

JULIE  
JOHNSTONE  
USA Today Bestselling Author



Highlanders  
Never  
Forget

Wicked Willful Highlanders



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*Highlanders Never Forget*

Wicked Willful Highlanders, Book 3

by  
Julie Johnstone

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Highlanders Never Forget  
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## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

## Dedication

To James for the encouragement, the listening, and the love.

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To James for the encouragement, the listening, and the love.

## Chapter One

### **The Year of Our Lord 1263 Huntley, Scotland**

Distant thundering hooves broke Alex Gordon's concentration, whipping him. The sharp tip of Donnan's sword cut into his shoulder with surgical precision, but years of training took over. He jerked backward so that little damage was done, even as shock slammed into his chest. When his gaze met his older half brother's, Alex saw his own reaction mirrored in Donnan's eyes.

"God above," Donnan muttered. "I'm sorry. I should have pulled back sooner."

Alex glanced down at the long line of blood that had already appeared on his tunic. "'Tis my own fault. I allowed my attention to stray."

"Or it could be that I'm the better swordsman," Donnan said, his eyes twinkling lightly taunting.

"Nae better, just more focused in the moment," Alex retorted. He assessed the damage—minor—and wiped the blood away with his plaid, then rubbed the residue on his plaid.

Donnan pointed the tip of his sword at Alex. "The ability to stay focused on the task makes me better. But if ye care to go again?" he asked with a challenging grin.

Alex grinned back. They'd been sparring like this for years, and they'd gotten more competitive with each passing one. He was about to accept the challenge, but his younger half brother, Fingal, interrupted.

"Ye two are fools," Fingal said from where he'd been standing behind the stone well, reluctantly waiting to fight the victor. "Yer injury is exactly why we do nae spar with real swords," he muttered.

"Yer concern over getting injured is exactly why ye should be on strategic council and nae the guard," Alex said.

"I agree," Fingal replied. "If ye believe ye can convince Da..." he said and let the sentence trail off with a hopeful look.

“I already tried,” Alex said, his younger brother’s face falling. “I recognize that ye have a fine strategic mind, but yer mama insists ye be on the guard.” And their father always bowed to Moira’s dictates. Even though their father had not carried such great guilt for his dishonor with Alex’s mother, Fingal and Donnan’s mother Moira was heiress to Huntley Castle, and that meant as much to his father as maintaining his position.

“Mama fears my lack of fighting skill somehow reflects poorly on me,” Fingal said, his tone terse.

“Mama believes any flaw we have somehow reflects poorly on me,” Donnan added in a rare outburst regarding his mother.

Alex glanced at Donnan, and when their gazes met, Donnan reddened. “I should nae have said that.” Donnan shifted from foot to foot before once more. “But she’s been especially grating of late with the news that there are two spots open on the Night Guard.”

It made sense that she would have become more difficult with time. Gaining a coveted spot on the king’s personal guard was Alex’s only hope to build a future for himself. Bastards had little hope of attaining titles, strongholds and warriors. But if he led a winning battle as part of the Night Guard there was a chance the king would bequeath him a castle as heraldship. It had happened before to the current leader of the Night Guard, then Alex knew it was possible. Each clan could only send one warrior to represent them in the competition for the spots, and Alex intended to be that warrior his clan sent. Moira meant for Donnan to be that warrior, but Donnan didn’t need the spot as Alex did. As the eldest son, he could be laird of the stronghold one day. It was true that while Moira was alive, she had to be consulted if their father passed, but as Donnan was her favorite, it was assumed she would.

“Every time I lose a match to ye, she shrieks at me for hours. I wish I were dead by theseen me best ye moments ago,” Donnan said.

Alex didn’t take the comment as a personal insult. If he were Donnan he’d be tired of his mother’s screeching, too, and hope to give her something to keep her silent. Guilt stabbed at him. He knew that if he did not win many matches against Donnan, his brother would have an easier time of it. Moira, but Alex could ill afford to lose, and it would not make Donnan a better swordsman. It’d only be a disservice to him. “Yer mama just w



Da doesto shine,” he said, trying to be generous.

“Aye, so that we will appear better than ye.”

It was true there was nothing Moira desired more than for her two mother, be better in every way than her husband’s bastard, but Alex did not want with agreement with his brother. He’d learned long ago that though Donnan nothing of his mother’s constant pecking, he was also protective of her and take kindly to Alex’s agreement regarding Moira’s character, so Alex in her,” stood silent.

The silence stretched and became awkward until Fingal motioned to her,” Alex’s shoulder and said, “Ye best hope that would does nae slow ye competition.”

Alex looked down at his shoulder, which was inconveniently bumping against his stilling again, and then at Donnan who had a sudden, sheepish look on his face. Donnan was the one who had suggested they train with real sword since the Night Guard would be arriving this day to begin the competition. Alex had agreed with the stipulation that they pull the open spots. Alex had agreed with the stipulation that they pull the chance they saw their blade was going to meet flesh.

“I am sorry,” Donnan added again. “I did nae think my blade would be king’s enough to cut ye. If ye dunnae want to spar with sharp blades again—” Alex’s foolish pride flared. “I’ll go again,” he interrupted, even though the sound of the horses’ hooves that had originally distracted him grew so loud that it vibrated the air around them. He turned to see who was approaching. From the inner courtyard of the keep, high up on the moat, it was Donnan enough to view who was trying to cross the bridge to gain access through the bailey to the main keep.

Alex squinted into the bright sun to see the men who approached. They wore black with a sword emblem of the Night Guard—black with a sword emblem of the Night Guard—behind them. Anticipation filled his lungs and sped his heart. “They’re his brothers would understand to whom he was referring.

Within a breath, Donnan and Fingal stood on either side of him. Donnan, then long enough to make their way to us,” Donnan grumbled.

Alex didn’t take his eyes off the approaching men. He stared in a vain hope at the king’s personal warriors as they rode fast toward them. “A time has finally come.”

“Nae if I win the spot,” Donnan said.

Alex met his older brother’s gaze. There was no derisiveness in Donnan’s

dark expression, only an intensesness. “I intend to best ye in the comp  
Brother,” Alex said, very serious, but he clasped his hand to Do  
sons to shoulder and grinned, hoping to avoid any tension between them.

oice his “I intend the same,” Donnan replied. “May the best warrior win.”

an tired The men of the Night Guard dismounted in the inner bailey belc  
did nothis da appeared to greet them with Moira. Two women dressed in sill  
simplyflanked her. “Who are those lasses?” Alex asked, motioning with his h

Only ladies of a grand keep wore such garb. He didn’t recall  
oned toward of any guests coming other than Laird Brodie and his men. H  
lown innot make out much about the lasses from this distance other than th  
color—pale blond on one lass and a deep shade of russet on the other  
leedingreminded him instantly of wine.

is face. The lass with the russet hair broke away from the other two won  
s todayrushed ahead to fling her arms around Laird Brodie, who had dism  
tion forfirst and stood in front of his men. Alex recognized the head of the  
back ifGuard by his size. He stood, like Alex, nearly a shoulder taller tha

men. A massive white dog had trailed beside the lass when she’d ru  
as nearLaird Brodie, and now, as he picked her up off her feet to give her a h

’ dog sat with her head tilted up toward them and cocked to the sid  
as thepatiently waiting for the embrace to end so she could have the lass bac

strong “Those lasses are Laird Brodie’s daughters,” Fingal answered.  
aching,arrived this morning when the two of ye were in the loch bathing.”

as easy “Why did ye nae make mention of it?” Donnan demanded of his y  
ugh thebrother.

Fingal shrugged. “Why would I? Ye’ll meet them soon enc  
ed. Thesupper.”

flapped “Did ye meet them, or did Mama tell ye this news?” Donnan asked  
e here.” “I met them,” Fingal replied. “The one hugging Laird Brodie is A

She’s the youngest.” Adeline was still in her father’s embrace, so Ale  
“Tookdo no more than study her from behind. She was tall for a woman,

wasn’t nearly as tall as her da. She had buried her head against his n  
we andthat all Alex really could see, other than her height, were the thic

ye. Mybraids that wound around her head like a crown and then trailed o  
shoulders like heavy ropes. Her da set her on her feet, she turned, ,

smile on her face tightened his chest with the beauty of it. She patted  
onnan’sand the white beast sprang to attention, trotting to her side as she st

petition, arm through the crook of her da's elbow. Alex found himself smiling at the scene.

"What's the pale-haired lass's name?" Donnan asked.

"That's Elspeth," Fingal replied. "She's the eldest and the bonniest o'w, and—" "Ye can have her," Donnan replied. "I've always preferred dark k finerylasses, and I dunnae need the eldest's keep given I'll inherit this o' and. Ye'll need it, Fingal."

hearing "So generous of ye," Fingal replied dryly. "Mayhap the ye e could daughter will want Alex and nae ye," he added and nudged Alex in t eir hair with his elbow.

, which Alex snorted. "A laird's daughter is nae going to want to wed a b"

He tilted his head toward the lasses. "They'll wish to wed laird's so ren and the two of ye." He pointed at Donnan. "Ye will eventually have yer ov ounted and warriors, and ye—" he motioned to Fingal "—will be able to c e Nightalliance with the Gordon clan to any lass ye wish to wed. Nae to men in most will undoubtedly get a keep of yer own through Da's negotiations shed to behalf."

ug, the "Ye'll bring an alliance with this clan to any marriage as well," e, as if said, then glanced at Donnan with a pointed look.

k. "Aye," Donnan replied. "Of course, but ye already ken that."

"They "I do, but ye both ken that most lairds dunnae put much sto alliances with bastards. We fall in and out of favor easily in clans, de f younger on the council and who is acting as laird."

"Well, Donnan will be laird when Da is gone," Fingal said, "and ugh atin his favor."

"I dunnae want to spend my life having to rely on the favor of any l. Alex said. "I hope ye can ken that," he added to Donnan.

ldeline. "Ye think Mama will sway me in regard to ye as she does Da?" D x could words had a sharp edge to them.

but she Alex took a moment to consider how honest to be. He didn't want eck, so a quarrel, but it was not in his nature to lie. "Mayhap nae as much," k, dark slowly. After all, Donnan would not carry the guilt their father did, ver he affected his decisions, but Moira would still hold the ability to take a and the lairdship from Donnan. "But I do think yer mama will try to influenc her leg, regard to me."

uck her Donnan's nostrils flared. "Are ye saying I'm going to be

g at themanipulated? Is that what ye think?”

“I think,” he said slowly, seeing Donnan’s rising color, “th argument is pointless. I’ll win the spot on the Night Guard, so I’ll b .:” and ye’ll need nae argue with Moira about me.”

“As I’m the better warrior and will undoubtedly best ye in the t ne. Butthe argument is nae pointless—”

“Enough boasting out of the two of ye.” Fingal unsheathed his swoungestheld it up. “Mayhap I’ll enter the tourney and best ye both.”

he side Donnan burst out laughing as he sent his blade against Finga knocked the weapon out of his younger brother’s hand. Fingal’s sworc astard.”the ground with a thud. Donnan chuckled again. “Enter the competitio ns, likeye?” He shook his head. “Ye would first need to learn to keep yer we vn keepyer grip.”

ffer an A surge of pity gripped Alex as crimson stained Fingal’s fa tion, yeirritation at Donnan flared. Donnan was simply trying to dissuade on yerfrom a bad, and possibly dangerous decision, but he’d gone about i wrong way.

Fingal Fingal bent over to scoop up his weapon, and a grinning Donnan his sword to smack Fingal in the arse. Before Alex knew it, he’d s blade across Donnan’s weapon with so much force that it flew out ck intohands, just as Fingal’s had moments before.

ending The sword swished through the air to land at Fingal’s side. His jerked upward, a shocked expression on his face, and Alex brought th ye’ll behis blade to Fingal’s chest. At the same time, he pulled out a dag pointed it at Donnan. Both men stood gawking at him. “Ye,” he y man,”Fingal, “have more brains than brawn, and that is envious. Any m build brawn, but we kinnae make ourselves more intelligent than we onnan’swill shine in the strategic council, nae on the field. ’Tis yer duty to fin to do so.”

to start Fingal nodded and smiled.

he said “And ye,” Alex said, addressing Donnan, who had turned an angr , whichof red, his blue gaze clouded and narrowed. His chest was puffed c way theAlex could see his blood pushing against his right temple. Donnan wa e ye inindeed. “Ye are a good warrior, but ye are nae great because ye dunn enough to be exceptional, even with yer mama in yer ear to do so.”

easily Donnan opened his mouth to retort, but then his gaze flickered pas

The angry blush on his face darkened as his lips pressed into a thin line that his nostrils flared.

“Alex speaks the truth of it,” came the hard voice of Alex’s father behind him. Regret seized Alex as his gaze locked with Donnan’s angry journey. He’d not meant to shame his brother, and he’d especially never intended to do so in front of their father. Though their father did not stand up for Donnan against Moira, it was obvious to Alex that he was his favored son, and probably increased Moira’s hatred of him. “Yer brother’s dedication and training shows in his skill—unlike yers, Donnan,” their father added. “Donnan has more important things to do than train every day for the rest of his life, willon end,” Moira inserted from behind Alex.

Alex had hoped perhaps it was just their father who had approached him now that Moira was there, he had a dreaded feeling that Laird Brodie was there, and well. He forced himself to turn around and blinked in surprise at the scene. Fingal gathered there. Not only were his father and Moira standing there but also in the crowd were Laird Brodie *and* his two daughters. Before Alex could think to say, the large white beast beside the younger daughter broke from the crowd, swung and trotted over to Alex, nudged her nose under Alex’s right hand, and sent his head up at him with eager blue eyes, the dog’s head in position for him to rub it.

A surprisingly rich, full belly laugh came from the lass Adeline. Her brother’s gaze to her, and her smile left him momentarily speechless. It was the tip of her nose open, and it transformed her from bonny to breathtaking.

She cocked her head, green eyes studying him for a breath from the side, then returning to his face before she said, “I’ve nae ever seen a dog can approach anyone like that. She likes ye.”

“’Tis nae a wonder,” Moira chirped. “He’s an animal just like she is.”  
A frown swept Adeline’s beautiful smile from her rosy lips, and he found himself more disheartened by the loss of it than by Moira’s words. He was used to Moira’s venomous dislike of him.

“We’re all creatures of God’s hand,” Adeline said, drawing his attention back to her once more. Their gazes clashed, and she offered him a hint of a smile, angry and glorious for one moment before she focused on Moira with a daring smile. “With that in mind, Lady Gordon, I suppose we are all animals.”

“Adeline, mind yer tongue,” her father said, stepping forward and blocking Alex’s view of her so that she was blocked from view by her father’s much larger

ine and Laird Brodie inclined his head to Alex, then Donnan and Fingal.

Laird Brodie's dark gaze rested on Alex. "I hope ye're planin' er from enterin' the tourney."

ry one. Alex opened his mouth to respond, but Moira cut him off. "tionally bastard, and I personally think that means he kinnae truly represent our or Alex

Heat singed Alex's face, and Adeline gasped from behind Laird , which Alex himself was not surprised. He'd expected some sort of prote-

tion to Moira, but the fact that Laird Brodie himself was a bastard and had ga he had by securing a position on the Night Guard made Alex fairly cc

r hour this man could not be swayed by Moira the way Alex's father was. "He is my son, and therefore, he can represent our clan," Alex's

ied, but said with a quiet sharpness Alex rarely heard him use with Moira. was as looked to Laird Brodie. "I was going to speak to ye about this privately

e group Laird Brodie nodded. "Privacy for such delicate matters is always l : beside "Laird Brodie, I encourage ye to hear my opinion," Moira sa

nk what irritation obvious in the ringing of her hands. er side Laird Brodie offered a placating smile. "I assure ye, my lady, I hav

id, and it." He suddenly clapped Alex on the shoulder, and a genuine smile c Alex to the man's weathered face. "Are ye as forceful with yer strike as ye ar

with yer moves?" le drew "Aye, Laird," Alex said, his heartbeat quickening.

s warm Laird Brodie turned to Alex's father. "Are all yer sons such wa the man asked, sweeping his gaze from Alex to Fingal to Donnan.

head to Alex held his breath in hopes his father would simply reply yes. Sciathone thing for Alex to have called his brothers out when he had thoug

were in private; it was quite another for his father to do so in front of is." His father motioned to Fingal. "He's a mind for warfare as I've nae ev

id Alex before." rds. He Laird Brodie nodded as he looked at Fingal. "I am always searchin

clever strategist to serve me, if ye should ever be inclined to do so." ttention "I would, Laird," Fingal said eagerly. Then he added, "If it woulc

of that my da and mama." Hope tinged his brother's voice. rk look. Their father nodded, but Moira scowled. "I had hoped both m

would serve on the Guard in some capacity for the king to gain his ple in front "My lady," Laird Brodie said in a careful tone, "I assure ye th

r body places just as much importance on the men who plan the battle attack

does the men who fight them. Mayhap even more. After all, there is nothing more onnearly so many men with minds sharp enough to strategize a war as they do with strong sword arms.”

“He’s a fine man,” Alex admired Laird Brodie’s cunning in how he had handled Moira’s clan.” beamed at him, then at Fingal. “I have always said Fingal should use Moira’s mind!”

From Alex, his brothers, and their father all exchanged a quick look of incredulity and allamazement, but none of them contradicted her lie. After all, this way of getting what he wanted and what was best for him.

Alex’s father waved a hand at Donnan. “If this one would devote as much time to training as he does to the lasses, he could possibly be as good as Alex.”

“Yes.” Alex glanced at Donnan, and the anger on his face was clear. “Not the best.” Donnan’s gaze met Alex’s, he got the sense from how his brother narrowed his eyes, he understood that at least some of that anger was directed at Alex. It was not that he understood. Donnan had just been shamed.

“I heard you wanted to help, so he cleared his throat and said, “Da, Donnan came to himself today, ’tis all.”

“I’ll be quick,” Alex’s father looked as if he was about to argue the point, but he stopped as he glanced at Laird Brodie. “Come, I’m certain ye must be travel weary. We would like some food and drink.”

“Warriors?” “That would be most welcome,” Laird Brodie said, and the men turned to walk away, Moira and the lasses trailing behind them.

It was as soon as the party was out of earshot, Donnan jerked toward Alex and what they faced, and said, “I dunnae need ye sticking up for me as if I’m a wee bit better than others. He swung up his sword and spat, “Come, let us go again, and I’ll show ye who is best.”

“Ye’re vexed, and ye’ll make mistakes because of it,” Alex said, trying not to attempt to brush past his brother, but Donnan set the tip of his blade to Alex’s side.

“I please,” “Either fight me or admit ye’re afraid to.”

“I’m nae afraid, Donnan,” Alex said, his own irritation rising. “But ye boys I want to fight ye when ye’re so agitated.” Alex shoved the tip of Donnan’s blade to the side and started to walk away, but he got no more than a few kingsteps before the flat of part of Donnan’s blade struck him hard on his shoulder.

are nae “Donnan!” Fingal shouted. “Dunnae be a clot-heid.”

ere are “Shut yer trap,” Donnan snapped. “Ye were nae the one humiliated

Alex sighed as he stared ahead toward the inner courtyard where th  
ira. Shehad entered. The gate was still open, and Laird Brodie’s daught  
his finestopped at the entrance of the inner courtyard, though Moira, Laird  
and Alex’s father seemed to have proceeded into the castle. He wis  
ook ofguards would close the gate. He’d rather the lasses not witness the t  
Fingalquarrel.

“Fight me!” Donnan snapped and smacked Alex in the head with  
icate asof his blade. It was hard enough to rattle Alex’s teeth but not snap his  
half asto make him act rashly. Donnan would make mistakes in this fight bec  
his temper, and Alex wasn’t about to risk injuring himself further,  
d whenbrother, to satisfy Donnan’s wounded pride. The only hope was to  
’s eyesDonnan of his sword.

unfair, Alex quickly slid his blade under Donnan’s, taking his brot  
surprise. When Donnan tried to jerk his blade away, Alex swiveled h  
n is naeto block Donnan’s action, and then sent his weapon into Donnan’s  
force that he knew would loosen his brother’s grip. Then he circled hi  
noddedover Donnan’s, forced it all the way to the ground, and stepped on  
orn andwhich jerked the handle out of Donnan’s hands.

Donnan went to lunge at Alex, but Alex brought the tip of his wea  
en bothto his brother’s chest. Standing to the side of them, Fingal was howlin  
laughter.

ex, red- “I’ll kill ye!” Donnan yelled.

bairn.” “Nae this day, Brother,” Alex said, not taking his brother’s  
how yeseriously. Donnan had a great temper and a lot of pride. One had be  
and the other had been sorely hurt. When he had time to cool down, h  
x said,bad about this showing. He always did.

lade to “I’m better than ye!” Donnan roared. “And I’ll prove it!”

Alex didn’t have to think of a response that might not make his  
angrier because Donnan swung away and stormed through the sti  
t nor doinner courtyard gate, not even slowing to speak to the Brodie lasses wl  
onnan’sgawking at him.

n three Fingal slapped Alex on the back, and Alex turned toward his g  
on theyounger brother. “He’ll be over it by supper,” Fingal said.

“Aye,” Alex agreed, even as weariness with the whole situation ;



him. "But he'll be vexed all over again if I fight in the tourney and be  
l."

Fingal nodded. "Nae if...*when*. Ye are simply better. And he  
ie partyvexed, and that may take him a long time to move past, but that wil  
ers hadown fault. Ye dunnae see me acting like a bairn because I dunnae h  
Brodie,skills."

hed the "Aye, but the difference is ye dunnae care to be the best warrior. I  
rewingdoes."

Fingal shrugged. "I think he only cares because Mama pesters him  
the flatwas being generous earlier, ye ken. Even if Donnan practiced as much  
controlye would still be better. Ye were given a gift from God. And ye're  
ause ofthinking I did nae ever wish to be the best warrior. Of course, I dic  
or hiswarm-blooded man would nae want yer fighting skills? Ye'll be a lege  
relieveall the lasses will be swooning over ye."

"I already told ye lasses dunnae swoon over bastards."

her by "Do ye nae think Laird Brodie's daughters will feel differently  
is wristtheir da is a bastard?" Fingal asked.

with a "I dunnae. In my experience, all lasses hope to wed a man who th  
is bladewill better their lot in life, nae one who *may* be able to *if* he can acco  
the tip,great deal first. I imagine Laird Brodie's daughters are nae any diffe  
fact, I would wager that, given they probably lived through lean year  
upon uptheir father was trying to gain all he has now, they would prefer nae to  
ng withhaving to live that way again."

"I think ye're wrong," Fingal said.

"And why is that?" Alex asked.

threat "Because they're both staring a hole in yer back."

en riled Alex waved off his brother's comment. "Because they likely e  
e'd feelDonnan to best me."

"The younger one talked to ye," Fingal said.

"Momentary lapse of her sound mind," Alex shot back.

brother Fingal smirked. "I propose a wager."

ill-open Alex shouldn't ask. It could lead nowhere good, but he was int  
to were "What sort of wager?"

"Turn around, look them both in the face, and whoever dunna  
rinningaway, ye have to ask to dance after supper."

"Are ye trying to embarrass me?" Alex asked, recalling the tin  
grippedback Laird MacDonald's daughter to dance and she'd told him she

t him.” dance with bastards loudly enough for the entire clan to hear.

will be “Nay, I’m trying to prove a point. Nae every lass is Lara MacDona

l be his “Nay,” Alex agreed, “they are nae. But there was also the time I  
ave yergive Marion MacKean my favor at her clan’s tournament, and she sai  
the same thing as Leeta. And then there was Meeka Donald—”

Donnan “Ye’ve made yer point,” Fingal said, holding up his hand. “Now  
make mine. Turn around, meet their gazes, and learn who’s the sma  
i so. Daus, Brother,” Fingal said with a wink and a grin.

h as ye, “On this particular matter, I’d gladly accept ye as wiser,” Ale  
wrongturning, because though he believed both lasses would look away,  
l. Whatever one to pass up a challenge presented to him.

nd, and The lasses stood side by side, and he met the gaze of the eldest o  
Her lips pressed together, and she averted her gaze. He snorted at t  
blocked the sting before it could fully penetrate him. Then he met  
; givenBrodie’s gaze. The sunlight in her green eyes shone like bits of p  
stone. The color was magnificent, certainly enough to make a ma  
rey kentwice, but it was the warm openness in them that made him unable  
pplish aaway. She studied him almost thoughtfully, and when he smiled, a  
rent. Inrosy blush kissed her sculpted cheekbones and her lips tilted up ir  
s whensmile that made his chest squeeze tight.

chance Fingal was standing beside him now. “I win the wager,” he crow  
have to ask the lass to dance tonight.”

“Aye,” Alex agreed, not at all sorry to have lost this particular con  
just hoped he felt the same way after supper tonight.

xpected

trigued.

ae look

ae he’d

e didn’t

dance with bastards loudly enough for the entire clan to hear.

“Nay, I’m trying to prove a point. Nae every lass is Lara MacDonald.”

“Nay,” Alex agreed, “they are nae. But there was also the time I tried to give Marion MacKean my favor at her clan’s tournament, and she said much the same thing as Leeta. And then there was Meeka Donald—”

“Ye’ve made yer point,” Fingal said, holding up his hand. “Now let me make mine. Turn around, meet their gazes, and learn who’s the smartest of us, Brother,” Fingal said with a wink and a grin.

“On this particular matter, I’d gladly accept ye as wiser,” Alex said, turning, because though he believed both lasses would look away, he was never one to pass up a challenge presented to him.

The lasses stood side by side, and he met the gaze of the eldest one first. Her lips pressed together, and she averted her gaze. He snorted at that and blocked the sting before it could fully penetrate him. Then he met Adeline Brodie’s gaze. The sunlight in her green eyes shone like bits of polished stone. The color was magnificent, certainly enough to make a man look twice, but it was the warm openness in them that made him unable to look away. She studied him almost thoughtfully, and when he smiled, a lovely, rosy blush kissed her sculpted cheekbones and her lips tilted up into that smile that made his chest squeeze tight.

Fingal was standing beside him now. “I win the wager,” he crowed. “Ye have to ask the lass to dance tonight.”

“Aye,” Alex agreed, not at all sorry to have lost this particular contest. He just hoped he felt the same way after supper tonight.

## Chapter Two

“Stop ogling the bastard,” Elspeth hissed to Adeline that night at supper.

“I was nae ogling him,” Adeline lied and looked down at her treacherous brother to hide the heat of embarrassment on her cheeks. Of course, she had been ogling him. He was directly in her line of vision from where she sat at the table in the great hall. He was seated at the table on the raised dais in front of the seat farthest from his father. His half brothers flanked his father’s seat and Lady Gordon sat to the right of Donnan Gordon. Alex’s Gordon was a slight to him. That could not feel good. Her heart squeezed with sympathy.

With his towering height, broad shoulders, and stormy blue-gray eyes, Alex had dominated her thoughts since seeing him in action earlier. A smile... Well, she sighed now thinking upon it. It was a contradictory mix of dangerous tilt and hesitant uncertainty. Even if he had not been so lovely to look at, he would still have been fascinating to watch. He had moved with the ease of a man born to hold a sword and to wield it to fell anyone who dared to oppose him. He sparred with his brother effortlessly, relentlessly, and shockingly fast, like a wolf attacking its prey. And though the brother he had bested didn’t seem to deserve Alex championing him, Alex had. She accepted his loyalty.

Surely, her thoughts of him lingered because she felt bad for him. She had a soft heart for struggling creatures, which was how she had ended up rescuing Sciath. She had been the runt of the litter when the head cook’s dog had eaten her pups, and Alice had intended to throw Sciath to the wolves in the end, so Adeline had rescued her. And then she’d rescued her cat, Tobias; her horse, Maybel; and her rabbit, Jack. She’d have rescued other animals, except her father had put his foot down and told her she could take in no more creatures.

She ran a chunk of bread through the gravy and attempted to steal a glance at Alex from under her lashes, but her sister snorted, making her look at her instead.

“Ye were gawking just now, ye were gawking earlier in the courtyard, and ye need to stop,” Elspeth hissed. “If ye must gawk at one of them

at Fingal Gordon.”

Adeline could not help but laugh at her sister’s predictability. “Finnae Donnan?”

“That’s correct,” Elspeth confirmed as she settled a glinting mischievous look on Donnan. “He’s the laird’s eldest son, he is nae betrothed, and nae a bastard; therefore, he’s perfect for me.”

Adeline scowled at her sister. Elspeth had a good heart, but her determination upon only wedding a man who would one day be a laird of a great clan was rather uncharitable toward anyone who did not meet that qualification. And her sister’s determination had grown tenfold as of late.

Adeline sighed. “How many times do I have to tell ye that Donnan’s seat mean yer worth was measured by the union ye would bring.”

“Ye can say it as much as ye like, but Da said ye were an exceptional lass because ye had beauty and a sharp, inquisitive mind. That was why he answered the queen’s demand to relay something unique about ye. And his did he answer the same query regarding me?” Elspeth demanded.

Adeline cringed. When she didn’t answer, Elspeth said, “I remember, given it was a mere sennight ago. Da waved a negligent hand toward me—” Elspeth mimicked the action that Adeline clearly recalled her father doing. She too had felt it rather dismissive of Elspeth “—and he flicked his gaze over me and said, ‘I pray my eldest daughter will bring a strong union since she’s bonny.’ And when the queen arched her eye and asked, ‘What of her mind?’ What did Da say?”

Adeline released the breath she’d been holding. “It dunnae do any good. She had to repeat it.”

“He said he prayed I had a sharp-enough wit nae to bore a marriage, gain him the strongest union possible,” Elspeth announced so loudly that Adeline glanced around to see if anyone had heard, but the strangers in the woods, they were paying them no heed. “This is my chance, Adeline.” Elspeth focused on her sister once more. Elspeth’s eyes shimmered with determination. “all the years their father had paid her such little mind. “This is finally my chance to make Da proud. Then he will love me as he does ye.”

Adeline swallowed the large lump suddenly in her throat. “He loves me. He barely tolerates me.”

When Adeline opened her mouth to protest, Elspeth shot her a warning look, so Adeline pressed her lips together. It was useless to argue

Elspeth was right, though Adeline did not know why their father gal and distant with Elspeth. The few times Adeline had tried to raise the matter with him, he'd waved her off and said simply, "We dunnae have anyt hievous common, as ye and I do." And that was also true, but there was a c nd he's that seemed to extend beyond Elspeth not caring for talks on war, histo strategy as Adeline did.

fixation They sat in silence for a few moments, and then Elspeth said, "I v n made Donnan's attention and wed him, and Da will be well pleased with me. ication. "Ye dunnae even ken Donnan Gordon."

"He will be laird one day," Elspeth said, a stubbornness in her t did nae Adeline recognized. When her sister decided something, it was impossible to sway her from her chosen course. Elspeth had inherit rdinary mule-headedness from their father, and that was what they had in com how he only it would bring them closer.

nd how "Ye should nae choose a husband because he will be a laird one d dismiss a man as a viable candidate because he was born a bastard. ken ye born a bastard and look how much he has accomplished!"

at hand Elspeth snorted. "Da will tell ye himself that his being a bastard ed their killed Mama. Honestly, Adeline, dunnae be foolish! Do ye think Da then he ever allow either of us to consider wedding a bastard?"

ig me a Adeline clenched her teeth. "Da being a bastard did nae kill Mar ebrows became ill."

"Because it was winter and we were poor, and she had to go out to good to for food because Da was gone with the Night Guard, fighting for the earn his favor. Da left Mama alone with me and ye."

so I'd Adeline slid her teeth back and forth. Stubborn to a fault—that lly that Elspeth was. "All those things could happen to a man who was around bastard."

Adeline "'Tis more likely to happen to a bastard," Elspeth said in a dis hurt oftone. "Besides, I'll wed a laird, as I said. And he will have a cast ally my servants, and warriors, and fires, and food. I'll nae be cold, or alone, looking for food, and neither will ye because Da will nae ever let ye s ye." bastard and suffer Mama's fate. So ye should quit ogling Alex C Anyway, if he's interested in anyone, it's me. I saw him looking , ithering Elspeth declared.

because Adeline ground her teeth. Of course, he'd been gawking at Elspe

was so was the sort of lass men always stared at. She had a look of innocence with her wide clear-blue eyes, and she also looked fragile, as if she needed a strong man to protect her. And both those things were contradictory by her sister's generous figure, which men clearly found beguiling, and Elspeth never missed an opportunity to let Adeline know it.

"Addie, did ye hear me?"

"I did," Adeline said, unable to contain her sigh of irritation.

"There, there, Sister," Elspeth said in a tone mildly smug. "Dunnae be jealous. As I told ye, he's nae even become that as a husband."

Adeline resisted the urge to shove her sister off the bench. She hated that jealous, per se. She knew she very likely did not inspire men's lust. She was uncommonly tall, and her figure was more slight than lush. She did not have the color of the moon but more the color of dirt that had been rained away, nor did she particularly care to bother with it, so she mostly wore braids at the crown of her head. And whereas Elspeth had those startlingly green eyes, Adeline had green eyes that she swore made her look as if she was constantly vexed.

Her best feature was her fair, clear complexion, but it usually had smudges of dirt on it because she liked to hunt and garden and roll around on the ground with Sciath. A lass with a smudged face hardly inspired lust.

It had never bothered her because she had never met a man who had ever foraged sparked the remotest bit of interest in her...until now.

Before she could contemplate it further, Laird Gordon stood and announced the men who would be competing in the tournament the next day. When Alex Gordon's name was not announced, Adeline's attention nae automatically drew to him. His expression showed nothing in how he felt about her, but she was vexed on his behalf.

"What do ye think happened?" Adeline asked her sister in a whisper.

Elspeth set down the wine goblet she'd just raised to her lips. "Vexed ye mean?"

"With Alex," Adeline said, irritated that her sister was so self-absorbed. "Why do ye think they did nae announce his name as a competitor for the Night Guard?"

"Mayhap Da decided Lady Gordon was correct, and the bastard co-

e about represent their clan.”

if she “Stop calling him a bastard,” Adeline hissed, much sharper than  
admitted intended, but honestly, Elspeth could be so trying at times.

ig, and “Fine,” Elspeth said with a shrug. “If it means that much to ye, I w

Upon the dais, Laird Gordon looked to be discussing something v  
father, or trying to anyway. Every time the man started to speak

Gordon seemed to interrupt him. Adeline disliked the woman even mo  
aid, her than she already had for her unfair treatment of Alex. “I’m going to s  
reputable Da the moment the opportunity arises and remind him he, too, is a bast

“Oh, aye,” Elspeth said, her tone dripping sarcasm. “That ought t  
wasn’t Da’s mind back to allowing the bast—*Alex* to compete. Honestly, ,

he was Elspeth said with a roll of her eyes. “If ye are going to chance Da pu  
i’t have ye because ye question his judgment, simply because ye are lusting  
ned on man, at least let it be for a man ye could possibly wed.”

re it in “I am speaking to Da,” Adeline said through clenched teeth, “bec  
ng blue the unfairness of it. It has naught to do with lust. I am nae lusting aft  
ie were Gordon. I dunnae even ken him.”

“Ye dunnae have to ken someone to lust after them,” Elspeth said  
lly had chuckle.

ound on Adeline ignored her sister’s last comment and watched as table  
onging moved against the far side of the left wall. When three men entered th  
ad even hall, each carrying a musical instrument, she knew dancing was a

commence. She got a fluttery feeling in her gut thinking about it. S

od and rarely asked to dance—likely because she was taller than a good deal  
ext day,—and Elspeth was asked nearly every time. Adeline was used to it at h

ttention home and did not get embarrassed when she was sitting alone on t  
felt, but anymore as Elspeth danced, but here, it would be embarrassing. Or ma

would present her the perfect opportunity to speak with her father. H  
hushed danced, and she could approach him at the dais if a seat beside him

empty. It would not seem so strange for her to go sit beside him, woul

What do She looked back toward the dais and was surprised to find Alex  
approaching them. Beside her, Elspeth groaned. “I suppose he’s cor

sorbed. ask me to dance,” Elspeth said on a huff.

for the Adeline had never been jealous of her sister, truly, but watchin

walk toward them, envy pricked her. There was an air of isolation abo  
uld nae and a barely leashed energy that Elspeth would never underst



appreciate. Elspeth was like all the other women at their home—hand she'd cook and sew—so she fit in perfectly. Adeline was the oddity, understood feeling isolated. The only time she felt included was with her father, but those times were becoming rarer the older she got. He urged her with her more and more to take up more feminine interests because he said, Lady husband would expect it.

More now She watched Alex as he strode toward them, and she recognized that peak restless energy that drove him to walk with such quick steps. She had the same energy within her, which was why she enjoyed the fast pace of her life. No, Elspeth would never understand or appreciate such a man, or like Addie, agree to dance with him since he was a bastard, but Adeline would, in a moment, nishing the chance.

After a moment Alex stopped directly in front of their table, and as he looked down at them, a swath of wavy dark hair fell across his forehead. He splashed his hands on the table. He had wide, large palms and long, thick fingers. Alex's hands looked as if they would easily make two of hers, and she could imagine the strength in his fingers, given the way he had held his sword with such ease.

"Lasses," he said, and the deep rumble of his voice drew her attention upward, over his chiseled arms and broad chest to his strong, square jawline great dusted with dark whiskers, past his full lips, which turned up ever so slightly at the corners in a faint smile, and to his blue-gray gaze. She nearly spoke but she stopped herself, thank the heavens. She didn't know what to say about him, but he spoke to her in a way she'd never felt before.

Her own "I kinnae dance with ye," Elspeth announced, rather dramatically, in Adeline's opinion.

Maybe it The heat of embarrassment for Alex and outrage on his behalf never Elspeth's ridiculous hypocritical snobbery burned through Adeline, but what could she do? Offer up herself? She almost grinned at the notion, but it would be mortifying if he declined her offer.

Gordon "I actually was wondering if yer sister would care to dance with me. What say ye, lass?" Alex said, not even looking at Elspeth. His penetrating gaze was fixed on Adeline, making it hard to breathe.

Ignoring Alex Adeline frowned. "Are ye talking to me?" She pointed to her chest but her finger actually met her chest before she realized what she had done and she burned her cheeks.

happy to     The corners of his lips stretched into a smile she was certain could  
so she described as earnest and teasing. It made her heart stutter.

with her     “Aye,” he confirmed. “Who else would I be talking to?”

ged her     She looked between Elspeth and him, just to confirm, and he gave  
aid her almost imperceptible shake of his head. He leaned forward across the  
swallowing most of the space between them. The heat radiating from  
zed the body tickled her. She took a sharp breath in, and a woodsy scent filled  
had thenose. He was so close she could see she had previously missed the  
hunting flecks scattered among the bluish gray of his eyes. Only just remember  
ly even Sciath at her feet, she glanced to her dog, surprised she’d not growled  
f given Alex had leaned close to her. Instead, Sciath was wagging her tail. She  
grinned that the dog had judged him of good character.

lown at     “I came over here to ask ye to dance, Adeline Brodie, if ye’ll have  
yed his     She could only nod like a simpleton, but she was relieved she could  
ers. His do that. As he came around the table to stand behind her, she started to  
ld well from the bench, and when she turned to put her right leg over it, he held  
; heavy his hand to help steady her. Sciath immediately rose to her feet

Adeline. She feared it would annoy Alex, but he smiled at Sciath.

ttention    “Ye’ve a good dog here to guard ye so.”

are jaw     “She has a hoard of annoying animals she’s collected because she’s  
slightly sorry for misfortunate creatures,” Elspeth said, giving Alex a pointed  
sighed, that made Adeline want to throttle her.

it was     He hesitated just as he was about to take Adeline’s hand, and he  
plummeted. She leaned close to him. “I assure ye, I dunnae consider  
ally in misfortunate.”

His eyes seemed to burn into hers for a long moment before he  
lf over and took her hand. The heat of his skin singed her, and his fingers  
ut what about hers with strength just like she’d imagined. Her pulse pounded  
t would rhythm so hard she felt it in her neck, her heart, her stomach. She looked  
her sister and found Elspeth gaping at them. It made Adeline want to  
ith me. but she managed to swallow the prideful sound down. Elspeth may never  
etrating to wed a bastard, as she had said, but her sister loved attention, and  
doubt did not like that Alex was not currently giving any to her.

est. Her     As Adeline got her left foot over the bench to join her right, Alex reached  
e. Heather hand. Disappointment flooded her, but then he stepped close, his  
now enveloping her, and he set his palm to the small of her back. A thin

ld only down her spine, and she had to force herself not to curl it. He led her  
space cleared for dancers. Sciath was still following beside her by  
positioning herself off the dance floor where she could watch Adeline.  
a little, “Yer dog is verra loyal to ye,” he said, the admiration in his  
e table, evident.

om his “Ye’re verra loyal to yer brother Donnan,” she countered as they  
lled here each other and waited for the dance music to begin.

e silver There was an inherent strength in his face, and the set of his  
nberings suggested a stubborn streak she imagined was the reason he was so good  
d when a sword and had encountered no problem thwarting Donnan’s attempt  
Adeline embarrass Fingal.

He frowned. “I am, but ye seem to be referring to something specific  
me.” “I saw him incite yer other brother, Fingal, to action in the courtyard  
ld even then I heard him taunt Fingal. Yet, ye stood up for Donnan when yer dog  
got up an unkind comment.”

held out His dark eyebrows had risen in surprise. “Donnan is a good man.”

beside “Are ye trying to convince me or yerself?” she asked, and when  
eyebrows rose even farther, she added, “I saw him attempt to use his sword  
smack Fingal in the arse.”

ie feels He frowned. “Donnan lost his temper. We all lose our tempers at times.

ed look “Aye,” she relented. “’Tis true.”

“Are ye always so observant?” he asked.

er heart There was something in the gaze resting on her that seemed  
ider yesensuous, and his skin, bronzed by the sun, made his eyes stand out  
more. She wagered Alex had encountered no difficulty finding lass  
noddled wished to be with him, and the jealousy that gripped her at the time  
; curled surprised her with its strength. She could hardly believe he’d crossed  
nded a great hall to ask her to dance and not Elspeth. And then a horrid thought  
oked topopped into her head. “Did ye say ye came to ask me to dance and  
o laugh, Elspeth because she embarrassed ye?” Adeline blurted. He frowned, and  
ot want though she understood such direct questions were not polite, she didn’t  
she noone bit.

“Nay,” he said, stepping toward her as the music commenced. “I’m  
released liar, Lady Adeline. I asked ye to dance because I wanted to ask ye to  
his heat yer sister,” he added, though the music was so loud now she barely heard  
rill shot last part. But she did hear it, and it made her grin.

r to the “In that case,” she said, inclining her head to him as the other  
ut then were doing to their partners, “I do tend to watch people, so I would s  
does make me observant.”

s voice He let out a hearty chuckle. “Ye can observe me while we dance, a  
“Aye,” she agreed.

y faced He gripped her by the hands and began to swing her around until s  
breathless. They galloped hand in hand down the line of dancers,  
is chin-picked her up as if she weighed no more than a feather. He twirled her  
od with that she circled her arms around his neck and laughed with delight. He  
empt to was pounding nearly out of her chest and sweat dampened her brow w  
music came to an end. She clapped enthusiastically along with everyo  
ic.” Hoping all the while he would ask her to dance once again. Oh, she’d  
ird, and with a few men before but none whose touch made her knees weak. T  
la made been different. This had been thrilling, and she didn’t want it to end.

