



Prologue

Scottish Highlands

Castle Glenmoore, 1747

"You know why you have to do this, do you, Sinjun?"

"I know, but I do not like, father," replied the young St. John Thornton.

"We do what the king asks us," said Roger Thornton, fourth Duke of Mansfield.

St. John Thornton, fourteen years old and Marquis of Derby, had the appearance of preferring to be somewhere else that was not in the guest room of the castle of Glenmoore dressed in his best vest and velvet trousers.

- Why me, Father? Julian is your heir, let him marry this woman anything wild and Scotland.

"Come, Sinjun, you know that Julian is engaged to the daughter of Lord Sinclair since the day she was born. Marry when the child turns eighteen.

"I have fourteen, father, and the heiress of the MacDonald seven.

- Do not you think it is? Roger asked sharply. We are not talking about sleeping with her. All you have to do is marry the girl and then you can return to England until she grows up. You can go to college as planned and partying while your lady cum Christy grows. When the time comes, I hope you fulfill your obligation to her.

"It is impossible that I like, father-St. John wrinkled his aristocratic nose. When we saw playing in the yard with his cousins and mistook a child beggars and dirty. His face smeared with mud and was barefoot, "he shrugged. Can not find the king someone else to marry her? It looks like a witch, with the tangled red hair and that skin so white.

"This is the King's plan to demoralize the rebels in the Highlands, to put their land in the hands of British loyalists. After the battle of Culloden, Scottish aristocrats all orphans married men chosen by King George. The king does not trust any of the Highland chiefs who survived. Angus Old MacDonald has a great power over his clan, and her granddaughter will become chief after his death.

Christy's father, Gordy, like his two brothers, died at Culloden, "continued Roger. And the old Angus, the grandfather of Christy, became his tutor. Angus leaves no male heir, all died at Culloden. By Christy marry, you become administrator of the castle of Glenmoore perpetuity. Through your wife can control the clans who swore allegiance to the old Angus MacDonald.

Sinjun shook his head with dark hair and looked at his father's grim expression.

"All that I do not care at all. There is nothing in the Scottish Highlands that I like. It's a wasteland, good only for wolves and wild.

"The king does us a great honor," he chided Sinjun Roger, exasperated at the lack of gratitude for his son. The Thornton are loyal to the crown. We have been honored with many titles and land grants. The MacDonald have many possessions. Thanks to this marriage will get the necessary power and wealth for the surname Thornton recognized in England. It is a great opportunity, Sinjun, not to mention the honor involved. The income tax and your lands will provide luxuries for the rest of your life. You should be grateful for what King George is doing for you and your family.

The fleshy lips of Sinjun, that in future qualify for sexy ladies, down curled in disgust.

"I guess, with everything you're saying, I must marry the girl. But I will not lie: I do not

like Christy MacDonald.

"I'm not asking you to like it. All you have to do is to marry her now and returning briefly to Glenmoore when old enough to consummate the marriage. After that you can do whatever you want with your life. But do not forget that when Christy's grandfather dies and she becomes a leader, exercised great power in the Highlands through your wife.

- What if I prefer to stay in England, as you can away from Christy? Sinjun asked.

"You can hire a manager to oversee your property in Scotland, and your wife can stay safely confined in Glenmoore. But you have plenty of time to decide what you want. Lord Mansfield looked at his son with a critical eye. The boy was tall for her age, and his shoulders almost as wide as yours. Sinjun was a young handsome devil, and he knew it, he thought Mansfield. Too cute for his own good and too knowledgeable about worldly things for her tender years. Sorry for women who try to win the heart of her son when he was old enough to draw your attention. And the young devil attract women like flies, how they would not fall under the spell of dark and melancholy eyes and captivating smile? The young maids of the mansion Thornton had begun to look with greedy eyes, and Roger wondered if her son would not have already proved what they had to offer.

Sinjun knew exactly what he wanted to do with his life and his plans did not include giving to London and live a house in the Highlands with a wife as wild as the land where he lived. Go to college, of course, and shipped to the adventures of life. At the tender age of fourteen he had already learned to appreciate women. Polly, a girl upstairs who had only a few years older than he, had taken him under his wing and taught him how to have fun in bed with a woman. Classes had been fascinating, and Sinjun was willing to spread its wings and practice with other women.

When told he was going to marry a young Scottish rebel, but both his father and the king ignored his protests. Very well, marry Christy MacDonald, but I had to like, nor had to live with it.

Sinjun now waiting on the steps of the village church to reach his girlfriend of seven years. Flanked on one side by her father and the other by the priest, there was no escape. All MacDonald and his allies were present, and none of them seemed pleased with the marriage of one of its own with an Englishman. A Scotsman of about the same age was particularly angry, and I went to Sinjun looks threatening.

Sinjun frowned when she saw Christy down the hill with his grandfather. Apparently he was not the only reluctant to marry. Christy dug his heels on the floor and protested loudly as her grandfather dragged to the church. She wore the dress of Scottish paintings, although he was prohibited, and background Sinjun heard the mournful sound of bagpipes, which were also banned by King after the Battle of Culloden. The hair on the girl could not enhance the pallor of his skin, and I was so upset and savage Sinjun wondered if you would have tried to comb his hair.

Angus MacDonald finally came to church with her granddaughter, who resisted wildly, and pushed Sinjun. She gave a little foot stomp your Sinjun and stared at his

chin lifted in defiance. Sinjun almost burst out laughing at that warrior attitude. He wanted to marry him as much as he with her! Well, worse for everyone, he thought. As far as he was concerned, the marriage was a mistake and never lead to anything good. The priest opened the book, cleared his throat and began the ceremony. Sinjun His words rolled down like water. He glanced at his older brother, the heir of his father, with envy. A Julian you were still several years before having to get married. Julian smiled, and Sinjun felt the uncontrollable desire to get the language. As the priest continued with his speech, the mind of Sinjun went to the beautiful Polly and wondered if I would be throwing less. But abruptly returned to reality when his wife kicked him in the shins with all his might.

Sinjun gritted his teeth and let out a gasp of pain.

- Why did you do that? She whispered with a look through it.

"Because you're English," muttered Christy.

- Sh! "Angus warned from somewhere behind him. Pay attention to the ceremony!

Sinjun jumped into his girlfriend a dirty look pale, wondering what on earth had done to deserve a punishment as unfair. My stomach was upset, and felt their jaws when the minister declared husband and wife. He turned to his girlfriend and was amazed at his expression. His green eyes shone fiery hateful when he stuck out his tongue. How could her father do something? "He lamented as he was quickly back. Marry him at age fourteen with a redheaded firebrand whose character got married without doubt the horrible color of her hair.

As if to reinforce the low opinion of her, Christy again kick. Sinjun howled in pain and tried to grab her, but she was faster. He turned on his heels and ran away as fast Glenmoore that allowed her little feet.

Chapter 1

London, 1762

There was a murmur among the crowd when St. John Thornton, Marquis of Derby, entered the ballroom.

"Sin is Lord," whispered one girl to her friend on the sidelines. I wonder what made you come this evening to enjoy a company that is so mundane.

His partner, Lord Seton, inhaled through the nose with a dismissive gesture.

"I say, Renfrew, which has come to see how normal people behave. It is not usually go to events.

"The nickname of Lord Sin comes to hair," said Renfrew. There is more dissolute libertine in England, "sighed enviously. Are legendary her escapades with the ladies. Look around. Tonight there is here no that has not fallen on his bed as he asked. He is married, you know? Renfrew, "he confided. Since I was fourteen.

"So I've heard, but you never know.

"That's what everybody knows," said Renfrew.

- So where has hidden from his wife? Seeing how it behaves, it seems that it is free and without obligation.

- Ha! And it is. One of his confidants told me me in person that actually likes the idea

of being married. Prevents marriage matchmaking mothers try to make husband-age daughters deserve. Or the ladies to put their intentions to marry eyes on him as a possible husband. His wife is safely hidden in Scotland, did not you know? What I do not know can not hurt. Lord Sin enjoys his pleasures where and how you want without fear of tangling or impact.

"Lucky Bastard" said Seton.

Renfrew approached him even more.

"Believe it or not, Lord Sin has not seen his Scottish wife since their marriage George II ordered fifteen years ago. It is rumored that the union was never consummated. Can you imagine? The woman is the head of a wild clan of the Highlands.

Seton laughed.

"Perhaps Lord Sin has not consummated his marriage with his girlfriend, but certainly enough women has romped to offset the shortfall. I do not understand how his brother the Count supports a shameful debauchery.

"Lord Mansfield seems worried these days. He is not seen much. What is so terrible that his fiancée died before the wedding.

-Sh, here comes the famous Lord Renfrew Sin whispered when Sinjun and his friend Rudolph, Viscount Blakely, approached.

- What agglomeration Sinjun! Blakely said while trying to break through the crowd. I do not understand why you insisted on coming here tonight. I have used to avoid such public gatherings.

Sinjun Thornton and his good friend went straight to the card room. Dressed to the nines in tailored riding clothes, the latest in fashion, Sinjun, better known among people in high society as Lord Sin, wearing tight breeches with high boots black color over an immaculate white shirt, purple brocade jacket, black riding coat and high-cut with wide lapels and back tail.

"A boring, Rudy, a complete boredom," said Sinjun looking around warily. So far I have not seen anything here that interests me.

- Not even the lovely Lady Violet? Rudy asked Sinjun demanding attention on a stunning brunette wearing a chiffon dress with a tiny corset designed to look the most extraordinary figure. Get ready, we have seen.

- Damn! Sinjun muttered between his teeth. Was hoping to avoid tonight.

- Trouble in paradise? "Rudy laughed.

Sinjun shrugged.

"Our adventure has run its course.

"It is clear that the lady does not think the same.

Sinjun nodded to two of his acquaintances, and Seton Renfrew, while Rudy dragged into the center of the crowd. But it would not be possible. Lady Violet resolutely turned towards him and finally caught up with him.

-Sinjun, confident that you were here tonight. What happened yesterday? I waited for hours.

"Your husband was at home, Lady Fitzhugh, do you forgotten?

- And when has meant that a problem? "I challenge Violet. In addition, Fitzhugh always taken a whole bottle of port before going to bed. Had not heard a herd of

elephants stampeded up the stairs.

Rudy coughed to make their presence felt.

"I'll leave that alone ... you speak. See you later, Sinjun.

Sinjun Rudy tried to keep left, but Lady Violet had other intentions.

"Let go, Sinjun. Will you come and see me tomorrow night? Fitzhugh part in the morning at his hunting lodge in Scotland. Will be out a month or more.

Sinjun did his utmost to be educated, but it was Lady Violet getting difficult. There seemed to learn when something is finished. And as he was concerned, his adventure was over the night he met Lord Stanhope sliding through the back door while Sinjun out through the main entrance. When you cast a lover, he liked to think he was the only one, but now it was over, it did not matter how many men get into his bed. So that night had nothing to do and was looking for new amusements.

Sinjun was about to tell Violet who had completed a buzz of excitement when he caught her eye. Everyone seemed to be facing the entrance, and he followed his gaze. Took a deep breath the air when he saw what it was, or rather, who was the person who had everyone waiting. Sinjun was absolutely certain he had never seen the woman who had stopped a moment at the door, because the recall.

- Who is? He asked, quite intrigued by the exceptional beauty just light up the ballroom with its promising present. Do not remember seeing before.

"It's new in town," said Lady Violet coolly. I have understood that comes from Cornwall. Nobody seems to know much about her except she's married to a viscount much greater than it has been conveniently in Cornwall-the lady sucked air through his nose with disdain. He has performed unaccompanied in three of the past four social events. He stays a while and then disappears. Had you gone to any of those acts would have seen. It is strange, "murmured Violet," but I swear that is looking for someone.

"His name ... Tell me what it's called Sinjun inquired. It is of unique beauty.

"Her name is Lady Flora Randall-Violet dedicated to the mysterious lady a look of disdain. Her husband should be as comprehensive as your wife.

Sinjun stared at the young beauty. He had remained silent due to the impression that grumbled vague feeling in his memory. For his life could have sworn he had not seen before Lady Randall. Although he could not be considered a redhead, her hair had a unique color of a tone between cinnamon and copper, with enough golden highlights to create an interesting contrast.

It was of slight build, but had a poise that made her look taller. While entertaining at the entrance, all men without compromise it in the room turned to her. Sinjun legs instantly moved in their direction.

- Where are you going? Lady Violet asked shrilly.

"Let's see what I missed by not appear on the social events of recent weeks," he said without looking Sinjun as it moved decisively towards Lady Flora Randall.

Sinjun his way through the tight circle of lovers, admire the way he drove the young lady of high society dandies. The young bucks who must have realized the was away, because Sinjun heard someone say his name. At the moment he cleared the way for him, which allowed him to enter the center circle. And then stood before her, staring at

the perfect oval of her face without blemish.

He noticed that his eyes were green as green as emeralds shining. The lips were full and red, and eyelashes so long they seemed dark wings that curved up at the ends. He surprised her radiant skin and bathed in sunshine. The ladies of high society religiously avoided the sun. And yet everything about this mysterious lady was exquisite.

He wore a green silk dress, though not too tight, revealing each of the lush curves of her figure. Sinjun hesitated even to take even a light brace on the bodice. Not wearing a neckline too steep, but left uncovered enough of her magnificent breasts to make it worthwhile to keep staring at them. And betting that he was not the only one who thought so. Sinjun felt her body stiffen, and was absolutely shocked. Damn! The wanted and did not even know!

"I think this dance is mine," murmured he drawled with sensual leave normally caused most women melt.

She looked up slowly towards him, and Sinjun experienced an intense feeling of déjà vu. She searched her memory, but found nothing.

- Do you know, my lord? Flora said in a slightly hoarse Sinjun caressed the senses and made him aware of the most prominent parts of his body.

"No, my lady, but that is easily remedied," said Sinjun. I St. John Thornton, Marquis of Derby. My friends call me Sinjun.

It seemed to tell a stir in the clear depths of her eyes, but it disappeared so quickly that it could not be sure.

His friends call him "Lord Sin" whispered someone on their side in a separate high enough for the lady to hear.

Flora The elegant eyebrows rose slightly.

- Lord sin?

"If ye will not, my lady. You may call me Sinjun. And thou art ...

"Lady Flora Randall," she said holding out his hand.

Sinjun shook the hand warm and tender and he deposited a kiss on the knuckles. So witch smiled, turned his hand, pulled the glove back and kissed the inside of your wrist. Sinjun he felt a shiver ran through the girl and pulled gently.

"Oh, just started a quadrille. Do we join it?

Before the lady could protest, led her to the dance area.

"So you are the lord of sin I have heard both," said Lady Randall as the first musical notes filled the room.

"My friends," objected Sinjun exaggerate. They do not care prestéis, my lady. Is this your first visit to the city?

"Yes, and I have to admit that is very different to what I'm used to.

Dance separated, and when they met again, Sinjun asked

"I thought I detected something of an accent in your voice, ma'am.

"It's just that the emphasis of the field, my lord," she murmured.

Christy Flora MacDonald, head of the MacDonald clan from the recent death of his grandfather, he stared at the man she had not seen for fifteen years, when they married, and nearly choking with rage. In all honesty, he had to say was so keen to be with Lord

Derby as he with her. But circumstances had changed. Her English husband had raised the rents and taxes to impossible levels, and members of his clan, especially Cameron, who successfully had insisted on the nullity of their marriage in the English courts and to marry Calum Cameron.

A British Christy liked so little as to the members of his clan, and they bore a grudge because they had confiscated the family estate after the disaster of the Battle of Culloden, and she had been forced to marry an odious English. But he had no desire to marry Calum Cameron. Neither had any intention of getting the annulment. Had its own reasons and with a hidden agenda and was determined to succeed.

A Christy liked his life as he was. Having an absent husband allowed to do whatever I wanted without restrictions. I did not want a husband to take decisions for her. Everything was perfect until Calum and his relatives decided it was time to make changes clinging to the fact that a unconsummated marriage was not a marriage.

"You're very quiet, my lady," said Sinjun returning to the moment.

- What do you want to talk, my lord?

"Tell me about you.

"I'm married.

- Where is your husband?

"In Cornwall. Although he is not well to travel, has insisted that I come to town and I have fun. It's much older than me ... "she lied.

"Ah," replied Sinjun sympathetic tone.

Christy Sinjun observed with their long, soft lashes. He saw a tall, large but thin, agile and muscular. He had a sculpted body. He had always been handsome, even as a boy, but the maturity he had given a certain patina of the other men were lacking. Oh, yes, maturity suited her. He had been widened shoulders and chest was deeper. The exquisitely tailored jacket fit him like a glove, and tight pants left little to the imagination.

Christy looked at his face and decided that nobody had the right to be as handsome as Lord arrebatadoramente Sin. She wore her long black hair shiny and without powder and pulled back with a ribbon. Although I had not seen in fifteen years, have recognized him anywhere for those dark eyes and sorcerers. They were not black nor brown, but rather a deep blue as midnight. Her lips were full and sensual and dreamy smile were mute testimony to their hedonistic nature.

However, he could not blame him that he had not recognized. In fact, counting on it. The last time I saw her she was a little girl of seven women playing with their cousins with wooden swords, covered in mud and bright red hair that miraculously had darkened up to the rich coppery tone now had.

The bad reputation and fame Sinjun womanizing was legendary. The rumors about his romantic intrigues and excesses had reached even the remote Glenmoore. The company called it a remarkable libertine, a connoisseur of the most beautiful women relished their conquests fill. Christy had heard that he liked women, enjoyed haunt us to hunt, but did not stay around any of them long enough to establish a lasting relationship.

"You are very beautiful green eyes," he said when the dance Sinjun reunited them.

Christy blinked, forcing herself to concentrate on why he had come to London. He had a mission, and if I wanted to succeed, should concentrate on making Sinjun believe their lies. Failure was unthinkable.

"Thanks," he said, smiling shyly.

The dance ended. Moments later, Christy was surrounded by youngsters eager to get their attention. Sinjun bowed and left her with her fans, but kept staring at her throughout the evening while dancing with an assortment of eager suitors. It was not vanity that made him think that she Sinjun he was not indifferent, but his eyes were a mute witness to direct that he was so interested in him as he was in it.

Rudy found it leaning against a column. The corners of his lips formed a small frown. "I saw you dance with the mysterious lady," said Rudy Randall. Will she be your next conquest?

"This very night, if up to me," said his friend Sinjun showing a determined smile. I do not remember when was the last time I was so enamored of a woman, Rudy.

Rudy turned his bright blue eyes toward the ceiling as he patted his lips with his forefinger.

"Let me think," he said wryly. From Lady Violet. Or perhaps from Lady Scarlet. Or was it from Lady Ellen? No. I think it was from the maid's room with Lord Dunsley entertain you a few weeks ago. If I remember correctly, you were willing to take her to bed. That adventure lasted no more than any other of your adventures.

Sinjun frowned.

"Look, Rudy. Do you think Lady Randall Young favors the requirements of Fairfield? What about the blatant Crumley? He is now dancing with the crook of Overton.

- My God, you're madly in love! Rudy exclaimed with a smile from ear to ear. Poor Lady Randall. You do not have a single opportunity to Lord Sin lurking.

"It will be mine, Rudy, can not escape me.

"I do not have to convince me, old friend. If you'll excuse me, I'll leave you to your games. You're not the only one who needs female company tonight. Lady Grace is available. Her husband is out of town and has consented to favor me with your company for a few hours.

Sinjun laughed.

"Be careful with that, my friend. It is a man-eater. You'll be lucky if you manage to crawl out of your bedroom when you're done with you.

Rudy smiled back.

"I'm looking forward to seeing me in that situation.

Sinjun refocused attention on Flora and saw lady down the stairs. Probably be directed to the ladies. He moved away from the column and followed at a discreet distance, determined to intercept it when he returned to the ballroom. He hid in a dark corner and waited.

While he waited, Sinjun very nice spent a few minutes pondering what would be the best places for a romantic date. There were several alcoves with curtains at some distance from the ballroom, but they were not intimate enough for what he had in mind. Nor were the rooms upstairs, which couples were sometimes in secret. Sinjun had used all at one time or another, but for some reason did not seem appropriate for

the exquisite Lady Randall. Then she remembered that there were some elegant garden with a greenhouse located in the center, and smiled.

Perfect.

Lord Sin's patience was rewarded when the lady in question left the toilet alone. Gave a strong start and let out a scream of terror when Sinjun emerged from the shadows.

"Lord Derby, you scared me ...

"I was waiting for my wife.

Christy frowned.

- Why, my lord?

Sinjun The dark eyes slid over her face and then settled in her cleavage.

"I think you know.

The sound of voices near the staircase prevented Christy response.

"We can not talk here," said Sinjun as she grabbed his hand and pulled her into a dark hallway.

Christy resisted.

- Where are you taking me?

He dedicated one of his charming smile, and held firm despite the symbolic strength of the lady.

"To a place where we can enjoy some privacy. There is an exit by the rear. Leads to the garden.

I can not, my lord. We just met. What will people think?

"I do not care and you too.

Sinjun found and pulled out into the night full of stars. It was hot for the month of May, an exceptionally pleasant night for what he had in mind. The garden had lots of vegetation and gave off an aroma of spring flowers and moist earth. While inhaled the pungent fragrance and feel how your body swelled in anticipation, Sinjun was unable to remember when was the last time you felt so excited. Christy took without hesitation to the greenhouse. It was empty, and Sinjun murmured a heartfelt prayer of thanksgiving to the goddess of love, because if there was a perfect night to l'amour, was certainly that.

Christy had heard of the crazy escapades of her husband with women, but until then had not realized how fine spinning.

It was introduced in the greenhouse and closed the door with a kick. The moonlight filtered through the blinds, setting starkly intense Sinjun factions, and Christy took a deep breath the air. Her mouth was a predatory expression and her eyes danced two llamas. As if I had something else in mind rather than the lure. Christy sighed deeply. Was I ready for this? Do not expect it to happen so quickly. In addition, he had no intention to provide both things. Although it was her husband, was still an Englishman and an enemy.

"We should go back to dancing, my lord," she whispered.

"Do not try to deny I've been looking all night, because I did not believe. You've bewitched, ma'am, and you know very well.

"That's a strong statement, my lord.

"My name Sinjun. "I can call Flora?

"If it pleases you ...

Sinjun shortened the distance between them and his arms and pressed against each other in a rush of desire so powerful that Christy felt him shudder.

"Everything about you I am pleased," he whispered against her lips. I wonder if ...

A Christy is completely clouded thinking. Feeling her husband's arms around her and the warmth of her body excited the affected male in a strange way. I did not expect to feel any response to the hedonistic which had become St. John Thornton. His hidden agenda was to get pregnant quickly to ensure an heir Glenmoore.

- What you ask?

"I wonder if you realize how much you desire.

She looked down.

"We just met.

Sinjun pressed her open mouth against the cheek, hair, neck, chin, and finally to the lips.

- Ever heard of destiny? "He whispered into her lips. As I looked I knew we were meant for each other.

Oh, Sinjun was good. Very good. Would you say that to all potential lovers?

"I have heard you're married.

He shrugged.

- And? You also have a husband. Neither seeks a lasting relationship. I have not seen my wife since the day we married. Ours is a marriage of convenience. What more do you want to know? If I love my wife? How can I love someone who fifteen years ago can not see?

His cruel words had a chilling effect.

"What a cold blood as you, my lord.

He smiled.

"Not so, I'm more practical. This marriage works well for both. As far as keeping his cool, I have intended to show you tonight that my blood is warm, not cold.

Christy looked at him. His features, as defined in shadows and angles, were marked by desire, and looked almost fierce, like a predator would have selected his prey and was ready to pounce on it. Now I knew how he felt cornered rabbit.

Sinjun's eyes were two pins of light when pressed her open mouth against hers. He felt a sudden chill started to Christy. I could feel the warmth of her body melting into his, and it was not an unpleasant sensation. Sinjun mouth was warm and soft, supple lips. The musky scent of her desire completely invaded, its flavor was a powerful aphrodisiac that made him lose his senses. That was not what he wanted from her husband Christy.

He kept kissing her constantly, stealing your breath and your legs turning to jelly. It was said that her husband was a master of seduction, but in his innocence, Christy thought she could resist her seductive wiles. It was clear that his experience with libertine left much to be desired. In fact, knew nothing of men like Lord Sin, or what made them behave that way. It was considered lucky to have escaped their attention over the past fifteen years.

Under the tutelage of the expertise of Lord Sin, Christy's lips were relaxed and felt

opened to him, how he returned the kiss with an exuberance that defies explanation. When she started to feel dizzy from lack of air, Sinjun abruptly retired from his lips and stared. A puzzled expression clouded his face.

Christy barely took a breath.

- Something happens?

"You kiss like a young innocent.

She blushed and looked away.

"I regret not please you.

"It's not that. I have only Sinjun curiosity led her to a padded bench, helped her and sat beside her. Tell me about your marriage.

Christy stared at her lap. It had never been good at lying and feared that his eyes were caught.

"My husband and I live quietly in a remote corner of Cornwall.

He felt the Sinjun scrutinizing gaze.

"But has left you come to the city. It is quite strange," muttered Sinjun. You said it was older than you. How old are you?

Christy thought the response carefully, hesitating between aged between fifty to eighty years to assign it to her husband's imagination. Finally opted for the eighties, for surely a man of that age was too old to have sex or to conceive a child.

"It's very old," said Christy. He has served eighty.

- Eighty! -The word came out like an explosion of Sinjun lips. What kind of parents force a young woman to marry a man of eighty years?

- Does it matter?

"I guess not.

Sinjun stroked her face with her knuckles and then slowly slid them up the neck to where the neckline of her dress was with the rounded top of her breasts. Christy held his breath sharply. No man had ever touched him there. But it escaped him that if Sinjun was to become his mistress, would play more intimate places.

- Do you like? He asked in sensual whisper.

She hesitated, then nodded nervously.

"Let's see if we can take off this dress of yours. Then I will show you the difference between an eighty year old man and another in its fullness. Have you had other lovers?

- Do other lovers? "Christy's voice squeaked. No ... I have not had other lovers.

Sinjun animal smiled.

"I am honored, my lady. Why have you chosen me to be the first?

"Because you're my husband!" Felt like screaming. But he said aloud was:

"Because I heard you're a man without principles, and I will ask more than I'm willing to give.

Sinjun stood still, apparently surprised by his harsh statement.

- Who told you that I have no principles?

Christy shrugged.

- Am I wrong?

Sinjun laughed without a trace of humor.

"Maybe you're right, my lady. My forte is to provide pleasure. If you want something

you take with a disappointment, because I can not offer or marriage or a permanent relationship.

"What a cocky chump. Too much even for an Englishman," he thought Christy.

"I'm married, so I'm not interested in a lasting relationship.

Sinjun smiled, pleased to learn that both looked the same.

"Then we agree. You go in search of pleasure, like me. You have chosen wisely, but it is wrong for me to say. Not disappoint you, my lady. Nobody cares much for the pleasure of a lady like me. I foresee a long and beneficial partnership for both. Now, said a drawling and slightly away from each other for their deft fingers unbutton the tiny buttons on the back of the dress, with regard to this dress, we have to take it off, like the rest of the clothes that you wear.

- Wait! Christy cried almost suffocating.

The word went through the red mist Sinjun desire, issuing a discordant note. He frowned, because the interruption had bothered him.

- What happens? Not what you're thinking better, right? It's too late for that. I'll go to say you're a tease having fun exciting the men ...

"No, not really. There ... there is something you should know before you ... before we start.

Sinjun nibbled her neck.

"I know all I want to know. You are soft, smell good and you're ready. And I want you. What else should I know?

"I'm ..." Her words cut off suddenly, and glanced toward the door. Someone's coming. Sinjun swore.

- Damn it! What bad luck!

He grabbed her hand and she ran into the door to leave the dark garden just seconds before another couple to the road. They hid behind a row of bushes as the pair disappeared into the greenhouse.

Sinjun looked at Flora and suddenly experienced a physical longing so profound that literally shook. Christy was so close I could feel the warmth of her body through the layers of clothing, and reacted in a somewhat surprising for a man of appetites satisfied. Sinjun not remember any other woman would have affected him so deeply. He thanked the dark, because he had gotten so hard as a rock, tight pants and they had not managed to hide anything.

"We can not do it here" she whispered. There is not enough privacy. I want to take my time with you. You deserve to be loved as it should. Where do you live?

It took so long to answer that Sinjun feared would reject.

"I rented a house in Belgrave Square.

Although Belgrave Square was not very fashionable in those days, was still a respectable place.

- A problem for you? Sinjun asked. Would you rather come to my bachelor rooms Grosvenor Square? We can not allow this to end well.

Sinjun again in his arms and placed it against his smooth crotch. He heard how she held his breath and was surprised at the panting of his own breathing. What the hell was happening? No woman, and there had been many, had pierced his self as Lady

Flora Randall.

"No," Christy whispered. It can not end well.

She could not return to Glenmoore without the son of Lord Derby in his bosom. Giving birth to the son of her husband was the only way to convince members of his clan that he had consummated their marriage and an heir could guarantee Glenmoore. So far he had managed to keep order among clans, but it had proved difficult. The Cameron and other clansmen wanted a male head. They wanted to Calum Cameron. After the death of his grandfather, when she became chief, members of the clan called loudly to annul their marriage is not consummated and marry one of their own. Although Lord Derby was the administrator of Glenmoore, Christy was still the chief of the MacDonalds, the Camerons, and the Ranald Mackenzie, a position coveted Calum Cameron.

But Christy did not want anything to do with Calum Cameron, the loudest of her suitors. He was accustomed to being the owner of his own life and would not respond to the authority of any man. As members of his clan knew she had gone to London to get the annulment of their marriage, but his real mission was to get pregnant Sinjun with the hope that the consummation of her marriage and a son silenced the voices of most critical of the clan.

And he intended to take place without being aware Sinjun was sleeping with his wife. I did not want no wife to bother him, and she did not want to bother him any husband. God knew that I felt no love for the English.

"Flora whispered Sinjun interrupting her thoughts, please do not leave me with the uncertainty. Where can we find? I have to see you again.

Leaving aside the doubts that beset, Christy gave the only possible response.

"Tomorrow night. At number forty-six of Belgrave Square. I will be waiting.

Slipped away from his arms and disappeared into the shadows. For better or for worse, it was done. Had sealed the course of their destiny, and whatever happened, would have to live with the result.

Chapter 2

A Christy hands trembled slightly when he inserted the key into the lock of his rented house. The door opened and she entered. Closed behind him and leaned against the door, breathing hard several times. He had not thought about the encounter with his distant husband would be a very traumatic experience. Although he was safe at home, still felt the warmth of your body energized, the force of his personality, the dark intensity of his gaze, and the overwhelming power of his desire.

Nothing I knew or had heard about the sensual nature of her husband had prepared for Lord Sin. Before coming to London, his fear was that lure could be a problem, but apparently had worried needlessly. With a fascination that Christy had impressed him had been launched to conquer when they set eyes on her. Departing from the door, Christy wondered how many women would have been unfortunate object of sensual charm of Lord Sin. Too many to count, to be sure.

Damn the man! He was married. Did not consciousness? "He had no moral? Seduce Women "was a game to him? It was clear that, yes, because he was very good. Christy

picked up the chandelier in the lobby had to light their way and headed for the stairs. When he reached the top landing, a door opened, revealing a large woman who was holding a bundle against his large breasts.

"You had to wait up," said Christy Margot straight towards women.

"I heard you coming. Have you seen him? Is that why you so late tonight? What happened? Have you recognized? Did you know him?"

Christy did not want to talk about his encounter with Sinjun, but his cousin owed a full explanation of what happened that night. Margot was aware of his plan from the beginning, but had serious doubts.

"Come to my room, Margot. I'll tell you what happened tonight as you help me undress.

Margot Christy followed her to her room with her eyes open wide with curiosity.

- Is Lord Derby to live up to its reputation?

"Absolutely, it's even worse," said Christy Margot muffled voice while he pulled the dress over her head. Do not know who I am, if that's what you're asking.

- Have you talked to him? "He showed interest in you?"

"More interest than could have imagined. Oh, Margot, is as beautiful as we had heard. Just remember anything about him except those dark eyes I can not forget.

"I remember you gave a couple of kicks during your wedding ceremony, and he took off the tongue. And at dinner after the wedding you refused to sit beside him. English called him a murderer.

Christy moaned. He had forgotten that part. No wonder he had not returned to Scotland to consummate the marriage.

"The truth is that tonight Sinjun has been behind me," confessed Christy as he climbed into bed. I guess it is because I am a new face, someone ready for seduction.

- Do you believe your lies?

Christy nodded solemnly.

"Everything points to yes.

"So when did it happen? Margot asked sharply. Want to see you again, right?"

Christy blushed, unable to handle the flood of emotions that crossed to think what would happen between her Sinjun and the next night.

"It's going to come here. Tomorrow night. Yes, he wants to see me again. It is a creature subject to lust. A hedonist who lives for pleasure. Everything we've heard tell of it pales in comparison to him.

- Are you sure this is what you want? Margot asked hesitantly. It's not too late to go Glenmoore.

Christy stubbornly denied it, causing a thick bundle of copper curls revolved around his head.

-No. It's too late to return. Would you like to see me married with Calum Cameron? Margot paled.

"No, I would.

"If you apply for annulment before the English courts, it may deny me. I'm not even sure Sinjun allow our union came to an end, because it seems like this marriage of convenience.

"Oh, yes," Margot replied sarcastically. And how rich is being done at the expense of our sweat.

"An absent husband is better than a husband to take me with an iron hand. At least Sinjun ignores me and lets me do what I please.

- And what about love, Christy? What if you meet someone you love?

The brightness vanished from the face of Christy.

"Love ... I do not know the meaning of that word. Is unlikely to find love in Glenmoore, and I will not serve me another Englishman on a silver platter.

"Then, is determined," said Margot, who seemed unconvinced that the option of Christy was correct.

"Yes. I'll finally consummate my marriage and no one, Calum, may put into question when he returns to the son of Sinjun in my belly.

"So be it," said Margot as she left the room.

Christy's brinkmanship disappeared along with his cousin. Although he had reviewed all countless times in recent months, still without being convinced of doing the right thing. It was not that he was committing a sin because her husband was legally Sinjun even though they had never lain together. Sleep with him make his marriage into something legal and binding. And Glenmoore needed an heir to the MacDonalds.

Those thoughts led to dangerous ground. The Sinjun carried think and what would happen the following evening. That unscrupulous libertine had not hidden the fact that he wanted, that would pursue to get what he wanted from his body.

Sinjun kisses were the first for her, and could not deny that he had liked. Maybe even too much. I could not forget that it was an Englishman, and the English had murdered his father and his brothers and had stolen their land. Christy's biggest fear was that Sinjun would claim more than their virginity. The only way to resist his charms, he said, was to keep reminding herself the unwelcome reputation of Lord Sin.

Sinjun returned home shortly after that Lady Flora disappeared into the darkness of the garden. He had searched inside and outside, but not surprised that it failed to find it. However, he had to make an effort not to follow her to her apartment. If she had not agreed to a meeting the next night, had laid aside all caution and had gone inside the house but had not invited. Such was the magnitude of his desire.

What possessed extraordinary beauty, Sinjun thought as she sat in the library of his house and poured a flask of brandy in a glass. I had everything I admired in a woman. And what was most important, was married and did not require anything. It seemed so virginal and innocent that it was difficult to believe she was a married woman who had tasted the passion.

Sinjun mocked himself. Of course that Lady Flora had not shown the passion. How could I meet a man of eighty years to a healthy young and full of life? She had admitted that he had no lovers, and Sinjun was determined to be the first. That thought caused him an instant and violent reaction. He grunted and shifted uncomfortably. The trousers were suddenly too tight, too narrow. I was looking forward to the next night. Lord Sin was not used to having to wait to satisfy their pleasure, and did not like the

feeling. I should have taken Lady Flora in the garden, but for the first time I wanted something more than a quick meeting. Before he returned with her husband, wanted to provide enough to pleasant memories that will last a lifetime. And if a lover is looking after him, wanted it from him would remember when it was an old woman. It was still hard and throbbing when put down the brandy and went to bed. Quickly undressed and lay face down, grumbling to see his erection refused to submit. It would be a long night, and one day even longer, he thought. He was not mistaken. That night, the image of Lady Flora took over their dreams, and the next day followed him when he was awake.

- What do I wear? Christy asked while rummaging in her wardrobe. Oh, Margot, is coming soon. I'm so nervous I can hardly think.

Margot crossed her arms over her generous chest and tapped his foot against the ground.

"Expect naked in bed, and I will take you to your bedroom," he said gruffly.

Christy gave him a look of censure.

"I'm serious, Margot. Help me choose something subtle, but not much. I want to impress without appearing bold.

Margot looked at her harshly.

"These really excited about this story, right?

Christy blushed and looked away.

"Do not be silly, Margot. I know enough to not think so. I'm nervous, that's all. This has to work. If I got pregnant in three months, I have no future. You know Calum will not rest until we control the clans swore allegiance to my grandfather and me. The son of Sinjun frustrate all the pleasures it has for me.

"Okay," sighed Margot. Put on your white chiffon dress with a fine combination and without corset. White makes you look young and innocent. It may be a good idea to adjust. You said you wanted to make a big impression, right?

Christy wrote a grin.

"Yes. Sinjun thinks I'm like him, a seeker of pleasure. I should promote that image of me. I fear that last night I behaved quite shameless. Have allowed me to take in the greenhouse if we had not been interrupted.

Margot stared at him.

"Mother of God, girl, that would have been a mistake. After possess, would have lost interest. You were very smart to restrain him. You'll have to use all your feminine wiles to get this libertine keep coming to you until you leave pregnant.

Margot Christy helped to put on white dress and then left. Christy thanked take time to be alone. He felt his stomach cramped by nerves and felt a strange and disturbing feeling that seemed to ebb and flow every time he thought of her husband. And if those uncomfortable feelings are not enough, there was still something more. He had a premonition that Sinjun disconcerting was more man than she would have bet.

Unfortunately, his experience with men leaves much to be desired. Sinjun was surely too intimidating. He remembered his kisses and his powerful masculine flavor. It was

too bright, too charming, a downright libertine.

Christy sat at the dressing table and ran the brush through your hair until golden reflections were accommodated between its coppery locks shone in the light of candles. He had decided to take it loose tonight instead of picking it up in an elaborate hairstyle. When he was home, was usually braids and allowed to fall and we hung loosely around the hips. But that was a special night. That night would become a woman. I had to put aside the restrictions that had handled his life and act like a slut for her husband.

Christy looked at his watch, he saw approaching the ten and a half and felt a wave of excitement through him. Too nervous to relax and began walking up and down, trying to silence the lies they should tell Sinjun to continue maintaining the charade.

When Sinjun heard the clock struck half past eleven, drained the last drops of brandy from the bottle and stood up. His intention was to wait until midnight, but that day so interminable had led to much wear. Tried to concentrate on business matters, but his head was elsewhere. Things like the delightful Lady Flora and pleasure that awaited him in his bed. His manhood was stirred in response to that thought, and hurried on to go to the front door. Pemburton, her butler, appeared with his hat and cane.

"I can not wait," said Sinjun Pemburton dismissing the servant with a nod. Probably arrive quite late.

"The carriage is waiting, my lord," replied dryly Pemburton.

"Okay. Good night, Pemburton.

"Good evening, my lord.

Pemburton turned around and left. His tall, stiff disappeared into the darkness of the house.

Anxious to meet the woman who had invaded his dreams and his day had become unbearable, Sinjun opened the door and left. Cursed under his breath when she saw the viscount Blakely addressed resolutely toward him.

"Oh, Sinjun, I see that you are out," greeted him Rudy. I arrive just in time. White's was the most boring night. But we can get a tour of the slums of the most sordid of the city.

"Not tonight," said Rudy Sinjun with an uncharacteristic impatience. ... I have an appointment to which I can not miss.

Rudy raised his blond eyebrows.

"No wonder you're the envy of high society. "Who is it tonight? "Lady Violet? A new conquest?

Seeing Sinjun silent, something unusual for him, Rudy slapped his thigh and crowed:

"My God, this is Lady Flora, right? I wondered where you would have gotten last night. The two disappeared together, leaned forward, although no one was around who could hear. What was it? It is certainly a tigress in bed, because otherwise they would not lose time with her.

Sinjun stiffened. For some strange reason, Flora lady wanted to talk about with anyone, not even with his good friend. His thoughts were too close, and their conquest too new to share.

"The nature of my date tonight," said Sinjun is private. He approached his car and then turned to ask Rudy, you want to drop you somewhere?

Rudy laughed.

"I love mysteries. I hope some day to tell me, Sinjun. Okay, let me in Brooks. Maybe I join any game of cards and increase my wealth a bit.

"Or you may lose more than you can afford," he murmured as he led his horses Sinjun to Pall Mall, where he concentrated most of the gentlemen's clubs. Brooks was stopped in St. James Street. As Rudy put his foot on the sidewalk, Sinjun cracked the reins against the horse's back. The creaking wheels spun and launched.

There were a few carriages in the street that impeded their progress while Sinjun headed towards Belgrave Square. He found the house of Lady Flora with some difficulty and had a moment of indecision when deciding whether to leave the car on the street or take it to the garage. In the garage, he decided as he led the horses toward the end of the street and got into a back alley. A strong and stable boy muscled out of the darkness with a candle aloft. He looked up and down Sinjun a disdainful smile curved his lips.

"I take care of her carriage, my lord. Sinjun watching said in a way that could only be described as disgust.

Sinjun not remember ever seeing this man, and asked the reason for his sullenness. When he warned the Scottish accent in the words of man, vaguely wondered where he would have found that Scottish Lady Flora. Since the battle of Culloden, the majority of Scots despised the English.

Sinjun jerked himself such thoughts while others appeared instead of the woman who was waiting inside the house. Perhaps, he thought, that love affair would be more entertaining than others who had been in the past. Although he had trouble admitting it, fly from adventure to adventure was becoming a chore. But changing your lifestyle at the time it seemed rather absurd. Neither was ready to claim his Scottish wife, who no doubt despised him. No, I wanted nothing to do with his wife, though he appreciated the fact you can use your marriage as an excuse to maintain their lifestyle. Meet the mysterious Lady Flora had been an invigorating experience, thought Sinjun. Beating the competition, the thrill of the chase, the excitement of the catch and carry her to bed, all blended to give the game more interesting.

Sinjun came to the door and up the steps and knocked modestly with his knuckles. A tall, young Sinjun thought it was the maid opened the door almost instantly. She wore a chandelier with candles. The light illuminated her face and figure, and could not avoid becoming Sinjun dumbfounded by the extent of her breasts, the brilliance of her red hair and freckles that had many scattered freely through the nose. The woman said nothing while accompanying him inside and immediately began to climb the stairs, looking back once to make sure Sinjun followed.

To his dismay, he felt Sinjun hardened in anticipation of pleasurable hours you spend in bed thinking of Lady Flora. The fact that she had chosen to be his first lover found it invigorating, and his manhood had never been so powerful.

The maid arrived at the landing platform and continued to advance down the corridor, stopping before a closed door. Once called, made a nod to Sinjun head and then turned

to disappear into another room, plunging the hall into darkness. Sinjun grabbed the handle with one hand. He turned and opened the door. Instantly entered and closed behind him.

His eyes scanned the room hidden in search of the voluptuous figure she remembered well the night before. He could see nothing beyond the circle of light that provided a flickering flame placed on the bedside table. He stared at the empty bed, open so inviting. The nostrils were opened to capture the intriguing scent of her perfume, the very essence that he had seen the night before, when his arms and kissed into submission. Roses accompanied by a subtle touch of something that belonged only to this lady.

- My lady? Where are you? "Her voice hoarse with desire, a desire as he had not felt in a long time.

She stepped into the puddle of light, and sighed deeply Sinjun. The lady was a feast for the eyes. She was dressed in something white and filmy, demure and yet sexy, so fine you could see through the combination of clothing and beneath him.

The nipples were plainly visible, two dark peaks culminating creamy mounds more tempting than the finest wine. Sinjun gaze slid down toward the incredibly narrow waist, hips, gently curved, and continued to fall from the pale and bright stylized thighs to the ankles. Suddenly he looked up again towards the thighs and the dark triangle that housed the mountain of the young. The wail of Sinjun started in her belly and roared through his chest.

- God! You are more beautiful than I had dared to imagine, "he put his hand below the waist. Have been all day rock hard thinking about tonight, "Sinjun opened his arms. Come to me, my goddess.

Christy exceeded the sudden attack of fear and went into his arms. I had not thought the whole day in nothing but how would that night and could not be compared with reality. That was his wedding night, whether Sinjun was conscious or not. Then he shook his arms and his initial fear was swallowed up by other more powerful feelings. She looked up at him, to intersect with the challenge of his eyes, and was not breathing. He looked down and, without saying a word, looked up offering the lips. He took them, framing the face with his hands while his lips were fused. Sinjun boldly pressed his groin against the cradle of her thighs. He slid his hands down, boldly marking the outline of her ass. She covered his hands and gently massaged. Christy tensed and then relaxed as he remembered why he was there and what Sinjun intended to do with it. The heat expanded, blushing skin while their bodies are mixed in one. He felt the hard evidence of his desire, he felt a strong member pressing against her belly. Sinjun pressed against each other for a long time, kissing, slowly awakening passions that Christy did not know existed. He closed his eyes and plunged into another wave of feeling as the language of Sinjun sank inside her mouth. She was moaning softly as he stopped kissing her and picked her up. He was so dazed he could barely think, much less to link coherent words.

In an effort to regain the trial, Christy recalled that it was not supposed to be enjoying it, but her body betrayed her again while Sinjun done with his mouth. The provocative caress of his tongue, holding that it was slowly putting on his mouth, sent a wave of

warmth to her veins. The strength of their combined desire to jump. Moments later he was lying on the bed fully clothed with Sinjun placed above her, his face dark and fierce, his eyes like two lakes of liquid fire to boil. A dizzying desire caused him weigh his legs and slowed her senses.

He did not resist when gently Sinjun gave back and nimble fingers worked quickly to release the closure of the dress. He was good at doing that, Christy thought faintly.

A master of seduction.

Those unspoken words echoed through his head, returning suddenly to reality. Lord Sin was a libertine without remorse, and should remember that it was just another conquest for him. A woman I go to bed and then leave after he had lost his mind for him, or when she was tired of it, the first thing to happen. But Christy was decided early on to protect your heart against the seductive charm of Lord Sin. What she wanted from Sinjun had nothing to do with the heart and was not in his plans to abandon the path to be followed to achieve this objective. Allow Sinjun needed seduce her, she reminded herself. And certainly not something she would enjoy.

Unfortunately, his body refused to hear his head.

Christy was painfully aware of the hardness of the muscles of your body. Of how her nipples rested on his chest. Sinjun how controlled the tension of his passion, waiting to unleash. Should have been scared, but did not.

Christy jumped startled when Sinjun away the bodice of her dress and pulled the tape that held his shirt. As the end came loose and pulled the dress Sinjun and combination to bring them down to her waist and breasts stare as if he saw early in his life. A nervous laugh escaped him from the lips at the incongruity of that thought.

Sinjun's eyes rose from her breasts to intersect with yours.

- Did you have fun, my lady? You think I'm stupid?

"Oh, no, my lord," protested Christy. You're not funny or awkward.

He raised his eyebrows.

"I hope that before our meeting comes to an end I find fascinating. I would hate to remember me as someone boring.

Christy swallowed. "Lord Sin, bored? Were more likely to precipitate the moon on the ground before anyone could consider a type boring Lord Sin.

"I get bored, my lord," Christy was surprised to think he said quite seriously.

He touched her breasts, patting.

"My name Sinjun.

She felt how her breasts swelled up and put on hard while the fingers of Sinjun closed on them. When his mouth to a nipple pointy, already painfully sensitive, and it sucked, Christy heaved a sigh between clients. The language of Sinjun slipped around that ridge hardened, creating a flow and ebb that destroyed his senses.

"Oh ...

- Do you like sweet Flora?

- What ... if I like? "I loved it. Yes, I like it.

- Your husband and excites you?

She blushed and looked away.

"It's very old.

"I need to see whole Sinjun said as he pulled the dress and the combination below the hip.

He felt a wave of heat when Sinjun threw the clothes on the floor and stared at his body, now naked except for the white silk stockings subject over the knees with white ribbons. He felt that he liked what he saw, because he darkened eyes with an intensity that she brought throb harder and faster heart. Sinjun Then he removed his shoes and stockings down her legs.

Sinjun felt his control fell apart. There were strips were removed and had thrown aside with stockings. It felt like an animal cursed with the instinctive need to cross, feverish with desire, despair. His body was rigid, tense with excitement, eager to partake of this feast prepared tantalizingly before him. Releasing a growl of impatience, took off his coat, undid the knot of his tie and unbuttoned white shirt with such haste that the buttons flew in all directions. Fell on the ground boots and pants and socks followed them instantly. He turned back to Flora and frowned when he saw that his eyes were closed and tight.

"You need not be afraid of anything, honey. I know I am probably bigger than your husband, but I swear that I will do you harm.

Christy opened her eyes slowly, very slowly, then closed them quickly, very quickly. What he had seen in those few seconds was more exciting than disturbing. Sinjun was abundantly endowed look where to look. Its slender body showed powerfully muscled in the right places. The broad chest, slim waist, narrow hips, strong thighs. Although he tried not to look at the point where his manhood was raised on a nest of coarse dark hair disheveled, he could not look away from there. It was a wonderful thing.

Everything I had imagined it must be a man and then some.

"Open your eyes, Flora, her voice a seductive purr, shot through with devastating effect. Her eyes suddenly. Miramar, Florida. I'm not an old man. I'm young, vigorous and able to give you pleasure. That is the reason why I have invited into your bed, right?

Unable to say anything coherent, Christy nodded. That seemed to be the only stimulus that Sinjun needed to kneel on the bed and bent over her. The dark hair fell over his forehead, adding to its casual appeal, while his head down and licked her nipples. That's pure pleasure taken by surprise and let out a groan from his lips. He tried to remember that it was not supposed to be enjoying it, but his mind was too confused to think.

His cry must like it, because he looked up and smiled her predator. Then he kissed her. The kiss was rough and sharp with desire. Sinjun lips were hard, devouring; raided his and demanded a response. Christy tried to protect his enthusiasm, aware that it was just another woman in a long list of conquests Sinjun, but the man was too persuasive, too experienced to allow him to remain passive. Without being aware of it around her neck, arms and opened his mouth to explore their subtle language. He knew sin, danger, dark pleasure.

Christy's heart was pounding, I rang in the ears, drowning out reason. After an eternity, Sinjun lips left his and wandered down, looking for a more intimate territory. She hummed a soft melody, knowing that I had never heard the sounds that emerged

from his throat. Sinjun kisses ignited a fiery way to her breasts, and then stopped to rest his head on the underside of his belly. When she felt his breath so close to its inner corner, sat up abruptly.

- No, Sinjun! "His warm breath stirred the bright curls that covered her mound. Terrified by the sensations he was arousing in her, Christy grabbed her hair. Sinjun looked up and smiled.

- Do you like?

"I ... never ... I mean ...

'I understand. This is new to you. Okay, if you insist, I will. But I swear that I will soon beg you to indulge more deeply.

Christy let out a shaky breath. Was not prepared for the kind of persuasive intimacy Sinjun required. He knew what was going on between a man and a woman, how they carried out the sexual act, but what Sinjun wanted was sinful, evil, unthinkable.

Christy's relief was short lived. Sinjun bowed his head and kissed her there, between the legs. Christy felt a jolt of something so intense that defied description. Then quickly, he lifted the body to place it completely over him. Breast to breast, thigh against thigh, her neck probe without mercy between your legs.

Christy Sinjun stirred uncomfortable when its slippery head inserted in the narrow passage of her femininity and pushed relentlessly. She bit her tongue to drown the groans of pain that arose spontaneously on his lips. Sinjun sank deeper and suddenly became very quiet, with closed eyes and a dazed expression.

- Are you a virgin!

Christy knew he would realize. A man of experience Sinjun knew everything there was to know about women.

"Yes, does that matter?

Sinjun then thought for a moment and decided that if it did not matter to him either. But the lady owed an explanation. Although not now in any case. It was too hard, too eager, too hot to waste time on lengthy explanations. His response was to bend the hips and across the barrier that protected his innocence.

