opened the door to a beautiful room decorated in blue and white. "If there is anything I can do to help, let me know."

Kellina flopped herself down on the large bed, Baxter following her in.

"I will not marry again," she scowled. "And how dare that upstart laugh at me?"

"He's not a social climber. If he is a relative of the duke, he is a

gentleman and has his place in society." Martha Baxter set about righting the room. "And speaking of upstarts, I'll not have you embarrassing me in front of people. I will use the paddle if I have to."

Kellina's eyes seethed with anger. "I am no longer under your tutelage and someone whom you can beat at will. You are my employee."

The old woman laughed, pulling a worn paddle from her bag. "I have instructions from your mother and the duke. You will marry as soon as possible, and I am to do whatever I think necessary to keep you in line. I am not employed by you but by them."

"I'll remind you, I was a married woman; no one has the right to control me."

"You are the charge of Lord MacDonald. He has every right to tell you what to do until you are married," her governess reminded her.

Kellina held her breath, trying to maintain her composure. She never wanted to marry again. It was bad enough being married to the viscount for the short time she was; she couldn't imagine doing it again. Plus, she had her own interests, ambitions that led her down intriguing paths. Sitting up, she let out a long sigh. She had just a short time to gather the information she needed, now she was laden down with the prospect of a new fiancé.

"I'll ask you again, are you still suffering from the attacks?" Baxter asked.

"I'm fine. Don't ever mention them again in front of other people. I don't need anyone thinking I am weak or different." Kellina stood up, walking over to the window. The storm picked up, lightning flashed in the distance, and the rain was beating down in a heavy drum.

"Lord MacDonald is your guardian. He knew something was wrong."

"Lord MacDonald can go stuff himself."

"Tsk, your language is appalling, and who do you think you are

playing judge and jury to others?" Baxter shook her head. "Off with your dress, Kellina. You need to rest before dinner." Baxter started to help her with her laces. "I will have a bath drawn for you when you wake up."

"I'm not tired," she said as the older woman undid the ties of her traveling dress, taking off the bodice and letting the skirt and petticoats pool at her feet. "This is not necessary."

"I won't fight with you, Kellina. Now, you will rest like a good girl, or I will take other measures to ensure your compliance." Undoing the stays of her corset, she left Kellina in just her shift.

"Baxter, I'm not a child. You are my servant, and I won't allow you to tell me what to do. Now, leave me alone."

The governess picked up the paddle. She was bigger than Kellina and much stronger. Kellina backed up on the big four poster bed but not before Martha Baxter had her turned over and pinned her under one of her large arms. Her shift was lifted, and the paddle came down hard on her bare bottom, igniting a burn. Ten hard smacks were delivered in a well-practiced manner. Kellina squirmed and kicked at the older woman to no avail. It wasn't until she stilled and relented, the old governess finally stopped.

"This trip will be different. You are under my supervision, and you will follow my rules. I will not have you telling me how things are to be. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress." Kellina rubbed at her sore bottom, calming down.

"No rubbing. Now you can go and stand in the corner while I pull down your bed."

Kellina did as instructed, standing in the corner with her nose to the wall. She knew better than to fight her old governess; it was easier if she complied. Tears streamed down her face; she had gone from one bad situation to another. When Martha Baxter showed up on her doorstep, telling her that her mourning period was finished and she had been summoned to the duke's residence, she should

have known something was wrong. The older woman had practically raised her. When her father died, her mother could not cope and was absent for most of her childhood, either on holidays or living at different estates they owned, depending on the season. Mistress Baxter loved treating her as a child even when she grew too old for spankings and punishments.

"Come, Kellina, your bed is ready."

Kellina lay down on the soft feather mattress.

"You see, dear, when you act like a little girl, you will get treated like a little girl. What do you call me when you act like this?"

"Nanny," Kellina said, wiping a tear from her cheek.

"That's right. Nanny Baxter will take care of her little girl. Now, tell me what that horrible viscount did to you, my sweet lamb." She rubbed Kellina's back in soft circles.

"I don't know what you mean," Kellina said quietly.

"You do, and don't lie, or I will have to punish you again. If I am going to ready you for your new husband, I need to know what happened. Hopefully, this one understands what you need and how to take care of you."

"It was really quite awful. He came to my bed the first night, like you said he would, and tried to stick his prick in me, but he couldn't. You told me how a man's prick gets hard, but his never did. He came again, but the same thing happened. The third time he came to my bed, he yelled and told me it was my fault. He never came again."

Nanny Baxter looked shocked. "Kellina, you must never tell anyone this." Worry creased her eyes. "Your marriage was never consummated; your title as viscountess will not hold. Promise me you will never speak to anyone of this."

"Yes, Nanny," Kellina said. "I promise."

"This is more serious than I thought. It must be our secret." She rubbed Kellina's back in soft circles.

"I'm sorry, Nanny," Kellina whispered.

"My sweet lamb. I am here now. I will protect you."