He turned to her after the clapping stopped, and something intense  
in his gaze that put a tingling in the pit of her stomach. She held her breath  
hen his he spoke. “Thank ye for the dance,” he said, and her heart dropped  
word to feet.

She exhaled her held breath and hoped she didn’t sound too disap  
mes.” that he’d not asked for another when she replied, “Ye’re welcome. ’  
great deal of fun.” She winced, suspecting she sounded as if she was g

His gaze traveled over her face for a moment and then searched h  
almost as if looking for an answer to an unspoken question. “Would ye  
ut even started, then stopped, shook his head, and scrubbed a hand over his  
es who and chin.

thought “Would I what?” she prodded, hoping he had decided to ask for or  
sed the dance.

thought His attention shot over her for a moment, and when she followed v  
nd nae went, it rested on his older brother, Donnan, and her sister, who were v  
nd eventoward the dance floor. Elspeth was chattering and staring at Donn  
n’t care Donnan, Addie realized with a start, was staring at *her*. That was odd,  
way he was looking at her was most certainly strange—as if she were  
n nae a piece of fruit he wanted to pluck from a tree.

and nae A dark scowl settled over Alex’s features. “I was going to ask y  
ard that would care to stroll with me in the courtyard, but—”

“But what?” she asked, her voice pitched an octave higher than no

women excitement.

say that “But,” he started, then looked past her once more before settling his eyes back to her. “But my older brother is walking toward us with yer sister. Do ye ken ye?” by the way he’s staring at ye—”

“Oddly,” she interjected.

she was “Ye dunnae care for how he’s looking at ye?” Alex asked, his eyes on her and heevident.

so fast “I dunnae,” she replied. “He looks at me as if he has nae had a proper heartmeal in a sennight and he thinks me fruit.”

then the “Ye ken he’s the laird’s eldest son, do ye nae?”

ne else, She frowned. “I do. What does that have to do with nae liking to dance with he’s staring at me?”

his had Alex gave her an amazed look before grinning and then holding out his crooked elbow for her to slip her hand through. She did and then allowed her flared fingers to rest on the swell of his right bicep, which sent a ripple of excitement through her. He was very well formed everywhere, it seemed to her. He led her through the crowd of his clan and toward the great hall.

Sciath trailed behind them. “Does yer dog go everywhere with ye?” he pointed. “Nay,” she said, even as Sciath came to her right side, tail wagging. “Does her coming with us bother ye?”

ushing. “Of course nae,” he replied. “I was just curious.”

er eyes “I rescued Sciath when she was a pup,” Adeline said. “She was the only one left—” he of her litter, so her mama left her for dead, thinking she wasn’t worth the effort.”

“My mama left me,” he said, surprising her.

ie more He paused in the shadowy passageway, and she glanced sideways at him.

He looked lost in thought. “Is that how ye came to be at yer da’s home where it is?” He nodded. “All I ken of my mama was what my da has shared with me. Walking that’s nae much.”

ian, but Adeline’s gut knotted in sympathy for him. Most of what she recalled from her mother her father had told her, too. “Do ye mind me asking what ye think of her?” she asked as he continued into the main passage of the keep. The passage was littered with men and women standing around talking. Many called to him as they strolled arm in arm to the large door that led to the courtyard.

Men as well as women greeted Alex as they walked, but he merely waved with his hand and smiled easily without stopping.

“She was a healer. My da met her when he was injured at a tournament and she tended to him. He was in danger of losing his arm so he was in a healing room for quite some time. Moira was informed of his injuries, and she did nae wish to travel in winter to see him. He was at Dunhardy Castle

“Laird Lockhart’s castle?” she asked.

“Aye. Have ye been there?”

“Nay, but I ken of the winter tournament that occurs there every year because of my da.”

Alex nodded. “My mama, Gwyneth, was the healer there. All Da had said was that she was the kindest woman he’d ever met and her kindness led him the way to sin.”

“I suppose she was the opposite of yer stepmother,” Adeline said. She gasped at herself when she realized how rude that had been. “I’m sorry I’ve never asked her.” He waved a hand, then opened the door that led outside. “Dunnae blame me, it’s true.”

A breeze hit her as they exited the keep into the courtyard.

He paused. “She and my da became more than healer and patient. She was healed, and he returned home to Moira. Later, my mama brought her here for my da to keep, and she fled. Nae anyone ever saw her again. She consented to my being raised here, but I honestly think it was so she could use my presence to torture him.”

“I’m sorry,” she said, her heart twisting.

“What for?”

“This is yer home, but it is nae. That must feel awful.”

He stared at her for a long moment before answering. “It inspires me to have a home that is mine,” he finally said with such quiet resolution that she knew instinctually that it was why he wanted the spot on the Night Guard. He released her arm and reached toward her, his thumb coming to rest on her cheek. He smiled as he swiped it gently over the slope. “Ye had a smudge of dirt on ye.”

“I always have a smudge of dirt on me,” she said, breathless from his touch. “I roll around verra unladylike with Sciath, and I get dirty.”

He grinned, and it transformed him from ruggedly handsome to incredibly endearing. His smile made her shiver with a yearning she’d never felt before.

He moved in front of her and motioned to a staircase. “Do ye want to walk the battlement pathway? ’Tis my favorite place to view the sea.”

ament, said.

s in the She nodded eagerly, looked down at Sciath, and said, "Stay."

but she Sciath's ears drooped a bit, but she trotted over to a patch of grass  
." the east wall and curled up.

"Will ye tell me how to train warriors like that?" he asked, his  
lighthearted.

ry year "Give them lots of treats," she replied with a wink.

"A brilliant strategy." He chuckled as he took her hand.

was said Her heart skipped several beats as he led her to the stairs, then up  
led him the wind growing stronger as they climbed. When they reached the top

behind the battlement, there was some protection from the wind because  
aid and the large stone fortifications, but it was much cooler, making her shiver.

." "Are ye cold?" he asked.

be. 'Tis "Only a bit," she said, clenching her teeth on the desire to chatter.

He released her arm and took off his plaid, which exposed his chest  
stomach. He was no fat and all muscle, which didn't surprise her given

My daimagined he trained a great deal. He had several faint white lines that  
ght meto be scars left by the slice of a sword. "Did ye get those in battle  
. Moira asked.

e could "Some, and some training for battle."

He held his plaid up between them. "May I?" he asked, tilting his  
toward her shoulders.

She nodded, and he settled his plaid across her shoulders. As he  
his fingers grazed the exposed skin of her neck and made her shiver  
s me to more. "Ye should warm up in a second."

hat she She was already heated through from his touch, but she simply  
ard. again.

; to her "Look up," he said, even as she did so.

udge of She started to, but his muscles rippling over his firm, bronze  
stopped her for a moment, and she found her eyes tracing over each  
om his scars. As she raised her face to do as he had suggested, their gazes

Though it was dark, the torches that lit the passageway and the stars provided  
ifinitely enough light that she could see the desire in his gaze. Or at least that  
before. she thought she saw.

want to "What do ye want?" he asked, his tone husky, warm, and oh so inviting  
ky," he She wanted him to kiss her, but she could not say that. "I want you

able to compete in the tournament and gain all ye desire.”

His eyes widened in obvious surprise at her answer. “Thank ye. I wis nae nearnae anything I desire as much as that... Well, mayhap there is on thing.” His gaze fell to her lips. “Do ye wish to ken a secret?” he asked, his tone looking at her lips as if he could not draw his attention away from them. She made her head spin.

“Aye,” she croaked.

He drew his eyes to hers, and the heat, the intensity in his gaze made her knees weak. “I asked ye to dance because of a wager I made with Fingathway.” “Oh,” she managed to utter as disappointment nearly choked her. “Cause of?” “Nay.” He grabbed her hand. “Ye dunnae see. I wanted to ask ye to dance. The wager merely gave me a reason in case ye refused me, so I wouldn’t be embarrassed.”

She was dumbfounded by his honesty and inspired to offer the same. “I was certain ye approached my sister and me to ask Elspeth to dance because that is what always happens. She’s the beauty with her pale hair and blue eyes and petite stature.”

“Nay,” he said, “ye’re the beauty. Yer smile is disarming, and yer smile is well—” He shook his head.

“What?” she asked, grasping his forearm now. No one had ever said such things to her.

“I could lose myself in yer gaze. ’Tis wise beyond yer years and I did so, beyond measure, and it invites me to hope. And honestly, I kinnae see even what color eyes yer sister has, but ye—” He squeezed his own eyes shut to show her he was about to talk from memory. “On first look, yer eyes appeared brilliant green like the grass or a gem, but there are layers of color, just as I imagine there are layers to ye. There are flecks of gold and a smidge of brown, and ye have the longest lashes that frame yer lovely skin.” “I could kiss ye for saying such a thing,” she blurted, then slapped her hand over her mouth in horror. A few beats passed where he looked at her with clear amusement, and she finally peeled her hand back from her flaming face. “I apologize for my untoward remark.”

“Ah, lass, dunnae ever apologize for being honest. I want to kiss ye but—”

She knew what he was going to say. She was a laird’s daughter, and she was to be a bastard. It was ridiculous, especially considering her father was



bastard. “I dunnae care,” she said, hearing the stubbornness in her tone. “There is no other way,” he countered.

“Ye let me judge that. Mayhap after the kiss, I’ll nae ever wish to see ye again, still from ye, and the rest will nae matter.”

He cocked his eyebrows up. “Did ye just question my ability to kiss ye?”

“Aye,” she said, feeling bolder than she ever had in her life. For the first time, this man, was special. Every part of her said so from her heart to the fluttering in her belly to the tightening at her core.

He pulled her gently into the protective circle of his arms and up to the length of his body. His heart pounded through the plaid he’d worn around her and even through the material of her gown. He was just as

about the kiss to come as she was. His large hand took her face and gently as he looked down at her, and she got the sense that he was memorizing her features. But before she could ponder it further, he

bright-his lips and brushed them gently across the surface of hers. It was a moment of a touch that set her instantly aflame. His lips were warm and touched her eyes... again before he captured her upper lip with his and suckled it, sending

of her stomach into a swirl of emotions and causing her to press up close to his feet.

He grunted, and his hands went to her upper arms, gathering her in tighter than she’d known was possible. His kiss went from gentle to teasing and persuasive. He released her upper lip only to catch her lower lip, as if and then he released that to trace the tip of his tongue across the crease of her closed mouth. She moaned—actually moaned—and a sweet ache spread to their inside her. She wanted him to kiss her harder, and she wanted to taste and feel his tongue inside her mouth.

So when his tongue parted her lips, she opened eagerly, glad he seemed to know exactly what she needed and wanted. He was firm and steady inside and a heady combination of wine and smoke. She felt in his arms, from her drugged, wanton, and ravenous for him. She touched her tongue to his

this time, he was the one who moaned, or rather grunted, as the kiss went from eager to urgent. His hands left her arms to delve into her hair at the base of her skull, and her hands skimmed his biceps across his chest and his shoulders to the broad expanse of his back. His mouth moved over her

in almost devouring manner, and she matched him with the intensity

need building within her.

He drew back from her mouth, and she started to cry out in protest. His lips came to her neck. The pleasure in that simple touch drew a whimper from her. She raked her nails into his thick hair, not to pull properly back but press him closer, not caring that it was reckless, not caring she'd only met him, not caring about anything but—

“Adeline!” came her father’s voice from very nearby.

All coherent thought returned in a crash. She glanced around, not looking for her father even as Alex set her from him. He opened his mouth as if to say something against about to alert her father to their location, and in panic, she slapped her hand over his lips and shook her head. His eyes narrowed, her father called her name two more times, and then silence reigned, but she stood still, holding her breath for a count of thirty, ensuring her father was gone.

When she peeled her hand from Alex’s mouth his lips were pressed together in a grim frown. “I suppose ye did nae want yer father to find ye with the likes of me.”

She had to suppress the grin at his incorrect assumption and the realization that he cared why she might not want her father to find her. They barely knew each other, it was true, but there was something between them already, something that felt like it might only come a person’s way once in a lifetime. And for her part, she did not intend to be foolish with her father. Her father had once told her that he had not wed again because wherever one met her mother, it was like lightning had struck him, and he had never been the same since that way again.

Adeline stood looking at Alex with all her limbs shaking as if lightning had indeed struck her. “I did not want him to find us until ye or I have changed our minds, in case we decided we want to.”

Alex frowned. “Change his mind about what?”

“What caused my mama’s death,” she said, not wishing to be too suddenly asked. Before he could ask her another, more probing question, she sidestepped him and must go to my bedchamber now, and it will nae do for ye to see me in the castle in case my da is inside the door. So, goodnight to ye, Alex. Goodnight. With that, she swiveled away from him and started down the passage, nudging the door closed behind her.

“Adeline!” he called after her. “Will I see ye again?”

She grinned at the thought that he wanted to, stopped at the stairs

dozen steps between them, and looked at him through the shadow  
st until firelight. "If ye've two eyes, ye will," she called back, then took the s  
r a soft fast as she could, hardly believing she'd just been so bold.

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s with a

dozen steps between them, and looked at him through the shadows and firelight. “If ye’ve two eyes, ye will,” she called back, then took the stairs as fast as she could, hardly believing she’d just been so bold.

## Chapter Three

Adeline stepped through the door of the castle with Sciath on her heels and she ran smack into her father. She stumbled backward, and he had to reach out and grab her elbow so she would not fall on her arse. “Adeline, I was outside looking for ye.”

Her heart pounded so hard it hurt, and anxiousness gripped her. She didn’t want Alex to come through the door, her father see him, and perhaps conclude that she had been outside with the man. That would not help if Alex decided he wanted to court her. If that kiss was any indication they would get along, she certainly hoped he would seek out her father’s permission. But first, she needed to persuade her father to let her go. She cleared her throat and said, “I was looking for ye, too.”

Her father’s silver eyebrows slanted together. “Outside?”

“Aye.” She nodded, trying to think of a lie that he’d believe. She couldn’t deceive him, but in this instance, there was no choice. “I thought I was outside ye would be in the courtyard since the great hall was so stuffy.”

He gave her a suspicious look. “Adeline, I was just in the courtyard.”

“When I did nae see ye I climbed to the rampart to get a look at the fortifications.”

Her father chuckled at that, opened his arm up to her, and she happily stepped close. He gave her shoulder a squeeze. “Addie, my dear, ye make me proud.”

She blanched a bit that he was praising her when she had just lied, but she didn’t feel she’d had a choice.

“What did ye find? Are there fortifications better than ours?”

She had really only looked at Alex’s face and body. She cleared her throat. “They did nae appear to be.”

He nodded, a satisfied look settling on his face. “I’m pleased ye have an interest in ensuring our castle is as well enforced as others, but next time where ye are going, aye? I came looking for ye and yer sister to see ye in yer bedchamber, and yer sister said ye’d gone to dance with Alex and did nae come back. I was worried.”

A pox on Elspeth. She was vexed that Alex had not lavished his attention on her so she was trying to start trouble. “Ye were worried that I was Alex?” she asked, deciding to test the waters of her father’s attitude regarding the man.

Her father moved them toward the stairwell that led to the bedchambers and not pausing to answer her. “I’d be worried about ye going out into the world alone with any man, Adeline. Ye’re a bonny woman, and ye’ll obtain a husband with a fine man, but yer reputation must be impeccable, given I’m a baroness.”

“Ye judge Alex Gordon unsuitable for me after meeting him once?” She asked.

Her father paused mid-step and turned to look at her. She met his sharp, assessing gaze, and she wished to heaven above that she’d never said a word about Alex.

“Do ye judge him suitable for ye after meeting him once and coming home with him once, lass?” The question was asked in a low, tight tone she could barely hear. Her father was irritated and holding on to his temper. She needed to choose her words carefully.

“Nay, of course I dunnae judge the man suitable for me after one rattle and dance.” It had been the kiss, too, and the way he’d stuck up for her brother, and the insight she’d gleaned on why he wanted to be part of the Night Guard. He didn’t want it for glory or the coin or power. He wanted his own home. Most of all, it was the feeling of being struck by lightning when she was with him. But she couldn’t say any of that. It would sound silly, and her father would dismiss it all out of hand. It was silly, she knew that, but knowing it didn’t change how drawn she was to the man. The fact that he was the only man she’d ever had such an attraction to.

“Good, because I would expect such a thing from Elspeth’s feathered friends.”

“Da!”

He gave her a dark, warning look that made her clamp her lips shut.

“But nae ye,” he finished. “I have nae given my entire life in service to the king just so ye can wed a bastard and suffer the same fate yer mammy.”

There was no use arguing about it now. She’d not change his mind. It was a foregone conclusion, that much was apparent. She cleared her throat, searching for the words, but her father started up the stairs once more. This time he did not walk quickly but at a clipped pace that showed his vexation with her. Even with her double

attention steps, she could not keep up with him and was panting by the time she reached the end of the hall and stood in front of the bedchamber she was guarding. Elspeth were sharing.

He turned to her, his lips pressed so tight that it seemed a woman's hands could part them to speak. "Good night, Daughter," he said in the formal tone reserved for her when he was vexed, which blessedly was rare.

She couldn't let him depart without bringing up the subject of the match. "I stard." fighting in the tourney tomorrow. "Da, I could nae help but notice at a match?" she that Alex Gordon's name was nae mentioned as one of the warriors who would be competing tomorrow."

"Ye could nae help but notice that, could ye?" her father said, but she said a terse.

"Aye," she replied, refusing to be detoured about this particular thing. "And?" Her father's eyebrows were arched so high she wondered how he knew felt a strain to get them up there.

"And," she said, nervously clearing her throat, "I dunnae think it right for ye to deny him the opportunity to compete simply because he's a lord. I met him when ye yerself got that verra chance and it changed yer life."

"I agree," her father said, surprising her.

"Ye agree?" she repeated. He nodded. "Then why was his name simply announced?"

"Because, Daughter, Laird Gordon did nae wish to deal with his bastard squawking in his ear all night about his bastard stealing something away from him. He is his rightful son, and I did nae see harm in letting the man proceed as he wished."

"I'm glad ye agree about Alex," Adeline said.

"Adeline," her father said, his tone a mixture of regret and resolution. "I need to ken that my agreeing the man should get a chance at a future with his own blood, sweat, and risk dunnae mean I think he's a good candidate for the court ye. I'll always put yer well-being over everything else, including my own foolish desires. Do ye ken me?"

She nodded. But there was always tomorrow to try to change his mind this time. She gave him a fierce hug, then turned and entered the daughter's right bedchamber. Sciath's nails clacked on the wooden floor behind Adeline, so at a her dog entered the bedchamber as well. The moment the door closed behind her, her kiss with Alex flooded her mind and she threw her arms out with

me sheswung around, allowing happiness to flood her.

she and “My, my, what’s this display about?” came Elspeth’s snippy q  
from the darkness.

nder he Adeline stopped mid-spin and looked to her sister’s bed. Elspeth w  
al tonesitting up, and there was just enough moonlight shining through the v  
that Adeline could see her sister watching her with crossed arms and a

of Alex “I’m just happy,” Adeline said, seeing her sister brooding.

supper “Whatever for?” Elspeth demanded, falling back onto her pillow  
ho’d behuff. “This place is cold and dreary, the supper fare was nae even pa  
and Donnan Gordon was so distracted while dancing with me that he :  
his toneon my foot nae once but four times.”

A burst of laughter escaped Adeline, then she cringed. The slip  
ng. grave mistake for peacekeeping purposes.

ed if he Elspeth jerked upright with a gasp. She threw her coverlet off a  
standing before Adeline in the blink of an eye. “Tell me what happer  
ight forinstant.”

bastard, “Nae a thing,” Adeline said, trying to move past her sister, but  
grabbed her by the arm.

“Ye’re lying.” Her sister pointed at Adeline, standing so close t  
me naefinger nearly brushing Adeline’s nose. “Ye will tell me what occurred  
tell Da ye left the great hall with the bastard. I could have already to  
; wife’sbut I covered for ye and said I only saw ye dancing with him.”

ay from Adeline tugged her arm loose and took a step back from her sist  
d as hewanted to shake Elspeth senseless. She feared she just might, so she re  
at arm’s distance, in case Elspeth said anything else annoying. “Alex  
kissed me.”

on, “ye Elspeth gasped again. “He ravished ye!”

through “Nay,” Adeline said, rolling her eyes. “I allowed him to kiss me. It  
idate toIt was the most perfect kiss ever.”

ing yer “It was the only kiss ye’ve ever had,” Elspeth said in a dry ton  
kinnae ken it was perfect. Likely, he’s a horrid kisser.”

und. Adeline shook her head, determined not to let her sister ruin this  
rkened“Nay. It was perfect. He was perfect. I dunnae need another kiss to ke  
eline asexceptional. Do ye recall how Da said meeting Mama was like being  
behindby lightning?” Adeline asked, turning and falling backward onto her t  
ide andgrinning up at her sister, who was scowling back at her.



“I dunnae. Da only bothers to talk to ye.”

question Elspeth sounded like a petulant child, but Adeline understood s  
jealous. “Well, when I danced with him, and then later when he kisse  
was now was as if lightning struck me.”

window “Ye dunnae mean to tell me ye think ye are in love!” Elspeth pra  
scowl. bellowed. “Ye just met the man!”

“Nay,” Adeline hastened to assure her sister, “but there is a draw  
with aas I have nae ever experienced. I think things like this must be special.  
assable, Elspeth flounced to her own bed and fell upon it. “Ye’re a fool.  
stepped encountered a skirt tumbler.”

Adeline’s cheeks heated at the thought, but no, that could not be.  
was awrong about him. Ye’re just jealous because he approached me and na  
“I’ll prove to ye I’m nae wrong.”

nd was “How?” Adeline demanded, but as soon as the words were c  
ied this wished she could take them back. Her sister had enough pride to fill ;  
and that vanity had been nicked.

Elspeth “Honestly, Addie, it’s really so simple I should nae have to explai  
suppose ye are such an innocent that I do.”

hat her “I suppose I am,” Adeline replied through clenched teeth.

, or I’ll “All it will take is for me to show a little interest in him, and ther  
ld him, to ye, he’ll forget all about ye and kiss *me*.”

“He will nae,” Adeline retorted. And if he did, he’d be dead to  
er. She matter how attracted she was to him.

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“I dunnae. Da only bothers to talk to ye.”

Elsbeth sounded like a petulant child, but Adeline understood she was jealous. “Well, when I danced with him, and then later when he kissed me, it was as if lightning struck me.”

“Ye dunnae mean to tell me ye think ye are in love!” Elspeth practically bellowed. “Ye just met the man!”

“Nay,” Adeline hastened to assure her sister, “but there is a draw to him as I have nae ever experienced. I think things like this must be special.”

Elsbeth flounced to her own bed and fell upon it. “Ye’re a fool. Ye’ve encountered a skirt tumbler.”

Adeline’s cheeks heated at the thought, but no, that could not be. “Ye’re wrong about him. Ye’re just jealous because he approached me and nae ye.”

“I’ll prove to ye I’m nae wrong.”

“How?” Adeline demanded, but as soon as the words were out, she wished she could take them back. Her sister had enough pride to fill a room, and that vanity had been nicked.

“Honestly, Addie, it’s really so simple I should nae have to explain, but I suppose ye are such an innocent that I do.”

“I suppose I am,” Adeline replied through clenched teeth.

“All it will take is for me to show a little interest in him, and then I vow to ye, he’ll forget all about ye and kiss *me*.”

“He will nae,” Adeline retorted. And if he did, he’d be dead to her, no matter how attracted she was to him.

## Chapter Four

The early-morning sun streamed in behind Laird Brodie and Alex's da. The men faced Alex in the solar. Alex couldn't believe the good news. "I thank you for allowing me to compete in the tournament today."

Laird Brodie scrutinized Alex for a long, silent moment, and then he stepped so near Alex that he could smell the loch water coming off Alex's father and could see that his hair was still damp. He must have headed to the loch in the predawn hours to bathe, as Alex had been down to the loch at sunrise and had not seen him. "I think every man deserves a chance to win his lot in life, but dunnae mistake me: that chance dunnae include a daughter."

Alex's muscles immediately tensed. He didn't know if Adeline had confessed the kiss to her father or if the man was just guessing. But since he didn't know, he needed to guard his words. "Which daughter Laird Brodie asked, irritated but not surprised that the man, who had himself been a bastard, viewed Alex as less than worthy.

"Alex," his father said sharply, but Laird Brodie waved a hand.

"'Tis fine. I'd be disappointed if yer son did nae have a strong back. He'll need it if he intends to win one of the two spots on the Night Court. Laird Brodie kept his focus on Alex. "I'd be a hypocrite to deny ye the right to court Adeline simply because ye are a bastard, given I'm one as well."

"And yet that is what ye have indicated ye will do," Alex said.

"'Tis nae that simple," Brodie said. "It took me five years on the battlefield to fight a battle the king considered worthy of finally gifting me land of my own, a castle of my own, warriors of my own, and the title of laird to the Brodie clan. During that time, I was away for months on end, ye know. My wife and daughters were alone, except for a stable hand and a few field workers."

"I have offered to provide my son with warriors when he establishes a household of his own."

"Enough to make an army?" Laird Brodie demanded.

"Well, nay," Alex's da said.

“Then they are nae enough to keep my daughter safe from the dar the world.” Laird Brodie turned his attention back to Alex. “I’m sure me to be a hypocrite regardless of this explanation, and mayh conversation is nae even necessary. After all, ye just met my Adeline, is special. I ken it, and I always kenned there would come a time whe a as the men would start to see it as well.”

hank ye “I barely ken yer daughter, Laird,” Alex said, though admittedly, not been able to shove the lass from his mind since kissing her. Not t he man she’d tasted of honey or smelled of lavender, or that rich laugh tha deline’s from deep within her belly, or the delicate curve of her spine where it d down arse, or her cheeky wit.

there at Laird Brodie had a knowing look upon his face as he stared a o better “Aye, well, I had only kenned Adeline’s mother for a sennight, but tl ide my all I needed to ken I wanted to wed her.” Alex didn’t know what to that, but it didn’t matter. Laird Brodie pointed at him and spoke aga ne had may make the Guard—only God can ken that ahead of time—but eve ince he do, it will likely be grueling years of service to the king before he g rd?” he land of yer own, men of yer own, a title of yer own, and I’ll nae v . born a daughter to any man who is walking the path I did. My wife died whe gone, and I’ll nae see my daughter fall to the same fate.”

ckbone. “I would nae see yer daughter fall to that fate, either, Laird Brodie.

Guard.” “Excellent,” the man boomed. “Then ye ken me.”

he right “Aye. Ye wish me nae to pursue yer daughter.”

l.” “Nay. I’m ordering ye nae to, and if ye fail to follow my ord chance to be on my Guard will nae exist. Do ye ken me?”

uard to “Aye,” Alex said as a stab of anger and sense of loss hit him. He really know Adeline Gordon, but he’d be lying to himself if he deni of my he’d wanted to. He could feel his father’s gaze upon him, and he kne o begin was expected of him. What other words could he give beyond comp ar after He didn’t have anything, and the only way for him to make a life for d a few in this world was to be a success on the Night Guard, just as Adeline’ had. Alex could ill afford to ruin his opportunity before he even got it rome of couldn’t seem to open his mouth and give his word.

Just then, the solar door banged open, and Fingal charged in. He s mid-stride, his eyes widening, undoubtedly from the tension in the Alex imagined it showed on his face, as it did on Laird Brodie’s.

Fingal cleared his throat. "My apologies. I did nae ken ye we  
ye findmeeting, Da. Ye told me to relay when the men were gathered for the l  
ap this A momentary look of relief crossed their father's face, but he  
but shecomposed his features and instead scowled at Fingal. Alex half susp  
n otherlook was to hide the fact that his father was thankful the conversati  
been interrupted. Alex was glad to be spared having to give his word  
he hadaway from Adeline.

he way "I've also told ye to knock, ye clot-heid," said Alex's father. "  
it came dunnae seem to recall that."

met her "Apologies," Fingal said again.

"I assume the men are ready?" their father demanded.

t Alex. "Aye, Da, and the ladies."

hat was "The ladies?" their father asked, his brow furrowing.

o say to Fingal grinned. "Aye. Laird Brodie's daughters are mounted to hur

in. "Ye "Both my daughters?" Laird Brodie asked, the look of shock on l  
en if yeunmistakable.

ives ye "Aye, Laird," Fingal replied. "Yer youngest daughter says she's p  
ved mycapable of hunting without an escort, but yer eldest daughter has re  
n I wasAlex there to aid her."

"Has she now?" Laird Brodie said, his tone tight with displeas  
" turned his attention to Alex. "That demand earlier, ye recall it?"

"Aye, Laird," Alex said, hoping to the heavens the man didn't dem  
word about Adeline now.

ler, yer "That goes for my eldest daughter, too. I'll have yer word now th  
nae pursue Elspeth."

e didn't "I dunnae have interest in yer daughter Elspeth, but ye have my  
ied thatLaird," Alex immediately replied, for that was easy enough to gi  
w whatturned toward the door to hide his grin, and he had taken only two step  
liance?Laird Brodie spoke behind him.

himself "I'll have yer word on Adeline, too, or ye may as well remove  
s fatherfrom the competition."

, but he Alex clenched his jaw on a curse. He hadn't realized until ju  
moment how his mind had grasped on to the possibility of being able t  
stoppedher if she desired it. If he didn't make the Night Guard, he'd have not  
e room.offer her but himself, and that was not enough. "Ye've my word," he  
and started toward the door, but Laird Brodie spoke yet again.

re in a “In that case, I’d like ye to ride by Elspeth.”  
unt.” Incredulity hit Alex, but he forced himself to turn toward the man.  
quickly “I ken it’s an odd request after what I just demanded, but Elspeth i  
cted the hunter, nor a particularly good rider. I kinnae imagine why she wants  
ion had to the saddle today, but yer da tells me yer woods are ripe with wolv  
to stay want a good swordsman by her side.”

“Why nae one of the Night Guard?” Alex asked. There were, a  
‘But yeeight of them here.

“I already sent the men of the Night Guard back to my strongho  
other warriors will be coming for the competition at my home, and I v  
guard there to greet them. This is our last stop.”

“Then why nae ye?” Alex demanded, knowing he was out of pl  
not feeling particularly generous toward the man.

it.” “I’ll be riding by Adeline,” Laird Brodie said.

his face “She’s nae a good rider, either?” Alex asked, surprised. He didn’  
why, but he would have expected Adeline to be an excellent horsewon  
erfectly Laird Brodie shook his head. “Adeline is an excellent rider and  
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ive. He nodded. “I’ll gladly guard yer daughter, Laird Brodie.”

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“In that case, I’d like ye to ride by Elspeth.”

Incredulity hit Alex, but he forced himself to turn toward the man.

“I ken it’s an odd request after what I just demanded, but Elspeth is nae a hunter, nor a particularly good rider. I kinnae imagine why she wants to take to the saddle today, but yer da tells me yer woods are ripe with wolves, so I want a good swordsman by her side.”

“Why nae one of the Night Guard?” Alex asked. There were, after all, eight of them here.

“I already sent the men of the Night Guard back to my stronghold. The other warriors will be coming for the competition at my home, and I wish the guard there to greet them. This is our last stop.”

“Then why nae ye?” Alex demanded, knowing he was out of place but not feeling particularly generous toward the man.

“I’ll be riding by Adeline,” Laird Brodie said.

“She’s nae a good rider, either?” Alex asked, surprised. He didn’t know why, but he would have expected Adeline to be an excellent horsewoman.

Laird Brodie shook his head. “Adeline is an excellent rider and hunter, but she’s fearless, and in yer woods, with the wolves about...” His words trailed off, and an almost embarrassed look crossed his face, but Alex understood it immediately. Laird Brodie could not watch over both his daughters at the same time, and the man had chosen Adeline.

Alex hadn’t particularly liked Elspeth, especially how she’d refused to meet his gaze and the way she’d assumed he had crossed the great hall to ask her to dance, but pity rose for her. He was not equal to his brothers in birth so he felt he always had to be better and prove himself. Perhaps the lass suffered some of the same affliction with her sister if her sister had skills she did not. He nodded. “I’ll gladly guard yer daughter, Laird Brodie.”

## Chapter Five

Adeline was finding it impossible to keep her mind on the hunt with her giggling so loudly every few moments. Up ahead, Alex and Elspeth rode closely together that their legs brushed. They disappeared down a trail for a spell—the fourth time they’d done that since the hunt had started and every time they reappeared, Elspeth’s face held a deep blush and she looked guilty. Adeline was certain they had kissed. She glared daggers at them, unsure who she despised more: her sister for proving her point, the fact that she knew Adeline liked Alex, or Alex for falling so easily into Elspeth’s snare.

“I told ye he was nae for ye, Adeline,” her father said, his tone grim.

She jerked her focus to her father as heat singed her cheeks, and her fingers gripped her horse’s reins. Sciath barked beside Adeline’s corral, Geal, which made the horse neigh in irritation and brought a begrudging smile to Adeline’s face, despite her now-dark mood. The two animals had grown up together, and they frequently ruffled each other, but it never led to anything more than a bark and a neigh.

“I’ve put him out of my mind,” she lied.

“If that’s true, then good. Any man who will pay ye such a price in a minute and then have his head turned easily by the likes of yer sister is nae the man for ye.”

Adeline’s jaw slipped open at her father’s words. “Da,” she said, her head banging against her chest with the suspicion that had bloomed in her mind. “did ye purposely put Elspeth and Alex together on this hunt?”

“She requested it, and I agreed,” her father said without even a flicker of remorse. It was a good thing the rest of the hunting party was so far away that they did not have a view of Elspeth and Alex disappearing repeatedly. Still, she wished her father had not conceded to the request. “I ken ye well and what drives her. It’s easy enough to read in her eyes and up her face, and I could see when she told me in the great hall that ye had been with Alex that she was jealous and meant to get ye in trouble with me. I kenned that same jealousy would drive her to try to get his attent



herself.”

“So ye threw her to him like prey to a wolf?” Adeline den-  
incensed for her sister, though she was vexed at her.

“Nae at all,” her father said with a chuckle. “She asked, as I sa-  
sister may try to take his attention from ye to her, but that’s all she’  
er sister from him. She’s already spoken to me about a possible match betw-  
rode so and Donnan Gordon. She may be a fool in most other things b-  
wisting regarding marriage.”

arted— Adeline opened her mouth to ask her father if he’d just implied t-  
id Alex was a fool in regard to marriage, but Sciath started barking wildly and  
gers at her teeth back in a growl. Her heart jumped in her chest as Geal  
despite dancing around and flicking her head back.

ily into “Danger,” Adeline and her father said at the exact same moment.

She raised her bow, pulling the arrow taut, just as her father  
n. “Watch out!”

and her She swiveled her body to the left because that’s where her fat-  
lestrier, looking, and on the dense wooded embankment that rose on either  
small, them, a wolf stood, teeth bared, eyes glowing in the setting sun. Th-  
he two jumped toward them just as Adeline released her arrow. It hit the  
r, but it breath before it barreled into them, but the wolf was so close to her  
body hit the tip of her bow and wrenched the weapon out of her han-  
wolf and her bow fell to the ground with a thud. Before she could  
nd one what had just occurred, her sister’s scream tore through the air.

he next “Wolves! Wolves!”

Confusion hit Adeline. Wolves? She looked to the left embankm-  
er heart there were no wolves there. The low hum of menacing growls car-  
r mind, behind her and to her right, sending chills racing across her scalp, dc  
neck, and over her spine. Fear gripped her as her gaze locked w-  
hint of father’s, and Sciath’s growling and barking filled the air. Suddenly,  
r ahead turned from her side and charged away. Adeline glanced behind her  
eatedly her hound bolt straight for the wolves at her back. A third one lunged  
er sister the woods and caught Sciath in mid-jump. Sciath let out a loud ye  
pon her mingled with Adeline’s own scream as her dog became a blur of rol-  
danced and growls and snaps of sharp teeth filled the air.

. I also An arrow flew past her and hit one of the wolves and then ano-  
ion for she tore her attention away from Sciath and the wolf she was fighti

turned toward her father. Beside him, close enough to jump on him landed, large, brownish-red wolf. “Da,” she said, sweat instantly dampening her brow, her back, her palms. “Shoot the wolf beside ye!”

id. Yer “I dunnae have any arrows left,” he replied, his voice grave but I’ll want steady as he released the arrow aimed behind her. The largest wolf leapt toward her father, and a scream ripped from her throat. She watched in stunned horror as he raised his hands in front of him in what would surely be a futile effort to protect himself from the dangerous beast. But in mid-air, the wolf suddenly plummeted to the ground. Adeline looked to the motionless beast to find an arrow sticking out of the side of its neck and blood spilled on the ground beneath the animal. She frowned in confusion, then she screamed again and Adeline cast her gaze down the length of the path. Elspeth raced toward them, and Alex sat tall and still on his horse, bow drawn, and aimed toward her father. He had saved her father’s life.

“Da!” Elspeth gasped as she brought her horse to a stop in front of her father and Adeline. “Ye and Addie nearly died!”

side of Adeline was off her horse and turning to look for Sciath, even as her father bellowed for her to stay on the beast. She ignored him, tears spilling onto her eyes as her gaze fell upon Sciath, motionless with the wolf she had just slain beside her. Adeline raced across gnarled rocks and roots. She crunched through fallen leaves, her shoe catching on a particularly thick root, which sent her forward and to her knees. She hit the ground with a stinging thud and was attempting to scramble up, heart pounding, when a hand slid under her arms from behind her and she was lifted to her feet.

ent, but “Get behind me, lass.” The order was firm but gentle at the same time. There was no chance to protest before Alex stepped in front of her, bow drawn in one hand, and holding out the other as if to block her path. She understood, forced behind his massive body, that he was protecting her. “Sciath have to get to Sciath,” she said.

to see “Aye, I ken ye do, but I’ll have ye behind me until I’m certain that the brave dog was fighting is dead. If the wicked beast is alive and able to attack, it will have to get through me to get to ye, and that, I promise, will nae happen.”

Her lips parted at his statement. This man she had just met was prepared to give his life for her. They proceeded forward slowly, and as her footsteps fell and she knew her father was closing in on the

, was reached Alex's side right before they got to Sciath and the wolf.

ing her To her amazement, Alex stepped in front of her father and,

looking back, said, "I've got the wolf. Ye see to yer daughter and the d

is tone Her father nodded and reached back to grab her hand. He ga

jumpedsqueeze before releasing it and walking to Sciath. She followed close

ched inand fell to her knees beside Sciath when they reached her. Her da stor

rely beAdeline and her dog. Adeline sucked in a sharp breath at the sight of S

lair, thewhite coat covered in blood. When she began to run her hands over

tionlessto look for the injury, Sciath raised her head with a whimper, her b

readingeyes locking on Adeline before the hound dropped her head once more

r sister Adeline checked the dog's front and rear paws, her back, a

ie trail.stomach, parting her thick white coat and looking for the source of the

v raised"I kinnae find the injury!" she cried out as fear gripped her. Sciath

longer making any sounds.

ront of "Let me check her," Alex said as he kneeled beside her.

"What of the wolf?" she asked.

as her "Dead," he replied. "Yer dog took a large chunk of the wolf's neck

ringing Alex leaned closely over Sciath and slid one hand under her dog

'd beenwhile using his other hand to part the fur and look for the injury. W

ots andpaused and a hiss escaped from him, her heart plummeted.

ick tree "Is it bad?" she asked, knowing he had found the injury.

a hard, "Aye," he said, scooping Sciath up and into his arms as he stood

n hands were already streaming down her face when Alex looked to her. "I'll

best to save her."

me. "Ye ken how to tend to a dog?" she asked, shocked.

, sword "A bit. I've treated other animals before. I need to get her to the

er. Sheroom," he said and turned to walk away.

her. "I "I'm coming with ye!" she cried out, then belatedly thought to loo

father for permission.

he wolf After a brief pause, her father gave a reluctant nod. "We'll follo

ttemptswe let the others in the hunting party ken what has happened."

nise ye, She was already walking toward her horse as Alex lay Sciath's sti

over his horse, mounted, and then scooped up her dog with one a

as fullycradled Sciath to his chest. Her heart squeezed at his care and comfo

behindher dog, and as he motioned her up to his side, he said, "Stay beside m

em. Heride. I want ye in my sight to protect ye."

Something intense flared in Alex's eyes. Her flesh prickled without awareness of him that sank deep into her gut and lodged there. His log." became soft as a caress, not leaving her as he said, "If we encounter anyone it involves, I want ye to keep riding until ye get to the castle."

behind "What of ye?" she asked. "Ye'd have me leave ye behind?"  
nod over He nodded without hesitation. "Aye, Adeline. I would gladly give Sciath'sto protect ye."

the dog And as that astonishing statement sank in, they galloped ahead, big dark talking, or even thinking of anything but riding, impossible.

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Something intense flared in Alex's eyes. Her flesh prickled with awareness of him that sank deep into her gut and lodged there. His gaze became soft as a caress, not leaving her as he said, "If we encounter any more wolves, I want ye to keep riding until ye get to the castle."

"What of ye?" she asked. "Ye'd have me leave ye behind?"

He nodded without hesitation. "Aye, Adeline. I would gladly give my life to protect ye."

And as that astonishing statement sank in, they galloped ahead, making talking, or even thinking of anything but riding, impossible.

## Chapter Six

It was difficult to concentrate on the hound with Adeline hovering so close to him that her scent infused his every breath, but he managed to stay focused enough that he felt fairly certain Sciath would live. He finished wrapping the wound, then gave the hound a pat on the head when the dog licked his hand before dropping her head to the table once more and closing her eyes.

“Ye really think she will live?”

That was at least the sixth time Adeline had asked him that question, and he nodded and reassured her yet again. “Aye, lass.” Her genuine concern for her dog touched him deeply. It showed she had a heart overflowing with love. “The blood made the wound appear worse than it was. The wolf bit Sciath, but it was nae deep. Sciath is much fiercer than the wolf, are ye a girl,” he said, patting the dog, who opened her eyes briefly and gave him a few thumps in answer before shutting her eyes again.

“I kinnae thank ye enough,” Adeline said, and he turned to look at her, his shoulders slumping forward with obvious exhaustion. “For saving my life and for aiding my dog.”

“I could nae have done anything else,” he said, meaning it. When he realized she was in danger, all he could think of was saving her at any cost. Actually, he wasn’t even certain he’d really thought at all. He’d reacted out of sheer black fright for her. And now that his pulse had returned to normal and all was calm, and she was standing there alive and well, his attraction for her washed over him.

Bitterness curdled in his stomach. He could not pursue her. If he did, he would lose his chance at joining the Night Guard, and he’d been dreaming of that opportunity for as long as he could remember. There was no possibility of having his own stronghold, his own clan, or a home to call his own, or even to build a family, without the Night Guard.