Christy screamed and sat up, dug her nails into his shoulders.

"Sorry, but there is no way Sinjun whispered softly, caressing voice. I promise that soon improve.

He moved his hips slowly, allowing time to become accustomed to its size. Never in her wildest fantasies, had dreamed deflower a virgin. Although he liked to be the first for her. He retired, is flexed and settled deeper into the interior. I was pretty sore self, was testing its ability to restriction. But he had promised to give him pleasure, and Lord Sin always performed. Never in his life had left a woman unsatisfied.

Sinjun up a prayer of gratitude when he felt the first tentative answer to Flora. His forehead and beads of sweat dripped her eyes. Her teeth were so tight that it hurt the jaw, and was so near the end that he feared would collapse.

"Oh, honey, that's it, encouraged her. Move me. Feel it, live it, flow with it.

Sinjun the rammed hard and was rewarded with the subtle movement of the hips of Flora. Now nothing could stop him. Pushed and retreated inside and out, again and again. She was responding wonderfully, was as passionate as I had imagined. His

quiet and enthusiastic shouts sounded like music to your ears, your short and panting moans were a gift from the gods.

Sinjun was losing control. He felt a tingling through the body with the start of their climax. Looked at the woman who writhed under him and was deeply gratified when he saw that it was also about to arrive. His eyes were glassy and his mouth open panting light escaped. Sinjun smiled and focused on the goal they were about to achieve.

"You're with me, baby. You're almost there. Do not hold back. Oh, God, I am ... I can not ...

He heard her scream his name, thought her body was contracting, he noticed how his narrow passage pressed around him, and threw Sinjun spurts his seed. Reached ecstasy with a flurry of body and spirit so intense and profound that defied description. I had always enjoyed the games associated with sex: the prosecution, seduction, the final possession ... but he had never experienced anything so amazing. "Lady Flora possessed mysterious powers that transcended mere earthly pleasures? Something as sublime as what we had just experienced could not be considered in this world. If it had been a poet, I would have described as a moment inspired by Heaven.

Chapter 3

Her eyes were closed. His head rested on his shoulder. Sinjun stared with curiosity. What was it that was so familiar in it? Nothing in the mysterious Lady Flora sense. He had enjoyed it immensely and knew that he had given pleasure despite his innocence. Why her, a married lady, was still a virgin?

That puzzled him, but did not let him out of his path. There were many things I wanted to teach. It looked with delight every night to come, where they could explore together all the nuances of sexual pleasure. That idea sparked in him an instant resurgence of desire, and grunted his way through his lips.

She must have felt how hardened against his body, because blinked and looked at him. Sinjun smiled wisely.

"The night is still young and I'm hungry.

- Are you hungry? My maid has gone to bed, but if you can raid the kitchen.

Sinjun's smile became wider.

"You're really innocent, right? I usually prefer experienced women, because they tend to demand things that I can not or am not willing to give, but you assume a refreshing change. Why do not you tell me you were a virgin? Is everything you told me a lie? Is there really a husband?

"Yes, there is a husband. It ... is powerless and can not work in bed or make me a child. You need an heir and accept what I'm doing. He insisted that I come to town, find a man who liked me and ... well, he knows that having a child would make me happy, and I care about my happiness.

Sinjun stared without leaving their amazement. Were there really men like that Flora had just described? Could there be a man so desperate for an heir to encourage your wife to let another man's pregnant? If he was the husband of Flora, would never go to

bed with another man too old or decrepit that it was or how badly he needed an heir. "What a gentleman on his part. I would not be so generous if you were my wife. On the other hand, drawing her to him said, "I'm quite happy with the decision you've made. I have curiosity to know why I have chosen me. "I can dare to hope to be the only man for whom you have been drawn?"

"You can have no hope," said Christy sharply. As I explained last night, I had heard you were a man without principles, so I assumed that I would claim anything in case I got pregnant as a result of our adventure. While it is true that the fact that you were physically attractive also helped. And you're married, "continued Christy," just like me, so you're not interested in commitment or a lasting relationship. When I return with my husband, as I do, you will not have trouble finding a new lover. Men like you only want occasional adventures, right? "

"This conversation is out of place," growled Sinjun. The description that he had made him seem callous and shallow. In all my life had met a woman, and there have been many, he became my lover for the reasons you just explained. I think you just insulted. "And I think I've only told the truth. In addition, I want the terms of our adventure are abundantly clear.

Sinjun froze. His insult was kindled his anger.

- What exactly are these words, my lady, apart from wanting to take my son to Cornwall with you and pass by the stem of your husband? What we have to share this evening indicates that we are well supported. You are very passionate, whether you realize it or not, and if you want to get pregnant, who am I to discourage you? If you just tell me what it's for real, I love you just for me. I want to be my lover.

Christy looked at him solemnly. That relationship was prospering more quickly than expected. A perverse inner devil led to ask:

- I'll be loyal for the duration of our adventure?

- Is that what you want?

"Those are my conditions.

If Sinjun was faithful during the three months that she would remain in the city, Christy had a suspicion that was to be his longest period of loyalty since she got married.

"Okay, I accept your terms. But they are also valid for you. I'll be your only lover for the duration of our alliance, and do not sleep with any man. Do you rent a house for you or is it sufficient to yours? I hope to accompany me to social events, of course. And allow me to visit you whenever you feel the desire to do so.

Sinjun smiled.

"And speaking of desire.

Christy grabbed her hand and took her to his groin.

- Do you see what I mean? I do not remember when was the last time a woman excited me so quickly. You are delightfully different from all the women I've met, my lady.

Christy received his words with skepticism. A libertine Sinjun recognized as probably tell you what all the women he was sleeping. Disengaged charm from every pore, Christy had a sneaking suspicion that it would be able to seduce the wallpaper to loosen, and it could get any woman to take off their skirts to spend just one of those

captivating smiles own. His thoughts were dashed when he bowed his head and kissed her.

Sinjun slid his tongue over his lips and Christy opened to him immediately, getting his tongue with it, feeling hopelessly trapped in that net of seduction. With a sigh of capitulation, surrendered to his love.

Christy learned many things from her husband that night. He learned that he was a perfectionistic as referring to sexual matters. Left nothing by halves. Was delivered with enthusiasm and passion, and demanded the same of her. There could have been content if I wanted, because Sinjun not have allowed it. With your hands, mouth and tongue, gave him more pleasure than she ever believed possible. And during the long hours before dawn, taught to please him in ways never imagined Christy.

As night turned into a new day, Sinjun out of bed and dressed in the gray light of dawn.

"The dance of Ravensdale is the first major event of the season," he said. Wear something appropriate tonight. I boast of you in front of society. I'll be the envy of London when it enters the dance with you in the arm.

"You're always the talk of the town," said Christy dryly. I'll wear a mask, of course.

"As you wish. I guess most women will, because it is the fashion-Sinjun leaned over and touched her lips to his. But remember that you belong to me, and I defend my possessions jealously.

Christy stiffened. Gross often arrogant, he thought coldly. He was possessive of all women except one. His own wife. I expected no less of an Englishman. Hoped to support his arrogance during the time he needed to become pregnant. As to his way of making love, could endure throughout life, but hated to admit it. He had not wanted to enjoy it, but what woman with blood in the veins may remain indifferent to a man so sexy and experienced as Lord Sin? While Christy's experience was limited, had serious doubts that there is any man who could make the competition as a fabulous lover.

"I pick at ten," continued Sinjun when there was silence between them. I trust that you have not thought of dancing until dawn, because I doubt that can wait that long to re-possess.

Christy swallowed a sour response and forced a smile.

-You do not have to worry, my lord. I'm yours ... until the day we parted.

"Yes," replied in a hoarse whisper Sinjun full of desire. As you say, my lady, you are mine.

He returned to brush her lips with yours. Then she covered her breasts with her hands and kissed both nipples.

Her eyes were blackened and burning and strongly marked features on the sharp contours of the cheeks. His words startled her hungry and fierce. Would all men a sexual charge as powerful as her husband? Look to every single thing in women? Many men had watched with desire, but nothing I had experienced could compare to the power of the hungry gaze of Lord Sin. He was devoured by her, as if her bones melted. What had been naive to think that could emerge unscathed from this adventure without your heart is damaged.

"Goodbye, sweet Sinjun Flora whispered on the lips. Until tonight.

"Yes, until tonight," she whispered.

Taking leave happily with his hand, Sinjun left the room. Christy waited to hear his footsteps descending the stairs before jumping out of bed. As he set foot on the ground, he repented of his haste. I hurt all the bones in the body, though not unpleasant, and the trouble between his muscular legs attested to the success of his plan to seduce her husband. Only there was one thing that worried him. Was it the seductive or seduced?

I kept turning the head to the thought as she pulled a shawl and approached the window. He drew back the curtain just in time to see out of the alley Sinjun directing their steeds down the street.

Christy moved away from the window the moment the door opened and Margot made its appearance. The environments look slid his cousin Christy, checking its state with an expert eye.

- Are you okay, girl? Do not hurt, right? If so, I will serve his testicles on a platter.

Christy suppressed a grin. He loved his cousin, but at times could become overwhelmed. It was only a few years older than Christy, but Christy Margot had been with since the two women lost their fathers and brothers in the battlefield of Culloden. Margot's mother died shortly afterwards, and the old Angus took Margot to raise her with Christy. Together, she and the somewhat cautious Margot, had conceived the plan that had brought them to London.

-Sinjun not hurt me, Margot. Quite the contrary. However, I am a little sore. I could use a hot bath.

"I take care of it," said Margot. Rory can rev you up the cubes. It would be nice to do something useful while I'm here. God knows that lazy brute has hardly anything to do in the garage.

"Complain all you want to Rory, but I'm glad he agreed to come with us. We could not make the long journey from Scotland without him. He's a guy in which you can trust.

"You're the head of the clan and he would do anything for you. You'd better, if you know what's good," added Margot. I promised that I will return to his wife when Glenmoore. Rory likes pigs as little English as any genuine inhabitant of the Highlands. We will continue the current in what you tell the clan when you return to Glenmoore. Now I'm going to get that brute of the garage.

Moments later, a disgruntled Rory was carrying the wooden tub and placed in front of the fireplace. To Christy was obvious that Rory was angry about something and thought it best to go straight to the point.

- What happens to you, Rory? Are you mad at me?

"Not for me to tell our boss what to do but entertain the English is unworthy of you, Christy MacDonald. You're a married woman.

-A married woman whose husband does not even know what aspect I have," she said. It is what I'm doing, Rory. Someday you'll understand, but until then I ask you to trust me.

- And what about English? Rory growled.

Christy sighed. There was nothing. Rory had to tell enough to maintain their loyalty.

"English is my husband, Rory. I do not know and I will not say who I am.

Rory stared until finally seemed to understand what had just said. Then she smiled.

- You're sleeping with your own husband! -Narrowed eyes. Ah, I who smelled something strange here.

"There's nothing you should worry, Rory, everything will be fine. My intention is that when we return to Glenmoore me to do with the heir to Derby in my belly. That should silence the voices calling for an end to my marriage unconsummated and married with Calum Cameron.

"There are some who say that your marriage is not legal English, girl.

Christy lifted her chin defiantly.

"That's not true. My marriage is legal in all aspects of the word, but Lord Derby is not aware of it.

"You will not tell," said Rory dedicating a slow smile. That bastard does not deserve anything else.

"As far as Sinjun is concerned, I am Lady Flora Randall of Cornwall and am married to a viscount old man who can not conceive an heir and has given permission for his wife to become pregnant. And now that I know, "I can rely on me to secrecy, Rory MacDonald?

"You can entrust your life, girl. For that I offered to come to London with you, "Margot and swelled his chest. Margot is going to become my wife, I could not let this corrupt city were walking alone, right?

-Accounts with my gratitude, Rory. Hopefully we can return to Glenmoore before the first snow fall.

"The sooner, the better for me," Rory muttered as he left the room to fetch water to fill the tub.

"And for me too," Christy whispered under his breath. Before I was sure I could handle a man as Sinjun, but he was wrong. No woman could be prepared to deal with a rogue so sensual and wickedly charming as Lord Sin.

Her kisses left her breathless. His expert hands shattered his resistance, and their kind words, but very little truth locked up, made her want things Sinjun was not willing to share with any woman. Things that only a husband could give his wife.

But Sinjun not want a wife. While recalling that Christy continued, would be safe. But at the moment to forget that Sinjun had slept with countless women during the years he had been married, was in danger of losing his head over it.

Sinjun returned to his bachelor quarters, bathed and ordered a breakfast that could have very well fed three healthy men. He did not remember ever having been so hungry for those early morning hours. He took the last bite of her eggs with kidneys, drank a cup of coffee and leaned back, satisfied. Then, as I had nothing urgent to do that morning, he returned to his room to lie down. The previous night had barely slept, and today, if you depended on him, promised again to be a sleepless night.

She closed her eyes and imagined as Flora had seen just hours ago. Men poems dedicated to beauty like yours, and all men, had given him the gift of his innocence. Never before have I met a married virgin and had to admit he was impressed. No

matter how tired he was, was the innocence of Lady Flora incredibly exciting. Sinjun frowned as he remembered exactly what she expected it, but it turned away from that thought. Why should he allow his conscience to bother him if he had never ceased to be that way? If your husband was willing to go to his son by Randall in case you get pregnant, so be it. If last night could be used as an indicator, its association with the lady was going to be immensely satisfying for both.

With delicious thoughts of his new mistress, dancing in his head, fell asleep Sinjun. A few hours later he woke up suddenly when all of a sudden someone came into her bedroom without knocking on the door and shook it to wake up. Sinjun sat disoriented and looked for his gun to dispatch this invisible enemy.

- Damn, Sinjun, wake up!

Sinjun shook his head to dismiss the last dregs of sleep and frowned at the man who stood before him.

"Damn, Julian, what's wrong? It is not polite to break into the bedroom of a man and so frighten him.

"As long as the head of the family, I have the right to do what I please. Moreover, the concern is noon-clouded brow. Are you sick? Why are you in bed?

Julian Thornton, the elder brother of Sinjun and fifth Earl of Mansfield, was as handsome as him. But if it was strange that Sinjun find a man who did not feel good or a woman who could not love, Julian was quieter, had more selective tastes. He took very seriously their responsibilities as head of household, ie Sinjun and younger sister Emma, and even more seriously its duties to the country.

Julian was a mystery to people who knew him. Disappeared for long periods of time and did not tell anyone why or where it went. As Sinjun had a full and satisfying life, it would ask his older brother about his mysterious comings and goings. Simply accepted it as part of the private life of his brother, but was worried about Julian.

Despite his brusque manner, among them was a closeness that people admired.

"I'm in perfect health, thank Sinjun said as he rose naked out of bed and threw up his robe. What should the pleasure of this visit? You're not going to go away again to one of your trips, right? I do not think Emma likes the idea. Now she is very lonely.

"Right now I'm not going anywhere," said Julian. And it would be nice if you give yourself to Emma a little attention. Only God knows what kind of trouble gets when I'm out. It's too old to have a babysitter and too young to go around without a proper chaperon. I hired a maid to accompany you when you leave, but Emma disobeys my authority as possible. I do not know what to do with it.

- Is that why you came? You are the head of household. Emma You have more authority over me.

"No, Emma is not the reason why I am here, although we should talk about it. You will need your guidance when I was forced to leave again.

Sinjun laughed.

- Are you sure I'm the right person to ensure the welfare of our sister? If I remember correctly, you do not approve of my lifestyle.

Julian clasped her hands behind her back and started walking. He frowned and looked worried when he stopped abruptly and turned to look at Sinjun.

"Your excesses are the talk of the town, Sinjun. No woman is safe around you. Go get your wife to Scotland. It's time to feel the head.

Sinjun sighed.

- Who has complained this time? How much will it cost? I swear, Julian, do not waste my time with innocent, and to my knowledge, none of my lovers has conceived a bastard.

Lady Flora Sinjun thought and blushed. She wanted to conceive a child by him and return with her husband. For the first time, that idea made him feel uncomfortable. He had always been careful not to spill his seed inside of her lovers. But if Flora conceived, that child would not be a bastard. It would become the heir to a title and it would be very dear. Does not that meant that everything was OK? Why in the world now had to call attention to its conscience?

"Thank God for that," said Julian lifted skyward fascinating dark eyes. The reason for my visit is important, Sinjun, but this time it has nothing to do with your dissolute lifestyle. This morning I received a letter from your administrator in Glenmoore along with its quarterly report. There is discomfort in the clans loyal to MacDonald. They have refused to pay their quarterly taxes and rents. Sir Oswald says he is afraid of demanding payments because they have threatened to kill him.

- Damn it! What is supposed to I have to do about it?

"It's your land, your wife, your people. Have you taken advantage of its benefits over the years, so go there and find out what is happening. I have always considered income and taxes are more reasonable.

Lady Flora Sinjun thought and felt disinclined to leave so quickly after finding it. He was too delighted with her and abandon the other.

"Maybe he does, Julian, but not now. I ... Damn! In case you want to know, I have a new lover and simply do not want to leave yet. She is ... I can not explain it, but Lady Flora is ... special. There has never been another like her.

Julian grunted in exasperation.

"That's what you said in your last three lovers. I tell you truly, Sinjun, if you take care of your possessions you'll be sorry. The army has seventeen years ruling the Highlands under strict military rule, and there is growing resentment. It is time to reclaim your wife and consummate the marriage. You should have done years ago.

- You want me to lie down with the red devil and full of freckles? Sinjun cried. Surely you remember how awful it was. I want nothing to do with it, Julian. Let the soldiers of King George the rebels manage your clan. That's what the army.

"No rebel will show if you showed up there from time to time to raise your own income and remind them that you are the husband of her boss.

"Surely you're right, Julian. But I can not leave here yet. You will understand when you meet my new lover. Maybe in a few months feel otherwise.

Julian raised one of his dark eyebrows.

"Knowing your history with women, I predict that you will grow tired of it within a week.

"Do not play the Puritan me, Julian. You're no angel. After the death of your fiancée did not show any interest in settling down and marry another woman. You have been

linked to at least a dozen women, from innocent girls to lonely widows. You never stay in one place long enough to settle down with one of them. What games are you stuck dangerous, Julian? Your mysterious comings and goings worry me. And Emma is uneasy. Count not want to become, you know, so take care.

Julian grabbed the shoulder of his brother.

"Do not worry about me, Sinjun. It is you who makes me uneasy. I do what I can think of. Do you promise unless you travel to Scotland and you giddy when that ye break? Sinjun stiffened.

"Flora is no frivolous. She's a lady, and was a virgin until she gave me. And yes, I promise I'll take care of my affairs when Lady Flora returns with her elderly husband. Julian looked at him in amazement.

- A virgin married? I bet that's a story worth hearing. If that's the most I can expect from you, then go ahead.

- Are you going dancing tonight Ravensdale? Everyone who is anyone will be there.

"Yes, I'm going to go with Emma. You can introduce to your new lover.

"Okay, but only if you promise you will not try to take it away with your charms.

Julian laughed.

"It is unlikely that any woman, I prefer to me before you. I'm very uninteresting, went to the sideboard and poured himself a brandy.

Sinjun assessed him with a glance.

"If you were not so dark and dismal'd have women at your feet.

Julian raised his glass to Sinjun.

"A libertine in the family is the limit that the good society can tolerate, raised the glass to his lips and drained it to the end. Well, I have to go. I have been with Lord Finchley in the stock market. See you tonight.

Sinjun stared at his brother, wondering why Julian had not been married or had settled down. Of course, in physical appearance did not show any deficiency. There was something dark and dangerous in July that attracted women. Needless to say, was that Sinjun would not want a man like him an enemy. But as a brother, there was none better.

The rest of the day passed too slowly for the taste of Sinjun. I was looking forward to see Flora, could not remember ever having been thus excited by any woman. There was something in it, something I could not discern clearly, but that made her different from other women he knew.

That night, Sinjun order placing the coat of arms of the Derby in the carriage, to be perfectly visible. I wanted everything to be perfect during his first public appearance with his new lover. When the driver took him to Belgrave Square, Sinjun I was hoping that the evening had come to an end. I could not wait to have the sweet body of Flora just for him.

Output of that night, Christy chose a dress made of cloth of gold, silk wash consciously avoiding that would lead most women. The dress, cinched at the waist, the sleeves had fallen, which left her bare shoulders and allowed a tantalizing vision of the

creamy top of her breasts. Hoop skirts that had been placed under the dress added volume to the skirt. Christy had never been anything so fine, and thought it was money well spent. While at home, his usual costume was a kilt easier for MacDonald. "You're all a vision," Margot sighed as she put the finishing touches on Christy's hair. You'll leave you breathless in this scoundrel with whom you are married. Make him fall in love with you, Christy. That will serve as a lesson to this evil.

"I do not love Christy Sinjun-argued. I just want your child.

Margot gave him a sharp look.

"But be sure not to be you who fall in love with him, girl.

"Never fear, Margot. My heart is safe from men like Lord Sin.

Margot came soon after to wait for Sinjun. When Christy heard the murmur of the voice of his wife at the foot of the stairs a few moments later, his heart gave a curious turnaround. He had all day waiting for his arrival, and now that it was time he was overrun by emotion. It was not supposed to feel anything for Sinjun, he said annoyed. The very scoundrel had slept with half the women in London without thinking for a moment the wife he had abandoned.

Then he opened the door and entered the room Margot.

"We are here, Christy. Are you ready?

Christy took a deep breath the air and nodded as Margot walked past to go to the lobby. Sinjun saw waiting at the foot of the stairs. I was so incredibly handsome Christy forgot to breathe. He noted the rapid assessment and the fierce look of desire that hardened his face and knew he had pleased. When Sinjun sensuous mouth curved into a smile Christy renewed his pledge to harden his heart against him, not losing. Apparently felt that it was not enough to wait for her at the foot of the stairs, ran up Sinjun halfway to receive it. He offered her his arm and fell together. They came down, and Christy screamed in surprise when his arms and kissed her soundly. After exploring deeply the mouth, away from it and gave him a mischievous smile.

"Sorry, darling, could not wait. I've been thinking all day long kiss, "I caught his arm. Are you a shawl?

Margot emerged from the dark confines of the house with a fringed shawl and a half mask. Sinjun passed the shawl around her shoulders and gave him the mask. Then he led her to the carriage and helped her to enter. He sat beside her, so close that his masculine scent wrapped in a haze of sensuality. Christy breathed his colony with satisfaction and beneath that subtle musk scent recalled in detail the night before and knew he would retain in the memory long after they split.

"You are to eat Sinjun whispered pulling her to the curve of her body. Today I will taste you whole. You are the most tempting morsel that I had the privilege of meeting, Lady Flora. I predict a long and mutually successful partnership.

"Until I go back to Cornwall," he recalled Christy. I can not stay in town forever. ... My husband is waiting for me at home.

"Yes, with a baby in your womb. You cross that bridge when we find him, "murmured Sinjun brushing his cheek with his lips.

Christy did not offer any response. Fortunately it was not necessary, because the car had stopped in front of the façade of the spacious mansion of Ravensdale. Christy put

the mask and waited for the driver of the carriage down the stairs. Sinjun first down and helped out.

"I'm looking forward to showing off you," murmured when they entered the huge hall and up the stairs toward the ballroom. Tonight I'll be the envy of the world.

They stopped at the threshold of the entrance. Christy felt like a fish out of water when everyone stopped what he was doing to stare. Some murmurs discrete and not so Sinjun followed while it had the host and hostess. Christy had attended several public dances since his arrival in the city, but this was his first event held by members of high society. Being in the same room with so many British pigs to her stomach. Much wanted to be back in Glenmoore, strolling through the hills and glens and wild and free riding into the wind on the back of his favorite mare.

Unfortunately, I could not conceive of Glenmoore heir in Scotland. And to know and to seduce Sinjun had to move by their own circles.

Sinjun led her to the dance area and then met with the crowd at the buffet table.

"There's Julian Sinjun said waving a tall, handsome man who had just entered the room. Lord Mansfield is my brother. It's something severe, but nice guy.

Christy stared at the man who walked hurriedly towards them and felt a moment of panic. He wanted to flee from there, but would have been too obvious. If admitted, was lost.

-Sinjun, afraid he would not find so many people.

- Where is Emma?

"He went to Amelia Ravensdale to exchange gossip. Will you introduce me to your ... friend?

"Of course. Julian, meet Lady Flora Randall. Flora, this is my brother, Lord Mansfield. Do not worry about his expression twisted, always.

Christy nodded and bowed. He remembered well Sinjun brother. Prayed that he did not recognize with the mask.

"My lord.

Julian further twisted gesture.

- Do you know, my lady? There is something in you that I find vaguely familiar.

"I'm sure that we have not seen it, my lord.

"It's funny that you say it, Julian. I experienced exactly the same feeling the first time I saw Lady Flora.

"I pray that I apologize, gentlemen," said Christy, eager to escape the intense scrutiny of Julian. Sinjun grazed arm. I would like her hair touched up hurriedly went to the toilet.

"Of course, it is a real beauty," said Julian looking leave. There is something in it that ...

"I thought so too, Julian, but if I had seen before I would remember. In addition, it is your first visit to the city.

"It is the present to Emma," she warned Julian. Not be appropriate.

"Do not worry, Julian. I know what is proper and what is not. I would not think Emma introduce my lover.

Christy went into the toilet, relieved to find it empty. Appear in public as the lover of Sinjun was devastating to your ego. Should present it as his countess, not as her lover. But she had made a decision and now must accept the consequences.

Chapter 4

Christy took off his mask and rubbed his temples. Meet Sinjun's brother had been a challenge for your nerves. I was hoping to end the evening back home. He exhaled a sigh, knowing he could not hide forever in the toilet. But when you put the mask in place, the door opened and two young men entered, one blonde and one brunette. They were laughing and joking like two silly girls, complaining loudly about the lack of attractive men and commenting on the supply of young pretenders season, of which there was little to praise.

Suddenly, the brunette saw Christy and gave him a radiant smile. Christy gasped, because the girl had the most amazing violet eyes had ever seen.

"I think we do not know," said the brunette Christy offering his hand. My name is Emma Thornton, and this is my friend, Amelia Ravensdale.

Sinjun's sister! Although Christy realized that she was deep into dangerous waters, could not help but respond to the friendly approach of the young.

"I'm Chris ... I Flora Randall.

Emma opened her eyes wide.

- Lady Flora Randall! I've heard of you, but had not had the pleasure to meet you. You are very beautiful. Amelia and I were here last year, "she confessed. We were discussing the lack of interesting men in this issue, "Emma sighed. I suppose that compared to all men with my brothers, and none of them reaches the height of the shoe or Sinjun Julian. Do you know, Lady Flora?

Christy knew for certain that Emma had no idea she was there that night as Sinjun lover. It would be satisfied if I never found out.

"I think so I know your brothers.

- Have you been with your husband, Lady Flora? Emma asked.

Does Lady Emma's curiosity was endless?

"I ... No, he's not well. If Lady Amelia and you'll excuse me, I return with my friends

"Maybe we meet here," said Emma.

"Maybe," replied Christy, who had every intention of avoiding Sinjun's sister for the rest of the evening. He adjusted his mask and left the toilet.

Sinjun was waiting. But he was not alone.

"Oh, you're here," he said grabbing his arm with possessive gesture. I do not know my friend Lord Blakely. Rudy, meet Lady Flora Randall.

Rudy went to Christy snatched a look, then bent over her hand.

"Although we did not know, I've only heard praise from the lips of Sinjun you.

"I'm sure of it," Christy thought.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Lord Blakely.

- May I dance with your lady, Sinjun? Rudy asked.

Sinjun frowned.

"Maybe another time, Rudy. She was about to bring myself to Flora to the dance area. If we apologize ...

Although she was not supposed to hear those words, Christy could hear Rudy Sinjun Whisperer:

"You're a lucky dog. Lord Sin is always the best.

Christy tried to get those words do not affect him because he knew that Lord Blakely was not the only one who considered mere decoration hung Sinjun arm. That the exhibit as her lover and his wife was not as degrading, but Christy knew that this was his penance for lying to Sinjun.

Sinjun's patience was reaching its limit. All men in the room stared at Flora as if it were a piece of meat waiting to be devoured. He longed to be alone with her. It was he, himself, who would devour Flora. His desire for beautiful auburn hair that consumed him every minute of the day. The staggered left without direction, and it was not a nice feeling.

After the midnight buffet, Sinjun suggested to leave. His eyes darkened with an urge when Flora was as eager as him to leave.

"Wait here," he asked as he removed the shawl Sinjun his companion and placed him by the shoulders, I'm going to get the car.

Sinjun missed only a few minutes, but when he returned to find Lady Flora to accompany her out, Emma and Julian saw coming. Julian knew what he was thinking about introduce your lover to his sister, so he tried to hurry out and Flora to enter quickly into the car. But it would not be possible. Emma beckoned before he could introduce Sinjun Flora in the carriage.

- Sinjun! Were you going to go away without saying hello to your sister? "She gave him a look of exasperation Julian. Why did not you tell me Sinjun was here?

Sinjun cursed teeth. There was no solution. I had to stop and talk to Emma despite the scorching gaze of Julian.

"Hello, Emma. Tonight you're sweeping.

She gave a little bow.

"Gee, thanks, kind sir. And you're too handsome to what you need.

"Come on, Emma," said Julian trying to carry it into his own car.

Emma pulled away by moving the shoulders.

"I have not finished talking to Sinjun-gaze slid Christy. Go, Lady Flora, we find ourselves. I did not know you were here with my brother. Why do not you tell me?

Sinjun eyes narrowed as she turned to stand in front of Christy.

- Do you know my sister?

"Of course," said Emma's response ahead of Christy. We met in the toilet. I must say, Sinjun, your taste has improved. Lady Violet was not at all your style.

"That's enough, Emma chided Julian. It is not for unmarried young ladies speak so boldly.

"Oh, come on, Julian. If not, you can be so serious all the time you'd be as popular as Sinjun.

Julian rolled his eyes.

"God forbid. In any case, I insist that we must leave now. Perhaps Sinjun come visit soon, "was a direct order, an order Sinjun could not ignore.

"Of course. I'll see you soon, "said Emma Sinjun. Provided it could make my way through the crowd of suitors who try to cast your door down.

"Forget the pretenders," said Emma. I care a damn about them. Please come soon, Sinjun. And bring you to Lady Flora.

-Sinjun going to see you, "Julian said gravely.

Sinjun cursed teeth. He had been an unfortunate encounter. Emma was a mischievous imp, and too curious. I should have imagined he would find a way to meet her new lover.

"Sorry," said Christy Sinjun while helping to enter the car. Julian considers himself the conscience of the family. Emma did not want to know you. You understand, right?

"It's okay, sir. I understand that. Emma must be protected from the excesses of Lord Sin. I suspect that Emma knows more about what your brother and you you imagine. Lord Sin's exploits are the talk of high society. How she would not be aware of?

Sinjun shuddered. Although he was right, Flora's words made him stop and think. She considered him a man without principles or morals. You could not see himself as a model of decorum, but it was moral, which he dictated his own personal code. Perhaps their decadent ways were in the public domain, but why should change their lifestyle, if married perfectly with it?

Emma-Forget said Sinjun when the car was launched. Do you know how much you want? I'm not sure presumirte in public is a good idea. Tonight was not a single man who did not want to be in my shoes.

He pulled her toward him, smiling when she raised her head obediently to receive his kiss. Sinjun stared a moment her lips and then took her mouth with yours. So sweet I knew could not suppress the grunt who was born in the throat. No woman had got under the skin so quickly. I could not wait. He wanted her, and wanted at that moment. He slid his hand under her skirt, lifting stroking her leg.

- Sinjun! What are you doing?

"What I wanted to do overnight. Do not worry. I told the driver to take the long way home. Open your sweet thighs for me, honey. I need to touch you.

Christy stood for a moment breathless. I could not take his eyes off his face. I felt the blood running through his veins, seemed to have all heightened senses, and yet was barely aware of anything that was not picked up that little place that housed them.

Sinjun required of her things that Christy had always considered depraved. I knew it was a wild man, hedonistic and unpredictable, but making love in a car was beyond anything I had imagined. Closing the mind before that improper behavior Sinjun demanded, Christy noticed that a mistress would be willing to fulfill every wish of her lover, no matter how outlandish they were. He spread his legs.

Sinjun slid his hand by one of his legs wrapped in stockings and came to the league, finding, and she jerked in response. Something very strange was happening. And once again, experienced the disconcerting feeling of losing control of his senses. This was not at all what was supposed to feel for the philandering of her husband.

"You're wet and hot for me," she whispered against his lips. Tengo to have you, Flora. Sinjun lifted her skirts to undress her thighs and pulled back to release his stiff neck. His member was loose, and Christy Sinjun placed astride of him.

-Cabálgame, honey.

She sat up slightly and stuck, feel how Sinjun slipped inside was a delight. Christy arched her back and introduced it with more force into it. He grabbed her buttocks, kneading and caressing hands, urging her to take it even further. Christy felt her body away from his mind, lost in a haze of sensual pleasure. The excitement ran through her being. A sudden jolt of pleasure tore a strangled cry from the lips. Who woke him up from the depths of his heart was the man who did not know it was her husband. And then I was not aware of anything else.

When your mind is connected with reality, was found lying on the seat with Sinjun bending over her. His dark eyes were inscrutable.

"You're unbelievable," he whispered as he Sinjun hurried down the slopes to cover his legs. We're almost home. "

Christy stretched the dress with the help of Sinjun and smoothed his hair, relieved to learn that Margot would not be raised to observe the untidiness.

Sinjun got out and helped her out. She was not sure if he intended to enter until she followed her to the door and reached out to give him the key. Christy gave it and remained a little behind as he opened the door. A moment later he was in the arms of Sinjun, who rose up the stairs. He went into his bedroom and closed the door with the heel of the boot. Then placed upright in the ground, undressed her slowly and make love again. Christy thought he had given everything in the car, but his act of love was as fierce as a storm, leaving batiéndole senses and breath. At the end, was more confused than ever about their feelings.

I was enjoying too much of that.

The following days and nights went by surprisingly busy. As Sinjun never went away until the sun was shining brightly in the sky, Christy slept late. Sometimes he took her to the opera or theater, or a walk in the park, but always ended up in bed with Christy. In a couple of occasions met with Julian. Tense with disapproval, he would greet them with a cool nod, but did not speak with them. Christy Emma saw only from afar, because Julian managed to avoid them when he was with his sister.

Christy enjoyed immensely from operas and plays, including walks in the park. But he hated the dances, parties and social gatherings. Sinjun seemed aware of his reluctance to go to private acts granting him confessed that desire not only occasionally accompanying her to events.

Christy could not have complained Sinjun attentions. His loyalty never wavered, which surprised her. Sinjun was not known for their loyalty. As for herself, her biggest fear was coming true. Sinjun lovemaking was the greatest pleasure he had ever known. Awaiting their arrival every night with ill-concealed emotion, no matter who had left his bed just a few hours earlier.

Desire was a powerful emotion.

Christy Sinjun knew was not the kind of man you could trust a woman. Nature prevented him from maintaining a lasting relationship. If you wanted a wife, and would have consummated their relationship years ago. If she had wanted an English husband would have done something about it long ago. What Christy wanted was the freedom to do whatever he wanted without a husband to interfere. And he wanted an heir to Glenmoore. If he was smart enough, you could have everything he wanted. But at what price? Asked a small voice. Could he survive his heart to Lord Sin? Quickly passed a month. And then another. At the end of his second month as a lover of Sinjun, Christy had every reason to believe that she was pregnant. Your monthly cycle had been delayed two weeks and still no sign of presentation. But to be absolutely safe, he decided to stay until the end of the third month, as was planned from the beginning. As compliance with the deadline approaching, Christy realized that if not mentally Sinjun away, would not be able to leave. That night, when they returned from the opera, tried to separate from her body's response to her husband's lovemaking.

When he had done Sinjun love, looked at him strangely and asked:

- Do not you feel good tonight?

So obvious was it?

"I'm fine. Why you ask?

"You seem distracted. "You're getting tired of me?" He said lighthearted voice, but its expression was intense.

"It's almost time for me to go," he said.

Christy felt how stiffen.

- Go? No! -Sinjun stood still. Are you getting fat?

- Do you really want to know? Let's just say it's time to leave London and return with my husband.

- Damn it! I'm not ready to go. If you were sincere, you'd have to admit you want to stay.

"No matter what we want either," said Christy whispered voice. I gave my word.

Randall Lord awaits me at home.

"Promise me you'll give us more time together," she pleaded Sinjun.

Christy could not believe what I was hearing. "Lord Sin begging? Surely it would be the first time.

"I can not answer with a sigh. Please do not ask me that.

Sinjun gave a deep growl from the throat and put it under him. What happened next was something so wild, so completely overwhelming that left more than bruised and terrified at the growing desire he felt for her husband.

Two weeks after their conversation, Sinjun was convinced that Flora had abandoned the idea of leaving London in the short term. In fact, he had not come out the item. His act of love, as always, was wildly passionate and immensely satisfying for both; separated now unthinkable. I wanted to know much more about Lady Flora Randall. He knew his body well shaped and excitable as intimately as his own, but Flora was

still a mystery in every way except sexual.

During his last visit to White's, Sinjun learned that they had made bets on the date on which Lord Sin end her relationship with her current lover. Sinjun assumed that this would happen sooner or later, but his passion for Lady Flora was still too powerful to pass up.

He began his campaign in the city to continue giving him emeralds that matched his eyes. Then he stood before her with a bracelet of diamonds and then with a tiara. Nothing was too expensive for her. The pleasure with which he accepted gifts Sinjun softened the heart, but in his green eyes had a certain caution that made him feel uncomfortable.

There was no light in the windows of the rented house where Sinjun Flora came one night to accompany her to the opera, about three months after he began his passionate affair. A feeling of horror ran down her spine when knocked. When no reply, turned the knob. As the door opened under his hand, he knew he was gone. Not distinguish any signs of life, only emptiness, as if the house had been without a heart. Refusing to accept the only plausible answer, Sinjun up the stairs two at a time. The rooms were cold and lifeless. Flung open the wardrobe. Void. The echo of his curses reverberated through the barren room when he saw the gifts he had made showing off shamelessly on the bedside table. He put the jewelry in his pocket and hurried out of the house. He had gone! He had left without saying a word or leave as needed. Damn! What kind of woman was she? Did not care less his feelings? Had not been generous enough with her? His other lovers had received less than him and had not complained. But the weight of the jewels in his pocket swept the uncharitable thought that Flora was greedy. It was the old man to whom she was married, he thought Sinjun furious. Although he had never talked about feelings, the idea that her old husband loved more than I enjoyed his company was a blow to his ego.

Determined to forget the callous Lady Flora, Sinjun went to White's, where he proceeded to get drunk out of control and play as if their pockets had no bottom. Rudy was pretty drunk when he saw it in the card room.

- Sinjun! For months have not seen you alone. Have you separated and you and your lover? I would love to take it off of your hands.

"If you can find it, is all yours," murmured Sinjun threw on the table while his other hand he had lost and stood up unsteadily. Good evening, gentlemen. It seems that the cards are trying to tell me something.

Rudy grabbed his arm to stabilize it.

- That I'll be damned! You're drunk. This is not like you, Sinjun.

Sinjun him away from it.

"Go to hell, Rudy.

"Come, Sinjun. Leave that to help you.

"I need your help.

"Of course. You can barely hold you up. Where is your car?

"I ... I sent him home," murmured Sinjun drawled. I'll walk.

"I'll take my carriage," said Rudy accompanied to the door. You tell me what happens while driving.

"Nothing's wrong that a few drinks and a hot woman can not solve. Let me at the house of Violet. I heard that her husband is in Scotland.

"In your condition, will do little to nothing to Violet or to yourself," he rebuked Rudy. He grabbed the reins, and his horses were put in place. What happened?

There followed a tense silence, then growled Sinjun:

"Flora is gone. He has gone without saying a word.

- So what? How long can a woman Lord Sin disrupts your life? You've never had any problem to continue. You knew you had a husband waiting in Cornwall, Rudy looked at his friend incredulously. I'll go to say you have stolen my heart.

Touched by alcohol, Sinjun admitted which would not have admitted being sober.

Rudy-Flora was different, and that's all I'm going to say.

- Damn it! You're madly in love. This is not like you, my friend. What will you do? Are you going to go after her?

Sinjun's reputation was at stake. Never in his life had gone behind a woman and would not start now. So what if he was lost and not knowing what to do? What if you had taken a blow to his ego? There were women enough to take his place if he wanted it that way.

- Hell, no! I am delighted he has gone with her husband.

Following the departure of Flora, Sinjun embarked on a spiral of self-destruction even more profligate than usual. Although not looked for another lover, he was seen several ladies of high society and a happy life with women. The excesses of Lord Sin became even more unpredictable and wild as he tried to Lady Flora removed the head and heart. It was not like a woman obsessed with him, and reacted by embarking on a life of debauchery which made his former life seem dull in comparison.

Finally, his libidinous conduct reached the ears of Julian. He came like a shot one morning Sinjun house a month after the departure of Christy and pulled him out of bed at the untimely hour of midnight. Sinjun looked at his brother with red eyes.

"I'm in the mood for sermons, Julian.

"You'll want to listen or not. You can not go on, Sinjun. Your excesses are out of the womb, even for a man of your unwanted reputation. Is your break with Lady Flora the reason why you insist on self destroy?

"I do not want to talk about Flora Sinjun growled as he sat on the edge of the bed and rubbed his aching head in his hands. He's gone. He left a month ago without even telling me goodbye.

Julian put his hands behind his back and began walking up and down.

"The lady is married, Sinjun, what did you expect? What's wrong? The lovers come and go. What makes this adventure is something different from the others?

"Damn, Julian, you have no right to question. Maybe you're more discreet than me, but your stories are not spared from the criticisms. For example, where do you get when you disappear several times during the year? Everyone thinks you have a woman

hidden somewhere, someone is not appropriate for presentation in society. Is this a Gypsy? Or someone even worse? At least I am more direct than you.

"More direct and more depraved Julian muttered annoyed. We are not talking about me, we're talking about you.

"Come to me later. Now I'm not good company.

"I'm leaving tomorrow. I will be out several weeks. That is another reason why I wanted to talk to you. Been bypassing Mansfield, so I had to come to you.

- Do you know Emma that you walk away?

"Of course. I asked Aunt Amanda to move to Mansfield to take care of Emma during my absence. I hope that with you when leaving while I'm out.

Sinjun his brother gave him a disgusted look.

- Where are you going this time?

"I'm afraid I can not divulge that information. I trust that when you control your excesses with Emma. That girl is pretty and reckless libertine need your example.

"You are quite expensive, Julian, accused her brother. I'll do what I damn well please.

"A council before I leave," said Julian. Go to Scotland and pick up your wife. With all the unrest is said to exist in the Highlands, Christy needs to know who has a husband who can tell.

"To hell with Christy MacDonald Sinjun murmured. I was forced to marry against my will, but I have to live with it.

- Is that why you waste your life on nonsense occupations? I knew you were bitter with your marriage, but never suspected rebel you embarking on a life of extravagance. Wake up, Sinjun. You're not the only one who has forced her to marry.

"I do not preach, Julian. Why should I go for my wife if I'm happy with how things are? She just complicate my life.

"I see that I'm wasting time," Julian said reproachfully. But do not forget that I love you too much to see how you spoil your life. Do not let your behavior embarrassed Emma. We'll talk when you return.

"I love you too, Julian, but you can not manage my life.

Shaking his head, Julian left the room quietly.

Frustrated, Sinjun collapsed on the bed. She knew that was out of control, but did not know how to stop. He kept himself sober drunk because it hurt. When he was sober, Flora consumed his thoughts. Relived every moment spent with her, remember the sweetness of his kisses, the way his body responded to him, his passion, he found happiness in her arms. Despite the constant pain he felt for his absence, he hated her for leaving him so lost.

The confusion and hurt pride he was becoming an embittered. If Flora returned, he could not predict how he would react. He had left without even saying goodbye, and the confusion he felt about his feelings at that smug heartless was disconcerting. Sinjun not want to feel anything.

Although Julian's sermon had made him feel uncomfortable, he knew his brother was right. Never before had drunk to unconsciousness, or had spent so much time in the gambling houses, or had been paid to women of easy living that gathered in Covent Garden. Until Rudy himself had expressed dissatisfaction with its excesses, and Rudy

was not exactly an angel.

Julian's words began to weigh on the conscience. To please his brother and keep respect for Emma during the absence of Julian, Sinjun decided to make an effort to behave in the presence of his sister. In the nights that did not have to accompany her aunt Emma and Amanda to a social event would be free to indulge. The truth was that not fun waking up the next day with a hangover, wondering how much money was lost in the game or what a friend had insulted simply felt the urgent need to show the world that Flora had not been for him nothing more than a whim passenger.

Julian returned to London a month later. The note I sent him to Sinjun required his immediate presence. Wondering what news would have come now to his brother about it, Sinjun Mansfield appeared in a hurry. Julian received him at the library. His face was a picture of concern.

- What now, Julian? Sinjun asked as he dropped into one of the comfortable chairs that were placed in front of the fireplace. I did what you asked. Emma is very happy with my role as an escort.

Julian spent the long, slender fingers through his head of dark hair thin. Surely there was something that worried him.

"Spit it out, bro. Is my behavior again?

"This time, no, Sinjun. Has your relationship with your wife.

- Christy MacDonald?

"Yes. When I returned home I was expecting a message from your manager in Glenmoore. There are problems. Sir Oswald reports that farmers have refused to pay taxes. I have been handling your affairs because you have shown no head for them, but it's time that you accept your responsibility and take charge.

"I told you on another occasion Sinjun repeated," tell the king to send his army to bring them in line.

"This is something more serious, Sinjun. I do not know how you're going to set this, but Sir Oswald have heard rumors that your wife is expecting a child.

Sinjun rose to his feet.

- How? Do you not ashamed? "Not honor? How could he do this?

The disgust the words of Julian stained.

- How can you expect to fulfill their vows when your behavior is the most ignoble? You have made a show of your lovers without thinking even once in the feelings of your wife.

"In the case of men is different," protested Sinjun. Christy MacDonald is not a courtesan. Men look to such women for their beauty and experience. Christy is a girl from the Highlands, and is not beautiful or experienced.

Julian The thin eyebrows rose suddenly.

- How do you know what he looks like? You have not seen her since she was a child of seven years. I would say that is tired of waiting for you to go look for it.

"I do not preach, Julian. If those rumors are true, Christy is no better than a prostitute.

"Now you have no choice, Sinjun. You better head to Scotland and fix this mess.

"Yes," Sinjun. But before I get a court decree of nullity. If Christy is really pregnant, I will present the document to be signed, provided they can write.

"I handed over the administration of Glenmoore in perpetuity, and that authority includes a wife. Both issues are your responsibility.

, Glenmoore belongs to me and my heirs, we already know. But I will not have a prostitute as his wife. If I find that Christy is expecting a child by another man, the invalidity will be inevitable.

-I have asked Sir Oswald to come to London to give us a full report on the situation in the Highlands.

"I'm looking forward to," said Sinjun, determined to confront his wife for her infidelity. He had enjoyed for many years gave him the freedom to marry without having to bear the burden of a wife, but Christy's behavior went beyond what he could tolerate. If it depended, no bastard would take the surname Thornton.

Julian's intervention helped Sinjun to quickly get a sentence of nullity which required only the signature of Christy.

Sinjun left London that same month. In some ways grateful for the distraction, because that would prevent Florida is thinking about his whole life.

He traveled in his own car and stayed at the inns that ran along the road. When there were no inns, was accommodated at the home of English nobles delighted to host for a night to Lord Mansfield's brother, a man who was preceded by its reputation. The exploits of Lord Sin had been the talk of high society for years.

After two weeks of exhausting journey for some roads almost impassable, Sinjun saw the old towers of Glenmoore.

Chapter 5

Sitting on a bench overlooking the lake, Christy crossed his legs below its body, huddled on the narrow layer shoulders and stared at the water that reflected the color of the gray clouds advancing on his head. Christy loved the land. The heather-covered moors, towering mountains, even mist that clung to the ground and hung over the lake. She let out a deep sigh as his thoughts wandered to London and Sinjun. It had been two months since he left, but it seemed an eternity.

Two months were not easy. The weather had not helped, and the road car back home had been in a constant state of nausea. The rutted roads and mud covered the trip had turned into something dangerous, and the situation they found upon arrival in Glenmoore was explosive.

Calum Cameron had been creating problems in your absence. When Christy Sinjun and explained that she had reconciled and had reached an amicable agreement with regard to her marriage, she had been livid. He hoped to return to London to be a free woman and that you accept him as husband.

Tell Calum and members of his clan he was awaiting a Sinjun son had not been easy. She had heard a cry of disbelief and disappointment. It was clear that nobody wanted to believe she was pregnant with the son of an Englishman.

"I thought I'd find you here.

Christy gasped, surprised to see Calum almost on top of it.

"You should not creep closer as people. You scared me to death.

Calum, a burly giant shaggy brown hair and prominent muscles, crouched at his side.

Christy pulled away instinctively. Could not be said to be afraid of Calum, but the expression of his blue eyes made him nervous. He could be a very powerful enemy.

"We need to talk.

- What about clan affairs? Christy asked, pretending not to understand what he meant.

Calum through her figure with a cold blue eyes full of hatred.

-No. About Us.

"There is no" us, "Calum. I have a husband. I've been married for almost three quarters of my life.

"You know the clan members do not accept the bastard English as your husband. We can not forget that we seized the land and freedom denied us the day that our parents were defeated at Culloden. Your father and your brothers died that day. Lord Derby shames us all with his lack of concern for his wife and their land.

"I told you that Lord Derby and I are no longer strangers. I am expecting a son.

Calum's expression turned fierce.

- And where is that bastard, then? Why not here with you? You're lying, girl. There is no child and no reconciliation. No Englishman you deserve.

Calum's heavy hand landed hard on his shoulder. Christy shuddered but it did no more concessions to its strength.

"You know I love you, girl.

"What I want is to become chief," she said. That's all I ever wanted. Highlands will no longer be ours as we live if it depends on the British.

"The clan needs a man to lead the struggle against oppression and unjust taxation that fill the pockets of Lord Derby.

Christy was furious.

- What can you do that has not been tried already? I verbally protested to Sir Oswald. We have even deferred taxes quarterly.

"A man could lead a rebellion. I lead a rebellion," he said while his massive chest swelled with pride.

- What would get with that? Christy, "he challenged. Significant loss of lives, innocent lives, perhaps even those of women and children. Did not you learn anything from Culloden?

"I learned to be suspicious of the English girl. You forget that I lost my loved ones that day. Why not tell me the truth, Christy? Never you met your husband, right? Not expecting any child, is not it?

Christy sighed. There was nothing. It was time to show that he had not lied about their condition.

"Give me your hand, Calum.

- Why?

"You shake hands.

Calum extended a calloused paw, and Christy led her to swelling beneath her waist.

Although not very pronounced, it was hard and round but could not be confused with

what was, a creature grow under his heart. Calum's eyes became as hard as diamonds and jerked his hand as if it had been scalded. His expression was so fierce that Christy was afraid to go to beat her.

- Damn you for all eternity, Christy MacDonald! Why did you do that? Why have you acted like a prostitute with a pig English?

Christy lifted her chin defiantly.

-Sinjun and I are married. We agreed, Calum. Since he prefers to stay in London and I in Glenmoore, we agree to live apart. It has given me license to govern Glenmoore as I please. There will be an heir MacDonald will take my place when I'm gone, "he promised her hand on her belly.

- What if you a girl?

- So what if it were? Did not I be the heir to my grandfather? The baby's sex will not make any difference.

"Your grandfather did not make you any favors," said Calum sharply. I should have named me his heir.

Christy stirred outrage.

"You still do not understand, right? The land is no longer ours, we can not claim it. She was snatched from the clan as punishment for his support of Prince Charles, the pretender to the throne. Would not you rather have an absent master rather than one who will rule with an iron fist? My son will one day become chief. Glenmoore inherit his father's and MacDonald will be the owner of this land.

"It's an abomination that the British have Scottish soil Calum muttered darkly. It was assumed that you ought to ask your husband for revocation and require you to reduce the high taxes we pay. But what have you done? Get into his bed like a mare in heat.

