

Margaret and the Train Robbers
Lady Detective Book 2

By

Sterling Scott

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Chapter 1: The Assignment

Stepping down from the railroad car at the Waterloo Station, I wave to a nearby porter. As the young man joins me on the platform I employ him to fetch my baggage and then to secure a hansom cab for the final leg of my journey. Dispatching his tasks efficiently, he soon steadies my hand as I step up into the cab. As I release his grip I press a coin into his palm with my thanks.

“Number Four Whitehall Place,” I say to the driver and we are swiftly en route across the Waterloo Bridge into the heart of the great city of London. However, the driver mistakes my purpose and drops me not at the entrance reserved for those employed by the Ministry of London Detectives, but rather at the public entrance along Great Scotland Yard Street. Notwithstanding his innocent error, I present him with a sum far in excess of his fare with my request to, “Please deposit my baggage with the porter at the Mivart’s Hotel. My name is Margaret Stuart and my arrival is expected.” I make a show of noting the number of his cab and the features of his face.

“It will be my pleasure, milady,” he replies with a knuckle to his brow and departs. As he has deposited me here at the police station known as Scotland Yard I suspect that he will discern my connection with the bobbies and thusly I have no fear that he will attempt to steal my belongings.

Stepping into the building that was once the home where I was born, but is now the office of the Chief of London Detectives, Colonel Douglas Labalmondière, I am greeted by the startled Sergeant Townsend.

“Madam!” he proclaims when first he looks up from his officiating position to see my familiar face. The sergeant is not startled by any shocking feature of my face; rather he is merely surprised to see me enter through the public entrance. While it has been four years since I was a consulting London detective, my entrance has always been through the front door along Whitehall Place during my frequent visits to my husband.

As he quickly rises from his desk and respectfully bows I say, “Good morning, Sergeant,” to the man who has worked here since the time my father, Colonel Charles Rowan, was the first head of the London Metropolitan Police force. “I’m sorry to disturb your work, but the cabbie mistook my directions and dropped me at the wrong door. Not to berate him, I simply came inside.”

“Of course, Mrs. Stuart, every door is open to you.” He steps around and opens the gate allowing me access to the private area and begins to escort me to Colonel Labalmondière’s office.

“No need, sir,” I say, “I know the way very well. I’m a bit early, but the colonel is expecting me.” He nods and leaves me to traverse the hall alone. As I step into the sitting room the steward spots me and takes my gloves, hat and parasol. I sit on the couch and, when he places tea and biscuits on the table beside my elbow, give him a smile. “Thank you very much, Mr. Jones.” He closes the door leaving me to wait alone.

In the quiet stillness of the room the bittersweet memories flood my mind. My hand caresses the smooth fabric of the couch as though it were my darling William's hand caressing my bare bottom as he had done that day he first spanked me. Unobserved, I lay my face onto the material as I had done that afternoon when I first lay across William's lap for my over-the-knee spanking. Inhaling the smoky scent deep within the fabric brings to mind what he had done next.

Four years ago, Captain William Stuart had been the chief of London detectives and I had been his only female consulting detective. Then, on that autumn day, he had proposed a bond of marriage to me and, upon my acceptance, he insisted upon the right to spank his betrothed for her insolence. I had just completed an investigation assignment, but not to William's favor – no, not at all. I couldn't help but think he had proposed for the sole purpose of declaring his right to spank my naughty bottom.

As I lay across his lap with my skirt and petticoat folded high and my drawers open to expose my bare derriere to the cool breeze, he had finished with his stinging swats but he was not yet finished with me. His right hand cupped my left bottom cheek with his fingers ever so close to that one most private dark spot between the halves of my bum. The tickle in my abdomen sparked to life. This spark grew into a fire, which rapidly spread through my groin as I anticipated what those fingers might do next. Not torturing me with a long wait, they slipped down, passing over the private orifice, to begin massaging the swollen lips of my womanhood. This was exactly the way my physician had begun my treatment for hysteria. The memory of the resulting paroxysm sent an anticipatory quiver through my core.