Her green gaze clung to him, and a rosy blush crept from her chest down her neck to her cheeks. Her lips were swollen and red, likely from the harsh cold ride back to the castle, and she once again had the most beautiful smudge on her cheek. A physical ache to touch her, to comfort her,

through him, but he turned away and swept his gaze around the healing room, searching for something to distract him. His attention on a jug of wine, and he strode across the room, looked in it, found it and picked it up, turning to look for goblets, but his intentions halted on Alex.

Her hands were raised above her head and held all her luxurious hair close to her very enticing neck. Her skin was flawless, creamy, and inviting. “We could both use a goblet of wine,” he said, knowing he could. He never focused on the desire in him that was heating at a shockingly rapid pace.

Alex’s eyes. She released her hair, and it slid over her shoulders to trail to her eyes. He clenched his teeth in an effort not to release a grunt of need. She glared around. He was unsure what she was doing until she walked to the table closest to the door, plucked two goblets off it, and brought them to him, holding them out with a smile that made the breath lodge in his throat. “You most assuredly could use a goblet of wine,” she said, her voice the sound he’d ever heard. She had a slightly husky tone that made him think of a wild ye nae, tumbling in his bed.

He filled both goblets, handed one to her, and motioned to the chairs on the other side of the room. “Do ye wish to sit for a spell? I need to rest and see her through the night, but if ye wish to go to yer bedchamber and wash yer da and blood of ye—”

She frowned. “Nay. I wish to stay with ye as long as I can. I know I’ll eventually my da will return and make me leave.”

He imagined she was right. He doubted that the act of saving the life would have changed his mind about Alex. Laird Brodie wanted to be normal for his beloved daughter, and he judged the path ahead of Alex would be hard for her. Given the man had been down the same path, Alex would assume Laird Brodie knew of what he spoke.

They walked silently across the room to the chairs by the window and faced each other. Once they were both settled, each raised their goblet to their lips and took a long swig. Alex savored the burn as the wine slid down his throat and eventually pooled in his belly. He let out a tense sigh and looked down at the contents of the goblet so he’d not stare at her as he wanted to.

“Ye’re nae the clan healer, are ye?”

Her question brought a smile to his lips and had him looking up at her. What he saw rendered him speechless. Her eyes were closed, and he thought she’d rushed. Her dark lashes fanned her cheeks. She leaned her head back against the wall, bitter and guilting.

luttered and the long column of her neck was once again exposed. Unable to land himself, his gaze followed the slender line down until he reached the collarbones, where her pulse beat rapidly in the hollow space between the neck and the breasts. Never in his life had he wanted to touch something as much as he did this small spot where her very large heart was thumping against her skin. He thought of pressing his thumb there ever so gently and memorizing the pace of her life beating within her. It was the most dangerous desire, and he forced himself to ignore it. He swallowed, aware she was watching him and waiting for a response.

He glanced at her. “Nay,” he said, dragging his gaze from her collarbones to her eyes. Her eyes were filled with questions. “The healer is an older woman named Leeta. She’s currently away aiding the Donaldson clan with a sickness that’s taken over their people. She has been the healer here for as long as I can remember. She’s as near to a mother as I suppose I’ll ever know,” he thought of unsure why he had admitted that. Something about Adeline drew out the words he’d long held inside.

“Did Leeta teach ye the healing arts?” she asked.

“Aye.”

Her brow furrowed. “Is that nae unusual?”

He smiled. “Do ye mean because I’m a bastard or a man?”

She blushed, and it nearly killed him it was so beautiful. “Because I’m a man,” she said. “Most men dunnae seem to take an interest in such things.”

He shrugged. “They should. Kenning the healing arts can be verray useful for keeping ye alive when yer injured, and I would say most men have a fair bit of interest in staying alive.”

“Aye,” she agreed with a lovely chuckle, “but they expect a woman to tend to them.”

“I dunnae,” he said, meaning it, “but I suppose that’s because, for the most part, I have nae ever really had a woman tend to me.”

“Oh, I imagine ye have,” she said, smirking, and he was shocked to find his face heated. It was not like him to easily embarrass.

He cleared his throat and said, “Nae as a mama would, ye cheeky laddie.”

She winked at him, and the playful gesture caused the grip she had on his hand to tighten.

“So, how did it come to be that Leeta taught ye the healing arts?”

He scrubbed a hand across his face to give himself a moment to catch his breath.



to help how to respond. Each personal detail he shared and learned of her had made it that much harder not to fall under the spell she didn't seem to cast on them. She was casting, but he couldn't resist the captivating green gaze that did the interest that was focused on him. "When I was a lad, Moira would never let me come to take supper in the great hall, so I ate alone in the passage outside the kitchen. Her pattern of behavior was that of a tyrant. She would have me brought to her room every night. She would have me sit on the floor and she would have me do her bidding. It was a very complicated situation."

"How so?" Adeline asked with a frown. "Yer da is laird."

"That's horrid," Adeline whispered. "Yer da should have intervened sooner. He ignored the tightening of his chest and said, 'It was and it is complicated.'"

"How so?" Adeline asked with a frown. "Yer da is laird." Alex sighed heavily. "The lairdship of the clan rests in Moira's hands, which she has inherited from her father, but her confusion was evident on the sudden creases in her smooth forehead. "How can that be?"

As I can see, Alex quickly told her how the castle was Moira's birthright from her father, and how, along with the castle, he'd granted her the ability to choose the laird rather than naturally pass down to her first son. She got to the point where she said, "So, ye see, if she becomes displeased enough with my da, she can choose another laird."

"Anyone?"

"Well, nae. It has to be either Donnan or one of her brothers."

Adeline cocked her head in obvious thought. "How did nae being able to sit in the great hall at supper lead to ye learning the healing arts?"

"Leeta passed me night after night on her way to supper. One night she asked me why I did nae dine with the others. When I told her, she looked at me with a keen verra vexed for me, and she said she did nae care to dine with such a man as I was."

and hypocrites." He paused, trying to recall more, but he'd been a lad for many summers when that had happened. "I did nae ever really ken what she meant by that. Anyway, I dined with her for the better part of a year, and then one day, Moira happened into the healing room while Leeta and I were taking supper, and the next day, I was sent away to apprentice with Laird Lochlan."

"Ye trained under the most powerful magnet in the Highlands?"

"Aye." Alex nodded. "It was an honor to learn from him. He was a renowned warrior. Ruthless and rather unapproachable, but a great teacher. I was there for six summers."

Adeline gasped. "Ye were away from yer home for six summers!"

"Aye."

"Did ye miss it terribly?"

"Did ye miss it terribly?"

“Nay,” he said, realizing belatedly how much that one word had allowed him to realize away about him when Adeline sniffled and tears filled her eyes. Two full of trickled down her right cheek, and he leaned over and brushed them away. The moment he did so, he knew it had been a mistake. Touching her was a temptation. His mind was in chaos.

Adeline sucked in a sharp breath and placed a hand on his arm, reminding him more at her mercy than any weapon any foe had ever wielded against him. “Ye want to be on the Night Guard to gain yer own castle so ye never be turned from a great hall again.”

The pity in her voice did not irritate him as it might have if those words had been spoken by anyone else. That she understood what motivated him so clearly surprised him and made him regret even more that he could not pursue her. “Aye,” he finally acknowledged, and when her eyes chose the sheen of unshed tears again, he took her face in his hands and gently as his pulse hammered within him.

“Adeline,” he said, wanting to tell her how much she tempted him, knowing he should not. He needed to release her and put distance between them, but for all his strength, he was having trouble conjuring enough to do as he should, to do as was prudent for his future and hers. And because he could find it, she leaned forward and pressed her sweet, soft lips to his.

He was lost to desire in an instant. His mouth came over hers, a fierce need to memorize the feel and taste of her, though it was the last he should be doing. He’d given his word, and he was not a man to break it, but when she touched her tongue tentatively to the crease of his lips, he parted her lips with tongue and drank the essence of her in as if she meant liquid life. Mayhap she was, because he’d never felt more alive than in that moment. Her hands came to his back, and he delved his fingers into her silken strands, and then their bodies were pressed together as their hearts frantically roamed over each other.

Just when his fingers grazed her hard bud underneath the fine material of her gown, the healing room door creaked. He shoved her away and scrambled to his feet, panting, and she sat there looking utterly, beautifully disoriented, and as if she had been properly kissed. There was no room for pride of knowing she’d enjoyed it as much as he had. Concern gripped the door opened.

When her sister appeared, he exhaled a breath of relief that it was

and given Laird Brodie. That man was far too observant not to see that Adeline had  
70 tears kissed, but Adeline's sister was too concerned about herself to  
1 away someone else.

was too Elspeth flounced through the doorway, and her gaze skimmed her  
before settling on him with an inviting look. He didn't know what game  
ndering glass had been playing this morning at the hunt when she'd flirted shamelessly  
against with him, nor did he know what she was about now, but it was clear  
will nae something wicked. "Ye were verra brave this afternoon," she said in  
as suggestive as the look she was shooting him.

the same "Step out of the doorway, Daughter, and let me to Adeline," came  
motivated Brodie's gruff command.

he could Alex winced for Elspeth when stark hurt skittered across her face  
took one even as she immediately complied with her father's bidding. Laird  
held it charged in and paused mid-stride as his gaze locked on his Adeline. He  
at her for a long, silent moment before he turned an accusing glare  
aim but Alex.

between Unease and shame gripped Alex. Laird Brodie knew Alex had bro  
of it to vow to him. It was as obvious as Adeline's still-swollen lips and tussled  
before he The man's jaw went rigid as he crossed the room to Adeline, gave her  
and asked, "How is Sciath?"

with a Adeline looked to Alex. "Thanks to Alex, Sciath is going to be ok  
st thing ye are alive."

break a "I *think* she will," Alex corrected Adeline in regard to her hour  
mouth, stay with her through the night tonight and watch her. If she's going to  
ie we return for the worse, she'll do so tonight."

in that "I'll stay, too," Adeline piped up.

into her A dark, thunderous look crossed her father's face. "Nay," he said  
r handshard, unbending tone Alex noticed made Adeline flinch, "ye'll nae. Ye  
up to yer bedchamber now and get some rest. Ye've dark circles un  
erial of eyes, and ye nearly died."

ambled "But, Da, what if Sciath should need me or Alex should need a hand  
reveled, "Yer sister can stay," Laird Brodie announced to Alex's shock.

for the "Da!" Elspeth said, her distraught tone revealing not only her hurt  
him as she was not truly interested in Alex, as she would have had him  
earlier.

was not Laird Brodie waved a hand at his eldest daughter. "Just for a bit

ad been yer sister's mind. Now go to yer bedchamber, Adeline. I have taken notice what vexes ye, and I'll nae listen to any more argument."

Alex could clearly see by Adeline's mutinous expression that she would rather wish to comply, but he also could see that she knew it was hopeless. The way her shoulders had dropped in defeat. "If Sciath should worsen. He'll say, looking directly at Alex.

"I will have yer sister come for ye immediately," he assured her, a voice she knew doing so would anger Laird Brodie.

Adeline nodded and walked stiffly past her father and sister to give the Laird one last parting hug, and then she exited the room, her back ramrod straight and lips pressed into an angry line.

When she had disappeared from view, Laird Brodie looked to Elspeth who stood with her arms crossed over her chest and sad smile on her face. "Wait outside for a moment, Elspeth. I wish to speak to Alex in private." The woman opened and closed her mouth several times, as if she did not agree, but then she jerked her head in a nod and departed the room, leaving Alex alone with her father, the man who held Alex's future in the palm of his hands. Laird Brodie turned unforgiving eyes upon him. "I'll give ye a hug, stepmother did nae want ye to compete in the tourney."

"I'm aware," Alex said, understanding his future was teetering on a precipice. He did not regret the kiss, though he heartily regretted breaking his word and the possibility that his dream may now be beyond his reach. "I'll why didn't he regret the kiss? Those two things alone should make him want to take it back, but he didn't want to.

"Ye should also be aware that I made it possible by convincing the king he would nae be pleased if he heard one of the most promising vassals was held from his possible service because he was a bastard."

"Are ye saying the king dunnae really feel that way?" Alex pressed, wanting to know exactly where he stood.

"I'm saying," Laird Brodie replied slowly, "the king kens only what he wants. If I'm for ye, the king is. If I'm against ye, the king is against ye. And if ye break yer word to me again regarding my daughter, I will be against ye. Ye'll have made an enemy. Ye saved my life today so I'll return an eye to my daughter's disheveled state when I entered this room. Ye will forget any thought of her and a future with her, or I'll destroy any hope ye have of serving on the Night Guard. Do ye ken me?"

care of “Aye,” Alex choked out, rage heating him. Not relief, rage. V  
God’s blood was wrong with him? Kissing the lass had addled his brai  
did not the mere presence of Adeline had addled his brain.

by the Laird Brodie studied him for a long moment. “Ye seem to be a goc  
..” she but Adeline is my heart. I’ll nae lose her as I lost her mother. And ask  
this: Do ye wish to lose yer only chance to gain everything ye desir  
though lass ye barely ken?”

Hesitation gripped him. Two days ago, before meeting Adeli  
Sciathans answer would have been a resounding no, but now... But Laird Bro  
straight waiting for his answer, and Alex had wanted the chance to gain h  
stronghold for as long as he could remember, so he shook his head.  
Elspeth, He needed to think clearly from here on out.

er face. “Excellent,” the man replied, then turned on his heel and exited th  
e.” The door stood open behind Laird Brodie, and Alex could see him sq

e might with Elspeth. Her gaze went wide at something he’d said and her  
room to formed a shocked O, but after a moment of hesitation, she nodded and  
e palms from her father to enter the room with a look Alex recognized. The  
l. “Ye had a purpose for being here other than simply staying with Scia

Alex’s gut told him that by the time he really understood it, it could  
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“Aye,” Alex choked out, rage heating him. Not relief, rage. What in God’s blood was wrong with him? Kissing the lass had addled his brain. Hell, the mere presence of Adeline had addled his brain.

Laird Brodie studied him for a long moment. “Ye seem to be a good man, but Adeline is my heart. I’ll nae lose her as I lost her mother. And ask yerself this: Do ye wish to lose yer only chance to gain everything ye desire for a lass ye barely ken?”

Hesitation gripped him. Two days ago, before meeting Adeline, his answer would have been a resounding no, but now... But Laird Brodie was waiting for his answer, and Alex had wanted the chance to gain his own stronghold for as long as he could remember, so he shook his head. “Nay.” He needed to think clearly from here on out.

“Excellent,” the man replied, then turned on his heel and exited the room. The door stood open behind Laird Brodie, and Alex could see him speaking with Elspeth. Her gaze went wide at something he’d said and her mouth formed a shocked *O*, but after a moment of hesitation, she nodded and turned from her father to enter the room with a look Alex recognized. The woman had a purpose for being here other than simply staying with Sciath, and Alex’s gut told him that by the time he really understood it, it could well be too late.

## Chapter Seven

When the bedchamber door creaked open, Adeline sat up in bed, eager for news of Sciath. “How is she?” she demanded of Elspeth before her sister even shut the door behind her.

“She’s sleeping and did nae have any problems while I was in there,” Elspeth said. Adeline frowned. “Why does yer voice have an odd, tight sound?”

“I dunnae ken what ye mean,” Elspeth said, crossing the room and sitting on her bed, which was beside Adeline’s.

“Yer tone is strained as if something is bothering ye. What is it?”

“I was right about the bastard,” Elspeth said, sounding sorry now.

“What do ye mean?” Adeline asked slowly, though of course she knew the answer and her heart stung with the knowledge that Alex had kissed her sister. She needed to hear it, though.

“I flirted with him in the woods this morning, and he kissed me, and he kissed me again tonight in the healing room. So, ye can quit dreaming about the bastard as a perfect man. He’s nae.”

“I did nae have any such dream,” Adeline choked out, though in truth, after her intimate conversation with Alex earlier, she’d felt a connection to him that had seemed so real. Clearly, it was all in her imagination.

“I am sorry, Addie,” Elspeth said, and she sounded as if she truly meant it. “I dunnae want to hurt ye. I boasted as I did that I could get his attention because I was jealous.”

“I ken,” Adeline said, her throat tightening with the need to cry.

“I did nae really think I could. I...I am sorry. Ye must believe me. I dunnae hate me.”

Adeline wanted to let her sister lie in her worry for a bit, but she couldn’t hear the real misery in her voice. Elspeth had not truly meant to hurt her, and it was not Elspeth’s fault, per se, that Alex had kissed her, but it took time for people to kiss, and Elspeth knew how much Adeline had liked Alex. Instead of telling her sister she forgave her, she said, “I wonder how ye would react if I flirted with Donnan and got him to kiss me.”

“Ye would nae dare! Ye ken I plan to wed him.”

“As far as I can see, he dunnae even act as if ye’re alive,” she retorted, regretting the unkind words the minute they left her mouth. She was angry at Elspeth and Alex. How dare he kiss Adeline senseless, then come around and kiss her sister, too! The man clearly believed no lass could turn a man’s head—and unfortunately, she had proven him right—and Elspeth thought she was the only one who could. Adeline was going to show them, and she would do it without oner for ster had e.”



l sitting “Donnan!”

Moira’s shriek cut through the clank of Alex’s and Donnan’s blades as they sparred. The interruption snatched Alex’s attention, and he blocked Donnan’s strike.

“Watch out!” Fingal yelled. Alex was already jumping back but not fast enough. Donnan’s sword slid across Alex’s chest, cutting it. He fell down in shock at the stinging wound.

“We said dull blades only,” Alex muttered, ripping off a piece of his tunic to press it to the wound as it bled. Breath hissed between his clenched teeth at the contact of the cloth to the cut. He rolled his shoulders to the wound which throbbed in response. Anger flared at Donnan.

“’Tis my fault,” Moira said, sounding less than apologetic about it as she strode toward them with a sword in hand. “’Tis one of the reasons I came in search of Donnan,” she added, stopping beside Alex and Donnan and glancing at Alex’s hand where he was still holding the plaid against his wound. “I took Donnan’s blade to clean it for him, and I realized that I took the wrong one,” she said, offering Alex a patently fake apologetic look.

The woman had never cleaned anything in her life, but saying so did no good. Instead, he lifted the cloth, wiped the blood away, and pressed it to the wound. It wasn’t deep, though it was not an insignificant cut, and with a tournament starting tomorrow, it could well cause him pain that affect his performance. That, he was certain, was exactly what Moira had intended. “How could ye nae ken ye were using yer sharp blade?” Fingal asked Donnan.

Donnan’s face reddened. “I forgot to check. I’m sorry,” he said, g



Adeline at Alex. "I had other things on my mind."

But she "What is more important than ensuring ye're nae using a blade that can turn wound or kill our brother?" Fingal demanded, though Alex was thinking of how to resist. "He has a lass on his mind," Moira said, smiling smugly at Alex as they clearly exchanged swords with Donnan.

"When does he nae have a lass on his mind?" Fingal said.

A bit of Moira scowled at Fingal. "This lass is different. This lass is someone no man would wed."

*Adeline.* They were speaking of Adeline. His gut told him it was her. She'd been frostily polite for the last two nights, ever since her sister had stayed in the healing room with him for a bit and tried to persuade him to make a decision. Not with words but with actions. He'd not, of course, but Adeline had missed and acted vexed with him, and it made him wonder what Elspeth had said. Given that he needed to keep a distance from Adeline, it seemed best not to let her be vexed with him, so he'd not tried to explain. And beyond that, she'd sat at the dais beside Donnan for the last two nights, laughing openly flirting with his brother. Even still, his gut hollowed at the thought of this plaid Adeline and Donnan wedding.

He clenched "Ye should tend to yer cut," Donnan said.

He tested the Alex blinked and realized Moira was gone and Donnan and Fingal were staring at him. He'd been so utterly absorbed with thoughts of Adeline that he had not been aware of what was occurring around him.

It came in "And ye should be able to drag yer thoughts off Adeline long enough to come to training with the correct sword instead of coming with one in your chest to kill me," Alex snapped. His words were sharp, but he didn't care who took the blame. Anger pulsed through him at the thought of Donnan pursuing Adeline, which was foolish when he could not pursue her himself. But that would mean he relished the idea of Donnan doing so.

He prodded "Why do ye sound so angry, Brother?" Donnan asked, an irritated look on his face. "Because a lass wants me and nae ye?"

He asked how "Donnan!" Fingal protested, but Alex waved him to silence.

He led. "Tis all right," Alex said, carefully turning over Donnan's words. He asked thinking upon his brother's challenging tone, the sudden arching of his eyebrows, the flare of his nose, and how he'd acted since the hunt had come upon them after Alex had killed the wolves. Donnan had been with him for the two days since the hunt. He'd snatched things, given

one-word answers, and “accidentally” tripped him.

“Ye’re pursuing her because ye realized I liked her. Why? I’d be damned if I’d let her go,” he demanded, anger singing through his veins. “Because I saved Laird Fingal’s life, and ye were jealous that Da praised me?”

“Nay,” Donnan said, but his shoulders slumped. Alex knew someone was amiss. “Mama gave me a terrible tongue lashing after the hunt, and I’d come home I had looked weak and useless in comparison to ye.”

Alex had not thought he could despise Moira more, but in that moment he did. He hated the way she wielded her power over their father and brother. If the stronghold were not attached to her family instead of their father’s, things would have been different for him, for all of them. “Donnan,” he said, reaching for his brother to offer a comforting hand on his shoulder. Yet, but Donnan shrugged him off.

“She’s right,” Donnan said, misery drenching his words. “I do often feel weak in comparison to ye, and I kinnae if I am to have the respect of the men who will be my warriors. Da sways how the men see me by the way he compares me to ye and acting as if I fall short of ye!”

“Donnan—” Alex started, only realizing just how much their brother’s favoritism of Alex as a warrior hurt Donnan. Given Donnan had even been the best, Alex had not considered how much it must weigh on his brother.

“Nay!” Donnan said. “I dunnae want yer pity.”

“I dunnae pity ye,” Alex replied. “Ye’re a fine warrior.” But though that was correct in his assessment that Donnan could be better if he trained harder, he meant he could be one of the best. He was less driven, Alex supposed, but he had to curb Donnan didn’t have to work for things as hard as Alex did. “I dunnae want to quarrel with ye about Adeline. Her da has made it clear that if I attempt to court her, he’ll ensure I dunnae have a place on the Guard.”

“Why would her da have said anything to ye about courtship?” Donnan demanded, his face flushing.

Alex slid his teeth against each other to contain his own harsh words and not say more than he wished. “I suppose because I shared a dance with her at the party of his—”

“A pity dance,” Donnan growled.

“I dunnae ken why the two of ye are fighting over Adeline Ewing,” Alex Fingal said. “Elsbeth is the bonnier of the two lasses.”

“She’s all yers if ye wish her,” Alex said. “And we are nae quarreling over Adeline Brodie.” Alex looked at Donnan to ensure his brother understood that if there was a quarrel brewing, it was of his own making now. “Are we?”

Donnan stared at him for a long, silent moment before speaking. He said, shaking his head with a forced chuckle. “I’m sorry to hear ye issued ye such a warning, but nae too sorry, Brother.” That moment, obvious in the uncontrollable grin that spread upon his brother’s face and had the uncharitable thought that he’d like to knock that grin from Donnan’s mouth. “I would imagine Adeline will nae defy her father.”

“I would imagine nae,” Alex agreed, which only served to make him more irritable. Not that he wanted her to do any such thing. He did not think it would serve no purpose. He’d been initially very angry at Laird Ewen’s command, but upon thought, he understood why the man had issued the order. Alex had a daughter, he’d likely do the same thing, and in truth, the thought of a woman capturing his heart and then his having to leave her for good was on end to fend for herself while he went off to try to win a battle and get his father’s skin’s favor put him ill at ease.

“If Adeline discovers she wishes to be courted by ye, then the best way to handle it is to be both.” But Alex would prefer not to be around to watch it.

“I appreciate ye being more charitable than I am,” Donnan said, with a slight smile. “I’m nae charitable,” Alex said bluntly. His brother’s increasing mood was making Alex’s rapidly darker. “But as ye said, even if I were to pursue Adeline, she’d likely nae wish it now.”

“But ye think she wished it before?” Donnan demanded.

Alex thought of the kiss, of her saying she had not wanted her father to find them in case either of them decided they wanted to persuade him to court her. He hadn’t known what she’d meant by that at the time. Donnan, after Brodie’s warning, she must have meant she knew how her father felt about bastards because he blamed his absence for his wife’s death.

“Alex!” Donnan demanded.

Alex jerked his gaze to his brother, only just realizing he’d glanced away. Donnan had an impatient look about him. “Would it matter what she would have wanted before today if it kinnae be?”

Donnan’s eyes got a hard look in them. “I suppose nae,” he said, but with a begrudging, and then he forced a smile once more. “Besides, she se

arreling have forgotten ye already,” Donnan added, then clapped a hand on brother’s shoulder, brushed past him with a jovial laugh, and sauntered away.

making “He’s jealous of ye, and it makes him act an arse,” Fingal said, smiling.

Alex with a thoughtful look upon his face. “If her da had nae forbidde “Nay,” court her, would ye have done so kenning Donnan wanted to?”

r Laird “I’d have let her decide who she wished to be courted by,” Alex

ich was “But the decision has been made for me,” he added, and before his

e. Alex tried to talk to him any more about the lass who had haunted him since Donnan’s day he met her, he stomped away toward the great hall, where he

intended to keep his gaze and mind off Adeline and his attention focused on even what he truly wanted: a position on the Night Guard.

not. It

Brodie’s

ed it. If Adeline entered the great hall with Elspeth walking stiffly beside her, thoughtweariness hit her. Showing Elspeth that Donnan’s head could be turned months made Adeline feel worse, not better. For one thing, she was not attracted gain the Donnan in the least. Not only that but she suspected his interest in her

more to do with taking what he thought Alex wanted than any real desire to please her. Flirting with him had certainly been about getting back at Elspeth

Alex, but it made Adeline feel small, petty, and tired.

anking. With these thoughts in her head, she turned in the opposite direction. Donnan waved at her to join him on the dais, and she headed for an

nted to seat at one of the tables in front of the dais. She was surprised when

followed, sat beside her, and asked, “Is this yer way of calling a truce?”

Adeline picked up her wine goblet to give herself a moment to gather her

ather to “Aye,” she finally answered. “I kinnae be vexed with ye forever, I sin to let ye’re my sister, after all.” And she knew Elspeth was trying to make

me, but her betrayal in her own way. She’d been sitting in the bedchamber when she felt Sciath when Adeline could not for the last two days since Adeline had

her father move Sciath there. Alex had done fine work patching her house. Sciath was healing well.

l down. “And Alex?” Elspeth asked. Adeline met her sister’s concerned gaze. “Him I can be vexed forever,” she said.

is tone Elspeth nibbled on her lip for a moment. “And Donnan?”

ems to

Alex's Adeline knew what her sister was asking. "Ye are welcome  
Though, I warn ye, he's insufferable." And as a moroseness hit h  
tudyintipped up her wine goblet and drank the entire contents down in on  
n ye toWhen the wine hit her throat, she began to cough and could not get i  
control. The liquid continued its path down to her belly and settled t  
ex said.she hacked.

brother "Addie, do stop," Elspeth said. "Everyone is staring at ye."  
nce the "Dunnae. Be. Ridiculous," Adeline managed to get out between  
ie fullycoughs. "Everyone in this h-hall is surely nae staring, and I ki-kinna  
used onmyself stop." She had to pause to gasp in a breath between coughs ar  
at her eyes, which were now watering so much that tears streamed  
them.

"Oh my god! Dunnae ye dare die!" Elspeth demanded and be  
er, andsmack Adeline on the back.

ied had "Ellie—" Adeline protested, trying to shove her sister's hand aw  
acted toanother round of coughing took hold of her so fiercely that she double  
her hadher head near her trencher of food.

sire for "Ye are nae allowed to die while I carry this guilt!" Elspeth wail  
eth andAdeline's ear. Then Elspeth let out a loud gasp and stopped bang  
Adeline's back.

n when Adeline frowned, her forehead now resting on the table, her s  
t emptyclenched from the coughing, and she was certain part of her hair was l  
Elspeththe trencher she had not yet touched and that, unfortunately, was swi  
" with gravy. All those thoughts left her head, though, as she was se  
decide.another round of near-choking coughs.

uppose. "Here," came a low, husky voice so near her left ear that the c  
: up forwarm breath wafted over her ear lobe and caused an odd little shiver.  
er withthis," came the deep voice again, curling around her like a warm blank  
ad theirstruggled to set her hands on the edge of the table to push herself i  
nd, andthat's when strong arms grasped her shoulders and pulled her upright  
in front of her was a second goblet of wine, and behind her and a bi  
left so that she could see his profile was Alex. He was so close to her  
:d withshoulder was pressed to his annoyingly well-muscled thigh.

There was no time to linger on the irritation she wanted to wa  
because he kneeled, scooped up the goblet he'd set in front of her, and  
at her as he held it out to her. The emotions that his face displayed we

to him, furious, and gone in a breath, a bland mask of indifference now in its place, she but she swore concern and regret had been there. How dare he pretend to care? She gulped. “Dunnae trouble yerself,” she croaked, shoving the goblet away from her undernearly at her lips.

There as she thought her words elicited a scowl, but the tears still leaking from her eyes blurred her vision and made her unsure.

“It will be more trouble for me if ye die in the great hall and I have to go on and on harshin digging a grave for ye,” he said, his tone sarcastic. “Drink,” he said, and she made once more, moved the hand that she was holding in front of her face and wiped the goblet to her lips. “This is a milder version of the strong wine I got out of drunk. I promise it will stop the cough. I put a pinch of peeled serpent melon in it, along with the oil of plum stones.”

She began to “Sounds delightful,” she said, matching his sarcastic tone. She intended to refuse the concoction, but the tickle in her throat was back, and once more, so with little choice other than choking from coughing, she gripped the goblet he was holding, inadvertently setting her trembling hand on top of his. Instead of releasing the goblet, he tilted it just enough to let the wine wet her lips.

Staying on Her cough immediately stopped, and her gaze flew to his. He glared, and her treacherous heart flipped in her chest. She hated that she still had a stomach reaction to him, given she now knew him to be a skirt tumbler. She took the goblet away and said, “Ye may go. If I need someone to save me from drowning I’ll wave Donnan over.” She bit her lip on the foolish words, and the feelings they inspired not even a slight show of jealousy from Alex heated her face with mortification. She’d been miserable for spending two days of her life with her brother’s owner with his clot-headed brother, and it had all been for naught.

“Drink up. But then a shadow of annoyance crossed his face, and an alarm rang in her head. She shot through her, along with the uncontrollable desire to see if she could get another reaction. “If ye will take a care nae to drink the strong wine, I’ll wave my brother over.”

Back to the A very dangerous triumph expanded in her chest, and it stole her breath. That her sense. With one hand, she took hold of the goblet he had set down, and with her other, she picked up the wine jug, filled her goblet, then drank the wine in contented down again, this time with one loud gulp. She allowed the corners of her mouth to curl ever so slowly into a smile as she held his now-glaring gaze. “It’s much more enjoyable nae to be careful.”

s place, He looked as if he might say something else, but he rose and turned, too. Adeline's gaze followed his movements, and that was what she realized three things at once: Most people had finished their supper, they had gone over to the cleared area to dance, and Donnan was almost to the door, out of the room and staring at her...hard. She was quite certain her attempt to make Donnan jealous had created more of a mess for her than him. And to worsen it, the wine hit her almost instantly.

insisted Dizziness gripped her, and heat swallowed her. She squeezed her eyes shut to stop the room from tilting, and when she opened them, Donnan was there with a vaguely irritated expression, which she saw him smile at her, but it did not reach his eyes. "Would ye care to dance when your coughing fit is over?"

ie fully She opened her mouth to say no when Alex spoke. "I dunna mind if Adeline should dance currently."

ng, she How dare he! How dare he try to tell her what to do, the...the. The sister kisser! She stood so quickly that she nearly tipped backward with her calves pressed into the bench. Alex gripped her by the elbow to steady her, but she shrugged him off and whipped her gaze to his. "I'm perfectly capable of deciding when and whom I'll dance with, thank ye verra much," she had said before stepping away from the bench and taking Donnan's outstretched hand, determined to make Alex believe she liked him as much as he liked her: not at all.

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She opened her mouth to say no when Alex spoke. "I dunnae think Adeline should dance currently."

How dare he! How dare he try to tell her what to do, the...the...the... sister kisser! She stood so quickly that she nearly tipped backward when her calves pressed into the bench. Alex gripped her by the elbow to steady her, but she shrugged him off and whipped her gaze to his. "I'm perfectly capable of deciding when and whom I'll dance with, thank ye verra much," she fairly spat before stepping away from the bench and taking Donnan's outstretched hand, determined to make Alex believe she liked him as much as he liked her: not at all.



## Chapter Eight

“Ye’re staring,” Fingal said beside Alex as they sat on the dais after he had taken to the dance floor with Donnan.

“Am I?” Alex asked, though he knew he was. It seemed he could not make himself look away from Adeline, no matter that he knew he should.

Fingal picked up his goblet, drank a sip, and put it down. “Aye. Ye’ve barely moved a muscle since ye sat down after playing the hero.”

“I did nae play the hero,” Alex countered, his gut tightening as he laughed at something Donnan said. Jealousy, unlike anything Alex had ever known slipped a vise grip around his chest.

“Nay?” Fingal asked, disbelief dripping from the word.

Alex tore his gaze away from Adeline, where it had inadvertently returned off and on for the last five dances she had shared with him. Fingal’s skeptical gaze annoyed Alex, and he was never annoyed with his brother. His younger brother had a generous spirit and kind heart. Alex drew a purposely slow breath to cool his jealousy, but it was still hot enough to scald his veins. “I simply aided her in her coughing fit because I know how.”

“I’ve seen plenty of lasses coughing in here, and ye have nae ever tried to aid them.”

“Then I must nae have felt overly concerned for the state they were in,” Alex replied, irritation rising again. He knew what his brother was trying to do, but Alex admitting that Adeline intrigued him more than anyone he ever met would do no good.

“Why do ye nae cut in and ask her to dance?” Fingal inquired. “I can see by the longing on yer face that ye want to.”

“I kinnae ask her to dance, Brother, because her father forbade me from courting her. I’ll lose any chance to gain a spot on the Night Guard if I do.”

“If I were interested in a lass as ye clearly are in Adeline, I would put everything aside I’d worked for all my life to pursue her.”

“Spoken like a man who is nae a bastard and is secure in the knowledge that he will have land of his own, a stronghold of his own, and mer-

own,” Alex replied, his words shorter than they normally would be for Fingal. Adeline’s presence, his desire for her, was making him out of sorts.

“Alex, I’m sorry,” Fingal began, and Alex motioned for him to stop and quit talking.

Adeline “’Tis I who should be apologizing. It is nae yer fault that ye were born a bastard and I was.” He rubbed a hand over the back of his neck, which had knotted. “Please forgive my short words,” he added before focusing on the dance floor once more.

He did not see Adeline and searched the room but for a moment without locating her standing at her table, wine goblet tipped to her lips once she had finished her drink.

Adeline He frowned and resisted the urge to go to her and snatch the wine goblet from her. He suspected she was being stubbornly defiant out of anger and had never told him she should take a care with the wine, though he was surprised that cautioning her had vexed her so. She’d drank three goblets of wine and she’d started dancing and that was far too many for a slight lass like her.

But she was not his responsibility. Her father should be watching her. Alex slid his gaze down the dais to where her father sat next to his. Fingal was at the far end of the table. They spoke animatedly about something, and Adeline’s father did not spare a glance for either of his daughters.

“Mayhap once ye gain a place on the Guard ye’ll be appointed to a post of some importance and ye’ll be able to impress the king right away and be bequeathed all the wealth ye wish, and ye’ll nae have to be away for years as Adeline’s father wished.” Fingal said, referring to what Alex had confided in him about what Brodie had shared. “And then ye can pursue Adeline, and—”

“I shared a moment with Adeline, ’tis all.” Well, it was several moments ago, but it hardly mattered now. “I dunnae need to let a lass go to my head and ruin my future, especially when the lass in question seems to nae have any import on our time together and seems rather taken by Donnan.”

“That’s the spirit,” Fingal agreed with blatant false joviality. He clapped a hand on Alex’s shoulder and winked. “She probably has a brain for a brain and ye just have nae seen it yet because ye have hardly looked around her.”

“Undoubtedly,” Alex agreed half-heartedly.

“And she’s probably selfish,” Fingal added.

“Aye,” Alex forced himself to say, though his gut told him that was the case.

be with “And she’s nae nearly as bonny as her sister, so she’s probably  
ports. made bitter by jealousy.”

other to Alex’s only response to that was to gape at Fingal. Fingal scooped  
return and asked, “Ye dunnae think Elspeth bonny?”

ere nae “She’s bonny, I suppose,” Alex relented, “but I dunnae like the v  
eck that seems to ken it and tries to wield it, and I dunnae think she’s near as bon  
sing on her sister.”

“How do ye mean she tries to wield it?” Fingal questioned.

before He told her quickly of Elspeth attempting to get him to kiss her  
e more. hunt and in the healing room with Sciath. “I had the feeling she was try  
et from lure me into something. It was verra strange.”

for him “Did ye kiss her?” Fingal demanded, ignoring everything Alex had  
ised histo warn him. Clearly, the lass had dazzled his younger brother.

e since “Nay, Fingal,” he assured him, dropping his voice low so no one  
r. overhear their conversation. “I dunnae have any interest in Elspeth. If  
out for truly intrigued by the lass, ye should pursue her. But I warn ye, I thi  
s at the was mayhap giving attention to me to make her sister jealous, and tha  
deline’s a good quality.”

“Nay, ’tis nae,” Fingal agreed, but then he grinned. “I think the lass  
intended needs a man to show her she is all he can think about, and then her yo  
that ye for attention will disappear, as will the conniving.”

fears,” Alex shrugged. “Mayhap,” he said because he’d wondered that  
it Laird thing. “Ye should go ask her to dance and judge her character for yers  
ye have spent some time with her. I dunnae wish to sway ye. She’s ju  
oments, sitting there alone since her sister left to dance.”

ead and “Aye, I ken,” Fingal said, surprising Alex. “I’ve been stealing I  
placed her. Every time her sister dances with Donnan, Elspeth glares at the  
when Donnan is nae dancing with her sister, she dunnae pay him heed  
Fingal tracks her sister’s movements, nae Donnan’s. She dunnae care about I  
feathers She’s more interested in the attention her sister is getting. So I’ve cor  
ly been the way to win her is to make her ken I dunnae see anything or any  
her.”

Alex stared at Fingal in amazement. “Brother, I have long held ye  
one of the finest strategic minds I have ever come across—”

was not “And I have just proved ye correct,” Fingal said, winking.

“Aye,” Alex agreed. “Ye have. So, when are ye going to start this p

ly been “Now,” Fingal replied. “Wish me luck.” Fingal rose.

“Best of luck, Brother,” Alex replied, and with a grin, Fingal moved inway off the dais and strode across the great hall to where Elspeth sat. He stood to the side so that Alex could see Elspeth, too, and when she showed her head, Alex felt sure she’d turned Fingal down to dance. The lass nodded and good shaking herself. Fingal didn’t tuck his tail and leave, though his brother moved around the dais, sat beside her, and turned his head to her, though she moved her attention away from him. Still, Alex found Fingal grinning and hopeful. He suspected his brother would eventually be trying to Elspeth down and capture the lass. He just hoped Fingal didn’t want to throw her into the loch after doing so.

And because he was so focused on Fingal, he did not realize that Elspeth and Adeline had ceased dancing and returned to the dais until Donnachaidh would be helping Adeline into the now-empty seat next to Alex. When she sat, she brushed his arm, and his blood rushed through his veins with the force of a hammer. “Oh,” she said, turning to him and snatching her arm back so that she knew she felt much the same reaction he did. “I do apologize that I touched yours,” she said, thankfully in a low tone. Her words were slurred, and he realized immediately that the wine had gone to her head. She was earning only that but her eyes were slightly glazed, giving her a lovely rosy tint to her cheeks and lips that came from the combination of wine and desire. “I’m certain,” she said, still in a low tone, “that ye’d much rather be touching my sister’s arm, as ye did her lips.”

He frowned. Her sister must have told her that they’d kissed, and she explained her behavior these last two days and her stalking off to dance with Donnachaidh. She was vexed at him. She wanted to let him know without words, but he should not be glad to discover this but he was, which helped. She instinctually was dangerous for them both.

Donnan. If he were wise, he’d allow her to go on thinking incorrectly. Instead, he leaned so close to her that her freesia scent swirled around him. He only whispered, “I vow I did nae kiss yer sister.” He could not let her think she could choose Elspeth over her, no matter how unwise it was to speak on the matter at all.

She narrowed her eyes upon him and said, “Liar.”

Before he could decide whether to refute her statement or simply let it go, she said, “What’s the entire matter go, Donnachaidh? He was looking at Al

brother put his hand on Adeline's forearm and said, "Adeline, when we should dance again."

She frowned down at Donnan's hand and moved it from her arm. She had never been so glad for a reaction in his life. He felt bad for it. Donnan was his brother. But Alex could not help how he felt.

She gave Donnan an oddly disgusted look before saying, "I can't talk to you about anything but quenching my thirst."

When she reached for her goblet, Alex slid it away, and leaning in close, he said in her ear, "Ye need a hunk of bread, nae wine."

"Ye are nae my father to order me about," she replied, each word a challenge.

When she reached toward the goblet in his hand, he shoved a piece of bread into her mouth.

Her eyes popped wide, and he had to resist the urge to laugh. Instead, he said, "Chew. If ye keep gulping down wine to prove a point to me, all ye end up doing is falling over or getting sick and embarrassing yerself. That's not what ye want?" he asked gently. Her eyes went so wide that he knew he'd guessed correctly as to why she had been overindulging in wine.

As she glared at him, she chewed the bread slowly, swallowed it, and then said, "How dare ye ken my mind!"

Before he could think how to respond to that, his father leaned forward from the end of the dais, "Adeline, yer da tells me ye have been practicing with a bow since ye were a wee lass."

"Aye," she replied, turning away from Alex to look down the dais at her father. "Da says I'm a natural-born hunter."

"I've always said that about Alex," his father replied. "Laird Brodie knew both yer daughters so exceptional with the bow? Mayhap they could learn from Donnan and Fingal lessons," Laird Gordon joked, but the joke made Alex wince.

It was cruel, and it was one of the reasons Alex believed Donnan was so competitive with him. Their father stoked Donnan's jealousy, probably without knowing, or possibly on purpose with the hope that the other would train harder.

"Only Adeline. Elspeth is useless," came Laird Brodie's reply, which unfortunately was at the exact moment that Elspeth and Fingal appeared on the dais after their dance.

Elspeth's face turned red, and Adeline exclaimed, "Da! Elspeth has a bow!"

n ye're fine qualities, and ye ken it. She has the voice of an angel."