Are not you ashamed, Christy MacDonald? Your husband is a stalker of women, a libertine, a man without scruples or morals. You do not care about anything.

Christy shuddered. Calum words enclosed very true. Sinjun undoubtedly would have forgotten that there was a few hours after she disappeared. He was not afraid at all that Sinjun appeared in Glenmoore. If by chance trying to find something seriously doubted, the look in Cornwall, not in Glenmoore.

Christy tried not to imagine Sinjun with other women, but it was impossible to think of Lord Sin without seeing a beautiful woman on his arm or on your bed. Would you with Lady Violet? Or look for a new lover to brag about it in front of high society?

"What you say may be true, Calum, but the void is no longer an option. I am expecting a son of Lord Derby. Nothing you can do or say will change that fact.

Calum joined sharply.

"We'll see, girl. Clan members await you in Glenmoore. The MacDonald, the Camerons, and the Ranald Mackenzie. They came to protest the excessive taxation. You better go and try to reassure them.

The time, a few hours before had shown merely threatening, suddenly turned dark and foreboding. Before he reached the old fort where he was born, the heavens opened.

Glenmoore was a desolate place, he thought as his car Sinjun rattled by the near

absence of road leading to the fortress. The weather had become rough, and the rain was pouring down upon the earth.

"An abominable country and a terrible climate Sinjun muttered cursing his malicious wife who had brought him to this barren land. If he had not been forced to travel to the Highlands to find out if the rumors were true about Christy, she might have gone to Cornwall in search of Flora. He had tried to repeat that she did not mind, but in the depths of his heart he knew that it was not. God remembered every detail. The silky texture of her skin, the way her nipples stood the slightest touch, the wet tightness of her body when he slipped inside.

Sinjun groaned and adjusted his pants to accommodate his growing erection. The mere thought of it caused his member harden like a dagger. I had thought that his return to the bad life distract her thoughts of the woman who had taken over completely from his imagination, but he was wrong. He was angry, still very angry. Flora had managed care, and did not know how to handle rejection. Never again allow a woman to care. There was a violent man, but he was so furious that if Flora was at that time did not answer for their actions.

The car stopped before the stone steps of Glenmoore. Sinjun was jumped and gave instructions to John the driver to keep the horses indoors and then be submitted to the kitchen to eat something hot. Then he went up the steps. He opened the heavy wooden door and found a real mess. The main hall was full of men, women and children. A cacophony of angry voices echoed through the walls. Sinjun curious and came closer. No one noticed him when he stopped right in the middle of the lobby to listen.

- Our people can not survive the winter if we pay the taxes they demand us! A man cried aloud.

- Our children will starve! "Said one woman. What kind of monster condemn innocent children to death?

- Lord Derby, that's the monster! , "Proclaimed another man climbing on a table to be heard better. The British have plundered our land, have married the daughters of our nobles orphaned and left us with nothing but pride. When the collector of taxes come back here, we must challenge its authority.

Sir Oswald returned to England, "cried another man. About time!

-Send the army of the king, "said a sobbing woman. May God have mercy on us.

"What the guild needs is a man who lead us," said the Scot who was standing on the table. That MacDonald is too weak to lead the clan.

As if they were one, the crowd began to shout:

- Calum! Calum! Calum!

Calum raised his hands to quiet them.

"Yes, tell the MacDonald who want their leader. The English man has not set foot in Glenmoore since married her.

- Calum! Calum! Calum!

Sinjun observed without leaving their astonishment Calum down from a jump and a woman climbed on the table, for all to see. The woman had her back to Sinjun as he faced the angry men of the clan. So that was his wife, he thought no emotion as she raised his hands for silence. Then he spoke, and in the ears of Sinjun first heard a roar.

"I am Christy said MacDonald when he dropped the angry whisper. We must not lose our heads. It is time for a rebellion. There will be a bloodbath. The women lost their men, perhaps even his own life. The children were left without father or mother. While I continue to be the boss, there will be no rebellion.

"We can not pay some taxes so high," shouted one man.

- Are you willing to sacrifice your life, Donald Cameron? Christy, "he challenged. Your wife and your children will go hungry if you lose the support they provide.

"For you it is very easy to talk," was the angry response from Donald. You are free thanks to your husband. You do not have to pay taxes or rents. I say to set aside the MacDonald and choose another leader to our ranks.

"Listen everyone, Christy put her hand to her belly. I will give birth to the heir MacDonald. He or she will be your protection in the future. For now, all I can say is that Lord Derby has undertaken to review the unfair taxes.

Sinjun gasped, startled. He knew that voice! She slowly recognizing other aspects of MacDonald. The shimmering waves of auburn hair, the stylish curves, the regal ... Bloody hell! Flora. But no, not Flora, but Christy MacDonald, his very wife. And I was expecting his child! Sinjun clenched his fists at his sides and his face flushed. How dare they do this! How dare to conspire behind his back!

All he had told a lie. Who was, where I lived, what her husband's old ... I had a husband, sure, but neither was old or was senile. If I wanted to impregnate his own wife, he would have done long ago. But they have been deceived and that was outrageous. And quite disturbing.

He stared in angry silence. Sinjun's eyes turned into ice chips, and ran his eyes from head to toe. Why should he be so pretty? Shoulder hung a piece of the MacDonald tartan. Her auburn hair was braided, and head to head wearing the beret adorned with a single pen.

Sinjun felt used, useless, as if he had lost control of his life. He wanted to force through the crowd and shake until his teeth chattered. That wicked witch had got under the skin as he had never done any other woman. Remembering what he had been shocked after his departure, his anger intensified. His hasty departure had suddenly left empty and in possession of a conscience, something that Lord Sin had managed to avoid throughout his life.

Christy suddenly turned, as if she sensed his presence. Sinjun saw him open his eyes wide, saw saying his name. A murmur swept through the hall when they noticed the presence of Sinjun. Someone whispered his name, and spread through the room like wildfire. But Sinjun heard nothing, saw nothing more than to Christy, who was tottering dangerously on the table.

The crowd parted when he began to advance. His face could not hide the anger and hatred that grew in his heart. I was halfway when Christy swung dangerously close to the end of the table. Sinjun swore and ran. He managed to hold just a few seconds before falling.

- Where is your room? Sinjun asked nobody in particular.

Margot took a step forward.

"Follow me, Excellency.

Calum suddenly crossed his path.

- "Are you Lord Derby?"

"Yes. Let me pass.

- And what about taxes? They have grown to a point where we can not afford it without our families will suffer.

"We'll talk about that later," said Sinjun aside. Show me the way, Margot.

Margot walked hurriedly to a staircase made of stone and opened the door to a huge room at the top. Sinjun Christy took to bed and placed it on the feather mattress. Then he stepped back and watched with narrowed eyes.

- Does this happen often? He asked Margot.

"No, Excellency, is the first time. Veros to you in Glenmoore has been a shock for her.

"I'm not surprised," said Sinjun dryly as he looked on his way to Margot's censorship.

You have been an accomplice in this ruse.

Margot stiffened.

"Yes. It is the only way to Calum and Christy keep others at bay. They wanted to seek the annulment of the marriage and marry a Scotsman. Calum was so determined to become a boss ... Christy feared might force her and seize power.

Sinjun immediately raised eyebrows.

- Forcing you to sleep with him?

"Yes. This works in the Highlands." His voice hardened. This is all because of you, Excellency. You'd have to have consummated your marriage for years.

"So Christy and you ideasteis a plan to let her pregnant," the accused Sinjun. What a story you concocted.

"Yes, it was. We had to do something to prevent Calum to take her by force and that the clan chose a new leader. She hoped that your son would have a clear things at once.

A movement of the bed made Sinjun Christy return to notice. His eyes were open and stared at him.

- Why did you come? "He managed as he tried to join.

"Keep lying," said Lay Sinjun again. Leave us alone, Margot.

-No. I will not leave you alone with her.

"I will not strangle your mistress, though I must confess I feel like I have.

Margot hesitated.

- Go! Sinjun bellowed.

Margot turned and flew away.

"You did not frighten her," protested Christy.

-A that does not scare you nothing, "scoffed Sinjun as he sat on the edge of the bed. Are you better?

Christy stood up, leaning against the headboard of the bed. This time Sinjun did not stop him, but his fierce gesture did little to reassure.

"I'm fine.

"I think you owe me an explanation Sinjun said dryly.

He was looking as if the hate, and Christy felt her heart sank. How could I get him to understand?

"I know you hate me," he began.

"That at least, ironically Sinjun. You can not even imagine how I felt when I realized that Flora and Christy were the same woman. I felt used, and is not a pleasant feeling. I lied and I believed you like a fool in love.

Christy watched his face and realized he was happy to see him again despite his anger. His heart beat faster in his veins and danced with excitement. Skin felt tight and warm and the burning body. This could not be rebuked mentally. He pursed his lips together and hardened their hearts against him. A man like Sin Lord would bring him no more pain.

- Why did you come? If you had stayed in London, I never would have known who I am.

"I came because I heard rumors that my wife was expecting a child virgin," she snapped. I should have questioned more deeply in London. How stupid I was to swallow this hoax of a spouse unable to conceive an heir. I should have realized that everything was just a bunch of lies, no husband would leave his wife to deceive. And to think that conscience troubled me after you left ...

Christy was not discouraged at his anger.

- Do you think that the people of the Highlands are not aware of what is happening in London? Lord Sin's reputation reaches the remote Glenmoore. So far they have been delighted visitors to London to catch up on your deeds. When I heard the kind of man that you had become I had no remorse in lie. Would you have made love have known it was your wife?

- This question is not fair!

"You've never been fair with me, Christy Sinjun-defended. Why should I worry about sin when the Lord was having and in his life, wallowing in debauchery and fluttering of a lover's lover while I tried to keep the clan declared open rebellion? To you do not mind at all Glenmoore or our problems. You have taxes increased to levels unthinkable to finance your vices.

"If the charges have increased, I had nothing to do with that decision. Julian is responsible for these matters for me.

Christy took the legs out of bed and stood up.

- Whenever you avoid your responsibilities?

- Damn you! "Snapped Sinjun. Until you came into my life, things passed in relative peace. Julian was responsible for all family financial matters and legal issues.

Christy looked straight at him with arms akimbo.

"And that left you more time to meet your excesses, of course. Unlike you, I have responsibilities and I owe it to them. There have been times when I needed the advice of a husband, but where were you? O jugándote Glenmoore money that hard-won, or paseándote around with your lover on duty. Not once since our unfortunate marriage took place you thought of me. You are a libertine with the instincts of a stallion in heat. Sinjun eyes sparkled dangerously.

"I've allowed to rule Glenmoore as you please.

"And have continued to do so if you had not chosen to appear on the most inopportune time.

Sinjun directly pointed to the belly.

"My manager heard rumors that Christy MacDonald was expecting a child, and I hastened to come to find out the truth for myself. I even brought an order of revocation as if I had to get rid of an unfaithful wife in case the rumor proved true.

She laughed bitterly.

- Did it hurt to think that your wife was following your steps? You are a true hypocrite.

"In the case of a man is different," continued Sinjun. But suddenly changed the subject before Christy could ridicule his failed theory. Tell me the truth, Christy. Does the child expect mine? Or in your belly is growing a baby with another man?

- English Pig! Christy-cursed. Of course the child is yours. How can you doubt it? Oh, how I regret the day I became your wife.

"No more Sinjun I muttered darkly.

"Unfortunately it is not possible annulment of marriage," she recalled Christy. We consummated our marriage and I am pregnant with the future MacDonald.

"You're expecting a Thornton. One of my titles will take children up to inherit mine.

Christy bit her lip to avoid releasing a cry of frustration before Sinjun. Your child will stay in Scotland with her no matter what Sinjun decide about their marriage. The future belonged to MacDonald Highlands, and had to be with his family.

"Very well," Christy laughed. Now you can turn around and leave. No need you.

"That will be me who decides.

Dismayed by the arrogance of Sinjun, Christy was eager to leave. Or so he tried to tell herself. How could she think I was in love with the impossible libertine who only cared about his own pleasure?

"I do not want you to stay here.

Sinjun grimaced.

"I'll go when it is ready and not before. The men of your clan seem to upset you. I think I'll stay a while here. Maybe I can be of some help. This time I became interested in my country.

"I can manage my clan members without your help," continued Christy.

- What if the English garrison of Inverness learns of the unrest that is in Glenmoore? Crush the uprising before the men of your clan can muster.

"I can handle," she insisted.

Sinjun stared him in the stomach.

- Can you? When I heard that they said he had talked to me about lowering taxes. It is strange, because I do not remember having had that conversation.

"I had to tell you something. My intention was to write a letter of protest.

Sinjun frowned.

-Julian I wonder why he never mentioned the increase of taxes. After all, Glenmoore added.

"How kind of you to remember," scoffed Christy. How do you plan to help its hungry people?

Sinjun winced. It hurt her to have so little regard to their ability to accept responsibility. He growled to himself, recalling the time in London that he had spoken with such disdain of his Scottish wife and their possessions. Christy then had to bite

his tongue to avoid lashing out against him.

Sinjun watched his face as if trying to unravel the secrets of his soul. Her bright green eyes had a challenge he could not ignore, and his lips aroused and attracted at the same time.

He recalled how those same sweet lips had opened to him. How his tongue had explored all its tantalizing secrets. How she had drawn with skill to his web of lies. I had stopped believing that he had seduced, and was amazed at the ease with which he had fallen under its spell. She had swallowed their lies, every one of them. God, how stupid I was! Lord Sin, the master of seduction. What a joke.

Sinjun narrowed eyes slid over it, and found it so beautiful and desirable as I remembered. His anger grew. It was not supposed to know anything about that son, and that angered him even more. He had always been careful to leave before spilling his seed, but Flora had asked reliably a son, and he had wanted to rush the pleasure of your body expel the last drop.

Damn! He saw how he watched his time with suspicious eyes and body tension. What would make you expect? Attacking? Sinjun kept his eyes on his lips, and suddenly knew what I wanted. She was his wife, right? As if reading his thoughts, Christy took a step back. Sinjun moved toward her.

Christy pulled away.

- What do you want?

Sinjun smiled as she passed his arm around her waist and pulled her toward the rigid wall of his chest.

- Are not you going to welcome your husband as he deserves?

Christy's eyes flashed defiance.

- Why should I?

"In London you liked a lot. We were lovers. I explored every inch of your body and you mine. I know when a woman pleasure, and you enjoyed me as much as I you. Deny it if you want, but you would be lying.

"Of course I wanted something from you," Christy defended. Do not you understand? I wanted an heir to Glenmoore. Calum would have taken me against my will if I had not cheated to consummate our marriage and give me a son.

"No one takes what is mine," said Sinjun fiercely, surprised at his own vehemence. For years he had not spent a single thought to his wife. Scotland and Christy were just a blur. But now, after having had three months in bed, thinking about the fact that another man could make love to her made him angry with rage.

"Let me go, Sinjun.

-No. Wanted a husband and now you have to put up with one.

A low growl came from the chest when he put his mouth to Christy. "Let's see now if he resists, he thought. It could be the prim girlfriend whatever she wanted, but he knew that it was not. She was a young hot, and as much as he wanted it. Sinjun lips owned his own lip hard and punishing. His intention was to kiss her hard enough to teach a lesson of obedience, but then wrapped her scent and Sinjun forgot everything except the warmth of her body, gently curved lips on yours and exciting fragrance that it had haunted dreams.

He opened his lips and tasted the sweetness of her mouth. Christy refused, cursed out. Had to recognize his implacable pride, because I really tried to remove him from it. Sinjun the more tightly in his arms, enjoying that unique flavor. The memories of his explosive passion pierced like lightning. Her breasts, which fit snugly into their hands, the tie wrap the limb, the way she arched against him when he moved inside. The nights of passion in her bed, their bodies bathed in sweat moving in perfect unison. All I remember with increasing ardor.

Suddenly, Christy gave a strong push and left him trembling, his eyes wide open and the concern reflected in them. He gasped, and her chest rose and fell with each breath he was taking.

- No! I will not let me do this.

Sinjun tensed, his state of excitement went down.

- Make you do, wife? There is nothing we have not done before.

"I was then a different person. You want a wife as little as I want a husband. Let everyone go their own way on friendly terms.

Sinjun cursed teeth.

"You're expecting a son. It takes more than a friendship to conceive. Why pretend we've never been lovers?

"Because it is over, Sinjun" she snapped. I got what I wanted and you had a mistress ready for a while. Nobody has to know what the child does not want. London and I'll never know how much you hate the Highlands. If you ever find a woman I want to get married, you can divorce me. Surely the influence of Lord Mansfield will pave the road.

Bloody hell! Why did that sound so cold and logical?

"The first thing I do is send a message to Julian regard to increasing taxes. Sir Oswald is by now back in London. A few questions about the rise will serve to clarify the matter. Meanwhile, I have to do something to help the rebels in your clan. Are you strong enough to accompany me to the lobby?

"I'm fine. What made me faint was the impact of seeing you in Glenmoore. I'm as healthy.

Sinjun gaze slid her figure.

"Of course, you look very healthy. Although "light" would be the best word to describe it, "he offered his arm. Do not think for a minute that things have settled among us, Christy. I'm angry. Very angry. You had no right to take from me so I took away. Christy took his arm unwillingly. Sinjun believed that he had reprimanded as it should until she threw the shot before getting started.

- Did you have in mind another woman not your wife to give you a child?

Sinjun refused to do egged. Christy had chewed and then spit out. How much more would have to endure? No woman had treated him as badly as his own wife. From the moment he put his eyes for the first time in Christy MacDonald, Savage knew that seven years would cause problems. He never imagined that when I grow become a provocative beauty with a body able to tempt a saint. And the good Lord knew he was no saint.

He was infatuated with his own wife. What a twist. But Sinjun not going to keep doing

the fool. His feelings had cooled considerably after discovering exactly who had become her lover in London. What she felt now was angry that he had used and he had lied. Unfortunately, although it cost him to admit, I still wanted.

They found the Christy clan members walking around the hall, whispering among themselves and Scottish drinking a powerful brew made from barley, can make a strong man under the table to finish in under an hour. The talks were halted when Christy and he entered. The general mood remained tense, the people were sullen and withdrawn.

Sinjun felt a shiver down her spine and knew instinctively that he had no friend there. The thought hurt him, and suddenly something changed inside. Damn, that land was yours! The responsibility was for him a concept so alien that it took a moment to digest his newfound sense of loyalty to those people in Highland those who had neglected it for most of his life. He believed that if consciousness was something that had died years ago.

- Did you hurt this poor black heart? Calum asked his way through the crowd to get to Christy.

"I'm fine, Calum," she reassured him. It has been an impact to see Lord Derby here so soon after it left London, that's all.

Calum Sinjun threw him a look of hatred.

"Since you are here, Your Excellency, you should know how we feel.

"I hear," said Sinjun folding his arms.

"I'm Calum, chief of Clan Cameron," said Calum self-important. The MacDonald is our leader, and guild members are concerned about their welfare. You have not been a good husband for her. Do not want them here. Go away and leave us in peace.

Sinjun put on the defensive.

Glenmoore and land-mine. And like it or not, I'm your boss's husband.

A group of disgruntled Scots surrounding Calum. They were the Cameron, who wanted to support it. They were all large and intimidating men, but Sinjun was no coward. Kept in place with the body tensed and his hands placed on the hilt of his sword.

Calum's smile did not reach their eyes.

"Sometimes accidents happen, your Excellency. It would be easy Christy rid of a husband who does not want to have.

Christy Sinjun threw an icy look.

- Are you sure you do not want to have me? Maybe you should ask her. Kill me and I guarantee that a swarm of soldiers of the King deal Glenmoore, "he said.

There was a tense silence while the Scots reflected on the words of Sinjun.

- Listen all! Christy exclaimed amid the tense atmosphere. Here there is talk of murders, Calum Cameron. Sinjun is my husband, and I am expecting his child. Every one leave home. There is nothing more to discuss.

"Wait," Sinjun-ordered, there is something else I want to tell you. I do not know why you increased taxes, but I have intended to find out.

- There was only this year, "cried Donald," but also the past, and the last! Sinjun frowned, wondering why the first time Julian had not mentioned the fact that he had been raising taxes on their land. Normally he said Glenmoore related issues before acting.

"I know the answer, but I'll find out. When my driver off tomorrow for London, carried a message for my brother in which I ask you to address this issue. Meanwhile, no one will be required to pay any tax this quarter. In addition, I will visit your home personally to see what I can do to improve your living conditions.

His speech was met with guarded approval despite the open hostility of the entire clan Cameron.

"I'll wait to see how much truth is there in your beautiful words before sentencing Calum growled uneasily.

Then he turned and left the lobby like an exhale.

The crowd dispersed quickly after that, leaving only Sinjun and Christy.

"That was very generous of you," she said with a stern note of approval in his voice. But, can we trust the word of an Englishman?

Chapter 6

Christy Sinjun left out of his bedroom that night. After fouling the air with all sorts of profanity, followed Sinjun Margot, who was basking in silence, until an unoccupied room. He cursed Christy MacDonald, Flora Randall and any other name that it uses. He did not need that. When I was in London had been happy and free, maintaining its reputation and using the talent God had given him to perform his hedonistic lifestyle. I wanted to leave those damned Highlands. But how could I? Christy was expecting his child, and he felt the urgent need to stay long enough to know or meet.

Sinjun found his luggage leaning against the wall of the room assigned to him. Two trunks and a small bag. I did not know how long it would be necessary to stay, so her wardrobe had been almost complete. He also had the foresight to bring a box of gold sovereigns and a silver coins that were hidden inside one of the trunks.

Before retiring that night, spoke to John the coachman, who was returning to London early the next morning. Sinjun had written a letter to Julian, and handed it to John to have it conveyed to his brother. If time permitted, the letter should reach Julian's hands within a week. That meant it would take at least four weeks before he received his brother's response. He hoped that time would clarify the mystery of higher taxes. If things continue like this, end up triggering a rebellion. Christy was not strong enough to control the head of Cameron.

However, I could not help admiring the way he had kept his clan together since the death of old Angus, which occurred two years ago. It never occurred to her that Christy would need it. He had left all alone, thinking that made them both a favor, when in fact she was abandoned to its fate to be faced with issues that needed the firm hand of a man. When Christy problems compared with the lavish lifestyle he had enjoyed, he felt empty and superficial. And he did not like that feeling.

For the first time in years, Sinjun was an idea of what Julian had tried to tell him many times. When I heard his nickname, the truth was he was pleased. Lord Sin. Deliciously

wicked, wonderfully decadent, and he had spent his adult life living up to that name. Heavens, Julian had thought it was a downright moron.

The next morning, after a night of intense reflection, Sinjun fired the driver and went to the lobby in search of food. Christy was already there eating breakfast with Margot and a young man he recognized as the driver of Christy in London.

"I remember Rory MacDonald, right? She asked nodding toward the young man who was looking haggard with resentment.

"I remember his face, but not his name," said Sinjun taking a seat next to Christy.

Immediately out of the kitchen a small woman and chubby. He stood in front of Sinjun with sullen gesture.

- His Excellency wants to eat something? She asked dryly.

"I'm sure that Lord Derby is hungry," said Christy Mary berating him. Bring him what we are eating us.

Sinjun grimaced when he saw the porridge that Christy was being his mouth with a spoon. He did not like porridge.

"I would prefer some eggs and steak," he said smiling at Mary.

- Do not you want oatmeal? She asked, clearly offended.

Sinjun shook his head.

I do not like oatmeal.

- Did you hear that, Christy? The man does not like oatmeal. Any Scot who deserve the bread you eat breakfast in the morning oats.

"Bring him to Lord Derby a steak and eggs, Mary-Christy asked with a sigh. This is your home, breakfast is what you want.

Mary gave him a look of disdain and then turning skirts, hurried back to the kitchen.

"I hope you slept well, my lord," said Christy.

- So now I am "my lord"? Sinjun "said a wry face. I'm your husband, remember? You used to call Sinjun.

Christy's cheeks were dyed pink.

"Your car has left this morning without you, Sinjun. We have some very spirited horses in the stables. Perhaps you prefer to return to London on the back of one of them?

- Why are you so eager to get rid of me? Sinjun's face darkened. Is there another who prefer to call your husband?

His response was muted with the appearance of Mary, who brought the eggs and steak. Sinjun winced when abruptly dropped the dish before him.

"I do not atragantéis with steak, Excellency," he said gently. Then he turned and went back to his domain.

Margot Neither Rory or made no effort to conceal that they were having fun.

"Enjoy your breakfast, excellency," said Margot standing up. My duties call me "Rory gave him a look full of intent. Are you coming, Rory?

Rory dragged his chair back.

"Yes.

"Wait," said Sinjun getting into the mouth a piece of meat. Since there are those horses

in the stables, I would inspect my property and perhaps take a turn in the village today. I need the help of Rory. Could be ready in one hour, Rory?

Rory gave him a quizzical look before replying Christy. A Sinjun was annoyed that the man needed the approval of Christy when he was the master of the house. But it was clear that MacDonald, the Cameron, the Ranald Mackenzie and would need time to accept his authority as master of the earth. Winter is approaching quickly, and did not think Sinjun travel again until the spring thaw again to make the roads passable. According to his calculations, Christy would give birth sometime in March. Still had many months to decide what to do in the future as far as Christy and the child concerned.

"I'll go with you, Excellency," said Rory. And it sounded pleased despite being annoyed gesture. Ensilaré horses and I'll find out with you in an hour.

Rory came instantly. Sinjun devoted his attention to the food. He was surprised his voracious appetite. In London rarely rose before noon. As his stomach was never at his best after a night out, barely eaten during the first part of the day. Normally dinner very late, almost always at the midnight buffet occasional social event. He could not explain the appetite I had this morning, unless it was due to his enforced abstinence during the trip to the Highlands. He had not tasted a drop of something stronger than beer since leaving London.

- How long do you plan to honor us with your presence? Asked Christy to one side while his empty bowl.

Andate-eyed, wife. I am still very angry with you. When you have decided what time I leave, I'll let you know. Did you ever ever think you might want to learn more about my domain?

-No. I've never thought about it, "said Christy sharply. You're left to punish.

Sinjun crossed it with his eyes.

"Do not kid yourself. I'm staying because this time I have interest in my land.

"Damn," muttered Christy English interloper between his teeth. No need you. I've never needed.

Sinjun dropped his fork. Her anger was increased when the chair away from the table.

"For one thing you needed me, ma'am," intentionally looking belly.

Christy looked straight at him, fists clenched, chin held high and eyes flashing.

"Yes, sir. If you would have liked something I never would have lowered that. Do you know how humiliating it was for me to play the part of your mistress? I'm your wife! There would have needed such a travesty if you were a good husband to me. I looked as if it were a trophy you could brag to your friends. All London was talking about the last mistress of Lord Sin. Heavens, how I hated it!

He caught a Sinjun outburst by surprise. It seemed as if she were the injured party.

"Christy did not know that he had imported more than any other woman he had known? Was this your plan all along? "Cause cared then leave wondering why she had left? Would it be that his punishment for having ignored all these years?

- I used! Sinjun re-load.

"I took nothing I do not rightfully defended himself, Christy. Do you have hurt your pride, Sinjun? Maybe it was time a woman gave you your due. Lord Sin ... Bah! Lord

Decadence is a name that better defines you.

Anger seized Sinjun. He did not often lose his temper often, but Christy was testing him. It took all his willpower to avoid exploding. He pressed his mouth tense expression and cold, turned away and went away.

"Damn!" Christy railed silently. Why could not have stayed in London? She already had the idea of spending the rest of his life without Sinjun. And then he burst into the safety of their lives, sowing confusion and bringing back painful memories of the man who had become a woman and taught her what was the passion.

The clansmen were more than anxious after the onset of Sinjun. Calum had even threatened to end his life. Why Sinjun had come alone, without guards or soldiers? It was just one among dozens of Scots English who hated the British with all her heart. Christy sighed. Sinjun knew would never forgive her for lying, and the truth was he could not blame him. But oh, how was angry. The world did not revolve around Lord Sin. Do you really expect to receive him in his bed last night? Christy smiled, recalling the colorful array of curses that had come loose when he tried to enter his bedroom and found the door locked. What really bothered him was that he had had to force herself to leave it out. From the moment he set foot on Sinjun Glenmoore was dying to touch him, close enough to inhale the scent of male musk of his skin, that pursued her dreams. The desire had been so sweeping that it had been forced to get angry to avoid surrender to him.

If the desire to Sinjun was caused by love, then it would have received in your bed and in his heart. But it was man who could settle for one woman. Maybe she managed to meet while he was in Glenmoore, but when he returned to London, Lord Sin continue with their treacherous ways.

Christy put her hand on her belly, where her son grew. Maybe he did not want that baby, but she did, with all his might. MacDonald's future. He or she will inherit Glenmoore and would restore the lost pride clan, his legacy. The heir to Sinjun clan was the salvation of his destiny. And most important: That child would be part of Sinjun, someone to love when he was gone. It would be so easy to give Sinjun his heart if he could remain faithful to one woman ... Christy was promised that would raise your child so that the full potential deployment Sinjun would never come to be developed.

A Sinjun loved his horse. I had no idea that Glenmoore possessed a stable of horses as fine. Block, was recalled. All they had seen was his: the land on which he rode, the people, the church, the fat sheep to leading into the valley to spend the winter, everything. His chest swelled with pride as he had felt long ago. Had never liked the Highlands, so wild and windy, nor its feral population. But now, a strange sense of ownership and peace was to see him differently.

"The moors are not so pretty in this time of year, Excellency," said Rory talk about something. In spring they are covered with heather. It is a magnificent spectacle.

Sinjun was hills and desolate moors something at this season, but no less beautiful. It was a different kind of beauty. Rugged, stark ... irresistible. The trees had lost their leaves and the air contained the promise of cold winter. I could hear the sound of water nearby lake and feel the salt streaming down her cheeks. It was so invigorating that Sinjun not surprised to discover that being hungry again.

He loved horses and took a walk every day in the park for exercise. But slipping for several leagues through the open, under a sky so blue it hurt the eyes, was most encouraging. Sinjun wondered why he had felt before, so aversion to the Highlands.

- Do Glenmoore graze sheep in the valley? Sinjun asked.

"Yes. Clan members look after the cattle for you and receive a percentage of the profits when you sell the wool. Some sheep are slaughtered for meat to be shared with farmers.

- Have you paid the pastors after the fleece of the year?

"Yes, but Sir Oswald said the market was not right and were less than expected. And then they came up rents and taxes. That's when he began to talk of rebellion. The Cameron encouraged everyone to protest not giving quarterly taxes, and all agreed. Sinjun was mulling over this matter until it reached the people who sat on the side of a hill below Glenmoore. There would be more than two dozen stone cottages grouped in any way. Sinjun realized that this was a poor people. The thatched huts of most urgent need of repair.

People stopped what he was doing to stare at him. The silent animosity was so clear that he was glad Sinjun Rory is mounted beside him. He stopped several times to talk with people, but most turned his back and refused to greet him.

"They are very friendly people, right?" Said Sinjun.

- And can you blame them? Rory replied. They and the land they once called him, now belonging to an Englishman. MacDonald is doing all it can to alleviate their suffering, but their children still die of hunger, "he went to Sinjun a pained look. And you wonder why we hate the English ... When the land belonged to us, just fighting among ourselves. We stole the cattle of our neighbor, and he stole ours, was a way of life. But never go hungry.

Sinjun huts observed more closely and decided that something must be done before the first snow fall.

- Could the men of the people to do the necessary repairs to the cabins?

"Yes, but there is enough straw here and their owners can not afford to buy material. Many die of fever when the winter snows arrive.

"I pay for repairs and will give workers a fair wage," said Sinjun, thanking the sovereigns of gold it had in the trunk. Can you organize it?

- Would you pay for the repairs of your own pocket, Excellency?

"That's what I said.

A gang of ragged children stopped their game to stay looking persecution. Sinjun watched in horror the lack of adequate clothing. Some wore animal skins even converted into tunics and pants. It is said to be mentally talk to Christy of the situation of the people.

"This town is a stronghold of the MacDonalds, Excellency," said Rory. Do you wish to

visit the defenses of Cameron and Ranald Mackenzie's?

"Tomorrow, Rory. For today I have seen enough. I am so hungry I could eat a horse.

- Why did not you told me you had hungry? Rory asked as he fumbled in his bag from his belt and took out a cake of oats. Eat this, your Excellency. There's nothing like the oats to ward off hunger pangs. I never leave home without a few in my bag of supplies.

Sinjun oatcake accepted without any misgivings. He had never liked the oats in any form. I considered a food for horses, not humans. But I was too hungry to argue. He paused a moment before taking a bite and start chewing. Although it was fairly dry, the taste was not entirely unpleasant. In fact, the cake was finished and accepted another as they rode back to Glenmoore.

- Are you serious about repairing the huts? Rory asked, unable to give credit to the generosity of Sinjun.

Sinjun gave him a withering look.

- What makes you think he was lying?

Rory shrugged.

"You English," he said, as if that explained everything.

Sinjun thought for a moment and then asked this:

"I do not like me, right? Now I noticed in London.

"I have given good reason to fall, Excellency.

"You knew about the intentions of Christy, right?

"Not at first. He told me when I reproached your visits to the home through the night. To me I did not like, but I was not one to question the boss. Margot and I are engaged, I would have ripped the skin if I betrayed the boss.

"Tell me about the Cameron-Sinjun asked.

"They are warriors, not shepherds or farmers, but this is how they earn a living. They are furious since the old chief named Christy Angus his heir and successor. Calum Cameron has been plotting since then to wean Christy on one side and lifted him as head of the clan.

- Could have done that? Sinjun asked.

"I needed to have the support of MacDonald's and Ranald Mackenzie. Fortunately, all of them except maybe the Mackenzie are loyal to Christy and disproved Calum attempts. Then he decided he would become chief married Christy. But he failed to convince her to seek the annulment. Then again raise new taxes quarterly and those who originally opposed Calum agreed with him that the clan needed a male leader. They wanted a warrior who fought for their rights. That's when Christy and Margot hatched the plan to go and hunt for London. The rest you know, your Excellency.

"Indeed Sinjun said dryly.

Although Christy understand the reasons to go to London in his search, he was having a hard time forgiving her for lying. He had tricked get pregnant, and it hurt him in pride. There was only one thing he wanted, while Sinjun really wanted it. It had been a very well thought out plot, and he had landed in his bed. Well, things had changed. Now he was in Glenmoore, Christy and whether he liked it or not, was to ensure that not only her but also the members of his clan know he was in charge.

Sinjun took a deep breath and dry cold air, enjoying this sally. The frame was vigorous, the company was not bad, considering its low popularity among those Scottish Highlands, and Christy was waiting in Glenmoore.

Christy was sweeping the cobblestones in the courtyard when Rory Sinjun and returned. While Rory was in charge of the horses, she leaned on her broom and watched Sinjun. Eyes narrowed when he saw him pensively stare at the ivy-covered walls of Glenmoore, as if calculating its value. Glenmoore Christy knew that meant nothing to him, but it was everything. He could not conceal the surge of pride she felt at his ancestral home.

Then Sinjun Christy saw her and came to meet him. His stance negligent not married at all with the tension of their muscles strong, nor how was watching, like a predator concentrated in their prey. Christy reduced step by recalling the intimate details of the adventure that had lived in London. He sighed loudly, recalling how the hair on his chest brushed her bare breasts, the way the straps of her butt muscles flex in his hands, his thighs hard and covered with hair ... Nothing had prepared her for the overwhelming charm Lord Sin. For three wonderful months I had known the desire and fulfillment. And now knew despair. Sinjun hated her, and she had to harden his heart against him before you start to yearn for something that could never have.

- Have you enjoyed your ride? He asked to see Sinjun continued staring at her that gleam of curiosity in her eyes.

"Yes, it has been most revealing. Rory has been an excellent guide, "I stared at her breasts and then slid her eyes to her belly. Are you okay?

"Okay, thanks.

"Come with me, it was more an order than a request.

- Now?

"Now," insisted Sinjun. We need to talk. We can do it in your room.

Christy had to run to keep up.

- Can not we talk about what you want in the lobby?

-No.

Sinjun began to climb the stairs and did not stop until he reached his room. He opened the door and waited for her to enter. A Christy's heart began to beat strongly. Being alone with Sinjun was dangerous. Its powerful sensuality had brought other women to perdition.

Christy went to the window and looked toward the land that had belonged to his family for generations. Sinjun was placed beside him. He felt her warmth, felt his anger even before he spoke.

"Last night I closed the way to your bedroom.

"You were angry. Do you really expect that you received?

Sinjun's voice was dry, taut with tension.

"I like Flora.

Christy shrugged.

"Flora was an illusion. I gave what I thought you wanted and ... "His words petered

out.

"And I gave you what you wanted.

Christy his jaw.

"Yes. I will not deny it. Sorry if this displeases you, my lord, but do not worry about the child. Our son is not lacking love.

"Children need a father," said Sinjun. Christy noted that he had his fists clenched and wondered what she expected. Of course, love. The world was full of countless women who Sinjun still had to know and love.

"I ... I assumed you did not want to be disturbed.

"Well you were wrong. My intention is to stay in Glenmoore for the birth of my son. Then maybe I'll take you to London, where it will grow among civilized people. I dare say stop criticizing Julian constantly if I become a parent.

Christy opened her mouth to get air and fell on him with eyes wide open, wild, as he beat his chest with his hands.

- No! You can not do that! Do not allow it!

- Stop! "Said the anxious grasping Sinjun Christy dolls. Talk about this when you're calm. In any case, I will stay here trapped during the winter. By the time spring comes I will have gained a greater understanding about the discontent I have witnessed in Glenmoore.

"I warn you," whispered Sinjun-Christy, take my son and live to regret it.

He raised one of her elegant eyebrows.

"You should have thought about the consequences before devising this insane plan to get pregnant.

- You were supposed'd never know! And you would not matter, "he added.

Still firmly grasping the wrists, pulled her Sinjun. Christy felt the heat, breathed its tempting aroma, and member rose in response. The small mound that stood below the waist of his wife he was intrigued. I wanted to see naked, petting the place where his son grew. Her large breasts as I remembered, and the desire to explore was so urgent that you let the wrists and pinned. She felt her nipples grow under your palms and Sinjun eyes darkened with desire.

No matter how angry you were with her for having deceived, could not control her body's response to its smooth curves and productive. His anger disappeared as quickly as he had arrived. He was dying to slip inside its passage, to taste the sweet passion and they both receive what obviously so desperately needed.

Christy had to read his mind, for a moment before her in his arms, pushed him away. His features were marked by the determination.

- No! Do not let you do this. For you I'm just a hot body. Ever want a wife or a family. What kind of man are you? In case you've forgotten, you agreed with my condition to end our adventure when the time came for my departure. If I was pregnant or not during that time was a problem that I occupy myself.

I can not count how many times you told me how much you suited your marriage because your wife is not required you anything. All I wanted from you was an heir to Glenmoore, and someone who could love me, Christy put her hand to her belly. Even if your son, an heir MacDonald recover possession of Glenmoore.

- Damn you! "Snapped Sinjun.

- No, you are cursed! I lied.

Sinjun could not find cracks in the logic of Christy. The truth was that it had agreed to their conditions. He wanted so much that would agree with everything. He had made a pact with the devil. He recalled that then he thought that her husband had even less moral than he. He had lightly prick the conscience, but the desire to win the battle. He realized too late that it was not a good idea.

Sinjun's thoughts were interrupted when Christy was launched toward the door.

Muttering to herself about the flaws of women followed her into the main lobby, where he met Rory waiting for him.

- When you wish that men begin with the repairs? He asked.

"As soon as possible," said Sinjun. I have understood that the winter in the Highlands can be very hard.

Rory nodded and left the hall.

- What repairs? Christy wanted to know.

"I'm going to pay the reforms made in the cabins of the stronghold of the MacDonalds. There is much to do and seems an urgent necessity. I have not visited yet the defenses of Cameron and Ranald Mackenzie's, but I will as soon as possible.

"No money for building materials, Christy objected.

"Let me worry about that," sniffed enthusiastically Sinjun tempting smells coming from the kitchen. I have hambre. What time is dinner? Will I have time to take a bath?

"We dined early, but you have plenty of time to swim. I'll tell the lads that climb the kitchen and hot tub. Excuse me, I will take care of it right now.

Sinjun grabbed her wrist.

"I will need assistance to bathe. I have not brought my valet.

"In Glenmoore everyone washes single-told Christy.

- Will not you rub my back? It's the least that a husband can expect from your wife. Sinjun watched Christy's face blushed and hoped it would not be denied. When I answered, he did reluctantly.

"Okay. I will ask Mary to lend me hard wire brush used to scrub pots.

His parting shot caused a laugh. No matter how angry he was with Christy, I knew I was never bored with it. But what worried him was he did not know how long they could keep their hands away from her. Having proved the uninhibited passion Flora could not wait to discover if there was any difference between Flora's lover and wife Christy.

When his initial anger had dissipated and calm prevail, he saw no reason for Christy and he did not enjoy each other as they had done in London.

He wondered how long it would take to convince Christy to let him share his bed.

Sinjun smiled to himself. I was not going to be easy, but nothing worthwhile was ever easy.

Chapter 7

Sinjun's mind began to disperse when leaned his head against the edge of the tub and waited for Christy. I was not sure if it would appear, but the frisson of excitement that

I felt made it worth the wait. The pregnancy was not tarnished its beauty. In any case, he had highlighted. And to think that Christy had saved all these years because he remembered very little female redhead and ugly, with few attributes that praise. But no, that was not true. What was a wife did not want to dip their noses in their lifestyle. I wanted freedom.

He found work as a father figure. I'd have to get used to the idea. But the more I thought about it, the more he convinced. An heir or a daughter who looked like Christy. I had not mentioned to Julian in his letter that Lady Flora MacDonald and Christy were the same woman. I had thought to reserve that information for when you could tell Julian in person. What a surprise it was to be his brother. And Emma. I would be delighted to know that was to become an aunt.

A knock on the door brought a smile on Sinjun sensuous lips. Christy. He had come. Its growth experienced involuntary member and wondered how long it take to take Christy to bed.

"Go ahead," he said.

The smile vanished from the face when Rory entered the room.

- Where is Christy?

"Getting to Cameron. He has sent me to tell you that you are waiting in the lobby.

- Did they say what they wanted?

-No. With Cameron never know. Christy invited them to share with us the food.

Sinjun cursed.

"Tell them to quickly lower.

Annoyed by this untimely interruption, Sinjun appeared in the hallway a little later. Christy, Margot and Rory were sitting at the table with Calum, Donald and several members of the family Cameron.

"I have understood that you want to talk to me," said Sinjun taking a seat next to Christy.

"Yes," said Calum. We have heard today have been sniffing through the outskirts of the village of Glenmoore.

"If for you inspect my property is sniffing around, then yes, that's just what I've done. I have plan to visit the defenses of Cameron, the Ranald Mackenzie and in the coming weeks.

Calum's furious look at Christy rested briefly before returning to dig into Sinjun.

"So true. We had heard you were going to stay through the winter in Glenmoore.

Aware that this gesture bother Calum, Sinjun put his hand on Christy.

"Yes, I intend to be here for the birth of my son.

The Scottish factions ruddy spots were filled, and Sinjun stiffened to receive the expected backlash. Mary and his aides chose that moment to carry trays of food. Calum refused to Sinjun with an angry look and fell on the food hungrily.

Sinjun, who was hungry, he spent the next hour to his stomach. He tried the oyster soup, roasted lamb, poached trout, the hare, boiled vegetables dipped in butter and oatcakes inevitable. The dessert consisted of an apple pudding. Sinjun ate several generous portions of everything I had before, astonished at his own appetite. At this rate was to lose her slender figure, much admired among members of high society.

Finally sated, leaned back in his chair and waited for the chief of the Cameron aerate their complaints. He did not wait long. Calum stood up and said:

- Can we continue our conversation in private, Excellency?

"That's fine," said Sinjun withdrawing his chair back.

Christy stood up.

"We can talk here," the lobby was cleared immediately.

Calum Christy gave him a look of discontent.

"What I have to say it is only with His Excellency. It's none of your business.

Christy squared his shoulders.

"As head of the clan, it is my duty to be aware of what you have to say to Lord Derby.

"Christy, I will talk alone," said Calum Sinjun, preventing any discussion. Let me handle this.

Judging by the expression of Christy, it was clear that his words had been molested, but Sinjun had no choice. She was pregnant, did not need the wrath of the angry Calum. He was more prepared to handle Calum a woman who was expecting a child.

"Do not tell me I have to do, my lord," Christy whispered. I have faced problems without your help before and will continue when you're gone. My condition does not make me less capable.

"I'm here," she reminded women Sinjun starching words. As I have understood, our marriage gives me the authority to manage the affairs of the clan.

- I'm still the boss! Christy countered. You've only been a day here and you're trying to gain control.

"In any case, talk to privately," said Calum Sinjun decisively. It's been a long day. Go to bed.

Sinjun felt the searing heat of his anger and tried to control his own. Christy Did not know he was trying to help? He had shirked its duty to her for many years, and while he was there he would try to be helpful. When he returned to London, Christy could do whatever he wanted.

Sinjun remembered the study of his visit to Glenmoore when he married, and thought it would be a good place to be alone.

"In the studio we'll be fine," said Sinjun making a move to Calum to follow him.

Once inside, lit a candle bracket and turned to Calum. Although they were virtually the same height, Calum was broad and muscular.

- What is it that we can not speak in front of others? "I challenged Sinjun.

"We want that you go to the Highlands.

- Do you speak on behalf of Ranald, the Mackenzie and MacDonald?

"I think we all close ranks around Cameron.

"I will not go anywhere, Calum. At least for now. These are my lands, and I decided to take charge of their affairs during the time you're here. I've already ordered some repair work on the bastion of MacDonald. What I can do to improve the situation of Cameron?

"I do not want anything from the English dogs.

Sinjun eyes narrowed.

- What else did you come to me? Come on, man, spit it out.

"You are not welcome here. Christy should have married a Scot.

- With one like you? Sinjun sneered.

"Yes, with a man like me. To you do not mind anything Glenmoore, you never imported. Recogéís incomes and live like a king at the expense of our sweat. Things were different when the old Angus was the boss. But Christy died and became his heir. Many of us wanted to annul their marriage and marry me. The marriage was not consummated, so I would not have been so difficult to end. Christy told us he was going to London with that intention. But what he did was return with a child in the womb. He says that this child is our future.

"Maybe you're right," he admitted Sinjun. Someday my son will become the new boss.

- Ugh! That child is a Thornton, not a real Scot.

"Christy is a Sinjun MacDonald reminded him. Mine is expecting a child, there can be no void.

The cold smile of Calum and his threatening words were an omen of his intentions.

"I have other ways to get what I want.

"Do not scare me, Cameron. Christy is mine, never will.

"So you stay?

"Yes, yes for now.

Calum's eyes narrowed.

"No you can not say that I have warned you, Excellency. The Scottish Highlands have not forgotten everything they lost at Culloden. This is a dangerous place for an Englishman. I'm warning. Watch your back.

- Are you threatening me, Cameron?

"Whatever you want," growled Tomáslo Calum. Good night, Lord Derby, "he said abruptly leaving the room.

Sinjun remained in the study reflect on the threats of Calum long after it had gathered his men and had come out of Glenmoore. Calum was a dangerous man who had to keep watch.

- You still there, Sinjun? Calum has gone long ago.

Sinjun winced at hearing the voice of Christy.

"Yes.

She entered the study.

- What are you doing?

"Think.

- What did Calum?

Sinjun chose his words carefully not to upset Christy.

"Nothing that might interest you.

I could almost see the gears of his brain working as she reached the correct conclusion.

"You promised, right?

"Do not I have fear.

"You should. Calum is a vindictive man. Has not passed the fact that Grandpa would choose a woman as his successor.

Sinjun Christy shook her arms, happy to see that he was not struggling.

"Do not worry about it, Christy. I can take care of myself. I have not wasted my entire

life in useless activities. I took fencing classes and know how to protect myself.

"But not against Cameron. They do not fight like gentlemen. You will not go anywhere without Rory. He will keep you back.

"You worry too Sinjun said cheerfully as she took Christy by the hand and led her back to the lobby. Rory and Margot were sitting by the fire talking quietly when they entered.

- What happened? Rory asked, looking first at Sinjun and then Christy. What did Calum?

"Nothing important," said Sinjun.

"He threatened Sinjun" Christy said. You will not lose sight for a moment to Lord Derby, Rory. Do whatever is necessary to protect it. Calum is destroying the clan with their jealousies and their threats.

"You can trust me, Christy," promised Rory. Keep your husband alive for you.

"I Calum you are taking too seriously," said Sinjun. But I will be happy to enjoy your company, Rory.

"Then it is done," said Rory. Come on, Margot. It's late.

- Do you need me tonight, Christy? Asked Margot.

"No, go to bed, Margot. Rory is right. It's late.

Christy, I'll help in whatever you need, "said Sinjun. Margot gave him a puzzled look before turning and leaving the hall with her future husband.

"Good evening," said Christy Sinjun. I can manage perfectly well alone.

"For me it would be a pleasure to help you undress.

"But for me there," she murmured under his breath.

Ignoring it, Sinjun and picked her up the stairs with her.

- Sinjun! Put me down!

Christy could do little other than hold on to him while Sinjun saved the narrow stairs. When I finally put down, were in the bedroom of Christy. Sinjun let slip through your body, leaving you feel your body energized test. Christy stifled a groan. Do they not realize what he was doing? How could I resist the seduction of Sinjun if Keep stirring the senses?

Sinjun hands went to the front of her dress.

"In case you do not remember, this gives me quite well.

Christy remembered every moment spent with Sinjun. Too well, unfortunately. He pulled his hands to the sides.

"I need help.

The fiery look of Sinjun slid from his face to the belly.

"I see you. I have rights. I'm your husband.

"How kind of you to remember His words were laden with sarcasm. What a pity you were not aware of this when I become your lover. Or what happened when Lord Sin freehand earning big reputation.

Sinjun grimaced. Christy did look like a man without qualities, a man who did not admire. Hell, he too was amazed himself at the time. What had happened? Christy had as many reasons as to be angry, if not more.

"You should have told me who you are countered. I still wish, that has not changed.

- "You're offering a" forever ", Sinjun? "I challenged Christy voice shaking with emotion. Will you stay here to lead our son on his way to adulthood? Do I will be faithful? Will I ever be for you more than a comfort, a woman who will warm the bed until you return to London and your decadent lifestyle?

"Honestly, I do not know," snapped Sinjun sharply. I could tell you never want another woman other than you, but damn, do not know. Right now that's what I feel, but Lord Sin has the best reputation in the world in regard to matters of the heart. Can you accept these conditions?

Tears Christy's throat closed. Do not know how much I wanted Sinjun, how was dying to hear him say he loved her? Why not be the kind of man she needed?

"I thought you were mad at me.

"I was, but I find it hard to keep angry with the woman who will give birth to my heir. Was not right to lie to me and we both know. But after careful thought, I find no reason to deny something that both want and what we enjoy.

Christy stiffened.

- What do you know what I want? Not even once thought of me until I went looking for a London-raised his hand to the belly. Now I have what I wanted from you, Christy turned.

- Damn, do not give me back!

Sinjun pressed against him. He kissed her neck. Her warmth lit. Christy musky smell them from every pore and felt softened. I knew I should not, but when he touched Sinjun bones melted and resistance fell apart. Succumbing to the seduction of Sinjun was not what most convenient, but Sweet Virgin Mary, the temptation was irresistible. And she was not stone.

Sinjun had placed his hands on the breasts, covering and caressing her nipples. Christy blushed to feel them like pebbles against his palms and Sinjun also learned that he had felt, because he heard a hoarse moan come from his chest. The virility of Sinjun stretched against his back, and Christy had to make an effort not to push back against the hard ridge of his desire. When Sinjun hands slipped to her belly, she was very still while he explored the mound in the growing child.

"I see you naked Sinjun whispered in his ear. I see where my child is growing.

He returned to lead to closures hands of her dress. Unbuttoned the first button and then the second. Christy watched as her expert hands manipulating closures and recalled how quickly he had undressed in the past ... and how eager she was undressing her by turn.

"You can look," he said. But nothing more. I can not risk to break my heart when you go.

Sinjun hands stopped.