However, William did not proceed to massage the now rigid nub hidden beneath the cleft at the apex of my thighs, where my physician had begun his treatment. Rather William's fingers opened first the puffy outer fold, and the delicate inner petals to begin pressing inward, into the moist secret entrance to my body. First, his index finger circled in the moisture oozing from the pink opening and then it gently dove within me.

"William!" I gasped, as never before had this been done. Not even my physician had touched me in so invasive a manner.

"Be still my love. As your husband in all but the final ceremony, I must determine your status."

I had no idea what he was speaking about, but I steeled myself as his finger withdrew slightly and then pressed deeper inward.

A sharp pain began from this location that had never before been explored and I pleaded, "Please, my love. This is painful. Must we do this now?" I knew that this orifice had to do with the business a man has with his wife and the birth of children. But, as my mother died when I was born and I had grown into adulthood without benefit of any female role model, I had never received 'the talk' that other adolescent girls received. Thus, despite my 26 years of age I did not know what William was searching for.

"My darling, you *truly* are a virgin? You have *never* lain with a man? You may be truthful as I will express no judgment."

While I did not know exactly what happened when a 'woman lay with a man', I did know

that such unmarried 'fallen women' would be subsequently disdained by society. Thus, I was fortunately able to answer truthfully, "No my love. Not only have I never lain with a man, I honestly have no idea what I am supposed to do when the moment comes that I am to lie with you."

"Hmm," he responded thoughtfully and then his finger retracted. Now soaked with my moisture, his fingers began to playfully tug at my cunny's silky hairs. "Margaret, when a young man proposes marriage to a girl, they have the time of youth to explore their love and each other... each other's bodies. Thus, it is most appropriate for a girl to insist upon waiting for the night following the final ceremony before she lies with her new husband. However, you are not a young girl and I am not a young man – we do not have the luxury of so much time. Therefore, I implore you to entrust me with your honor and lie with me now."

"I certainly trust you, William, and I will do as you ask." I had observed my former employer, Lady Ann Barnet, after she thusly lay with Sir Anthony and the pleasure she emanated was certainly a pleasure I wanted. I was finished with waiting. I wanted my William – my husband in all but ceremony – to give me pleasure now!

"Further, my love," he continued as though I had not responded with an agreeable inclination, "as you have just now experienced, the first entrance of a manhood into your womanhood will be slightly painful. Trust me, this is normal and is experienced by all maidens, and it will only be painful the first time. Sadly, God has chosen to impart different knowledge into the bodies of males and females. Upon reaching adulthood, males are imparted with the knowledge of how to experience pleasure from the physical act of love. However, women's bodies must experience the physical entrance of a man several times as her body adapts and learns to derive pleasure from this physical expression of the emotion. Do you understand me?"

I had certainly observed how Lady Ann enjoyed – dare I say craved – her time with Sir Anthony and I knew that the treatment for my hysteria had resulted in the most pleasant paroxysm. Finally, William's initial caresses had been reminiscent of the hysteria treatment. Thus, I said, "Yes, I think so," though I really had no idea how the pleasure was to be achieved.

"Very well. Today you need only do what I say. I want you to understand that this first time will be somewhat painful in the beginning. Towards the end it should become pleasant and there is a chance that you will experience the true pleasure of the act. However, you should not be disappointed or suspect that there is anything wrong if you do not. We will practice this act as often as we can and then on our wedding night I'm sure that you will be most happy."

"I am ready." With that William pulled my drawers down my thighs and then completely off to be deposited on the floor. He then lifted me from his lap and stood. After kissing me – which happened to be our first kiss – he laid me back down on the couch, only this time I was to recline on my back. Again he lifted my skirt and petticoat into a bunch gathered at my waist and he opened my thighs to expose my Venus, bare for his view.

Kneeling between my thighs, he said, "Darling, know that everything that happens is as it should be and you have no cause for alarm."