"I do," Elspeth agreed, "and Adeline kinnae sing a note without n. Alexye wince."

He did. "'Tis true," Adeline agreed readily. Alex was struck with her loy her sister.

'm too "Aye," Laird Brodie said. "Elspeth can sing, but what good is : battle?"

toward "'Tis a balm to the men who've been injured in battle, Da," Adelin and Alex could not tear his gaze from her. She was utterly selfless an clipped. more lovely because of it.

of bread "I can sing for ye all, if ye like?" Elspeth asked.

"Aye!" Adeline exclaimed, even as Alex saw her father start to ead, hebut he clamped his mouth shut and gave a curt nod to his eldest daught

ye will "Go on with ye, then, and sing, then afterward, ye need to retire and yer bedchamber. Adeline too. 'Tis late, and I'm certain ye are both weary."

that he Alex was certain the man just wanted Adeline away from him.

; in the "With permission, I can see yer daughter Elspeth safely bedchamber door," Fingal said.

with an "And I could see Adeline there as well," Donnan added.

Laird Brodie smiled generously at both men before pas ard and disapproving look over Alex. He gave a nod to Alex's brothers. "Ex hunting That will leave me to speak longer with yer da about Night Guard t and the future of our clans."

s at his Alex inhaled a long breath at that. The future of their clans. As i were making matches.

die, are "I, for one, can see myself to my own room," Adeline anno ld give crossing her arms over her chest.

le Alex "Aye, ye're quite capable, Daughter, unlike yer sister—"

nan felt "Da!" Elspeth exclaimed, and as irritating as the lass was, Alex ossibly himself pitying her once more.

er two Laird Brodie waved a hand. "I only mean ye have a poor se direction, Daughter."

which She looked slightly mollified at that, though her cheeks were stain ared at embarrassment.

"Go on and sing for us, Elspeth," her father said. She started to t is many him until he said, "And hurry about it. I want to get back to the busi

hand.”

Alex watched for a moment as Elspeth’s shoulders slumped, and she made her way to the middle of the great hall, where other singers were waiting. As the guest of their clan, they moved her to the front of the line, and she took her place and began to sing. Right at the start of her song, he leaned forward and said to Adeline, “Ye dunnae ken yer way aroond the castle. Ye will allow Donnan to guide ye to yer bedchamber door so ye needn’t be worried over ye.”

She was muttering under her breath. Alex could not understand what she was saying until the very last sentence when she said, “Ye should be concerned about leaving him alone with me then my making my way to the bedchamber on my own.”

Alex’s body went rigid, and his attention immediately fell to Donnan. He sat straight as an arrow, fists clenched by his sides and jaw set.

Alex didn’t know what had happened between Adeline and Donnan, but something had occurred, and while she may have been ordered to go to her bedchamber, Alex had not been ordered to go to his at the exact same time.

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She was muttering under her breath. Alex could not understand what she was saying until the very last sentence when she said, “Ye should be more concerned about leaving him alone with me than my making my way to my bedchamber on my own.”

Alex’s body went rigid, and his attention immediately fell to Donnan. His brother sat straight as an arrow, fists clenched by his sides and jaw tensed. Alex didn’t know what had happened between Adeline and Donnan, but something had occurred, and while she may have been ordered to allow Donnan to escort her to her bedchamber, Alex had not been ordered not to make his way to his at the exact same time.



## Chapter Nine

Her head was swimming, and she was finding it incredibly difficult to put one foot properly before the other. Clot-headed, that's what she was—stubborn and sinfully prideful. If she hadn't allowed herself to become jealous, her pride would not have been bruised when Elspeth had told her Alex kissed her, and she would not have indulged in that wine just because her brother had warned her not to. And she would never have agreed to dance with her brother, who had hands that kept wandering shockingly low to her arse.

“Adeline, please slow down,” Donnan said from behind her as she descended the spiral stone stairs to the bedchamber two at a time. “Ye'll slip.”

Oh, she could only imagine that he wanted her to slow down so he could get her in his clutches again. Guilt did touch her because a bit of it was likely her fault. She had flirted with Donnan to make Alex jealous, and innocent flirting with a man did not give him the right to grab her arse as he had done on the dance floor.

“Adeline!” he said from behind her again, right before she felt his hand on her arm, jerking her around to face him. “Why are ye running?”

“I suppose I fear yer hands may lose their way again,” she tossed over her shoulder.

“Ye ken our fathers would be pleased if there were to be a match between us, and ye seemed rather taken by me before our dance.”

Guilt slowed her steps to a halt, and she turned to face him. “Donnan, I should nae have flirted with ye. I—” Heaven above, how to tell him the truth? Could she lie and say simply she did not think they'd suit? She glanced at him, and the intensity in his eyes told her he would accept anything less than the truth. “I...I am verra ashamed to admit this, but I want to make Alex jealous.”

The look of rage he gave her sent a shiver down her spine, but it was over in a breath, making her question if she had misread his emotions.

He studied her for a long, silent moment, then stepped close, surprising her when he gripped her by the waist and pulled her to him. “I will but give me the chance, I vow to ye that ye will forget all about A

“Donnan,” she said, shoving at his chest with her hand, “release me.”

“Why will ye nae give me a chance?” he asked, sliding his other hand into her hair to grip her around the back of the neck. Her pulse spiked with fear. She’d never been in a position to be ravished by a man, and frankly, she thought that it could ever happen had never occurred to her. She realized at this moment how foolishly naive that had been.

She’d heard servant women speaking of men who had taken favors from them without being granted permission, and she’d always thought that would never happen to her, but in this moment, fear lodged in her throat. “I’ll never feel that way for ye, so release me,” she demanded again, shoving at him with his hands once more to no avail.

“How do ye ken ye will nae?” he asked, his tone pleading. “Ye can’t have yourself we just met and dunnae ken each other.”

“I ken enough of ye to ken that we can be friends but nae anything more,” she said, trying to twist out of his grip. But the harder she twisted, the tighter his grip became.

“One kiss,” he said. “One kiss and I vow if ye feel nothing, I’ll release ye.”

“Ye will release Adeline now without a kiss because she asked ye to,” came Alex’s hard, lethal voice from the darkness below.

Adeline gasped in relief.

“This is nae any of yer concern, Brother,” Donnan spat. “Move out of her way. Both our fathers wish us to be matched.”

“The lady dunnae wish it, so release her,” Alex said, stepping into the light of the torch that was just above him. Shadows danced across her features, but she could see enough of his face to drink in the rage radiating from him. His jaw was clenched, his eyes narrowed, and he had his hands on his hips, fists by his sides.

“Adeline, please—”

“I kinnae make myself feel what is nae there,” Adeline said in a firm voice, wanting to make him understand but not embarrass him or herself needlessly. “I dunnae feel for ye in a way that would lead to love.”

“But ye could—”

“Nay.” She shook her head, shoved at him hard yet again, and he released her. She stepped instinctively toward Alex, who took her hand and brought her to his side. He stepped slightly in front of her as if to

e.” her.

er hand Donnan’s eyes narrowed on her, and then he looked from her to Alex and back again. A deep frown settled between his brows. “Ye dunnae mean kly, theme ye think ye feel some sort of attraction toward Alex?”

lized in She did not mean to tell him anything, but the wine was making her foolish and heat flooded her face. She cringed with the realization that her feelings were so easily read by him. His mouth set in a grim line for a moment before he focused solely on Alex and spoke. “Ye reach too far dunnae yerself by reaching for her. I told ye I wanted to pursue her. Ye said ye is chestfree to do so, given what her father threatened.”

Her heart lurched at Donnan’s words and the implications of the words. Ye said when Alex went stiff beside her, she knew her father had threatened away his chance at the Night Guard. The betrayal from her father cut her more,” she had to clench her teeth and suck in a sharp breath on a moan.

tighter She must have made some noise, though, some indication of her feelings because Alex turned his head and their eyes locked. Every feeling for Alex had tried to push down rose like a tide that threatened to drown her. She swallowed, her thoughts struggling to come together quickly and lose her mind. Damn her foolhardiness for drinking that wine. Her pulse thumped erratically with the awareness that what she said in this moment could affect Donnan greatly. He did not know her well enough to have chosen her over the Night Guard, but she wished that chance for them. He, apparently, did not.

“He is nae reaching for me,” she said, glad that she believed the words she was speaking. “If my father gave him an order nae to court me, it is unnecessary because yer brother dunnae want me.”

With that, she swiveled away and rushed up the steps, determined to get out of sight before the tears hit. The moment she was on the landing she turned the corner, tears pricked her eyes. She paused, wrapping her arms around her waist as she leaned against the wall and squeezed her eyes shut. She should not feel hurt that he had not picked her over the Night Guard. Of course, he hadn’t. He hardly knew her. Still, knowing she should not feel like this didn’t lessen the pain. The tears leaked from her eye and slid down her cheeks, twin trails of frustration and shame.

finally “I want ye.” Alex’s words were so near they slid warmth over her. She slowly opened her eyes and found him directly in front of her, protectively looking down at her with a heartrending tenderness. She moved her hand

swipe at the tears upon her face, but before she could, he raised his own hand and brushed his thumb first over her right cheek and then her left. His touch made her shiver. He glanced down the hall—she imagined ensuring that no one coming—and then he set the palm of his right hand against the wall beside her head. He took her chin in his left hand with the gentlest touch that he tipped her face up so that their eyes met.

“I do want ye, but it is nae as simple as that,” he said, the words tumbling from his lips.

“No, it wasn’t. He also wanted the Night Guard. She wet her lips, wanting him to watch her every move so intently, and her heart lurched madly. ‘I don’t want to, and nae kiss my sister?’”

He released her chin and traced his thumb over her upper lip and then her lower one before letting his hand drop to his side. His touch made her feel all over. “I did nae kiss yer sister,” he confirmed. “She asked me to ride the trails with her because she said she saw wolves to hunt, but each time there were no animals, only her desire for attention. And in the healing process, she did flirt with me and try to get me to kiss her, but I did nae. I swear to God.”

A knot lodged in Adeline’s chest. Elspeth had lied to her, and it hurt her more deeply, almost as deeply as her father’s likely betrayal. She cleared her throat and asked the dreaded question. “Did my da forbid ye to court me?”

Alex nodded, and her heart plummeted lower than she’d realize possible.

“And that was all it took, I suppose? The great and mighty Laird of the Glen, it was telling ye nae to court his daughter.” She wasn’t sure if she was asking or simply making a statement.

He let out a long sigh. “That was nae all it took, Adeline. I want to court ye, and ye want to, but just because we both want it, dunnae mean it’s possible.” He raised one of his eyebrows, an expectant look coming to his face, and even though his mouth was shut, she knew what he was asking.

She let out an embarrassed laugh. “I do want ye to court me. Or I don’t. I feel hurt that is to say, I still do.” She groaned at the mess she was making trying to explain herself. “What I’m trying to say is that I wish I did nae court ye, but I wanted to court me or nae.”

An amused smile tipped up the corners of his mouth and lit his eyes for her. She smacked him gently on the chest. “Ye make my thoughts fuzzy with your hand to my tongue loose.”

in hand “Are ye certain that’s nae the wine?” he asked, his voice teasing.

his touch “I’m certain,” she replied, suddenly breathless with his nearness. There was all those effects before the wine, though it certainly did amplify them.’

the wall He brought his hand up toward her face once more, but this time he touched his finger slowly over her collarbones, then settled it into the hollow between them where her heartbeat pumped furiously against her skin. Her tortured eyes grew dark and serious. “Just because we both want it,” he said, “dunnae mean it’s possible.”

catching He wanted to discover her. She longed to discover him. She did. ‘Ye did what more there needed to be than them both desiring it. “We will work,” she said, hearing the stubbornness in her tone.

then her “Adeline.” Her name was a tortured whisper from his lips. He surprised her by leaning his head down and resting it on her right shoulder, his head downturned so that his lips grazed her neck. It was the most intimate moment of her life. Her insides turned to liquid as a fierce need sprang within her. “Oh, man. He had made a deeper impression on her in a few days than the rest of others she’d known for a lifetime. Mayhap it was all folly. But she could not believe that. What she believed was that they were at the precipice of something magical, something that would weave between them and bind them together in soul, mind, and body forever. What she believed was that if they had the time, if they could find a way, they would develop a life together. It would be the warmest of Brodie warmth when bitter cold surrounded them, their light if darkness tried to invade, and their shield against the harshness of life.

“Ye are too far above me to reach currently,” he said.

to court Eight horrid words that made her heart stutter. She inhaled sharply, searching for peace that seemed lost to her since she’d met him. That’s what he brought to her world—beautiful, heartbreaking, soul-shattering chaos. She wanted to drink it in. Her breath hissed in her ears, and she did. Or faded, leaving her acutely aware of the warmth of his lips touching her skin. The weight of his head resting on her shoulder, the length of his solid arm pressed to hers. He made her feel safe in a way she had not even known was possible, and for that, she would wage war against her own fears. Necessary.

“Why do ye say that?” she demanded.

“Ye da told me that if I were to pursue ye, there would nae be a pi-

me on the Night Guard, that he would destroy me.”

“I felt She despised her father in that moment, allowing his fears to influence her decisions about her life. It was hers to live, and she did not want to die. She traced husband because he had a warm stronghold, plenty of food on the table, a vast spacelarge army to keep her as safe as possible just to give her the best chance of surviving. His staying alive. She was more afraid of living in safe comfort than suffering again, hardship and never having a love that she would gladly give her life for.”

She wanted to be angry at Alex that he would so easily toss aside the possibility of what they could be for the possibility of what he could become. He hadn't seen the possibility of what they could be for the possibility of what he could become. He hadn't made it obtained a position on the Night Guard, but she had not known him well enough to expect him to choose her, to choose them over the dream she had been surprised probably long held and nurtured. But everything in her told her that given his facetime to learn each other, they would discover they would choose each other over anything, time and time again.

for this She inhaled a deep breath and set her thoughts in order before she spoke. “Ye will win the spot to come train at my father's castle.”

no, she He smiled, and two dimples she'd not noticed before appeared. “That's my reciprocal plan.”

and bind “Well, ye must win it,” she said, nibbling on her lip as she countered the idea that if everything going through her head. “If ye dunnae, I kinnae see a way to win that come to ken each other.”

be their “Ye would defy yer father for the chance to ken who I am?” There was a slight faint tremor in his voice as though some emotion had touched him greatly.

It occurred to her then that it was likely no one had ever made her feel that way. It was worth defying everything and anyone for. She wanted that feeling for herself. She slowly, give him that. “Aye,” she said, the one word coming out throaty.

Chaos. A look of wonder came to his face, and then his expression softened. “Aye, searing fall. “Adeline—”

then it She pressed a finger to his lips. “Dunnae say anything yet. We will win, to ken each other while ye are there. It dunnae have to be as a courtship. It's more of a natural progression of friendship that blooms simply because we were born here. It was at my father's home for a time. And if we should find there is more, we will. If both decide we wish to pursue it, then we will do so—”

“Adeline.”

“Nay,” she countered to the protest she was sure she'd interrupted. He pressed a gentle finger to her lips. “Adeline,” he began again.

name heavy with heart-twisting regret, "I have already dishonored my  
rule hisbreaking my word to yer father nae to pursue ye, and I risk everything  
hoose adreamed of if I do so again."

e, and a Technically, kissing her did not necessarily mean he was purs  
ance offuture with her. It could simply be that passion swept him away,  
rvivinginwardly she wanted to grin that it seemed it had all meant more to hi  
r. understood his dream about wanting a home of his own to feel he be  
side thebut what good was such a stronghold if the person you loved did n  
be if hethere with you? Love was the heart of a family, not a big castle. But s  
m longer opinions to herself. Now was not the time to share them. That time  
m he'dcome if they discovered the connection between them was real a  
ven theconcluded he was a man she could love. It those things came to pass  
h othersimply have to find a way to change her father's mind about allowing  
court her.

e spoke. So, instead, she let out a sigh she hoped was not too dramatic. She  
to find a way to put herself in Alex's path while he was at her hor  
"That isshe'd have to plot a way to get him to kiss her again because it seem  
important to test if the second kiss was as good as the first.

nplated While all these thoughts were going through her head, he said, "E  
we canset my word aside nae to pursue ye and my guilt of already breaki  
vow, yer father made a point I kinnae forget."

e was a "Which was what?" she demanded.

atly. "I'm nae worthy of ye as I currently am, and it could be years t  
im feelam." He took a step away from her. "I'd nae want ye to wait for me  
him, tocould nae verra well take ye to wife and feel good about going  
leaving ye."

med to She ground her teeth at his words and mentally added one more t  
her list: she'd have to convince the clot-headed man he was worthy of  
ll comethat she was perfectly capable of taking care of herself when he wen  
ship butsecure them a better future. Women, she decided with an inner huff, ha  
e ye areall the work. Her heart began to pound with the knowledge of what s  
and weabout to do. She did not consider herself a temptress in the least, but  
to try to tempt this man, to push him to reevaluate things and see then  
light of beautiful possibility that she did.

She stepped closer to him and saw him stiffen in response, but he  
ain, herretreat. One point for the lass and zero for the warrior. She tilted her l

herself by to meet his gaze, and she could see that he tensed his jaw and the vein on the right side of his temple beat rapidly. His uncontrolled reactions did not dissuade her but encouraged her to continue. On a held breath, she slid her hands between them and slid them up his neck.

“Adeline,” he moaned, raising his own hands as if to take hold of her forearms and stop her from touching him.

She quickly responded, her mind searching for the exact right words to say. “This is goodbye. That’s all.” Her words were husky and breathless. Did he keep the notice?

His eyes darkened from blue gray to stormy gray with only flecks of white. It gave her a secret thrill. “Adeline, I kinnae—”

She moved her right hand to press a finger to his lips. By the gods, Alex had never done something so bold in her life. “Ye are nae doing anything.

And it was true. Her body heated with the anticipation of it. “Ye would have pursing me. I am giving ye a kiss goodbye. ’Tis all.”

He gently brushed her finger aside, and the heavy sigh he released very much he was about to argue, so she took the only move she had left. Raising

her tiptoes, she crushed her mouth to his. He stood unmoving, still as a stone. But when she ran her palm across his chest, his heart thundered beneath her fingertips. Emboldened, she slid her tongue over the crease of his lips

twice, and finally, on the third, he growled and delved his fingers into her hair to cradle the back of her head. Gooseflesh peppered her skin all before his fingers had taken, and her belly tightened as an intense ache uncoiled within it.

He caught her upper lip with his mouth, first sucking it between his teeth while sliding his tongue across the sensitive flesh. If she had any other thoughts left in her head, they fled. He released her lip only to delve her tongue into her mouth and swirl it around hers before pulling back to catch her lower lip.

Each deep kiss tightened her belly more and made pleasure radiate through her body, but then, with a groan, he pulled away. She opened her eyes to find his burning gaze upon her. “Ye will strip me of my honor.”

The words were anguished and twisted her heart, but she refused to be dissuaded. Love, she decided, was like war. There were battles to be fought before the prize of happily-ever-after could possibly be claimed, and she would not want that chance, even if it made Alex her temporary opponent.



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did not And by they by,” she said, deciding now was actually the time to make  
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His eyes widened with obvious surprise. “Lass,” he growled, “ye are a danger to me, and I’ll be avoiding ye because I kinnae seem to control myself when ye’re near.” He turned on his heel and strode off before she could respond, but it was just as well because all she could seem to do was grin. That, she decided after his footsteps completely faded, was two points for the lass and zero for the warrior. If things kept going like this, she’d easily win this battle.

Laughing to herself, she leaned her back and head against the wall, loath to go into the bedchamber and deal with Elspeth. Adeline closed her eyes, recalling the details of her kiss with Alex—his warm lips and strong hands, the way he tasted, the heat that radiated from his body. He wanted her. He’d said so.

Before she could contemplate it further, a woman’s voice broke her peace. “I will continue to do what I can, Donnan,” came Lady Gordon’s voice, “but ye must do yer part.”

“Ye dunnae get to tell me what to do anymore, Mama,” Donnan said. “I am making the decisions now.”

Adeline frowned, straining forward to try to hear what else Donnan said, but the creak of a door drowned out his words, and then it shut with an audible click, making it impossible to know what might have been said. Adeline’s heart thudded at the few words she’d heard from Lady Gordon and Donnan. She didn’t know exactly what they had been talking about, but her gut told her it was no good.

## Chapter Ten

A flash of red came from Alex's right as he brought his sword up to parry the blow from Donnan. Their weapons clashed, and the force of his brother's strength rang down Alex's arm, the wound on his chest aching even more than he'd worried it would. Despite treating it with a healing salve, it was worse this morning, and he was slower and weaker for it. Donnan had come to the scrimmage angry, and it had benefitted his fighting all day. His brother had won every match he'd been in, but so had Alex, so it didn't concern him...until now.

The red flashed again from his left, and knowing Adeline was in the crowd, he looked. A quick glance confirmed she was all right. She was on her feet, cheering, their gazes clashed, and he looked back to Donnan just in time to see his brother's sword meeting Alex's chest. The blade, though the ceremonial sword for the tournament, cut across the surface of his skin just above the wound that was festering. The burn made him clench his teeth. Blood appeared through the cut. A point was called for Donnan in a loud, deep male voice. That made Donnan pause.

Cursing, Alex jumped back out of the path of Donnan's sword, but Donnan was coming at him again. Donnan missed, but in the time it took Alex to bring his sword toward his brother, Donnan had recalculated how to hit him and swung low, hitting Alex on the right side of the leg.

He was in trouble. He needed to concentrate, needed not to think about Adeline. But she was in every thought. Desire. Concern. Longing. Regret. Still at her kiss. Guilt for allowing it. None of the emotions were going to be winning the match.

Another point was called for Donnan. Alex cursed again, but the crowd was loud enough that Donnan heard and shot him a smug look. "It looks like the one who is going to be left behind now." Donnan danced back, swinging his sword up as he did in a defensive stance.

Alex understood what Donnan was trying to do. He'd thrown a crowd point to purposely enrage Alex, and it had worked. He was enraged and ready to fight too. He'd chased after Adeline last night and left Donnan standing

stairwell without so much as a word. Donnan had stated his desire to marry the other's daughter, but Adeline and Adeline had refuted him, and then Alex, knowing and not knowing he could not court her himself, had run after her and abandoned his brother.

Alex didn't charge as he was certain Donnan expected. He turned backward himself, brought up his sword in his own ready stance, and raised his right hand and beckoned his brother to him. He knew what he was going to do. He knew it would send Donnan into a craze, and he knew his brother's fury would allow Alex to best him. Alex had to let Adeline come because he damned well did not have to let her go to his brother, who only warred because he wanted to take something from Alex.

“Come best me if ye can,” he said, his voice purposely taunting, and his brother's face turned red, Alex set Adeline from his mind. There was no way to ever have her if he didn't secure this spot. Though, there likely was not a path anyway, despite her plan.

Donnan came at him, sword swinging, but Alex was now focused on only one thought was to win. Everything else faded—Adeline, all the people watching them, the setting sun above, the temperature. There was nothing he had to do but win and secure the opportunity to have a better future. Alex blocked Donnan's hit from the left, then came back and hit his brother in the arm from the right. Donnan swung low, and Alex jumped over the wall, which brought his own across his brother's abdomen.

Alex felt no gratification in the fact that he was about to overtake his brother, but he had to push forward. He made a quick calculation and instinctually the best way to get the two points he needed to end—and win the battle. He brought his fist back, holding it for a heartbeat, until he glanced up. He sent his fist into his brother's nose, hard enough to knock Donnan reeling backward, and then Alex lunged forward, caught his brother by the right ankle and yanked his feet out from under him.

Donnan fell to his back with a thud, and his weapon flew from his hand. Alex kicked Donnan's sword away and brought the tip of his weapon to his brother's chest. In that moment, everything else came crashing back to his awareness. A breeze hit his face. Sweat dripped in his eyes, making him blink. His wound burned. His heart thudded, and the crowd's deafening hummed in his ears.

“Dunnae take the final point.”

o court Alex glanced down at Donnan. Misery etched lines on his brother  
all this, “If I dunnae get the spot, Mama will take the lairdship from Da and gr  
ned hisher brother and nae me.”

He stiffened at his brother’s confession. He opened his mouth  
danced Donnan when Moira had told him this, but it didn’t matter. He could  
nd then the worry in his eyes that it was true. One hit would give him the last p  
he was needed, but it would destroy his da to lose the lairdship, and Donnan a  
ew his “Da dunnae ken,” Donnan said.

go, but Alex gave a nod. No, he didn’t imagine Donnan would have told  
ted her about Moira’s threat. It shamed Donnan and their da that Moira he  
power, especially because she lorded it over everyone so often.

and as “Take the point!” the crowd chanted in thunderous unison.  
was no Alex did not look away from his brother. If he gave this to Donna  
ely was would be giving up his own chance, but he couldn’t in good conscien

the point. Bitterness filled his gut. Donnan was his brother, and his lo  
and his that union would not allow him to do anything but aid Donnan, but the  
people chance at what he’d always wanted, at a real life of his own, filled hi  
ing for pore with ice. Still, he inclined his head in acceptance ever so slight  
ure. He then he cut his gaze away for one moment, sweeping it across the cro  
r across finding Adeline. His chest squeezed when he laid his eyes upon her. S  
e sword watching him, a tense expression on her face. He drank her in for one

letting go of the sliver of hope of a possibility of a future for them,  
ake his he’d not realized he’d allowed to remain.

d knew When he inhaled the next breath, he focused on Donnan once mo  
l win—have yer word nae to pursue her anymore.” Donnan started to o  
Donnan mouth, but Alex cut him off. “Ye only wanted her because I did. Leav  
to send find someone else who wants her for her.”

brother “Fine, I give ye my word.”

Alex refused to allow emotion to hit him on his brother’s acq  
; hands. “Bring yer forearm into my sword. I’ll release it as if I was distract  
n to his weapon will fall, then roll to yer side, grab yer sword, and come up t  
into his yer final hit.”

ng him Donnan didn’t hesitate. He hit Alex’s sword in the side on the flat  
ng roar the blade. It wasn’t hard enough to make Alex drop it, but Alex prete  
was. The crowd gasped as his sword fell from his hands, Donnan rolle  
side and sprang to his feet with his sword in hand. He lunged at A

's face knicked Alex's stomach. The slight sting was nothing compared to the piercing loss of what could have been.

to ask

see by Adeline found Alex in the healing room. The door was ajar, and she saw him sitting in there by the window, under a slash of moonlight, his hands in his hands. He looked broken, and it was like a hammer to her own heart.

She didn't understand why or how she felt so connected to this man, their father.

Her pulse thumped a fast, erratic beat, and she glanced around the shadowy corridor, fearing her father would suddenly appear. But no one came. She waited in her bed for what felt like forever until she was certain everyone would be asleep.

It had nearly killed her. The image of him leaving the tourney a head bowed, strong shoulders curved forward in defeat—was seared into her mind forever. She'd sat tense and on the edge of her seat all through the evening, Donnan bragging about his false victory to her while she waited with hope every time someone entered the great hall, but Alex had not come.

She pushed the door open, and when it creaked loudly, he looked up. He was attempted to sit straight, but his breath hissed between his teeth. She crossed the room and crouched in front of him, taking in his bruise and a hopeknicks, and a wound that appeared to be festering. His sword lay beside him and an untouched pitcher of wine sat there as well. Their gazes met, and he said, "I have lost my only chance to build the future I dreamed of."

The grief and despair in his tone tore at her heart. With his chance for the Night Guard gone, the divide between them remained. Though he could not threaten Alex with taking the Guard from him now, Alex would think himself unworthy and hold fast to his word not to pursue his ambition. Despair rose in her at the utter unfairness of it all.

She set her hands on his knees, and he stiffened but did not move away from her or shove her hands off him. "Why?" she asked into the silence, wanting simply to understand. "Why did ye allow yer brother to lose?"

"I—" He stopped the confession she knew he'd been about to give. He shook his head. "I dunnae ken what ye speak of."

lex and

to the “Ye’re lying,” she accused, and her anger at the entire situation over her. “Ye were supposed to be the winner! Ye were supposed to come to my da’s home so we would have time to become better acquainted,” she had said. Time to fall in love. “I needed time to convince my da that my fate was not e could mama’s just because yer path was going to be like his.”

his head His expression was like that of someone who’d had a dagger plunged into their heart. “Time was nae on our side, Adeline. Fate was nae, either way, but she was a bastard. Ye’re a laird’s daughter. Yer da was nae ever going to relent in courting ye, and I could nae break the word I gave him again. Each time I let these chips away at my honor.” His misery-drenched words made her ache, and she had the both of them.

almost She swallowed the knots in her throat, struggling through her thoughts to find the words to say. “I told ye,” she whispered, “kissin’ me—nae pursuing me.”

l in her One corner of his mouth twisted upward. “But I want to court ye, Adeline. I’ll be your supper, and each kiss stokes that dangerous fire. Leave me my honor, Adeline. I’ll watch my strength, I kinnae seem to resist ye, and my honor, my word I am coming to keep, is all I have left. Especially now.”

up. He She refused to believe it. There was hope left. If he had none, she would have rushed to keep enough for them. She refused to accept this as the end of their story, she knew if she said any of that, he’d resist even more than he already had, and it made her more drawn to him to see that his honor was not a title and he used for show but a driving force in the man he was. She had to somehow get this for him. She didn’t know why he’d let his brother win, but his brother had been selfless, and his future, even if it did not ultimately include his father, should include being on the Night Guard.

ex still “Let me clean yer wounds before I go,” she said, grasping at any chance to stay a moment longer and to be able to touch him.

“I can do it,” he replied. “Ye should go before yer da finds ye here.” She clenched her teeth in frustration. “I refuse to leave until ye let me go, heavy ye.”

other to He let out a long, shuddering breath and finally nodded. “Only because I honestly feel like death. My chest aches with my wound from a few days ago, and in a way I’ve nae ever experienced.”

His admission caused real fear in her. She rose on shaky legs, grabbed the washbasin and a rag, set them beside him, and then asked, “What s

“I’ll come put on yer wound after I clean it?”

“Wash it first with the water, then on the shelf by the door is silver blurted, the jug is a healing liquid I made. ’Tis called Liquid Life. Pour it on yer wound, and it should draw out the infection and start the healing properly.”

She nodded, went to the shelf he’d spoken of and gathered the jug. I’m ashe returned, she kneeled in front of him, took up the rag, dipped it in the water, and set it to his wound. He stiffened, but he did not voice a word. She repeated the process until almost all the blood was washed away. He forced his eyes and leaned his head back against the wall as she blew on his skin to soothe it. It was oddly intimate, the cleansing and caring for a man she’d never done such things for a man, and she could envision doing it for Alex after battles if they were wed. She bit her lip on a smile and said, “Done with the cleaning.”

He opened his eyes now and sat forward, releasing another hiss between his teeth, and she saw that perspiration had dampened his brow. “Ye have the gentlest touch I’ve ever felt,” he said.

His words would have made her smile except they were sluggish, she would have had trouble speaking. She frowned and pressed a hand to her forehead, gasping at how hot it was. “Alex!” she cried. “Ye’re burning up!”

“Aye,” he agreed, nodding his head. “For ye. I’m burning up for ye. Anything belonging for ye will be the death of me,” he said, grinning at her even as his eyes drew shut and he leaned his head back once more.

“Why could ye nae give me such a confession when ye were in yer mind and nae burning with fever,” she muttered. “Alex, should ye lie to me?”

When he did not respond, alarm raced through her, and she poked his back. “Alex! Should I aid ye to yer back?”

That grin from a moment ago tugged his lips up once more, he opened his eyes, sat up, leaned forward, and circled his hands around her neck to pull her face only a hairsbreadth from his. She was alarmed as she had been with Donnan. She knew instinctively Alex because he never hurt her.

“If ye want me on my back so ye can have yer way with me, I’m happy to oblige,” he slurred.

“I want ye on yer back, ye foolish man, so ye do nae fall and should Iyerself. Now get on the floor!”



She moved back, giving him space to kneel on the floor. He attempted to get up but careened forward into her, knocking her off her feet. They fell on the floor together, him on top of her, pressed against the full length of her body. He was heavy, but he quickly rose and braced himself with his right hand while he slid his left hand behind her neck.

When she said, "I should nae kiss ye," he said, his words thick but giving her a hint of what she wanted to, nonetheless.

Complaint. "Ye should," she replied, knowing it was wicked to encourage him to do so. He was in such a state, and when he didn't press his lips to hers, she tried to kiss him on his initiative once more and did what her body longed for him to do. When his lips met his, he hardened above her, and it made her ache deep in her body for this for the first time.

Whatever hesitation he'd held in his lucid state seemed lost to him as he began to kiss her. He slid his tongue along the crease of her lips, demanding she open it, and she more than willingly complied. Their lips met and twined before he pulled back and sucked at her bottom lip, then he gave the upper one. He captured her mouth again and delved inside once more, and she knew this kiss was so erotic it drew a moan from her.

She was on fire, burning as if he had lit her from head to foot with need. An ache pulsed at her core and between her legs. Her breasts were heavy, and her buds were hard and sensitive to the feel of his hands. She ran her hands down his back and over his arms, and when she did, she could feel his desire for her grow.

As his hands moved to her breasts, he drew back once more, and said, "I'm on fire."

"Aye," she agreed, "me too."

Her right hand moved to his chest, and he said, "My chest is on fire. I want ye. Believe me, I do, but I've a burn here." He rolled off her and came beside her, touched his chest, and winced. "I dunnae ken why I'm on fire."

Dear God! She'd taken advantage of him in a near-delirious state and thought to be ashamed, but she was glad for the kiss they'd shared and that he was not the only one who wanted her with the same intensity as she wanted him. "You would be injured. Remember?"

He stared at her for a moment, eyes half-open, and said, "Aye."

She took up the Liquid Life and said, "I think this may hurt ye. So I'll put something between yer teeth so that ye dunnae holler?"

"Kiss me," he said.

She didn't know that his suggestion was the wisest, but given the circumstances, it was the only one that would have worked.

It could well be the last time they were together alone for a very long time. She refused to accept that this was simply it for them—she positioned herself on the side of him and dumped the contents of the jug on his chest, then pressed her lips into his to capture his breath. It reverberated through her, and she pressed her lips into his harder. His hands came into her hair, in an uncharacteristic desperate way, and then he went slack.

Before she could sit up a voice behind her said, “Adeline. Get up when you can.”

Fear rendered her near immobile, but she somehow managed to get herself up, and then she forced herself to turn toward the door where her father stood beside Fingal. “Da,” she croaked. “Dunnae blame Alex for this. I was feverish and incoherent with fever. I kissed him. I—”

“Stand up.” His words were clipped, and his expression was livid. She scrambled to her feet and walked to her father, who took hold of her arm. He turned to Fingal. “I would ask that ye nae mention this to anyone and the laird.” “I will nae, Laird Brodie,” Fingal assured him with a sympathetic nod from Adeline.

“Let’s go,” her father said and tugged on her arm, but she could not get up. “I’ll watch over him,” Fingal said, giving her a reassuring smile that she could not even return before her father pulled her out the door. “Da—”

“Nae until we are in my private chambers,” he bit out.

It was the longest walk of her life. By the time the door to her bedroom closed, she had worked herself up to a near hysteria. Her father turned to her, she said, “Da, please, I ken ye’re vexed with me. Please listen.”

He gave a terse nod.

“Alex allowed his brother to win the tournament!” She waited with her breath for shock to cross her father’s face, but when it didn’t, reality struck her and she exhaled her own breath in surprise. “Ye ken he should have won,” she whispered.

“Aye,” her father replied, his tone matter-of-fact. “’Twas plain enough to see if ye were paying true attention to the match.”

“I think his brother must have asked him to let him win,” she said.

ie—shehe would do anything for his brother. He is that loyal.”

rself to “His loyalty has nae been in question, Daughter.”

pressed “I dunnae ken why he would do such a thing,” she said, wring  
and shehands as she paced back and forth. She could feel her father’s eyes up  
almostShe knew she was likely making matters worse for herself to show how  
she already cared for Alex, but she was overwhelmed with emotion  
up thiswould he give up his dream to be on the Night Guard when he believed  
the only way to secure a home where he would feel he belonged?

o make “Adeline, come here.”

ere her The caring she knew of her father was back in his voice. She stopp  
x. He’swent to him, kneeling.

“This castle is the birthright of the women in Lady Gordon’s fami  
id. Shethe lairdship is granted by them to whom they wish,” her father began  
by themay give it, and they may take it away. ’Tis a well-kenned fact. I i  
her.” Lady Gordon may have threatened taking the lairdship from Alex’s fa  
glancesome such thing if Alex did nae allow Donnan to win the match. Fro

I’ve observed, she’s poisoned by need for her son to be better than the  
will herwho reminds her constantly that her husband was unfaithful to her.”

o would “Aye!” she exclaimed. “So, ye will give Alex a spot to come train?”

“Nay,” her father said, shaking his head. “I’ve given the spot to I  
hat sheYe were at the match. Ye heard me. He won the match, and the  
tradition.”

“He won it unfairly, Da!” she protested.

“Aye,” her father replied, his steady gaze boring into her. “He d  
father’sthe matches are like war. War is often won by unfair means, but it  
As hermatter how it is won. The spoils go to the victor.”

me, but “But that is nae fair, either! Alex is the better fighter! He should h  
spot.”

“He gave up the spot, Adeline. He made a choice. I imagine sor  
h batedwas promised to him, some reward to entice him.”

lization “Nay,” she said, shaking her head and standing up. “He wanted th  
l?” shemore than anything. He would nae be swayed by other enticements.”

“Ye barely ken him, Adeline,” her father said, standing and toweri  
ough toher.

She was shaking with anger at her father for being so blithe about  
d. “Da,unfair thing. “I ken him well enough to ken he has honor,” she said

her father's eyes narrowed, she knew he realized that she was aware of what he'd demanded of Alex. "I thought I knew you well, Da. You forced me to give his word to court me, which he gave, by threatening to take away from me a spot to compete for the Night Guard. I suppose he can court me now as much as said, vexed beyond reason.

Why? "Adeline, I'll send you to the nunnery before I allow that man to court you. It was said and it will be hard for him to court you anyway, seeing that you are home with me."

"What are you so afraid of, Da? I'm not going to die."

"'Tis what your mother said when I told her I had to leave for your assignment. Bastards do not have any easy path, Adeline. In the guard you can make a future that would one day make him worthy, but it leaves you alone. And without the guard, he does not have any hope to make a future."

This conversation with her father was not getting her what she wanted. In her father's mind, Alex was damned either way. Given Alex's assignment as the guard, she had to try to make her father relent. "He's the best of the two of them. You know it as well as I."

"I do," her father relented, "but there's the rule of one warrior per man. You made that rule, Da, so you can change it."

His gray gaze darkened as he studied her. "I'll change it," he said, though his words were what she wanted to hear, something in his tone that filled her with dread. "If you'll enter into a marriage contract with Donnan."

She took a quick breath of utter astonishment that her father, usually so fearful for her, he would resort to trying to force her hand into something she didn't want. He'd never done anything like this. "Donnan would be assigned to the guard just as Alex would," she pointed out.

"Donnan, as the son of Moira and Laird Gordon will have the Gordon army at his fingertips to guard you, and the Gordon stronghold to live in while he's gone, unlike Alex," her father said. "Alex, as a lord, does not have a right to the warriors, and Moira would not ever let him have a wife here when he was away." The truth it made her want to scream over unfair.

Desperation hit her. "I don't know Donnan well, but I know what I know, and I don't like it," she said. "Is that what you wish for me? To keep me safe? At what price of my happiness?" She held her breath, waiting for him to respond.

of whatknew her father loved her, but his fear for her was ruling his decisions  
him to “Nay, Adeline, ye ken I want ye to be happy, but I want ye alive. I  
ive himcan immediately give ye the sort of security I wish for ye.”

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challenged.

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made empty threats. She wants her son to succeed and simply pushes  
must to see it happen. She’d nae purposely hurt him, but she’s ke  
anotherrealizes he’s nae certain she would nae. Adeline, Donna’s father of  
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“Give me yer word.” She surprised herself by demanding the vo  
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“I give ye my word, Daughter, but I’ll have yers that if I allow  
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she replied, praying it would not come to her having to keep it.

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knew her father loved her, but his fear for her was ruling his decisions now.

“Nay, Adeline, ye ken I want ye to be happy, but I want ye alive. Donnan can immediately give ye the sort of security I wish for ye.”

“And if his mother decided to take the lairdship from him?” she challenged.

“He’s nae a bastard,” her father said. “He’d still be entitled to a good measure of warriors and to live at the stronghold, but I firmly believe Moira made empty threats. She wants her son to succeed and simply pushes as she must to see it happen. She’d nae purposely hurt him, but she’s keen and realizes he’s nae certain she would nae. Adeline, Donna’s father offered a marriage contract today.”

She took a quick, sharp breath as her gut twisted. She could not wed Donnan Gordon, yet if she did not give her word, her father would not extend Alex another chance. She had to gain herself some time while also getting her father to give Alex the chance to compete for the Night Guard. “May I get to ken Donnan better before ye agree to the contract?”

“Ye may have two fortnights.”

“Give me yer word.” She surprised herself by demanding the vow from her father. But she needed his word that she’d have two fortnights before he entered her into a marriage contract so that she could use that time to convince him Donnan was the wrong choice for her and Alex was the right one.

“I give ye my word, Daughter, but I’ll have yers that if I allow Alex to come with us to compete for the Night Guard now, ye will wed Donnan when the time is up.”

Sweat instantly dampened her underarms and back. “I give ye my word,” she replied, praying it would not come to her having to keep it.

## Chapter Eleven

It had been four days since Adeline had come to Alex in the healing room, but what had happened between them, the kissing, had come to him in snatches of dreams as his fever had worn off. The guilt that accompanied those memories was like a heavy weight pressing on his chest. It was enough he'd allowed her to kiss him before, and he'd listened to her ridiculous statement that kissing her was not courting her so his honor remained intact. He knew better. She knew better now, too. Each kiss with her was a tempting glimpse into what a future with her held, if only that future was beyond his reach.

She would be leaving soon, and it was wise for him to avoid her then, as he clearly could not trust himself around her. The shame of his behavior was bitter in his mouth. Fingal had told him that Adeline had asked about him daily, but she had not come back to the healing room to see him, thank God for that.

Leeta, who had only returned to the stronghold a short while ago, unwrapped the bandages Fingal had aided her in placing around his chest. She tsked as she shook her head. "I taught ye better than this," she said, pausing to fix her age-dulled gray gaze on him.

"I was nae exactly in a position to take care of myself," he growled, his mood not having improved much since he'd woken up the morning after the tournament only to remember he'd given his place to compete to his brother and with that, he'd lost any chance he might have ever had, however slim, to make Adeline his.

Leeta made a derisive sound in response and stood back, studying his wounds. He had three cuts across his chest from the two practice rounds with Donnan and the actual tournament match. Two of the cuts were much faster than the one he'd gotten when Moira had "accidentally" cut Donnan the sharpened blade to spar with Alex instead of the dulled one.