- What about me? Did you ever stop him consider what led to your departure for me? She shook her head. Never thought it would matter to Lord Sin. Was assumed to have another woman waiting to take his place.

- Damn you! Sinjun roared grabbing her by the arms to rotate abruptly. I was wondering if you would be expecting my son and I did not like the idea that another man said it was hers. I drank to forget, I lost my money in the slums of London's most

sordid game and picked up women in Covent Garden hoping to make me forget. None of that helped, shook gently. Nothing!, Are you listening? Julian constantly criticized me for my excesses. That's what made me, Christy, just that! What do you think?

Christy paled. Never occurred to him that Sinjun could miss her as much as she him. No Lord Sin, a man who avoided the commitment and responsibilities shrank.

"I ... I had no idea. I was proud of what I had done, but I feared that I avoided like the plague if you knew that was your wife. You forget, Sinjun, that I was aware of your thoughts during the time we were together. Do not mind being married to your wife always stay where he could not intervene in your personal affairs. You were not the work of correcting your depraved lifestyle.

- I arrived at something you care? Or anything related to our story was a lie? Sinjun asked.

How could it be so hard on his pate, he asked Christy. Surface So were his relationships with women not being able to distinguish when you really care about any of them?

"I cared about, Sinjun. Too much. That is why now I can not allow myself to seduce. If you come to care about more than I care now, I break them when you leave me. So I asked if you were prepared to settle down and become a husband to me and a father to our son. Without that assurance, I can not afford to love.

Something inside Sinjun awoke. Is the conscience? Suddenly he wanted to become the kind of man who needed Christy.

"I can try, honey. We all winter. Give me a reason to change my lifestyle. Let me love you. Give me the opportunity to be who you wanted it to be.

She stared at him in the eye. The had a deep black, and they were determined.

Releasing a cry of joy, Sinjun hugged her arms.

Feeling the warmth of your skin, the tightness of her leg, became a full erection.

Christy had the front of her dress open, and he slipped it over her shoulders. Then he threw the tape that was holding the combination. Her larger breasts and nipples darkened. Sinjun knocked her on the bed and followed her.

He kissed her eyelids and the tip of the nose while he stroked the soft white skin of the breast. Moments before his mouth to claim his, looked into her eyes and saw in them anxiety and a growing desire. Sinjun opened her mouth writing notes of love with the language. I was hungry for the taste of sweetness. He kissed her until Christy trembled beneath him. When he raised his mouth and looked into his eyes, saw his own reflection and something else. Something he had never seen nor had sought in the eyes of any woman with whom he had slept. It was so shocking, so unexpected, that he dared not name it.

"Christy ..." was something I wanted to say, but could not find the words.

Sinjun moaned as she plunged her hands into the scalp and returned to get his mouth to hers. Long and passionately kissed her, sucking her tongue with the mouth and then handing him. Christy sighed when he stopped to kiss her. Sinjun just smiled and slid his mouth to her breasts. She licked her sensitive nipples and she whispered her name, arching to offer more.

"There's too many clothes," muttered Sinjun raising her head between her breasts and

quickly removing what she was wearing. When she was naked, Sinjun sat on his heels and stared.

Christy tried to cover his belly with his hands, but he withdrew them.

"No, do not try to hide from me, Sinjun ran through her distended stomach with the tips of the fingers in a gesture reverent. He had not gained enough, she thought, and promised that he would eat for the sake of your child.

-The girl is still very small, "Christy said shyly. But will grow over the next four months.

Sinjun elegant raised eyebrows.

- Does the child?

"I hope to have a daughter.

A Sinjun seemed to perceive a defiant note in his voice. He covered the hips with his hands, shaking his head with frustrated expression.

"You're too close. I am a big man. Do you think you'll be able to give birth to this child?

"It's a little late to question my ability to give birth. I am determined to have this child.

"Yes, I know. You look beautiful. More beautiful than the first time I saw you, Sinjun bowed and kissed his belly.

Christy seemed surprised.

- Do not you dislike? Most men can not bear the sight of his pregnant wife.

- You got the impression that I dislike? Your body is more beautiful than I remembered. I'll be careful. If I hurt you at some point, let me find out.

- Why are you being so considerate? When you came you acted like you can not bear to have me go.

"Each in our own way we should be blamed for acts committed in the past.

"I have little faith in you, Sinjun, I warn. I will not let me steal your heart, I can not confide. When spring comes, Lord Sin will be released back to his decadent life in London.

Sinjun assumed that probably deserved it, but that does not hurt that he kept his sins placed in front.

"I can not promise that it will not happen again, as I said, but I can tell you quite frankly that right now are the only woman in my life.

"In my life there has never been another man," Christy whispered against his lips.

Sinjun kissed her hard, then rose hurriedly began to strip, ignoring the buttons flew or the fabric that was torn in his haste to stay as naked as Christy. Then he covered her with his body and stared at her expressive green eyes.

Christy she wrapped her long legs, moaning Sinjun frustrated to see that did not move to get into it. What he did was slide the mouth from the neck to the breast, nipple weevil introduced into the mouth.

Then it was down to the waist and abdomen, covering the trunk of burning kisses until he found the center. A shiver of pleasure ran through her body like a dance. It was a searing jolt, baffling and wonderful. Christy gasped, sitting at his touch.

Where the language of Sinjun brushed that point, moaned and writhed wildly into the warmth of her mouth while a succession of waves of pleasure raged within. The

language of Sinjun opened, exploring their moist folds, plunging into her warmth. The tension had been growing inside Christy was released in an explosion of ecstasy that left almost unconscious and bones melted.

When floating back to reality, Sinjun saw bending over her, staring in his stare.

"Open yourself to me, darling," his eyes were so dark, so steeped in hope that Christy felt she was drowning in them. Sinjun opened her legs and entered her body.

"Tell me if I'm hurting.

"Damage? The pleasure of having it in again it was so incredibly wonderful that he almost fainted. Tangled legs and arms around Sinjun, linking their bodies had never felt so accomplished, so complete. The Sinjun manhood filled her, the possessed, the bewitched. Christy raised his hips to get their assaults soft and deep, enticing him to immerse himself completely in it.

Heard him whispering his name, heard the long sigh that heaved and felt it grow and shaking inside. And then began again the feeling of faintness, that heat was coming in a hurry, stealing the strength of the legs and burning the body, that sweet and intense shock that it could not contain.

"Christy ... Come on, love, now ...'s voice sounded hoarse Sinjun, as if his throat dry. Christy felt his body convulse, he noticed how the virility of Sinjun expanded and contracted within him, and his body was shattered around him.

"Christy, are you okay?

She was floating, lost somewhere in that delicious vacuum that had dragged her pleasure. He heard her voice as if it came from far away.

"Honey, have I been too harsh? Forgive me. I will have done him no harm to the baby, right?

Somewhere in the mists of his mind, Christy Sinjun registered concern and smiled. It seemed as if he really cared about her son and herself.

"Thank God," said Sinjun when she opened her eyes.

"You have not been too rough" Christy said with a sigh. It was so long ...

He gave her a winning smile.

"Too long. No other woman makes me feel what you are.

Christy looked at him in disbelief.

- No other woman? -Surely would have had lots. You must be joking. You've been with dozens of women more experienced than me.

"With dozens-recognized Sinjun kissing the tip of the nose.

"Men are not interested in their wives in this regard.

"True.

"Then why are you being so nice?

"I'm a nice guy.

"Seriously, Sinjun. Tell me why you're helping farmers.

- Now?

- What better time?

"I want to make love again.

- Now?

Sinjun answered with his own words.

- What better time?

He loved her very slowly, so tender care that Christy felt really loved. The assailed slow and rhythmically, carefully measuring his arousal, until Christy lost patience. Clutching her hips, pulled him deeper into himself, showing no words what he wanted. Only then did Sinjun unleash the full potential of his passion, leading both to ecstasy. Then Christy hugged her back and dozed.

I was almost asleep when he felt a slight tingling in the abdomen. Unmistakable movement. She screamed, waking Sinjun, who joined with his eyes wide open as he sought an explanation for the alarm Christy.

- What? Are you sick?

"Look, feel it," he said grabbing her hand and placed on the belly.

- Feel what?

"Wait.

The baby moved again. Sinjun must feel, because his hand lightly pressed and opened his eyes wide with excitement.

- Is this what I think it is?

"Yes. Our son. It is the first sign of life I feel.

There was another tingling before the baby settle. A Christy liked the father of her child was with her the first time I felt. Sinjun He wondered if she'd be as amazed as at the first slight movement while your baby.

-Sinjun.

"Tell me.

"I know you do not want this child so badly as I do, but I hope you do not close your heart.

Sinjun was silent for a long moment. And then he said

"I never thought much about it. God knows I'm not the best person to talk about responsibility, but when do you plan to stay ideaste pregnant with me, was because you wanted to really have a child or because you needed an heir to Glenmoore?

Christy stiffened. Sinjun had come dangerously close to the truth, and felt uncomfortable.

"Actually, Christy," I asked him.

How could I explain that the girl was the future of the clan without sounding too cold?

Sinjun Before meeting and falling in love with him, give him an heir Glenmoore and thwart the plans of Calum had been his priority. But as he knew he was expecting a child of Sinjun, everything had changed. I loved the son of Sinjun. With all his heart. I wanted that baby. Desperately. His son would be part of Sinjun. The only part that would never. How could I explain this to him?

"I can not lie. At first, having your baby was something I needed to do for the clan. Glenmoore To preserve for future generations. Later, your son became very real and I realized that I wanted for me.

Sinjun thought about it and realized that he had acted irresponsibly in London. Was half the blame for the conception of this baby. He could have taken precautions in place to access that Christy had imposed conditions on his adventure, but now he was mad with desire and had consented to anything that Christy would have wanted.

"Do not worry," she said Sinjun filling the void left his silence. Your son was never without love. Nor will ask you anything, if that's what worries you. You do not need. You can go from Glenmoore without any remorse.
Damn! Play did not do precisely what to upload Sinjun ego deflation.

Chapter 8

Sinjun rose at dawn. Christy was peacefully asleep, so I tried not to wake her when he tiptoed out of his bedroom and returned to his own room for washing, bathing and dressing. Rory was in the lobby when he fell. He sat at the table right in the moment when Mary came in haste leading oat Rory. Sinjun looked at, and his usual good humor was replaced with a sour expression.

- What is going to take this morning, Your Excellency?

Sinjun Rory looked oats seemed to be enjoying and swallowed their displeasure.

"Maybe try oatmeal this morning, Mary. And maybe a couple of eggs to go with it. Mary moved the corners of his mouth suspiciously, but he left too quickly for Sinjun could know if he really had smiled.

"You made me happy to Mary this morning, Excellency," Rory said with his mouth baby oatmeal.

"Rory, if we are to work together so closely, maybe you should call Sinjun.

"That would be fine," Rory muttered.

"If I say okay, okay.

- What is right? Margot asked, sitting beside her future husband.

"His Excellency has asked me to call you Sinjun" said Rory.

Margot Sinjun looked a good deal of distrust.

- Why has asked that, Excellency?

"That" Excellence "sounds horrible. My friends call me Sinjun, or Derby, and I feel much more comfortable if you call me Rory Sinjun.

"Well, if you what ... If you say so, Sinjun ..." said Margot, clearly uncomfortable feeling tutearlo. Where is Christy? Comes down before this time.

Sinjun composed an expression of innocence.

"Still in bed. Must have spent a restless night.

Rory Margot and exchanged a knowing look and then she stood up.

"Maybe I should go up and see if you are right, went away in haste amid a flurry of petticoats.

Sinjun was fully aware of the reproachful look of Rory.

"Come, let go. If you have something to say, pluck it out of the chest.

"Very good, excellent ... I mean, Sinjun. We all want to Christy. None of us wants to see her suffer.

Sinjun Mary heard the footsteps approaching. He waited until he left the plate of porridge and eggs on the table before him and he left before answering.

"Christy is expecting a son. What makes you think I might hurt?

"I know how angry you were with her when you arrived in Glenmoore.

"I've already forgiven for deceiving. Maybe I deserved it. Ask Christy if you do not

believe me.

- What you have to ask?

Sinjun turned at the sound of his voice. Margot and she had entered the hall so quiet that he had not heard. She looked tired, and yet she was brilliant. Pregnancy suited her. "I'm having with God's help to convince your family member if I do not want you any wrong.

-Sinjun not going to hurt me, Rory, "said Christy. At least not physically, "he added in a low voice that he never heard of Rory.

But those of Sinjun, who decided to ignore the comment. What he did was put in their mouths a spoonful of porridge and swallow it before they have time to think about it. Although the taste left him retching, he managed to control them.

- Are you eating oats, Sinjun! Exclaimed Christy clearly amused. I thought you did not like.

"Sometimes you have to swallow things that you do not like getting into," said another spoonful of porridge mouth. Somehow, he managed to finish the entire contents of the bowl, watering it with generous sips of beer. He then attacked the eggs, which she liked a lot more.

"I thought today we could go to inspect the herd," said Sinjun, eager to enjoy fresh and perfect that day. For a long time since I got up early and went to ride for the sheer pleasure of it in a landscape so invigorating.

"Take something to eat in case we do not get time for lunch," said Rory Sinjun as he removed his chair back.

"Wear warm clothes," he advised Christy. And watch your back from Cameron, "he added.

Sinjun him a cocky smile.

"I have bodyguards, remember?

The hills and moors were white due to ice Sinjun breathing air hung like a heavy fog. The day was gloomy because of the prospect of snow, but nothing could dampen exultation that morning Sinjun. Christy had spent the night in his arms.

They found the sheep together in a sheltered valley. Sinjun reined in his horse and took delight in watching them. Although it had nothing to do with their care, his chest swelled with pride. It was a very large flock of at least several hundred heads, calculated, and each and every one of them wore a thick wool coat. With the arrival of spring and exhaustion, there would be a substantial profit from the sale of wool. Sinjun had just paid attention to business in the past, but knew the price of wool had fallen for several years and wondered why Sir Oswald would have said otherwise. It made no sense. Somewhere deep in his brain began to suspect that perhaps Sir Oswald was filling his own pockets by stealing their assets and failing to pay their share to the shepherds.

Sinjun made an effort to talk with the shepherds. They answered his questions willingly, but they seemed wary of interest. He learned that not all sheep were from Glenmoore. Some were members of the clan, although they were served with those of Sinjun. After checking how well care was the herd, Sinjun decided to visit the bastion of Ranald.

"The Ranald are loyal to the boss Christy," said Rory. They accepted his leadership without question. Ranald Travis, the head of this clan, and the old Angus MacDonald were good friends. Except for some of the younger members, who are more militant, the Ranald are farmers and herders, not like thieves Cameron, who earn their living by stealing the cattle of their neighbors.

"I thought Cameron was Sinjun your allies," he said. Would never understand those Scottish Highlands or the functioning of the clans.

"Yes. They are our allies, but we know that we should not lose sight of when we give them back. It is no secret that Calum Cameron hoped to become a leader to see that Angus left no male heir, except for some distant relative MacDonald, like myself. They complained bitterly when appointed chief Angus and his wife Christy. There is even talk of joining the Campbell, our most bitter enemies. But in the end that nothing happened.

"Forget the Sinjun Cameron said. What interests me now are the Ranald. "Those people up there is yours?

The bastion of Ranald was a group of stone huts not far from the stronghold of the MacDonalds. As expected Sinjun, his appearance caused quite a stir. A stocky man, and that in his day was certainly a force to be considered, thought Sinjun, left his hut to greet visitors.

Bowed head before heading Rory words to Sinjun.

"My name is Travis Ranald, and I am the chief of Clan Ranald. What brings you here, Your Excellency?

- Do you know who I am? Sinjun asked.

"Yes. Glenmoore was on the day you came. We have heard that you have thought about staying. Is that true?

There were so many people gathered in the lobby Sinjun the day arrived that he had no time then to recognize them all. Besides, that day had only had eyes for Christy.

"For now I will stay," admitted Sinjun. I want to thank you for defending Lady Christy when Cameron tried to force a rebellion.

"I'm not me against the wishes of Angus. Lady Christy is his granddaughter and that's more than enough for Ranald.

Sinjun had made a brief inspection of the cabins to enter the village, and had realized that they were in better condition than those in the village of Glenmoore.

"At this very moment there are some workers repairing the huts of the village of Glenmoore. I could not help but notice that here it would not hurt some small reforms. When completed the work in Glenmoore, could send workers here. I run the cost, of course.

Travis's eyes narrowed.

- Why you would want to do that, your Excellency? As far as I know, you never have worried about your wife or your possessions. Why all this sudden change of attitude? Sinjun knew these Scots had no reason to trust him. The Crown had taken their land, they were prohibited from wearing a skirt and play the bagpipes, and had married the daughters of noble English men. He also knew that they had not instilled any confidence to those people in the Highlands over the years. Had ignored his Scottish

wife had not any interest in their possessions.

"Let's say it's time to pay attention to my business.

- Were you serious when I refer you to the taxes quarterly? It would be a relief for us not having to pay.

He spoke quite seriously, Travis Ranald. I asked my brother to investigate the recent gains. I'm beginning to suspect there is something fishy here. My intention is to adjust taxes in the future as we become aware of Lord Mansfield.

- Would you have Rory and you eat something with me and my wife, Grace? It would be a pleasure for us to share our food with you. It is not anything elaborate, but Meg is a good cook.

- What do you say, Rory? Sinjun asked, pleased with the invitation of Ranald. It was the first (albeit timid) signal that may come to accept their tenants.

"I have a hole in the stomach. I could use to eat something," Rory said smiling. Ranald Meg is the best cook around here. But do not tell Mary that I said it.

Sinjun laughed.

Mary would not believe anything I tell him. I do not think like me.

It was a simple meal, but plentiful and well prepared. Cold mutton, coarse bread and boiled potatoes. Everything was so good that he was ashamed Sinjun leaving himself completely clean plate for more. Apparently, the fresh air had awakened the appetite. Before Sinjun and Rory leave, Travis Sinjun agreed to fund repairs to the cabins. They parted on friendly terms, considering that Sinjun was English.

When they left the stronghold of Ranald, Sinjun decided to visit the village of Glenmoore. Repairs were quite advanced when they arrived. Rory was received with enthusiasm, and Sinjun with cautious optimism. The ladies whose homes now had new roofs and other amenities have directed a few shy smiles, and Sinjun considered this as a good start.

On impulse, he dismounted, stood shoulder a bale of hay and climbed a ladder to give it to one of the workers. When Rory Sinjun saw what was doing, joined him. No one left there until the first hint of darkness fell upon the earth. So tired and every muscle aching, but at the same time experiencing a sense of accomplishment that I had never lived, returned to Glenmoore Sinjun.

A contingent of Cameron was waiting in the lobby. Sinjun groaned aloud. The Cameron were the last people she wanted to see at that time. What I wanted was immersed in a bath, eat and then make love to Christy. The crotch was encouraged, and suddenly felt too tight pants. When I thought Christy always got the same reaction intoxicating. He wondered why neither Lady Violet or any other woman who never knew what had hit like that.

"You visited the Ranald" Calum attacked him when he crossed the lobby Sinjun stride. Sinjun nostrils fluttered with jealousy when he saw Calum sitting next to Christy. Did not like the way that Calum was looking. At a minimum possessive eyes.

"Yes, you got something to say?

"You're going to clansmen against Cameron.

"I do not remember Cameron referred to in the course of my conversation with Travis Ranald. Is there anything more you want to talk?

"Do not go and get your noses in the stronghold of Calum Cameron," he warned. Do not want there.

- Are not the MacDonalds, the Camerons, and Ranald Mackenzie's allies? Christy Not the boss of you all? Sinjun asked.

"Yes, that's true. It is by His Excellency, who feel no sympathy. We want nothing from you, Derby. The people of the Highlands are a proud race. We do not want anything to remind us our defeat at Culloden.

"That was fifteen years ago," he recalled Sinjun Cameron.

"We have lots of memory," said Calum. We will stop hating the English is the day we returned to our land.

Making a nod to his companions, he rushed out of the lobby Calum. Christy looked Sinjun, distinguished and troubled expression came over her.

- What did he say? "He asked. If you have been threatened in some way ...

"Nothing has changed. He wants power and is angry because they tried to get the annulment in London. He believed that a unconsummated marriage is not a marriage, and was willing to take me by force. Me as a wife, Calum would be in position to lead an uprising. He never imagined that I would return with your child in my womb. Your heir is a threat to their ambitions.

"Forget about Calum. The Ranald are still our allies. You have nothing to fear.

"I do not know Calum, Sinjun. You should pay attention to their threats. It's not too late to come back to London before the snow and ice on the roads become impassable.

- Do you want me to go?

Sinjun gasped. For the first time in his life felt useful. Lord Sin was a distant memory. St. John Thornton was a different man who lived in another time and another place. That day had used muscles that I did not know I had, and felt wonderful. Food had never tasted so rich, no matter how simple it would have been, the air never smelled so fresh, even in his rural estate in Kent.

Christy stared at it and found nothing in it to remind him to Lord Sin, the whim of London. What he saw was a man with his face blown by the wind and cold flushed. London had lost its pallor, and Christy had never seen both Sinjun enjoy eating.

"You should have seen the work he has done today," he told Sinjun Rudy. Have you been all afternoon lifting bales of hay. I bet all the muscles hurt. To me of course yes, and I'm used to working hard.

Sinjun frowned.

"You make it look like I've spent my whole life being useless activities.

Christy suppressed a laugh.

- Is not it?

A slow smile lit the face of Sinjun.

"I guess you're right, but riding a horse, fencing and boxed for toning muscles.

"You must be willing to give you a hot bath, Rory," said Margot. Come with me, I take care of it.

'Tell the boys in the kitchen to rise a bathtub to Lord Derby, Christy asked when they left.

"That put Christy's room before the fire," he added Sinjun. And ask him to Mary if you

have a liniment for sore muscles.

Christy looked at him raising an eyebrow.

"The fact that yesterday we shared bed does not mean that we do every night. What I said was very serious, Sinjun. If you will not be the kind of father and husband that I need, I can not allow our relationship into something important to me.

"Many husbands are separated from their wives. It is a way of life.

That was not what Christy wanted to hear.

- Sin Is Lord who speaks?

"Christy, I will not change from night to morning. Suffice it to say that for the moment I'm happy. I love to see fat on our son, and I swear I can not wait to see it come to this world.

Seeing-corrected, Christy lifting her chin. I'll have a girl.

He had decided long ago that I would not have a son. A Sinjun you could get into his head to take his heir of Glenmoore and raise in England. The idea of being separated from her son it was very painful.

"As you say. "We went to your room?" Suggested Sinjun offering his arm. I'm looking to get into that tub. I hope Mary has prepared a good thing, I was awakened a ravenous appetite.

The ferocious appetite Sinjun Christy was amazed, as his penchant for hard work. I've never seen Sinjun perform any physical labor when they were in London. Fencing, boxing and horse had kept her figure slender and athletic but the type of work he had done that day could increase your muscle mass quickly, especially if his appetite was still as active as those last days. Christy smiled to herself, imagining how the ladies react to the powerful muscles of Lord Sin and healthy complexion. No doubt adore their new appearance, he thought. It would be a welcome change compared to her pale, fussy fellow.

- What is that smile? Sinjun asked.

Christy stopped on the landing platform to catch her breath.

"I was thinking of something funny. I do not think that interests you.

- Are you okay? He asked. I should have carried.

"I'm a useless, I'm just pregnant. You better hurry before you cool the bathroom.

The tub was placed before the fire, as ordered Sinjun. Near had provided soap, towels and towels. Christy turned around when Sinjun took off his clothes and dived into the water.

- Are you going to rub your back?

"I had thought down if Mary needed help with dinner," Christy evaded the answer.

Sinjun handed him a towel.

"I need you more than Mary.

Christy had serious doubts.

"Okay. But I will confine myself to rub her back. You are a charming rogue, Sinjun, and I am aware of each and every one of your tricks.

Christy soaped the cloth and stood behind him.

"Lean forward," he murmured.

Sinjun obeyed with enthusiasm. When Christy was finished, he dropped the cloth into

the water, put straight, and placing their hands in the kidneys, stretched his cramped muscles. Sinjun must have realized it instantly showed his concern.

- What happens? Is it the baby?

Christy would have given his life to believe that Sinjun really cared for the child and herself.

"I'm fine. The child is growing inside me, and sometimes when I'm tired, my back hurts.

"Sit by the fire while I finish my bath. In addition, there is something that I talk to you. Although I knew it was a mistake, Christy sat on a bench before the fire, consciously look away man in the bathtub.

"I've noticed that the village children do not have adequate clothing for the winter," he began Sinjun.

Christy looked away to put it down on his face. His surprise was obvious.

- Have you noticed that?

"Yes. That and more.

"Usually I provide material to make new clothes when I get my annual allowance. This year I received less than usual. Sir Oswald said I'd cut the allocation. I had to be very careful with spending money, and has not been enough to buy material.

Sinjun emerged from the bathroom with the gesture twisted, dripping on the floor as he placed the towel around his waist.

"I do not remember telling you cut the allocation. Julian said he was generous with you. I think that Sir Oswald has many bills to pay, gave him a sharp look at Christy, who was massaging his back. Do you still hurt?

"A little.

"Lie down in bed.

- What?

"Do it, Christy. I'm not going to hurt you.

So insistent that she would not discuss. He lay on his side, his head resting on folded hands.

- What now?

"You relax.

Christy felt his hands sliding down her back, rubbing the contracted muscles that crossed the valley of your spine. He was feeling so well that he closed his eyes and moaned with pleasure. Sinjun continuous massage for pain relief with steady hands, yet soft until she was so relaxed she felt light as a rag doll.

"Do not go to fall asleep," he said.

"Of course not," said Christy slurred with sleepiness. Do you want to rub your sore muscles with liniment?

"Right now I have only one muscle that needs relief Sinjun whispered in his ear.

Christy suddenly opened his eyes when he felt his hands slide up the outside of your thighs, dragging with them their skirts. Christy turned abruptly on itself as he bent to kiss the bare buttocks.

- Sinjun! What are you doing? Exclaimed placed face up.

Kiss-ass.

Christy tried to sit up, but he straddled on his lap, holding her in bed.

"We are waiting for dinner.

"Well, wait.

Sinjun let go of her legs and placed it on his knees, kneeling in turn behind her. Christy stifled a scream when he felt his member stroking the buttocks before plunging into the damp crevice between her legs. Christy could not stop. She pressed her hips against his crotch, and felt her body responded with an instant and powerful excitement.

"If I'm hurting you, tell-Sinjun his voice hoarse with desire when he opened his fingers and slowly entered into it. Christy sighed whistled between his teeth. Then Sinjun was introduced to the hilt. She moaned and moved her hips around his crotch.

Suddenly, Sinjun retired and sat on his heels. Christy gave a cry of protest and fell on his stomach.

"Sorry. This is too hard for you," he said panting. I wish so much that I forget you're pregnant. Turn around, honey. Let me undress so that we can do this properly.

Confused, Christy just stood looking at the released Sinjun tools with expert hands of clothing. Just a few moments later, covered with his body, kissing her, plundering her mouth with a desperate desire. She kisses him back, around his neck with his hands and opening her legs to receive between them.

Sinjun covered her breasts with her hands and lips slid down his neck arched. Then he went down to put in the mouth one of her erect nipples and sucking.

-Sinjun, please ...

"I ask so sweetly that I can not deny anything," he said as he placed his legs over his shoulders and was introduced into the interior.

Completely exhausted, Christy gave the act of love. It had cast wildly against him if he had not been fully Sinjun control as much of it himself.

The sounds of pleasure from Christy and the vision of her beautiful face, glowing with pleasure, gave him wings. She squeezed his buttocks, he sucked the nipples, seemed never to have enough of this woman so complex that it was expecting a son. He tried to control his desire, but completely overcame him when he plunged deeply into it. He watched closely for any signs of discomfort, and was delighted to see that he was so immersed in passion as he. Christy's eyes were half closed, the words bathed in happiness. Sinjun fired against her hips, her teeth and focused on providing pleasure.

The cry heard was the sound piercing and sharpening of ecstasy, she felt her spasm around his body, which finally ended with his control. All I had to give Sinjun bolted it into the body of Christy. If it were in his hand, would have given him even more.

It took several minutes until he found the energy to set it aside. Christy turned to him with his eyes closed and his face so pale that he was pierced by a spear of panic.

- Did I hurt you?

She shook her head.

"No, you've hurt me. I'm tired ... so tired.

Sinjun reached out and pulled the blanket to cover with it.

- Do you want to send you climb a tray?

"Yes, that would be fine. Margot And tell that tonight I will not need.

Sinjun was very quiet throughout the meal, and no one was inclined to bother.

Arranged for him up a tray to Christy, the excuses and prepared to eat with good appetite. After not entertained in the lobby. He said goodnight to Margot and Rory and climbed the stairs to the bedroom of Christy. He frowned when he saw on the bedside table tray untouched. But he was so deeply asleep that he had the courage to upset you. It was clear he needed sleep more than food.

Sinjun quickly undressed, slid into bed beside her and clasped her arms. Without waking, Christy let out a deep sigh and snuggled against him.

The next few weeks flew by. Christy was not the only one who was fat. Sinjun discovered he liked physical activity and joined Rory and workers almost every day. He marked the muscles at the same rate as their appetites grew. Her torso wider and arm strength, he had never been as fit or felt so healthy.

Christy had widened their clothes so often that he finally Sinjun Rory had to ask if he could borrow something sturdy to work. When the first snow in early December, the cabins were already repaired. Sinjun was very proud to think that no villager would suffer by not having suitable housing. Christy had bought some linen and wool peddlers who walked there and had been circulated to members of his clan. As Calum had been so firmly opposed to accepting anything of English, Cameron was not so comfortable and warm how MacDonald's and Ranald Mackenzie.

Sinjun had charge of hiring additional help Glenmoore. Every day four young maidens came to the fortress and returned at night to their huts in the village. December came mounted on the wings of a huge snowstorm, and began preparations for Christmas celebrations. All clan members were invited to participate and promised to provide the trunk Sinjun gigantic burned during this time.

Although still in the bed of Christy, tried to be as delicate as possible in the sexual act. Many a night was limited to embrace it making love. The baby was already very big, and he knew that soon Sinjun be detrimental to your child to continue their sex.

Christmas Day dawned cold and gray. The Yule log fire burning merrily in the hall was decorated with holly and spicy drink beer in large quantities, creating a sense of goodwill. Even Cameron seemed in good humor. Sinjun had a gift for Christy and waited for the evening approached to give it to an end.

She sat next to wife of Ranald Travis and Sinjun gestured to approach him. Christy looked at him confused but got up willingly and followed him from the lobby to the studio.

- Is something, Sinjun? He asked when they were alone.

"Sit down," he said offering a comfortable chair. I wanted to give my gift without everyone stay dumbfounded.

A Christy's eyes lit up.

- Do you have a gift for me?

"Yes. I bought in Inverness the day Rory and I went to buy construction materials-

Sinjun opened the desk drawer, pulled out a velvet bag and placed it in his hand.

Christy loosened the cord, and poured its contents into the palm. Its muffled cry of joy was the only thanks I needed Sinjun.

- Sinjun! Emeralds! This is too-the collar was suspended a large emerald in a smaller circle of emeralds.

"I can afford it. It makes you play with your eyes, and I want you take it. Can you wear?"

"Yes. Encantada-Christy put his collar and turned. Sinjun you put the gems around the neck and tightened the closure. Then he turned to look.

"You look great.

"I have something for you," Christy said. Wait here.

He left before he could say anything Sinjun. I expected nothing and wondered how and where they would have gotten a gift for him. He did not wait long to find out.

Christy returned after a few minutes wearing a bulky package wrapped in cloth.

Smiling, I deposited in my hands.

"Go on, open-urged him to see that he merely stared at her.

Sinjun not know why her hands were shaking. He had previously received gifts of beautiful women, but the fact was not even half had meant that this gift from his wife crudely wrapped. He left the package on the desk and carefully removed the wrapping. She held her breath to see what was inside: winter clothing designed to fit your newly acquired muscle. Pulled wool trousers, a starched white shirt and a wool vest. There was a tunic worn by the men of the Highlands. But that was not all. Under this thin and warm clothes lay a velvet cape trimmed with fur.

Sinjun was amazed.

- All these things have you done?

"Yes. I bought the material at a peddler, and Rory caught a beaver to the hem of the coat.

- At what point cosiste it all?

"When you were working in the town. Margot helped me. You gave it for granted that we were making baby clothes. And we did, of course, but that we have sewn in spare time. I have plenty of time since you hired extra help.

After that, a Sinjun could not care less of Cameron, his disgruntled looks nor their threats. He longed to be alone with Christy. Maybe that was the last night he could love without compromising his son. According to Christy, the baby was due in early March. Sinjun was aware that the child's birth would require a decision on their part, but not going to let anything spoil tonight.

Capítulo 9

Enero se presentó con mucho frío. Sinjun pasó largas horas sentado delante del fuego, bebiendo vino caliente y viendo cómo su esposa cosía las innumerables y diminutas prendas que vestirían a su hijo. Estaba inquieto e impaciente. Sabía que Christy debía haberse dado cuenta de su incomodidad, porque la pilló mirándolo fijamente con expresión sombría cuando creía que él no la estaba viendo.

No podía evitar pensar en la temporada de invierno de la que estarían disfrutando ahora sus amigos en Londres; los elegantes bailes, el teatro, la ópera, las fiestas. No es que hubiera sido desgraciado aquellos últimos meses, es que no sabía si pasarse la vida en las Tierras Altas escocesas era lo que quería hacer. La inactividad le había dejado demasiado tiempo para preguntarse qué se estaría perdiendo en Londres.

Poco después de Navidad llegó un mensaje de Julian que le hizo llegar John el cochero. Tras recibir la misiva anterior de Sinjun, Julian había hurgado en las cuentas de sir Oswald y había descubierto que el administrador en el que todos confiaban había estado robando fondos y aumentando ilegalmente las rentas y los impuestos para mantener a una amante muy cara. Julian le escribía que le habían apresado cuando estaba a punto de embarcar rumbo a Francia y que ahora estaba en una prisión de Newgate a la espera de juicio. Cuando supiera la fecha en que iba a celebrarse, se lo haría saber a Sinjun, porque requerirían de su testimonio. Julian también quería saber por qué Sinjun había decidido quedarse en Escocia sin una palabra de explicación.

Sinjun redactó cuidadosamente su respuesta para revelar lo menos posible sobre Christy. Quería hablarle a Julian en persona de ella y del niño para ver la cara de su hermano cuando le colocara en brazos a su hijo y heredero. A pesar del deseo de Christy de tener una hija, Sinjun tenía la absoluta certeza de que iba a tratarse de un varón.

Le escribió a Julian que tenía intención de permanecer en Glenmoor hasta principios de verano, a menos que lo necesitaran con anterioridad para el juicio de sir Oswald. Sonrió para sus adentros al imaginar el asombro de Julian al leer su respuesta. En el pasado nada había mantenido a Sinjun alejado del bullicio de la temporada londinense.

A principios de febrero se produjo el primer deshielo, y Sinjun decidió que ya había tenido bastante inactividad. Encontró a Rory en los establos y le sugirió que salieran a dar una vuelta a caballo para ver cómo les iba a los habitantes del pueblo.

Se sentía maravillosamente con una montura joven entre las piernas y el viento frío sacudiéndole las telarañas del cerebro. La visión de las ovejas arrebujándose unas contra otras en busca de calor dibujó una sonrisa en los labios de Sinjun. Meses atrás habría desdeñado tanta paz y tranquilidad, si es que alguien podría calificar de pacífico el hecho de vivir entre los imprevisibles habitantes de las Tierras Altas.

Fue justo cuando se detuvieron a observar el rebaño cuando ocurrió el desastre.

Una flecha pasó rozando la oreja de Sinjun. Rory le gritó para advertirle y echó mano de su arco, pero el aviso llegó demasiado tarde. Unos instantes más tarde, una segunda flecha surgió a toda velocidad de detrás de un grupo de árboles, y esta se alojó en la parte superior del hombro de Sinjun. Si no hubiera prestado atención a la advertencia de Rory y no se hubiera agachado, le habría atinado de pleno en el corazón. Sinjun se agarró el hombro y cayó al suelo. Su sangre tiñó la capa de polvo incrustado que cubría la nieve.

Las flechas dejaron de volar en el momento en que Sinjun cayó. Los agresores desaparecieron tan a hurtadillas como habían venido. Rory desmontó y se agachó al lado de Sinjun, incorporándolo para observar los daños.

El dolor le resultaba insoportable, pero permanecía consciente.

—¿Qué ha ocurrido?

—Sospecho que han sido los Cameron. ¿Puedes levantarte? No quiero sacarte la flecha del cuerpo hasta saber el alcance de la herida. No quiero que te desangres hasta morir antes de que pueda llevarte a Glenmoor. Aguanta, Sinjun, Mary te curará sin que te queden secuelas.

—Tú súbeme a mi caballo —le pidió Sinjun apretando los dientes.

Rory le ayudó a ponerse de pie y luego le echó una mano para colocarse sobre la montura. Parecía como si el animal supiera que necesitaban su cooperación, porque se mantuvo absolutamente quieto mientras Sinjun se ataba a la silla.

—Iremos despacio —dijo Rory agarrando las riendas sueltas de Sinjun y montándose en su propio caballo.

Sinjun recordaba poco del camino de regreso a Glenmoor. Tenía la túnica manchada de sangre y se balanceaba sobre la silla como si estuviera borracho. Aunque el dolor resultaba insufrible, no creía que se tratara de una herida mortal. Se había agachado en el momento exacto gracias al aviso de Rory. Al parecer, Calum Cameron estaba dispuesto a cometer un asesinato para librarse de él. Sabía que Calum odiaba a los ingleses, igual que la mayoría de los habitantes de las Tierras Altas, pero nunca pensó que llegaría a tales extremos. Sinjun había empezado a creer que había abierto un camino para ganarse la confianza del clan.

—Ya casi hemos llegado a casa, Sinjun —dijo Rory para animarle.

Sinjun no podía hablar. Estaba derrengado sobre el cuello de su caballo, con los ojos cerrados y los dientes apretados para soportar mejor el tremendo dolor. Lo siguiente que supo fue que lo estaban bajando del caballo. Su entrada en el vestíbulo fue recibida por un grito agudo. ¿Christy? Entonces se le nubló por completo la mente.

Christy vio a Rory entrar en el vestíbulo cargando con Sinjun y no pudo contener el grito de desesperación que le surgió de la garganta. Su primer pensamiento fue que estaba muerto, que Calum se había impacientado y le había matado en lugar de esperar a que se marchara por su propio pie. Christy no podía moverse, lo único que pudo hacer fue quedarse mirando fijamente la flecha que sobresalía de su cuerpo.

Al escuchar el grito de Christy, tanto Margot como Mary dejaron lo que estaban haciendo y se precipitaron al vestíbulo.

—¿Qué ocurre, muchacha? —preguntó Margot preocupada.

—¿Se trata del bebé? —quiso saber Mary.

Ambas vieron a Rory y a Sinjun al mismo tiempo.

—Que Dios nos asista —murmuró Mary santiguándose.

—¿Qué ha ocurrido? —preguntó Margot acercándose a toda prisa para echar una mano.

—Una flecha lo ha tumbado —respondió Rory con tirantez—. ¿Dónde quieres que lo llevemos?

—Subidlo a nuestro dormitorio —dijo Christy, que por fin había conseguido articular palabra.

—Iré a buscar mis medicinas y el instrumental —dijo Mary dirigiéndose rápidamente a la cocina.

—No te preocupes, Christy —la tranquilizó Margot—. Ya sabes que Mary es la mejor curandera de las Tierras Altas. No permitirá que Sinjun muera.

—Tengo que ir con él —dijo Christy caminando como un pato hacia las escaleras—. Oh, Margot, ¿y si se muere?

—No morirá. No pienses siquiera en ello.

Christy subió por las escaleras con sorprendente agilidad, teniendo en cuenta su pesada figura. Rory había colocado a Sinjun sobre la cama y le estaba quitando las botas cuando ella entró en el dormitorio. Corrió hacia la cama y tomó la mano de Sinjun. Él abrió los ojos y trató de sonreír, pero sólo consiguió componer una mueca.

—No te preocupes —jadeó—. No voy a morir.

—Mataré a Calum —murmuró Christy.

—Échate a un lado —le pidió Mary irrumpiendo en la habitación—. No le habéis desvestido —les reprendió mientras colocaba su cesta de suministros médicos en la mesilla de noche.

Rory se acercó al instante para obedecer.

—Corta la tela que rodea la flecha —ordenó Mary.

Mientras Rory y Christy desnudaban a Sinjun y le colocaban una sábana sobre la parte inferior del cuerpo, Mary sacó aguja, hilo, ungüento y vendas.

—Escúchame con atención, Rory —le pidió Mary—, no tires de la flecha hasta que yo te lo diga. Margot, ve a traer whisky.

Margot salió corriendo y regresó unos minutos más tarde con una jarra.

Mary levantó la cabeza de Sinjun y le colocó la jarra en los labios.

—Bebed, Excelencia. Vais a necesitarlo.

Christy observó cómo se movía la nuez de Sinjun mientras tragaba. Mary le puso la jarra una y otra vez en los labios, obligándole a beber hasta que le goteó por las comisuras y ya no pudo seguir. Mary asintió y dejó la jarra cerca por si la necesitaba de nuevo. Luego le hizo un gesto a Rory con la cabeza.

Rory agarró el asta de la flecha y tiró de ella con un único y suave movimiento. Christy palideció al escuchar el grito de Sinjun. Cerró los ojos, y cuando los abrió, Mary estaba vertiendo whisky en la herida abierta, que ahora sangraba sin cesar.

—Hay demasiada sangre —susurró. Nunca había estado tan cerca de sufrir un desmayo.

—No es excesivo —replicó Mary enhebrando pausadamente una aguja con hilo de seda. Le pasó a Rory un montoncito de paños limpios y le dijo que los presionara contra la herida.

—Cuando sangre un poco menos, coseré a Su Excelencia.

—¿Está consciente? —preguntó Christy asomándose a la cabecera de la cama mientras se retorció las manos.

—Sí, y un poco borracho —dijo Mary—. ¿No es así, Excelencia?

Sinjun abrió un ojo. No podía centrar la vista. Christy contuvo el aliento. Tenía un aspecto tan cómico que si la situación no hubiera sido tan grave se habría visto tentada a reírse.

—Ahora voy a coseros —le dijo Mary a un Sinjun casi inconsciente—. Sois un hombre muy valiente, Señoría. Os recuperareis antes de daros siquiera cuenta. Mañana os prepararé un buen cuenco de gachas de avena para que os de fuerzas.

Sinjun torció el gesto pero no dijo nada mientras Mary se preparaba para coserle. Christy se colocó al lado de la otra mujer y le agarró la mano. Rory estaba al otro lado de la cabecera, sujetando a Sinjun por los hombros para mantenerlo firme cuando sintiera el primer mordisco de la aguja.

Pero para mérito de Sinjun, no se estremeció ni se movió mientras Mary le suturaba la herida con puntos precisos. O tal vez estuviera demasiado borracho para sentir nada. Cuando Mary hubo terminado, volvió a desinfectarle la herida con whisky y le extendió un ungüento hecho de manteca de cerdo y caléndulas machacadas. Luego envolvió el hombro de Sinjun y parte del pecho con vendas.

—Ya está —dijo Mary dando un paso atrás—. Es un hombre de suerte. No se ha dañado ningún órgano vital. Prepararé algo de té de valeriana para calmar el dolor.

—¿Y qué pasa con la infección? —preguntó Christy temerosa. Sabía que las heridas, aunque fueran leves, podían infectarse y matar. Y la herida de Sinjun estaba lejos de ser leve.

—Reza, niña —respondió Mary—. Tu hombre es joven y fuerte y no hay mejor antiséptico que un buen whisky escocés —le dirigió a Christy una mirada afilada—. ¿Y qué me dices de ti, muchacha? Te falta ya muy poco.

Christy esbozó sin ganas una sonrisa.

—Estoy bien. Me sentaré con Sinjun, ya sé que tienes tareas que hacer.

—No. Yo me sentaré con él —se ofreció Margot.

—No —insistió Christy—. Si te necesito te llamaré.

—Como tú digas, muchacha. Traeré el té de valeriana en cuanto Mary lo haya preparado. Quédate tranquila y llama si empieza a agitarse.

—Estaré bien —dijo Christy haciéndoles un gesto a Rory y a Margot para que se marcharan.

Cuando se hubieron ido, Christy se llevó la mano al distendido vientre y pensó en su hija. Estaba deseando ver a su niñita. El embarazo había ido bien. Agnes, la matrona del pueblo, la había examinado y había predicho un parto fácil. Por supuesto, Mary era consciente de que existía peligro. Muchas madres y sus bebés morían por causas desconocidas, pero ella tenía intención de dar a luz a una niña sana y confiaba en que se mantuviera así.

—¿Christy?

Christy dio un respingo y sus pensamientos se hicieron añicos al escuchar la voz de Sinjun.

—¿Te está doliendo? ¿Quieres que te traiga algo?

—Puedo aguantar el dolor.

—Mary está preparando té de valeriana. Eso te ayudará.

—¿Vio Rory quién trató de matarme?

—Creemos que ha sido Calum Cameron.

—No va a salirse con la suya con este ataque gratuito. Cuando me recupere voy a ir a denunciarlo a la guarnición inglesa de Inverness. ¿Estás de acuerdo?

Christy se sintió indecisa. Sabía que Calum era impulsivo y que seguramente formaba parte activa del movimiento dirigido a expulsar a los ingleses de las Tierras Altas, pero los Cameron habían luchado codo con codo con los MacDonald, los Ranald y los Mackenzie en Culloden, y odiaba la idea de que dieran caza a Calum como si fuera un animal. Y sin embargo, había intentado asesinar a Sinjun, y no podía quedar impune.

—Debes hacer lo que creas que es mejor, Sinjun —aseguró Christy.

La conversación llegó a su fin cuando llegó Margot con el té. Christy le ayudó a beber el potente brebaje y poco rato después se quedó dormido. Christy se quedó con él hasta bien entrada la noche, tocándole con frecuencia para ver si tenía fiebre. Pero gracias a Dios, Sinjun permaneció frío. Margot entró en la habitación poco antes de que amaneciera e insistió en que Christy se fuera a la cama. Ella obedeció de mala gana y arrastró su agotado cuerpo hasta la habitación que Sinjun había utilizado el primer día que llegó a Glenmoor.

Sinjun se despertó sintiendo dolor, pero descubrió agradecido que podía soportarlo. Se tocó con cautela el hombro vendado, recordando pedazos sueltos de todo lo que ocurrió después de que la flecha le atravesara la carne. Miró por la ventana y vislumbró un débil sol abriéndose camino a través de las nubes. Debía haber dormido toda la noche. Escuchó un ruido en la puerta y apartó la vista de la ventana. Christy entró en la habitación, y Sinjun le ofreció una débil sonrisa. Rory iba detrás de ella llevando una bandeja cubierta por un paño.

—Estás despierto —dijo Christy con alegría. Sinjun pensó que tenía aspecto cansado, y se preguntó si se habría quedado sentada con él toda la noche.

—Mary pensó que tendrías hambre.

Rory dejó la bandeja en la mesilla de noche y apartó el paño.

—Gachas —protestó Sinjun arrugando la nariz ante aquella papilla viscosa. Lo cierto era que no tenía mucha hambre y aquel pegote sin color que ocupaba el cuenco había acabado con el poco apetito que tenía—. Creo que no quiero.

El ceño fruncido de Christy le hizo sentirse culpable.

—¿Podría tomar pan tostado y té en vez de esto?

El rostro de Christy se iluminó de inmediato.

—Sí. Rory irá a la cocina a preparártelo.

Rory se marchó y Christy arrastró una silla que colocó al lado de la cabecera de Sinjun.

—¿Cómo te sientes? Has dormido casi toda la noche.

—Espero que no te hayas pasado la noche aquí sentada —dijo con severidad. Christy se sonrojó y dijo que efectivamente, eso había hecho—. Necesitas descansar, Christy. Mi herida no es grave.

—Tal vez no, pero la fiebre y la infección sí son graves. No hay señales de fiebre, y Mary vendrá enseguida a cambiarte el vendaje. Ella sabrá decirnos si la herida se ha infectado.

Como si las palabras de Christy la hubieran conjurado, Mary hizo su aparición en el dormitorio. Rory la siguió llevando el té y el pan tostado que Sinjun había pedido. Con los brazos en jarras, Mary apuntó con el dedo hacia Sinjun y sacudió la cabeza.

—Algún día llegaréis a apreciar la avena, Excelencia. Y no me miréis así —añadió cuando él le dirigió una mirada malhumorada—. Vamos a echarle un vistazo a la herida antes de que comáis.

Sinjun se quedó quieto mientras Mary le quitaba el vendaje, exploraba, tocaba y olía.

—No está putrefacto, Excelencia —anunció mientras extendía una nueva capa de ungüento sobre la herida y le colocaba un vendaje limpio.

—Hoy voy a levantarme —anunció Sinjun cuando todos excepto Christy se hubieron marchado.

—No vas a levantarte —aseguró ella con firmeza.

Sinjun decidió no discutir aquel punto. Lo que hizo fue reflexionar sobre sus planes de llevar soldados a Glenmoor, preguntándose si sería una buena idea. Si traía soldados ingleses, lo que conseguiría más bien sería provocar rechazo y reavivar la idea de la rebelión. Así que lo tenía difícil hiciera lo que hiciera.

—¿Te encuentras bien, Sinjun? —le preguntó Christy—. Estás muy callado.

—Estaba pensando —dijo él muy despacio—. Cuando Calum se entere de que no me ha matado, seguramente volverá a intentarlo. O tal vez ahora trate de hacerte daño a ti.

—Ya hablaremos de eso más tarde, Sinjun. Ahora tienes que descansar —dijo Christy subiéndole la sábana hasta la barbilla—. Intenta dormir. Cuanto más deprisa se cure tu cuerpo, antes podrás tomar decisiones respecto a Calum.

Sinjun se tomó en serio su sugerencia, sobre todo porque apenas podía mantener los ojos abiertos. ¿Le habría administrado Mary otra vez ese maldito té de valeriana? Unos minutos más tarde cayó en un sueño profundo.

Sinjun se recuperó de forma asombrosa. Tanto Christy como Mary insistieron en que permaneciera en la cama tres días enteros. Aunque le irritaba la inactividad que marcaban sus férreas reglas, el descanso en cama le proporcionó a su cuerpo el tiempo necesario para recomponerse. Al quinto día ya podía mover el brazo sin que le doliera demasiado. Y al séptimo era capaz de dar paseos cortos a caballo.

Marzo entró con fuerza invernal, pero no duró mucho. Todo apuntaba a una pronta primavera. La nieve se derretía en las colinas, y comenzaban a hacerse los preparativos para el esquilme de las ovejas. Cuando recobró la salud, Sinjun pensó en

enfrentarse a Calum. Lo único que le detenía era el inminente nacimiento de su hijo.

Christy parecía tan incómoda que Sinjun se preguntó cómo podía siquiera caminar, y mucho menos seguir con sus quehaceres habituales. Sabía que dormía mal por las noches, porque había vuelto a su cama tras la recuperación de Sinjun, que se había pasado prácticamente las noches en vela porque ella no hacía más que dar vueltas en el colchón. Sinjun sabía que faltaba poco para que naciera su hijo, y aquel pensamiento le emocionaba.

Dos semanas después de que Sinjun se escapara por los pelos de la muerte llegó un mensaje de Julian. John el cochero se había adentrado con valentía por los empantanados caminos y había sufrido las inclemencias del tiempo para entregarlo. Sinjun mandó al exhausto cochero a la cocina para que comiera algo mientras leía la carta urgente de Julian.

—¡Maldita sea! —bramó Sinjun tras leer las dos primeras líneas.

Christy se le acercó y miró por encima de su hombro.

—¿Qué quiere Julian?

Sinjun leyó por encima el resto de la carta.

—El juicio de sir Oswald se ha fijado para la última semana de marzo. Tengo que regresar inmediatamente a Londres para testificar.