I could only nod yes as he reached down out of my view and opened his trousers. He

pressed his lips to mine in a deep kiss, then I felt a probe attempt entry into my moist lady aperture as his finger had attempted only moments before. The new probe was much larger than a finger and began to split me in two as though it were an iron shaft. Pushing against William's chest, I attempted to free myself from the intrusion, but his grip upon me was unyielding and his lips held mine such that no sound could escape my mouth as the iron shaft withdrew and then thrust again – harder.

With this second thrust a sharp pain erupted from within me, but, as though a dam had burst, the iron shaft slid deeper still within me – and then the pain was gone as William had promised. I relaxed my struggles and instead of pushing against him, I embraced him. Recognizing that the worst was over, he released my lips and pressed his face against my neck. Then his hips began bouncing up and down and I felt the iron shaft withdraw and plunge into my canal with the thrusts of his hips. I had no idea from where he had produced this weapon, but it was clearly the object of the mysterious connection between a man and a woman.

After several moments, again as William had promised, the tingling within my belly became one of pleasure. However, also as William had warned, the sensation of pleasure did not build into the ecstasy that my physician produced with his massage. And then, beginning with strong spasms from his probe deep within my belly, his whole body began to shudder. The sensation of the probe flexing within me established that it could not be of iron, but its nature was still unknown. While they lasted for several seconds, William's spasms soon ended with a deep groan from his lips.

And then he was still – lying atop me motionless.

After several minutes I could no longer sense the probe – it was gone. He did not appear to have withdrawn it, as he had not moved from his position atop me; the probe had simply vanished. He again kissed me and then lifted himself up on to his knees. With my clothes still bunched over my waist I could not observe as he refastened his trousers' buttons and then took his handkerchief and wiped between my legs.

“Blood!” I exclaimed when I did observe it.

“Fear not. There is no injury. It is only your virginal blood released.” He again played with the curly hairs between my thighs, and then caressed my smooth belly. “Imagine,” he said, “how beautiful you will look swollen with child.”

“What!” I again exclaimed. “That's it? I am now with child?”

He lightly chuckled and then softly said, “Oh, sweetheart, you really don't know what is happening, do you?”

An understatement for sure; I had no *idea* what had just happened. But, I only shook my head no, causing him to continue, “This is indeed the way a man plants his seed into a woman's womb and sometimes a child is produced. There is certainly some chance that you are now with child, and this is why we wait until we are betrothed before making love, but it is very unlikely. Usually, many repetitions are required before a pregnancy occurs. My comment was only a thoughtful expression of the future – that someday you would be beautifully carrying *our* child. It is my opinion that women are at their most beautiful when they are carrying a child. I can't for

the life of me understand why they try so hard to hide it.” He chuckled again.

“Yes, I see,” was all I could think of responding.

“Believe me, Margaret, next time we make love, it will be much better for you.”

He had been spot-on with all his other statements to me so I simply replied softly, “I believe you,” and then reached up to tenderly touch his cheek.

As my mind escapes the dream of that day four years ago and returns to the present time, August 1856, I sit erect on the couch once again. So very much has happened since that time we first made love. I sip the tea left by Mr. Jones and continue to wait for Colonel Labalmondière’s arrival.

After a period the door opens and the colonel enters. “Mrs. Stuart, I’m so very sorry to keep you waiting.”

“Thank you for your concern, sir, but there is no need to be troubled. I rather enjoyed the moments to rest following my long journey.” I had taken the early morning train from my country home in Southampton after receiving the colonel’s summons the previous day.

“Yes, and I do thank you for so promptly responding to my request for assistance.”

William had forbidden me to continue working as a consulting detective upon my acceptance of his marriage proposal; thus I replied, “It has been a long time since I worked as a detective. I only hope that I truly am an assistance to you, and not a hindrance.”

“I am extremely confident in the outcome of your endeavor.” The colonel had assumed the post as chief of London detectives when my beloved William had died almost exactly two years ago.

“Truth be known, sir, I must be the one thanking you, as I believe I was becoming melancholy. The thrill of the hunt has now awakened my blood.” I can only assume that he has called upon me to join in the pursuit for the thieves who stole £12,000 worth of gold from the South Eastern Railway, May fifteenth, somewhat more than a year ago.