Leeta pointed to the wound that was still an angry red but not yet festering. "Something about this wound is odd."

"What do ye mean?" he asked, glancing down at his chest, but when he did so, he thought he saw what Leeta was referring to. Streaks of red

away from the long cut that would not heal.

She frowned, tracing a finger over the streaks now. “The pattern shook her head. “’Tis nae a usual one for a sword wound. I feel like seen streaks such as these before, but this old memory of mine will r up when it was. It will come to me, though. It always does eventual wound has improved, but we need to keep putting the salve on it ur totally closed.”

3 room, him in, npanied

“I’ll do it,” he said, holding his hand out for her to give him the sal

was bad She handed it to him with a look of pity. “I heard about the tournar

to her “Aye,” he said, not wanting to talk of it so he stood to leave.

ior was “There’s nae any way Donnan bested ye.”

r was a “He’s my brother,” Alex said simply.

ere not “And?” Leeta demanded, like her normal, nosy self.

“And he needed me, so I was there.”

er until She arched her eyebrows as she stared at him expectantly, but be

it was could think how to answer, if at all, Fingal came charging into the

out him Fingal had checked on Alex every day, whereas Donnan had only com

god. “Are ye better?”

le ago, Alex nodded.

s chest. “Good. Da wishes to see ye in his solar,” he said. Alex let out a

ie said, which Fingal smirked at him. “Did ye think Da would nae der

reckoning of why ye allowed Donnan to best ye?”

led, his “I did nae allow—”

fter the “Dunnae bother to refute it again. I saw it, and if I saw it, then Da

rother, well. The question is why, and ’tis undoubtedly why Da is calling ye to

light, to It probably was. Alex was surprised it had not happened sooner,

had been rather sick, so he supposed his father had tried to be patier

ing his needed to think of a response besides the truth of just how far Moira

natches go to get what she wanted. He’d say that Donnan, as future laird of th

healing needed to be seen as the victor. His da would agree with that and p

” given accept it.

e. “Come on, then,” Alex said, nodding to Leeta, who was frowning

longer She had never cared for Donnan overly much, and now that Fin

blurted that Alex had let Donnan win the tournament, Leeta surely ca

hen he his brother even less. She had been saying she didn’t trust Donnan eve

l trailed she’d caught him snooping in her healing room two summers ago. He



looking for a healing power for a toothache, but Leeta had refused to ..” Sheit for some reason.

I have When Alex and Fingal exited the healing room, Fingal paused and nae pullto Alex. “Laird Brodie is in the solar with Da and Donnan.”

ly. The That was surprising news. Had Laird Brodie told Alex’s father til it isfinding him with Adeline in the healing room? Was he being called punishment? Somehow, Alex didn’t think Laird Brodie would want ve. anyone so that Adeline’s innocence would not be in question.

ment.” She was still as innocent as the day she was born but not beca didn’t burn everywhere for her. He squeezed his eyes shut to fo thought away.

“Are ye certain ye feel yerself again?” Fingal asked.

Alex opened his eyes. “I’ll nae ever feel myself again,” he said.

Fingal gave him a sympathetic look. “Because ye have lost yer ch fore hethe Night Guard?”

e room. Alex started to nod, but losing the promise of the Night Gu ie once.realized with shock, wasn’t what filled him with the heaviest regret. the loss of Adeline.

Understanding filled his brother’s eyes. “Adeline.”

sigh, to Alex stepped out into the courtyard without answering his brotl mand athen stilled. Across the way, in the grass, kneeled Adeline. She was Sciath, who was licking her face. His gut twisted with regret, and he st quickly as he could toward the castle entrance and purposely did not a did asher way. Images of her filled his head nevertheless.

o him.” Once they were past her and in the castle, Fingal surprised l but hegrabbing his arm. “What ails ye?” his brother asked.

it. Alex Frustrated, Alex shoved a hand through his hair. “I kinnae seem i wouldAdeline out of my mind,” he confessed. Fingal was the only person h ie clan,ever reveal this to.

possibly “Well, giving the match to Donnan certainly added a barrier to p her.”

at him. “There were already barriers that were too great,” Alex snapped, i gal hadthat his brother was right, but so was he.

ared for Fingal shook his head as he turned away and started up the stairs er sincethe solar. It was so unlike his brother that Alex doubled his steps and ’d beenup to him, now grasping him by the arm. “What are ye nae saying?”

believe Fingal turned and looked down at him from the higher step, frustration apparent in his gaze. "The only barrier that made it impossible for me to pursue the lass was ye. I have nae ever kenned ye nae to go after her, but ye want with relentless determination. Ye could have trained there, which would have given ye time to discover her and her ye, and then ye would have been in the spot, gone off to serve the king, and made an opportunity right available to ye to lead a battle, win it, and get rewarded. But ye threw the chance away and gave it to Donnan, who already has everything handed to him."

Because he Alex studied his brother a moment. His nostrils were flaring, his face flushed, and his face a deep red. "This dunnae seem to be just me," Alex said slowly.

Fingal stood in silence for a long moment before he sighed. "Timothy approached Elspeth about courting her, and she told me in verra clear language that her interest lay with Donnan as the future laird, nae me."

"Then the lass has done ye a favor," Alex said and started up the stairs, he once more with Fingal falling in step beside him. "If she chooses being with it was to a man simply because he will be laird over being wed for her heart nae the lass for ye."

"The same could be said for her sister," Fingal replied.

Her and Alex stopped in his tracks at that. "Adeline dunnae have any intention of marrying Donnan, future laird or nae. She was flirting with him before because she thought I kissed her sister."

glance "Then ye're even more of a fool than I had concluded," Fingal said, throwing his chance away with such a lass."

him by "Ye dunnae ken the entire situation," Alex snapped and moved on, revealing what he'd vowed to himself to keep secret.

to put They didn't speak again as they made their way up the stairs, down the hallway, and to their father's solar. After knocking, they immediately bade to enter. Inside were not only their father, Laird Brodie, and Donnan, as Fingal had said, but also Moira. Dread gripped Alex. It was a good thing ever came from Moira's presence, but with little choice, he hurriedly went into the room and stopped in front of his father and Laird Brodie, who were standing.

toward He inclined his head to Moira, who sat in a chair beside Donna. "I am honored to be caught by you, lady," he offered as politely as he could manage.

Her response was to press her lips together. Alex moved his focus back to his father.

strationbrother, who gave him a tight smile. He could only imagine that Donn  
r ye tobeen subjected to more of Moira’s berating this day.

what ye “Son, we’ve called ye here for some good tidings,” his da announc  
i would “Aye?” Alex replied.

ve won “Aye,” Laird Brodie answered instead of his father. “After  
way toconsideration, I’ve decided to change the rule of only one warrio  
ay! Yeallowed to come train from each clan. Ye will be coming with us to c  
for the spot on the Night Guard.”

s hands Fingal gave a whoop beside him. “This is excellent, Alex!” his  
e aboutexclaimed. “We three will go together!” He glanced to Laird Brodi  
noded, and Fingal looked to Alex. “I’m to travel with Laird Brodie t  
s nae. Iunder him for the King’s strategic council.”

r terms Astonishment rendered Alex speechless, and then his first thought  
Adeline. He had to avoid her at all costs to keep his second chance  
e stairsscrap of honor he was trying desperately to hold on to. Alex glai  
ng wedDonnan and noted his brother’s posture had stiffened with the announ  
; she isthat Alex would be allowed to compete. He frowned, and when l  
turned his head and met Alex’s gaze, his brother smiled. “’Tis goo  
indeed,” Donnan said.

erest in “It would be far better news if it were Fingal going to compete  
use sheNight Guard spot and nae the bastard—”

“That’s enough, Moira,” Alex’s father snapped.

aid, “to Moira let out a loud huff, then pierced Alex with a smug look. “Ye  
share the other news with him,” Moira said, her tone sly.

i before Alex glanced at his father, who looked confused. “What news?”

“Honestly, Husband!” Moira huffed. She stared at Alex, her smu  
own thegrowing. “Yer father and Laird Brodie have signed a marriage contrac

7 were “For whom?” Fingal demanded, his tone loud and angry. “For l  
Brodie, and Elspeth?”

Nothing Pity for his brother rose swiftly in Alex.

ade his “Nay,” Moira replied, a ringing triumph in her tone. “For Donn  
ie, whoAdeline.”

Laird Brodie started to speak, but Moira cut him off. “Alex and  
n. “Mydunnae need to stand here and hear the details. Yer da and Laird  
called ye here, Alex, so ye could prepare to travel. So, go—” She v  
s to hishand at him. “The lot of ye will leave after the nooning meal.”

Ian had      Anger sent blood straight to Alex’s face and heat through him. He  
                  at Donnan, who stared down at his feet. His brother had broken his v  
 ed.            betrayed him, and Adeline—Well, he didn’t even know why he e  
                  anything from a lass he barely knew, but he had, and what he had e  
                  careful had not been that she’d agree to wed his brother. He had been wrong;  
 r being her. He’d been torturing himself over a lass whom he barely knew a  
 ompete had agreed to wed his brother. He’d risked his future and tossed as  
                  word, no matter what she’d claimed about kissing, which was like po  
 brother his gut.

ie, who      He clenched his teeth on saying any more than he had to. “I’ll go  
 o serve to travel,” he replied, his words stiff.

                 “Congratulations, Son,” his father offered with a genuine smile. ‘  
 : was of anyone, truly deserves this chance,” he added. His gaze was shrew  
 and the unwavering, and in that moment, Alex understood that his father h  
 nced at known he’d allowed Donnan to win the match, but he’d not asked Ale  
 cement Nor would he likely ever ask because Alex understood something el  
 Donnanda either already knew Moira had something to do with it or he suspec  
 d news      Alex turned without a word and made his way to the door. He  
                  halfway open when Moira said behind him, “Husband, ye d  
 for the congratulate Donnan.”

                 “I congratulated whom I considered the winner,” Alex’s father sna  
                  Alex shut the door.  
 should      His anger toward Donnan didn’t disappear, but it did take an un  
                  hit. Pity tried to creep in for his older brother, but Alex was in no m  
                  generosity. He turned and started down the hall, getting no more th  
 ig look steps when heavy, fast footfalls resounded behind him.

t.”            “Alex!” Donnan called.

Donnan      Alex considered not stopping for a moment. He considered just v  
                  away, but he wanted Donnan to have to admit to his face that he’d b  
                  him. Alex swung around to find Donnan nearly before him, brow fu  
 Ian and and face red.

                 “I ken what ye must think,” his brother said.

. Fingal      “That ye broke yer vow.” The hypocrisy of his words filled him wi  
 Brodie loathing. “That ye betrayed me. That ye are wedding Adeline beca  
 vaved a kenne I cared for her.” Contempt throbbled through him for himself  
                  brother.

looked “I did nae betray ye,” his brother said. “I’m the reason Laird  
ow and changed the rule about each clan being allowed only one warrior to re  
xpected them in the competition for the Night Guard.”

xpected Alex stared in shock for a moment and then managed to ask, “W  
g about ye speak to Laird Brodie?”

nd who “Last night after supper when ye did nae attend. I told him ye ha  
side his bested me and I had begged ye to allow me to win because I was sham  
ison in Alex stood speechless, unsure what to say. He was angry at Do

betrayal, and yet, his brother had aided him, and he should be grate  
prepare that. The conflicting emotions battered him. Finally, he swallowed a

“How did ye persuade him to allow me to come as well as ye?”

“Ye, of “In truth, it did nae take a great deal of work. He was already cons  
wd and it because he saw how well ye fought. I imagine he wants to give  
ad also chance that was once presented to him.” Donnan put his hand on  
ex why. shoulder and squeezed it. “Take it, Brother. Train and likely both of  
se: His win the spots on the Night Guard because we are the best warriors  
ted it. Highlands.”

had it Alex knew he should feel grateful, happy even, but he didn’t. His  
id nae was going to wed the only woman Alex had ever been truly intrigued b

Donnan studied him for a long moment, sighed, and shook his h  
pped as did nae want to tell ye this part, but it seems I must. I can see by the  
yer eyes that ye have nae set Adeline out of yer mind.”

wanted “Speak yer piece,” Alex managed.

ood for “I ken ye think I betrayed ye, but Laird Brodie is the one who appr  
han ten Da about a union between the two of us. She kens it, and she has agre

So, I did nae betray ye. I did nae pursue her. Laird Brodie came to  
wants the best future for his daughter,” Donnan said. “Can ye blame hi

walking “Nay,” Alex said. He couldn’t. If he had a daughter, he’d want  
etrayed have the best possible future as well, but that didn’t mean he had to  
irrored that didn’t mean anger didn’t scald his veins. He’d been judged his en  
by the fact that he was a bastard, and he was tired of it.

Adeline agreeing to a marriage contract with Donnan was a g  
ith self-would keep telling himself that until he believed. Now the only thing  
ause ye to concentrate on was winning a spot on the Night Guard and sec  
and his better future for himself. He would not think on her as anything more t  
daughter of his commander and the future wife of his brother. She v

Brodiefruit in the Garden of Eden. He would not pluck it. He certainly would not taste it. He would avoid it. How hard could that be?

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fruit in the Garden of Eden. He would not pluck it. He certainly would not taste it. He would avoid it. How hard could that be?

## Chapter Twelve

How in the world was she supposed to judge in only two fortnights was the one for her if he would not even look at her? Adeline glared back as they rode out for the long journey from his home and to Stubborn, obstinate man. She loved that he was honorable, but it was in her way at the moment. She ground her teeth together so forcefully that she gasped when pain shot through her back tooth.

“What’s the matter with ye?” Elspeth asked beside her in a calm tone.

Adeline stiffened. She’d intended to let Elspeth wallow in the misery her lie about kissing Alex was surely causing her, but with each day passed, Elspeth was sounding and looking moreretched. Adeline opened her mouth to confront her sister, but Donnan pulled his horse up beside her. The misery that had been on Elspeth’s face was replaced by a sweet smile, though, when bestowed upon Donnan. Adeline had to bite her cheek to snort at her sister’s performance. It seemed even in guilt Elspeth would be deterred from her plan to ensnare Donnan.

Donnan leaned forward on his horse and looked directly at Adeline. “I wanted to come up beside ye, but yer beast would nae move.”

Adeline forced herself not to roll her eyes. “I told ye in the conversation when she growled at ye that her name is Sciath.”

Sciath chose that exact moment to growl again, as if inserting her name of Donnan into the conversation. Adeline barely resisted the urge to say “good dog” at Sciath.

“Yer dog,” Donnan said, the words clipped, “is going to have to decide who’s master or else she’ll be gone.”

“My dog,” Adeline bit back, “kens who’s master: me. And ye have no control over whether my dog stays or goes.”

“Adeline, really!” Elspeth squawked, but Adeline saw the hint of mischief trying to curl her sister’s lips.

“We shall see,” Donnan said in a harsh tone before knocking his head against his horse, who propelled him forward until Donnan was in line



Alex and their brother Fingal.

“Whatever does he mean by ‘we shall see’?” Elspeth asked.

Adeline stared at the backs of the three men, trying to figure out the thing for herself. Something was amiss. “I dunnae ken,” she murmured, glancing at her sister, who was smiling hopefully at her. “Ye lie if Alex Alex.”

A deep blush stole over Elspeth’s face. “I—” Elspeth began, but she stopped. “Ye dunnae ken,” she said in a suffocated whisper of pure misery.

Whatever anger Adeline had been clinging to disappeared as she realized her sister was truly suffering. “Then tell me,” Adeline replied, extending an olive branch.

“Da asked me to do this for him.”

Adeline sucked in a sharp breath. Her father was so desperate for her to end up with Alex that he’d used the fact that Elspeth longed to please to get her to flirt with Alex. She knew her father had hoped that she would simply forget Alex when she thought his head so easily turned. Elspeth, she also knew her father understood there was no danger in Elspeth smiling for Alex because she was concentrated on catching Donnan.

“Da used ye,” she said softly.

“Aye,” Elspeth agreed, the word dripping with misery. “And my everlasting regret, I went along with it because I want him to love me.”

“Da loves ye, Elspeth.”

“Does he?” her sister demanded. “He certainly dunnae act like he loves me as he does ye.”

It was true. He didn’t, and he was, in truth, often cold to Elspeth, but he cared enough to want her to make a good match, and Adeline did not mind that it was simply to benefit him.

“I’m sorry, Ellie,” she said, meaning it. “I will talk to Da for ye.”

“I dunnae ken why ye would do that after I lied to ye and flirted with Alex. Nae that it mattered. He ignored all my attempts to get his attention.” That made Adeline grin.

“I thought that would please ye,” Elspeth said. “I have to say, the boys and their brothers are nae good for how I feel about myself. They act as if I’m a fool.”

“Nae all of them,” Adeline said. “Fingal has nae been able to take his legs off ye.”

“Fingal!” Elspeth said so loudly that the man glanced over his shoulder.

her and grinned. Adeline could not help but laugh at the silly, hopeful expression upon his face, which really was quite handsome—just not nearly as handsome as Alex's.

“Did ye need me, Elspeth?” he asked, his tone just as hopeful as his smile about “Nay!” she bellowed, but Adeline did note that Elspeth sat up straight and tossed her hair over her shoulder in a most flirtatious manner.

“Fingal tracks yer every move,” Adeline said, glancing from her sister to the path they were on, then back to her sister. “Why will ye nae give a realized chance?”

“I wished to wed a laird,” Elspeth said, sounding suddenly mischievous. “And Donnan has a great chance to be laird someday, but he acts as if he dunnae exist, just as Alex did. Alex, I can understand, as he clearly does not like me, but I dunnae ken why Donnan ignores me.”

“He wants to take what he thinks Alex wants,” Adeline supplied. “Adeline thinks Alex wants me, so he wants me. It dunnae have anything to do with me, Elspeth, but honestly, ye're just as bad as he is. Do ye truly need a falling mistress of a castle so bad that ye would wed a man simply because he is likely to be a laird?” Adeline asked.

Elspeth did not respond. They clopped along for several breaths before she finally inhaled a long, loud breath and let it out with a shudder. “The only thing I could think to achieve that may make Da as proud of me as he is of ye.”

“Ellie, ye deserve better than Donnan. Ye deserve a man who kins away from ye, who worships the ground yer slippers tread upon, who will guard ye with his life, and kens the treasure ye are.”

“I'm nae a treasure, and I ken it,” Elspeth said, her tone barely audible now. “I had enough time alone in the bedchamber at the Gordon castle to contemplate just how awful I must be. I've nae had one marriage offered with any of the lairds I've tried to catch, and I ken it's because I'm too demanding and tedious.”

Elspeth had been more than a tad demanding and tedious, but the Duke of Gordon was not about to point that out when her sister had obviously had some revelation and appeared to be on the precipice of real change. “Verra well, make his dunnae have to stay that way, Sister. Ye have many wonderful things to offer.”

“Ye have a kind heart. Pick a man who will make it happy, and I think Fingal would give Fingal a chance, he could possibly be that man.”

Elspeth looked toward the brothers ahead of them in the line and  
Adeline. “He does have lovely thick golden hair.”

“He does,” Adeline agreed. “And have ye noticed his eyes?” She  
suspicion that Elspeth might have but had not wanted to linger on it  
raighter of her determination to capture Donnan.

“Aye. They are an astonishing shade of green!”

Adeline bit her lip on her grin. “Aye. And I heard whispers that he  
e him a verra sharp mind and that Da asked him personally to come to our hon  
in on strategy sessions for the king. Ye realize what that could mean?”

“He could become one of the king’s most important advisors!”  
as if Isaid, excitement in her tone.

“Aye.” Adeline nodded. “And the king gives his most important a  
land, titles, wealth. If that occurs, and ye wed him—though that sho  
ed. “Hebe the reason, mind ye—Da would undoubtedly be verra glad to  
do with strong tie with one of the king’s chosen men through ye as his wife.”

“Ye’re brilliant!” Elspeth exclaimed. “Will ye aid me in gett  
he was attention and getting him alone, so we can come to know each other be

Adeline snorted at that. “I dunnae think ye will need my aid, Sis  
before truly does track yer every move, as I said. I think he’s already quit  
“It was with ye.”

“He dunnae even ken me.”

“True,” Adeline agreed, “so he’s taken with yer obvious beauty.”  
ae look Elspeth did not respond, Adeline glanced at her sister and found her w  
would her lip. “What is it?”

“I fear he will come to ken me and nae like who I am.”

“Nonsense,” Adeline assured her. “Simply show him the real ye,  
astle to person trying to impress to get Da’s attention. If Da fails to give it,  
er from grave loss for him, but I feel certain he will come around.”

“Tis easy for ye to say. Ye have always had Da’s favor.”

“Well, ye had Mama’s,” Adeline reminded her.

“I had Mama’s attention because I was a sickly child. Ye ken that.”

“I do, but I confess, I was jealous how Mama would give ye th  
Vell, ye blankets and give ye her broth when food was low. I felt she loved ye  
o offer. “Sometimes I wonder if Da blames me somehow for Mama’s  
ik if ye Because she had to take extra care of me.”

Her sister could have just revealed the truth of the matter. Adeline

I so didnot because that would not be fair to Elspeth, but their da had love mama greatly and perhaps his grief had made him irrational. She would e had adefinitely have to speak to him about this. “I dunnae think Da blame because she lied because she didn’t want to hurt her sister further and because she honestly did not know, “and if ye need any help at all, I will aid ye dunnae think ye will.” She hesitated. She had to tell her about their da he has ato force her into wedding Donnan, but she loathed to destroy all the pae to sitthey had just made. “I need to tell ye something, Ellie.”

“Aye?” Elspeth said.

Elspeth “The Gordons offered a marriage bargain to Da for Donnan and me  
“I see,” Elspeth said slowly. “Do ye wish to wed Donnan?”

advisors “Ye ken I dunnae. I wish to have time to discover if Alex and I  
ould naehave more than just passion.”

have a “Addie! Did ye allow him to kiss ye again?”

A blush heated Adeline’s cheeks. Quickly, she told her sister ab  
ing hisother kisses with Alex.

“Ye kissed him?” Elspeth said, clearly astonished.

ster. He “Aye,” Adeline replied. “I did nae have a choice. He feels disho  
e takenfor telling Da he’d nae pursue me and then kissing me.”

Elspeth rolled her eyes. “Kissing ye is nae pursuing ye.”

Adeline giggled. “That’s what I argued.”

’ When Elspeth chortled at that. “Though, I suppose Da would consider t  
orryingto be Alex breaking his word.”

“Da is nae one to squawk about honor after he used ye and had y  
me.”

nae the “Good point,” Elspeth said.

that’s a “Though,” Adeline said, quirking her mouth, “my own honor is cu  
a bit tarnished.”

Elspeth’s eyes widened. “What did ye do?”

“Well, I’m leading Alex to sin, I suppose.”

’ Elspeth grinned wickedly. “Nae if he ends up wedding ye,” she sa  
ie extraa snicker.

more.” “Well, I also lied to Da. I asked for two fortnights to come  
death. Donnan, but I ken verra well that I am just trying to gain time to ke  
and sway him and Da.”

e hoped “I dunnae see that ye have a choice, and ye are nae harming anyo

ed theirdunnae think yer lies are horrid. But ye definitely need my help,”  
ld mostsaid. The eagerness and pride in her tone had Adeline looking her  
ies ye,” way once more. Their eyes met, and Elspeth grinned. “Ye’ve nae ever  
use shemy aid for anything, despite my being the eldest. I needed ye and  
e. But Iwhen I was younger and sick, and when Mama died, ye needed Da  
a tryingneeded ye. There was nae anyone who needed me.”

progress Tears stung Adeline’s eyes. She held out her hand to her sister. “I  
need ye, Ellie.” Elspeth took her hand and gave it a brief squeeze  
letting go because it made riding difficult. “Will ye aid me?”

e.” “Aye,” Elspeth said with a wink. “What ye need is time alone wit  
Da will be watching ye closely, I imagine, and I’m just the person to  
I mightdistractions so ye get what ye need.”

“How will ye do that?” Adeline asked. She’d been unable to co  
with a good plan so far herself.

out her “Leave that to me,” Elspeth said, looking mischievous. “’Tis bett  
dunnae ken. Then ye will nae need to hide anything from Da or Alex.”

“Ye’re quite devious,” Adeline said.

norable “I am,” Elspeth said with a grin. “I really am, if only Da would app  
it. Ye dunnae have much time, so we better start our plan immediately.

“Ye mean as soon as we get to the castle?” Adeline asked.

Elspeth shook her head. “I mean *now*.”

the kiss Adeline was about to question how, but Elspeth startled Adel  
yelping and then doing so again. Then, Elspeth cried out, and started to  
e lie toher horse so that Adeline had to grab the reins, stop both horses, and  
hold her sister upright.

“Whatever has happened?” she asked, her heart hammering as  
irrentlythundered toward them.

Elspeth’s eyes fluttered as if she were struggling to keep them c  
think something bit my hand!” she wailed. “It burns, and I kinnae f  
fingers to properly hold my reins.”

aid with Fingal was the first to reach them. He pulled his horse up beside  
and asked her what had occurred. “Something bit my hand,” she whi

to ken as their father, Alex, and Donnan rode up to them. “I kinnae feel my fi  
n Alex Adeline believed it until all the men were staring at Elspeth’s ha

she winked at Adeline. Her jaw slipped open in surprise. Not or  
ne, so IElspeth come up with this plan on a whim but she was executing it pe

Elspeth Their father was missing an amazing strategic mind in Elspeth.  
sister's Adeline stole a glance at Alex from under her lashes and fou  
needed intense gaze on her. But what she saw there confused her. Bright n  
Mama invaded his stare, and she blinked in bafflement. Whyever would  
and he giving her a look of disdain?

“Adeline, did ye hear me?”

always Adeline flinched at her father's sharp tone and jerked her attentio  
before Alex to her father's direction, but her sister sitting in front of Fingal  
horse—he looked quite pleased at the turn of events—had Adeline sta  
h Alex. them instead. She'd been so captured with Alex's displeased look tha  
o create missed her sister's brilliant next move.

“Adeline!”

ome up She jumped at her father shouting her name and looked to him  
Da?”

er if ye “Were ye bitten?”

Before she could form a reply, her sister said, “Aye, Da. She v  
Mayhap she should—”

preciate “Donnan,” her father said.

.” Before she could form a protest, her father had her reins in his  
Donnan was dismounting his horse, and she was forced to keep her sil  
ruin their plan. Donnan grabbed her waist and aided her from her hor  
ine but all the while she could feel Alex's stare upon her. Or mayhap s  
o tip off imagining it. When she was settled in front of Donnan, he pressed his  
d try to tight to hers, to her dismay, which prohibited her from moving forward  
horse to put space between them. She stole another glance at Alex and  
horses his accusing gaze riveted on her once more, but what he was silently a  
her of, she had no notion.

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ly had  
rfectly.

Their father was missing an amazing strategic mind in Elspeth.

Adeline stole a glance at Alex from under her lashes and found his intense gaze on her. But what she saw there confused her. Bright mockery invaded his stare, and she blinked in bafflement. Whyever would he be giving her a look of disdain?

“Adeline, did ye hear me?”

Adeline flinched at her father’s sharp tone and jerked her attention from Alex to her father’s direction, but her sister sitting in front of Fingal on his horse—he looked quite pleased at the turn of events—had Adeline staring at them instead. She’d been so captured with Alex’s displeased look that she’d missed her sister’s brilliant next move.

“Adeline!”

She jumped at her father shouting her name and looked to him. “Aye, Da?”

“Were ye bitten?”

Before she could form a reply, her sister said, “Aye, Da. She was bit. Mayhap she should—”

“Donnan,” her father said.

Before she could form a protest, her father had her reins in his hands, Donnan was dismounting his horse, and she was forced to keep her silence or ruin their plan. Donnan grabbed her waist and aided her from her horse, and all the while she could feel Alex’s stare upon her. Or mayhap she was imagining it. When she was settled in front of Donnan, he pressed his thighs tight to hers, to her dismay, which prohibited her from moving forward on the horse to put space between them. She stole another glance at Alex and found his accusing gaze riveted on her once more, but what he was silently accusing her of, she had no notion.

## Chapter Thirteen

It was not difficult for Alex to avoid being around Adeline the first day home. He was consumed with the beginning of the competition for the Guard, and he'd never had so many things go awry as he had today. His shield had gone missing this morning, and then a stray arrow nearly hit him in the head in his afternoon match, and during the last match, which he'd just finished, the wine he'd been served to quench his thirst had made him feel ill. Thankfully, he'd managed to overcome it all and win all his matches.

A horn sounded, and having been given a full explanation of all that had happened this morning, Alex knew this one was a call to the inner courtyard, along with all the other warriors competing for the Guard, made their way there. Donnan stood to the left of the inner courtyard, and Alex's first instinct was to go to the right to avoid his brother, but he knew he was being urged to stand with Donnan. Donnan had done what he needed to in order to protect his land and Da's, just as Alex had done, so he crossed to the left to stand with his brother.

"Do ye ken what this is about?" Alex asked as he reached Donnan.

"Nay," Donnan replied without looking at him.

Alex followed the line of Donnan's gaze and found his brother's attention on Adeline. She was standing with Sciath at her side in a half circle of children, and she had a gaggle of animals around her. Alex's chest tightened at the sight of her in a pale-blue gown. It hugged her curves in places that naturally drew the eye, and it set her dark hair off enticingly. "When I see her, she'll nae be rolling in the dirt like a common wench."

Alex frowned as he watched Adeline. She was swinging the children around one by one until they fell over dizzy, her with them. Then she would jump on her and lick her face. Sciath, fortunately or not, depended on how you saw it, apparently had mud on her paws because it was now smeared on Adeline's gown and face. "I dunnae see the harm. She's entertainin' the children, and I think it shows that she'll make a verra good mother on her own. The words set an ache in his chest. Adeline would be a mother to Donnan."



children.

“’Tis unseemly. Mama dunnae do such things.”

Alex resisted the urge to tell Donnan that was because his mother was a cold woman. Instead, he said, “Every woman is different, Donnan. You have to allow Adeline to be herself.”

Donnan turned to look at him. “I’ll deal with Adeline as I see fit.”

There was tenseness in Donnan’s voice that Alex didn’t care for. His Donnan likely did not wish advice from him after Adeline had said she had hit feelings for him. “She’s wedding ye, Donnan, so clearly whatever she thought she felt for me is nae thought any longer.”

Donnan stared at him for a long moment, then slowly smiled. “Forgive me, Brother. She’s a woman to inspire jealousy.”

Alex almost nodded but stopped himself just in time. Instead, he said, “How did ye fare in yer matches?”

“I won all three,” Donnan said, a smug look settling on his face. “Ye won yers, despite yer troubles. Congratulations.”

The felicitation rang somewhat false to Alex, but then again, he was certain he wasn’t being harsh with Donnan because of Adeline, so he said, “Thank ye.”

Laird Brodie walked into the courtyard in that moment and said something to Adeline. Alex’s stomach hollowed. “Mayhap he called to announce yer betrothal.”

“Nay. He said he would wait to announce it until after the competition because he did nae want anyone to question my winning a spot if I do.”

Alex frowned. “Why would they question it? Ye are competing in sparring matches. There is a winner and a loser, and everyone can see who the winner is.” Alex realized what he’d said after the words were out of his mouth. “I was nae referring to our match.”

A dark look had settled on Donnan’s face. “I suppose our mother knows exactly why he dunnae want any cause for questioning my wins in Sciath.”

Donnan shrugged. “It dunnae make a difference to me if he waits. I’m depending on the wedding agreement, and that is all that matters.”

Alex was glad that Laird Brodie held up his hands and saved him from having to continue talking about Adeline with Donnan. As a silence fell over the day, Fingal came up beside Alex and leaned toward him and said, “Yer children and Donnan’s about to come sooner than ye thought.” Alex glanced to Fingal and

him grinning back, but there was no time to question him as Laird began to speak.

“I have this day received a missive from King Alexander. The need Guard has been tasked with leading our good king’s army into battle King Haakonsson. I’m certain ye are all aware that King Alexander fighting of Norway to keep the western seaboard of Scotland under his for, but Alex said “aye” along with all the men around him. Laird Brodie raised hands for silence once more. “Haakonsson believes he has sovereignty over the area, nae our beloved Alexander.” Angry voices erupted at that again, Laird Brodie held up his hands. “We will go to the Ayrshire Coast. “Aye, drive King Haakonsson back once and forever.” A thunderous roar vibrated in the crowd. When it died, Laird Brodie spoke again. “I have this day asked, a plan with my advisors and have added a new person to the counsel, Gordon!”

Alex glanced to Fingal in surprise. “I suppose this means Laird sees yer worth.” He grinned at his brother, who smiled in return.

“Well, ’tis a trial basis until I prove myself over time, but he wasn’t pleased with the ideas I presented,” Fingal said.

“Congratulations, Brother,” Donnan said above the excited conversation said around them. “It seems we are both destined for greatness: me in the north and ye planning it.”

“All three of us are destined for greatness,” Fingal responded, then he put his arm around Alex’s shoulder. “Listen to this part,” Fingal said to Alex.

Laird Brodie began talking once more. “’Tis the best part.”

“I will choose three men to lead the three-prong attack,” Laird Brodie said as the noise died once more. “And the king has made it clear that he is more than generous to any of the chosen leaders who win their campaign.”

The emphasis on the words “more than generous” was not lost on Alex. He immediately looked to Adeline and found her gaze upon him. This was his chance—except she was now in a marriage contract with his brother. Bitterness filled his gut and mouth, and he turned away, determined to keep his thoughts off his brother’s future wife.

Adeline  
fell,



“Tell me the plan again,” Elspeth insisted as Adeline took the pitcher from the table and found

Brodieher sister handed her.

“Ellie—”

“Ye heard Da’s announcement,” Elspeth said. “Ye ken what this means. With her free hand, Adeline brushed her sister’s finger away from her lips. “Of course I ken what it means, Ellie. It means when Alex gains the spots on the Night Guard and gains a position as commander of our army, he will win his battle—”

“Of course,” Elspeth inserted.

Adeline grinned. Her heart was still hammering from her announcement in the courtyard and the implications of it. “And the king will be generous with him. And all this will happen soon, so Da should not have any objections to Alex courting me...assuming he still wants to.”

Elspeth scowled. “If the man dunnae wish to court ye, then he is not a Brodie man for ye.”

Adeline grinned at her sister. It was amazing how Elspeth’s attitude had changed in the two days since she had decided to give Final Gordon a chance.

Doubt started to invade Adeline’s cheery mood, and she felt her smile waver. “What is it?” Elspeth asked.

“This also means there is nae much time with Alex here. I heard from one of the men in the courtyard that he wanted the new Night Guard position ready to go in a sennight. I have to persuade Da to let Alex court me. I have to convince Alex that he’s good enough to court me, all in a shorter amount of time than I originally planned.”

“And Alex is avoiding ye,” Elspeth added.

“Aye,” Adeline agreed, thinking on how he’d not made eye contact with her since they’d left his home. The moment his gaze had met hers in the courtyard today, he’d looked away.

“I stand firm in my opinion that it dunnae have anything to do with his and everything to do with the vow he made Da.”

“I thought that, too, but ye saw him talking and laughing with her when she brought him his trencher this morning.”

“As I said this morning in the great hall when ye pointed them out to me, it looked to me as if Morag was flirting with him, and at first, he was not tolerating it. Then I vow he glanced toward the dais, saw us looking at him, and then seemed more inclined to flirt back. I dunnae think he’ll

interested in Morag. I think he is trying to forget ye because he th  
must.”

n look. “Well, undoubtedly, Morag will be out at the training grounds  
s.” wine.” It was part of her job as one of the kitchen servants, after all.

om her “Oh, I have nary a doubt that she’ll be there,” Elspeth agreed. ‘  
; one of could nae find her virtue if it was thrust right in her face. Maise says—  
e of the Adeline held her hand up to her sister. “Let’s nae gossip about he  
what the other women in the kitchen say, but we dunnae ken it’s true.”

“I believe it is,” Elspeth said. “I saw her coming out of Thor’s cott  
father’s one night several sennights ago, and she had nary a reason to be there  
ing will hour.”

ae have “’Tis nae our business. And I feel sorry for her. She’s a widow, a  
with a young bairn. She must be scairt and lonely.”

nae the “I feel sorry for her as long as she dunnae present her charms to  
That’s where my sympathy ends.”

ide had “My, my,” Adeline teased as she started toward the door. “Ye c  
chance. have taken a fast liking to Fingal Gordon.”

fading. “Aye,” her sister said, blushing. “He’s so kind to me, Add  
attentive. His only flaw is that he will nae give me any gossip ab  
Da say brothers. But I kinnae truly fault the loyalty.”

rd to be “Nay,” Adeline agreed, heading into the courtyard with Elspeth  
ne, and side. “Ye kinnae. Are ye coming with me to the training ground?”

ount of “Aye. I think Fingal went down there, and ye may need me to  
Morag if she’s got herself stuck to Alex.”

Adeline frowned. “If I’m that easy for the man to forget, then it’  
ict with said and he’s nae the man for me.”

; in the By the time they got down to the training ground near the banks  
loch, the warriors had already stopped for the refreshments the  
with ye servants had brought them. Adeline scanned the crowd and found Al  
heading straight for him was Morag. “Wonderful,” Adeline muttered.

Morag “Dunnae fret, Sister,” Elspeth said. “I’ll take care of her. Ye fc  
him.”

t to me, Adeline nodded as they descended the stairs and made their way  
was just the grass to the flat, sandy ground where the men who were left  
at him, competition had been practicing for tomorrow’s matches.

’s truly As they approached Alex and Morag, Alex glanced their way. H

inks helocked with Adeline's, but he quickly looked away and back to Morag he smiled at. Adeline slowed her steps. "Mayhap this was a mistake." serving "Dunnae be ridiculous," Elspeth replied, taking Adeline by the elbow fairly dragging her toward Alex. Adeline had no notion what to s "Morag Elspeth was not afflicted with the same problem.

"Morag, ye're wanted in the kitchens," Elspeth announced the mir r. I kenand Adeline were close enough to Alex and Morag for the woman Elspeth.

age late Morag frowned. "By whom?"

at that "By Maude," Elspeth lied without blinking an eye.

Morag's face fell. She knew if the head of the kitchens wanted th after all, had to answer the summons. "She told ye she wants me now?" Morag looking to Alex, who was very obviously avoiding looking at Adeline. Fingal. "Aye," Elspeth said, "so move along."

To Adeline's dismay, Morag set her hand on Alex's arm. "It wa ertainly nice to talk to ye again," she said, and Alex had no choice but to turn b back toward the woman.

ie, and Since Adeline was now standing beside her, it was unavoidable for out his pass his glance over her. He did so without slowing one bit, and then staring directly at Morag again. "Ye as well," he said and offered a by her Adeline could not quite decide whether it was polite or inviting.

"I'll be in the great hall after my duties tonight," Morag said and distract her mouth to say something else, but Elspeth interrupted.

"Ye'll nae be if ye annoy Maude. So ye best get going."

s as ye Morag nodded but gave Alex a look that could only be described longing. "I hope to see ye tonight."

s of the "We're all certain ye do, Morag. Now move along!"

kitchen The woman scowled at Elspeth but turned and plodded away, and lex, but she was even out of sight, Elspeth said, "Oh look! There's Fingal. I'll say hello."

ocus on And before Adeline could even reply, her sister had scurried c Adeline and Alex were left standing alone in awkward silence.

r across cleared her throat, suddenly very nervous. "Would ye care for some wi

in the "Morag already gave me some," Alex replied, looking away from toward the crowd of warriors. His comment wasn't rude, but his to is gazecold and unfriendly.

, whom She nibbled on her lip, trying to think how to draw his gaze to they could talk. “’Tis good news for ye about the battles the Night Guard and been tasked to lead.” She saw his body stiffen, and a tic start at the side of his jaw, but she wasn’t certain why that would make him vexed with her, but it did. “Alex?” she finally prompted when the silence became quite unbearable.

to hear He whipped his head to her, and his angry gaze cut through her. “Verra clever, Adeline?”

His curt tone stirred her own anger. “Well, I live here,” she replied. “Verra clever,” he shot back, a look of annoyance twisting the lines around his eyes. “Ye should go talk to Donnan, nae to me.” She frowned. Is that what this was about? Jealousy? Or was he trying to push her toward Donnan as a way to help him avoid her? “Alex, my dear—”

is verra “I dunnae need or want any explanations, Adeline,” he snapped.

his head His reaction seemed a bit excessive for her having ridden on the back of his brother. He’d been standing there and surely had heard her insist that she do so. She opened her mouth to say all this when he told her that she should talk to Donnan. “Ye should go talk to Donnan, nae to me.” He had told her previously there was nae any way forward for us—

is smile. “Aye, but, Alex, if ye get on Night Guard—”

“I hope *when*,” he said, looking contemplative.

opened “Aye, I do as well,” she said. “*When* ye get on Night Guard and verra well, ye’ll be appointed a leader...”

“God willing,” he said. “If yer da sees me as worthy.”

is a pure His humbleness was one of the things she found so appealing about him. “He will,” she assured him, praying it was so. “Ye’ll win yer campaign.” His expression softened a bit, and the tension in her shoulders and back before released. She took a deep breath and continued. “Then the king will just give ye the stronghold ye wish for, and—” She paused. She certainly

not just blurt out that she wished him to court her, that there was nothing stopping him for his part. She needed to know if he wanted to court her before she blurted that she would somehow find a way to sway her. “Would ye—That is, I mean to ask, as to whether ye would court me?” She fumbled for what to say. “By god, woman,” he growled. “Are ye trying to tempt me to dishonor me completely?”

“What?” What did he mean *completely*? Did he mean the promise

her, so father? If only he'd let her explain the part about swaying her father  
ard has "Nay, ye dunnae ken me."

e of his "I ken ye," he said, his tone had dropped low. He shoved a hand t  
clearly his hair in obvious frustration. "I have moved on as I must, and so  
nearly ye."

"Adeline!"

Why are She glanced over her shoulder at her name being called and grim  
Donnan walking toward them. Why he was suddenly so attentive to l  
. beyond her, but ever since they'd left his home, he seemed to find  
ips that matter where she was. She turned back to Alex, and his look was  
ie." granite. "Alex, if we can but find some time to spend together and—"  
ying to "Nay," he said, the word ringing with finality. "I kinnae do what  
a made and after what I said to ye in regard to my honor, I'm surprised ye'd  
it." She didn't think the suggestion was so horrid, but his acting like  
made her burn with shame. "Forget the kisses we shared, Adeline. I  
e horse With that, he turned on his heel and left her standing there alone, loc  
r father his back.

said, "I She felt a tap on her shoulder before she could think what to do  
she turned, there stood Donnan. "I thought we might stroll and ge  
acquainted."