Sinjun escuchó el gemido contenido de Christy y maldijo la inoportunidad de su hermano. Además, el mensaje de Julian encerraba una exigencia no demasiado sutil que Sinjun no podía ignorar. Aprovechando su regreso, Julian esperaba que le informara de la situación en Glenmoor, y también que le explicara la razón del retraso de su regreso a Londres.

—¿Vas a irte? —preguntó Christy con voz pausada. Demasiado pausada.

Sinjun sintió el peso de la indecisión cayendo sobre él. Lo necesitaban en Londres, pero allí también hacía falta. Aunque había suspirado con frecuencia por el torbellino social de Londres durante el largo y lúgubre invierno, quería estar allí para ver la llegada de su hijo al mundo. Rebuscó en su cabeza en busca de una excusa para permanecer en Glenmoor, una que satisficiera a su hermano.

Aunque Sinjun ignorara el llamado urgente de Julian, estaba seguro de que su hermano se enteraría del ataque que había sufrido por John el cochero, porque los sirvientes eran unos cotillas reconocidos. Y conociendo a Julian, se presentaría en Glenmoor lo más deprisa que pudiera acompañado de una dotación de soldados.

Christy se lo quedó mirando fijamente con ojos vigilantes. Luego le sorprendió diciéndole:

—Tienes que ir.

—¿Tú *quieres* que vaya?

—Eso no es lo que he dicho. Sir Oswald te ha engañado y ha causado grandes privaciones a los miembros de mi clan. Podría salir en libertad sin cargos si tú no testificas. ¿Es eso lo que quieres?

—No. Ese hombre merece ser castigado por lo que hizo.

—Entonces debes ir.

—Pero el bebé...

—...Nacerá cuando llegue su momento. Y además, en Londres estarás más

seguro.

—¡Maldita sea, Christy! No le tengo miedo a Cameron. Prometí que estaría aquí para el nacimiento de nuestro hijo.

—¿Crees que no he percibido lo inquieto que has estado este invierno? Sé que echas de menos Londres. Has vivido como lord Pecado durante demasiado tiempo como para cambiar en el espacio de unos pocos meses.

Sinjun entornó los ojos.

—¿Me estás azuzando adrede? ¿Acaso interfiero en tu vida? ¿La gente de tu clan es más importante para ti que yo? Lo único que has querido de mí ha sido un hijo para asegurar el futuro de Glenmoor. Fue concebido con un único propósito. Para continuar con la dinastía de los MacDonald y conservar la tierra para futuros MacDonald.

Christy palideció. Oh, Dios, ¿por qué estaban discutiendo así?, se lamentó Sinjun en silencio. Se estaban lanzando el uno al cuello del otro por viejos asuntos que se habían resuelto mucho tiempo atrás. ¿O acaso no se habían resuelto?

Christy era plenamente consciente de lo que estaba haciendo. Regresar a Londres era lo que más le convenía a Sinjun. No sólo por el juicio, que ya era razón suficiente, sino para averiguar si podría ser feliz con una sola mujer. Tenía que descubrir esa verdad por sí mismo. Christy había sido testigo de lo inquieto que estuvo todo el invierno, de aquellas miradas perdidas y nostálgicas que ponía cuando creía que ella no estaba mirando. No quería que se quedara en Glenmoor sólo porque pensara que ella lo necesitaba.

Quería que Sinjun la amara tanto como ella lo amaba a él. Sabía que le tenía cariño, pero, ¿tanto como para abandonar su antigua vida? Regresar ahora a Londres le daría la oportunidad de probar lo que se había estado perdiendo, y aclararía la cuestión de una vez por todas.

—Piensa lo que quieras, Sinjun —dijo Christy con voz cansada. Le dolía la espalda, y discutir sólo servía para empeorar las molestias—. Debes regresar a Londres por el motivo que sea. Tu hermano no es de los que admiten un no por respuesta.

—Cuando nazca el niño, ¿me lo harás saber? Dudo mucho que pueda regresar a tiempo para el nacimiento.

—Enviaré a Rory.

Sinjun asintió.

—Se lo explicaré todo a Julian. Estará encantado de saber que voy a convertirme en padre. Llevaba años sermoneándome para que consumara nuestro matrimonio y sentara la cabeza.

Christy esbozó una sonrisa cargada de nostalgia.

—El tiempo dirá lo que nos depara el futuro.

—Lo siento —dijo Sinjun—. No sé por qué estamos discutiendo. Lo último que quiero en el mundo es disgustarte. Perdóname.

Christy ya le había perdonado antes incluso de que se lo pidiera.

—Por supuesto. Vamos, te ayudaré a hacer el equipaje. Puedes empujarme escaleras arriba.

Christy estaba sin aliento cuando por fin llegó al rellano de la sinuosa escalera de piedra. Se sentó en la cama para recuperar la respiración mientras veía cómo Sinjun hurgaba en su baúl.

—Sólo voy a llevarme unas cuantas cosas en una mochila —explicó—. Tengo ropa de sobra en Londres, aunque dudo que se acomode a los nuevos músculos que parece que he adquirido.

—¿Qué es eso? —preguntó Christy cuando un documento de aspecto oficial resbaló del baúl y cayó al suelo. Sinjun recogió el papel, lo miró y se lo pasó.

—Me había olvidado de esto. Es el acuerdo de nulidad que traje de Londres para que lo firmaras. Cuando me enteré de que Flora y Christy eran la misma persona y que tú estabas esperando un hijo mío, guardé la nulidad y me olvidé de ella. Puedes hacer con ese documento lo que quieras.

Christy pensó un instante en ello.

—Vuelve a guardarlo en el baúl por el momento. Tal vez algún día lo necesites.

Sinjun le dirigió una mirada impenetrable y deslizo el papel dentro del baúl.

—Gracias por el voto de confianza —volvió a mirar el interior del baúl—. Con esto bastará —dijo colocando una pequeña pila de ropa sobre la cama.

—Guardaré tus cosas en la mochila mientras informas a John el cochero de que mañana te vas a ir con él —dijo Christy.

Sinjun le agarró las manos y la atrajo hacia sí.

—¿Estás segura de que esto es lo que quieres, cariño? Puedo decirle a Julian que se vaya al infierno.

"Esto es lo que quieres tú", pensó ella.

—No, tu hermano te necesita. Yo no podría soportar que un granuja como sir Oswald saliera libre sin tu testimonio. Merece ser castigado por lo que te ha hecho a ti y a los miembros de mi clan.

Christy sintió el calor del beso de Sinjun en los labios y se negó a llorar. Iba a volver, se dijo. Y si no volvía, no sería el fin del mundo. Todavía tendría a su hija para poder amarla.

Christy se durmió en brazos de Sinjun aquella noche. Hacer el amor no era una opción, pero se besaron y se acunaron hasta que finalmente ella se durmió. Christy se despertó en medio de la noche por culpa del dolor de espalda. Sus movimientos despertaron también a Sinjun, que le preguntó qué le sucedía. Ella mintió y dijo que estaba demasiado incómoda para poder dormir.

Cuando llegó la mañana, Christy fingió una sonrisa alegre y le dio un beso de despedida a Sinjun. Alzó la mano sin ganas en gesto de despedida mientras lo veía desaparecer por el horizonte.

—Esta ha sido la última vez que hemos visto a Su Excelencia —aseguró Margot con frialdad.

Christy no respondió. ¿Qué podía decir, si tal vez Margot tuviera razón? Al darse la vuelta, sintió una punzada en la espalda y compuso una mueca de dolor.

Margot se dio cuenta y le lanzó una mirada afilada.

—¿Te encuentras bien, muchacha? Parece que te duele.

—No es nada, Margot. Siento punzadas en la espalda desde ayer.

—Tal vez deberías contárselo a Mary —Margot la giró para llevarla a la cocina.

—Sí —respondió Christy mirando de reojo hacia atrás para alcanzar a ver por última vez a Sinjun antes de seguir a Margot a la cocina.

Mary estudió el rostro de Christy en medio de ollas y sartenes, le tocó el distendido vientre y le hizo unas cuantas preguntas pertinentes.

—Ya no falta mucho, muchacha —predijo—. ¿Por qué no se lo has dicho a Su Excelencia antes de que se marchara?

—Sinjun tenía que irse, Mary. Eso lo acepto. No quería que se quedara conmigo sólo por el bebé. Todos habéis visto lo inquieto que ha estado todo el invierno —Christy dejó escapar un trémulo suspiro—. Nunca llegué a creer de verdad que estaría contento en Glenmoor. La vida de la ciudad tiene más cosas que ofrecerle a un hombre como Sinjun.

Mary chasqueó la lengua.

—No te preocupes, muchacha. Nosotros cuidaremos de ti. Aunque tu marido no te necesite, tu clan sí.

Christy se llevó aquel pensamiento esa noche a su cama vacía. En lo más profundo de su corazón, deseaba creer que Sinjun volvería, pero tenía que ser práctica. Tal vez no volviera a verlo nunca excepto durante las breves visitas que hiciera para ver a su hijo. Resultaría doloroso vivir con la certeza de que Sinjun siempre tendría una amante en Londres.

Un dolor agudo en la parte inferior del abdomen acabó con sus sombríos pensamientos. Trató de colocarse en una posición más cómoda, pero el dolor persistía. Christy sufrió en silencio hasta el amanecer, cuando por fin reconoció que estaba pasando por la primera fase del parto. Estaba retorciéndose de dolor cuando Margot la encontró poco tiempo después.

Mandaron llamar a Mary y a la matrona. Mary llegó primero e insistió en que Christy se levantara y anduviera, asegurando que eso era bueno para el bebé. Así que Christy caminó mientras se buscaban paños, agua caliente, preparados de hierbas y demás parafernalia. Entonces llegó Agnes, la matrona. Examinó a Christy y anunció que todo seguía su curso normal.

Christy no entendía qué significaba eso, sólo sabía que el dolor era terrible y en ocasiones resultaba insoportable. Pasaron las horas y el dolor continuó. Christy se preguntó si el bebé nacería alguna vez. Llegó la noche. La luna se elevó a gran altura en el cielo. Christy caminó hasta que una presión creciente le pidió que empujara.

—Ha llegado la hora de que nazca mi hija —jadeó cuando la presión se hizo insoportable.

Agnes le dio la razón asintiendo, y Mary y ella ayudaron a Christy a tumbarse en la cama. Margot le agarró la mano mientras Agnes le abría las piernas y murmuraba sus instrucciones. Aunque estaba sumida en una nebulosa de dolor, Christy escuchó y obedeció. Una hora más tarde, justo cuando el alba se abría paso, el bebé llegó al mundo protestando con fuerza por aquel viaje tan duro.

Completamente exhausta pero feliz, Christy extendió los brazos hacia el bebé.

—Dadme a mi hija —susurró.

Mary le dirigió una mirada extraña.

—Christy, el bebé no...

Christy pensó al instante lo peor.

—¡Noo! ¿Qué le pasa a mi niña? ¡Oh, Dios, por favor, no me la arrebates!

—Tranquila, muchacha —susurró Mary—. Tu bebé es un varón tan sano y fuerte como su vigoroso padre. Ya sé que esperabas una niña, pero el Señor te ha enviado un muchacho saludable y hermoso.

Christy sintió un alivio infinito. Mientras el bebé estuviera sano, el sexo no le importaba, aunque a la larga supusiera un motivo de preocupación si Sinjun se lo llevaba lejos. Ella quería una niña, pero un muchacho era igual de bienvenido. Tal vez el siguiente... Pero no. Christy apartó de sí aquel pensamiento. Tal vez no hubiera nunca otro hijo si Sinjun decidía que la vida de lord Pecado resultaba más atractiva que tener esposa y un hijo.

Chapter 10

Christy cradled her precious child to her breast while she nursed. Sliding his dark eyes to his head and rose to his mouth, he sucked the nipple vigorously, thought of how much she loved that child. Now there was a month old, and Christy had not yet sent a message Sinjun to give notice of his birth. The first months of a baby's life was very precarious, and wanted to make sure his son was still healthy before Sinjun notify. In all it was known that the babies died for no apparent reason during the first weeks of life.

That delicate piece of humanity that had him in her arms a lot like his father. Sinjun Christy wondered if London would be enjoying if you have taken up their former way of life. Did he think she ever? Although Sinjun seemed reluctant to leave, would have been a fool if he thought he preferred the simple life to the delights of London.

The baby pulled the lips of her nipple was satiated and asleep. Christy Sinjun regretted that had not been there to put a name to his son. It was strange, but had never talked about it, and she just had chosen girls' names. Not to mention the view Sinjun, Niall had called the boy, like his father.

Christy left the baby asleep in the cradle of the room he had prepared for him next to his and left the room to write to Sinjun the letter he had been putting off. A month after his arrival in the world, Niall was the picture of health, a massive replica of his father. Tiptoed out of the room and stumbled with Margot, who had gone to fetch her.

-Calum Cameron is here and wants to see, "he said sourly.

Christy grabbed his neck.

- Now? It's late. What can you want from me at this time of night? God Almighty, what kind of problems will want to lead now?

"Maybe you just want to congratulate the birth of your son," suggested Margot.

Christy Calum knew enough about to know that it was not so. He had come to make trouble.

-You look good, girl, "Calum sliding the look with undisguised admiration for the

slender figure Christy again. I hear you've had a strong healthy boy.

A shiver of apprehension ran through the spine of Christy. The powerful figure of Calum seemed to flood the lobby with a silent threat.

"You heard right, Calum. Niall is a strong and full of child health.

- Have you heard of His Excellency?

"Not yet. Just a month ago he left.

"I do not come back.

A Christy is bristling hair.

"That you do not know.

A persistent knock on the door distracted attention from Christy to the main entrance.

It was strange that there were two unexpected guests in the evening. Margot opened the door and gave way to John the driver. He staggered from exhaustion and seemed to go to sleep standing up.

"I bring a message of your husband," said John Margot by passing the hall.

"Christy murmured Sinjun eyes shining. I did not expect to know anything about him yet.

John the coachman, who had been shattered by the trip, took off his hat and placed the letter in his hand Sinjun Christy.

"His Excellency said he should wait for the response.

"Thank you, John. Margot will accompany you to the kitchen and make sure they give you something to eat and a place to sleep.

Margot took John to the back of the fortress. Calum Christy wished to leave to read his letter alone. But Calum seemed to have no intention of leaving. He could almost see the gears of his brain spinning as he nailed the hearing in the letter that Christy had in his hand. Before she realized what was his intention, Calum took the letter and opened it. Christy was clear that he could read, because I had learned with the same tutor who taught her to read and count.

"You have no right bellowed trying to snatch the letter from the hand.

"Do not worry, girl I want to know what to tell your dear husband. If you want to read it.

"I can read myself," Christy snapped Calum hoping to go to hell.

"Your Excellency, I write the day after his arrival in London," he read aloud Calum.

Says the trial of Sir Oswald has been postponed a week, "Calum looked up and gave him a look of distaste. Glenmoore say they will return to after the trial, stopped reading the letter and looked at Christy. Did you tell who has a son?

Furious, Christy grabbed the letter from the hand.

"Not yet, but I have intended to remedy that.

Calum The smile that gave him was anything but reassuring.

"Tell his Excellency that do not want to return.

- What? You're crazy. Sinjun know that your child will want to know.

"As Lord Derby set foot in the Highlands, is dead," Calum promised. Never Glenmoore come alive. And I'm a man of his word, Christy MacDonald. Kill that bastard tried once and failed, but I will not fail.

- Do not you dare to kill Sinjun! Christy gasped, knowing that Calum would dare to

anything to serve its purposes. What would win with his death?

"To you, Christy MacDonald. Through you'll get the power that should be mine long time ago. A woman should not be boss.

"I had the blessing of the entire clan," said Christy.

"With the no," said Calum Cameron. We were less than MacDonald's and Ranald Mackenzie. As chief of the Cameron not get enough power for what I have in mind. If you must die to Lord Derby having you and the power they desire, then so be it. Christy knew with cold certainty that Sinjun had to keep away from the Highlands. In men when Calum clan closed ranks around him, Sinjun danger of losing life.

Christy's expression should be a reflection of his thoughts.

"I see that we understand, girl," Calum said crossing his arms over his immense chest.

"I will not let you kill it Sinjun" said vehemently.

"You can not stop it. Glenmoore will never alive. And as for his son, when you and I will raise what we marry someone from Cameron. You focus on giving birth and raising my children. One every year, Calum through him with a look of lust. That can be sure.

He turned to leave.

- Wait, Calum!

He stopped and looked back.

- What is it now? I will not change your mind, you know. Derby must die.

- What if Sinjun not return to the Highlands?

"He will return. You said it yourself, want to see your child.

- What if I can convince Sinjun to annul our marriage?

Calum frowned.

"It's too late. Already have a son.

"No, listen. When Sinjun first came to Glenmoore he did fully intend to get the annulment of our marriage. It could have happened. Sinjun's brother, the Earl of Mansfield, is an influential man and had arranged the formalities. The agreement of invalidity is still here, in the trunk of Sinjun. I'm sure I can convince him to proceed with the revocation. I know you will act accordingly when they send the document with my signature on it.

Calum shook his shaggy head.

"No work. Return for his son. You know you can remove him if he wants.

Christy was desperate. Sinjun could not return to Glenmoore. Should live. It squeezed the brain for a solution that could convince him to stay in London. The idea came into his head was so scandalous that he thought that maybe it could work.

"If you have nothing else to tell me, girl, I'm going," said Calum.

Christy Calum could not allow to leave without him present his plan.

-Sinjun not return to the Highlands if I sign the agreement void and sent him back with John the coachman began.

"He's coming anyway," said Calum.

Christy took a deep breath the air, but the gesture did little to calm his agitated nerves. What was about to suggest it seemed terribly serious, but it was worth that and more in order to save the life of Sinjun.

"Not if I say that our son died at birth and I want to end our marriage and marry you. Calum then paid more attention.

"You're very smart girl, it must be said Calum stroked his chin. How will I know you do what you say?

"I will sign the annulment before you. And you can read the letter I wrote to Sinjun.

- How do I know I will not post another and destroy the first as I go?

The suspicious nature of Calum was cornered against the wall Christy.

John "I'll send the driver back tonight, but the poor man deserves a good night's rest.

-Sign the document and type the letter "ordered Calum taking a seat at the table while waiting for the return of Christy. It would be more than a little beer, girl.

Christy took a cup of the closet and filled a mug of beer from the barrel and placed strongly before Calum. Then he ran up the stairs, pausing a moment to look at his sleeping son. Margot was sitting with him and asked Christy to stay until they get rid of Calum. Then he went into his bedroom and walked to the corner where lay the trunk of Sinjun. He lifted the lid and rummaged through her belongings until she found the invalid document that he had left there. After seizing their writing instruments, returned to the lobby and sat down next to Calum.

"Let me see," said Calum grabbing the agreement void. I took a quick look and then gave it back.

Before Christy had time to think about what he was doing, he dipped his pen into the ink bottle and signed his name.

"Enough. Done, "expressed its deep sadness.

"And now the letter ordered Calum.

Christy pulled a sheet of paper and began writing. Tears ran down her pale cheeks as she told Sinjun that the child had died at birth. He prayed for God to forgive him for a lie so horrible, but had not left him Calum option. He could barely see through tears when he wrote that did not want to see again Sinjun, who had signed the declaration of invalidity and have it returned with John the coachman with the hope that it will validate Sinjun court. He tried to make the letter sound convincing. Sinjun was no fool. If not kept concise and impersonal tone, he would know instantly that something was wrong. When Christy finished, he handed the letter to Calum.

"If Derby comes to the Highlands after this letter, it is more stupid than I imagined," said Calum nodding their heads in approval. Call the messenger. I myself will not hurry to put on the road.

Before she could do what he ordered, Rory appeared in the hall by the front door.

Calum saw sitting next to Christy and stiffened.

- What brings you to this hour of the night, Calum Cameron?

"I had matters to discuss with the boss," said Calum, rising and putting his nose inches from that of Rory.

"Rory, John the driver arrived with a message Sinjun. He's resting in the kitchen. Do you mind going to tell him to come?" Christy asked before the two men were rolling with punches.

- Are you going to be okay? Rory asked giving him a fierce look to Calum.

"I'll be fine. Hurry. It is imperative that John leave tonight with my answer. And Rory,

"said Christy when he was leaving. Do not mention the child.

It seemed as if Rory would demand an explanation, but the stoic expression of Christy seemed to change his mind. He left the lobby with excessive haste.

"You're a smart girl," repeated Calum. I do not want problems with MacDonald. Do not tell anyone our covenant. Right now not a good idea that we fight among ourselves.

Christy agreed. I had not the slightest intention of telling members of his clan the horrible lies he had told Sinjun.

John the driver appeared to be dead when he entered the lobby. Christy stood before his hat in his hand, and judging by his expression, seemed to consider the inhabitants of the Highlands little more than savages. Christy handed a packet of folded papers and ordered him to leave immediately for London.

- Immediately, my lady? John asked, clearly astonished.

"Rory, John backpack full of food to take to travel.

"I also dismiss this man," said Calum.

When Calum went with John, Rory returned to the lobby.

- What does this mean, Christy? Something smells rotten. Calum What are you doing here? Margot should not leave you alone with him.

"Margot is with Niall" explained Christy.

- What did Sinjun? Do you already know what your child?

"I know upon receipt of my letter," replied Christy with a mysterious air. But do not rely on it to return to Glenmoore immediately.

Rory looked at her strangely.

- What are you up, Christy? Calum I see the hand behind this. What did he say to send the messenger of Sinjun back in middle of the night?

"We're not even in the middle of the night," Christy defended. Trust me, Rory. I know what I'm doing.

"I hope so, Christy. I hope really.

Christy walked nervously up and down the hall, knowing that Calum had gone to the stables with John, probably to fill the ears with falsehoods about the intimate relationship between Calum and wife of His Excellency.

Mansfield House, London

"Damn," said Julian Sinjun carefully watching his brother. Just recognize you. What happened? Never seen you looking so healthy. Holy God, you mark all the muscles. What have you done?

"Above all, working outdoors," he admitted Sinjun. I had to do something to alleviate boredom. As we speak are making me new clothes.

"Tell me about the concern in the Highlands. You mentioned in the only letter you had to either send me.

"The head of Cameron is inciting to rebellion, but I do not get to be successful.

"Tell me about Christy. Clearly you've discovered that it was false the assertion of Sir Oswald concerning her pregnancy. No wonder, considering how false it has been shown to be.

Sir Oswald told the truth, "said Sinjun.

Julian gasped.

- I can not believe what I hear!

Sinjun smiled. His explanation was leaving his brother stunned. A Julian had warned him at his ranch country that Sinjun returned to London, and had just returned that day. Sir Oswald's trial began the next day, and Sinjun had not so far had opportunity to speak to Julian for Christy and his impending fatherhood. Launched happy to relate the story that seemed more fiction than fact.

When he finished the story, Julian fell into the nearest chair and stared at Sinjun.

"It's an amazing story, Sinjun. It is almost unbelievable "He shook his head. Seduced by your own wife.

"Everything is true, Julian, I swear. Christy posing as Lady Flora London when he was in his head slightly tilted. Can you imagine? He was madly in love with my own wife. Christy is expecting a son. The birth was imminent when I was ordered back to London. It was my intention to send you to hell and stay in Glenmoore until the birth of the child, but Christy told me to come.

- You? Father? I need some time to get used to that idea. So that's what you have retained all these months in Scotland. You could have written, "he scolded.

"I wanted to give you a surprise. In addition, roads were impassable during the winter months. You were lucky that the letter ordering me to come back home without suffering any mishap.

- What will the future holds for now, Sinjun? Christy tricked you to let her pregnant, can you live with that? You do not stop to amaze me. I'd be completely mad.

"I was completely mad ... at first," admitted Sinjun. But Christy and I have reached an understanding. He could not stay angry forever, right? I know the boy is mine, regardless of how it was conceived. I'm waiting for John the driver returns from the Highlands, hopefully with news of the birth of my son.

- You sure you're ready to leave behind your life of sin and become husband and father?

Julian was observed hands. It was clear that Christy Julian and harbored the same doubts.

- Do you consider yourself unable to settle down?

Julian ran his fingers through his hair. The question was marked very clearly in her beautiful face.

I do not know, Sinjun. In the past have not shown any signs of wanting to do.

"I will try with all my strength. My idea is to return to the Highlands after the trial. I want my son.

Julian stood up and went where was the brandy. He filled two glasses and handed one to Sinjun.

- And what about the dissatisfaction you told me?

"I can control it," said Sinjun giving a sip to prove the amber liquid. The chief of the Cameron is a troublemaker. It is thirsty for power.

"Good God, you sound like a changed man," Julian said grabbing the shoulder ... the wounded shoulder, which still had a livid scar. Sinjun jumped and screamed. Julian instantly dropped his hand.

- What happened? Are you hurt?

"It's nothing.

Sinjun-le-Julian gravely rebuked, as head of this family, I have a right to know these things.

- Did not anyone ever told you you're a damn nosy?

"Yes, you. Many times. Spit, Sinjun.

"Since you want to know, to Calum Cameron took it into his head the idea of freeing the world from an Englishman. His arrow found my shoulder. Luckily it was nothing serious. As you can see, I recovered completely.

"I do not like, Sinjun.

- What do you think of me right?

- Why not report the attack on the English garrison of Inverness?

"I was going to do it as soon as I recover. But then your letter arrived and there was no time. I will stop when you pass by on the way back.

"I'll send a few burly English to accompany you. It is absurd to take risks with your life.

"We'll see," said Sinjun with little enthusiasm.

Emma departed in haste from the door of the study that Julian had left ajar. Still ringing in his ears as he had heard. Lady Flora was not Sinjun's mistress, was his wife, and was about to give birth to his heir. The news had left her stunned. He was asked why he left so abruptly Sinjun to Scotland without a word of explanation. She was part of the family, after all, and was entitled to know what was happening to his own brother.

He went up to full speed to his room just as the study door opened wide and Sinjun left for her to go with long strides to the front door.

Sir Oswald's trial lasted three days and was fine. The scrutiny that Julian took place in the books, which showed clear contradictions, and the testimony of Sinjun, which included his first-hand knowledge of Sir Oswald taxes had risen to fill their own coffers, proved to be conclusive evidence convict him of fraud and theft. Stripped him of his wealth and property and was sentenced to fourteen years hard labor in the colonies. He was imprisoned in one of those giant old ships still floated in London waiting to finalize the transfer. All belongings of Sir Oswald were given to Sinjun in restitution for their losses.

Sinjun spent several days holed up with Julian and his manager after the trial. That he remembered, was the first time I had a clear vision of its wealth, certainly considerable.

"Things should go well while I'm gone," said Julian when they were alone.

- Are you going to go again? And what about Emma? You know I have every intention of returning to Scotland, and will not be around to ensure their welfare.

"Aunt Amanda has agreed to move to Mansfield's mansion during my absence.

"She's very old, Julian. It is not good company for our vivacious Emma.

"When I told my plans with you would be here to accompany them.

- You really must go now? What mysterious mission calls for you this time?

Julian deliberately obtuse in an expression.

I do not know what you mean. There is nothing mysterious about having to go to meet business needs. There'll be more than a week. How many tricks can make Emma in a week?

"Not you imagine," said Sinjun putting eyes. Be careful, Julian. I do not know what you're into, but whatever it is, you're not indestructible.

Julian grinned scathing.

"I'll try to remember. In any case, I am still a few days around here.

Sinjun was at home when several hours later received an unexpected visitor. Emma came in demanding to speak with Sinjun. When he entered at once into his room without even knocking on the door, his brother knew he was angry.

"I tried to stop her, my lord," said Butler suffered coming after her.

"It's okay, Pemburton. Talk to my sister.

"Very well, sir," replied Pemburton. His tall, thin and straight went rigid when he left the room and closed the door behind him.

"Okay, what are you thinking? You have not come alone, right? You know what that is Julian strict social norms.

"I've come alone," said Emma Sinjun. What Julian does not know will not hurt. If he were, I would have locked up. I am a woman, Sinjun, not a girl.

Sinjun eyebrows. He had not ever paid enough attention to Emma. Julian had tried to compensate for the shortcomings of Sinjun trying to contain the exuberant nature of Emma and her natural inclination to mischief.

"Sit down, Emma asked her," and tell me what concerns you. Are you angry with Julian?

"I am awfully angry with you two," she replied.

"Watch your language, Emma," he warned his brother.

"I can not help it, Sinjun. You do not know what it's like all the time lost in the dark. I am a member of this family.

- What the hell are you talking about? Are you stuck in a mess?

"I am not allowed to get into trouble," said Emma angrily. This has nothing to do with me. At least not directly.

- Why do not you tell me what's bothering you?

- Why did not you told me why you went to Scotland? You left me to believe that Lady Flora was your lover when in fact it was your wife.

Stunned, he stared Sinjun Emma.

- How did you know?

"I heard the conversation I've had today with Julian.

- Were you watching?

- And what I have otherwise found out of things?

"You've grown," said Sinjun Emma suddenly looking a way never before seen.

There was nineteen years old, had a delicious curves and very beautiful. Sinjun

wondered how he had not realized it was not a child. Her hair was thick and dark, like all Thornton, and long, curly eyelashes. It had some classic features. If you could get that were defective lips too fleshy and lush, completely unacceptable within the normal fees. He had the most expressive eyes, especially when angry. Unlike Julian and himself, who had midnight blue, Emma's eyes were a violet unmistakable. Sinjun wondered vaguely why he had not found an acceptable young to get married, taking into account their graceful appearance and generous dowry.

"I'm surprised you've noticed," Emma said sarcastically. In any case, I am old enough to know Lady Flora. Or should I say Christy MacDonald? Is expecting a child of yours, right?

There was nothing to do. Emma deserved a response.

"Until my recent visit to Glenmoore had no idea that Lady Flora was Christy, my wife," he began. And then the whole story gushed. Emma listened enthralled, and when Sinjun had finished, he took his hands in obvious satisfaction.

- You love Christy, Sinjun! Admit it!

Sinjun felt as if his world fall down like a scale. Love? He knew nothing of love.

"Honestly, I do not know. What I know is I'm looking forward to returning to Glenmoore. I have written to Christy and I am awaiting a response at any time. I told him that I have thought back to her when finished with my business here. And of course I am anxious to see my son.

Emma Sinjun observed through a fringe of eyelashes of ebony.

"Since I was a little girl I've been hearing rumors of Lord Sin and his escapades. When my friends come to visit they do hope to see you even from afar. Christy should be an amazing woman to have gotten tame Lord Sin. I know your temper. I am surprised that you've forgiven your lies. Christy was not right to deceive you to let her pregnant. Sinjun were found himself blushing. It was assumed that young ladies should not have knowledge about sexual matters.

- Where did you learn those things?

"For the love of God, Sinjun, I'm not stupid. Julian has never forbidden to read any books in his library. It is much more than what you think.

- Enough is enough! Sinjun cried. I do not want to hear my sister talking and innocent. Not appropriate.

"Just tell me one thing," said Emma Sinjun standing up and twirling skirts. Do you intend to stay in Scotland the rest of your life with Christy and your child?

- Almighty God, no! Sinjun-.Tengo snapped hope to convince Christy to spend at least part of the year in London. However, to my surprise, I thoroughly enjoyed the Highlands, although I do not see myself living there forever. I do not want my heir grow among Scots who despise everything English. My son will have all the advantages that I enjoyed as a child.

"Thanks for the trust you with me," Emma went to the door. And in the future, try to remember that I am part of the family.

"Lord Derby, John the driver has returned from the Highlands," said Pemburton through the door a few seconds before Emma came out for her.

Sinjun walked past her sister and opened the door shut.

- Are you still down?

"Yes, my lord, in the kitchen. It is almost prostrated by exhaustion. He asked me to give you this," he tended to Sinjun Pemburton several folded sheets of paper.

"Thank you, Pemburton. Tell John that I wait in the kitchen. I would talk to him in person when you read the letter from my wife.

"As you say, my lord," he said, bowing slightly Pemburton stiffness.

"Oh, hurry, Sinjun" Emma asked. It seemed as excited as Sinjun. Does it say anything of the baby?

A Sinjun shaking hands to open the package. A sheet of paper fell to the ground and left her there while he devoured the letter that Christy had written. Curious by nature, Emma took it, turning pale as he realized what it was.

-Sinjun, this is a document of nullity of marriage. It bears the signature of Christy.

What does this mean?

Sinjun turned white as a sheet. I could not control the trembling of his hands as he read the letter from Christy for the second time.

"The baby has not survived," she whispered severely affected. A single tear trickled from the corner of the eye, and wiped it away quickly.

"Oh, Sinjun I'm so sorry ...

"Christy does not want to return to Glenmoore," he continued in a voice as hard and cold as your icy heart. It has signed the agreement and asks me to legally end our marriage. Intends to marry Calum Cameron.

"I do not understand," murmured Emma.

"Me neither. But that does not matter. Christy wants to end our relationship, and I intend to fulfill their wishes. This is not the end of the world.

"But you're the owner of Glenmoore. It will always be yours, regardless of who they marry Christy.

"Certainly," said Sinjun. Glenmoore legally I can remove it if that's what I want.

- Are you going to do?

I do not know. I need time to think about it before deciding what course of action to take. Julian will go away soon, maybe wait before I come back with this.

- What if Christy is married to this that Cameron before the court seal the agreement void?

Sinjun gave him a smile that never reached her eyes.

"That would make Christy bigamist, right? Leave me alone, Emma. I'm not in the mood for company.

Emma's eyes flashed with anger.

- Christy must be mad! Why would I want to be with another man being able to have you?

Despite the pain and confusion, Sinjun gave him a tremulous smile to his sister.

"I'm English, Emma. The people of the Highlands hate the English. And Christy is one of them, kissed his sister on the nose. Goodbye. Try not to get into trouble.

Sinjun sat in the shadows of his study until near the end of the night, silent mourning for his son. Not even know if it was child, and wondered why he had not Christy said. When the clock struck twelve at night, stripped Sinjun layer of pain, leaving behind her

the man he had tried to become to please his wife. Christy threw the letter down, and put the agreement void in a drawer and left the house. He had many scandals mounted to retrieve the months he had lost with Christy.

Sin Lord had returned, and sought revenge.

Chapter 11

Glenmoore Castle

For when the child turned three months Niall Calum Cameron began seriously harassing Christy to give a commitment to him. Until then he had managed to keep at bay, but not easy. Christy had insisted that they should wait to receive the news that her marriage was legally terminated Sinjun. He had not heard from Sinjun since I send a letter to John the driver.

Sinjun He wondered if his son would have cried, and sat down again invaded by feelings of guilt and remorse. He had forgiven his lies once, but I knew instinctively that he had done this time was unforgivable. Every day since John the driver dispatched to London with his letter, he lamented the injustice he had committed Sinjun to save his life.

Walking up and down the room, tried to imagine his reaction to the letter, but he knew that his mental image will probably remain short compared to what must be his real reaction. He had not tried to contact her, so obviously he thought he wanted to marry Calum. That thought caused him more pain than they ever thought possible.

He stopped short when Margot came into the room with arms full of clean sheets. The left on the bed and shook his head when he saw the gesture discouraged from Christy.

"I see you again downcast. This can not be, Christy. Write to Sinjun. Tell him how you feel, how much you miss them. You have to know.

"It's too late, Margot.

Margot stared at her.

- What have you done this time, Christy MacDonald? Both Rory and I've noticed that lately are you worried. We expected to just take it from us, but now I demand that you tell me what happens. There has never been the same since Sinjun letter arrived. Why not here with you? And another thing, what does Calum Cameron hanging around your skirts?

Christy sighed with disappointment. Margot was more than a relative, was his friend, and he owed the truth.

"Sit down, Margot, you look tired," Margot was waiting for the son of Rory and was not feeling too well. Christy knew that feeling.

"I'm fine," said Margot. He sat on the edge of the bed and took Christy's hand in hers. I will not leave until you tell me what is happening.

Christy sighed.

"Okay, but you'll like. Remember Calum was here when the last message Sinjun, right?

Margot nodded.

Calum "I tore the letter of the hand and read it. Sinjun When he learned that he intended to return to Glenmoore, threatened to kill him and promised that Sinjun never

get here alive. I once tried to kill him and failed, but I was afraid that the next time I make it.

Margot's eyes opened wide.

- Why do you want to see dead Sinjun?

"In order to marry me. It is thirsty for power. Want to drive the English from the Highlands and need more influence than they have now to get clan support their cause. And there's more. Niall wants reared with Cameron when we're married.

- The bastard! Margot whispered. Rory hopes to find out. The men of our clan will not allow that to happen.

"You will not tell Rory, Margot," she pleaded Christy. I have already charged me for everything. I found a way to save the life of Sinjun without any bloodshed.

- What can you tell how you did it? Margot asked suspiciously. Something tells me I'm not going to like what I'm about to hear.

Christy took a deep breath before going on air.

"When I arrived in Glenmoore Sinjun did so with the intention of ending our marriage. She wore a void agreement for me to sign. When he discovered that Flora and Christy were the same woman and the child she was expecting was his, he changed his mind. Sinjun remembered that he had left the document in his trunk when he returned to London and Calum I suggested that I sign the document and send with a letter explaining that he wanted to end our marriage. Sinjun would agree. I was willing to do anything to save the life of Sinjun, even if it meant not to see him again.

"I can not believe that Sinjun agree with something," Margot argued. However much you tell, he would see his son.

"Do not look at me like Margot Christy begged. I did what I had to do to protect Sinjun.

- What exactly do you mean, Christy? There is something else, right?

Sinjun "I told our son had died at birth, and no longer wanted to stay married to him. I ... "She dropped her eyes, because he felt able to look at Margot's eyes, I told Calum I wanted to marry.

Margot stared as if he thought he had completely lost his head.

- How could you, Christy! What you've done something terrible. A mortal sin. If he finds out Sinjun never ever forgive you.

A tear slid down his cheek Christy.

"I know. But it was all I could do to keep Sinjun in London. Calum is a dangerous man. Would stop at nothing to see him dead.

- When will the wedding take place? Margot asked with some sarcasm.

"I've managed to give long to Calum, but I do not know how much longer I reject. I told him he could not marry him until Sinjun send a message saying that nullity was approved. But Calum is getting impatient. He insists that we get married right away. Oh, Margot, do not know what to do. I can not stand the idea that Calum touch me. Especially after having been with Sinjun.

"You should have told the truth to Sinjun and let him handle to Calum. Your husband is not a weak man. Your sacrifice will not be happy.

"My greatest hope is that will never know. Oh, Margot, do not want to marry Christy

Calum wailed.

"I think of something," said Margot. You see, do not judge you for what you have done so because I know you had your reasons. By joining our heads, maybe we can think of a way to keep away from your bed Calum.

"Do not tell Rory, Margot," she pleaded Christy. Soon to be father, and never understand.

"You got that right, girl. We will keep this a secret for a while.

Calum's patience came to an end abruptly and sharply. He appeared with members of his clan the day after the conversation between Margot and Christy insisting on marrying the same day with her. Calum's announcement was joyfully celebrated by members of his clan, which had long been pressing for a Cameron was razed to power. "I want to make a child as quickly as possible," said Calum when Christy protested to this untimely news. You knew this day would come.

"We can not get married today," she said. His brain began to function at full speed.

There must be something she could do to stop this abomination.

Calum grabbed his arm, digging his fingers into the soft skin.

"We can and we will.

Margot Christy gave him a look of despair. Rory, who had come to his heels and accompanied by several Calum MacDonald, was placed immediately next to Christy. She was encouraged to see the MacDonald so strongly aligned behind Rory.

- What is happening here, Christy? He asked. Calum can not marry. Sinjun're the wife.

"Tell the men of your clan. Calum "I demanded Christy. Tell them the truth of your marriage.

As much as I hate having to disappoint Christy Rory and those who had come to admire Sinjun, owed to the members of his clan some kind of explanation but did not approve of their actions.

"Lord Derby will not return to the Highlands," he said. The men were silent awaiting his explanation. Our marriage has been annulled.

Rory was amazed.

- But what are you saying! What happens to your child?

Christy looked at Calum silently begging not rebut his lie.

"Lord Derby has shown no desire to see his son. A collective groan filled the room.

People began to murmur.

- What kind of man would reject her own child?

"Do not expect anything else from an Englishman.

Christy watched Rory expression went from disbelief to a clear disappointment, and was invaded by guilt. His lie had returned to the members of his clan against Sinjun.

- Do you really want to marry Calum? Rory asked.

"So, tell the people of your clan you're dying to become my wife," the challenged Calum. Her tone implied that he would keep his shameful secret if she agreed to go ahead with the plan.

"I'd like to talk a moment alone with you, Calum," said Christy pushing aside. It's

important.

Calum wrote a gesture of annoyance and accompanied Christy to the other end of the hall.

- What happens? Do not think I can convince him to leave. I take it by force and you know it. You would not be the first bride of the Highlands to be taken by force, nor the last.

"Give me three days, Calum. Three days to prepare the wedding banquet. Besides," said a blush while forcing his head bent, "this is not the best time of month for us to get married."

Calum stared at him. It was clear that he was not inclined to believe it.

"You're lying, girl."

- Allows time that one of the women in your clan to confirm if I do not think. Although I am confident that I am ashamed of that. Members of my clan might be offended at this lack of respect for his boss. And I guess the last thing you want is to start a dispute. Christy gasped while Calum weighed his words. He knew he had won a truce when time seemed to accept his advice.

"This time you win, Christy boss scoffed. But when we are married you will notice that a husband will not be complacent."

Excited, Christy tried to contain their euphoria. Three days! In three days, anything could happen. It was time to collect his things, grabbed his son and run away from there. His elation turned into a sour note when he realized that Calum would go after her. But Christy was not ready to give up so easily. No risk there was no benefit. Before leaving, Calum announced that he and members of his clan would spend the three days prior to the wedding stealing cattle from Campbell for the wedding party. A murmur of approbation ran through the lobby while Calum and his men left the fort. Christy dropped into the nearest chair, clearly relieved. Margot rushed to his side by offering a cup of beer.

"Drink, Christy, you need it."

Christy took a big sip, grateful for the unconditional support of her friend.

- What shall I do, Margot?

"You knew this day would come."

"Yes, but I was hoping to find a way around it before he arrived, he rose from his chair. Help me to pack. I can not stay here. Niall and I left."

- Calum will follow.

"Fleeing to London," said Christy caressing the idea. "I will Calum there."

- And what about Sinjun?

Christy's shoulders stiffened.

"You're not married, remember?"

- What if he finds out you lied about Niall?, If you get away without dragging Calum bring you back.

"It will be difficult to keep a small child away from the public eye," argued Christy. Sinjun and I did not move in the same circles. I do not think we are even."

"I'll help to pack. Rory can take the car and I will travel with you."

"No, let him. He is shortly to give birth, it would be foolish of me to allow either of

them to travel far.

"As you say, Christy, but I'd feel better if you. If I can not, Effie Ranald will be a great babysitter for Niall, and Gavin's brother, Rory, is strong enough and young enough to protect in London. If God gives you the good fortune to arrive safely to England.

"There are two good choices," he admitted Christy. It is time to engage our secret Rory. You should know what I have done and why. That'll leave you. Do you mind going to look for Effie and Gavin? I talk with them first.

When Margot was gone, Christy came into the room of his son and pulled him out of the crib. He hugged himself, rocking gently. His smiling face was a painful reminder of his father. Her thoughts suddenly became dark. If Sinjun learned that his son was alive, could snatch it away. What a mess.

He considered fleeing to Edinburgh, but dismissed the idea instantly. There was no place in Scotland to which would not Calum. He preferred to face the wrath of Sinjun than marry Calum.

"Do not worry, little," she whispered softly. I will not allow anyone but me. Concebirte and I struggled to fight to keep you by my side.

Effie and Gavin arrived shortly thereafter. Christy explained the predicament in which he was not offering any excuses for the lies he had told Sinjun, and made them swear to secrecy. Gavin Effie as both agreed to accompany her boss to London after Christy notoriously remarked that even the dangers of travel and raises the possibility that Calum could hit and forced to return.

Effie, a girl of seventeen sweet face, was very angry to learn that Calum had threatened to kill his Excellency if he returned to the Highlands. Gavin, a shaggy-bearded young attractive and just as muscular as his brother, would have encouraged the clan against Christy Cameron if he had not forbidden.

"I need you both in London," said Christy. We should fight with other clan members. I have not heard a word from Lord Derby. The least he could do was required to leave Glenmoore. I'm surprised he has not ordered me. If it does, the clan must stand united to survive.

"Tell me, Christy," said Effie. It will be a pleasure to take care of the little Niall in London. I have never traveled beyond Inverness.

"I do not relish the idea of living among the English," muttered Gavin. But neither would I let you go through your head alone.

Everything was set. Preparations were made to leave the next day at dawn. Christy spent the rest of the day with luggage. I knew the money would not be a problem because Sinjun had left sufficient funds for her before returning to London. And if required, may seek employment. She was an excellent seamstress.

Christy was prepared for bed that night with the conviction that would not be able to sleep. Many things could go wrong, could be triggered so many problems ... It was possible that Calum gave them and forced them back before they reached London. The bandits could disrupt your trip and steal your small reserve of money. Perhaps the car was broken.

Her anxious thoughts were interrupted by the commotion that was heard below. Fear gripped her when she heard steps coming up the stairs. "Now what?" He asked. He got

to wear the robe and ran to open the door to the first call.

"Rory, what happens?

"You look down, Christy. Calum has sent his brother Donald to get you.

Christy froze. What could it want Calum at this time of night? Tying her robe, ran down the stairs and stopped short just see Donald Cameron. Blood was flowing from his head through a dirty bandage, and had his arm in a sling.

- What happened?

"The Campbell, that's what happened," said Donald accepting the cup of beer that Rory was put in his hand. It resented them steal cattle. Calum is hurt. He received an arrow in the thigh. I come for you to take with him and can kick you out an eye while it heals. Do not trust you.

"Look," he rebuked Donald Rory. You can not even hold you up. Go home and have someone look at that wound.

Reeling from the loss of blood, it looked as if Donald would follow the advice of Rory, but did not dare to do so.

Calum "I promised that it would take to his girlfriend.

"I'm not leaving without my son," said Christy, folding his arms emphatically. Here there is no one to feed him.

"Go home, while still able to assemble, Rory Donald," he urged. I'll take Christy to Calum.

Donald seemed undecided. But the pain was a powerful motivating factor.

"Maybe you're right, Rory MacDonald," he muttered. Calum will tell Christy is on the way-turned and staggered out the door.

"Hurry," Rory's urging. Margot wake up while you prepare the baby. You have to go now, girl. Do you have your luggage ready?

"Everything is ready, Rory. I wanted to go tomorrow morning, so I asked Effie and Gavin to stay overnight in Glenmoore. God must be looking after me.

Almost giddy with relief, Christy went to Niall's room to prepare for the trip.

London. Four weeks later.

Sinjun entered the ballroom of the Hollingworth with a bored expression on his face drawn and a beautiful woman on his arm. It was not Lady Violet, who had given up long ago, but Lady Alice Dodd, the beautiful young widow of Viscount Trent Dodd. The choice of Sinjun during the week. It was more than likely that another beautiful woman to take his place next week.

A high society had not been given an explanation for the long absence of Sinjun of London, but rumors abounded. One of them told Sinjun's brother had sent away as punishment for its excesses. Another pointed to a woman he had tricked and taken him away from London, but of course that could not be demonstrated. The mere fact that the appearance had changed Sinjun served to make the gossips started to say. Her body had become hard and muscular during his long absence, prompting speculation and many palpitations in the hearts of the ladies. Before Sinjun admired and sought out, but that was not nothing compared to now gained popularity in the eyes of the fair sex. Sinjun was already quite drunk when Rudy intercepted on its way to the game room.

- Where is your new conquest, Sinjun?

Sinjun stifled a yawn.

"Dancing with Lord Welby. Tonight I find myself unable to follow those complicated steps, raised his glass to Rudy and then emptied its contents in one gulp.

"Damn, Sinjun, you're drunk again. What the hell are you? I've never seen him so drunk, even in your worst days. You're a disaster. Who knows where you leave and come back even more vicious than before. Everyone talks about you. Lord Sin is back, but is somewhat different. You have a rage inside that I had not seen before. You are hard, cynical, and is no longer fun. What has happened?

"Nothing," replied Sinjun dragging the letters.

"I think so. I'm your friend, Sinjun. I care about you.

Sinjun looked at him cover nebula.

"You're imagining things, Rudy. In fact, I have never been better. I'm thinking of asking Alice to marry me.

- Alice Dodd? Damn! It will take a lover before the ink has dried on your marriage license. Her husband died when he was beating in mourning for his honor. Also, if I remember correctly, you're already married.

"My marriage to Christy MacDonald may end in a blink of an eye as I want. And as for Alice, fans can have all you want after giving me an heir. I'll tie to bed if necessary, until you become pregnant.

- Why all this sudden need to have a child? Rudy asked curiously. Before you had never wanted to be a father.

The Rudy innocent question came like a punch in the stomach. Sinjun suddenly felt as if he had started life. I never thought about children until he saw his son Christy fat inside. Then he felt a deep pride as never before experienced. He had wanted to her unborn child and still in mourning for his death.

Nobody, except perhaps Emma, I knew how he had broken the death of the baby. This unexpected death, which was attached to the request for revocation of Christy to marry Calum Cameron, had shattered the lives of Sinjun. The first time Christy, posing as Lady Flora had left him, he embarked on a journey of self-destruction. But that was nothing compared to what was being done now to himself.

"Every man wants an heir," said with little conviction.

"You're an old man, Sinjun. Waiting to find someone worthy to take your name. And believe me, that person is not Alice Dodd.

- Has anyone mentioned my name?

The regional aspect of Lady Alice Dodd, a blonde beauty cold and clear blue eyes, concealed a passionate nature that attracted legions of fans. Was French, and had met her husband when he was visiting relatives in Dover. She married him right away. Viscount Poor Dodd was shot six months after the wedding, when he fought duels to defend the honor of his wife. The first time she saw Sinjun chose him to be her next husband. Though his friends assured him that it will not succeed, Alice did not allow that the pull back.

"Alice, do you know Lord Blakely?

"Oh, oui," Alice smiled involvement. Nice to see you again, sir.

Rudy kissed the proffered hand and then dropped sharply with ill-concealed.

"The pleasure is all mine, my lady.

Alice gave him a fake smile and then completely ignored while directing his considerable charm to Sinjun.

"I'm bored, Sinjun. Shall we go?" Her sultry purr any promise shut. You said tonight instruct me home. I am particularly interested in a room.

Sinjun frowned at Alice. It was not so drunk as to not realize that that was not the woman he wanted. It was too much like the other women in whose arms had tried to find consolation.

"Whatever," said Sinjun with indifference.

He staggered forward and grabbed his arm Rudy.

"You're not able to show Lady Alice else other than the door," he scolded. Go home, I'll take care of it.

Alice gave him a look Rudy burning.

-A Sinjun nothing happens, my lord. I'll look after him.

"I'm sure you will do," mocked Rudy. But I doubt that Sinjun can appreciate your efforts because of their status.

"Damn," protested Rudy Sinjun drawled, since when are my guardian?

"I've done my duty," said Rudy breathing and suffered a long sigh. I wish you good evening to you both.

"Goodnight, Rudy" said Alice Sinjun as he led through the crowded ballroom.

"Oh, Sinjun, I had forgotten," said Rudy comentártelo going after him to catch. Did you know that Lady Flora is back in town? I saw her entering a Bond Street shop.

Drunk as he was, Sinjun turned so suddenly that Alice lost her balance. Rudy would have fallen if it had not stretched his hand to stabilize it.

- What the hell are you saying! What the hell is in England?

"I stopped to ask. I know you're infatuated with it once and thought you might be interested to know.

- Do you know where are you staying?

"I have not the faintest idea. What if you hit it?

Sinjun's face hardened, and his dark eyes narrowed into two dangerous cracks. He had marked the pain of betrayal in every line of his rough features in the muscle tightness of the jaw, and the wrinkles of the lips. He looked so fierce that Alice held a groan and pulled away.

The throat of a bitter spat Sinjun words, vomited with a barely contained fury.

"That bitch ... Let us hope not.

Chapter 12

Christy leaned over the work, adjusting to the dark velvet eyes was sewing. After paying the rent of the house he had rented in the district unglamorous south of Bond Street and hire someone to do general cleaning of the house and cook, she realized that her small amount of money would not last as long as he had expected.