“Ah, your enthusiasm awakens my blood as well, but perhaps this assignment will not be quite so thrilling.”

I clasp my hands together to keep them from displaying my disappointment as I have clearly thought too far ahead.

“With all the detectives so actively engaged— You know about the gold robbery?” I, of course, nod to the affirmative. “Yes, well I just have no staff available to assist our citizens with the ever ongoing crimes. I do respectfully implore you to rest your retirement for a bit and render me your valuable assistance.”

“Sir, such a request I could never refuse. Tell me the nature of the case at hand.” I sigh with resolve to serve as best I can.

“Thank you so much, Mrs. Stuart. While this case is certainly not one to challenge your esteemed talents, it is one ideally suited to you. You see, there is a woman – Miss Fanny Kay – who has laid claim to a substantial sum of money owed to her by one Mr. William Pierce. While the woman has no documentation of the claim and has no address for Mr. Pierce, the foundation of her insistence is most interesting.”

I smile and nod attentively, though I remain disappointed.

“It is one Mr. Edward Agar,” and now my ears perk and my brain chimes an alert for this is the name of one of Countess Barnet’s associates who escaped prosecution four years ago. But the colonel is still talking, “who is in prison – awaiting transfer to the penal colony in Australia – that supports her claim.”

“I see,” I say, although I really don’t see the connection to me.

“Yes, in researching our records I found that you had interviewed Mr. Agar in connection with a prior case. Yet, the records appeared to have been lost in a fire. First, if I could trouble you to discuss the prior case? And second, as you personally know this man, could you interview Miss Fay and Mr. Agar and determine the truth of this claim? You see, and this is the upshot of the whole concern as from my perspective, if Mr. Agar’s finances have been obtained from criminal actions it might well be stolen money that Miss Fay is expecting from Mr. Pierce. Thus, we might well be positioned to recover this money and return it to its rightful owner.”

“I certainly do remember Edward Agar and your suspicions of foul play are well founded. As for the earlier investigation, he was a fence attempting to purchase stolen goods from a thief I was following.” The records had been lost to a fire all right; no doubt Queen Victoria herself had set the fire. I could not reveal the nature of the case as I had been sworn to secrecy by Her Majesty. Thus, I can only say, “I had a meeting with him, but he committed no criminal act in my presence and thus was not connected to the final disposition of the case. The details of which, I must apologize, have temporarily escaped my memory.”

They had not escaped my memory at all. The Lady Ann Barnet, for whom I had pretended to serve as a maid, is now living in the Australian penal colony. And, now it seems that Mr. Agar is about to join her. That should be an interesting reunion. But who can this Mr. Pierce be?

“Well, I’m sure the details will return to you if his current conviction should become bearing,” the colonel continues. “May I leave this task in your capable hands?”

“Of course, sir, I will keep you informed as to my progress.”

He hands me a folder containing the case file, which I stuff into my bag, and then he says, “By way of small reward for your early morning trek, may I invite you to join me for the midday meal? I am dining with Lord Palmerston today. I believe you are acquainted with him.”

The colonel most certainly is aware that I know Lord Palmerston. He was the foreign secretary during much of my father’s tenure as the head of the Metropolitan Police and was a close family friend. He was the home secretary who had delivered the Queen’s letter to me requesting my silence at the conclusion of the aforementioned case. As my father had died a year before I married William, Lord Palmerston had stood in my father’s stead and had given me away at our wedding ceremony. Perhaps this is the colonel’s way of telling me that he does know the details of the prior case with Edward Agar and we will be discussing this over our meal. Perhaps the present case is not as benign as it first appears.

“Why thank you so very much. I delight at the opportunity to see Pam again.” I purposely use the most familiar form of his name that is used by his close friends to ensure that the colonel

knows exactly how well I know Lord Palmerston. If he reacted, I did not detect it.

The colonel opens the door and as I step out Mr. Jones hands me my gloves, hat and parasol with a nod and I, in return, offer him a smile. As we exit through the Whitehall Place door, the colonel offers his arm and escorts me to a nearby boiled beef house where we meet Pam.