It was on the tip of her tongue to decline the offer, but she happ  
when ye look to her left and see her father watching her. Reluctantly, she nodd  
Donnan took her by the elbow to turn them away from the crowd. T  
no more than ten paces when he said, "What were ye and my brother  
ut him. of?"

n. I ken Her ears burned with the memory of her conversation with Ale  
id neck up coming battles for the Night Guard and how it could mean he has  
l surely likely chance to get the stronghold he desires."

y could The derisive noise Donnan made bothered her. Alex was noth  
ould be supportive of his brother, but Donnan did not seem to reciprocate. "H  
o court cocksure to think he'll be appointed a leader."

o father. "I'm the one who said that," she retorted. "Nae him."

us—" Donnan stopped and looked to her, so she met his gaze. "I'm sor  
ard my said. "'Tis just, all my life, I've had to endure my da constantly sing  
praises and telling me in the same breath how I fall short of Alex, a  
e to her just feels as if it will be one more way for my da to criticize me."

to him. Her anger lessened just a bit at Donnan's explanation. "I'm certain  
been frustrating. I—"

through "I'm as good a warrior as Alex is," Donnan said, cutting off what  
should've been about to say—that maybe his father had been trying to compensate  
how horrid Moira was to Alex. But though she did believe that, she  
seen both men fight and Alex was simply the superior warrior. And  
aced at certainly more humble. "I'm better, in fact," he added.

er was She pressed her lips together to keep from responding to his arrival  
her no and she knew her lack of response annoyed him by the way his  
hard as flared. "I'm going to be laird one day, Adeline. I will have power, and  
wife—"

ye ask, "Adeline!" Elspeth said directly at her back.

suggest Relieved for the interruption, she swung toward her sister. Donnan  
it was assumed she wanted to accept the offer of marriage his family had bro  
have." occurred to her if she could explain to him that she still didn't feel th  
king at about him, maybe he'd persuade his father to withdraw the offer, a  
would take care of that problem. Before she spoke to him about it, she  
. When to think of a gentle way to say it. Honestly, though, he didn't know  
t better she could not imagine he truly wanted to wed her.

"Elspeth, did ye need me?" Adeline asked, knowing her sister was  
ened to rescue her.

ed, and "Aye. I need ye in the kitchens," she said, grabbed Adeline and  
hey got towing her away so that she had to toss a goodbye to a scowling Donnan  
talking

When they were out of earshot of Donnan, Elspeth said, "Well?  
make any progress with Alex?"

x. "The "Nay. In fact, he told me to forget whatever we shared." A lump  
a ver rained her throat, and she swallowed. "Honestly, I did nae think it would  
difficult. I'm going to find myself forced to wed Donnan," she said,  
ing but wretched. "And so far, the only thing I've learned of him is that  
is ver ra conceited he's sure I'll accept his marriage offer, and he's jealous  
brother, which I vow has something to do with why he offered marriage  
the first place."

ry," he "What will ye do?"

ging his "I'm going to explain to him tonight that I still dunnae feel that way  
and thishim, and I pray he'll withdraw the offer, which will solve one very  
problem."



n that's "That will nae sway Da to Alex," Elspeth said.

"I ken," Adeline replied, trying not to let her misery overwhelm her. "And it may nae matter anyway. Alex Gordon currently wants me to get away from him. He dunnae even want to look at me."

Elspeth got a mischievous glint in her eyes.

"Ye've a plan?" Adeline asked, hopeful.

"Aye. We are just going to have to make it so that he kinnae loo at ye and so he'll forget about his misplaced honor for a bit."

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“That will nae sway Da to Alex,” Elspeth said.

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“Ye’ve a plan?” Adeline asked, hopeful.

“Aye. We are just going to have to make it so that he kinnae look away from ye and so he’ll forget about his misplaced honor for a bit.”

## Chapter Fourteen

Since it was customary for the warriors who had won both their matches to sit at the dais, Alex had no choice but to do so tonight, which is why he had taken his time making his way to the great hall to hopefully arrive in time for most of supper. Ever-loyal Fingal had offered to stay with him, so they entered the great hall together. He paused just inside the door and looked at the dais, warring desire raging within him.

He wanted Adeline to be gone from the hall already so that he'd not be tempted, and yet, he desperately wanted to see her. And there she was, the thing he wanted most and could not have without abandoning who he was, at the heart of his core. She was resplendent in a forest-green gown that contrasted beautifully with her skin. Her hair was piled high atop her head, exposing her long, slender neck. He was filled and filling his mind with images of kissing his way down that column of swells of inviting breasts the low-dipping gown displayed. He groaned at the thought of the treasures beneath her bodice. He wanted to touch her, to bring her such pleasure that she screamed with it. He grunted this to himself.

"What's wrong?" Fingal asked beside him.

"I'm tempted by her at every turn," Alex ground out. "That is the problem. I'm tempted, and I kinnae—I'm flesh and blood, Fingal. I am supposed to remain honorable, but today she told me she wanted to find time to see me and I wanted to say aye." He glanced at his brother, who gave him a sympathetic look. "I wanted to say aye and betray Donnan."

"Something is nae right," Fingal replied.

Alex frowned, glad they were still close enough to the great hall door that no one had noticed them. "I confess to ye that I want to betray Donnan by doing all sorts of unimaginable things with the woman he's to wed, and your response is that something is nae right!"

"Aye," Fingal said, nodding. "Elsbeth keeps asking me odd questions, like if she's trying to figure out if ye would court Adeline if Adeline could persuade her da to let ye. And that dunnae make sense given Adeline has already agreed to wed Donnan."

"Nay, it does nae," Alex replied, scrubbing a hand across his forehead.

would nae have thought Adeline the sort of lass to pledge her word to Donnán and then break it, and her da was the one who approached our the union in the first place.”

“Aye. As I said, something dunnae make sense.”

“Well, we’ll nae be figuring it out at this moment,” Alex said, el-  
Fingal and looking at Elspeth grinning and waving at Fingal from the  
“Elspeth is beckoning ye.” He was glad to see Fingal’s happy smile.

“I’m going to wed that lass,” his brother said. “As soon as I think  
I will say aye, I’m going to ask him.”

Alex chuckled at that. “Ye have nae kenned her verra long.” In  
moment the words were out, he understood they were foolish.  
circumstances with Adeline had been different, he could see feeling that  
about her.

As if Fingal knew what Alex was thinking, his brother threw his  
around Alex’s shoulder. “I kenned the minute I saw her that she was  
for me. I kinnae explain it.”

Alex’s gaze strayed to Adeline. She had a goblet of wine to her lip  
could not see if she was smiling or frowning, but her gaze was locked on  
Desire sunk its claws into him. Donnán was talking animatedly to her,  
did not seem to be listening to a word his brother was saying. Alex f

as they started toward the dais and made himself look away from  
Adeline did not seem the sort of lass to enter into a marriage contract  
then try to tempt another man, but he was unsure what other explanation  
there could be.

Both seats beside Elspeth were empty. Alex took to the dais  
determined to take the seat that would not put him next to Adeline, but  
he started toward Elspeth’s left, she waved him to her right. “This one  
ye,” she said, the look she gave him oddly glinting.

“Ye did exceptionally well in the match today,” Laird Brodie said.  
made his way along the dais to his seat.

Alex paused where Laird Brodie was sitting and met the man’s  
gaze, which was fastened on him. “Thank ye, Laird.”

“All is nae decided, ye ken,” Laird Brodie added, “so make certain  
keep yer focus where it needs to be.”

“I will, Laird,” Alex replied, but at that moment, Adeline gasped  
face. “I when he looked toward her, Donnán had hold of her wrist in what lo

to wedbe tight. Alex took an instinctive step toward her, but Laird Brodie c  
s abouthis forearm, stopping his progress. He frowned and looked between t  
and Adeline, who was now free of Donnan's hold. Her face was flush  
she was blotting at wine that had been spilled while Donnan bellowe  
bowingservant to come clean it up.

ne dais. Alex let out a sigh of relief that he'd misread the situation, ar  
pricked at him that he had been so willing to assume the worst ab  
her dabrother so it would give Alex a reason to take up Adeline's request  
time alone. Shame flooded him.

But the With no choice, he sat, accidentally brushing her elbow as he did  
If hisdrew her arm away from him as she turned her head to meet his gaze,  
at wayattention was caught by the red mark on her wrist where he'd seen his  
grasp her. She started to lower her arm under the table, but he gent  
his armhold of her elbow to prevent her from doing so.

the lass "What happened?" he asked, his temples pounding with a sudden f

She waved a hand toward Donnan, and Alex was amazed by how  
s, so henormally mundane gesture seemed so enticing coming from her. "Yer  
on him.spilled his wine accidentally, and he grabbed my wrist to prevent m  
but shedragging my sleeve through it."

rowned Alex's attention went to Adeline's right sleeve, which was  
m her.bunched up to her elbow. Again, he'd misjudged his brother. He r  
act andAdeline's elbow and shoved a hand through his hair as he glanced c  
anationthe table so he'd no longer stare at her. He had to gain control.

"Surely, ye did nae think I would mistreat Adeline?" Donnan  
is first,amusement in his tone.

it when Alex looked up and met his brother's gaze. A smile that seemed  
e is formocking lifted the corners of Donnan's mouth, but Alex knew his ju  
could not be trusted currently. "Nay," he replied, but the word did nc  
as Alexout as convincing as he'd intended. God above, this yearning for Adel  
making him a clot-heid. "I was just asking. I noticed the red mark, 't  
intenseken ye would nae ever treat a woman harshly."

"I told ye I'd see ye in the great hall again tonight," came a femal  
tain yefrom in front of Alex. The lass Morag stood in front of him with a  
wine in hand and an inviting smile on her lips. He wished to heaven al  
ed, andfelt a spark of desire for Morag because that would certainly help put  
oked tofrom his mind.

latched “’Tis good to see ye,” he said politely.

he man “Would ye like some wine?”

ed, and “Aye,” he replied, hoping the wine would dull his mind just enough for ahe quit imagining things that were not true. He held his wine goblet to the lass, and she took it, filled it, and then, instead of putting it back in his outstretched hand, she leaned way over the dais, offering him a full dish of his plentiful charms. “I have a full pitcher of wine in my bedchamber to find a wish for a quieter place to have a drink,” the woman whispered.

Out of the corner of his eye, he could see Adeline’s body stiffen so. She knew she’d overheard the lass’s offer.

but his “I appreciate the enticing suggestion,” he said, striving to keep his brother low so as not to embarrass Morag, “but I do believe the competitors of the Night Guard are supposed to stay in the great hall.”

“Nae all night,” she said. “I can wait.”

urry. A derisive noise came from Adeline’s direction, and it took all his wits not to look at her, take in her expression, and ascertain if she was jealous. It did not matter. It could not matter. “I need to get rest tonight.”

ie from “I can help ye rest.”

“Oh, for god’s sake, Morag,” Adeline hissed, leaning so close to him that indeed her shoulder touched his and the contact made him ache with released desire. Under other circumstances, had Adeline offered to give him a room in her chamber, death could not have kept him away. “Why are ye ever in the great hall serving wine? Dunnae ye normally cook and nae serve supper?”

“I offered to help in the great hall tonight in hopes that I’d run in slightly,” Morag said, locking eye contact with him. Determination lit her eyes, but she did not want to feel flattered, but all he felt was mildly uncomfortable. He did not want to hurt the lass’s feelings by being too blunt, but he could see it in her eyes as well come to that. He took a swig of his wine and set the goblet down. It was all he could feel a drop clinging to his lip, but before he could wipe it away, she surprised him by doing so.

ie voice He stiffened at her touch, his body rejecting her out of hand. He did not know why, and the knowing was not a good feeling. She was a bonny lass, and he was not Adeline. Yet, maybe the best way to forget Adeline was to ignore the attention of this woman. “Thank ye,” he said, his voice coming out but the thickness was not caused by Morag. It was the yearning for Adeline.

Morag's eyes lit up, and he realized she believed the desire she had in his tone was for her. "I'm done with my shift now, so would you like to go to the dance?" she asked, leaning still farther over the table toward him, her hands toward displaying her breasts nearly to their rosy buds.

No, accepting her attention was not the answer. He could not give her a false hope to forget another. But how to let her down gently? He thought if he could give her something to think of, so he picked up his wine goblet and took a swig to give himself time to think of a proper response.

"Mayhap ye should get yer gown properly fitted before ye attend the dance," Adeline inserted into the silence.

The comment made him spit out his wine, and Morag gasped.

"I do believe Adeline is overly tired," Donnan said, his normally congenial tone hard. Donnan gave Alex an accusing look, as if somehow caused Adeline's show of jealousy, and God's blood the idea that his will he was the reason for her behavior did not displease him as it should.

"Well, I want to dance," Morag said and now looked to Donnan, rather than Alex's relief. "Would ye care to dance with me?"

"I'd be happy to dance with ye," Donnan replied. "If Adeline has any mind."

"Why should I mind?" Adeline asked.

Donnan looked as if he was about to say something, but then he closed his mouth shut and gave Adeline a tight look before leading Morag away.

"She's trying to make ye jealous, ye ken."

Alex turned to Adeline, and whatever reply might have come to him was lost. He plunged into the sea of glittering jealousy that was her eyes, and he went down, sinking with the heavy weight of his desire. A slow, sly smile turned up the corners of his lips. He tried to fight it, but the temptation might be too much. He liked that she was jealous. He had no right to be. It didn't matter. He could see she was physically trying to fight her reaction. Her delicate hands were curled into fists. Her nostrils were flared, and he could hear her clicking her teeth together.

He should let her comment pass, but he couldn't. "She dunnae have a right to make me jealous."

"And what is that?" Adeline asked, her voice suddenly low and husky.

What was this woman doing to him? He was struggling to remain calm. He was his brother, and that burned him with shame. He didn't say a word.

heard in Adeline's lips parted with a slow inhalation, and understanding came in like to eyes. She knew he wanted her.

him and "Alex." She breathed out his name like a sigh. He wanted to lean close to her just to capture her breath. He found himself fighting not to do so, it felt impossible. The noise of the clan members talking faded. The world eluded disappeared, and everything but her blurred. He could only see the time to beating frantically on her pale neck. He could only hear the inhalation and exhalation that came from between her lips. He was not touching her, but he wanted to feel her.

"Come dance!"

The high-pitched demand was like a bucket of freezing loch water thrown on him. He stiffened, Adeline jerked backward, and they both looked to Elspeth, who stood behind them on the dais with her hand outstretched to Alex. He opened his mouth to deny her, but he shut it. He'd nearly forgotten himself by merely sitting next to Adeline. He stood and took Elspeth's hand, and forced himself not to look at Adeline. "I'd be honored," he forced out.

"Of course, ye should be," Elspeth replied with a wink. "I'm an excellent dancer."

They took the floor with the other couples, and as they started to dance, Adeline and Fingal came onto the dance floor as well.

"Ye should nae give her up," Elspeth said.

He blinked at the very blunt, very dangerous statement, and then, to himself, his pulse ticked up with hope. He swallowed down that emotion. "There is nae hope for us, Elspeth. Surely, ye can ken that."

The woman frowned. "But dunnae my da's announcement about the Night Guard give ye hope?"

"Aye. Hope that I'll gain a home of my own and warriors, but not for my sister. Yer sister is taken. Ye ken this."

Elspeth frowned. "By whom? Yer brother?"

"I'd say so, given their inclusion in a marriage contract." His voice was hard. He didn't care. What sort of game was Elspeth playing?

She missed a step, stumbled, grabbed him, and completely stopped dancing. She stood there gaping at him. "What did ye just say?"

An uneasy feeling came over him. "I said yer sister is taken, given her inclusion in a marriage contract with my brother." Elspeth's face went pale, but causing a warning sound in his head. "Elspeth, what is it?"



into her “Will ye excuse me?” she said, barely above a whisper and not for him to answer before she walked away. He watched her as she loser to through the dancers straight to Adeline and Fingal. They stopped, but it began to speak, and then the color slowly drained from Adeline’s face. music and fluttered to her neck. He didn’t know what Elspeth had said to Adeline but whatever it was had greatly upset her. Shock settled on her features and she waved Fingal away.

The moment Fingal turned to depart the dance floor, Alex strode up with him. “Brother!” he called out, weaving in and out through people milling about.

Fingal stopped and glanced back over his shoulder, a look of looked sweeping over his face. “I was just coming to find ye.”

“What’s occurred with Adeline?” Alex demanded, even as he forgotten looking back over his shoulder to locate her once more. It took him a moment’s hand to find her. She was no longer standing with Elspeth but was near the hall door with her father. They spoke animatedly and looked to be arguing.

“It seems,” Fingal said from behind him, bewilderment underlying words, “she did nae ken she’d been entered into a marriage contract dance, Donnan.”



“Tell me it’s nae true,” Adeline said as she faced her father. She was sure false by what Elspeth had told her that Adeline didn’t care who might hear.

But her father apparently did because he glanced away from her moment out there as if to ensure there was no one who might be too close. That’s what she knew for certain it was true, and her stomach clenched. “Da.” It was nae ye could say for a moment. Tears sprang to her eyes, and she felt ill.

Her father’s face fell, and he did look sorry, but she could not muster a bit of pity for him. Anger burned hot within her. “Ye lied to me,” she said, but he managed to say.

A hardness flickered over his features.

“Why?” She swiped at the tears rolling down her face. “Why would ye enter me into a marriage contract and nae tell me? Why would ye give me a word I had two fortnights and then break it?”

“I did what I must to protect ye, Adeline.”

waiting She laughed near hysterically at that. “Ye are hurting me, nae pro  
weavedme!”

Elsbeth His eyes narrowed. “Keep yer voice down, Adeline.”

as her “Why?” she seethed. “So that yer clan dunnae ken how ruthless ye  
Adeline, Misery and regret etched his face, but she refused to allow her l  
es, andfeel any compassion. “Adeline, I am sorry ye feel that way, but ye ken  
heart my goal is to protect ye always.”

to catch “Condemning me to a loveless marriage out of fear is nae protectin  
all the “And what were ye trying to do, Adeline?” he demanded, his fa  
red. “Ye clearly we’re nae going to willingly agree to wed Donnan af  
f relief for nights.”

“I had hoped,” she said, pausing as the full weight of her problem  
he was “I had hoped I could sway ye to allow Alex to court me, Da,” she said  
moment with an all-consuming desperation. “’Tis nae too late. Alex will win  
ie great on the Night Guard, and then he will lead a battle, and if he wins the ki  
ing. —”

ing his “Nay,” her father said, making her near speechless with anger  
ct with better for everyone this way. Ye must trust me.”

“Everyone? Who is it better for? Me?” she ground out. “I dunnae  
like Donnan. He’s harsh with me, and he nearly forced himself up  
when he walked me to my bedchamber.”

so upset Her father frowned. “He attempted to ravish ye?”

r them. “Well, nay, but he tried to steal a kiss,” she said.

ntarily, “That is a far cry from ravishment, Adeline.”

en she Her father making excused for Donnan simply because he didn’t  
all she see the man was not for her, enraged her. “It was against me will!”

“I admit I do nae like that,” he relented to her everlasting relief, b  
ster one he took a breath and said, “but as yer in a marriage contract now, I’  
: finally kiss is his right.”

She gawked at her father. She could hardly believe what his fe  
driving him to do and to accept. It was not like him at all. She took  
ould ye breath, thinking what to say, how to argue for him to see. “Is it be  
me yer Donnan to be wed to a woman he wants simply to best his brother?  
better for ye? Ye are telling yerself that ye are doing all this for r  
mayhap ye are, but that’s fear making ye do it. Then again, mayhap t  
that’s driving ye is fear for yerself. Mayhap what ye fear is nae t

protecting endure hardship. Mayhap ye fear Alex will nae become a powerful laird  
ye'll nae get a strong union in marriage from my wedding him!"

Her father's palm hit her face before she knew what was occurring  
are?" head jerked to the side with the force of his slap, her skin immediately  
heart to and tears sprang to her eyes. Slowly, she turned her head until she  
in yer looking at her father once more, and the guilt in his eyes broke her heart.  
raised her hand to her throbbing cheek. She had never fought with her  
ing!" in her life. She had never defied him, but in this, she would. She under  
ce now in this moment, she had no choice. "I love him." She was certain of it  
fter two but this.

"'Tis nae enough, Adeline. Everything I own, I own at the pleasure  
hit her king. That is what being born a bastard gets ye. At least with Dor  
d, filled Moira took the lairdship, which I do nae believe she ever would, I  
a place would still have a home for ye to live in and enough warriors to protect  
ing willis his right as a true son of hers and Laird Gordons. As a bastard Alex  
rights just as I had none. It dunnae matter how hard ye work or how  
r. "'Tis battles ye win, it can all be taken away. I dunnae want that life for y  
nae want to go on the mission I did when yer mother died, but I could  
ae even nay if I was to gain the castle, the lairdship, the men."

upon me "Ye feel guilty," she whispered, "because ye wanted it for yerself.  
it, isn't it?"

He didn't answer, but he stiffened and she knew she was correct.  
did nae care, but ye did. And ye left, and she died because ye left  
greed. *Yer greed.*" His nostrils flared with her words. "She did nae care  
want to a grand stronghold or servants. She only cared to have ye. But ye need  
rest. Ye killed her," she accused, such pain gripping her that she wa  
out then double over with it.

and say a "Nay. Yer sister killed her."

Adeline felt her lips part with shock. Elspeth had been right. "E  
ear was nae kill Mama."

a deep "She did," her father replied, his words unbending.

after for Adeline could feel each beat of her heart in her eyes and hear it  
Or is it tears. "Ye need to believe that so ye can live with yerself. Yer greed  
ne, and Mama."

the fear "Nay. Yer sister was sickly, and yer mama went out in the cold  
hat I'll herbs. The cook told me so."

ird, and Adeline could not retreat. He had to see. He had to. “Ye left her l  
ye wanted all the glory and the gains. She’d nae have gone out if  
ng. Herstayed. Ye would have.”

7 stung, Her father’s face was as stone. “Alex Gordon will do the same. H  
he wassame as me.”

art. She She opened her mouth to say he wasn’t, but did she really know? /  
r fatherfather, clever man that he was, read her hesitation and spoke. “He cou  
erstoodpicked ye, and he did nae.”

nothing “He did nae ken me well enough then,” she said, hoping with all h  
that she was right.

e of the “Ye barely kenned him,” her father countered, “and yet, ye bargai  
man, ifhim to get the chance to be on the Night Guard.”

Donnan “Because I thought I was gaining time to learn him and decide my  
t ye, asAnd she had learned him. He was honorable and kind and loyal, but w  
has nopick her over the Night Guard now if presented with the choice? S  
v manydidn’t know, but she did know one thing for certain. “I will na  
e. I didDonnan.”

nae say “Then I will nae ever appoint Alex as a commander. Tell him. Tell  
love him, and then tell him ye will nae wed his brother and that it is  
. That’shim the only thing he desires. See what yer love gets ye.”

She was too sad to say more, so she turned from her father to lea  
“Mamahe caught her by the arm. “Addie, I vow, I do this for ye.”

her for She tugged her arm out of her father’s hold. “Ye have convinced  
e aboutof a lie, but I suppose ye had to in order to live with yerself.” With tl  
ded theflung open the door to the great hall and began to run down the c  
nted toBehind her, the thud of footsteps resounded, and she assumed her fat  
following her so she pushed herself to run faster. She burst into the sl  
courtyard, and a draft of cold air hit her, making her pause.

llie did “Adeline.”

She turned at her name and found Donnan standing there. “What  
do?”

t in her She frowned at his question. “What did *I* do?”

d killed “Aye. I saw yer da slap ye.”

If she’d ever had a doubt that Donnan might be the man for her,  
l to getshe had not, his immediately assuming it was due to something she ha  
and not anything her father could have possibly done, reinforced w

because she already knew: This man was not the right choice for her. She had to  
ye had him see that so he'd break the marriage contract, so that there would be  
chance that her father would appoint Alex as commander. "Why do ye  
is the to wed me, Donnan?"

"Ye're verra bonny."

And her "There are many lasses bonnier than I am, and I'm certain as futu  
ld have of the Gordon clan, ye could have yer pick."

He stared at her for a long silent moment. "I want ye, and clearly, y  
er heart me or ye would nae have agreed to the marriage contract."

"I did nae agree," she said, realizing she'd have to be blunt. "I o  
ned for learned of it this night."

"I see," he said slowly, his lack of reaction surprising her and mak  
heart." wonder something.

ould he "Ye guessed," she said.

he just "Aye."

ae wed "I told my da I would nae wed ye. I...I dunnae think we are right f  
other."

him ye "Because ye think Alex is the man for ye?" The coldness in his ton  
costing her shiver.

"I think so," she said, "but my da says he will nae appoint  
ive, but commander if he makes the Night Guard if I dunnae wed ye."

This was Donnan's chance to show the same loyalty to Alex th  
y herself had shown him when he'd let him win the match between them, bu  
hat, she Donnan said, "Then ye best wed me," she was not surprised. Ang  
orridor. disappointment swirled in her.

her was "Ye could back out of the contract," she said.

adowy His lips pressed into a thin line. "I'll nae."

She blew out an exasperated breath. "I'm nae a prize to be stolen fr  
brother, Donnan."

did ye "'Tis where ye're wrong," he replied, and turning, he left her s  
alone in the dark.

She could not wed him, but she could not be the reason Alex  
achieved his dream.

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## Chapter Fifteen

“Alex,” came a woman’s voice from behind him.

He swiveled around at the sound of it to find Elspeth in the doorway of the castle.

“Did ye follow me out here?” Alex asked.

Elspeth arched her eyebrows. “Did ye come out here looking for your sister?”

“I dunnae even ken why I’m out here,” he said, shoving a hand through his hair.

“Ye saw my da slap Adeline,” Elspeth stated matter-of-factly. “I have never seen him do such a thing,” she added, but now her voice quivered a bit, revealing how much it had shocked her.

“’Tis nae my place to have come after her.”

Elspeth nodded. “’Tis nae, but ye did just the same.”

“She’s betrothed to my brother,” he said, though he didn’t know he’d stated out loud what they both knew.

“It would seem so, whether she wishes it or nae.”

He frowned. “This dunnae make sense. Why would yer da approach me about a marriage contract for Adeline and Donnan, and then tell me that Adeline that he’d entered her into it?”

“I was to ken that it was yer da who approached mine,” Elspeth said.

“That’s nae correct.” Was it? Had Donnan lied?

Elspeth shrugged. “I dunnae ken for certain. ’Tis what Adeline believed though.”

“So, she did agree to the marriage contract,” he bit out.

“Nay. She did nae. Or at least nae like ye think.”

“Explain yerself please.”

“’Tis nae my place. ’Tis Adeline’s.”

“It dunnae matter,” he growled. “She is to wed my brother, and I will nae betray him.”

“I do agree ye should nae betray family that is loyal to ye.” That was all Elspeth stated it, as if there was something else to be said, had him

hard at her, but she revealed nothing in her expression.

“Are ye suggesting Donnan is nae loyal to me?” he demanded. His brother was competitive, yes, but disloyal, no.

“I would nae ever say such a thing unless I kenned it to be a fact.”

He narrowed his eyes. “I do believe people underestimate ye, Elspeth.”

She flashed a smile. “I do believe ye are correct, Alex. I’m going to the great hall now. I left Fingal standing alone. Will ye be coming with me?”

He shook his head. He’d calmed down enough not to go charging after my Adeline, but if he saw her father in the great hall, he did not trust himself to say something to the man. “Which way is the garden?” he asked through the trees. It was not going in the same direction as Adeline.

“That way,” Elspeth replied and pointed to a pebbled path to the west. “I have nae doubt ye’ll find it.”

“What’s the other way?”

“The loch.”

He nodded. “Is there a good place to enter to take a swim?”

“At night, the best place to enter is around the first three stones at the bottom of the seagate stairs, head left, pass the three large standing stones, and then ye’ll see a narrow path between the fourth and fifth one. “I’ll show ye, and ye can enter the loch to swim with ease.”



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Alex was beginning to think Elspeth had played a joke on him by sending him off to find a passage to the loch that didn’t exist, but after a long walk he came to the stones that were well away from the castle. After passing the first three stones, he walked for some time before coming to the fourth, but he had to stop and search around through thick brush in search of a passage between the fourth and fifth stones.

[ would  
he way  
staring

A breeze picked up and sent the smell of water toward him, which told him he was most definitely in the right spot. He pushed the brush to the side, stepping onto the passage, which he could now see was well within the castle walls. He released the brush behind him and made his way between the two stones. The moon rose high above him. When he got to the end of the passage, it opened to expose a calm loch, which glistened under the moon that was now overhead. The smooth water beckoned to him. He moved toward it, glancing around to see if anyone was watching, but he was alone. He stared at the water, his eyes wide with surprise.



to ensure he was indeed alone. To his right were multiple cliffs of shadowed. His with one particular cliff that seemed to jut out over the water. It would be decided, be an excellent place to hike to and jump into the water from which was inclined to do such things, which he was, just not at the moment.

He needed and wanted to feel the cold bite of the water to take away the heat of anger that lingered from what he'd witnessed in the great hall. He kept himself from going to find her. He wanted to ensure she was safe and seek answers about why her father might have kept the wedding ceremony after from her, but neither would change the fact that she was in the company of his brother.

He laid his weapon in the sand, kicked off his shoes, and discarded his braies, then stepped into the loch. The cool water slipped over his ankles, then his ankles, shins, thighs, and waist as he waded in, taking the bit of anger away with each step. He stopped there, inhaled a long, deep breath, and closed his eyes. He was here to win a spot on the guard, not Adeline's

He had given any chance of a future with her up for the Night Guard. At the his brother and father, and those circumstances had not changed. Yet, the stones, changed.

He had learned she was brave, bighearted, and passionate, and that he had felt unworthy of her without making the Night Guard, if he had all over now, he would have presented her the choice.

He had to quit thinking about her. With that in mind, he dove under the surface and swam as hard and fast as he could, concentrating only on the walk, his lungs began to burn as he glided through the water. The burn became the first pressing need for air, but he kept swimming, pushing himself until he could think of was air. There was room for no other thought but the passage that's exactly how he wanted it to be, so he swam even farther, remembering the feeling that he would draw from later when distracted. Finally, which told could take no more and he began to feel dizzy, he broke the surface, on the side, his eyes to the moonlight.

He treaded water as he wiped his eyes to clear his vision, and that's when he heard a dog barking. He glanced toward the sound. On the jutting ledge he had noted earlier stood, by the look of it, a woman in nothing but undergarments. He blinked, sure he must be seeing things, but when he opened his eyes again, the woman was still there. The cream of her legs, neck, and chest was in stark contrast to the night, but her hair

rip rock had to be dark, blended with the shadows, and the more he stared at it, the more he became certain he was looking at Adeline and Sciath. He swore if one of his eyes shut once more. He was seeing things that were not there.

What this was. And yet, when he opened his eyes again, she stood the way she had, but now her arms were raised above her head, her hands touching her fingertips as if to dive, and the beast was barking as if she were trying to kill her. Adeline.

For one breath, he fought with himself about whether he was really attracted to Adeline or not, but when her arms went down and she shook them from her sides as if to shake off fear, then raised them again, he was certain of all but things: Adeline was standing on the cliff, and she was going to jump. In his feet, “Adeline!” he bellowed, but the moment her name left his mouth, he realized his mistake. She jerked in midair, likely distracted by his call, and instead of a smooth dive, she overturned and barreled toward his heart, water with her back down.

Black fear swept through him as he watched her fall, worrying she would smack the water with her back. At the last moment, she seemed to bring her feet far enough under her to cut the water with them, but he wasn't prepared enough. She disappeared beneath the surface, her splash resounding through the night, and the cacophony of rushing blood in his ears for one moment before going silent.

He started toward her in a frenzy, feeling as if his life depended on the way his lungs protested the dizzying pace, having just recovered from the last time he came about he pushed himself, ignoring the burn. He cut his hands through the water relentlessly and kicked as if the hounds of Hell were nipping at his feet, and as he neared where he thought she had dived in, she popped up, backflipping, head still underwater, and he released a roar of grief into the night.

Icy fear twisted in his chest as he grabbed her and flipped her over, opening eyes were shut, and he pressed his ear close to her mouth, relief coming through him when warm breath tickled his skin. He rose, kicking his legs, when he kept them both afloat as he slid his hand around her abdomen beneath the cliff. He started the swim toward shore.

“’Tis going to be all right, lass,” he said, talking to her as he swam, when she though she did not answer. “Ye must have passed out when ye hit the water with your arms,” he added, more to reassure himself than her. She probably couldn't even see him, which was his.

her, the “Ye distracted me,” she whispered, her voice thick and low.

He let out a relieved laugh and kept swimming, but suddenly

That’s aware of her in a way he’d not been just a breath ago. Her breasts were still, heavily against his arm, as did her round bottom into his groin. He stopped at the dangerous longing down as best he could and said, “I’m sorry, lass. I was trying to I was imagining ye at first, and when I realized I was nae and that ye were going to jump—”

“Dive,” she corrected, her voice a little less thick and low now, as she saw that her body was starting to awaken fully. “I was diving. And I’m usually quiet about it.”

“I imagine ye are,” he agreed. “But I did nae ken that, and all I saw was the height, the darkness, and the danger to ye, and I simply reacted. I finished as he reached shallow water. He stood and brought her with him. For a moment, they stood there, the length of her backside pressed to his, and desire gripped him again.

“I—” he started but paused because he heard lust clogging the air around him and he wanted to rid himself of it before she heard it as well. He moved back just enough to put space between them but not so much that if her legs gave out at night, he wouldn’t be able to catch her. “Can ye stand on yer own?” he asked. The gentle waves lapped at his legs.

“Only since I was just shy of two summers,” she shot back with a grin. His laugh that made him smile. He loved her wit.

*God’s blood... He loved her.*

The shock of the truth hit him, and he immediately released her. She turned slowly toward him until they were face-to-face. The moonlight first, glittered above her and caught her eyes in just a way that there almost seemed as if a light was shining from within her. Her wet hair was slicked back, revealing her face in its entire perfection, and she had her full lower lip rolling between her teeth. The memory of how very kissable her mouth was to him as hard as stone. He would not kiss her. He would not touch her. So before he told his brother, no matter how it came to be, and yet—

“How is it ye did nae ken ye had been entered into a marriage contract with Donnan if it was yer da who brought the suggestion to mine?”

She raised her hand to her face to brush a piece of her wet hair that had been plastered to her right cheek and then another piece that seemed to cling to her neck. “My da told me it was yer da who brought the contract to him

said, and he heard his confusion echoed in her words.

he was “Yer da told ye this when?”

pressed “He told me at yer home that yer da had presented a marriage contract to wed yer brother,” she replied as she struggled to pull away the thought of hair still sticking to her neck.

He stared at her, thinking how everything she did was graceful, even

Her hair snaked across the long, slender column of her neck and dove as if her collarbones to plunge between her breasts, and there he lost all control of his good thought because her undergarment—soaking, thin, and white—displayed

a buffet of sin too great for him to turn away from. He was a starving man, and she was the sustenance he craved. Her breasts rose high, inviting, restrained against the sheer undergarment, but more tempting, more inviting. More thought-producing than that was the hint of dark buds, hard and protruding, and that he could just make out in the moonlight. His blood rushed through his veins to heat him with fierce longing.

With an annoyed sound, she finally managed to get the wet strands of hair out of her fingers and tug them out from between her breasts, and he should have managed to force his gaze back to her face, where his eyes clashed with the light. What he saw there—the same deep longing he felt in his own gut—

had him reaching for her to kiss her, taste her, claim her, but God help him, he was not for the claiming. And still, knowing all this, knowing he had no answers to let any questions he had go, he said, “Then I’m confused. Did ye or did ye not agree to wed Donnan?”

“I—” she started, but a sudden wave shoved her forward and in the moonlight and his footing was just unstable enough that down they went, splashing into the water, him underneath and her on top. Water covered them both back to breath before he managed to push her up to the surface and bring her back to air as well. They both were sputtering, hair forward over their faces as they struggled to stand. With one hand, he shoved his hair out of his eyes, and with the other, he was gripped her by the waist and tugged her to her feet.

She pushed her own hair back, and their eyes met again. “I agree to the contract would wed him after two fortnights because it was what it took to get him to change his mind about allowing only one representative per household to compete for the Night Guard.”

Her words struck like an arrow to the gut. “But Donnan convinced me,” she said, repeating what Donnan had told him that day in the corridor.

“Nay,” Adeline replied, and the one word left no room for doubt. ‘made a bargain to save yer dream.”

“God’s blood,” he said, reaching for her and pulling her to him. I strand had lied to him. He had been doing all in his power not to betray Dor remain loyal to him, and part of that desire had been based on a lie his en this had told him. What if Donnan had lied about Moira threatening to t vn overlairdship from him and their father? His hands were around her back oherent face buried against her neck in a breath. “Ye sacrificed yerself for me. layed adream that had not even been the right one. She was the dream. She w an, and would make home. He let out a shuddered breath at the realization.

“Nae so noble as that,” she said, laying her cheek against his ches icked-hands came to his shoulders. “I thought I’d be able to convince m ruding, allow ye to court me and that I’d be able to persuade ye to court me ugh his the two fortnights were up. I thought—” Her voice broke on a

believed my da would not agree to the marriage contract until th ds withvowed he would not, but he broke his vow.” Her words were bitter.

Her confession of what she had done for him—for them—was th hers brand upon his soul. She pulled from him and then stepped away. “I’ –nearly how it’s turned out. I—”

A sheen came to her eyes, and he stared in shocked amazement t should was apologizing to him. The waves that had been lapping at him g did yestrength, so he motioned toward the shore. “Shall we?”

When she nodded, he took her by the elbow and led her out of the to him, There waiting was Sciath, wagging her tail. Adeline glanced away fro ing into toward Sciath. He wasn’t certain what she was doing, but he watched h for a walked away from him and to her dog by the cluster of rocks. H self upswayed gently as she moved away, and the innocent, inherently fe es and movement set a longing in him that singed his veins. She turned es, then kneeled, patted her beast, then scooped up what he realized was her

She proceeded to put on. He tried to look away, but it was like trying d that I away from the most breathtakingly beautiful thing he’d ever seen. She t my da lower lip, he realized, when she was concentrating, and the pucker retu clan to her brow. She stepped into her gown, pulling it up and over each p shaped leg, and then she bent forward, which gave him a full view d him,” inviting breasts. He wanted to cup them and let them fill his hands, a : he wanted to run his thumbs over the hard buds that still strained aga

‘I did. I wet material of her undergarments. If it were possible to die from  
suspected he’d perish at any moment.

Donnan She started to stand, pulling up her garment as she did, and when  
man, to the dress to her hips, she shifted to the left and right, making him grin  
brother up the gown went past the curve of her waist, up over her lush breasts  
like then she slipped each of her long, slender arms in before reaching  
and his lace it. That was apparently the hardest task because she grunted  
.” For a frustration and quirked her mouth to the left and the right before turning  
as what as she struggled to reach the laces.

He walked to her, and with each step desire built in him, so that what  
t as he was standing behind her, his need for her was a physical ache. Her smile  
y da to him, and he had to take a breath to steady his shaking hands, so strove  
before his yearning to touch her. “May I help ye with yer laces?” His tone was  
sob. “I with wanting.

men. He She nodded, and he took up the two ends of the dangling wet threads  
began to clumsily loop them through the appropriate tiny holes. He’d  
like tied a woman’s gown, let alone done anything this intimate for a woman  
n sorry Yes, he’d bedded women, and that was an intimate thing in its own  
way, but this was different. The women he’d bedded he’d done so  
that she desire and a liking for them, but it had never been anything like what  
grew in for Adeline.

“I dunnae wish to wed him,” she whispered, her voice trembling.  
e water. gut clenched at her confession. “I told him as much tonight, hoping he  
om him of the contract himself,” she continued. “But he said he would nae.”

l as she His pulse beat harder with each breath he took, each word she spoke  
er hips mind drifted to years from now if they were together, if they were  
eminine Sciath was running about and there were children laughing gaily, and  
d back, between them, tugging on her skirts, and he hoped this simple task of  
gown. her just as he was doing now, was a daily one. When her gown was laid  
to turn the way to the top, he set his hand to her shoulder and slowly turned  
bit her around.

turned to They stood so close that her breasts brushed his chest, and the smell  
erfectly freesia and loch that clung to her wafted over him. She tilted up her head  
of her stared at him for a long, silent moment, and finally, she said again, “I  
nd then want to wed him. I dunnae want to wed him because...because I love y  
inst she whispered. “I dunnae love him. I kinnae ever love him because y

lust, hemy heart. I dunnae care that he can give me a grand home or if ye e  
give me one at all. We could have a small cottage or a cave—what  
she gotmatter? Our great hall would be made of love and be welcoming alway  
n. Then Her words were the salve he'd craved for years, always feeling he  
sts, andto prove his worth before he could be loved by another, count on a  
back toAdeline would stick by his side no matter what. He raised his hand  
nted inface and brushed a lock of her wet hair back. "I love ye, too. I have fo  
g awayfoolishly, but it's nae a thing that can be defeated."

"Ye love me?" she whispered.

When he The doubt in her voice, the doubt he'd caused, filled him with  
cent hitregret that made him blanch. "Aye, lass. Ye captured my heart the mo  
ng wassaw ye. I dunnae want ye to wed Donnan, either."

as thick "My da will nae appoint ye commander if I dunnae wed Donnan.  
me so tonight."

ies and "I dunnae care," Alex said. He cupped her face in his hands and pr  
d nevergentle kiss to her lips. "If I have yer love, it's all I need."

woman. She wound her hands around his wrists as she looked at him. "  
sort ofcertain? Before, ye chose nae to court me so ye could have a chance t  
out ofthe Night Guard and because of yer word to my da."

he felt "Aye, and yer da lied and manipulated ye, and he manipulated me  
my word, but I was a complete fool, Adeline, driven by my own belie  
Alex'sneeded to gain that position to have a home where I felt I belonged ar  
e'd endworthy."

She set a hand to his cheek. "What of yer brother? Will ye feel  
like. Hisbetraying him?"

wed, if "Nay," Alex said, meaning it. "He lied to me about persuading ye  
runningallow me to compete, and God above only kens what else he's lied abo

aiding "Why did ye let him win the match?"

aced all He told her quickly of what Donnan had told him about Moira tak  
ned herlairdship away from his da if Donnan did not secure the win.

"Do ye think he lied?"

cent of "I dunnae ken now, but I wish to ascertain what is truth and lie s  
ead andhow to deal with him going forward. The only way I can do that, tho  
dunnaeby going home and confronting Moira."

ve ye," "But if ye're nae here for yer matches—"

ye have "I'll stay and compete in them and leave when they are done, bu

ver can will come back for ye, Adeline, win or lose.”

does it The smile that lit her eyes was the greatest gift he'd ever been given.” brought her into the full circle of his arms and hugged her tight. “I'm glad I needed talk to yer da,” he said, making the decision as he said the words to her mother. She pulled back, but he did not release her. He knew before she should to her head that she was going to protest. “Nae yet. Wait until the matches are brought in and ye have secured the spot. I will pretend to go along with his plan until then.”

“Nay,” he said, his chest tightening at how she was willing to do such selfless things for him. “I wish him to ken ye are more important to me than the Night Guard, and that he kinnae keep us apart.”