Effie offered to find work, but Christy thought that, having brought to Effie and Gavin in London, depended on her keeping. Shortly after arriving he had found employment in the boutique of Madame Sophia, one of the best tailors of Bond Street. It was a tough

job, but it requires many hours. What Christy liked that job was to develop away from the public gaze without seeing her the prestigious clientele that frequented the establishment of Madame Sofia.

Christy was a day working hard when Madame Sophie peered through the curtain separating the front from the back room and asked to take out a roll of cloth of gold that he thought he might like one of your accounts. Christy found the fabric I wanted her mistress, went through the separator and placed the heavy roll on the counter.

-Christy, while I spread the cloth fashion doll lady asked me, "she said Sophia Thornton. Not take long.

Christy looked up and saw the sister of Sinjun her with something akin to fright.

- You! Emma gasped. What are you doing in London? Have not you done enough damage to Sinjun? Why did not you stay in the place you belong? No, wait! I know, Sinjun has ordered you to leave Glenmoore, right? He asked satisfaction.

"It was never my intention to hurt Sinjun Christy whispered, amazed by the hostility of Emma. That was exactly the kind of situation he hoped to avoid.

"Like my brother has done irreparable damage" attacked Emma. Sinjun is no longer the man I knew, and it's all your fault. It used to be fun, but now there is no laughter in his soul, nor happiness, only darkness. When I look in the eyes now, all I see is a man in despair, a man trying to escape his pain.

"Sorry," said Christy failing that he could think of nothing better. He could not remember how many times he had wondered how he would react Sinjun to your letter, but the description of Emma surpassed his imagination.

"You should feel it," whispered Emma. Her violet eyes seething with contempt. Sorry about your son, but what have you done to my brother's no excuse. He cares for you. Christy's eyes opened wide.

- Did he tell you ... everything? What did he say?

"I heard Sinjun Julian spoke to you when he returned from Glenmoore. I was delighted about the baby. She intended to return to the Highlands, you know? I was with him the day he received your letter. It was destroyed. You're a bad person, Christy MacDonald. Christy was on the verge of collapsing under the weight of contempt for Emma. I wanted to confess the whole truth, but did not dare. It never occurred Sinjun might want to think that the strength with which she wanted him. His only consolation was knowing that Sinjun still alive.

"Leave alone Sinjun Emma," he warned. You are better off without you. I can not understand you prefer another man taking a Sinjun.

- You okay Lord Derby? Christy asked trying to hide the longing in his voice, but without success.

"Everything good that can be a man determined to destroy himself, I suppose. I heard that Sinjun going to marry Lady Alice Dodd. I do not approve the union, and Julian is not here to stop it, but if he loves Alice Dodd, then I guess I can accept that.

Distressed, Christy looked down.

"I wish you well.

I wanted to turn around and leave, strong hug your child and talk to the father he will never know. But instead said:

"Please do not tell me you saw Sinjun. Better not to know I'm in London.

"Do not worry-Emma stiffened. I will not say a word. As much as I hate you. Never forgive you for lying, Lady Flora. All you've done has been destroyed.

Madame Sophia chose just that moment to return from the back. Christy threw a sharp eye to perceive the agitation of Emma and immediately set out to appease one of his best scores.

- Something happens, Lady Thornton? Do you have offended my employee in any way?

"The mere sight of Christy MacDonald offends me," said Emma. I can not believe you've hired a woman of her ilk. I always thought that this was a classy establishment. Maybe I should stop being their customer.

"I pray that reconsideréis, my lady," pleaded Sofia. Never knowingly employ anyone with a dubious reputation, nor offend any of my clients. It will go from here right now. A Christy dropped her heart sank. That job was perfect for her. I hated the idea of having to go out and find another. But Emma did not want to offend Thornton. He admired the young girl like that to defend his brother. In other circumstances could have become friends.

"Go away immediately," ordered Madame Sofia sullen gesture. You can come tomorrow to collect the salary that suits you.

Christy Emma gave him a look so full of remorse that she had to look away. Although he knew that Christy did not deserve his compassion, he hoped that would not die of hunger because of him. No doubt he was in London because he had missed Sinjun Glenmoore. I did not want to think that Christy had no home and no money. Should maintain a hard heart to remain loyal to his brother.

Yet, when Christy walked past her, Emma felt a twinge of guilt. There was something in the expression of Christy married not heartless woman Emma thought it was. There was something strange, but I could not imagine what it was. He knew what Christy's letter said, because he had read after Sinjun the wrinkle and pull down. Was there something that eluded him at first sight?

Tears clogged the throat of Christy. If Emma's words were true, and had no reason to doubt them, Sinjun had done terrible damage. He hoped that his son cry, but not excessively. No Lord Sin. Lord Sin not deliberately destroy himself, right?

Lifting the chin and quickly wiping the tears, Christy made a decision. Sinjun had to see to judge for itself the accuracy with which Emma had described his mood. And I had to do without Sinjun know.

The next morning, Christy asked Gavin to take her car to Hyde Park. In his previous visit to London had found that people of high society rode through the park in the morning, and hoped to find Sinjun among those who rode along Rotten Row.

Wrapped in a veil, dressed in mourning clothes and tried to ignore the curious looks he threw. He saw no reason to deny Niall fresh air, so I took Effie and her son to ride. Christy Sinjun did not meet that day or the next three mornings. On the fourth day I was riding a magnificent black horse. It did not seem unhappy ... just boring.

The avid gaze of Christy Gavin devoured while the car was passing before him. That fleeting glance was not enough. She craned her neck to follow him until the car turned

the corner and could not see it. As if it were not punishment enough, Christy returned to Hyde Park that evening, the time when men used to take a walk with her ladies. And of course, Sinjun was there, holding the reins of the horses of his carriage with an expert hand. Sitting beside him was a beautiful blonde who hung it in a way so possessive that he squeaked Christy. Would Lady Alice? The suffocating jealousy, she could not breathe. Paled visibly when the woman leaned over to whisper something in his ear Sinjun. He nodded and smiled, but Christy did not see anything in his attitude to indicate interest. The sunlight had disappeared suddenly, and Christy asked Gavin to take her home. I could not bear the idea that Sinjun belonged to another woman. Christy's punishment for the horrible lie that he had told Sinjun was back day after day to the park. See Sinjun with another woman was worse than being beaten. But if the alternative was not to see it ever worth the suffering.

Sinjun paid little attention to the talk of Alice. There used to. He smiled at appropriate times and muttered something when it was appropriate. Most times, those walks in the park with Alice was a real torture. I did not understand why the bear. Maybe it was supposed to avoid being eaten away the hatred that Scottish fox made love so sweetly as he nailed a dagger in the back.

Think Christy served only to give another twist to his anger and to draw on his face a fierce grimace. If he ever got his hands on ...

-Sinjun, why do you face? Alice asked, pressing her arm. One would think that you're enjoying my company ...

- How could I not enjoy the company of a lady so lovely? "He said with little enthusiasm. How about if we go now? I have been with Rudy a little later at White's. Alice made a small pot.

"I suppose that at night you'll be too drunk to take me to the opera. I swear, Sinjun not know why I waste my time with you.

She put her hand on his thigh. Seeing that he did not respond as she wished, she rose a few inches, stopping near the crotch. Sinjun seemed happily outside until it covered his palm and gave him a squeeze.

- Damn it, Alice! Bellowed hand away. Can not wait until we are alone? Anyone passing by could see us here.

- And since when Lord Sin cares what other people think? I wish now, before you're too drunk to good either. It seems that whenever something has to happen to prevent us from being together in an intimate way. I want to make love and remember the next day, Sinjun.

Alice again placed his hand on the thigh Sinjun. He groaned and felt his body responded. "What the hell, he thought holding the reins with one hand to caress the small breasts of Alice with the other. She was about to turn the carriage toward the exit and find the nearest bed when a car crossed wood siding with them. He did not know what made you depart from Alice to look to the car, or why he struck the woman dressed in black with a black veil hiding his face. Perhaps it was the baby that went with it. But to be perfectly honest, would admit that what had caught his attention

during that brief glimpse was fleeting glimpse of the bright copper color curl escaped the veil of the lady.

I did not know why, but this single strand of hair had awakened in him an intense wave of melancholy which unsuccessfully tried to contain. He had scarcely glimpsed the baby who was in the car, but should be more or less the same age as his son would have if he lived.

Since Rudy said he had seen in London Christy had wondered what he would do if they found her. Especially now that he realized that the glimpse of something like a woman she had caused so much distress.

-Sinjun not you paying any attention to me," sobbed Alice. I trust you to be more careful when we marry.

Sinjun again focus on Alice and was suddenly aware that he did not care. And had not the slightest intention of marrying her. The sooner we know the lady, the better for both.

"There will be no wedding," said Alice gravely. I fear that we are not compatible.

Alice's face hardened, becoming almost ugly when he snapped indignantly

- What do you mean that we are not compatible? She was determined to become a marchioness.

Sinjun turned his head to look for the last time the car in which the widow walking and chided himself silently for being such a dreamer. Crossing it stupid, tried to focus on Alice. She hoped to become his wife, and had left Sinjun believe that that would happen. Normally not a cruel man, but from what Christy ... Well, I had fun allowing Alice to think that he would marry her. Hell, even he had convinced himself that marrying Alice was what he wanted. Until it reached a glimpse of that bright copper color loop.

"There will be no wedding, Alice," he repeated.

Alice's eyes became completely of ice, and his voice even more.

"Sorry, how do you say?

"I am a married man.

Sinjun led the horses to the door, and went into heavy traffic.

"You're a liar, sir. Everyone knows that you are not married.

"Everyone is wrong. I have not yet signed the agreement for revocation Sinjun murmured. I needed a drink. His hands shook.

Alice gave him a predatory smile.

"I can make you change your mind. Come home with me. Let me show you what can be our marriage.

Sinjun turned the corner and stopped the carriage house in front of Alice.

"Maybe some other time, my lady. I suddenly have entered a terrible desire to be completely drunk.

Alice Sinjun allowed to help her out of the car and pressed against him rudely without thinking of keeping up appearances.

"You and I have not finished, Lord Sin," muttered hoarsely, raising his face and pressing his lips against hers. Then he laughed, turned and ran toward his house.

Sinjun back into his car. Alice was already a fading memory. Rudy was going to meet

on the bottle and drown the anger I felt toward a certain boss in Scotland. If she could hold out until the end of the day, then I could sleep without dreaming Calum Christy's arms.

Christy Sinjun I knew had seen it, but I was hoping that the veil had kept secret his identity. However, he could not forget the way they had been watching. Sinjun had no good looks, he thought. Her eyelids were swollen and purple half-circles under the eyes. And it seemed to have lost weight. Christy could not help but notice where his hand was when they crossed Sinjun ... in the heart of the lady. The pain that this caused him was like a knife in the stomach. I did not expect Sinjun be kept celibate, they were not married, after all, but the excruciating pain of seeing their hands on another woman made him feel sick.

Sinjun At least he was alive, he whispered a voice inside his head.

The next day, Christy set out to find work. Spend their days in Hyde Park with the hope of seeing from afar Sinjun was eating and making the miserable. Gavin led to Bond Street, where they were located most fashionable shops.

"Come and get me within two hours," asked Christy to Gavin as he looked to the establishments open.

I noticed a shop called Paris Fashions, and walked resolutely towards the exclusive establishment, which had a well-dressed mannequin in the window.

I was so focused on impressing you scarcely noticed the man coming out of men's tailoring that was next.

- Lady Flora! How wonderful to see you!

Christy turned, surprised to find Lord Blakely good step towards addressing it. He felt the blood was withdrawn from his face. Would have given anything for that to turn around and run, but it was too late. The Viscount was already at her side and smiled with genuine sympathy.

"I thought to see you last week or so, but I could not capture your attention. How long are you in London?"

"Since a few weeks ago ..." said Christy stuttering.

- Is your husband with you on this occasion?

Christy took a moment to remember the old husband who had invented.

"No, he died ..." said hesitantly.

"Sorry, my lady. As you do not go dressed in black, I assumed ..."

"You do not have anything to apologize, my lord. My husband made me promise before he died that would keep him too mourn her death. Had been ill for a long time and died shortly after I returned from London. So I left here so suddenly. They called me to be at his side in recent times.

- Do you know that you have returned Sinjun?

"I ... no. And it's better that way. What had between Sinjun and I finished when I returned to ... Cornwall.

"Then I'm lucky," said Rudy enthusiastically. "I can visit you? Or even a short time has passed since the death of your husband?"

"It's too soon, Christy apologized. Sorry.

Rudy The attractive face reflected his disappointment.

"He hoped to agree to attend the masquerade ball that my grandmother, the Dowager Duchess of Langston, held on Saturday.

- Why me? I'm sure there will be dozens of women eager to enjoy your company.

Rudy smiled carefree.

"Some are, but I prefer you. Do you reconsideraréis, Lady Flora? Everyone who is anyone will be there.

- Included Sinjun?

"If you get to be sober enough to attend. But do not let that bother you, if that's what you want.

Christy turned it over to the idea. The chance to see without being able to recognize Sinjun tempting. He could wear a wig to disguise the color of hair and a mask that covers her entire face except the lips. It would be much chance that they came across in front of him, taking into account the number of people who would come to this social event. And if that happened, would face that obstacle when crossing.

"I hope that your silence means that you are reconsidering," said Rudy hopeful.

Christy told herself she would have to be crazy to contemplate the possibility of presenting in a place where Sinjun may appear. But after all the things that Emma had told him had to see it to judge for himself whether his sister had exaggerated about your mood.

"The truth is that I've reconsidered," said Christy, after a long pause. I accept the invitation to attend the ball of your grandmother.

- Splendid! Rudy exclaimed excitedly. Give me your address and I will seek for the Sabbath.

No, that could not be thought Christy. All he would address if Rudy agreed to certain conditions.

"Before I give you my address, you must promise me that you will give it to anyone, including Sinjun. That will be the only way to go with you will access. And I want my identity to remain hidden.

Rudy frowned.

"What a strange request. And how can I introduce?

"As ye will, if nobody knows I'm Flora Randall.

"Neither Christy MacDonald," he thought to himself, though he said nothing.

"If that's the only way for you to accept my invitation, then I agree.

"I mean, sir," insisted Christy. You must not say to Lord Derby where I live. Give me your word of honor.

"The ye, Lady Flora, Rudy promised. I do not know what happened between Sinjun and you do not want to know, but your secret is safe with me.

"Thank you, sir. You can come and get me on Saturday, "Christy gave him her address, and Rudy was surprised to see that lived in an area of the city not exactly elegant. But it was too gentlemanly to make a statement to this effect.

They separated a few minutes later, and Christy continued down the street. What had I done?, Was reprimanded. Meet Sinjun, masked or not, was getting into trouble. Her

instinct had launched an alarm, but Christy had refused to pay attention. Emma's description on the current mood of Sinjun had caused so much guilt that I should see with their own eyes what had caused his deception. How she would have liked to explain everything to Emma. I was sure that she would agree that a Sinjun furious and out of control was better than a dead one.

Christy had no luck that day or the next in search of employment. To his chagrin, Madame Sofia had warned all dressmakers in Bond Street and surrounding areas, hiring Christy MacDonald would cost them customers. Christy did not take long to realize that finding employment in the elegant shops of Bond Street was an impossible task. Would have to go considerably further to obtain employment, the seamstresses who wore the actresses, concubines and prostitutes of luxury.

Sinjun was so eager to attend that night to masquerade as the Dowager Duchess of hanging from a beam, but Rudy had promised that he would come. Alice supposed to be there, and would have to spend the night dodging. He had been a mistake to believe she was let free to marry her when in fact he was still married to Christy. He wondered, not for the first time why he was putting off the issue of invalidity. At first he decided to wait to come back Julian. But I had no idea when would the mysterious Julian issues to come home, it was a pretty poor excuse. He lost the document and had recently had to find the bottom of the drawer of his desk. As he walked up and down his bedroom waiting for him Pemburton prepare the bath in the bathroom, turned it Sinjun a surprising bit of information that Rudy had given him recently. Rudy swore that Christy had seen in London. The idea that the city was disturbed as he had had not returned to his old self since then, if they remain in a constant state of intoxication could be considered to be himself. What was he doing in London? Calum Cameron Will find her? Would they have already pronounced their vows? He could not think think of any reason why Christy and Calum were in the city, both hated everything English. Sinjun was more inclined to think that Rudy had seen someone who looked like Christy. Yes, she decided, that was exactly what had happened. For your own sanity should believe that Christy was not anywhere near London.

A knock on the door Sinjun distracted from his reverie. Pemburton entered their instructions.

"Your bath is ready, my lord," she said gravely. Will you require my assistance?

"Just bring me a bottle of brandy," said lie Sinjun headed for the bathroom.

Pemburton raised his eyebrows.

- Before breakfast, my lord?

"You're my brother," murmured Sinjun Pemburton. Thank God he is not here to whip him with his infernal criticism. Limit yourself to do what I say. I want to be completely drunk before this evening at the ball of the Dowager Duchess.

Pemburton stretched the spine in a gesture of disapproval and left.

The wishes of Sinjun fulfilled. When did that night his appearance in the ballroom with his half-mask and his glittering evening attire, was drunk. Although not as much as he would have liked.

Sinjun headed straight for the widow and bowed to her taking his hand.

"I was wondering if apareceriais said tartly elegant white-haired lady.

"I promised your grandson," said Sinjun drawled. By the way, where is Rudy?

The widow, a lady very petite and straight that haunted the seventies, he threw a disapproving look Sinjun.

- Drunk again, Lord Derby? If you do not have much appreciation I get angry. Rudy will come soon. Apareceriais said tonight, but has more faith in you than me. These days there is no way of knowing what will Lord Sin. You must learn to control your excesses, Derby-old woman frowned. I know you a long time and I do not like what is being said about you.

Sinjun escaped most critical when a couple of masked men came to greet the widow. He made a short bow and left in a hurry. The old woman's words had aroused deep anger inside. If it were not for Christy, I would not follow that path of destruction. The death of his son had caused a vacuum inside, and was doing everything necessary to forget. That hurt him, hurt him deeply. Christy had not told almost nothing about the death of her baby. Had she lost a child? Or the baby was a girl?

Sinjun wandered aimlessly through the ballroom to meet anyone with whom she felt like a conversation, and completely oblivious to the many women who looked absorbed. Before not too long and was surrounded by a group of beautiful women eager to get their attention. Despite its absolutely immaculate reputation, women still find irresistible Lord Sin. Perhaps it was precisely because of that reputation so it was so popular among the opposite sex.

Although he did not want much, Sinjun took to the dance area idly wondering if any of the dancers she found it attractive enough to sleep with her. Lately he had trouble finding an interesting woman, and her bed had remained sadly empty.

He was leaning against a column with a empty glass in his hand when he saw Rudy entered the room with a lady masked arm. She watched as he joined the other guests and fixed his bleary eyes of women. He wore a powdered wig, and though the mask covered his entire face except the mouth, Sinjun felt an immediate attraction to her, like an irresistible force against which no one could fight it attracted to the mysterious lady.

Sinjun moved away from the column, filled the glass on the table of drinks and headed resolutely towards Rudy and the masked beauty who was with him.

"Rudy, you're late," said slurred.

"You're drunk again," he chided his friend. I guess my grandmother is not exactly thrilled with you.

"Suppose it Sinjun stammered. Will you introduce me to your lady?

"I think not," said Rudy Sinjun. Dont want to lose your fault.

The sound of the voice of Christy Sinjun caused his knees trembled. He adjusted his

mask and grabbed Rudy as if his life depended on it, because I had never seen such splendid Sinjun. Their elegant evening attire suited her like a glove, and Christy tried not to think of the magnificent body that was hidden under his clothes. Unwittingly recalled the passion of Sinjun dazzling when loved her hands, body and mouth. He recalled how those sensual lips had explored every corner of your skin, and felt herself blush at the memory. She stared through the cracks in the eyes of the mask, thinking it was pretty good despite being noticeably drunk.

When she entered the dance hall of Rudy arm, Christy had been given to women surrounded him, and wondered how many of these young beauties would have been lying ever since he left Glenmoore.

- What harm can I present to the lady? Sinjun insisted.

"More than you think," murmured Rudy squeezing the hand of Christy.

Sinjun lifted one of her elegant eyebrows.

"You're being deliberately cruel, Rudy," Christy took her hand, placed palm up and deposited in her a kiss. I St. John Thornton, Lord Derby, my lady. My friends call me Sinjun.

Christy felt a chill that ran up the arms from the point where her lips had touched the palm.

"My lord," he murmured in a hoarse whisper quickly removing his hand. Would he have known?

- Do you know, my lady?

"No, my lord. If we had seen before, I remember.

"Your charm will not work this time," said Rudy. Ve to seek your own lady. I thought I saw Lady Alice a few minutes ago.

Sinjun shrugged.

"Alice and I have finished.

Christy gasped. Had I heard right? I thought Sinjun and Lady Alice Dodd would be married.

"I'm sure you'll find someone to replace," said Rudy, who seemed not the slightest pity or to Sinjun for their plight.

"Oh, is beginning a quadrille. Do you mind if I dance with your lady?

"Do not insist," he warned Sinjun Rudy. This dance I have promised to me.

- Is not your grandmother making you sign to go to serve? Sinjun asked Rudy demanding attention on the widow, who was actually calling Rudy with his hand. Come, I will make your lady company.

-No. I'll go with Lord, "said Christy Blakely away from Sinjun.

"Nonsense," said Sinjun taking her hand and guiding her to the dance area while Rudy stood there helpless, without doubt torn between Lady Flora rescue and care for her grandmother. But when the pair joined other dancers it was too late to intervene.

- Who are you? Sinjun asked when they passed one of the intricate dance steps.

"My name is unimportant Christy murmured. You are very bold, sir.

Sinjun grinned maliciously.

"You must surely be new to London if you have not heard of Lord Sin.

"Oh, yes I have heard of you, my lord. Is there any truth all these things that count?

"Most self-acknowledged Sinjun.

The ball came to separate them, they were reunited and were declining the last notes of music. Christy looked at Rudy with his eyes, saw continued talking with his grandmother and went to him.

But Sinjun had other ideas.

"How many people," said leading her towards the balcony doors, which were open. I need to urgently take the air.

"Come and get some air, my lord, but first Let go," demanded Christy. I must return to Lord Blakely.

"At the time, my lady, at the time.

They had reached the doors. Christy would have appreciated a bit of fresh air, but not Sinjun. He could not risk being alone with him for much longed for his company.

Grabbing his shoulder, crossed Sinjun her door and went to the balcony. Couples who were taking the air looked on with curiosity when Sinjun without letting down the stairs and out into the dark garden.

Chapter 13

- My lord! Stop right now! "Demanded Christy trying unsuccessfully to break free from the clutches of Sinjun.

Sinjun ignored him. Christy had not realized how drunk he was until he staggered and was about to bring them down to two on the ground. Sinjun stood up and she kept pulling until the lights of the house resembled a shining diamond in the distance. Then went behind a bush, snapped hugging arms.

"And now, my lady," she said fiercely, "I will kiss. I find absolutely irresistible.

"For you all women are irresistible countered Christy.

He just giggled. Christy's last thought before his lips crashed against hers was that it could not, should not be happening. But then any coherent thought disappeared from his head as he opened his lips with his tongue and kissed her with more passion. Its flavor so unique, heady aroma, forced an answer, and Christy opened her mouth to him.

Sinjun pressed harder against him, Christy's breasts flattened against his strong chest and his groin was merged with it. I heard moaning, was an animal sound as if it had not been in that situation would have been a pain signal. Sinjun whispered on the lips, Christy thought he had tried his name and prayed for being wrong. I had no idea how it happened, but suddenly he was lying face up on the hard floor. The pungent smell of the earth and manly musk was being gradually toward complacency until Sinjun hands went resolutely to his face.

"Take off your mask. I see your face "she whispered.

Christy's hands instantly went to stop theirs.

"No, please.

Sinjun sighed heavily with a mixture of impatience and frustration.

"I never made love to a woman without her face. But if you insist ...

"I never made love with a man as drunk as you," she snapped.

Sinjun stiffened.

- Are you afraid that you do not indulge?

"I ... we are strangers, my lord. Please let me up.

Sinjun stood still and bowed his head to one side.

"I know you, ma'am. But I can not find you. Kisses, that mouth ... Damn this head of mine. Tomorrow I will remember who you are, so you can be sure.

We sincerely hope that Christy did not.

"I must return to Lord Blakely before you leave for me.

"Let him go Sinjun murmured against his lips. It's what he deserves for refusing to tell me your name.

Sinjun knee slipped between the legs. Christy felt a surge of panic.

- Basta!

"Tell me your name and where to find you tomorrow and let you go.

-No. I can not.

"I said I can not stop smiling Sinjun twisted.

Christy tried to remove him from it, but it was too strong for her. Sinjun leaned over his body and pressed his groin against the cradle of her thighs, shamelessly showing his excited manhood in its entirety.

"I'll make you mine, my lady. Maybe tomorrow I regret this, but tonight I'm too drunk to matter to me.

He slowly lifted her skirts and ran down her thighs with his hands, caressing, massaging, burning the skin with his fiery touch. A Christy heart was beating wildly against his ribs. That was Sinjun, the man she loved. The man who was not her husband. But his thoughts were shattered when he grabbed his head with both hands, keeping quiet as she bent to cover her mouth with yours. The language of Sinjun his way between her lips, filling with its taste and aroma.

They were not sweet or tender kisses. Sinjun seized his hungry mouth, almost wildly. Christy moaned on her lips and kisses him back passionately. Suddenly I needed the man with the same desperation with which he seemed to need it. For the first time in months he felt full of life. Rolled on the ground with their mouths intertwined, tangled legs and hands clasped. The friction of their hot bodies was increasing wildly.

Sinjun hands gave their breasts as he slid his lips down her neck arched. I needed to feel it anymore, so Christy opened the shirt and put his hands on the neck and down. The warmth of her bare skin burned her palms, causing a deep animal pleasure. Sinjun also had to feel it, because a rough growl emerged from his chest. When his lips traveled down to caress the rounded tips of her breasts, Christy took her breath and then hissed through clenched teeth.

"You're going crazy," moaned Sinjun.

Christy thought that there should be a full moon, because I was so mad with desire as him. The only difference was that she knew exactly who was Sinjun, while he is not even remotely suspected that he was making love to his wife. How ironic, she thought, were in the same situation they had been when they met. However, the circumstances were different now. Although in the end did not care. Whether it was the full moon or a temporary madness, there was no way to stop the passion that was growing inside

her.

"Damn," muttered Sinjun as he lowered the neckline of her dress. There are too many clothes.

Christy felt the fabric is stretched and then torn apart. The fresh air kissed her bare breasts. Sinjun lips returned the heat when it introduced one of his sensitive nipples in his mouth. Christy arched against him when that liquid fire through her. His tongue was a sword that burned hot nipples with wet heat. And his hands ... oh, God, between his legs, his fingers explored, touched it, and when they found the lump caressed her sensitive to the shock waves that took over his body.

Then Sinjun mouth replaced his fingers, licking the button filled with strong and swirling strokes of his tongue.

Christy gave a groan of frustration when suddenly raised his head and smiled. I did not want to stop. I was feeling much too delicious.

"Work your legs for me, honey. Drunk or not, I have not heard any woman complain. Those words Christy quickly returned to reality. How had he allowed that to happen? The wild, hedonistic and unpredictable Sin lord who wished could make up a statue.

- No, stop!

Their protest came too late. The thick tip of his manhood was already entering its passage. Sinjun remained suspended on it a brief moment, frowning, as if trying to see the woman who was behind the mask. Then it sank. Christy arched with all his strength and tried to get away from him, but the weight of Sinjun had it trapped. His legs immobilized theirs on either side of the body, preventing any relief to the incredible heat that was forming inside. Sinjun flexed hips and plunged into it without giving him little time to catch his breath and was introduced and deeply, sliding depth along its length.

Christy gave to the tension that boiled over and pressed his body against him, arching her back so that penetrate more deeply. Caught in the throes of passion, she felt something inside was released and shot.

Sinjun's love was as violent as a summer storm that destroyed his senses and left her exhausted and breathless as her body convulsed. Christy whispered her name and shook, surrendering to the ecstasy.

Moments later she heard the exultant cry of Sinjun bathing and felt his seed inside her womb.

When reconnected with reality, Christy realized that this nonsensical pairing could result in another child. He cooled his passion amazing thought as nothing else could have. Releasing a faint cry, Sinjun pushed him.

That push was taken by surprise and fell backwards Sinjun staring with an expression that was a mixture of astonishment, confusion ... and sudden lucidity.

- Christy ...! My God, you!

Shocked to see that recognized her despite her disguise, stood Christy jumped up and tried to fasten the torn bodice to the neckline. I had to run out of there before Sinjun saw reason. He must realize his intentions, because it suddenly seemed to come alive.

- Wait, Christy! Do not go!

She was throat closed in terror. Kicks to depart, still shaking after having made love to

Sinjun.

"No, I'm Christy. I'm not who you think," he shouted as he turned and ran toward the house. Once looked back and saw Sinjun sitting on the floor with his head resting on his knees. When he realized he was not going to go after her, Christy leaned a moment on a tree to catch my breath and think.

He looked at his torn clothes and realized I could not get well without causing a scandal. As tears rolled down her cheeks in anguish. How the hell was going to go home?

-Flora, are you?

Christy turned around, ready to run again. Then he recognized Rudy down the path toward her and felt a great relief. Christy choked to utter his name and was soon in his arms, shaking like a leaf fluttering in the wind on an autumn day.

Rudy pulled her away from it all I gave him the arms and stared, frowning with concern.

"My God, what happened to you?

"I do not want to talk about it," Christy said with a trembling sigh. Take me home.

Rudy's expression hardened.

- Sinjun Damn! It was him who did this to you, right? Look, you're a mess. I'll kill him.

- No, Rudy! Just take me home. I am as guilty as Sinjun.

"No woman deserves to be treated as he has treated you," said Rudy. I'm going to put in evidence, I swear.

She pulled his arm.

"I want to go, Rudy. Please.

- And your shawl?

"I've left.

"I will leave installed on my car and then again for your shawl and present our apologies to my grandmother.

Rudy put his arm around her shoulders and pulled her out of there, avoiding the beam of light coming out of the ballroom.

Christy glanced back, relieved that Sinjun not followed. I was not able to give further explanation, and certainly Sinjun they are going to ask. He did not breathe normally until he returned Rudy and the car left the house.

I had to be completely crazy to have gone there that night, he mentally scolded. But the last thing he expected was that Sinjun recognize her so easily. How had he known?

- Do you want to tell me what happened? Rudy asked when the silence between them became too uncomfortable.

Christy dropped the light and crawled into the shawl.

I can not.

Rudy gently removed the mask.

- Did you hurt yourself?

She shook her head.

"I'm fine, really.

A Rudy is marked jaw muscles.

"It seems you're well.

His relationship with Sinjun was too complicated to explain. And Rudy would not understand. Nobody would understand why he had lied about his son Sinjun.

"I'll see you tomorrow," said Rudy when the car stopped in front of the door of his house.

"I'd rather not," she murmured.

"Then I will come in a few days. And be assured that I will sing to Forty Sinjun for what you have done. Christy felt a twinge of panic.

"Remember your promise, my lord. You said you would tell where to find Sinjun.

Whatever happens, I beg you do not betray my confidence.

Rudy took her small, cold hand and a kiss on the knuckles.

"Never betray a lady so lovely.

Christy. Still seated on the floor, Sinjun was too shocked to think beyond the fact that just making love to his wife. He had taken on the ground like an animal, using it as I would have done with a prostitute from the dock. Suddenly I was completely sober. More sober in his life.

Christy. His name was like savoring a good wine. I should have recognized immediately. Damn his confused head, and his inability to see beyond the mask and wig. But do not take him long to recognize it when it started to make love. No other woman in the world made love as the head of the MacDonald clan. Its sweet taste, subtle aroma of her skin, the gentle curve of her lips, the intense green of his eyes. He could not specify the exact moment he recognized, perhaps he had done from the beginning and refused to believe what his head told him.

Sinjun eyes darkened with rage when she remembered the cold words of your letter and what little he had told about the death of his son. There were many questions so few answers.

Why was he with Rudy? What had happened to Cameron Calum? What the hell was she doing in London?

I needed answers. Sinjun smoothed his clothes and went stumbling toward the house. As he entered the ballroom through the balcony doors realized he had made a mistake. Christy would not have returned to the party in the state of disarray in which he was. Sinjun stood amid the crowd of faces watching him fun, knowing that he had become the center of attention. Groaned inwardly and looked. His clothes were stained with grass and covered with loose twigs. The white tie was crooked, his hair disheveled and his coat unbuttoned. Thank God, he had the sense to buckle up his pants.

The loose fragments of strange conversations followed him on his way to the door: "A stray bullet.'s Out of control. They should not allow mixing with high society.

Harassment of women. Canalla. Rogue."

Sinjun them little heed as he presented his apologies to the outraged hostess and drove away.

It was essential to find Christy.

Sinjun got up early the next morning. My head felt twice the size of its actual size and thick tongue, but never had the mind so clear. Pemburton called, and when the butler appeared with a bottle and glass on a tray, Sinjun waved good riddance.

"I will not need that this morning, Pemburton. Take care of my bathroom. I have urgent matters to address.

Although his face remained impassive Pemburton elongated, almost imperceptible movement of the jaw revealed his shock.

"It's early, sir. It's not like you get up before the sun comes out. Is there a problem?

"There are many problems Pemburton Sinjun replied dryly. But disappear as soon talk with Lord Blakely.

- Do you serve breakfast, my lord?

A Sinjun sounded guts to protest. The excesses of the previous day we were passing the bill.

"I will not eat breakfast, Pemburton. I will stop in one of my clubs if later I have hunger. Horses that pulled the car and have ready.

An hour later, showered, shaved and dressed, left his home Sinjun. The car was waiting, as ordered, and said goodbye to the driver before getting in the box, adjust the reins in your fingers and go down the street with reckless haste.

The car had stopped just in front of the house when Sinjun Blakely jumped down and ran to the stairs to the front door. It was several minutes before its insistent call went unanswered.

"Oh, Carstairs, good morning," greeted past the astonished butler. Please alert the Blakely Viscount that I am here and I see him.

Carstairs raised eyebrows with them almost to touch the forehead.

"Lord Blakely not rise to within a few hours.

"Wake him," said Sinjun great strides in entering the study. I'll wait here.

"But ... but ..." stammered Sir Carstairs going after him, the master would never get up before noon.

Sinjun turned round to face him.

"May the devil take you, Carstairs, do what I said.

Shaking his head and muttering something about what was impetuous youth, Carstairs went to wake his master.

Sinjun study ran up and down with impatience while waiting for Rudy, his friend had a lot to explain. A Sinjun acabársele was about patience when Rudy entered the room with excitement hair and eyes half closed with sleep.

- What the hell are you doing at this ungodly hour? You have much value, Sinjun.

What did you do last night to Lady Flora is unforgivable. Choose weapons. I am willing to defend the honor of my lady.

"Do not be stupid," snapped Sinjun. What you're going to defend his honor. What did you do last night with Christy?

"You're still drunk, Sinjun. Go home to sleep it off. I know of no Christy.

- To hell with you! Last night was your companion in the dance of your grandmother. Rudy clenched his fists.

"The lady who accompanied me last night at the ball of my grandmother's name was

Christy. Drunk or sober, your behavior last night is unforgivable.

"Maybe he was drunk, but I know what I did and who did it. Will you tell me where I can find Christy or I have to beat you up for confirmation?"

"I told you, I know of no Christy."

"Maybe I should have said Lady Flora Randall-Sinjun snapped. Maybe he was drunk last night, but my brain worked perfectly. Do you think they would have recognized my own wife?"

Rudy simply stare at Sinjun with his mouth open in a gesture of silent cry. Apparently I was too stunned to respond.

"Yes, Rudy, my wife. It turns out that Randall and Christy Flora MacDonald share the same husband. Yo. And in case you have not guessed, are the same woman."

- What the hell are you saying? Rudy said dropping into the nearest chair. Why should I believe you?

"Because I'm telling the truth. Where do you think I was when I left London? I set off to Scotland to face my wife. Julian had heard that Christy was expecting a child, so I went to Glenmoore to sign the document annulling a marriage that Julian had helped me get. He was not prepared to recognize as mine another man's bastard. Imagine my shock when I arrived in Glenmoore and Flora I learned that my former lover, and Christy, my wife, were the same woman, and that the child she was expecting Christy was mine."

"I do not understand," Rudy said, shaking his head at the incredible story that had just told Sinjun. I know you left England suddenly, but you've never been a predictable man. Tell me about your son. Flora Lady ... I mean ... Christy, never mentioned any child."

"It's a long and complicated history," said Sinjun. Someday I'll tell you the details. Right now I just want one thing from you."

- What is it?

"Tell me where I can find Christy."

- Go to hell! I made a solemn promise, and I maintain it. You will not know anything about me."

- A promise? -A Sinjun did not like how that sounded."

"Yes. Christy, if that is your real name, I made him promise not to tell anyone where to find it. I specifically mentioned to you. He said you had you not separated just as friends."

"You can ensure that it has been. I lied, I used to have a child and left me lying by a Scotsman. Christy has many things to respond."

Rudy rose from his chair with a belligerent expression."

"Maybe that's why you do not want you to find her. "You hurt last night, Sinjun? If so, I swear that our friendship is over."

Sinjun had the decency to blush. Was sudden, but did not think that would have been hurt. Their mutual desire was exploded in a battle of sensual aggression, and he had been happy to satisfy the hunger of Christy along with it."

"Christy is my wife. I never hurt her physically, but he deserves a good spanking "his face hardened and narrowed his eyes until they become slits. Did you sleep with my

wife?

Rudy put his arm back and then hit in the jaw Sinjun directly. Sinjun stumbled and landed on the desk.

"You've earned it," Rudy says, rubbing his knuckles. Christy deserves someone better than you.

Sinjun rubbed his jaw, struck by the defense that his wife was Rudy.

- Christy left me for another man, dammit! What do you think if I meet my best friend?

"He stood staring at Rudy for a moment of tension, ready to retaliate against him, until he remembered that was her best friend Rudy. Perhaps his only friend.

"You're making me very angry, Rudy. Will you tell me where I can find Christy?

"Christy does not want to see you," argued the other man. I promised I would not have to see if she wanted, and a promise is a promise, Sinjun. So little honor you have to want to break a solemn oath? Plus, you're angry, and you could hurt as much as you say.

Sinjun made an effort not to move against his best friend. But he thought better. The punches never solved anything. Worked better cunning. Sooner or later, Rudy was going to visit Christy. And when that happens, Sinjun would not go very far away.

Christy was mired in indecision. Sinjun knew I was in London and she had no idea what to do about it. He could stay put and pray that Sinjun did not give her, or could have found a new home. It was crazy to think that Sinjun not recognize.

Christy was tired of pretending, tired of lying to Sinjun, but be honest now because he feared could lead to unpleasant repercussions. He had the intuition that Sinjun neither understand nor forgive. What if your child snatched from his side? I had no choice. I had to continue with this farce to end. That was his punishment and penance.

When Effie was the morning after Niall to suckle it, Christy had already taken a decision.

"Make the room, Effie, we are moving," she said firmly.

Effie gasped.

- Move, Christy? Where do we go? Why we have to move?

"Last night I made a mistake," admitted Christy. Lord Derby has recognized me despite the effort I made to go well disguised. I lied about Niall and fear he will never forgive me if he finds us.

"I do not think it wise to return to Scotland, unless you are willing to marry Calum.

"That will never happen," Christy said gravely. We will move to a respectable inn until you can rent another house within our means.

- When you want to go?

"Immediately. Look for something today. Tell Gavin to have the car ready within one hour.

"Maybe you should tell the child what Lord Derby," suggested Effie.

"No, I can not. Maybe Niall takes my hand and could not stand it.

Christy placed a kiss on the head of his son, clasping in his arms while he vigorously sucking the nipple. When he closed his eyes and loosened his mouth, handed it to Effie

and got up to start the day.

Sinjun was stuck like glue to Rudy, followed at a safe distance. He hoped that his friend take him finally to Christy. Brooks visited Rudy, White's, the exchange house and his tailor, but not Christy. When Rudy came into his grandmother's house for what appeared would be a long visit, gave Sinjun grumpy and decided to pass by Brooks. He addressed down the road in the car when it struck a carriage stopped in front of the Blue Goose Inn. Her heart pounded against his ribs when he realized that the driver was familiar. Not remember his name, but reel if you could recognize as a MacDonald saw it.

Sinjun was placed in the free space behind the car and waited. I had no idea what was happening, but was prepared to wait long it took as long to find out. His patience was rewarded when he saw Christy out of the car and entered the inn. As Christy disappeared inside, Sinjun got out of his carriage to meet the relatives of Christy.

"You can go," he said giving a scare to Gavin, who had not seen approaching from behind.

"Your ... Your Excellency, I had not seen.

"I know you're a Sinjun MacDonald said," but I do not remember your name.

"Gavin, my lord. I am brother Rory.

"Yes, now I remember. You can leave, Gavin. I will take care of Christy.

Gavin stiffened.

"No, I can not do that.

"I insist Sinjun said sternly. I am perfectly capable of taking care of my own wife.

- Your wife! Gavin, "he snapped. I have understood that you and you are no longer married MacDonald.

"Contrary to what Christy thinks, we are still husband and wife," he revealed Sinjun.

From now on I assume full responsibility for looking after her.

Gavin looked unconvinced.

"It will do you harm, right?

"The MacDonald is safe with me," said Sinjun. From now reside in my house.

"But Your Excellency, I do not understand ..." argued Gavin. There ... more people you see.

"I'll take care of everything," said Sinjun. Go home, I will contact you later when you talked to Christy.

"Very well, Excellency, but I do not like Gavin muttered as he guided the car into the crowded street with evident reluctance. If you do damage to MacDonald, answer to me and the rest of the clan, "he shouted looking back.

Muttering to himself, Sinjun put the car in the hole that had just left the driving Gavin and Christy sat down to wait.

Christy knew instantly that the Blue Goose was not the right place for her and her little family. Outside looked respectable enough, but once inside, Christy was discouraged

so disreputable appearance. The Blue Goose was the third inn he visited and the third which was inadequate even for short stay as he had in mind. But do not be discouraged. There were at least three inns in good neighborhoods but not as elegant. Christy distracted from the inn came to believe that Gavin would be waiting in the car. He was not breathing when instead of finding your relative what he saw was Sinjun taking their place. Sinjun had an evil smile on his face drawn, and Christy felt the first throes of fear.

-Sinjun, what are you doing here? Where's Gavin?

"I've sent him home. You're coming with me.

- You had no right! Christy cried, alarmed at this unexpected turn of events. A confrontation with Sinjun was precisely what he had tried to avoid.

"You're my wife. I have every right in the world.

Christy staggered, and would have fallen if Sinjun fails to hold.

"The void ..." he began.

"Later," the interrupted him while clutching his waist and climbed into the carriage.

Did you think I would not notice that he was making love to my wife last night?

That was exactly what Christy had thought. How could he have been so wrong? I could not go anywhere with Sinjun. At home there was a child waiting for me to suckle. Her firm breasts and hot, and I could feel how milk dripping nipples.

"I'll take you home. In my house," said Sinjun. This is the place where you belong.

- You can not do this! We are no longer married.

"You're completely wrong, and if you're married with Calum, you're also a bigamist. Stunned, Christy felt how his world fell apart. It did not sighted to realize that precisely Sinjun not glad to see it. What would you do when he learned that his son was alive?

Christy threw her shoulders back and promised herself she would do whatever was necessary so as not to lose her son.

Chapter 14

"Welcome to the Derby mansion Sinjun said coolly as he helped Christy from the carriage and drove to the front steps.

The door opened and Sinjun made it happen. She slipped away from his grip and stared. What was going to say whatever it was, he was in his throat when he passed the fierceness of his eyes. It was like going head first into a blazing inferno. Christy had never seen him so angry, not even the day he arrived in Glenmoore and recognized. His face was as carved in stone, devoid of any emotion while staring at her. Christy soon realized that they were not alone. A tall, thin man wearing the livery of Derby attentive waiting beside the door. She gave him a shy smile. The man responded with the brief movement of an eyebrow.

-Pemburton Sinjun "he began," I want you to meet your new lady. Lady Derby, my wife.

The composite expression Pemburton loosened by the impact.

- "Your ... your wife, my lord?" He stammered.

"Yes. Lady Derby has traveled from Scotland to meet me. Summons to the service. I want them all lined up in the lobby in fifteen minutes to meet his new mistress.

"As you say, my lord," intoned the normally imperturbable Pemburton disappearing into the darkness of the house. While the poor man had tried not to look upset, Christy suspected he was stunned at his unexpected arrival.

- Why did you say that? "Asked Christy. I'm not your wife and you know it.

"You're wrong," said Christy Sinjun irritably. I have not taken the agreement of invalidity to the courts. Sorry to disappoint you, but you're married. If you're already married to the chief of the Cameron, that makes you a bigamist. And if you slept with him, that makes you a p ...

The anger exploded in the brain when Christy threw his arm back and slapped him.

- Bastard! She whispered through clenched teeth. How dare you insult me! Bastard. Canalla. Rogue. Miserable. How many women have you slept since you left Scotland? Sinjun put her hand to her flushed cheek.

"I advise you not try to do this again," he snapped. You who want to dissolve our marriage. You wrote the damn letter. Even you had the delicacy to tell me how our son died Sinjun grabbed her by the shoulders and shook it vigorously. Have you thought that I did not care?

"Um ... my lord, my lady ... the servants are gathered, as you had requested.

Christy's face lit up. It was wrong by discussing either before the service. He could not stay in that house, with a husband who hated her with a child anywhere else he needed. Oblivious to all, Sinjun began with presentations as if nothing had happened. The stout woman with glasses was Mrs. McBride, the chef. Then there were three vivacious Irish maids, Peggy, Megan and Bridie. The two young brothers, Jesse and Jerry, helped the toughest jobs in the kitchen and carried luggage when needed. John the coachman, who knew Christy was in charge of the stables. Pemburton, as he knew, ran the house and staff with an iron hand.

When told that a girl would choose between the three girls, Christy chose Peggy, a buxom brunette in bright blue eyes. Following the presentations, the service is gone, leaving Christy and Sinjun alone to continue their discussion.

"I'll show your room," he forced her to climb the curved staircase.

Christy expected to be within the large and elegant bedroom before turning to Sinjun.

- Why are you doing this?

"You decided to come to London, so I assume you want to pick up where we left off.

"That's not why I am in London.

- Why have you come, my love? Sinjun the look-through her slender figure, pausing in her large breasts during an uncomfortable moment before returning to dig into his face.

"Having a child has changed ... some things in you," he said. I can not remember that you were once so well endowed.

"You also were well equipped if you had the breasts full of milk and about to explode," Christy thought harshly.

"I have to go, Sinjun. Gavin and Effie will be concerned about me.

"They know where to find you. What has become of Rory and Margot? I expected to

see them with you.

"Margot is expecting a son stared at Sinjun Christy. In contrast to other men I know, Rory wanted to be with her when she was born.

- Damn it, Christy! You know why I had to go. He had every intention of returning, but then I got your letter. I did not know you were so in love with that head of Cameron. Why not here with you?

Christy tried to find answers to questions Sinjun, but his heart does not have the strength to keep on lying.

"Calum is in Scotland. I ... do not congeniábamos.

"So you've gone to London to recuperate, the accused Sinjun sarcastically.

- No! That's not true.

- Why did you come to London? Do you plan to choose another husband among my friends? "Rudy, maybe?

- I do not need a husband! "Unable to support their false accusations, Christy went to the door. I refuse to stay here a moment longer than necessary.

Sinjun was already in front of her, leaning against the door panel with his arms crossed and a smirk.

"Tell me what brought you to London.

"It was never my intention that our paths crossed again.

- Liar! Sinjun cried. Had he wanted to spare, you would not have gone to the ball!

Christy looked at him defiantly.

"That was a mistake, and I will not say anything else. Get away from the door.

The bad mood Sinjun soared. No woman had rejected him well in his life. But despite his anger, confusion, her body was dying of desire. Christy remembered as had been the night before. Eager, enthusiastic, a flame of fire in his arms. He suddenly felt alive again. The air around them was full of energy. The body shook with a seductive languor that shortness of breath and her senses intensified.

The excitement quickened heart beat. He needed to be in it. The desire roared like a wild fire through his blood. The only thing that prevented him from undressing her and take her to bed was the certainty that nothing had told Christy sense. He had told so many lies in the past that Sinjun had trouble distinguishing truth from fantasy.

"I want the truth, Christy. I know you're hiding something. What is it? Who are you protecting?

Christy paled.

"I ... I ..." hell was better than what she was going at that time.

- How my son died? "I had a boy or a girl? You owe me some answers.

"A boy," snapped Christy. Never even breathe. We buried the same day.

Sinjun seemed to break inside, and Christy felt her own heart was breaking. It was as if suddenly had opened a gate in it, and suddenly knew he could not continue. The falsehood was a terrible sin. That lie had told him long ago to Sinjun had grown until the falsehoods were stacked one over another. God never forgive her. He had never considered herself a bad person, but he knew the judge Sinjun hard.

- Sweet Virgin Mary! I can not continue. Sorry, Sinjun, sorry.

Tears rolled down her cheeks as she looked in front of her husband. What Sinjun

thought it was nothing compared with how they judged themselves.

"I lied, Sinjun. I lied a lot. It's time to tell the truth. I can not fool with ...

- Pretending that? "Her voice was hard, harsh, judge. Christy suddenly felt very cold to hear his voice. That the man who loved despised was the worst of hell. How could I explain? How could I make him understand that he had done everything possible to save his life? Maybe if your child first saw the hated not so much.

"I owe you the truth, Sinjun, and will" began Christy. Let me return to my accommodation to ... pick up something that I left there, and then you'll know it.

Sinjun laughed bitterly.

"You think I'm stupid. If I let you out of my sight, disappear again.

Does it matter that to him?

- What you do you care? -If he still had the slightest glimmer of affection for it, find it in his heart how to forgive.

Sinjun shrugged. That gesture as simple and carefree ended any hope that Christy could have fed.

"You're my wife. I have a right to know what hidden before you send me back to Glenmoore. To have my wife in London restrict my lifestyle. Appoint another administrator to take care of my interests and you keep an eye on you. I never want to hear that the liar of my wife is cheating with another man.

- And what about the annulment?

"Forget the void. You belong to me whether you're in London and in Glenmoore.

"Please, let me return to my lodging, Sinjun. Promise you will not disappear. One hour, that's all I ask," begged Christy, who was desperate to get home to feed her son. When I return I will explain about the letter ... and everything else.

Sinjun stared with one of his dark eyebrows.

- Another lie, woman?

Christy shook her head.

"At this time no, Sinjun. Trust me this once.

Christy gasped, aware of the struggle that was waged inside Sinjun. I knew I had not given him any reason to trust her, but this time was different. I did not want any more lies between them. Sinjun had to read the truth in your eyes, because he nodded, but seemed still somewhat skeptical.

"All right, Christy. I'll take you to your accommodation and will wait for you inside. If you do not keep your promise, I will help you to crawl on where you hiding. Do you understand?

Christy knew more than they would have liked. He had exhausted the patience of Sinjun, and he had all the room for movements that are deserved.

"Understood.

A few minutes later he ran down the street in the car heading home from Christy.

"No need to accompany me up inside," she said when they arrived at their accommodation.

- Have you been living here? Sinjun asked twisting gesture to show their disapproval of the place he had chosen to stay. Christy noted the poor condition of the building's facade with Sinjun eyes and realized what must have seemed to someone used to much

more.

"It's not so bad. The neighborhood is nice.

Sinjun not respond as he helped her down from the carriage arm in arm, as if afraid to run away. He led her upstairs and opened the door. Christy came in and was suddenly aware of the difference between the giant hall of the mansion of the Derby and the gloomy lobby of his humble abode.

- Christy! "Cried Effie ran downstairs to go to meet him. Gavin told me what Your Excellency and we were very worried. What happened? How did you ...?

Effie's words were interrupted mid-sentence when Sinjun left behind Christy.

-Remember to Lord Derby, right? Christy asked to fill the void.