“Ye're certain?” she asked.

He told



pressed Adeline's whole being seemed to be filled with wanting as she waited for Alex to answer. The wind picked up as they stood there, and the air felt heavier with moisture that pressed down on her like a blanket. She should have known he would pull her fully into the circle of his arms.

“Adeline.”

The word was breathed into the side of her neck more than spoke of that the reverence she heard in it made her heart jolt.

“I'm certain, Adeline.” He pulled back and looked at her for a moment before his lips gently brushed hers. “Are ye certain?”

She laughed at that. “Aye. Since the day I first met ye. 'Twas like—” “Being struck by lightning,” he said.

“Aye,” she replied as the wind grew stronger and whipped strands of her hair across her face.

“We should get back to the castle,” Alex said, looking away from her and up to the sky.

Disappointment filled her. She did not want to part from him now after they had truly just found each other. He looked to her once more and the heartrending tenderness in his gaze sent a swirl of wild emotions through her stomach. A small smile tugged up his lips. He understood, even without her saying a word, and that...that was why he was meant for her.

He leaned close and pressed his forehead to hers. “I dunnae wish to let ye go then I



to the castle and part with ye, either. Believe me. But a storm is comin'.

He said, his lips grazing hers as he spoke. Knots were forming in her chest, and her belly had hollowed— wasn't due to the impending weather. "I've a sudden fear," she whispered, "I'm afraid something will go amiss, and we will... We will be torn apart."

He cupped her face and gently kissed her forehead, her nose, and then his lips came once more across her lips. "If we are ever torn apart," he said, kissing the right side of her neck and then the left before looking at her once more.

He said, "I will find ye. Or ye will find me. We're tethered by fate, by fortune, by fate more than anything else."

She nodded, his words soothing the sudden worry within her. "Kiss me," she said, wanting to feel his lips on hers once more before they went to the castle and had to face her father. She had no intention of allowing her father to force her to wed Donnan, and yet, worry had taken hold of her somehow she'd be forced into it. A realization struck. "Make me ye want," she said, standing on her tiptoes to touch her lips to his. "Make me ye want, I'll do anything for ye."

"Adeline," Alex said, claiming her mouth. His tongue traced her upper and lower lip before demanding she open for him, and she eagerly did. Their tongues swirled and touched in a dance as old as time. His lips were firm, and hard, and he tasted of spice, and she kissed him with a hunger she'd never known.

His lips left hers to sear a path down her neck, then over her shoulder and back up the way he had come. But this time, he kissed the side of her throat where she could feel her pulse beating wildly. He pulled one hand now around her back and the other at her neck. "I will nae let ye be forced to wed another. We dunnae have to—"

She pressed a finger to his mouth. "I ken we dunnae 'have' to. I want to be with ye. I want to give myself to ye and ye to me."

"Would ye nae wish to be wed first?" he asked, and she loved that moment, thinking of her even in this moment when she could feel his desire against her.

"I dunnae need to be wed," she said, taking his hand and pressing it to her chest where her life force beat fast, "to ken this a right, true, and honest love."

"God's blood, woman," he growled before swooping his mouth to capture hers again. He nipped her lower lip and then sucked her up

ng,” he between his teeth. His kiss was at first fast and powerful, sparking within her so hot she thought she would melt. But then the kiss became—and it and intimate, so that it was her soul that was melting into his as they merged. “Ione.

He pulled back and broke contact, removing his plaid as he did and then laid it on the ground before stepping to her once more. He delved his hand into her hair, and her body tingled in response to his touch. “Ye more, “Impossible to resist ye,” he said. She grinned, and he kissed her hard love.” mouth before pulling back again, his gaze locking with hers. “But kisses me,” need to be wed to ye. I need to ken ye are mine in every way a woman back to a man’s.”

ing her “Are ye saying ye’ll nae take me now?” she asked, hearing a old that disappointment in her voice, though she did love his proclamation.

rs,” she “Good god, nay!” he said, swooping her off her feet before she could say so. He was going to do it. Then he kneeled, gently laid her on his plaid, and laid her over her so that his legs were braced on the outsides of her thighs and his upper palms were by her shoulders. His dark hair had mostly dried and hung down his forehead. Their eyes met either side of his face. “I’m nae so strong as that. I just wanted ye to know that ye will be my wife.”

unlike “I want to be,” she assured him, rising just enough to grasp him around the neck. “Now come to me before the storm takes us.”

er right “Sciath,” he ordered suddenly, “go guard.”

he base Sciath trotted off as if it were perfectly normal for Alex to go back to his base. He looked down at Adeline and grinned wickedly as he moved closer to her, tucked his finger under the top of her gown, and tugged it just enough that he exposed one of her buds. The cool air caressed her skin a moment before his tongue did. The contact of his warm mouth on her bud sent a jolt of desire through her and set an ache between her legs.

he was She moaned and delved her hands into his hair as he took her breasts into his hot mouth. The pleasure was unspeakable. She arched her back instinctively as he suckled her breast. Each pull made the pressure that had begun building in her increase and the ache within her grow. He lifted her breast to expose her other one and give it the same attention. She cared little for the strong tendons of his back as he worked magic on her, making her bled down to throb with need.

upper lip His hand roamed down her belly and lower to raise her skin

as he kissed her, he managed to take her undergarment off her. He slowly felt his fingers trace up the exposed sensitive inner skin of her thigh, and when he came to the juncture between them, and he brushed his fingers lightly over a place she had not known existed. It was pure bliss. Even she responded to his touch, and the ache in her grew even stronger, and she felt almost crazed with need for something. “Alex,” she panted as his fingers parted her and touched the sensitive spot that seemed to be at the center of her body.

“Aye, lass, I ken ye need release, and I’m guiding ye there.”  
“Is that what she needed? Thank God above that he knew, because he certainly did not. His fingers rubbed her gently, but the light touch was perfect. It drove her nearly mad until she thrashed her head back and thrust her hips toward him, and yet, he continued his ministrations faster and faster until the pressure that had been building in her exploded like a star across the sky. She burned bright, hot, searing liquid, and then she melted into him.

Her heart was pounding in her ears, her head, her chest, every part of her body. Alex moved his hand from the juncture between her thighs away from her for one breath, and came back with his braies discarded behind, gently parted her knees, which she’d drawn up, and he came between her legs, hovering there for a moment. “There will be—”

“I ken,” she assured him, and because she saw the question on his face, she said, “The upstairs chamber maids do talk.”

“Ah,” he replied, sliding his hands under her bottom and then lifting it down as he entered her slowly. Her body stretched to him as he came into her, and she had a moment of panic that he’d not fit, that it would hurt a great deal, but he brought himself to the hilt within her, and there was but a brief moment where he stilled, breathing heavily. She knew he was giving her time to become accustomed to him, and when the burn seemed to lessen, she placed her hand on his chest and nodded for him to continue.

He drew himself out nearly to the tip, and as he slid into her, the pleasure rippled through her body. He repeated the process over and over until she was once again in flames and digging her nails into his thigh, and his movements became faster, and his hands found their way back to her breasts to circle his thumb and forefinger over her buds. It was the last of what she could take. The touch of his fingers to her sensitive buds shoved her

er. She precipice on which she'd not even known she had been standing, and  
nd then scream of pleasure, she dove off an unseen cliff as wave after wave  
ever so pulses consumed her. Her body clenched tightly around his, and he  
ery parthard, stilling and filling her with the liquid of a life they might make.

making He collapsed downward, catching himself before he fell atop h  
, as his then he rolled off, taking her with him and into the crook of his arm. T  
he very there panting, the wind whistling around them, and a drizzle started

Gooseflesh peppered her bare skin, and she looked up to find Alex st  
her. There was an intensity in his gaze unlike anything she'd ever see  
use she him.

ch was "What is it?" she whispered, setting her palm against his stubbled c  
id forth "I kinnae believe ye are mine, 'tis all." He shook his hea  
trations understanding filled her.

led like She rolled on top of him and kissed him on the lips. "Ye were  
she was worthy to me."

"I ken that now," he replied, his voice hoarse with his emotions.  
of her, ye, lass. All I want now is to wed ye and to have bairns with ye, and I  
, rolled—"

led. He "A great hall where ye always feel welcome," she supplied with a s  
een her He gave her a brief kiss. "I ken now that it is nae the hall but the pe  
it, and as long as ye are with me, I'll always feel like part of a family."

is face, "And I will, too," she said.

"Shall we?" he asked, looking toward the castle.

ing her "Aye," she responded. "Time to face our obstacles."

er, and "Nay, soon-to-be wife. 'Tis time to conquer our obstacles."

at deal, And as if nature had been patiently waiting for them, the mome  
f pinch, stood, lightning streaked across the dark sky, illuminating it in spider  
time too of silver and pink, and a deluge of rain dumped down icy cold from

placed a Alex donned his clothing, grabbed her hand, and they began to run t  
toward the seagate stairs. At the foot of the stairs, Sciath was p

: again, waiting, and she led the way to the top of the stairs and through the gat  
id over Alex paused at the top stairs and gave Adeline a pained look

ghs. His releasing her hand. "I would have Donnan learn of us from my mo  
breasts nae by seeing us together."

hat she Her heart swelled that even after discovering Donnan had lied  
over a Alex thought to do what he could to protect Donnan's feelings. "I wo

l with ahave it any other way, Alex. This...this is one of the qualities that ha  
e of hotme fall in love with ye.”

grunted He pressed his lips to hers and said, “Some night, when we are alc  
in our bed, I’ll tell ye the verra first thing about ye that intrigued me. N  
er, and into the castle. I’ll ensure ye get in safely, then follow. And to  
hey lay morning, directly after we break our fast, meet me at yer da’s solar v  
to fall.da. Aye?”

aring at “Aye,” she agreed, excitement filling her. She patted her leg for S  
en from follow her and then dashed across the courtyard through the pouri  
toward the castle door. When Adeline and Sciath were nearly there, i  
cheek. let out a bark as she looked to the left of the door, to the shadows. i  
id, and frowned. There stood Morag.

“What are ye doing out here?” Adeline called out as she neared the  
always Morag pulled the hood from her cape up over her head, and i  
noted the woman’s hands were trembling. “Is everything all right?” i  
“I love asked.

nayhap “’Tis fine,” Morag bit back, but her voice trembled as her hand  
was just coming from a swim and was caught by the weather.”

smile. Adeline’s heart stuttered a bit to think Morag might have seen h  
eople in Alex, but no, no one ever came to that private spot. Still, she waited  
for the woman to say something, but Morag turned her back to Adel  
opened the great hall door. Adeline followed her through, letting out a  
relief as the warmth of the castle rolled over her. The door closed  
them, and Morag fled down the corridor to the servant’s bedch  
without bidding Adeline goodnight. Adeline frowned after the v  
nt they They’d never been friends, but Morag had never been so frosty to he  
y trails again, she supposed Morag could think Adeline was the reason Alex  
above returned the woman’s attentions. She’d be right, and the though  
ogether Adeline grin as she started toward the stairs.

atiently Adeline yawned and an overwhelming tiredness settled on h  
e. started up the stairs and decided as she reached the top that she woul  
before on Morag tomorrow. Even if the woman blamed her for Alex not flirti  
uth and her, that certainly did not make them enemies, and Adeline wanted M  
know that if she needed someone to talk to, she could confide in Adeli  
to him,  
uld nae

is made

one and  
low, go  
narrow  
with yer

ciath to  
ng rain  
the dog  
Adeline

door.  
Adeline  
Adeline

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## Chapter Sixteen

“What’s this about, Adeline?” her father demanded as they left the ground the next morning. She was so nervous for the upcoming talk with her father that her mind went totally blank on what to say. She didn’t want to tell the truth of it until they were in private.

Just as panic was gripping her, Elspeth took her hand and squeezed. Adeline glanced to her right and smiled thankfully at Elspeth, whom she had confided in about her and Alex’s plan earlier that morning. Elspeth had insisted she and Fingal be present to support them, and Adeline was now more than grateful for the support now.

“Da,” Elspeth said as they left the stairwell for the passageway to the solar. “I do believe Adeline may wish to speak to ye about the slap.”

Adeline felt her lips part with shock, and she scowled at Elspeth. Elspeth shrugged helplessly. Well, bluntness was one way to approach it.

“I already told ye this morning that I am sorry for it. I lost my temper,” her father said, “and I do feel terrible about it.”

At that moment, they rounded the corner from their father’s bedroom and there by his solar door stood Alex with Fingal at his side. Adeline’s gaze met Alex’s, she was certain everything would be all right.

“What’s this?” her father asked. They paused in front of Alex and Fingal, which put her father face-to-face with Alex. “Ye should be preparing for matches today.”

“I’m ready,” Alex said, and the confidence in his voice left no doubt in Adeline’s mind. “I have need to speak with ye, though,” Alex said. He reached out to take Adeline’s hand. “About yer daughter.”

A shadow of annoyance crossed her father’s face as he skimmed his eyes over each of them. “There is nae anything to say. Adeline is to wed her brother, and ye ken what will happen if ye try to interfere,” her father said. He swung open the door, and strode into his solar. “Adeline and Elspeth go inside and shut the door behind ye.”

Adeline’s heart dipped, but Alex squeezed her hand. “Where ye go, I’ll always follow.” His words settled her and stopped the trembling of her

begun, and together they entered the room as her father turned toward the door.

“If ye dunnae have loyalty to yer brother,” her father said, looking directly at Alex, “then mayhap ye should think what pursuing my daughter who is clearly foolish, will mean for ye and the Night Guard.”

Beside her, Alex stiffened and drew Adeline to his side, as if to shield her from her father’s harsh words. “Adeline is nae a fool, and I ken well what pursuing her means. And I dunnae care what ye strip me of when it comes to the Night Guard as long as I have Adeline. She is the most important thing to me. She is what I desire more than anything, and being on the Night Guard will nae bring me one bit of happiness without her.”

“Please listen, Da,” she said, speaking up.

“Adeline,” her father said, the one word a hard reprimand.

“Da,” she said again, releasing Alex’s hand to go to her father. She stepped across the room and took his hand, relieved when he did not pull away. “It has been honorable to Donnan. ’Tis his brother who has been dishonored, not him. He kened that Alex cared for me so he did all in his power to take me from me, nae because of me but because of jealousy. Donnan dunnae care for me.” She told her father quickly of Donnan’s lie that it was her father’s approach with the marriage contract. “He said this because he thought it would put doubt in Alex’s mind and make him think I was perfectly agreeable to a marriage with Donnan so he’d turn away from me more easily.”

“Are ye trying to convince me or yerself, Daughter, that it was a lie told by Fingal for this man to be so easily swayed from yer side?”

“It dunnae matter what lies he told me, Laird Brodie,” Alex interrupted. “And ye’re right, I did give up too easily, but that was because I had doubts in myself and my worth.”

Adeline held her breath on the light of understanding she thought she saw in her father’s eyes.

“I thought if I could gain a position on the Night Guard and acquire my own stronghold that then I would have value that someone could appreciate. But Adeline helped me see that I already possess that value, and meeting my daughter made me realize that what I truly was seeking I’ve found in her.”

His words snatched Adeline’s breath with happiness, but she could tell her father was not convinced. “Da, his path dunnae have to be yers, nor mine have to be Mama’s. He will nae choose battles over me and leave



ard theHer father flinched at that, and she squeezed his hands. “Ye have to let yer guilt, of yer hatred with yerself, because ye are taking out yer pair lookingand on Elspeth. Elspeth did nae kill Mama,” she said, looking to her daughter,She motioned for Elspeth to come to them, and she slowly did to stand in front of their father. “And I will nae die as Mama did simply because I want to protectAlex.”

all what Her father glanced quickly to Alex. “Aye, Laird, I will wed yer daughter when it comes to Adeline had to bite her cheek on a grin. “Da,” she said and waited for her father to focus on her once more, “Alex is a good and honorable man. He will Guardye see it. He will keep me safe, and if he does have to go away, I will stay here at our home. ’Tis nae like it was with Mama. I wish yer blessing, but I dunnae wish to defy ye, and neither does he, but Da, I will stand with you.”

“As will I, Laird,” Fingal said, speaking up. “If ye turn my brother away from the Night Guard competition, I will leave with him. I will give Alex a position as part of the king’s strategic council.”

rable to “I’ll leave, too, Da,” Elspeth said, surprising Adeline. She grinned like her sister. “I love ye, Da,” Elspeth said, “and I have longed for yer love, but I care for ye.” “Ye’ve my love, Daughter,” their father said, his voice cracking. Elspeth flew into his arms. They hugged for a moment, and then he turned to her to face them all. “Since last night, I’ve thought of little else but you. I said to me, Adeline, and hearing all this now, I ken ye are right.” He turned to Elspeth.

“I’m sorry, lass. I did put the blame for yer mama’s death on you all right because I did nae want to face the selfishness that led me to leave in search of glory and fortune. I hope ye can forgive me.” Elspeth nodded. “I inserted.Adeline...” He shook his head. “Ye are yer mama’s daughter—stubborn and proud. The winter is long. She was determined to wed me, regardless of what I said in our way, and I can see ye have that same determination to wed this man. I she sawHer father glanced to Alex. “Ye will nae ever put the Night Guard in front of her.”

ire my Alex smiled, and Adeline let out a sigh of relief. “Nay, Laird. I will not appreciate.you will, and if I’m called away by the king—”

ing yer “She will be here with her sister in the safety of my home,” he said. “I’ll be here.”

uld see “Or,” Fingal said, speaking up, “they could be with me, in the safety of my home, which I am hoping will include Elspeth.” Fingal looked to Elspeth. “I’ve ve me.” “Ye wish to wed me?” she gasped.

et go of “Of course, he wishes to wed ye,” their father said. “Ye are a  
1 on mesmart lass. He’d be a clot-heid nae to wed ye.” And with that Elspeth  
r sister.into happy tears.

stand in  
e I wed



“Donnan sees us,” Adeline said as she and Alex descended the seagat  
ighter.”side by side. “Do ye still wish to speak to him before the matches begi  
for herasked.

1. I ken “Aye,” he said, glancing at her. There was a lethal calmness in h  
an staythat set her at ease. He had four matches to fight today, and possibly  
ssing. Ithem would be against Donnan. She did think it best for him to set  
Alex.” business before the matches, but he had not asked her opinion and s  
r awaynot wanted to give it without his request. “Do ye think it a good idea?”

up my “I do,” she assured him, glad he had asked her. It was but one mo  
that showed her Alex was exactly the man she believed him to be.

d at her “If ye would rather nae be in the conversation—”

it—” “Where ye go, I go,” she said, repeating his earlier words.

ig, and “And I’m the luckiest man alive for that privilege.” He winked a  
eleasedDonnan stalked toward them. She was glad he was coming to them.  
what yehave more privacy by the stairs than by the tournament arenas.

urned to As Donnan stopped in front of them, Adeline inhaled a sharp breat  
1 on yehatred blazing in his eyes. He settled his gaze firmly on her, ignor  
her forbrother. “Where have ye been, Adeline?” Donnan asked, and his tone  
“And,ripple of unease down her spine. There was something in it, some mea  
born asking mixed with a smugness that boded for ill returns.

it stood “She’s been in her da’s solar with me, Fingal, and Elspeth, Brother  
s man.” “I am nae speaking to ye,” Donnan said, as contempt settled on h

before“I am speaking to my future wife.” Finally, he turned his attention t  
“I’d like some privacy with her, if it pleases ye.”

ae ever “It dunnae,” Alex said, his tone cold and exact. “I ken ye lied to m  
Laird Brodie approaching Da with the marriage contract, and nov  
r fatherBrodie does, too.”

“A harmless lie,” Donnan snapped.

afety of “Nay.” Alex shook his head. “’Twas nae, and ye ken it. Ye wi  
lspeth. sway me to forget her, and ye thought that would get ye what ye wante

bonny, “’Tis nae my fault ye were so easily swayed.”

h burst “Nay, that was my mistake, but I’ll nae make it ever again. Laird has agreed to break the marriage contract between ye and Adeline.”

Finally, there was a real reaction from Donnan. He frowned, even stiffened. “That kinnae be!”

ie stairs “It can, and it is,” Adeline said. “We spoke to my da this morning, n?” she has come to see that Alex and I are meant to be together.”

“Ye would give up the Night Guard for her?” Donnan demanded.

his gaze “Aye, I would.”

one of “But he dunnae have to,” Adeline added. “My da has seen the e ttle this such a thing, and he kens Alex will be an asset to the king as a member she had Night Guard and as a leader.”

“He’s nae either of those things yet,” Donnan said in a harsh tone.

re thing “He will be,” Adeline replied.

His face set into a vicious expression for a moment, but Adeline v in shock as he transformed it into a pleading one. “Alex, ye ken how is. This could make her take the lairdship from me and Da—”

t her as Alex held up a palm. “I would do just about anything for ye, I They’d Fingal, but I’ll nae give up Adeline, and after discovering how easily to me, I’m nae certain I believe now that Moira did make that threat.”

h at the “She did,” Donnan said, his tone tight with desperation. “I vow t ing his our bond as brothers that she did.”

e sent a Adeline’s heart ached for Alex. She could see in the way he’d st asure of that he did not believe Donnan, but in that moment, the horn t announce the remaining Night Guard competitors should report t :.” arenas.

is face. “Ye dunnae want to put me at risk for losing the lairdship, c o Alex. Donnan demanded as the horn blew again.

“Alex,” Adeline said, fearful his brother would get to him.

e about He took her hand in his and squeezed. He looked at Donnan ar v Laird “Would ye have a hand in my losing the woman I love?” Alex den “Dunnae the bond of brotherhood run both ways?”

shed toto go.”

ed.” “Aye,” he replied, his gaze still focused on Donnan. “Adeline is m would be wise to accept that. Best of luck to ye in the competition, B

And without waiting for Donnan to reply, Alex stepped around him, Brodiehand with Adeline, and started for the arena.

“Are ye all right?” she asked, nervous his focus would not be v n as heneeded to be.

He stopped, turned to her, and took up her other hand as well. “and helove me?”

“Madly,” she assured him.

He leaned forward and kissed her full on the mouth. When he br kiss, he said, “That is all I will ever need to be all right.”

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rother.”

And without waiting for Donnan to reply, Alex stepped around him, hand in hand with Adeline, and started for the arena.

“Are ye all right?” she asked, nervous his focus would not be where it needed to be.

He stopped, turned to her, and took up her other hand as well. “Ye still love me?”

“Madly,” she assured him.

He leaned forward and kissed her full on the mouth. When he broke the kiss, he said, “That is all I will ever need to be all right.”

## Chapter Seventeen

The last thing Alex wanted was to fight Donnan for one of the spots Night Guard, but fate was sometimes the cruelest of creatures, and he knew by the roar of the crowd, before Fingal came to the tent where Alex had been resting between his last match and this one, that Donnan had won this match—the one that meant he and Alex would indeed fight each other. That spot had already been won when Clyde MacDonald went undefeated in all his matches, but Alex and Donnan had each lost to Clyde, a well-seasoned and impressive warrior trained by the undefeated laird of the MacDonald clan.

“Ye kinnae give him quarter,” Fingal repeated for the fifth time.

“I’ll nae,” Alex assured him, silently vowing to himself not to let his brother sway him once more. All his life Alex had striven to be a true lord, to be above reproach so that he would be accepted, be seen as worthy to be part of the Gordon family despite being a bastard. But he was worthy, or not. Adeline had shown him that.

“He’d nae let ye win,” Fingal added.

“I ken,” Alex responded.

“It dunnae make ye less of a Gordon,” Fingal said.

Alex turned to his brother and clapped him on the shoulder. “I know now, and I’ll nae let him win. Adeline would kill me.”

“Ye’re right,” came her sweet voice from behind him. He turned and pulled the flap of his tent, and she stood there, holding the right side back, the moonlight shining behind her and making her hair seem to glow. She released the flap and walked toward him, Fingal silently exiting the tent as she did. She stood in front of Alex and gave him a look that showed every bit of her concern. “Ye got rest?”

“Aye, but ye did nae need to stay away.”

“I did. I wanted ye to get rest, and I ken ye would nae have been able to take yer hands off me had I come to yer tent.”

He grinned at her and reached around her to pat her bottom. “Aye, true. I would have wanted to do this.” He patted her bottom again. “This,” he said, kissing his way down her neck to between her breasts.

this,” he finished, capturing her sweet mouth with his and giving her a kiss that heated him with need for her.

With a moan, she pushed him gently away. “Come on,” she said with a look of yearning. “Donnan was making his way into the ring when I saw it.”

He nodded, and they started toward the tent flap, but she paused then looked at Alex. “Whether ye win or lose—”

“I ken,” he replied, and he did with a surety he’d never experienced before. “Ye love me.”

“Aye. Night Guard or nae—” she started.

“Stronghold or cave for a home,” he inserted, guiding her out into the fresh air.

“Aye, stronghold or cave,” she assured him.

He grabbed her lovely round arse as she started to walk away from him and she looked back. “I love ye, and if we end up in a cave, dunnae ye worry, I have a verra good way to keep ye warm.”

“A cave is nae sounding so bad,” she said with a giggle. “Now, ye bastard yer brother.”



“I kinnae look!” Adeline wailed a little while later and covered her eyes. Donnan charged at Alex yet again with a ferociousness she’d never seen that the clashing of swords, she demanded, “Tell me what’s happening.”

“Alex stopped an incoming hit from Donnan,” Fingal, who was standing beside Elspeth, said as the crowd began to cheer. But just as abruptly the crowd started to cheer, a collective gasp went up, and Adeline opened her eyes. She cried out at the sight of Alex on the ground and Donnan charged for him with his sword raised.

Alex had blood dripping down his forehead from an earlier cut, but she could see him squinting as he glanced to his left for his sword, which had been knocked out of his hands. “He’ll nae reach it!” she cried out without his sword, Donnan could easily get the last two points needed to win the match.

Just as Donnan reached Alex and brought his sword down to strike Alex’s chest, Alex rolled to the left, swooped up his sword, and brought it back.

“And then—” she started to say, but she was cut off by a shout from the crowd. “And then—”

... a long to send the blade across Donnan's shin. The warriors surrounding them went crazy cheering, but Adeline was focused on Alex. Every time he went with a gain a point on his brother, he looked regretful, and she feared he would pass back and cost himself the match. "Fingal," she said as Donnan moved backward with a roar.

... ere and "Aye?" Fingal responded.

"Do ye think Alex can make himself best yer brother?"

... rienced "I dunnae ken," Fingal said, his tone grim. "Every time he makes a point he looks more guilty."

"Aye," Adeline agreed. And with nothing else to do, she went into the helplessly and sent a quick prayer up that Alex would not once again let his past dictate his future.



... m him,

... worry. The blood dripping into his right eye made his vision blurry. That's how he had not seen the strike coming that had momentarily cost him his weapon. He went to go but wiped at the blood in the free moment he had where Donnan was reorganizing his plan of attack. He knew his brother would come from the right because that's where Donnan was strongest and he believed Alex would come from the left but what Donnan didn't know was that Alex had practiced every day with his eyes aching after the regular training of the day was over to quicken his reflexes. At that side.

Donnan danced left and then right, and then he came straight at Alex standing from the left, exactly as Alex had thought he would. Alex spun around as the Donnan brought his sword toward him and met his brother's weapon with a thud. The force of Donnan's hit sent a vibration down the length of Alex's sword and through his hand to go up his arm. Alex looked to his brother in surprise. "Ye've been practicing."

and she "Aye," Donnan said, his tone as cold as the look upon his face. "I had night since the last time ye bested me in front of Da, and now I'm going to beat ye. I only wish Da were here to see it. I'm going to take the spot on the Night Guard," Donnan spat, swinging his sword up again. The force of the hit was stronger than the last. A brittle smile curved Donnan's lips at the moment. "And I'm going to take back Adeline."

... ht it up "Ye may take the spot on the Night Guard," Alex said, "but Adeline is mine."



the arena mine.”

As he'd "For now," Donnan acknowledged, swinging his sword up over his head and when Alex went to strike at Donnan's chest, he surprised Alex with a quick dance of his feet. He quickly changed positions to block Alex's hit. Alex had to spin back to reassess his own plan of attack, but his every thought was occupied by Donnan's comment that Adeline was Alex's "for now." Alex shook his head, his thought to the back of his mind, certain his brother was merely trying to distract him at a point, succeeding—at distracting him, and he decided to come straight at him with his sword to sword. Donnan had grown in strength, but Alex believed he was still stronger and quicker. And with the decision made, he charged.

Their swords met in a crisscrossed clash between them, chest to chest. Alex pushed forward, as did Donnan, but Alex was stronger, just as he believed. He edged his sword closer and closer to his brother's chest, his arms shaking with the effort and the cut on his forehead steadily deepening. Blood ran into his eye so that he could no longer see out of it. Just when he was a hair's breadth from being close enough for his blade to touch Donnan's chest, the last point he needed, Donnan said, "I hope ye dunnae spend all ye time wondering how I take Adeline when she's my wife."

The surety in his brother's voice did not have the effect of breaking Alex's concentration. It sent rage through him, and with a roar, he made his final push and his blade met Donnan's chest. The crowd around them went wild, but Alex did not feel happiness. He saw the disbelief and misery on Donnan's face, and Alex was overwhelmed with sadness for him. He stepped just a step toward Donnan so that his brother could hear him over the noise of the warriors and clanspeople. "I did nae ever want this divide between us."

"I did," Donnan said, his mouth twisting into a threat. "I have longed for the day when I could crush ye, and when it seemed I simply could not, I started dreaming of the day I could crush ye, to make ye inconsequential to Da, to take everything ye tried to do." "Every ye have done to me all my life."

Alex stood in stunned silence as Donnan turned away from him and walked out of the arena, brushing past Fingal who tried to speak to him. He watched the hit-stalker walking away from all the crowd that had gathered for the spectacle. Brodie had stepped forward and was quieting the crowd, and warriormen were coming up to Alex to congratulate him, but he watched his brother disappear into the smaller passage as he made his way up the seagate stairs. His chest constricted with pain, and then he felt warm fingers entwine with his. He looked to his

and met Adeline's green gaze, filled to the rim with understanding and sympathy. "He will come to be happy for ye," she said, leaning her head against his shoulder.

"I dunnae think so," Alex replied and told her quickly of what he had said, but before she could respond, her father called him to the crowd.

"Go," Adeline said, trying to release his hand. "Enjoy yer moment."  
"This is our moment," he replied and pulled her to him. "This is the beginning of our future."



chest.

The night had been perfect, but for some reason—perhaps because it was so perfect and everything seemed to be going their way—Adeline felt a ripping pain in her chest. Alex stopped in front of her bedchamber door, having escorted her from the great hall where there had been a grand celebration for the new members of the Night Guard and the new leaders, of which Alex was one, and he turned to her.

She knew without asking him that the sadness shadowing his bright gray-blue gaze was because Donnan had not made an appearance at the ceremony. "Did ye ask Fingal if he'd gone home?" she asked as Alex pressed his forehead to hers.

"Aye," he said, the one word heavy with sadness. "He did nae look for him as well but could nae find him. Fingal will ride off tomorrow if Donnan dunnae show up. I would go, but—"

"But ye are to leave in two days with my da," she finished. Her father had announced at supper they had two days before they needed to depart.

"Adeline, will ye wed me before I leave?"

She pulled back from him and scowled. "Alex Gordon, if ye are asking me to wed ye because ye fear ye will nae be coming back to me, then the answer is nay."

"Adeline," he said, pressing his lips first to hers and then to her forehead. Laird before capturing her hands with his and bringing them up to kiss her fingertips. "I dunnae fear I'll nae be returning to ye. I hope ye have a little growyer belly now, and I dunnae want to take the chance that I'm nae back with ye before the babe is born."

is right

ng and Her hands flew to her stomach as she gaped at Alex, who w  
read ongrinning at her. *A babe*. She felt her own lips tug into a smile, and ha  
flow through her. “I had nae even considered...”

Donnan “I ken,” he said, resting his hand atop the one she had on her bell  
front ofstood there silently staring at each other, grinning. “I love ye, almost  
mine,” he whispered.

.” “I love ye, too, nearly husband of mine.” She stood on tiptoe, and l  
s is theher a long kiss that made her toes curl in her slippers. When she pulled  
she smiled up at him shyly and said, “Alex, if we are wed before ye lea

“Aye,” he said with a chuckle and a pat to her bottom. “We ca  
definitely attempt again to make a bairn in case we have nae yet.”

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uneasy, door. It was late, and he had to rise early to prepare for the battle.

rom the He caught her from behind and wound his arms around her wais  
ibers ofbrought his face close her hers. “I am wicked for ye but nae any other.”

turned She turned just enough so that they could share one more kiss. “Di  
me,” she said.

autiful “Aye, my love, I will.”

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Her hands flew to her stomach as she gaped at Alex, who was now grinning at her. *A babe*. She felt her own lips tug into a smile, and happiness flow through her. “I had nae even considered...”

“I ken,” he said, resting his hand atop the one she had on her belly. They stood there silently staring at each other, grinning. “I love ye, almost wife of mine,” he whispered.

“I love ye, too, nearly husband of mine.” She stood on tiptoe, and he gave her a long kiss that made her toes curl in her slippers. When she pulled away, she smiled up at him shyly and said, “Alex, if we are wed before ye leave—”

“Aye,” he said with a chuckle and a pat to her bottom. “We can most definitely attempt again to make a bairn in case we have nae yet.”

“Ye’re wicked!” she said with a laugh as she turned to her bedchamber door. It was late, and he had to rise early to prepare for the battle.

He caught her from behind and wound his arms around her waist as he brought his face close her hers. “I am wicked for ye but nae any other.”

She turned just enough so that they could share one more kiss. “Dream of me,” she said.

“Aye, my love, I will.”

## Chapter Eighteen

A pounding on her bedchamber door snatched Adeline from a lovely about her and Alex and woke her to Elspeth yelling, "Go away! 'Tis n properly light outside!"

Adeline glanced out the bedchamber window, saw her sister was —dawn had not even claimed the sky—and fear hit her hard in the che was scrambling out of bed and for the door, even as the pounding cor She threw it open to find Fingal standing there holding a torch th ominous shadows upon his face. "Ye must come quickly!" he said, g her forearm before she could voice her agreement.

She more tripped than walked out the door, stumbled into Fingal, steadied her. Behind them, in the bedchamber, came a crash that s very much like the washbasin had been knocked over.

"Wait for me!" Elspeth called out, then stumbled out the door dressed in her nightclothes, just as Adeline was.

"What's happened?" Adeline demanded.

His eyes blazed with sudden anger, even as his face showed di "Morag was found beaten in the courtyard."

She gasped at the news. "I'll fetch the healer, and mayhap ye shou Alex," she said and started to brush past Fingal. "He may be able to he

She was grabbed by the arm from behind, and when she glanced c shoulder, Fingal was shaking his head at her. "Ye misunderstand," h misery drenching his words. "Alex was taken to the dungeon. Morag him as her attacker."

"What?" Adeline cried out. For one breath, she was too stunned to more than that, and then she shoved at Fingal while snatching her arm and she started running in the direction of the dungeon. Behind her, and Elspeth called her name, but she didn't stop. She took the stairs th time, nearly falling down them midway. When she got to the bottom, s so distraught that, for a moment, she could not recall which way the d was.

"Ellie!" she cried out, glancing up the stairs at her sister, w

running behind Fingal down the stairs toward her. “Which way is *Left!* She needed to go left, but she got no more than two steps before had hold of her wrist in a viselike grip.

“Just wait!” he commanded.

She tried to break free, tears springing to her eyes, her throat tight but she could not. “Let me go!”

“Addie,” Elspeth said, her voice calm as she ran a soothing hand over Adeline’s head. “There is nae any immediate danger to Alex.”

“Nay?” Adeline shrieked. “Ye ken as well as I do that a man of the Guard who is found to have abused a woman is punished by loss of hands.”

“Aye,” Elspeth said, cupping Adeline’s face and swiping at the tears streaming down them. “But Da is nae going to take Alex’s hands unless certain Alex is guilty of the crime, and if ye go charging into the door and he’s hysterical, it will make it look as if ye think there’s a chance that he’s done such a thing. Do ye?” Elspeth demanded, arching her eyebrows at Adeline.

“Nay. Of course nae! I just had a nagging feeling of ill to come last year and now it seems it has.”

“Take a deep breath,” Elspeth ordered, and Adeline did as she was told. After several deep breaths, she felt much calmer. “I’m sorry,” she said, looking from her sister to Fingal.

“I would have reacted exactly the same if it were Fingal put in the dungeon for a heinous crime,” Elspeth said, looking at Fingal with a steady gaze.

“As would I,” Fingal admitted, giving Elspeth the same loving smile she had bestowed on him.

“Tell me what ye ken,” Adeline said.

“Alex and I were awoken from a dead sleep by banging at the door. I opened it, and men from the castle guard were there, as well as yer brother Fingal. One of the castle guards had found Morag in the garden outside the inner courtyard when he was patrolling last night. She told me Alex had beaten her when she’d refused to lay with him.” Adeline clenched her teeth at the horrid lies. Fingal squeezed her shoulder. “I ken it’s not true.”

The problem is that Donnan said he saw Alex in the garden with her. Donnan said he could nae sleep because he was upset about losing the

the—”so he went up to the ramparts for fresh air, and from there, he claims  
Fingal seen Alex and Morag arguing in the garden. In light of Donnan sup  
Morag’s claim, yer da did nae have a choice but to take Alex  
dungeon.”

ntening, “My god,” Adeline moaned, her hand fluttering to her neck  
stomach dipped. “This is horrid.”

nd over “Aye,” Fingal and Elspeth said as one.

“Donnan is a liar!” she bit out, and when she saw Fingal flinch  
e Nightsinged her face. “I’m sorry,” she whispered, “but it’s true. He’s eaten  
of his jealousy against Alex, and it seems he wishes to destroy him. He adn  
to Alex today!”

ars now “Aye,” Fingal said miserably. “I told yer da as much, but he  
ss he is discount Morag’s word and Donnan’s without more reason to belie  
ungeon are lying. If Morag retracted her claim, or some other information c  
e could light...”

rows at Adeline pressed her fingertips to her forehead. “Did my da say t  
sounded like his words.

it night, “Aye. That is why I’m riding home now.”

“To see if yer da kens anything?” Adeline asked.

bade. “Aye, possibly my da, but more probably my mama. I have sat si  
re said, too long and nae stood up for Alex as I should have. Mama was cruel  
for years, and Da did nae defend him against her as he should have  
in the because he feared losing the lairdship,” Fingal said in disgust. “Ins  
obvious standing up to Mama, it became apparent without him saying so  
favored Alex. Alex is naturally more gifted with the sword than  
ck gaze Donnan or I, and that pleased Da greatly.”

“I’m sorry, Fingal,” Adeline said as Elspeth took his hand in hers.

“Dunnae be sorry for me. I did nae care so much as I prefer to  
door. I mind over a sword, but Donnan... Donnan cared greatly. But the n  
da and tried to best Alex, the more he failed. And the more Da praised Al  
ns, just more Mama criticized him.”

old him Adeline caught her breath in her chest. “Yer parents unwittingly ai  
lenched jealously—mayhap even caused it.”

ae true. “Aye,” Fingal agreed. “So, I’ll ride home to see if either of the  
Morag return with me and persuade Donnan to tell the truth.”

match, “I’ll go with—”

to have “Nay,” Elspeth and Donnan both said.

porting “Ye need to stay and try to get Morag to tell the truth with me,”  
to the said. “The Night Guard leaves in two days for the battles, and if one o  
dunnae admit to lying—”

as her “Alex will nae be going with them,” Adeline said.

Fingal and Elspeth exchanged a look that made the fear in  
increase. “What is it?” she demanded.

h, heat “Da says he’ll have to take Alex’s hands before he leaves if his inr  
up with kinnae be proven by then.”

mitted it



kinnae “Why?” Adeline demanded of her father.

ve they Alex stood on the other side of the cell and watched helplessly as  
ame to and her father argued. He’d tried to interrupt her, to soothe her, but th  
no quieting the storm that had risen in the woman he loved. It gave  
hat?” Itsense of peace, even faced with the betrayal of this night.

“I have already told ye,” Laird Brodie said, exercising a su  
amount of patience. “It’s the law of the Night Guard to give anyone a  
of a crime against a woman nae more than a fortnight to prov  
lent for innocence, and I will be gone far longer than a fortnight.”

to him “So ye must wait until ye return!” she yelled.

, likely “Adeline,” Alex said, pressing his face to the small, barred window  
stead of dungeon door.

that he She looked to him, and the fear and pain on her face nearly drove  
either his knees. “He kinnae make an exception for me. Especially me. Th  
ken I was intending to wed ye.”

She narrowed her eyes at him and stalked to the dungeon door. “  
use my intending to wed me. Ye *will* be wedding me.”

more he “I’ll give ye two privacy,” Laird Brodie said and quickly left the d  
lex, the room.

Adeline did not acknowledge her father’s departure.

ded his “Aye.” If he still had his hands...

She inhaled a long, slow breath. “Ye will wed me, Alex Gordon,  
em will without yer hands.”

“I will nae strap ye to a helpless man for life,” he said. He’d inte



wait to tell her, but there was no use.

Elspeth “But ye would bring a bastard into this world?” she demanded.

of them “Ye kinnae ken if ye’re carrying our child yet, can ye?”

“I’ve a feeling, and my feelings are nae ever wrong,” she said, s  
him with a look that dared him to argue. Instead, he laughed. She reac  
Adeline fingers through the bars, and when she touched him, he exhaled. “I v  
abandon ye,” she whispered. “Ever.”

innocence That was the complication of the matter. He knew she wouldn’t  
pained and comforted him at the same time. “I love ye,” he said beca  
was the most important thing he wanted her to know.

“I ken, and I love ye, too.” She swallowed. “Fingal has gone  
home.”

Adeline Alex nodded. “He told me.”

ere was “I’m going to speak to Morag,” she said.

he him a He nodded again.

“And if I kinnae get her to tell the truth, I will try Donnan. Whe  
rprising Morag the night before last, she was acting strange, trembling and acti  
accused to me. I wonder now, if Donnan had threatened her somehow.”

re their Alex whipped his head up at that. “Stay away from him,” he said  
she looked as if she would protest, he twined her fingers with his. “

Stay away from him. I fear he could be dangerous, and yer da has  
v of the said he will question him again.”

“As ye wish,” she said, but he knew by her easy acquiescence t  
him to was lying.

he men “Adeline, I beg ye.”

“Would ye avoid danger if my hands were at stake?” she demanded

‘Ye are “Damnation, woman,” he growled as she leaned forward, pressec  
to his fingertips, then tugged her hands away.

ungeon “I’ll return as soon as I can. Hopefully with a confession of the l  
were weaved.”

with or

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That was the complication of the matter. He knew she wouldn’t, and it pained and comforted him at the same time. “I love ye,” he said because that was the most important thing he wanted her to know.

“I ken, and I love ye, too.” She swallowed. “Fingal has gone to yer home.”

Alex nodded. “He told me.”

“I’m going to speak to Morag,” she said.

He nodded again.

“And if I kinnae get her to tell the truth, I will try Donnan. When I saw Morag the night before last, she was acting strange, trembling and acting cold to me. I wonder now, if Donnan had threatened her somehow.”

Alex whipped his head up at that. “Stay away from him,” he said. When she looked as if she would protest, he twined her fingers with his. “Vow it. Stay away from him. I fear he could be dangerous, and yer da has already said he will question him again.”

“As ye wish,” she said, but he knew by her easy acquiescence that she was lying.

“Adeline, I beg ye.”

“Would ye avoid danger if my hands were at stake?” she demanded.

“Damnation, woman,” he growled as she leaned forward, pressed a kiss to his fingertips, then tugged her hands away.

“I’ll return as soon as I can. Hopefully with a confession of the lies that were weaved.”

## Chapter Nineteen

It was hopeless. Adeline glared at Morag, who she'd been questioning last night, and the woman glared back. An entire day had been wasted. She was no closer to telling the truth now than she'd been the night before. Adeline had come to her bedchamber and refused to leave.

"Please, Morag," Adeline begged again because that's what she resorted to doing.

"I've already told ye it was Alex who did this to me," Morag said from her bed where she was recovering.

Adeline slumped in her chair with defeat, and Sciath, who had stayed with her even more than usual since Alex had been imprisoned, nudged her hand under Adeline's hand. When she did not immediately start to pet her, Sciath began to lick her fingers. It seemed to Adeline that her hound was trying to encourage her. She had to go about this differently. Insisting Morag that Alex was innocent was not working.

"I'm sorry," she said. "'Tis just that I love him, and I'm so shocked to discover he's nae the honorable man I thought him to be."

"Well, I suppose," Morag said slowly, "'tis a verra shocking thing.

"Aye," Adeline agreed, anger stirring once again that the woman would even agree to such a lie in Adeline's presence, "it is. He seemed speical to you, ken?"

Morag looked suddenly intrigued, as if Adeline was about to tell her a story, and Adeline had to fight not to smile with the small triumph. Even she had always told her she was an excellent storyteller. "I kenned a man who seemed verra different to me," Morag muttered. "But then it turned out he was worse than all the others I'd kenned afore my dear Lachart died."

"Lachart was a fine man," Adeline agreed, meaning it. "Yer son is just like him."

Tears immediately sprang to Morag's eyes. "He's a good boy."

"Where is young Lachart?" Adeline asked, truly interested. "Are you watching the boy while ye are abed recovering?" The child was but a few summers.

“The ladies of the kitchen,” Morag murmured, a concerned look on her face. “I told them nae to let him out of their sight,” she said, vehemently. “They vowed to me they’d nae.”

Adeline’s heartbeat ticked upward. Her gut told her that Lachart somehow the key to Morag’s lies. “Are ye worried for him?”

“Aye,” Morag whispered, and she sounded more than worried. Morag sounded terrified.

“Morag,” Adeline said, leaning forward and placing her hands on the table. “if someone has threatened Lachart—”

“Get out,” the woman hissed. Adeline had guessed right. She knew she also knew the woman was so frightened for her son that she’d do anything she must to protect him.

Adeline had no choice but to speak her piece, hope Morag would catch it, and come forth and tell the truth. “If Donnan has threatened yer son—”

“Please go,” Morag moaned and rolled over, giving Adeline her back. Not before Adeline had seen the truth of it in her eyes.

Adeline inhaled a breath for patience. “My da would protect yer son, but he would but tell the truth. Alex would protect him.”

“From their mission for the king?” Morag spat.

Adeline’s pulse exploded into a gallop. So, it was true. Donnan threatened to hurt Morag’s son if she didn’t lie and say Alex had betrayed her.

“Nay,” Adeline admitted. “But my da would ban Donnan for his lies and treacheries, and the guards would keep him out.”

“I dunnae ken what ye speak of,” she said in a monotone. “Donnan is a fine man.” Her voice said he was anything but good.

Adeline squeezed her eyes shut and balled her fists. “Alex is a fighter. All he wanted was to win a spot on the Night Guard so he could make a name for himself because he never felt welcome in his. He felt the cold always.”

Morag slowly turned back to Adeline, and her face had softened just a little. Adeline winced at the bruises on Morag’s face.

“I fear my son will feel the outsider without a da to teach him.”

“Alex would gladly teach him how to fight, if he still has his skills,” Adeline said, trying to curb her bitterness. When regret flitted across Morag’s face, Adeline continued, “Could ye imagine how ye would feel if yer son was accused of such a horrid thing when he was an adult, and ye knew he was innocent?”

settling heart he did nae do it but ye were unable to aid him, and he lost his ha almost it?"

Morag's eyes had grown wide, and she blinked them now to rid t art was the unshed tears that filled them. "I—My son would nae do such a

He's a good boy, and he would nae ever..." Her words trailed off, and d. She in silence for a long moment, then let out a shuddering, almost defeat

"My son would be protected?"

he bed, Adeline nodded and took up Morag's hand with renewed hope. 'vow it."

v it, but Morag nibbled on her lip then winced and released it. "I like A ie'd do was verra nice to me, and he showed my son how to hold his swor smiled at that and chuckled. "The boy could nae hold it, of course. H onsider strong enough yet, which is why I have to protect him, ye see."

—"I do see," she assured Morag. "Alex will nae let anything happe ack but son." All the soft emotion that had been on Morag's face s disappeared as her gaze shifted past Adeline.

n, if ye "Pardon the interruption," Donnan said from behind her.

Adeline's heart sank to the ground, along with her stomach. She slowly in her chair, and her breath caught at the sight of Donnan i an had Morag's son, who was squirming to get away from him. A satani ten her. spread across Donnan's lips. "I thought ye might like a visit from y ies and Morag, but we'll come back."

"Nay!" Morag and Adeline said as one.

an is a Donnan's eyes narrowed, and Adeline knew suddenly a possible get what she wanted. She stood and smiled sweetly at Donnan. "I v ie man. leaving. I need to stretch my legs with a walk. Would ye... Would ye a homewalk with me?"

outsider Donnan's eyes widened, and she cheered inwardly at the victo nodded but did not release the boy. Adeline motioned to Morag's son st a bit. dunnae ye leave the lad for a bit, and after our walk, ye can come fe and bring him back to the kitchen ladies. Does that suit?"

He looked between Morag and Adeline, and the boy cried out, "M hands," and stretched his arms to Morag, who let out a near sob. Silence stretc Morag's a moment, and Adeline feared Donnan would not relent, but then he son was walked to the bed and set the boy down. Then he turned and offered l in yer his arm. "Shall we?"

nds for Her skin prickled at the thought of touching him, but she nodded. She hooked her arm with his. His touch made her stomach roil in protest, and when they started toward the door, she said, “Come, Sciath,” but there was nothing. Sciath was already by Adeline’s side. “Shall we walk in the courtyard?” she asked, wanting to stay where she could easily call to a guard. Adeline sighed. Donnan nodded and let her out of the castle. It was just dawn so the sun was not yet fully bright and shadows still lingered in the empty courtyard. “Aye. I’m adding to her fear.”

“I kinnae believe Alex did this terrible thing,” Donnan said. Alex. He His careful tone told Adeline that he feared Morag had told her the truth. “She said that was exactly what she intended him to think. She fully intended to trick him. She stopped, slid her arm from his, and faced him. “Donnan said, and pitched her voice soft and sympathetic, “Morag told me the truth. He frowned. “I dunnae ken what ye mean,” he lied. He had stiffened at her words, and she knew without a doubt that he knew exactly what she meant. “Donnan,” she tried again, and this time, she put a hand on his forearm. Sciath barked, as if disliking her touching him, and she did not turn. She loathed it, but she would do what she must to save Alex. “I ken what you’re holding. You did it for me. You did it because ye love me so verra much, and I want to stop Alex from having a chance with me.”

“I dunnae ken what ye mean, Adeline,” he replied, his tone flat. “Ye beat Morag and threatened her son so she would lie about Alex. I told me,” Adeline lied, and he flinched so she pushed on. “But now I want to realize how verra much ye do love me, I realize I love ye, too.”

“Ye love me? Over Alex?” he asked, his tone suspicious.

“Aye,” she said. “I do. I really do.”

“Then kiss me,” he replied, his tone challenging. “Kiss me, and I’ll help you kill Morag, so she can nae tell anyone else the truth.”

“Why?” Adeline jerked in shock at his words about Morag, and she knew she had mistaken the moment his lips curled back in a snarl. Fear shot through her, and she went to step away from him, but his fist came out of nowhere. It hit her like a hammer, with such force that she felt it into her bones, and her vision went in and out of black, as did the world.

slowly  
Adeline



led and “Son.”

and as The sound of a voice startled Alex awake, and before the gro  
io need.could clear, someone was shaking him. Alex opened his eyes, turned h  
tyard?” on the ground where he’d been lying, and stared in surprise at his fath

was kneeling by his side, along with Fingal. Behind them, Adeline’s  
the skywas standing and smiling. Alex’s da held out his hand to Alex, an  
artyard, grasped it. His father helped him to stand. Once he was face-to-face v  
father, his father said, “I’m sorry.” His voice cracked with the two wor

Alex frowned. “For what? What Donnan has done is nae yer fau  
ie truth, assumed Fingal had told their father the whole of it.

nded to “It is,” his father said. “And Moira’s, too. I did nae realize—” He  
in,” sheto Fingal, who nodded encouragingly at their father. “I did nae consic  
ruth.” my anger at Moira had affected me.”

ened at “Da,” Fingal interrupted, “start from the beginning.”

hat she Their father nodded. “When yer mother brought ye to me, I wa  
on hisleave with her. I was going to leave with her. I loved her.” The revelat  
slike it.a shock to Alex. “But then Moira told me that she was with child—”

why ye “That kinnae be,” Alex said. Fingal was a year younger than A  
and yeDonnan was a sennight older. Alex flinched with understanding. “I  
eldest.”

“Aye,” his da sighed. “I’d been gone on campaign, and the day I re  
ex. Sheyer mother showed up with ye and Moira revealed she was carrying I  
v that II wanted to leave, but I kened I could nae abandon Moira and our bai  
asked yer mother to stay. But Moira told me she’d take away the la  
from me if I did such a thing to her. I could nae leave, but to stay and l  
lairdship...” He shook his head. “I was weak.”

then ye “Ye sent Mama away,” Alex said, anger and understanding knott  
throat.

ew the “Aye,” his father replied, the one word sounding broken. “I force  
ier, andgo. She did nae want to. She’d been turned from her home for becomi  
hit herchild out of wedlock, and she had nowhere to go with ye. So, she left y

stantly Alex balled his hands into fists. All these years he’d thought his  
had willingly abandoned him, but she’d had no choice really. “Where  
Do ye ken?” A sad look settled on his father’s face that tightened  
chest. “How did she die?”

“I thought she had jumped from High Point.”

Alex frowned. "The cliff near our home?"

"Aye. I thought losing ye was more than she could suffer. I... I found her dead. I had gone after her. When she left, and I was holding ye, I realized I had no choice, I had to let her go, even for my unborn child, even for the lairdship, so I went and found her dead."

"And Moira did nae ever forgive ye," Alex said, full of anger and with his setting in.

Alex's father nodded. "She did nae. She held the knowledge that she had to let her go. I chose ye over our unborn bairn, and she would nae forgive that, and I have nae ever forgiven myself. But I was also hard on myself. I blamed Moira and Donnan for yer mama's death because I would nae have sent her away in the first place if Donnan had nae been in her mama's belly."

"So, ye took out yer grief on Donnan by being critical of him."

"Aye, and my anger. Moira constantly threatened to take the lairdship from me, so I sat back and watched as she was horrid to ye, too fearful to do anything, and my anger grew."

Alex looked at his father, Fingal, and Laird Brodie. "This dunnae seem to be themy innocence, does it?"

"Nae this part," Adeline's father said.

"There's more," Fingal added. "Mama told me that, in anger last year, she told Donnan about Da wanting to leave her and him, and about yer mama's plan to be sent away but leaving ye. Well, it seems, she was coming back for the lairdship, and she was angry with ye."

Alex felt his frown deepen. "What do ye mean?"

His father sighed. "Moira suspected yer mama might change her mind, so she followed her. And when Gwyneth tried to return, she and Moira were fighting his and Gwyneth fell off the cliff."

"Mama has carried the guilt of it all these years," Fingal said. "She confessed it in anger and likely desperation to rid herself of some of the blame with Donnan—"

"And he, in turn, used it against her," his father said. "It seems her mother was forcing her to go along with a plan to take everything ye want from her. She threatened to tell me what had occurred, and she feared I would leave her. Alex's good."

Alex could hardly believe the revelations. He took in a quick breath, and a memory of his wound that would not heal was suddenly in his head.



cut that would nae heal—”

and her. “Donnan had Moira poison the tip just enough to make it slow heal. I couldnae win the match for the Night Guard,” his father revealed. “Moira stole her poison from Leeta’s healing room without Leeta knowing it. When I told her, she remembered where she’d seen a wound like the one on the sword, and it was on Thomas when he fought Donnan for the captain spot after I made ye head of training.”

I chose “Ye think Donnan tried to slow Thomas to best him?” Alex asked. His father nodded. “And then he tried to slow me to best me, but he did not at all.”

cause I “He did nae,” Fingal agreed. “Then he lied to ye and told ye Moira was in yer throat to take the lairdship from him and Da so that ye would all be able to win.”

“In light of all of this,” Laird Brodie said, “I dunnae believe yer lairdship is credible, so ye’re free. I do wish to speak with Morag, though. I sent her to stop to fetch her and Adeline, and—”

“Da!” Elspeth came barreling into the dungeon at that exact moment. “Adeline has gone somewhere with Donnan! Morag confessed that she was with him and that Donnan had threatened to kill her son if she did nae say Alex beat her.”

ear, she Alex shoved his way out of the dungeon, stark fear enveloping him. He realized when he burst into the courtyard that he had no idea where she was. “She’s gone.” He looked to the left and right, and black fright left him immobile. If only he had seen Adeline...

mind, so Barking filled the courtyard, causing the birds to take flight above. Sciath came tearing toward him, and Alex did not hesitate. He ran toward her. Sciath and stopped in front of Adeline’s dog, who jumped up on him. “She’s barking. Take me to her, girl.”

he guilt Sciath turned and started to run, and Alex fell in behind her as the many footsteps came from behind him. He glanced over his shoulder and was surprised to see everyone from the dungeon following. Sciath led them through the garden, up a stone path that led to the woods, and then up a path that wound around the mountain. “Where do ye think we’re going?” Alex called back to Adeline’s father and Elspeth.

Sciath, and “Devil’s Point is this way,” Adeline’s father, who was closest to the dog, answered. “At the top of the incline,” he added. Alex began to run.

path, fear pushing him to an inhuman pace. His footsteps thudded against the ground, and his breathing quickened to tighten his chest and his lungs. The higher he went, the wind grew stronger, and the greater his fear for what was to come. When he rounded another bend, he could see the top of the peak too far away, and there was Adeline standing on the ledge facing him. For Alex had a sudden bone-chilling fear that he was about to lose her.



ed. His

When she glanced behind her, she saw them coming, but Alex would not reach her in time, unless she could stall. “Donnan,” she pleaded as the wind whipped her hair across her face and her skirts against her legs. “Kill me now will solve your problems.”

“It’s a start,” he snarled. “I’ll kill ye, and then I suppose I’ll have your brother Morag. She’ll never keep my secret,” he said, stepping closer to Elspeth, reaching out as if to push her.

She instinctively stepped back, but there was nowhere to go. Her foot slipped off the ledge, and she fell, more sliding off the rock than plunging. In the very last second, she grabbed a branch sticking just off the top of the cliff and dangled there, her heart lodged in her throat.

“Donnan!” she screamed, looking behind her for a breath at the cliffside. She was going to die! “Donnan!” she screamed again, not getting the full breath out before a strong hand grabbed her wrist. She fell back to the cliff and cried out in joy at the sight of Alex, kneeling at the edge. His fingers locked around her wrist.

“I’ve got ye,” he assured her and hauled her slowly up as tears came toward her eyes.

When she was just over the ledge, his other arm circled her waist, and he brought her all the way over and on top of him. They rolled backward together as he pressed kisses to her face and Sciath barked at her side. He turned, not back, her cheeks cupped between his palms, and said, “God’s blood, I’ll follow you wherever ye go, I will go, but can we agree to go over the cliff together?”

She laughed as she kissed him hard on the mouth. When they broke the kiss, the noise behind them registered with her, and she glanced over her shoulder to see Alex’s father holding one of Donnan’s arms and Alex holding the other. Elspeth appeared suddenly from the trail, as did her brother, and they all looked up the

inst theand she knew by the fearful looks on their faces, as their gazes lock  
gs. Thehers, that they had thought she might possibly be dead. Her father  
Adelinetoward her, relief sweeping his face, but Elspeth caught him by the a  
oint notsaid something that stopped him.

Donnan. Adeline knew her sister was attempting to offer a moment of priva  
Alex, and she was grateful. She looked to him and found him staring  
“I almost lost ye,” he said, his voice choked with emotion.

“Aye,” she agreed, “but ye did nae. Ye’re stuck with me for life no  
uld not “Is that a vow?”

ie wind “Aye,” she said and brushed her lips to his. “Wherever ye go  
ling meBecause we are family.”

“But nae over a cliff,” he reminded her.

to kill “Nay,” she said, hugging him and burying her face against his neck  
her andover a cliff.”



oot slid

At theTo be getting married after the dramatic events of the day seemed a  
e ledgetting indeed, but Alex was heading out with her father and the  
members of the Night Guard first thing in the morning and they both  
e steepthey wished to be wed before he departed.

ot even Adeline finished bathing, slipped into her best gown, and was just  
lookedthe lovely crown of flowers her sister had made her on her head wh  
ie edge,bedchamber door opened and Alex appeared. She scowled at him. ‘  
nae supposed to see me until I come to ye in the chapel. The older we  
of reliefhere say ’tis bad luck.”

Alex grinned, strode across the room, and slid his arms around he  
and heHe then leaned down and brushed a gentle kiss to her lips before pullin  
d into ato look at her. “I needed to see ye.”

to pulled She understood why without him saying it. “They are gone?” she  
, lass. Ireferring to his father and Donnan.

liffs?” He nodded, and leaning forward, he pressed his forehead to h  
oke thestood that way for a long, silent moment, and she understood that  
ver herneeded to absorb the comfort that could only be found in the embrace

Fingalperson you knew would always be there for you. “Da is taking hin  
: father,where Donnan will be branded for his crimes and then live imprison

ed with Da and Moira will try to heal the hurt that has driven Donnan to  
started lengths.”

rm and “And what happens if one day they think he is better?” she asked  
wanted to be hopeful, but Donnan had tried to kill her, beaten  
cy with threatened to kill a child, and lied to and manipulated Alex.

at her. “If that comes to pass, they will call a meeting of the council, and  
also be there to cast a vote if we think he should be released to go mak  
w.” elsewhere but nae ever at the Gordon stronghold again.”

“We?” she asked, surprised she was included.

, I go. “Aye.” His large hand took her face and held it gently. “Ye will  
wife; therefore, we will be family and ye will have a vote.”

She nodded, her heart fluttering with the knowledge she would s  
k. “Nae wed to him. “Did ye speak to him?”

“Aye,” Alex said, staring intently at her. “I told him that I kened t  
that had driven him and that eventually I would forgive him.” He br  
hand down her face. “Ye probably dunnae ken why I wish to forgive h

strange “I do,” she interrupted, placing her palm against his warm, stubbly  
e other “Ye dunnae wish to hold anger in yer heart, and ye are loyal to the bor  
agreed is one of the verra first things that made me want to ken ye better.”

“The verra first thing that made me want to ken ye better was ye  
: setting he said, reaching around her and giving her bottom a playful tap as a  
hen her grin tugged up the corners of his mouth.

“Ye are “Be truthful!” she said, laughing.

d ladies “All right.” He gave her bottom a squeeze and then brought h  
between them to splay it over her heart. “’Twas yer heart.”

r waist. “My heart?” she asked, confused. “Ye kinnae see a person’s heart.”

ng back “Oh, aye, my love, ye can. ’Tis in their actions. The verra first gl  
got of ye was when ye ran to embrace yer da at my home, and then ye

: asked, him to break away from ye and give yer sister the same welcome he g

Both acts showed me yer loving, selfless, loyal heart, and that made n  
ers. Heto ken ye.”

he just “I love ye, Alex,” she said, his words filling her with warm  
e of the happiness.

n home “Nae half as much as I love ye,” he replied, kissing her.

ed, and “I love ye more, but we have a lifetime together to debate it.”

“Aye,” he agreed, “that we do. And I would nae trade this ;

to such anything.”

ed. She

Morag, I hope you enjoyed reading Adeline and Alex’s story and will c  
[leaving a review](#)! I appreciate your help in spreading the word ab  
we will books, including letting your friends know. Reviews help other read  
ce a lifemy books. Please leave one on your favorite site!

be my If you love sweeping epic romance that takes you on a rollicking ad  
through the highlands, then you should try out *When a Laird Loves a*  
soon be which is book one in my *Highlander Vows: Entangled Hearts* serie  
can read a bit about book 1 below.

he pain *Not even her careful preparations could prepare her for the barbari*  
ushed a *rescues her*. Don’t miss the USA Today bestselling *Highlander*  
im—” *Entangled Hearts* series, starting with the critically acclaimed [When](#)  
r cheek. [Loves a Lady](#). Faking her death would be simple, it was escaping he  
ie. That that would be difficult.

r arse,” [CLICK HERE TO READ WHEN A LAIRD LOVES A LADY, NOW](#)  
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th and

Excerpt of *When a Laird Loves a Lady*

One

gift for

## England, 1357

Faking her death would be simple. It was escaping her home that was difficult. Marion de Lacy stared hard into the slowly darkening sky, thinking about the plan she intended to put into action tomorrow—if all went well, but growing uneasiness tightened her belly. From where she stood on the bailey, she counted the guards up in the tower. It was not her imagination. Father had tripled the knights keeping guard at all times, as if expecting trouble.

Taking a deep breath of the damp air, she pulled her mother's cloak tighter around her to ward off the twilight chill. A lump lodged in her throat as the wool scratched her neck. In the many years since her mother had gone, Marion had both hated and loved this cloak for the death and life it represented. Her mother's freesia scent had long since faded from the garment, yet simply calling up a memory of her mother wearing it brought Marion comfort.

She rubbed her fingers against the rough material. When she found she couldn't chance taking anything with her but the clothes on her body and the cloak. Her death had to appear accidental, and the cloak that everyone she prized would ensure her freedom. Finding it tangled in the branches on the edge of the sea cliff ought to be just the thing to convince her father, William Froste that she'd drowned. After all, neither man thought she could swim. They didn't truly care about her anyway. Her marriage to the blackhearted knight was only about what her hand could give the two of them. Her father, Baron de Lacy, wanted more power, and Froste wanted her family's prized land. A match made in Heaven, if only the match had involved her...but it did.

Father would set the hounds of Hell themselves to track her down if he had the slightest suspicion that she was still alive. She was an inalienable possession to be given to secure Froste's unwavering allegiance, and therefore, that of the renowned ferocious knights who served him. With a small sliver of hope she had that her father would grant her mercy if she married Froste had been destroyed by the lashing she'd receive if she'd pleaded for him to do so.

The moon crested above the watchtower, reminding her why she'd

here so close to mealtime: to meet Angus. The Scotsman may have been his father's stable master, but he was *her* ally, and when he'd proposed she could be England for Scotland, she'd readily consented.

Marion looked to the west, the direction from which Angus would be coming—well—from Newcastle. He should be back any minute now from meeting his lord and clansman Neil, who was to escort her to Scotland. She prayed all day and that Angus's kin was ready to depart. With her wedding to Froste in place in six days, she wanted to be far away before there was even the slightest chance he'd be making his way here. And since he was set to arrive the night before the wedding, leaving tomorrow promised she would encounter him.

A sense of urgency enveloped her, and Marion forced herself to run across the bailey toward the gatehouse that led to the tunnel preceded by a drawbridge. She couldn't risk raising suspicion from the tower guards at the gatehouse, she nodded to Albert, one of the knights who operated the drawbridge mechanism. He was young and rarely questioned her excited, she to pick flowers or find herbs.

"Off to get some medicine?" he inquired.

"Yes," she lied with a smile and a little pang of guilt. But for her survival, she reminded herself as she entered the tunnel. When she exited the heavy wooden door that led to freedom, she wasn't surprised to find Andrew not yet up in the twin towers that flanked the entrance to the drawbridge. It was, after all, time for the changing of the guard.

They smiled at her as they put on their helmets and demi-gauntlets. They were an imposing presence to any who crossed the drawbridge and didn't approach the castle gate. Both men were tall and looked particularly dignified in their full armor, which Father insisted upon at all times. The men certainly a fortress in their own right.

She nodded to them. "I'll not be long. I want to gather some more flowers for the supper table." Her voice didn't even wobble with the lie.

Peter grinned at her, his kind brown eyes crinkling at the edges. "Would you pick me one of those pale winter flowers for my wife again, Marion?"

She returned his smile. "It took away her anger as I said it would." "It?"

"It did," he replied. "You always know just how to help with her."

"I'll get a pink one if I can find it. The colors are becoming scarce

een her weather cools.”

she flee Andrew, the younger of the two knights, smiled, displaying a straight teeth. He held up his covered arm. “My cut is almost healed.”

l return Marion nodded. “I told you! Now maybe you’ll listen to me soon; cousin time you’re wounded in training.”

was set He gave a soft laugh. “I will. Should I put more of your pain to take tonight?”

ven the “Yes, keep using it. I’ll have to gather some more yarrow, if I can arrive any, and mix up another batch of the medicine for you.” And she’d not do it before she escaped. “I better get going if I’m going to find those t

She knew she should not have agreed to search for the flowers and off to stroll find the yarrow when she still had to speak to Angus and return to the living their time for supper, but both men had been kind to her when many had . At the was her way of thanking them.

ted the After Peter lowered the bridge and opened the door, she departed the castle grounds, considering her plan once more. Had she forgotten any

She didn’t think so. She was simply going to walk straight out of her castle and never come back. Tomorrow, she’d announce she was going to collect more winter blooms, and then, instead, she would go down to the edge of the cliff overlooking the sea. She would slip off her cloak and leave the search party to find. Her breath caught deep in her chest at the similarity to the dangerous plot. The last detail to see to was Angus.

She stared down the long dirt path that led to the sea and stilled, listening. They for hoofbeats. A slight vibration of the ground tingled her feet, and he lared to speed in hopeful anticipation that it was Angus coming down the dirt path on his horse. When the crafty stable master appeared with a grin spread on his face, the worry that was squeezing her heart loosened. For the first time since he had ridden out that morning, she took a proper breath. He led his stallion alongside her and dismounted.

She tilted her head back to look up at him as he towered over her. A vill you errant thought struck. “Angus, are all Scots as tall as you?”

“Nay, but ye ken Scots are bigger than all the wee English, didn’t they?” Suppressed laughter filled his deep voice. “So even the ones nae as tall are giants compared to the scrawny men here.”

“You’re teasing me,” she replied, even as she arched her eyebrows at the uncertainty.



“A wee bit,” he agreed and tousled her hair. The laughter vanished from his eyes as he rubbed a hand over his square jaw and then stared down at her bumpy nose at her, fixing what he called his “lecturing look” on her. “You’ll never next nae much time. Neil is in Newcastle just as he’s supposed to be, but it hasn’t been a slight change.”

She frowned. “For the last month, every time I wanted to simply go and flee, you refused my suggestion, and now you say there’s a change?”

His ruddy complexion darkened. She’d pricked that MacLeod temper. “Your mother had always said Angus’s clan was known for their temper throughout the Highlands of Skye, where they lived in the farthest reaches of Scotland. Marion can remember her mother chuckling and teasing Angus about how no one could have the MacLeod temperament better than their neighboring clan.”

MacDonalds of Sleat, to which her mother had been born. The two clans had a long history of feuding.

Angus cleared his throat and recaptured Marion’s attention. “Your father’s warning, his hand closed over her shoulder, and he squeezed gently. “I’m sorry to say it so plain, but ye must die at once.”

Her eyes widened as dread settled in the pit of her stomach. “Why?” The sudden fear she felt was unreasonable. She knew he didn’t want to see her die, but she was really going to die, but her palms were sweating and her lungs tightened all the same. She sucked in air and wiped her damp hands down the length of her cotton skirts. Suddenly, the idea of going to a foreign land to live with her mother’s clan, people she’d never met, made her apprehensive.

She didn’t even know if the MacDonalds—her uncle, in particular—would accept her or not. She was half-English, a fact she’d never stopped and Angus had told her that when a Scot considered her English blood and the fact that she’d been raised there, they would most likely be more than willing to accept her. An English girl, which was not a good thing in a Scottish mind. And if her uncle was anything like her grandfather had been, the man was not going to be very reasonable. But she didn’t have any other family to turn to. She would dare defy her father, and Angus hadn’t offered for her to go to her father’s house so she’d not asked. He likely didn’t want to bring trouble to his door, and she didn’t blame him.

Panic bubbled inside her. She needed more time, even if it was only a few minutes.

ed from day she'd thought she had, to gather her courage.

own his "Why must I flee tonight? I was to teach Eustice how to dress a  
"We've She might serve as a maid, but then she will be able to help the knight  
there's I'm gone. And her little brother, Bernard, needs a few more lessons  
he's mastered writing his name and reading. And Eustice's youngest  
y make has begged me to speak to Father about allowing her to visit her mother  
a slight week."

"Ye kinnae watch out for everyone here anymore, Marion."

per her She placed her hand over his on her shoulder. "Neither can you."

Isle of Their gazes locked in understanding and disagreement.

1 could He slipped his hand from her shoulder, and then crossed his arms  
e knew chest in a gesture that screamed stubborn, unyielding protector. "If I  
n, the the same time ye feign yer death," he said, changing the subject, "it co  
ans had yer father's suspicion and make him ask questions when none nee  
asked. I'll be going home to Scotland soon after ye." Angus reached  
Without satchel attached to his horse and pulled out a dagger, which he slipped  
y. "I'm "I had this made for ye."

Marion took the weapon and turned it over, her heart pounding  
"What? beautiful." She held it by its black handle while withdrawing it fr  
't means sheath and examining it. "It's much sharper than the one I have."

igs had "Aye," he said grimly. "It is. Dunnae forget that just because I ta  
own the the wield a dagger does nae mean ye can defend yerself from *all* harm.  
and and the my cousin and do as he says. Follow his lead."

de her She gave a tight nod. "I will. But why must I leave now a  
tomorrow?"

ar, who Concern filled Angus's eyes. "Because I ran into Froste's brother  
fter all, and he told me that Froste sent word that he would be arriving in two c

oodline Marion gasped. "That's earlier than expected."

and her "Aye," Angus said and took her arm with gentle authority. "So y  
l if he go now. I'd rather be trying to trick only yer father than yer father,  
going to and his savage knights. I want ye long gone and yer death accepted  
to who Froste arrives."

his clan, She shivered as her mind began to race with all that could go wron

his clan's "I see the worry darkening yer green eyes," Angus said, interrupt  
thoughts. He whipped off his hat and his hair, still shockingly red in  
only the his years, fell down around his shoulders. He only ever wore it that wa

he was riding. He said the wind in his hair reminded him of riding his horse when he was in Scotland. "I was going to talk to ye tonight, but it's when that I kinnae..." He shifted from foot to foot, as if uncomfortable. "I'd like to offer ye something. I'd have proposed it sooner, but I did nae want ye to be the first sister ye had to take my offer so as nae to hurt me, but I kinnae hold my tongue for next even so."

She furrowed her brow. "What is it?"

"I'd be proud if ye wanted to stay with the MacLeod clan instead of going to the MacDonalds. Then ye'd nae have to leave everyone ye ken here. Ye'd have me."

Over his shoulder, a surge of relief filled her. She threw her arms around Angus, and he returned her hug quick and hard before setting her away. Her eyes misted. "I had hoped you would ask me," she admitted.

For a moment, he looked astonished, but then he spoke. "Ye risked yer life to come into MacLeod territory at a time when we were fighting terrible with the MacDonalds, as ye well ken."

Marion nodded. She knew the story of how Angus had ended up in the north. "He'd told her many times. Her mother had been somewhat of a renowned healer from a young age, and when Angus's wife had a hard birth, his mother had gone to help. The knowledge that his wife and child had died in the night ye anyway still made Marion want to cry."

"I pledged my life to keep yer mother safe for the kindness she showed me, which brought me here, but, lass, long ago ye became like a daughter to me, and I pledge the rest of my miserable life to defending ye."

She gripped Angus's hand. "I wish you were my father."

He gave her a proud yet smug look, one she was used to seeing from Father John. "I wish you were my father," she chortled to herself. The man did have a terrible streak of pride. She'd give Father John another coin for penance for Angus, since the Scots must take up the custom himself.

Angus hooked his thumb in his gray tunic. "Ye'll make a fine MacLeod when because ye already ken we're the best clan in Scotland."

Mentally, she added another coin to her dues. "Do you think they will let me become a MacLeod, though, since my mother was the daughter of the previous MacDonald laird and I've an English father?"

"They will," he answered without hesitation, but she heard the catch in his voice.

his own "Angus." She narrowed her eyes. "You said you would never lie to me, but now you're lying." His brows dipped together, and he gave her a long, disgruntled look. "They may be a bit wary," he finally admitted. "But I'll nae let them stop you. You'll be fine. Dunnae worry," he finished, his Scottish brogue becoming thick with emotion.

She bit her lip. "Yes, but you won't be with me when I first get to the MacLeods. What should I do to make certain that they will let me stay?"

He quirked his mouth as he considered her question. "Ye must find a way to get behind the laird to like ye. Tell Neil to take ye directly to the MacLeod to get their consent for ye to live there. I kinnae vouch for the man myself as I've never met him, but Neil says he's verra honorable, fierce in battle, patient, and reasonable." Angus cocked his head as if in thought. "Now that I think about it, I'm sure the MacLeod can get ye a husband, and then the clan will readily accept ye. Aye." He nodded. "Get in the laird's good graces first, and then ye wereas ye meet him and ask him to find ye a husband." A scowl twisted his face.

"Preferably one who will accept yer acting like a man sometimes." She frowned at him. "You are the one who taught me how to ride, to sword, to shoot bareback, wield a dagger, and shoot an arrow true."

"Aye." He nodded. "I did. But when I started teaching ye, I thought I should have had your mama around to add her woman's touch. I did nae ken at the time that she'd pass when ye'd only seen eight summers in yer life."

"You're lying again," Marion said. "You continued those lessons for me after Mama's death. You weren't a bit worried how I'd turn out."

"I sure was!" he objected, even as a guilty look crossed his face. "I was what could I do? Ye insisted on hunting for the widows so they'd have a chance to live. Shein the winter, and ye insisted on going out in the dark to help injured widows. I had to when I could nae go with ye. I had to teach ye to hunt and defend. I refused. Plus, you were a sad, lonely thing, and I could nae verra well overlook it. I had to when ye came to the stables and asked me to teach ye things."

"Oh, you could have," she replied. "Father overlooked me all the time, but your heart is too big to treat someone like that." She patted his cheek. "Ye'll letch it. I think you taught me the best things in the world, and it seems like I'm proud of the way any man would want his woman to be able to defend herself."

"Shows how much ye ken about men," Angus muttered with a slight smile. "Men like to think a woman needs *them*."

"I dunnae need a man," she said in her best Scottish accent.

me.” He threw up his hands. “Ye do. Ye’re just afeared.”

and look. The fear was true enough. Part of her longed for love, to feel as if she belonged to a family. For so long she’d wanted those things from her father but she had never gotten them, no matter what she did. It was difficult to believe it would be any different in the future. She’d rather stay where she was than be disappointed.

Angus tilted his head, looking at her uncertainly. “Ye want a wife the first getsome day, dunnae ye?”

He got his “Well, yes,” she admitted and peered down at the ground, feeling for the first time as if she had never before.

“Then ye need a man,” he crowed. She drew her gaze up to his. “Not just any man. I want a man who will work about truly love me.”

He waved a hand dismissively. Marriages of convenience were as common as soonlife, she knew, but she would not marry unless she was in love and a potential husband loved her in return. She would support herself as long as she needed to.

“The other big problem with a husband for ye,” he continued, putting on a smile to avoid, she suspected, her mention of the word *love*, “as I see it, ye might get a tender heart.”

“What’s wrong with a tender heart?” She raised her brow in question.

“’Tis more likely te get broken, aye?” His response was matter-of-fact.

“Nay. ’Tis more likely to have compassion,” she replied with a grin.

“We’re both right,” he announced. “Yer mama had a tender heart and she lived. But ’Tis why yer father’s black heart hurt her so. I dunnae care te watch ye get a tender heart. I dunnae care te watch ye get a black heart.”

“I don’t wish for that fate, either,” she replied, trying hard not to think about how sad and distant her mother had often seemed. “Which is why I need to get out of England. And why I need to get out of England.”

“I ken that, lass, truly I do, but ye kinnae go through life alone.”

“I don’t wish to,” she defended. “But if I have to, I have you, so I can go on thebe alone.” With a shudder, her heart denied the possibility that she might never find love, but she squared her shoulders.

“’Tis nae the same as a husband,” he said. “I’m old. Ye need a young man who has the power te defend ye. And if Sir Frosty Pants ever comes after ye, you’re going te need a strong man te go against him.”

Marion snorted to cover the worry that was creeping in.

Angus moved his mouth to speak, but his reply was drowned as if the sound of the supper horn blowing. "God's bones!" Angus muttered with a gasp. "I've flapped my jaw too long. Ye must go now. I'll hear ye out, but I'll not be they are watching ye too closely."

Marion looked over her shoulder at the knights, her stomach turning. She had known the plan since the day they had formed it, but now the reality scared her into a cold sweat. She turned back to Angus and gripped his arm. "I'm afraid."

Determination filled his expression, as if his will for her to stay safe would make it so. "Ye will stay safe," he commanded. "Make ye way through the path in the woods that I showed ye, straight to Newcastle. Leave a bag of coins under the first tree ye come to, the one with the rope and herit. Neil will be waiting for ye by Pilgrim Gate on Pilgrim Street. The day ye will depart from there."

She worried her lip but nodded all the same. "Neil has become friends with a friar who can get the two of ye out, is ye?" Angus went on. "Dunnae talk to anyone, especially any men. Ye should be unnoticed, as ye've never been there and won't likely see anyone ye come in contact with here."

Fear tightened her lungs, but she swallowed. "I didn't even bid farewell." Not that she really could have, nor did she think anyone like ye miss her other than Angus, and she would be seeing him again. Perhaps Andrew *had* been kind to her, but they were her father's men, and she would be well. She had been taken to the dungeon by the knights several times for punishment for transgressions that ranged from her tone not pleasing her father to his thinking she gave him a disrespectful look. Other times, she had been carried out the duty of tying her to the post for a thrashing when she had angered her father. They had begged her forgiveness profusely but done not. I'll not duties all the same. They would likely be somewhat glad they did not have to contend with such things anymore.

Eustice was both kind *and* thankful for Marion teaching her brother to read, but Eustice lost all color any time someone mentioned the name of the woman coming with Marion to Froste's home after Marion was married. She suspected the woman was afraid to go to the home of the infamous "Merciless King." Eustice would likely be relieved when Marion disappeared. Not that

by the blamed her.

When the A small lump lodged in her throat. Would her father even mourn her death? It wasn't likely, and her stomach knotted at the thought.

away if "You'll come as soon as you can?" she asked Angus.

"Aye. Dunnae fash yerself."

ng. She She forced a smile. "You are already sounding like you're leaving Scotland. Don't forget to curb that when speaking with Father."

ed her "I'll remember. Now, make haste to the cliff to leave yer cloak, then straight for Newcastle."

out of "I don't want to leave you," she said, ashamed at the sudden change in her waywardness in her chest and at the way her eyes stung with unshed tears.

e. I left "Gather yer courage, lass. I'll be seeing ye soon, and Neil will be tied to safe."

two of She sniffed. "I'll do the same for Neil."

"I've nae doubt ye'll try," Angus said, sounding proud and wary at the same time.

re out," "I'm not afraid for myself," she told him in a shaky voice. "You're taking a great risk for me. How will I ever make it up to you?"

ve ever "Ye already have," Angus said hastily, glancing around and directing a worried look toward the drawbridge. "Ye want to live with my clan, anyone means I can go to my dying day treating ye as my daughter. Now, dunnae would when I walk away. I ken how sorely ye'll miss me," he boasted with a grin.

ter and "I'll miss ye just as much."

knew it With that, he swung up onto his mount. He had just given the signal for his beast to go when Marion realized she didn't know what Neil looked like.

ing her "Angus!"

they'd He pulled back on the reins and turned toward her. "Aye?"

n she'd "I need Neil's description."

ne their Angus's eyes widened. "I'm getting old," he grumbled. "I dunnae have to I forgot such a detail. He's got hair redder than mine, and wears it tight.

er how Neil came through these parts to see me last year."

e maid "What?" She gaped at him. "You never told me that!"

spected "I did nae because I knew ye would try to go after Neil and patch it up at night." and that surely would have cost ye another beating if ye were caught.

Marion gazed bore into her. "Ye're verra courageous. I reckon I had a hand

'cause I knew ye needed te be strong te withstand yer father. But du  
er loss?mindless. Courageous men and women who are mindless get killed. Y

She nodded.

“Tread carefully,” he warned.

“You too.” She said the words to his back, for he was already turn  
ack inheaded toward the drawbridge.

She made her way slowly to the edge of the steep embankment  
en headfilled her eyes. She wasn't upset because she was leaving her father—  
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thoughts but those of escape.

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'cause I knew ye needed te be strong te withstand yer father. But dunnae be mindless. Courageous men and women who are mindless get killed. Ye ken?"

She nodded.

"Tread carefully," he warned.

"You too." She said the words to his back, for he was already turned and headed toward the drawbridge.

She made her way slowly to the edge of the steep embankment as tears filled her eyes. She wasn't upset because she was leaving her father—she'd certainly need to say a prayer of forgiveness for that sin tonight—but she couldn't shake the feeling that she'd never see Angus again. It was silly; everything would go as they had planned. Before she could fret further, the blast of the fire horn jerked her into motion. There was no time for any thoughts but those of escape.



## About the Author

*USA Today* and #1 Amazon bestseller Julie Johnstone is the author of historical romance novels set in the Medieval and Regency periods, occasionally modern-day times. Her novels feature fast paced plots with political intrigue, intricate world building, and complex characters.

Her books have been dubbed “fabulously entertaining and engaging,” and readers cry, laugh, and swoon. Julie is a graduate of The University of Alabama & Springhill College. She lives in Birmingham with her young son, her snobby cat, and her perpetually happy dog.

In her spare time she enjoys way too much coffee balanced by yoga, reading, and traveling.

Sign up for her newsletter here: [www.juliejohnstoneauthor.com](http://www.juliejohnstoneauthor.com)

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