Effie bowed bowing.

"Good morning, Your Excellency.

-Join Lord Derby to the parlor, Effie, and serve him a drink while I gather my things

"But Christy, and I have kept all the belongings brought from Glenmoore.

Christy pretended not to hear it while passing in front of Effie and up the stairs.

Sinjun was convinced that Christy was hiding something ... or someone. "The chief of the Cameron, perhaps? Do not just say that Effie had already picked up your things? Sinjun Effie waited for the sad little room left before acting on an impulse and follow Christy upstairs. He stopped at the upper landing, frowning when you hear the soft whine coming from one of the rooms. He followed the sound to one of the three closed doors that were in the upstairs. Not bothering to call, turned the knob and entered at once.

What he saw was too much for his mind, he could not register it. Completely turned pale and staggered to lean against the door. Christy was sitting in a chair beside the window, holding a bundle in his arms. Sinjun slid her gaze to the package; twisted and feeding sounds emitted that looked suspiciously like ... a baby's sucking. Startled, she looked up and crossed with the green eyes Christy challenging.

- Who is that baby? -He knew it, oh, yes, I know, but I had to hear it himself Christy lips liars.

"I can explain it, Sinjun.

"I doubt it, madame, but in any event,.

- Would you like to see your son?

- Does my child? He repeated, clearly stunned.

"Yes, Sinjun. A strong healthy boy.

Nailed to the ground, Sinjun was unable to breathe, let alone move. He reminded all those weeks in which he mourned the death of his son and his heart filled with resentment. Christy How could do that? The anger he lunged forward, anger made him start the child from his mother's breast. Deprived of food, Niall opened his mouth and cried.

"Give it back," demanded Christy Sinjun. You've waited long enough for food.

Sinjun The dark eyes slid his bare chest. A drop of milk hung from his fattened nipple, and felt the crotch was pressed despite the anger. Away with difficulty in view of the

copious feast within Christy and stared at his son, who would not stop bawling. Sinjun opened his heart and love found the way to go. A poignant love pure and had never experienced before. His son was the most beautiful child I had ever seen. His dark hair, big brown eyes and a round mouth bordered by residues of milk Christy. And a sturdy little body, so they could appreciate.

His son. He was not dead but very much alive. The child looked away and found Christy staring at him. A stranger closed the throat thickness as thousands faced conflicting emotions inside. Although Christy wanted flogging with harsh words, he only came one to the head.

- Why?

"I'm going to explain everything, but now give me my son. Still hungry.

Sinjun returned the boy to his mother with obvious reluctance. As he put it to his chest, plaintive moans ceased. Sinjun nurse looked at him, silent for a long time before dropping into a chair nearby. He could think of a reason other than hate to explain that Christy had chosen to tell her that her son had died. What had happened when he left Glenmoore to change it? Where does the head of Cameron in everything?

Sinjun remained silent while the baby nursed so as not to disturb your child. But as the mouth of the nipple away from Christy and closed his eyes, Sinjun Christy took it from the arms.

- Where is the cradle?

"The other side of the door. He has his own room.

Sinjun placed her son slept in his crib and returned with Christy. Any hint of tenderness had disappeared from his face. Christy could forgive many things, but this was not one of them. He found her sitting exactly where he had left with her breasts modestly covered and head bowed, as if to cross with his eyes he found it too painful.

"I'll take my son," said Sinjun without further preamble.

Christy looked up.

- No! Do not let him. What will I do without him?

"I do not care a damn what you do, ma'am. I'm no angel, but what you have done surpasses anything I've ever done in my life.

-Niall needs me. I'm still breastfeeding. Can not depart from me.

- Your name is Niall? How kind of you to put my son a Scottish name. I can do what I damn well please, and no court in the UK that do not support me. I find it difficult to find a wet nurse. We can manage very well without you.

- You do not even want to hear my explanation?

Sinjun stared at her a look of steel.

"The truth is no. You have conspired to keep my child away from me, that's all that counts, "he turned to leave.

- Wait! Niall does not know you. I miss you. Please Sinjun do not do this. Let it be with Niall. I'll be your babysitter. You can pretend I exist only to take care of my son. Without it I will die.

Go back to Scotland, to your home. The clan needs you. Calum takes a lover. And he makes you a son.

- Calum despise! "Tears rolled down her cheeks. Almost as much as I despise you if I

stray from Niall. Maybe if you let me explain ...

"It's too late for explanations.

Sinjun mentally chided himself for letting the tears of Christy affecting it. You should take your child and send it to the devil. But the expression on his face crossed their lines of defense. Actually, it would be wrong for Christy to feed your child until weaning. Then send it back to Glenmoore, the place where he belonged.

"Prepare to Niall," he snapped. We're going now.

"Thanks," Christy whispered, wiping tears with the back of the hand.

"I'm not doing this for you, Christy. You are right that Niall is too small to be separated from his mother, so I let you stay with him for now. You can live in my house until weaning to Niall.

-Sinjun, if you wanted to hear ...

"Maybe someday I'll have wanted to hear, but not now. Niall prepares to Gavin while I informed my decision and Effie. When you bring your stuff to the mansion of Derby may decide whether to return to Scotland or become part of my staff. Depends on them.

Christy saw him leave. His shoulders were stiff, was palpable tension in your body. I knew I had every right in the world to be angry, but this arrogant buffoon should have heard his explanation. In what a mess he had gotten. It happened just as I feared.

Sinjun wanted to stay with her son, but the mother of his son did not care.

Effie suddenly entered the room, breaking the somber thoughts of Christy.

"Oh, Christy, what do we do? Lord Derby has told us that we have to carry your stuff home. He says we can return to work Glenmoore or enter at your service.

-Sinjun wants to keep Niall Christy said biting his lip to hold back tears. The only reason you are going to take me with him is to feed Niall. He hates me, Effie, as I feared.

- Why did not you tell the truth? Would have to know that you lied to save his skin.

"He will not listen.

"I will not leave you, Christy. Gavin Ni, either. Someone has to take care of you and baby.

"I do not ask you something, Effie. The decision is yours.

"We've made a decision. You are the MacDonald. We need. And now you better and you bajéis Niall. His Excellency is waiting.

When he reached the bottom of the stairs, he met Christy Sinjun traveling up and down the hall. He received a brief nod and took the child from her arms. Christy tried to grip it tightly, but the stern gaze of Sinjun led her to accept his authority ... for now.

Because it was dealing with a weak woman, and Christy was not so willing to accept its conditions as it had ceased to see. He gritted his teeth in frustration while Sinjun made it out the door and helped her into the carriage. When I put in the arms Niall Christy hugged him tightly and thanked God that her son and she went on together.

The mansion of Derby was three times larger than the modest house she had rented, but Christy was not impressed by the luxurious decor or the elegant rooms. It was not

Glenmoore. Comfortable and unpretentious, Glenmoore was home, and she missed the heather-covered hills and green valleys. Niall wanted to raise away from the stench of London, in a place where he could roam freely in the land that would one day be yours.

"I'll hire a babysitter for my son," said Sinjun as they climbed the stairs to Christy's room.

"No need," she said. I do not like the idea that a stranger take care of my son. Effie and Gavin have decided to stay in London. Effie Niall already knows, and is a great babysitter.

"I guess I will," agreed Sinjun. Niall and it may occupy the room is small compared to yours, the other side of the aisle. Gavin can stay in the room of the garage with my driver. I'll pay the two salary adequate.

"Thanks," said Christy. As it seems that my presence offends you, try to keep out of your way.

Sinjun gave him a sour look.

"Right now I do not know what feelings awakened in me, so I think it is better than at the time we avoid. However, I see my son when I want. Effie and I will let you visit in your room when you're otherwise occupied.

- Will I be confined to my room? Asked Christy, who was not quite sure I understood.

"Of course not. I'm not a monster. You can come and go whenever you want. I will see to give you an income that you spend as you wish. You can order anything you want in the dressmaker you choose and charge my account. No matter what we feel towards you, you are still my wife. When you get yourself either Glenmoore wanting.

- And what about you, Sinjun? What kind of example are you going to give our child? Will you follow the path of destruction which you have started? Drinking, gambling, hanging out with prostitutes, are these the qualities that you want me to remember your crown when you're not? Lord Sin may be a good name for a rogue, but not acceptable for a parent.

Sinjun threw an icy stare.

- How dare you lecture me? Your whole life is based on lies. From the day we met, you have not told the truth even once.

"I can explain everything.

"Not interested. Now I'll leave for you to install. I'm usually not home at dinner time, so I suggest you dine alone in your room. I will instruct the service. Anything you need, talk to Pemburton. He takes care of everything here.

Christy spent the rest of the day settling into their new accommodation. Supervised that Niall placed in the cradle of the child's bedroom and asked Pemburton to get him a bed to Effie. Peggy brought him food, and after Niall breastfeed and let napping, Pemburton asked him for a walk around the house. Christy did not know whether Sinjun would seem well and did not care. If I was going to live there, he had better become familiar with her surroundings. The service staff received significantly more acceptance of what he had done Sinjun. In fact, they were quite nice. Mrs. McBride,

who apparently had a lifetime in the service of Sinjun, expressed his wish that the master head finally sit down now that he had a family. Even the old formal Pemberton not stop smiling, as if waiting for work a miracle. And everyone, until the last of the maidens, were delighted and captivated by Niall.

Sinjun The mansion was gorgeous. All rooms were richly furnished with clean and shining, due mainly Christy supposed to Pemberton monitoring. Was surprised to find that the Sinjun quarters were next to his room. Before that door had not been cleverly disguised. He gave a bitter laugh, knowing that that door is never used. Sinjun not needed in this regard. Women had more than enough to satisfy his lust. She was there only to feed her child. He had made it clear that when it is not necessary for the welfare of children, send it back to Glenmoore.

That night I took supper on a tray. Christy just a bite, but it looked great and smelled wonderful. Food was not what I needed, but the love of Sinjun.

Sinjun made his usual rounds that night. He went to White's, he found nothing that interested him, he went to a party that organized the Hamptons and ended in Brooks, where he sat down to play a few hands of cards. Around midnight you, when most people thought that the night had just begun, Sinjun was more sober than a judge and boring like a monkey.

In all honesty, had made an effort to move away from Niall night. Everything related to the child he was intrigued. He kept spinning the fact of having taken part in the creation of a human being so perfect. It still hurt that Christy had tried to deprive him of his son. I could not watch it without remembering its falsity.

And to think I once believed to be in love with her ... Then was eager to return to Glenmoore after the trial of Sir Oswald, but then came that damn letter. He supposed he should have heard the explanation of Christy, but I could not bear to listen to their lies.

On the way home decided to stop in and partake of the buffet Almacks.

It was a mistake. Lady Violet jumped on him when he walked through the door.

- Sinjun! I trusted you to pass through here tonight, "he said hastily. Have you heard that Lord Fenton and I have done? I'm free again, and I'm looking forward to resume our friendship "He leaned over him, while his cloying perfume seized his senses.

Fenton can not be compared with you as a lover. No one can.

Sinjun stared at him. He was not at all tempted.

"I'm married, Violet. Or perhaps you've forgotten?

Violet shrugged.

"I do not really matter, what about you?

Sinjun's eyes took on a special glow at the thought of her innocent son lying in bed, and suddenly cared a lot. A father plunged into debauchery was not the legacy I wanted to leave his son. Maybe it was time that Lord Sin retired.

"Actually, I do care," said Sinjun. Did you know that I have a son?

- What your wife? Violet asked, clearly astonished.

"If you're implying that my child is illegitimate, you're wrong. Niall is legitimate, "he

informed Sinjun.

"But how ...?"

"Certainly I do not think you have to explain the mechanics, my lady," said Sinjun with a sarcastic point. If you'll excuse me, I saw someone with whom I speak.

Sinjun Violet felt the eyes fixed on his back as he walked away. The truth was that there was no one wanted to talk, it was an excuse. I wanted to go home. He felt a sudden need to look at the sleeping face of her son. He crossed his mind a terrible thought. What if you had taken Christy Niall? Should he have ordered the monitor? There would never come back to separate him from his son, ever!

Shortly thereafter, Sinjun entered his house. Was surprised to see Pemburton waiting, something that never used to do ever.

"What a surprise, Pemburton" he said. Say it is something?

The steward gave him a look of censure.

"Lady Derby had dined alone in her room and retired early. It is not a proper welcome for a bride.

Pemburton Although he said nothing more, his displeasure was evident in the tilt of her head and the rigidity of the narrow shoulders. Sinjun's first impulse was to call attention to his recklessness, but the butler was so long in his service should not be surprised by anything Pemburton could say.

"You forget that Christy is no longer a newlywed, Pemburton. We have over fifteen years of marriage. Certainly long enough to have had a child together.

"As you tell, my lord, Pemburton air inhaled deeply through his nose. Do you helped to undress?

"I am perfectly able to take off my clothes myself Sinjun replied dryly. Good night, Pemburton.

"Good evening, sir. Ah, if you are interested, Lady Derby has not tested this night snack dinner.

Sinjun started to climb the stairs, wondering how I made Christy to win the loyalty of the service staff when I had less than one day at home. Steps slowed as they passed his door, stopping to see the thin line of light escaping underneath. Not expected to be awake, and was about to commit the mistake of turning the knob and enter.

But what he did was go to bed and his son, who was across the hall. Then he remembered that Effie shared a room with him and thought he was not a good idea to wake at that hour of the night. So he went to his own bedroom.

Once inside, he kept his gaze to be diverted to the door that connected his room with Christy. Deliberately turned away and undressed. She put on her robe and went to the sideboard to pour a drink. He sought the liquor cabinet. His hand shook and spun dry to stare at the door. Driven by a force more powerful than the heartbeat that gave him life, Sinjun walked slowly to the door and turned the knob. It opened quietly, and he looked at the other side.

His eyes were quickly Christy, and his body reacted in a violent response. She sat in a chair before the fire, giving your child suck her breasts glistening alabaster pale in the light of the flames.

Chapter 15

Sinjun slowly sucked the air. A violent and explosive desire seized his body, hardening crotch. He stifled a groan in his throat when Niall Christy moved from one breast to another, giving the two white mounds your hungry eyes. He watched his son's mouth hooked to your nipple, his hands kneading the soft skin of his chest while sucking. Sinjun swallowed convulsively. His manhood stood up boldly against his stomach when he imagined his own mouth, sucking the breast of Christy, her hands caressing those perfect breasts. The truth was that he wanted, was dying to have it, I had to make her his.

How we were supposed to resist a woman so sexy when all you had to do was enter the room and take it? Christy was his. They had been married many years. So what stopped him? The answer to that question was not as simple as it seemed. Why Christy had appeared in London if his intention was to keep your child away from him? Why did you want him to believe that the child was dead? Nothing made sense. Perhaps, he thought again, should have heard his explanation when she offered to give it.

Christy captivated noted how he stood up and placed to Niall, who was asleep on his shoulder. The top of the gown slid to be left hanging precariously from his hips. The firelight had his body in a shimmering gold. It seemed more ethereal than human, a goddess whose mouth spitting lies, Sinjun thought bitterly. Frustration took no pity on him when Christy came out of his bedroom and walked across the aisle to address the Niall.

He could not move, could not think beyond the trembling of his crotch while waiting to return. Sinjun still in the same place when Christy returned to the bedroom. He had returned to place the shoulder gown, delicately tying the ties that held him together. Sinjun had to make an effort not to approach her when she got into bed and pulled the sheets up to his neck.

Still vibrating, still eager, Sinjun held his fierce lust and returned to his room. She took off her robe and climbed into bed naked. He tried with all his might to sleep, but the desire was through his body and erection throbbed painfully. Distinguished the decanter of brandy on the sideboard and felt a sudden urge to drink. He got up and poured a generous dose in a glass, bebiéndoselo in one gulp. We descended gently by the throat with a heat so powerful as that felt in the groin.

He poured himself another drink, then another, but the dream was still to come. He wanted the woman who was in the room next door desperately than he had wanted anything in his life. The more he drank, invent more reasons to make love to Christy until he convinced himself that it was something that had to do. Using the last drop of brandy in the glass, Sinjun put on his robe and crossed with some instability the door that separated the two rooms. Do not even bother to tie his belt when he entered the bedroom of Christy.

He looked toward the bed. The friendly fire dancing at home projecting the light enough to distinguish the delicate Sinjun figure under the sheets. He clenched his jaw with determination and went to bed. He stood a long while beside her, watching the bright halo of hair that protruded above the sheets. His hand shook as she approached

to caress it. But then suddenly withdrew. In his heart there was no room to feel affection for a woman who had lied and manipulated him, he said. All she wanted was her body. He took off his robe and laid it aside.

Christy woke with a start and sat very still. She was not alone. I did not know what had awoken a sound, a familiar scent ... opened his eyes and peered into the dark crescents under her lashes.

Sinjun was next to the bed, the flames of the hearth cast a bronze glow on her naked body and reflexes aroused in his ebony hair. Christy swallowed to pass the ball that had formed in his throat as he walked with a look of astonishment. Sinjun his eyes full of desire and the firm mouth, determined. An intriguing combination of lights and shadows played over the muscular contours of your body and the ridge of his erection hardened. A slow heat took Christy's skin.

-Sinjun, what are you doing here?

"This is my house, remember?

She sat down and pulled the sheet up to her chin.

- How could I forget? -A Christy is clouded thinking. Does the presence in his bedroom Sinjun meant he wanted them to have a real marriage? Had he suddenly realized that he loved her, needed her, she could not live without it? Or simply needed a woman and she was at hand?

The strings of the bed protested to feel the weight of Sinjun when he pulled down the sheets that Christy held with trembling fingers. She felt the warmth of his body on hers, and the skin around her breasts it was tight in anticipation. Christy tried to control his response, but was completely helpless when it comes to Sinjun concerned. Then brandy smelled your breath and realized that he was drunk.

"You're drunk.

"Not too drunk," he said.

"I thought you said we were not going to ... we should not ...

Sinjun abruptly pulled her toward him.

"I've changed my mind. You are mine, Christy, and I need a woman.

Christy was expecting something more, something other than sex without commitment offered. I wanted to disown him, tell him to go to hell, to find another woman, but could not. To their eternal shame, her traitorous body needed it.

Sinjun covered his back with his hands and pulled her body hard. Christy felt his strong manhood making its way between her legs and held her breath. Sinjun stared a long moment, her lips parted and then slid his mouth for them to claim them. Christy savored his breath smelling of brandy and felt was sinking in the overwhelming intensity of his desire. I did not want that to happen, not that way. Sinjun wanted love, consideration, not their lust. The desire was not anything wrong when he was through love, but love still had to hack their way through the heart of Sinjun.

Christy whispered her name against her lips, feeling how she softened, melted her body. How she had missed. How he had missed this. Sinjun sighed with pleasure when she covered her breasts and took it to his mouth. The sucked gently until milk began to flow from them. Sinjun lifted her head sharply and stared at her breasts. Christy looked down and saw a drop of milk hanging from their strained nipple.

- Do you know that I was jealous of my son when I saw him sucking on your breasts?
Sinjun said slurred.

Christy made an effort to keep breathing, surprised at the harshness of this sentence.

- Why are you jealous? You do not even like me.

Sinjun laughed.

"I like your body. Give pleasure to women is what we do best Lord Sin.

Christy started, hurt by his harsh words.

"Wretched selfish. As for me, Lord Sin can go to hell, "Christy gave him a shove in the chest. Leave me alone.

Sinjun's face hardened.

- Are you going to reject me?

A quick look at the inflexible Sinjun factions led him to undertake it wishes to enter a fight with him.

- Damn you, Sinjun! Where's your heart? What about love?

- Love? He seemed as if the word stung. Love means nothing to Lord Sin. Love is a fairy tale, Christy. Some people take it seriously, but for me it is a fantasy reserved for innocent children such as Niall.

"At least you admit that you love your son," she whispered.

"Yes, Niall is too small to lie-Sinjun sighed and pressed closer against himself. Let there be love among us does not mean we can not give us pleasure.

Christy said nothing. The pain inside was unbearable. Sinjun was dying on the unrequited love she felt for him and it hurt because I knew he would never have his love.

- Do you feel anything for me?

"I remember ..." Sinjun kept silent suddenly, as if afraid to say something that might later regret.

- What do you remember? Christy, "he urged.

Her expression hardened.

"All your lies, sham, falsehood, those are the things I remember.

"Go," said Christy Sinjun a sob. Of all the things I could have told those words were the most hurt him.

"Soon, but not yet.

He ran his hands over her thighs, and when he returned to raise them, they carried on under her nightgown, exposing the whiteness of her silky legs in the firelight. Christy screamed in disgust when he shrugged Sinjun the mattress and pulled out her nightgown over her head, throwing him into a corner.

"Your very good at seduction," she said with a trembling sigh. I could not think Sinjun feeling the heat, their aroma wrapping, filling, flirting with the senses.

"We have always gone well together," he whispered on the lips.

Sinjun's mouth closed over hers. He kissed her deeply, passionately, demanding a response that unsuccessfully tried to deny. His head was spinning and his body was in flames. A cry escaped her trembling from the lips as his mouth left hers Sinjun to chart a path through your body wild. When she opened her legs, Christy prepared for his entrance, and was surprised to see that Sinjun buried her head between her thighs,

stroking with your mouth the bright triangle of curls. Christy hips lifted upward toward the warmth of her mouth while her tongue licked and circled around the tender and swollen folds peaks. A cry arose from her throat and Christy joined to receive somewhat more intimate caresses. Sinjun explored his deep and moist interior everywhere, tasting as inner and licking then hardened strut her femininity until she walked chills the spine and a desperate desire vibrated through his body.

Sinjun played it like a trained musician heading to an impressive crescendo. A lick with his tongue, an intimate caress, again and again, until Christy shook violently. He held her firmly against the heat of his mouth, taking it to that place high in which Christy had no control over his body. Now it was Sinjun do what he pleased, to direct, guide her, rose into the sky amid a multitude of splendid wings. Christy grabbed for one delicious moment at the edge of ecstasy and then plunged downward.

Clutching the sheets, Christy rode the waves of pleasure through her body while squatting Sinjun be placed above it, looking at her, pressing his erection against her belly. Still experiencing waves of pleasure when Sinjun opened her legs and was introduced deeply into it. It was very hard Christy muscles gripped him around and whined to show their satisfaction. It was delicate, the rode hard and fast. She arched up, moving to his rhythm against him. The steamy heat of his body and his hard assaults led to a second climax. There was a sound, a cry that arose from deep Christy throat, and then exploded.

Sinjun proceeded with intense expression and absolute concentration. The strong bands is marked tendons in the shoulders and neck. A thin veil of sweat covered his body. After several assaults deep, froze, sighed, and poured out his hot seed inside Christy. It was several minutes that remained rigid over it, filling it with everything I had. Then he collapsed and became very quiet.

Flushed with that sweet languor, Christy accepted his weight until he feared he would burst the lungs. Then pressed on his torso. Sinjun stirred and slowly pulled away. He lay at his side without saying anything, without even looking, releasing air from the lungs to breath short and explosive.

Limp and sated, Christy moved and looked up as Sinjun out of bed. His face was clearly visible in the firelight, was hard and expressionless, but it was the look in his eyes that made Christy will form a lump in my throat. They shone with something that defied any logical description. Without uttering a single word, Sinjun got out of bed, put on his robe and returned to his room.

Although Sinjun showed little emotion on the outside, inside a storm raged. Damn, I wanted to Christy. No matter how they fight against it, or to try to convince himself that he would be better off without her. His body refused to listen. I wanted to stop the constant desire that gnawing, craving that had seized troubled him. I should have immediately sent to Glenmoore, now you know. There would have been difficult to find a babysitter for Niall. He had been stupid to allow their appeals that moved him. While Christy's lies had been about to leave without her son, had not the heart to separate the child from his mother.

Damn! Christy was driving him crazy. I wanted to leave. Wanted to regain his old life, as it was before Christy appeared in London and disrupt your lifestyle. The only good that had come out of their relationship was his son, and that if allowed Aspara raise him in the Highlands, with all those wild relatives named Christy.

Sinjun behaved polite and distant during the following days. Most of them never even saw Christy. What was clear was avoiding because Niall visited only at times that he knew she was not with the baby. To Christy was painfully obvious that he regretted having made love. The only explanation for that gap was found he was drunk. His long absences from home showed that wanted nothing to do with it.

Blakely Lord One day he came to visit. Pemburton guided him to the back parlor, which was used for informal visits, and Christy ran downstairs to greet him.

- Are you okay? He asked with her forehead wrinkled with worry. I went to the house where you stay and told me you had left fairly quickly. I have not betrayed me, my dear lady. I flatly refused to tell where to find Sinjun, but clearly did not help because you found yourself. Do not be hurt, right?

"Physically," he thought Christy.

"I did not hurt. Sinjun not a violent man. How did you know I be here?

"I guess I assumed naturally-Rudy scanned the face. Are you okay, right? I hope you're here because you want.

Christy looked at his hands as he found an answer.

"I am here because I had no choice.

"I know Sinjun is angry with you, but ...

"He has every right in the world to be angry. If you have not spoken with him lately, then you do not know the whole story.

"I know what the head of Cameron. That told me yes.

-Sinjun does not know everything, nobody knows, "Christy said mysteriously. I was referring to our son. In Sinjun and mine.

The thin front crumpled Rudy.

"I'm sorry baby, my lady. I know for a fact that Sinjun was eager to become a father.

The child's death was very hard for him, and to forget took to the road to perdition.

"It was not honest with Sinjun" explained Christy. Our son ...

The crying of a baby's protest echoed through the house, stopping Christy words mid-sentence. Rudy raised his head and stared at Christy with his eyebrows raised in a gesture question.

"I ... Well, you'd better tell the truth," began Christy. Our son did not die. I lied to Sinjun because it had reason to do so.

- God Almighty! Sinjun wonder is so angry. I can not believe you did something. What did you think to achieve?

Christy blushed. Although Rudy did not want to think badly of her, had no intention of giving explanations. Sinjun was the only one they are needed and would not listen.

"It's something between Sinjun and I," said Christy. And in no mood to hear me. When Niall knew about, threatened to keep my son in London and send me back to

Glenmoore. I begged him to let me stay with the child and he agreed. Who has heard mourn is Niall. It's your time to eat.

Christy turned to leave. Rudy put his hand on his arm to stop him.

I can not believe you lied to Sinjun about something without good reason. Why do not you tell me?

A Christy's eyes filled with tears of gratitude. Embarrassed by this outpouring of emotion, buried his face in his hands and sobbed quietly. Rudy was placed immediately beside him and gently shook her arms, consoling her as you would with a girl who had fallen.

"Hopefully Sinjun was so comprehensive," she said with a trembling sigh. He refuses to listen to my explanation.

"I will listen, Christy. "I can call Christy?" She nodded. Tell me what you say, will be between us.

"How charming. How long have you two of you to see you at my back?

Rudy dropped his arms and turned to meet the harsh look of Sinjun.

-Sinjun, you could at least be advised of your presence.

- On my own home? I'm afraid not. I suppose you have an explanation. What are you doing here?

"I was worried about Christy.

- Christy? Did you mean to Lady Derby?

Furious, Christy was placed in the middle of the two men.

- Enough! Blakely Lord was concerned when he learned that I had left my house. You two are friends, you should not fight well.

"All I want is an explanation I can think," said Sinjun pushing aside. Rudy, "he added pointedly. I was a fool to believe that something out of your mouth may be true.

"Watch what you say," said Rudy Sinjun defiantly. That's no way to talk to your wife.

- Did you told my wife that I lied about our son? I have a son, Rudy. And he is alive and kicking.

"I told him. He also told me you do not want to hear about your explanation. "I can suggest something?

"No, you can not.

"Well I will anyway. Christy is not happy.

"How clever of you to realize that, although I can not find a reason for it to be.

"Damn, Sinjun did not know you were so stubborn.

"Tell me Sinjun said with a sneer," do you forgive a woman who told you no more than a bunch of lies? Stay away from this, Rudy. It's none of your business. And stay away from Christy.

-Sinjun, please listen, you are falsely accusing Lord Blakely. You're the only man I love. Gosh, it was not her intention to say that simply had gone out. But it could habérselo saved. The firmness of jaw Sinjun gave mute testimony to its inflexibility.

Rudy picked up his cane and hat.

"I'm sorry, Christy. Dale Sinjun time, end coming to their senses. We see that you care. If you need me, send message to my home.

"Goodbye, Rudy said, his eyes Sinjun Christy.

Rudy gave him a look of disgust to his friend and went to great strides in the parlor. Christy did hint to leave, Sinjun ment was placed in front of her.

- Great need of a man who use your tricks with my friend?

She stared at him.

"Perhaps what the company is hungry," he replied. God knows I've spoken to me since ... Christy blushed and looked away.

"I was drunk," replied dryly Sinjun. Would have thought better of letting me know. I'd have to ...

Whatever it might say, was lost when Niall portentous the cry rang through the house.

"He's hungry," said Christy.

"Go and feed my son. You need Sinjun said both his expression softening.

Christy passed before he stretched his delicate shoulders.

"Nice. At least someone in this house that I need.

His last comment was not lost on Sinjun. Nor had the intimate scene between Christy and Rudy interrupted. Sinjun could not bear the thought that her best friend try to trick you, but jealousy had taken it completely from the time Pemburton mentioned that Christy was alone with Lord Blakely in the living room back. If Christy was trying to put you jealous, I was getting. She belonged to him, cursed out! The fact that like it or not return to a intimate relationship with her did not involve any difference.

Sinjun walked slowly to the stairs to her room. His thoughts returned again and again to the intimate scene with which he had found. Christy While living at home, should respect its rules. Maybe it was time to present to his wife in society, he thought. He could think of a better way to make known to all his friends belonged to Christy, who was out of reach of any man who was planning to seduce her. Sinjun lifted. Yes, that was exactly what I was doing. Submit to his wife in society and make it clear to everyone that he was not a tolerant husband did a blind eye to the infidelities of his wife.

Sinjun hear a murmur of voices from Niall room and Christy knew he would find there. He opened the door and entered.

"My lord," said Effie moving with protective gesture ahead of Christy to safeguard the eyes of Sinjun. As you see, your child is sucking right now. Come back later.

"Leave us, Effie, I talk to my wife. Alone," he added with a glance of steel.

Effie stayed where he was until he made a brief Christy nodded his head. She then turned to the door and softly closed on exit.

"I thought we had finished our conversation down," said Christy.

"I forgot to mention that tonight we will witness the dance of Lady Dempsey.

- Do you want me to go to a dance with you today? She asked incredulously. "Take your wife on his arm will not be an impediment to the style of Lord Sin?

"It's time for high society to meet my wife. I've used for years as a barrier to defend women who had marriage in mind, and now it's time to show people that really exist.

"Sorry, I can not leave Niall.

"That is no longer a valid excuse, Christy. Think you do not know what goes on inside my own house? Niall is sleeping through the night at a stretch. You no longer need night feeds.

- Why do you want to appear in society?

Sinjun slid towards their breasts, of which nursing was delighted Niall. The vision of your child's breast feeding Christy always managed to captivate. He imagined his own mouth savoring his own tongue licking her nipple, and instantly became hard. Sinjun turned and straightened his coat over his erection evident before answering your question.

"It is the duty of the wife to accompany her husband if he so wishes. No I have to give further explanation. I hope you have something appropriate to wear.

Christy put Niall, who was asleep on his shoulder, and quickly covered her breasts.

"I will not go. What if someone recognizes me as Lady Flora, your former lover?

"Leave me to deal with that. What time do you give the last shot Niall?

"At nine o'clock.

"Perfect. I will be waiting in the office at ten.

A Christy seemed outrageous arrogance of Sinjun. I did not know what to expect with him. He wanted her. Not wanted. He had been avoiding for days. Now he was acting as a perfect tyrant, demanding that he attend a social event with him. Would never understand her husband's complicated.

And perhaps it was better that way.

Satisfied after his last shot, Niall slept peacefully while Peggy Christy helped to get another dance elegant suits he had brought with him from Glenmoore. Emerald green silk fabric, the empire cut bodice was studded with glass beads. The skirts, adorned with beige lace, fell gracefully in folds from the bond was tied just below the breasts.

"Your Excellency will be pleased," said Peggy while adjusted the neckline of the dress Christy. You are very beautiful, my lady.

Your Excellency to go to hell, he thought Christy moody. That rogue exhibited her husband hanging from the arm was not your idea of a good time.

"Thank you, Peggy. If I pass the shawl, I think I am ready to go.

Sinjun was not prepared to meet the dazzling beauty appeared in the cabinet shortly afterwards. Oh, was well aware of the beauty of Christy, that was what had attracted him to her that night in which he pretended to be Lady Flora. But that was before Niall, before their bodies mature and their sexuality is awakened. Sinjun knew instinctively that all women of the dance would pale compared to his wife.

Sinjun not supposed to go forward no surprise to Christy. No matter what he had done or said in the past, still carrying the blood. Just look at her body filled with heat and hardened. If I had not promised to attend the dance hostess, Christy would be carried upstairs to get her into his bed.

Sinjun composed a hard look and said coldly:

"That dress really suits you, madame.

"And you're as handsome as ever.

Sinjun offered his arm.

- Are we going?

"If there is no choice, my lord ...

In front of the mansion Dempsey in King Street, next to the elegant St. James Square, the carriages were piled in a row. The Marquis car waiting in line to unload their passengers. When his turn came, and Christy Sinjun down the stairs and entered the mansion. They left their coats with a girl and joined the procession up to the ballroom. -Derby, how many people, right? "Said the man above them on the stairs. Huxley was telling that we should have gone to Boodles.

"In Boodles no women," said Huxley. Moreover, as I've said to Ashford, the food is better here.

"Yes," acknowledged Sinjun.

Both men were staring at Christy, obviously hoping that the submission. When that was not the case, Huxley said:

He says your wife is in town. Did you know that someone has made a bet on White's relation to the subject? There is even a stake ensures that your wife has given you a son.

- What are you saying?

"Yes, indeed. And some of the stakes are very high.

Sinjun seemed funny when he answered.

- What do you bet you, Huxley?

The aforementioned Christy smiled.

- Lord Sin bringing his wife to London? Never. And in what having a child with a wild Scottish, to me sounds completely impossible. After all, Lord Sin has to take care of your reputation. I bet the opposite.

"I say, sir, will not you introduce your latest conquest? Ashford asked. He looks familiar. Do I know?

"The truth is that no-Sinjun said with a tone that implied any kind of anger. Gentlemen, let me introduce my wife, Lady Derby. I hope you have not posted much because I have a child really does. Niall is called, and has six months of age. It is a very handsome boy, if I may say so. Honey, these two gentlemen are giddy Huxley and Lord Lord Ashford.

Both men had the presence of mind to whisper the right phrases and leaning on the hand of Christy. They seemed greatly relieved when they reached the entrance to the ballroom and it could come quickly.

"This revealing information is spread like fire in less time than you need to approach the buffet table Sinjun said.

Why it seemed so pleased?

- Is that what you wanted?

"This time my wife has been presented at London's high society. I am also deeply proud of my son.

Soon they were surrounded by people who insisted that he submit to the wife of Lord Derby. A Christy's head was spinning: Too many faces, too many names. I knew that

some of the ladies who were present have been linked romantically with Sinjun at some point, because their smug smiles suggested something more than friendship. During the course of the evening, Christy Sinjun and danced with several friends, smiling until she thought she was going to crack his face. When Lord Huxley did hint to get too close during one of the dances, Sinjun suddenly appeared beside him and away from Huxley's arms to clasp his. From that moment, not out of sight for a moment.

A display Sinjun educated had trouble with those gossips and others who once considered his friends. He prodded, probed him, until he made insinuations could no longer endure it. The straw that broke the camel's back was when Lady Alice, arm slung over her last lover, intercepted and Christy asked directly if he intended to ignore the infidelities of her husband during his stay in London.

Sinjun almost burst out laughing when he heard Christy say

"I have the intention to ignore everything that does not pose a threat to me.

Sinjun her away from there to avoid the poison of Alice, but in reality he suspected that she could throw his to anyone. After all, was the head of the MacDonald, the wife of the clan.

- Where are we going? Christy asked when suddenly pulled Sinjun the ballroom and down the stairs with her.

"Home," he replied dryly. All these men drooling over her had been taken out of proportion. The interest in high society by his wife bothered him a lot.

"Wait here while I call the driver.

Christy was at the door when Sinjun appeared shortly after the car. He helped her get in, shut the door and hit him on the roof to alert the driver. The wheels were set in motion and the carriage started down rattling down the street.

"I waited all night for this," growled sharply Sinjun clasped in his arms. You are mine, Christy MacDonald. Never forget that. As much as I flatter high society. And tonight I'll prove it.

Sinjun never seemed as much to Lord Sin at the time. He was the most exciting that Christy had ever known. His body was dying for his touch, his heart yearned for her love.

Chapter 16

Christy's last thoughts disappeared from his mind when Sinjun lifted the seat and placed it on his lap. Her hands seemed to be everywhere. Under her skirt, stroking her legs, touching closely on points that made her blood boil.

"Too much ... Sinjun clothes ..." she murmured. I can not and I need to remove it ...

- Sinjun! We can not. The driver ...

He seemed not to hear.

"I need in you sink.

His burning eyes and those thrilling words were causing strange things inside. Christy

got the skirts, but he got up again. Then grabbed her waist and placed her astride him. Christy felt his strong member sliding inside her and a moan came from her lips. He had not even noticed that Sinjun pants had been unzipped. Then all thoughts vanished from his head while ramming Sinjun already beginning to retire, deep drilling while holding her hips, adjusting his powerful assaults and sinking into his manhood. An unexpected heat Sinjun crossed it while pulling down the bodice of her dress, freeing the breasts for mouthing. I sucked the nipples, first one and then another, eliciting a deep sigh. When he placed his hand between their bodies and rubbed the small, hard button that guarded the entrance of her femininity, a shiver of warmth ran through Christy up. Her climax seemed to go on forever in a way so unpredictable that it was not aware of Sinjun cry when released his seed inside her. I was not aware of anything out of this inexplicable pleasure. Then he rose from his lap and smoothed her skirts.

"We're almost home," she whispered.

"Oh, my God, what the driver will think of me, us?"

"We're married, for the love of God. Think that people of high society is very strange because they prefer the car to the bed, and that if you think something.

The carriage stopped and Christy gave a little scream of anguish as he firmly placed the bodice and down the slopes. Before he had been prepared, the door opened and the driver pulled the stairs to download them. Sinjun fell down first and helped to Christy. She turned away to avoid seeing the driver as he ran to the front steps. He breathed a sigh of relief when Sinjun put the key in the lock and made entry.

Christy ran to see how it was Niall, ashamed of how he had responded to Sinjun. Did not proud, I had no shame? Was using it and she knew it. Unfortunately, love led people to do stupid things.

Sinjun, who was wearing only a silk dressing gown, was waiting in the bedroom of Christy as she entered.

"Undress," he ordered curtly while still dressing gown.

Christy looked at him intently.

"You're insatiable.

- That is a complaint?

"There were dozens of women at the dance tonight. Is not none of them has aroused your interest?"

The look she gave him was charged with possession Sinjun, and it was wildly passionate.

"Yes, one of them do. Is before me clothes too.

The rest of the night passed in a sensual haze. The Sinjun eager kisses were only the prelude to the splendor that ensued. Their naked bodies were bound, were hung from each other, were explored in unparalleled passion twice more before the sun began to peek through the curtains. Christy Sinjun sound asleep when she left her bed.

He awoke hours later to hear the sound of voices speaking out loud in the lobby. It quickly toilet, but when he had given to Niall chest and down the stairs, the visits he

had heard had been the studio. He approached the door and put his hand on the doorknob. The door was ajar. Christy stood still to hear his name mentioned.

- Is this true, Sinjun? I just returned to town and I happened to stand on White's. The rumors say that you're living the conjugal bliss with your wife. What the hell is happening?

"If you stay in the city over a week, you'd know what happens," said Julian Sinjun.

- What are you doing Christy MacDonald in London? Julian wanted to know. She was the one who wanted the annulment.

"There is no void. I never signed the document.

"You deserve someone better than Christy," said a female voice.

Sinjun was the sister, Christy thought recognizing the voice.

"There's something either of you know," said Sinjun.

"I saw Christy revealed several weeks ago, Emma. I warned him to stay away from you. I told him I would only hurt you.

- Did you see? Sinjun asked in amazement. When? Where? Why do not you tell me?

"I was working as a seamstress in a shop I usually frequent. Do not the slightest doubt that I made sure that the owner send her away immediately. Not because I thought I told you you'd be better off without knowing it.

"And so," said Christy was pushing the door open and entered the study. I had no intention of telling who was in London Sinjun.

Julian took a step forward.

"Lady Christy, we met on one occasion in very different circumstances. We were all in the mistaken idea that you were Lady Flora, the mistress of Sinjun at that time.

Christy felt a wave of guilt. The severe features of Julian and his words of censorship made it very uncomfortable. He knew immediately that Julian was a man not desirable to counteract.

"I apologize for that.

"Okay. I feel that there is an explanation for all this confusion, but I swear I can not think of any. I would think that the death of your son affected your sanity somehow, and eventually return to reason. Have you come to London to ask forgiveness from Sinjun?

- How dare you! Emma cried. Sinjun owes nothing after all the damage he did. He does not deserve your forgiveness.

Christy shuddered. Words hurt Emma.

- Would you care to explain, Christy? "He asked Sinjun.

- Are you going to believe me?

"Not me, but maybe they do.

"Then I have nothing to say. If you'll excuse me, I attend to my business.

"No, stay-Sinjun approached the door in two strides. Let no one leave here until I return.

- But why? Emma asked Christy desperate throwing a look of reproach. I do not understand how you hold.

"That's enough," scolded Emma Julian. Clearly there are circumstances for which neither of us are aware.

"Niall" Christy thought desperately. "I do not know what my son." When discovered, the hate as much as Sinjun.

When Sinjun returned a few minutes later with Niall in his arms, there was a long silence in the room. Emma was the first to speak.

- Sinjun, that's a baby!

"Yes, my son. His name is Niall. You have six months.

Christy Julian gave him a look so full of reproach that she had to look away.

- Is the same child who told you had died at birth?

"As you can see, is alive and well," said Sinjun.

With her violet eyes filled with resentment, Emma turned to Christy.

"Oh, no, how could you lie to my brother about the life of your child? -Stretched arms to Niall, and he placed them Sinjun baby. It's adorable, "she sang him with rapture to the face. It's just like you, Sinjun. You love him very much, otherwise it would not allow her mother was at home.

Christy Sinjun threw a look that filled her with despair. I could never forgive her, but if she had ever harbored any doubts about the love he felt for his son, his words left him clear.

"I love Niall. I never thought it possible to love a human being as I love my son.

Christy jumped. Sinjun knew did not love her, but why did they rub?

"Then what will you do now? Asked Julian always practical. I heard that you presented last night to your wife in society. Does that mean you intend to have a real marriage?

"Christy will soon return to Scotland," said Sinjun.

Niall, never took to me, "vowed Sinjun Christy. He is all I have.

"Oh, look," said Emma, clearly captivated by his nephew. It has fallen asleep.

"I take you to your room Sinjun said stretching his arms.

"Let me do it" begged Emma. It's so sweet ...

"I'll show you the way," volunteered Christy, who was eager to escape the censorship clearly visible in the hard eyes of Julian.

Christy Emma went before the stairs. When he reached the quarter-Niall, opened the door and followed her inside. Emma gently placed the child in the cradle and then turned to Christy. His eyes looked dark secrets implacable Christy tried to hide.

I do not think you told us everything, "he said quietly. Sometimes another woman sees things that men do not see. You love Sinjun. I notice the way they look. Why do not you tell us, Christy? When I look into your eyes I see pain and disappointment, and ... yes, fear. Who are you afraid?

So obvious was it?

"You're very clever for one so young.

"I have nineteen," said Emma. My brothers, like all men, they can sometimes be very donkeys. I changed my opinion of you. I think you need a friend. At first I was too angry to realize that here was something more than what is shown at a glance. I hope you trust me enough to tell me your stuff.

Christy really need a friend, someone other than Effie, who always tended to think the worst of Sinjun because he was English. But relying on Emma was not an easy task. If Sinjun had refused to hear his explanation, why Emma would believe it? Christy had

done nothing to earn the trust of Sinjun or his family.

- What is it, Christy? I know there is something that worries you. There must be a good reason for Sinjun you had told her son did not survive the birth.

Overcome by the persistence of Emma, and desperately needed to break free from this burden, Christy gestured to Emma to turn away from the home of Niall.

"Come to my room. I do not want to wake the child.

Sitting next to Emma in bed, Christy stared into their own hands and said:

Sinjun "I told our son had died to save his life.

Emma's eyes narrowed. Apparently he was not convinced.

- Sinjun's life was in danger? And how is he not know?

"While Sinjun was in London to attend the trial of Sir Oswald, Calum Cameron threatened to end his life if returned to Glenmoore. Calum I wanted for him, or rather, he wanted the power that belongs to me. He thought he could get what he wanted and married Sinjun killing me. I did what I had to do to prevent Sinjun return to the Highlands.

"So you wrote a letter saying you wanted to marry Calum Cameron.

"Yes, but I was not sure that's enough to keep him away. Then I remembered the agreement of invalidity Glenmoore Sinjun had taken for me to sign, and tried to convince Calum that once the document is signed and get to Sinjun did he dissolve the marriage, leaving me free to marry Calum.

- And you thought Calum?

-No. Then I suggested that Sinjun could tell that our son had died at birth, because that would have no reason to return to the Highlands.

"It worked," said Emma gently. I was devastated. The son who meant so much to expect it. I thought he would never live to see Sinjun willingly leaving to Lord Sin, but I swear I would have done if your letter had not arrived. Why did you come to London?

"Calum was getting impatient. Taken for granted that my marriage was not valid and tried to force me to marry in haste and send him out to raise him Niall unknown. I could not allow that. God must have heard my prayers, because Calum was injured in a brawl shortly before the ceremony. Vine fleeing to London while he was recovering from his wounds.

I hate Sinjun knew if I found he had lied about Niall, so I tried to stay away from his path. Then you told me about his career to self-destruction and decided I had to see him to see for myself the consequences of my lies.

Christy blushed and looked away, remembering the night he had discovered his identity Sinjun.

"Unfortunately, although I recognized my costume and ended up knowing what to Niall. He hates me. Wants to take the child away from me," he said in a sob.

- Did you tell this to Sinjun?

Christy laughed bitterly.

He refuses to listen to my explanations. God knows I've tried.

"I'll tell you," volunteered Emma. I believe it.

- No! Promise me you will not say anything about what we discussed here. Sinjun needs to hear this from me. I want you to believe me, they trust me. If I have faith, then there is no future for us.

Emma took her hand.

"I love very much, right?

- So much I tell?

"I'll I've noticed.

- Have you ever been in love, Lady Emma?

"You're my sister, please call me Emma. And no, I've been in love ever. I may not ever marry. Compared to all men with my brothers and none falls short. Men my age are too immature, and those who are slightly older they usually seek a slave to handle their children without a mother or a brood mare to give them an heir. Some are only interested in my fortune.

"I'm sorry.

"I do not," said Emma enthusiastically. Maybe someday find the right man. Is there anything I can do to help them Sinjun you? "

"Thanks, but no. The fact tell rid of this burden and has already helped me a lot. Until Sinjun not willing to listen to my explanation, nobody can do anything.

Emma stared at the bed and raised an eyebrow in a gesture question.

Christy blushed from head to toe.

"For that I serve it. But it seems that you can not forgive the lies and deceptions that have plagued our relationship from the beginning. I know I was wrong, and I pray that someday forgive me.

"I pray for it," said Emma giving him a hug. Now I must go or Julian wonder why it took so much. "I can come from time to time to see Niall?

"Whenever I want," Christy said with affection.

In the study, Julian was reading the book to Sinjun.

"I swear, Sinjun, who never cease to amaze me. Not long ago you were going head to perdition. And now look, father and husband. Christy Have you forgiven?

Sinjun mouth curved down.

"No, I have not forgiven. The only reason he is living in my house is that Niall is too small to separate him from his mother.

- Are you sure that's the only reason? Are you saying that this is not a real marriage? Sinjun composed a grin.

"Oh, is as real, if you mean the sexual aspect of marriage. Christy is a beautiful woman, and my wife made an impatient gesture with his hand. Damn, Julian, call me stupid, but still desire.

Julian smiled.

"Obviously you love Christy.

Julian ignored the snort of derision Sinjun and continued happily.

"It's a shame you've wasted your fifteen years of marriage, lovers and wild activities. If

Christy and you would have met you previously would have been necessary lies and subterfuge. Think of all those years you've missed while you were earning a reputation as the finest of London Rogue. None other than Lord Sin. Scoundrel scoundrel and libertine. These are some of the names that you've earned over the years, Sinjun "Julian shook his head. What a waste.

"Maybe he has changed," acknowledged Sinjun. Now I have a son.

"And a wife," Julian reminded him.

"That remains to be seen.

- Did you Christy offered a satisfactory explanation why you lied about your child? And what happens with the head of Cameron?

"Damn, Julian, leave now. If you must know, I should say not in the mood to listen to the explanation of Christy. Maybe one day you do, it can do so objectively.

- Do you know what I believe, Sinjun?

I do not care too much, but I suppose you tell me anyway.

"What I feel about Christy is stronger than you dare to admit. I remember how excited you were at the prospect of having a child, and the desire you had to come back with Christy and regain what is yours where you had left it.

"Things have changed. Now I'm not sure how I feel about it.

"I'll give you another hint. Take care of Niall. The one day inherit my title.

Sinjun frowned.

- What the hell are you talking about? You're still young. Some day you marry and have your own child.

Julian looked away.

"No, I will never marry.

-La was going to be your wife died two years ago. The time of mourning has passed. Looking for another woman, Julian. I know you have a mistress, perhaps more than one, so women do not indifferent.

"I loved Diana Julian acknowledged. You were not aware of what happened because you were oblivious to everything except rogue maintain your reputation. Diana and I had intimate relationships. I was waiting for my son when he died in that carriage accident two days before our wedding.

Julian stopped and narrowed his eyes until they become two slits. His voice trembling with barely contained violence.

"It was an accident, Sinjun. She was in my car. It was assumed that it was I who should be inside, not my innocent Diana. I should have died that day.

Sinjun Julian stared at as if he were seeing it for the first time. His brother was right. He had been so immersed in his hedonistic pleasures that remained completely oblivious to the pain of Julian after the accident.

- Why would anyone want to kill you? Does this have anything to do with your tendency to disappear for long periods of time? You have been the most mysterious in recent years.

Julian poured brandy on the sideboard, giving strength with a long drink before answering questions Sinjun.

"I work for the government, Sinjun. I've been doing. My travels are directly related to

any secret work that Lord Pitt deemed worthy of my talent. I'm in something important before the death of Diana, so I guess I'll have to leave London again very soon.

- Damn, Julian, this is amazing! Why have you accepted a job so dangerous? You have to resign immediately.

Julian's expression turned cold as death.

"Do not stop till I find the murderer of Diana. The man who killed her is still walking free. Someday I will give him, and when it does, you'd better be prepared to die.

Sinjun it was struck by the dark threat that shut the voice of his brother. He knew that Julian and his fiancée were very close, but never imagined how much. Suddenly the inexplicable absence of Julian made sense.

I do not know how long I'll be out this time," he continued. If something unexpected happens to me, I want you to promise me that you ensure that Emma makes a good marriage.

"Damn, Julian ...

"Promise me.

"I promise.

"You inherit, of course, and your son after you.

Sinjun was horrified by the fatalism of his brother.

"As far as I'm concerned, this conversation is absurd. You will live to make you old, and when you go to meet the Creator, your eldest son who will inherit.

Julian put his hand on his shoulder Sinjun.

"I count on you, Sinjun.

- What accounts with him? Emma asked, making their appearance in the study.

"To do what is right with Christy and their son Julian improvised.

Emma Sinjun launched a penetrating gaze.

"I think the same thing.

"Time to go," said Julian getting his stick and hat. Do not forget your promise, Sinjun. And think about what I said.

Sinjun stared at his brother with renewed respect. I had no idea that Julian was involved in a dangerous job. But the fact was that there had always been an aura of danger around Julian. Yes, it was a dangerous man Sinjun mused thoughtfully. And a powerful enemy.

Niall Christy turned his priority during the next few days. I took a walk in the park and go around in the car. I was beginning to crawl and needed extra attention. The small instantly recognized his father, and raised his arms to me holding Sinjun as it appeared in your field of vision.

Sinjun seemed to be delighted with the adoration that he professed his son and spent much time with him.

The relationship between Christy and Sinjun remained uncomfortable. Christy Every time I caught them staring at her with a puzzled expression, he wondered if he was thinking about his place in his life. Sinjun waiting impatiently to ask him an explanation for the lies he had said, and was disappointed that he seemed indifferent

to anything that Christy had to say about it.

Although during the day their relationship was strained, the nights were all that a wife could ask for. Sinjun went to it every night and made love passionately. Sometimes more than once. His ardor never wavered however distant that he had been during the day. With the room plunged into darkness, whispering words of love. The baby name and other names that melted candy bones. When she woke the next day morning, Sinjun always gone. The days came and went and one after another. But Sinjun never mentioned the possibility of her firing, Christy began to hope that things between them arrived to work.

Sinjun decided that your child baptized and that baptism should be a great event. It immediately made plans to bring out the big event. Emma and Julian were to be the godparents. Christy had no objection and is deeply involved in the organization. The day before the baptism was a surprise visit to the mansion of Derby. Rory MacDonald, looking pale and exhausted after ten days riding from Glenmoore, nearly collapsing on the front steps when Pemburton opened the door. Christy asked for and guided him back to the parlor.

Fear took hold of Christy when he learned that Rory had been riding directly from Scotland to view it. Only one problem of the worst kind Rory would have been able to carry to London.

-Christy, thank God that I find you, "Rory said, standing up as soon as she entered the room.

- Did you get my letter? Christy asked. I sent you a messenger as soon as I moved to live with Sinjun.

"Yes, so I know where to find you.

- What, Rory? Margot Is it? What your son?

"No, girl. I have a strong and healthy boy. We named Angus, and his grandfather. Margot is right. We were married by the priest when he passed a few weeks ago Glenmoore.

"The news must be terrible for you to come to London.

"The head of Cameron is fighting with and Ranald MacDonald and Mackenzie dragged to their cause. They've set fire to several cabins and stolen cattle. The guild needs you, Christy. We can not fight without our boss we value.

- What is this? Sinjun asked suddenly entering the room. Pemburton me that we had seen in Scotland. Good to see you, Rory. Already clans are fighting again between them?

"Yes, basically that, Excellency.

"And I guess Calum Cameron is the instigator.

"Yes, indeed.

- What do you expect to do about Christy?

"The clan needs his head," said Rory. The contest is out of the womb.

"I'll send word to the garrison of Inverness," said Sinjun. British soldiers are in the Highlands in order to maintain order among the clans. If you are carrying out

struggles, including the stop.

- No! Christy protested. The English do not care who they kill. MacDonald and Cameron, for them is all the same provided they stop the war. I will not let my men die at the hands of butchers English.

- Damn it, Christy! Do you think a single woman can achieve what you do not get a military?

"They are the members of my clan, Sinjun. They need me. You may be able to reason with Calum, Christy looked at him anxiously. I have to re Glenmoore. You understand, right?

"Rory, Pemburton is in the lobby. Say to show you the path to the kitchen, surely you must be hungry. Christy and I will make one decision in this regard and we will let you know.

Christy Rory gave him a look of support and got up instantly.

"Yes, I think my stomach did not come bad eating something solid.

"This is nonsense," said Christy Sinjun once they were alone. I refuse to let you put yourself in danger.

Christy took a defiant stance.

"You can not stop me, Sinjun.

"If you insist on it, I'll go with you.

Christy felt crossed by the panic. He had not forgotten the threat of Calum. He had a strong suspicion that the revolt had been raised with a specific purpose in mind.

Calum had not waived. Calum knew exactly what he was doing. I was using a war between clans to attract Sinjun to Glenmoore so you can kill him. Christy loved too Sinjun to allow that to happen.

"No, Sinjun. Your presence will only make things worse. You know what we believe the people of the Highlands of the British.

Sinjun eyes narrowed.

- What do you propose, Christy?

"I propose that I depart immediately Glenmoore with Niall. Gavin and Effie can join. I'm sure I can stop this madness without carrying British troops to Glenmoore. The disaster of Culloden is still fresh in the minds of the inhabitants of the Highlands. The situation can be explosive and end in a bloodbath. Do you want to carry that on your conscience?

Sinjun expression turned to stone.

- What did you say?

Christy was very quiet.

- For what?

"No way I will allow you to place my child in a potentially dangerous situation. Do not you want me to go with you? Agreed. But if you persist in this madness, my son is in London with me. Is that clear?

-Sinjun, you can not be saying that ...

"I said exactly what I said Sinjun's voice softened somewhat. Nevertheless, I can not

help worrying about you, "he slid his hands under the arms and pulled her toward him slowly to embrace. Do not want to see you involved in the disputes of the members of your clan. I can not tell you more clearly, Christy. Stay here and let our relationship forward. I've been thinking that now is the time to listen to your explanation. Tell me, Christy, make me understand why you wanted to think that Niall had died at birth. Christy let out a groan of frustration through the lips. After so many weeks waiting for that opportunity, why Sinjun wanted an explanation right now? It was not the right time. He could insist on dealing with Calum, and that would be a mistake.

"Sorry, Sinjun, no time. There are many things to do. We must prepare for the trip and Niall ...

Sinjun eyes sparkled dangerously.

- You have not heard a word of what I said? If you have to go see, but Niall stays here. You choose, Christy. If you return to the Highlands, you'll do alone.

Chapter 17

In that short space of time between one heartbeat and the next, Christy felt the world crumbling under his feet.

-Sinjun, do not make me choose. I am a MacDonald. My grandfather was confident that I would do the best for the clan when he named his heir.

Sinjun's eyes narrowed to shining slits become two.

"You have a child who needs you.

- You think I want to leave behind Niall? It is you who is forcing me to leave without him.

Sinjun pulled her close. Her eyes sparkled when he bowed his head and kissed her. The kiss was rough, demanding, as if the force of his determination to change his mind might Christy. She felt it getting bigger and hard against his body, and desperately wanted to give, but knew his duty.

He groaned in protest when Sinjun picked her up and out of the room, walked past two young girls who were laughing polishing the wooden floor and went with her upstairs. The Christy's bedroom door was open, and Sinjun entered, slamming the heel of the boot. Christy then slid over her body until her feet touched the ground.

-Sinjun, what ...

He looked behind him and bolted the door.

"I'll make love to you, Christy. I want you to remember what you leave behind, because when you leave this house you'll never set foot in it.

Despair seized Christy. Undoubtedly Sinjun was not serious. I could not keep her away from her son, right? It was a cruel man. No doubt it was the rage that he spoke by his mouth.

"I will return, Sinjun, do not hesitate ever. Niall is my life. I will stay in the Highlands just long enough to resolve the row between Cameron and MacDonald. Do not you understand, Sinjun? I am a MacDonald.

"And I'm your husband.

"You're English. That marks the difference completely. The members of my clan hear

me, respect me.

"Then go, Christy, but it will take you recall the last time we were together.

He approached her and Christy could not resist even if he had wanted to. Sinjun This was the man she loved. Although he had insisted that distract your child if he left, refused to believe they meant it.

Sinjun grabbed the bodice with both hands and they have been torn in half if he had not grabbed Christy hands to depart.

"I will.

He watched closely as he removed his clothing and placed him closely on a chair. The following were the shoes and stockings. Christy would have stopped making the combination, but Sinjun hem pulled up and pulled it over her head. Then he undressed, throwing the clothes aside carelessly.

Christy stared at and admired the breadth of his shoulders, tight muscles across his belly, his unbridled virility. All of it, every inch of her body, was magnificent. Now it was Lord Sin, like a predator fierce, powerful, seductive. Christy's eyes ran over his erection, rigid and firm proudly, rising majestically between the columns of her thighs. She blushed and looked away.

"Do not twist, baby-Sinjun asked hoarsely. We have always wanted, that is something that has ever missed. You want me, do not try to deny it.

Sinjun he traced the outline of the chest with blunt finger and she shuddered.

"I've never hidden that you desire, Sinjun. I've always wanted, even when you hated me.

Sinjun issued a harsh guttural sound.

"You have a very strange way of showing affection. Your web of lies and deceit makes wary of anything you say.

A Christy throat closed it due to tears, but refused to drop. All I had done was for good reason.

"Maybe you should let go and prepare my trip.

"Oh, no, Sinjun looked down at his erection, Christy took her hand and put it on the skin swollen .-. This is not going to disappear.

Christy's hand closed over it. Sinjun cursed, grabbed her arms and carried her to bed.

"Maybe you're the head of your clan, but I always will belong to me. I will not divorce you, Christy MacDonald. If you decide to go away never become part of my life, but no other man you will ever have.

I never wanted a wife, in case you do not remember. We will continue as before. You. Glenmoore will remain in the clan with people and I will take up where he left off before you came and you hicieras my life pieces.

- And what about our son?

Niall-A you will not miss anything. It is my heir. Always have your father to look after their welfare.

"And a mother," he vowed silently Christy.

- Can we stop talking about this?

"It's long past time to talk. I can think of much better things to do with those sexy lips and liars.

Sinjun pressed against him. If he could not touch her with words, perhaps he could show his body that his place was in London, with Niall and with him. As far as Sinjun was concerned, the inhabitants of the Highlands could go to hell. His mouth covered with a kiss Christy indelicate who spoke eloquently of his utter disapproval and desire. Sinjun breathing hard, with difficulty. I felt a beat early in the groin, head, in the blood. The desire had taken the force of his manhood, awakening your whole body.

When Christy threw her arms around his neck and pulled him, hope blossomed in her chest. Had he changed his mind about his departure? Sinjun gloated silently while Christy arched beneath him and melted into his kiss. When their bodies were bound, Sinjun allowed the bravery of Christy him through. I wanted to give pleasure, so much that you will remember for the rest of his days, whatever it was that lie ahead.

He filled his hands with the generous bounty of her breasts, caressing her nipples with the palms of his hands as his mouth took possession of his beast. Intensified the kiss with the tongue, feeling absolute satisfaction when she moaned in his mouth.

Although I was somewhat reluctant to leave so grateful territory Sinjun slid the sweet lips neck spine. He heard her breath when she closed her mouth on a delicate nipple. I sucked gently until it began to sprout their milk, then let the tempting feast that claim from other more intimate parts.

Sinjun felt her lips tremble when they charted a path of fire through her belly. Then she opened her legs as he could and placed on his shoulders. When separated the soft hair that protected her femininity with a blunt finger, slow snort escaped from between the teeth of Christy. And when that same firm found her wet finger center, covered with dew, she screamed his name.

But it was not enough. Sinjun wanted to see her screaming with pleasure. He noted his face as he slid a finger inside. It seemed transfigured, his eyes glazed, as if waiting to take her to the next level. Pleased to obey, put his mouth Sinjun on the hard mound in which he joined legs and sucked my mouth. His fingers tangled in hair and Christy that arched to receive the warm cave of her mouth as she slid the wet tongue and fingers tormented her.

She panted, writhing, sobbing, but Sinjun continued. Every lick of his tongue closer to sweet death.

Breathing sighs escaped him in scalding. The rough velvet of his tongue was going crazy with the divine and tormented ecstasy. Sinjun tasted again and again, bringing it to every hot top rams. Christy is gripped his shoulders when he covered the back with his hands and thrust deeper into the warmth of her mouth. His body was bathed in pleasure, trembling, crying silently to Sinjun his release.

And then he did. Christy could feel the contractions were beginning in the depths of his being a fit while your body piercing became a mass of quivering flesh and sensitive. He heard someone yelling and was startled to realize that what he heard was his own voice. That went on and on until Christy collapse inside and ran out of strength.

Slowly returned to reality. He opened his eyes glassy and unfocused. Sinjun sat crouched between her legs with midnight blue eyes and smoky, his manhood still stiff and strong. He was tense and intense expression.

-Metema within you, love, his voice hoarse and rough, as if his self-hanging by a thin thread.

Christy stared at his burning eyes, took his hands and introduced him to the center of his being. A gust of air expelled whispered against his cheek when he slipped inside. She walked around the body with arms and clung to him, urging him in silence to deepen more, all that was capable, until it no longer could give no more.

Christy looked at him intently; Sinjun was buried in it to the back and his arms placed on either side of his head. His muscles tensed and he became more prominent when it started to move. At first he did slowly, as if to prolong the pleasure. And then, as if dragging an emotional turmoil, a wild urge came over him and her hips beat a frantic pace, grinding, beating, rekindling the flame inside Christy.

Held by the same wild frenzy, Christy marked him back with her nails while she rammed hard Sinjun again and again. He felt the blood was hot. It was tearing, twisting and turning in a storm of erotic pleasure, ecstasy ever touching the virility of Sinjun reached the center of your body.

Sinjun knew he was dying. Those delicate small contractions felt inside Christy sucked his manhood, bringing it closer to the edge of climax. Retained in the mouth the moan of ecstasy from Christy. His spasms quickened his, and then blew all thoughts, leaving only the desire that drove him and the woman in his arms. His body stiffened, a wild cry arose from her throat, and his seed warm and burning off like a bullet from his body in the direction of Christy.

Unable to speak let alone breathe, Sinjun had to wait several minutes before being able to move. The heart was pounding against the chest when he stood up and threw off her, standing beside her in bed.

- Do you still want to leave, love? Whispered amid the tense silence.

"No," said Christy in the middle of something suspiciously like a sob. Do not want to leave you never, Sinjun, but I have to. Try to understand my position.

- And what about your position as my wife?

"Always be your wife. You know. Niall Leaving here is going to kill me. Please consider your ultimatum. I swear to keep our son safe for you.

"You will not take you to Niall and there is nothing more to say Sinjun's voice sounded strong commitment and full of rage. We've been through this before, Christy. I have not changed my mind. Confident that you change yours. The only way that would allow Niall to leave would be starting all together to the Highlands.

"That is absolutely impossible, argued Christy. The situation can be resolved without the need for British intervention. I've already explained that British soldiers to carry Glenmoore cause the loss of innocent lives. Effie Gavin and I will leave here for dealing with the welfare of Niall in my absence.

- Damn you! "Snapped Sinjun. He would not understand anything because he had no patience or affection. It jumped out of bed, picked up the clothes that were scattered around and muttered a curse under his breath.

"Remember one thing, ma'am. What happens from now on will be up to you. You can not blame me for this. It is you who has decided to let Niall go.

- No! Damn you, Lord Derby, not understanding anything of the inhabitants of the

Highlands. I have not chosen to leave behind Niall. I'm not abandoning my child. I'll come back to him and be with him, whatever you say.

- We shall see!

Christy Sinjun continued as if he had not spoken.

Effie, entrust to the task of finding a wet nurse for Niall.

Sinjun words gave off bitterness.

- Anything else?

Christy peered into her face and then looked away, as if it is painful to see.

"There's more you should know before I go.

Sinjun put on his pants and shirt. He was eager to get as far as possible from Christy MacDonald. He had tried everything, I only had failed to kneel and beg him to stay, and had too much pride to do that.

- What is it? Hurry, I'm running out of patience.

"I know you do not mind, but I feel compelled to tell you anyway. I love you, Sinjun. I love you long time. There, I told you so. Take care of my son.

He stared at her dumbfounded. Was that another of his lies? Why are you now saying that?

"I sincerely hope you're not serious, Christy.

Sinjun picked up the boots and headed for the door. When his hand on the doorknob, he stopped and smiled looking back.

"Maybe today I no longer pregnant again.

His laughter followed him as he left.

"I love you, Christy Sinjun whispered in the cold emptiness of the room. And considering what you feel for me, I pray to God that you left me pregnant again.

Christy left the next morning after a very emotional farewell. Niall was too young to understand and drove away with the little hand dropping a happy gurgling. She would not have gone had he not been sure she left in good hands. Even delayed the game until Effie found a wet nurse for the child. The baker's daughter had just given birth to her son and had milk in abundance. Her husband had had an accident and was delighted to accept the wage offered Sinjun.

Betsy agreed to move home with her son and her ailing husband in order to be on hand to nurse Niall. Christy thought would not be for long, because Niall accepted and ate porridge and less frequently.

Christy Sinjun not expect to be there to say goodbye, and I was not. The truth was he did not think I could bear to have it before.

"Go with God," said Effie when Rory Christy helped into the car that would travel to the Highlands. If anyone can prevent bloodshed between the clans, that is you, boss Christy MacDonald. Do not worry about Niall. I'll look after him until you return.

Gavin repeated the promise to Effie and told Rory to be careful. Christy knew that the journey was dangerous, because there was always the threat of bandits and the risk of an accident. Fortunately, Rory was well armed. He had two shotguns hidden under the seat and a sword at his side. And of course, the dagger in her boot.

To the relief of Christy, the only enemy to be found on the road was the incessant rain that fell on them. I felt sorry for Rory, who was raised on the box of the driver, against the force of the harsh cold and rain as she was huddled under a blanket inside that car was tumbling. The wheels were stuck in the mud twice, and Christy was forced to leave the carriage while Rory was trying to get them out of there.

The disreputable inns that offered shelter for the night left much to be desired. Christy was sometimes sharing a room with more than four women while Rory had to settle for a pile of hay in the stables.

Christy desperately threw low to Niall. Although he had bound her breasts with force to stop the flow of milk, it still hurt. He did not remember ever felt so uncomfortable. The trip to the Highlands became even more sad because of the forced solitude that had to bear. The idle time gave him plenty of time to rejoice in the last moments he had spent in the arms of Sinjun.

If I could make him understand that he took his responsibility to his clan as seriously as the responsibility that had to Niall ... Leaving her son had been the hardest thing he had done in his life. If Sinjun not have been so extremely stubborn she would not have had to leave his son. Her greatest fear now was that Sinjun not allowed to be part of Niall's life when he returned. When peace was restored in the Highlands, Christy had planned to explain everything to Sinjun. I trusted him to understand and forgive him. A wave of relief swept to Christy when they crossed the border with Scotland. The rainy weather finally gave way to blue skies and sunshine, and Christy was excited to see the heather blooming on the slopes of the hills. London deeply disliked her black buildings, the crowds and the strong stench of sewage. One day, he promised, would lead to Niall home to raise him in the upper and clean air of the Scottish Highlands. Glimpsed a cloud of smoke hung over the village of Glenmoore before reaching him. A Christy dropped her heart sank when he realized what it meant. Rory stopped the car at the top of the hill as Christy looked out the window, anxiously watching the smoke spiraling up from the cabins burned.

"We have to go down," he cried. They may need help.

Welcome screams announced their arrival as the car rolled through the town.

- It is the MacDonald!
- The boss is back!
- Blessed be God!

Christy first thing noticed when you got out was that all healthy men carried a gun as a sword, a pistol, a dagger or a stick robust. He looked behind and saw the frightened faces of women and children peered through the doors of the huts that the fire had not consumed. When they saw Christy, ran out to greet her.

- What has happened here? Asked Christy.

Murdoch MacDonald stepped forward.

"The Cameron and Mackenzie," he snapped. They arrived in the dark. Force them to leave, but still managed to burn two more cabins.

- Any dead?
- No. Three not very serious injuries and two children were involved in the racket. Be recovered.

- What about Ranald?

"They're experiencing the same problems as us. Ranald's chief says half of their livestock has appeared in the Cameron area.

"We will rebuild everything," said Christy.

"We're very pleased that you have become, Christy," said Murdoch. Maybe we can talk sense to the Camerons. Clan wars always have split from the Highlands, but it is rare that something happens between allies. I can not understand.

Christy himself understood. Too well. That was the way he Calum punishing him for having fled. I knew he would return as soon as they heard what was happening to the people of his clan ... in fact, had counted on it. But this time Calum could not claim anything from her. She was married, had not requested Sinjun nullity and his son was safe with his father. Calum I would understand that he had nothing to gain and everything to lose in this revolt meaningless. When you understand the risks in case a war broke out in the Highlands, things would calm down and she could return to London and fix the situation with Sinjun.

-If anyone needs accommodation will be welcome in Glenmoore, Christy was offered.

"Thank you, Christy. These women and homeless children will be delighted with your offer, but the men remain in the village to prevent further looting.

Christy left shortly afterwards, determined to put an end to the brawl before all the clans of the Highlands might be involved and would start a war that needed the intervention of British troops.

Margot flew out the door to greet Christy before the car stopped outside the entrance of Glenmoore.

- Where is your boy, Christy? Margot asked as she hugged her warmly.

"I had to leave it there. Sinjun not let me bring it.

"Oh, girl, I'm so sorry. But do not worry, the man is in good hands. I am glad that you find Rory. Your letter reached us a few days before he left for London. We were surprised to learn that you were living with His Excellency. What happened?

"I'll tell you later. Go get your husband. Rory has missed you terribly unless you and your baby.

"No more than what I've missed him," said Margot. Better to be healthy before you feel abandoned. Talk later, Christy, when you've rested.

"Yes, and I know your son," said Christy.

Entering the house was like being reunited with an old friend he thought he stepped on the main lobby. Glenmoore may not have the splendor of their glory days, but still your home. Mary left the kitchen and wrapped his arms Christy, complaining about the problems that had plagued since Christy left.

"My intention is to take care of everything, Mary," she said, returning the embrace of its parent.

- Where is your son, Christy? I can not wait to start pampering that dear boy.

"I've left it with Lord Derby," explained Christy composing a brilliant smile to hide the fact that his heart was broken. Sinjun believes that the Highlands are too dangerous for

your child.

Mary took a serious expression.

- Oh, Englishmen! Your room is ready, Christy. Go get some rest. You have to be exhausted.

"I am, but first I want to warn you that I have invited the homeless peasants who move to Glenmoore to rebuild their homes. Here there is room to spare.

"Yes, I'll do this, Christy. Now go to rest.

Christy climbed the stairs feeling the wooden legs. He did not remember ever felt so tired. After a good night's sleep would feel more able to cope with the situation of Glenmoore. The bed was so inviting that he lay down on it fully clothed and closed his eyes. Margot arrived a few minutes later to show your child.

"I brought Angus, my lad," said Margot sitting on the edge of the bed and holding the baby for Christy to see.

A Christy's eyes welled with tears as he took up the child and rock to his chest.

"It's a very handsome boy, Margot.

"Oh, girl, do not cry" the other woman asked. I know you terribly low to take your child. Lord Derby was wrong to force you to leave it there. Your letter did not explain much, just that His Excellency had heard about your son and you were living with him at home.

"I've never seen Sinjun so angry when he learned that his son was alive," said Christy. I wanted to snatch the child and send me to Glenmoore.

"Do not mention anything about the annulment. Are not you still married to Lord Derby?

"We remain fully married. For some inexplicable reason, Sinjun did not complete the agreement was filed before the courts. It was very difficult. At the end I managed to convince him that I wanted Niall and allowed me to stay. I do not know what will happen now," he said with a sob. Sinjun think I care more about the members of my clan than my own son.

- What did the English bastard?

"I said if I was going to London is not going to see Niall. He does not understand, Margot. No one other than the Highlands can understand why he had come.

- Do not want to come with you?

"Oh, yes, but I told him that his presence here would only aggravate an already explosive. He could not afford to come, Margot! I love him too much to jeopardize his life.

"So you love him," murmured Margot with wisdom.

"Although I know he hates me, between us there is a bond that defies explanation. It's something I feel in my heart. The attraction that brought us remains as strong as ever. Sinjun also sorry but refuses to acknowledge.

"If so, it is more stupid than I even imagined," said Margot. Angus I'll take your crib so you can rest. Will I see you at dinner tonight?

"Yes. Tell Rory to send emissaries to the strongholds and Ranald MacDonald. We must bring together the leaders tonight for a meeting Glenmoore. We must find a way to stop this senseless brawl.

-Calum Cameron will not be satisfied until you have what you want, and we all know what they want," Margot whispered as she left the room.

The Christy Clan members huddled in the lobby waiting for the boss to speak. Christy watched their faces, hopeful and knew how much depended on her to stop this absurd contest between allies.

"I do not want to fight against members of our clan Murdoch MacDonald shouted above the din of the crowd. What we want is to recover our flocks and our herds, and our families are safe in their homes.

"I know what you want," said Christy raising a hand for silence. That is the reason why I returned from London. I have sent messages to the heads of the Cameron and Mackenzie to convene a meeting of clan Glenmoore within four days. If you continue this battle will be lost lives. You have already suffered the loss of your cattle and your houses.

"Yes, and we are prepared to take corresponding retaliatory," said Rory raising a roar of approval. The MacDonald are not cowards.

"Before you do anything, I'll try to get a peace agreement. Wait four days," he begged Christy. If we can not reach any agreement, then decide how to act. The last thing we need is a war between clans, and I think Cameron will realize that bringing British troops to the Highlands would be disastrous for everyone.

"We'll wait," said Christy Murdoch speaking on behalf of MacDonald. But if Cameron returned to attack our people we will not stand idly by.

"It seems fair," Christy agreed. You must defend yourself. Go back to the people. Install patrols to monitor cattle and remain alert. I hope that when the clan Cameron gets my message, sent to stop the attacks.

The crowd dispersed. Even Rory went off to make her turn on the security patrol. Christy and Margot were alone in the lobby.

"Perhaps I should have told Rory to stay," muttered Christy.

-Calum-predicted Glenmoore not attack Margot. I want too much to think about destroying it.

"Yes, that's what I think too.

During the two days of absolute calm reigned. Neither Cameron nor Mackenzie replied to Christy's invitation to attend the meeting, and she began to fear that perhaps defy. At least they had resumed attacks or more livestock had been stolen. Christy's chest burst the faint hope of a peaceful solution. He began to believe that his return to Glenmoore was the cause of peace that had prevailed during the last two days. That night they went to bed thinking everything was going to fix.

Their dreams of peace between clans were shattered when he woke up in the darkest hour of the night with the terrifying feeling that she was not alone. His worst nightmare came true when the strip of moonlight through the window that drew the strong figure of Calum Cameron looked out of his bed. Christy opened her mouth to

scream, but he immediately put a cloth between the teeth.

- Did you think it will not come for you? Ah, girl, I have done much damage. I waited a long time for you to return to the Highlands.

Christy stood up and took that nasty rag in the mouth.

"If you want to avoid a bloodbath, not scream," he said Calum. I am not alone, girl, and in this house now there are only women and children.

- How did you get?

"That was easy.

- What do you want?

"To you, of course.

"Neither my husband nor my son are in the Highlands. You can not hurt, "said Christy. Lord Derby and I are still married. I refuse to go anywhere with you.

Calum laughed softly. No sound was very reassuring.

"It surprises me that His Excellency did not apply for the annulment. I do not care neither English nor its that damn brat. I'll make my own anyway.

"Like I said, I am a married woman.

- And since when has that stopped people in the Highlands? The theft of wives is an ancient tradition. I wanted to marry you, but can not be, you steal. When a child made you belong to me. Your husband is English and do not want to stay with you after I have plowed in its groove.

- You're crazy! Glenmoore belongs to Lord Derby. Throw you out of these lands.

"I need to control Glenmoore clans. I'll do mine. You will live in my house and look after my children.

- No! Christy cried out of bed.

I could not compete with the physical superiority of Calum. All I had to do was stretch his arms and hold her with his muscular arms. Christy's chest ran out of air when placed on one of his huge shoulders. Only hurt themselves with their efforts as Calum took it out of the room.

"Remember, a girl, not a whisper if you want to avoid a bloodbath," he muttered.

While downstairs and took her out of there by the front door, several silent shadows followed, confirming his claim that he was not alone. Christy Calum knew too well to ignore their warnings. Although he wanted to scream from the depths of his lungs, he fought against it.

Of all the scenarios that Christy had imagined, never entered his head the idea that Calum would take her away.

Chapter 18

Sinjun was about to go crazy. During three days Niall had done nothing to mourn for his mother. Effie nor he had not been able to encourage the distressed boy. And despite the efforts of the wet nurse, the child was not eating well. Sinjun Emma recalled how he had calmed down, Niall was the last time you visit and prayed that could do the same kind of miracle in the unfortunate baby.

How could he have gone Christy?, Asked bitterly as he walked up and down the room

with Niall in his arms. That lack of responsibility towards his son was a sin to add to the growing list of irresponsible acts of Christy. Although Sinjun tried not to think about it all, his treacherous mind refused to obey. He recalled with pleasure that bordered the suffering the last few hours they had spent together. He remembered the sexy Christy response to his passion and he wondered if his wish had been faked. She had said she loved him. But Sinjun not believed. If wanted, he and Niall, would not have left. It was clear that members of his clan meant more to her than her own family. The cries torn Sinjun Niall returned to the present, and wished that Effie had not gone that morning to the market. But in all honesty, he had to say that the devout attention of Effie did not serve to fill the void of the absence of Christy.

Sinjun never been so glad to see someone like when Pemburton was followed by Emma.

Emma could tell by the expression Sinjun desperate that something was wrong. Very bad.

- What's wrong with Niall?

"Thank God you've come," said Sinjun with real relief. Do something. It takes three days as well.

"I came as soon as I received your message. "Niall is sick? Where is Christy?

"He's gone," said Sinjun with such venom that Emma was instantly on guard.

- What have you done, Sinjun? Christy would not leave without her son never the girl stretched out her arms. Come on, give it to me.

Sinjun happened to Niall. Although the boy did not stop mourn his sobbing acquired a level at least bearable. Emma rocked him a few minutes and then spoke in low tones and soothing. His reward came when Niall wreckers sobs became sporadic hiccups and then stopped altogether. Emma followed and supported him cradling his head on his shoulder until he fell asleep. His face had a sad and filled with tears.

"He's asleep," said Emma. The poor boy was exhausted. I'll take him to bed. Wait here, Sinjun. I know exactly what you did to Christy for her to leave.

Sinjun was drinking a glass of brandy when Emma returned. He raised his glass in salute and gave him a drink.

- Should this Sinjun? Emma asked disapprovingly. Drinking will not solve anything.

"Believe me, I need it," his brother threw his head back and emptied the contents of the cup. When he was in search of liquor, Emma pulled her away.

- What happened? "Emma was determined to get to the bottom of the issue but had to be a stubborn headers with his brother. I had done on other occasions. Sinjun knew just how tenacious this could become when you put something between the eyes.

"Like I said, Christy is gone.

"I repeat the question, what did you do?

Sinjun gave him a look of discontent.

"Absolutely nothing. I tried to convince her to stay, but was committed. I tried even to change his mind is refusing to take my child with you. You saw the result. He's gone anyway. It is clear that these savages whom he calls the people of his clan are more important to her than her own son.

"I've lost, Sinjun. Begin at the beginning. Christy should have a good reason to leave.

"You sit down, I'll stand Sinjun said as he began to walk up and down. It all started when Rory MacDonald came from Scotland. The Cameron and Mackenzie brush up against and Ranald MacDonald. Everything is very absurd. I do not understand anything. Rory insisted that Christy in Glenmoore needed to halt the fighting.

"She is your boss.

- What side are you on you, anyway? I offered to go with her, but said that my presence would only aggravate a situation already tense. He also refused to warn the British troops to put peace because he feared that innocent blood is spilled.

"Men are stupid," thought Emma. Did not realize that Christy Sinjun he did not insist to stay in London if it had a good reason for it? Christy could not blame for not telling Calum Cameron Sinjun that had threatened to kill him, but in the depths of his being he felt his brother had a right to know.

"I never thought would leave Niall Christy Sinjun he continued. But I was wrong.

"You're wrong many times," he scolded Emma Sinjun. Niall Christy loves. And if you were not so hard on the uptake you'd realize that he loves you too.

Sinjun gave him a look of surprise.

- How long have you experienced in my marriage? I thought you liked Christy not.

"Christy and I had a long and revealing conversation the day Julian and I came to visit, the day he learned of the existence of Niall. During our conversation I discovered many things about your wife. It is a wonderful mother. I understand he has done things that are hard to forgive, but he had his reasons.

Sinjun grunted deep rough throat.

"I have told you why I lied and tried to deceive me.

"Actually, yes.

Sinjun looked at her suspiciously. As far as he knew, Emma and Christy had shared only a few minutes alone. How was it possible that Christy had made Emma a loyal friend in a short space of time?

With hands on hips and legs spread, Sinjun looked at her, his face marked by heavy lines.

"If you are aware of something I do not know, you better tell me.

"If you had not been so stubborn, Christy would have told you everything you needed to know. But what you did was treated with utter contempt and threatening to snatch Niall. What a hypocrite. During all the time who claimed to hate Christy you were sleeping with her, right?

Sinjun sister looked quite shocked.

- Emma! You're too honest. That does not suit you.

"Come, Sinjun not be so prudish. These are modern times. I know more than you think. And now, would you be so kind to answer my question?

"Do not you deserve a response. What happened between Christy and I are private. I suggest you tell me what you know before you put up my knees and give you a well deserved spanking.

Emma bristled indignantly.

"I'm too old for that. But I'll tell you anyway because I think you should know the sacrifices that Christy has done for you. Where do you want to start?

"At the beginning. Christy Why did you lie about Niall? Why did the nullity if it was the last thing I wanted? Last thing I thought she wanted.

Emma took a deep breath the air and repeated the story as Christy had told it, without letting nothing out. Sinjun's face was genuine mistrust from a cautious acceptance as the story unfolded.

"Every word I said is true," Emma said when she finished speaking. I thought Christy, and you should do the same. What other reason would have to leave your child here? To keep it from the Highlands, that was the reason. I was afraid for your life and did what he believed he must do to stay safe.

- Why did not think I could take care of me? "Argued Sinjun.

"Maybe because he knows Calum Cameron. You said that the people of the Highlands are a breed apart.

"Yes. They are savages who steal from their neighbors and fighting among themselves. If you want something, they take it, period.

"I have heard that Calum wants to keep Emma Christy, insinuated slyly.

A terrible anger seized Sinjun.

- You can not have it! Christy added. Damn! As he put a finger on the kill.

Sinjun began walking up and down the room. His tortured mind was a whirlwind.

Everything was now perfectly clear. The puzzle pieces fit into place. Calum had started the race for one reason and that reason was forced to Christy to return to the Highlands to get my hands on. How stupid was not listening to the explanation of Christy when she was ready to give it. The only thing he thought was punishing him for having deceived him.

However, despite the low opinion he had of Christy, his desire for her had never been diminished. Sinjun was filled with guilt. Christy had been in bed realizing that he was using. If that did not show their love, nothing could. Could it ever forgive him? Would it have killed his arrogance the love she felt for him? Begged not, because now he knew something that had been denied since the day I entered his life Christy.

He loved her.

He loved his own wife from even before knowing that he owned.

- What are you doing? Emma asked.

-Go to Glenmoore. I hate to tell you what Cameron has in mind for Christy. It takes me a three days. With a little luck, will not be long in reaching it. I will travel on horseback. Will be faster.

- You're not thinking of going alone! Emma cried in terror.

"Yes. Christy was right about what the English soldiers. Right now there is much concern in the Highlands. Enter soldiers in the war could lead to a potentially explosive situation and cost the lives of innocent people.

"I beg, Sinjun, to talk to Julian before you leave. Right now he's outside, but return in a few days. He sent some men to accompany you. They need not necessarily be soldiers, but men trained to fight.

- You think I'm incompetent? I realize that I wasted most of my life in vain purposes, but things are different now. I am perfectly able to handle this by myself. In addition, I can not wait for Julian to return. Can you stay and you Aunt Amanda with Niall here

while I'm away?

"Of course. Send a maid to Aunt Amanda tell what we agreed.

"Effie and Gavin will be here to help. Thanks, Emma. I do not know what to do without you.

-Take care of yourself, Sinjun. I could not bear that anything happened to Christy or you.

"And you do not get in trouble," he said Sinjun with affection as he deposited a kiss on the forehead.

Emma's eyes gleamed with mischief.

"Do not get into trouble is very boring. I'll have plenty of time for that when I get married, if I ever decide to have a husband.

Sinjun rolled his eyes and wondered if there was any man in the world capable of handling the power of your sister.

"Then, try to behave while you're taking care of my son.

"Never do anything that could hurt Niall. I love you.

Sinjun left immediately to prepare your trip to Scotland.

Christy ran the whole room looked up and down and locked the door with a frown. He was a prisoner. How could she have let that happen? At least Calum had left her alone after locking her in the room. At first, Christy feared that tampering, but he just closed the door locked and left her to worry and be frightened alone.

The room was clean, but collection was small compared to their quarters Glenmoore. It was located on the second floor, too high to jump from a narrow window to the ground. Christy Cameron knew that there were more at home as he could hear voices and sounds of activity. Tired of going around, sat on the edge of the bed and threw a blanket over her nightgown worn. Wondered what the members of his clan when they saw it was gone and prayed not to act hastily and launched an attack before she had a chance to try to go to Calum reason.

I was impressed by the ease with which they had entered Glenmoore Calum. He shuddered to think what might have happened if Sinjun been there. It would have been murdered in bed without any possibility of defending themselves. No matter what would happen to her, Christy knew he had done well Sinjun keeping away from the Highlands. And although I hated to admit it, Sinjun also right that Niall had remained safely in London.

Christy heard the commotion outside and ran up to the narrow window. What he saw froze the blood in his veins. The Ranald MacDonald and fitted with all kinds of weapons, had gathered in the courtyard. Facing them were the Cameron and Mackenzie, all armed to the teeth. A Christy turned up the heart to the mouth when Rory took a step forward. It seemed as fierce as an ancient warrior.

"Let go to our head-called Rory.

Calum advanced to meet Rory.

- What makes you think we have to MacDonald?

"Only you would be able to abduct her bed. What you've done something terrible,

Calum Cameron. If you return to us safely there will be a bloodbath. Are you willing to risk the lives of the members of your clan?

"The boss will not be damaged," he promised Calum. I'm not doing anything that has not been done before. You all know that the rape of wives is an ancient tradition. As a child she made her husband do not want him back. You have the word of that Cameron will not suffer any damage.

"Show us," said Christy Murdoch stepping forward to support Rory. We do not trust you, Calum Cameron. Do not leave us little choice but to fight for the freedom of our boss.

Christy heard every word and knew what would happen if Cameron and MacDonald faced. Lives would be lost, women and children suffer his men to run out if they died in battle. Could not afford. Peering out the window, cupped his hands and cried all that gave it the lungs to the angry men who were gathered below.

- MacDonalds! Ranaids! Lend attention!

- It is the MacDonald!

All eyes were turned toward the window. Calum had a look killer when he shouted:

- Re-enter, Christy! This is between the men of your clan and me.

- No! I am the MacDonald. People trust me to do my best for them.

- Speak up, Christy! Murdoch shouted. If you tell us to clean up the world of Camerons and Mackenzies, that's what.

"There will be bloodshed," said Christy Murdoch. I'll fix this my way. Go back to your homes. Rebuild your cabins. You do not have to fear nothing from Cameron, do not you Calum?

Maybe it was not a good idea to force the hand of Calum, but the men of his clan were treading on dangerous ground. A full-scale war between clans could take years and cause serious consequences in future generations. All this made no sense. And as for the rape of wives, had been done in the past and continue getting while the clans clashed, but Calum going to let him get away with in that regard.

Calum was silent for so long that Christy was feared that trying to ignore your challenge. I was about to surrender and try to reason with Calum at another level when he finally deigned to respond.

"Return to your homes. Now I have what I want. You have nothing to fear because of the Cameron provided reconozcáis me as your leader. The old Angus was wrong to think that a weak woman could run the clan. I was the natural choice, but I ran over to encourage her granddaughter. It is time for me to claim the leadership.

A cry of anguish arose from the throats of Ranaid MacDonald and when they seized their weapons and rushed forward, ready for battle in the name of defending their legitimate leader.

- No! Christy cried not fight. Everybody go home. Let me solve this my way. Today there will be no bloodshed on my account.

There was a silence that did not bode well as residents of the Highlands digested the words of Christy. Some men still leaning toward the battle, but finally prevailed the voice of reason when Murdoch took personal charge of the matter.

"Okay. We will honor the wishes of our boss and we'll go, Cameron. But you have not

heard our last word. Immediately notify the situation to Lord Derby. He will not forgive the way you have insulted his wife. Perhaps the theft of wives is a tradition in the Highlands, but in England it is a crime. As much as I despise the English, they still rule the land.

"No one rules the Cameron" said Calum. I warn you, keep away from Lord Derby Glenmoore if something you value your life.

"I agree" Christy shouted members of his clan. It would be wrong to bring Lord Derby to the Highlands. Go back to your homes and let me handle this.

In the midst of numerous protests and no less disappointed, the people of the Highlands and each clan is scattered back to their stronghold. Calum looked up to look at Christy, she received her furious look with cool disdain. Calum may believe that he now had the upper hand, but would not get away with it. She would find a way to ruin their plans and return to her husband and son.

Moments later, Christy heard footsteps echoing on the stairs and prepared for the wrath of Calum. He heard the clank of the key turning in the lock and then the door burst open. Calum burst into the room with a face as gloomy as a storm cloud.

- You made me look like a fool!

"Because you're a stupid, Calum Cameron. Neither MacDonald nor Ranald be submitted to your leadership. If you continue with this madness will cause yourself more problems than you can handle. The inhabitants of the Highlands have not forgotten the defeat of Culloden. Maybe you're more eager than me to bring British troops to Glenmoore and allow us to impose their will.

"I thought you hated those English bastards who killed your parents as I do. And now look at you. You are the whore of an Englishman.

"I am the wife of Lord Derby since I have seven years," said Christy. You know on that topic I had no choice.

"Yes, wife only on paper until they went to look to England and seduced him like a prostitute. Do you think I'm not aware of what you did and why did you? Wanted his son to preserve your beloved Glenmoore. You're not one of us, Christy MacDonald.

"So let me return to England with my husband and my son. You can not force me, Calum, do not let him.

Calum laughed it sounded like barking.

- And how you plan to stop me?

Grabbing her waist, pulled her and put her mouth to Christy. The kiss was angry, punishing, without a trace of tenderness. When he introduced the tongue in the mouth, Christy felt arcades and pushed him away, wiping his lips with the back of the hand.

- You are disgusting!

The expression afeó when he put his hand in his face.

"You're a woman. Think you can stop me if you do I want? -Calum took a menacing step forward. When you leave you adapt to being pregnant my wife.

She gave him a smug smile.

"It's a little late for that. I am expecting another child of my husband.

Clenched his fist and Calum him across the face of a setback. Christy felt a burst of

stars in the head to turn round and fall to the ground.

- You're lying! Calum-accused with his face flushed with rage. Christy slipped out of his way. He grabbed her by the shoulders and forced to stand.

- Do not touch me!

The blanket was pulled up the neck it fell to the feet. The thin nightgown she was wearing almost left her naked and vulnerable to his penetrating gaze. Calum stared long time and then opened her gown from neck to hem. It took a long and grueling minutes in which he merely observe it.

"It seems that you are expecting a child.

Christy grabbed the blanket and covered her nakedness. Calum did not stop him.

"It's too early to be noticed.

The truth was that Christy did not know if he was expecting a child of Sinjun. Perhaps it was well after the last time they were together.

"I will not let me fool, Christy MacDonald. I think you're lying. I can wait. But if I discover that I've lied, I'll make mine to make sure you carry my child in your womb.

"Over my dead body," said Christy full of venom. I never touch them, I swear.

Calum looked at her with narrowed eyes.

"Your death would give me everything I want with far fewer problems.

"It would also trigger large-scale war and would attract British soldiers to the Highlands.

"Rebellion is inevitable. The time has come.

"Culloden took place long ago. It's time to forget. Take me back to Glenmoore and all will be forgiven.

"I need your forgiveness," he snapped Calum. Nor do I want you if you are expecting the son of an Englishman. Does not it bother you that your husband has more lovers than members in my clan?

Christy blushed and looked away.

Sinjun-Keep away from all this.

"I do not suffer any harm as long as they stay where you are.

"You do not want anything with me, Calum, admit it. You are jealous of my authority.

"I will not deny it. I wanted to marry you, help guide the men of your clan, but now I settle for you to be my lover.

Christy stretched his shoulders.

- Do not you forgotten something? As Sinjun finds out what you have done will come after me.

Although she preferred to stay in London, where he was safe, said his heart Sinjun fight for what he considered his.

"I hope so," said Calum. We'll be waiting.

- And if it comes with the soldiers of the garrison of Inverness?

Calum "Better yet," he turned to leave.

- Wait! I need something to wear.

"At the time, Christy MacDonald, at the time.

To the delight of Christy, Margot arrived the next morning with a pile of clothes. Calum had gone to attend livestock and Margot had set such a scandal that Donald Cameron, who had been left there to oversee the bastion, had preferred to allow him to see Christy rather than argue with her.

Margot burst into the room and hugged Christy.

"I brought you some clothes.

"Thanks. This blanket is extremely poor.

The worried look of Margot slid Christy.

- Did you hurt this bastard?

"No, and I will not allow. For Calum am only a means to an end.

Margot did not seem convinced.

"Calum said his intention is to make a child to your husband no longer wants to be with you.

Christy smiled a knowing smile.

"I said that I'm pregnant Sinjun.

- And you are?

Christy shrugged.

"No, but this time I won. Calum is serious when he says he wants to make me a child, but if I'm pregnant and can not.

"Be careful, girl," she said Margot. Calum Cameron is an ambitious man. Ambitious men are dangerous. Are you sure you do not want us to send information to His Excellency?

Christy bit her lip in dismay. Would like nothing more than having the help of Sinjun to take her out of this mess. Maybe he was wrong from the outset by failing to inform Sinjun that Calum had threatened to kill him. If I heard her explanation when she tried to give it, then Christy would not be in that situation now.

"Maybe you're right, Margot, but I cheated Sinjun in so many ways that I have serious doubts that cares what may happen.

- Why do not you stop that decides it?

Christy said with a deep sigh.

"Okay, Margot, that's how you say. Send message to Sinjun. But as long as you have to Niall, I do not think he cares not the least chance that I run.

"Perhaps you take a surprise," Margot said mysteriously.

The conversation ended abruptly when a Calum frowning into the room and ordered him to leave Margot.

Chapter 19

The Clan Ranaid MacDonald and the clan had gathered in the main lobby when he arrived Sinjun Glenmoore next day. Christy looked at her eyes, and when he did not find it, a premonitory shiver down her spine. Rory was talking, and everyone seemed to listen when her voice became more angry tone. Sinjun stopped at the end of the crowd gathered to hear.

"One of us has to go to London immediately to search for His Excellency," said Rory.

No matter how much we hate the English, Lord Derby has shown that it is not our enemy. He is the husband of our boss and the master of Glenmoore. Deserves to know what is happening.

Rory's words prompted to Sinjun will speed up the heart. Do you have something happened to Christy? The expression darkened and he clenched his fists at his sides. If Calum had done some damage, would pay dearly.

"No need for anyone to go to London," said Sinjun moving around the room. He immediately opened a way to let him pass. As you see, I'm here. Better somebody tell me what is happening. Where is my wife?

- Sinjun! Rory cried. Thank God you're here. How did you hear?

- What was supposed to I have to be aware, Rory?

"I can not soften the blow, so you'd better let go at once. Calum Cameron has to Christy.

Sinjun's eyes became as cold as death, his face showed a hardness as few had ever seen.

- How was it? -That single sentence contained a world of emotions.

"Nobody seems to know exactly how the Cameron entered the fortress. There was no man present. They were in the village, guarding their homes and their livestock. When next day we learned that Christy was gone, everyone knew that Cameron was responsible.

- When did this happen?

"Three nights.

- And all you have done is talk about it? Sinjun bellowed. Damn! Perhaps you are a coward?

Murdoch stepped forward, his face tight with anger.

"The MacDonald no we are not cowards. We got up and went to face the next day Cameron, willing to fight for our boss.

"Calm down," he reassured Rory Murdoch. His Excellency does not know what happened. Let me explain. We were prepared to use force and rescue Christy, but she cautioned us. He said no damage had been done and wanted to fix the situation without any bloodshed.

- And you believe it? Damn! Christy is a woman. What can make her not get a whole clan gunmen?

Murdoch was raised on two feet.

"It's our boss. The old Angus and we trusted her too. We can not do anything against their wishes.

- What are the intentions of Calum? Christy must have taken for some reason.

We heard the sound of shuffling feet and several throat-clearing before Rory took the floor to inform Sinjun Calum plans about Christy.

-Scotland, and particularly the Highlands, is a country of traditions. One of these traditions remains strong although there are laws against it.

Cold seized Sinjun bones.

-Get to the point, Rory.

"The theft of wives. Today there are still confrontations that begin when a leader's wife steals another chief.

"I'm not the least important or quarrels or wars between clans. Christy is my wife. Nobody has the right to steal it. Calum What do you hope to gain by that?"

"He thinks making his lover Christy get the authority he needs to start a rebellion against the English. The only thing that has always coveted power. Its intention is ... Rory was silent then.

- Say it! Sinjun-ordered. Tell me everything.

-Calum Christy wants to leave pregnant. Know that you are too proud to go back to her if that happened.

- Bastard! Bastard, bastard, bastard! Sinjun-ranted. I'll kill him.

"Very good you're here," said Rory. We have been considering different ways to address the situation. Christy does not want a bloodbath, but we do not see a peaceful solution.

The fact that Christy had spent three days and nights imprisoned by Calum, was that it Sinjun blood run cold. While the clan was wasting time discussing how to carry out reprisals, Calum could have forced and Christy.

"I can send for the soldiers of Inverness-Sinjun offered as a possible solution. But this could end in a slaughter of innocents," he added dismissing this idea as it occurred.

"Yes. Christy also believes that bringing the British soldiers will be more harm than good," said Rory.

"Then we must do this alone," said Sinjun gravely. Every minute that Christy is a prisoner of Calum Cameron is a minute too long.

- You propose? Murdoch asked. You can count on us, Your Excellency.

"And with Ranald," said the head of this clan moving forward.

"The first thing we will convene a meeting of all clan MacDonald, Ranald Mackenzie and Cameron," said Sinjun. And demand the release of Christy.

- Ha! That's what we tried, "Murdoch scoffed.

"Yes, but maybe I get them to change their minds. Listen well, this is what I do.

The men of the clan gathered around him as Sinjun expounded his plan. I had no idea if it would work, but there were few options that did not involve bloodshed. If all else failed, then they would have no choice but to bring British troops to Glenmoore.

The envoys departed immediately with messages to invite Cameron and Mackenzie will be holding a meeting with MacDonald and Ranald. Before they left, Sinjun asked everyone to maintain their arrival in Glenmoore secret to getting your plan to succeed.

The emissaries returned several hours later. The Mackenzie had said yes pretty quickly to the proposal to hold a meeting of clan, but Cameron had given us any objections in principle. When they realized that either they agreed to attend the meeting or risk the censure of the Mackenzie, then reluctantly said yes on the condition that the meeting be held in the stronghold of Cameron.

Sinjun gave its approval to the meeting site and sent back to Rory with its terms.

Christy had to be present at the meeting. Rory needed all his powers of persuasion, which was little to convince that Calum agreed.

- Why do I need to access your conditions if I have the power? Calum, he argued. As

long as the boss taking custody, you can not demand anything.

"You may lose the alliance with Mackenzie if you let the boss go to the clan meeting.

She's your absolute boss.

"It's my lover Calum said bluntly.

"It's your boss" said Rory.

"Okay, spit Calum. That is as you say. We meet here in the courtyard at noon tomorrow.

"So be it," Rory said dryly.

"Do not think I changed my mind," he said Calum before giving back.

Calum broke into Christy's room minutes after Rory left. She stood up from a jump and looked carefully at their approach.

"I heard voices outside. What's happening?

"Your people want to hold another meeting of clans.

- Have you shown as? "Christy tried not to show his emotion to Calum did not change his mind and refused to accept that request.

"The Mackenzie have said yes, so I had no choice. But this does not change anything. Your father promised me when you were born. You should never marry that bastard English.

"I promised you before Culloden. Both your father and mine died that day, and with them the plans they made for us. The king took both Glenmoore and handed me my land as Lord Derby. Accept it and forget it once.

- Never! Calum "he promised. If I can not marry you, be my concubine.

-Sinjun ...

Calum made a cutting motion with his hand.

- Do you think your husband is going to come quick to defend? You may have found another woman with whom lie down and you will have forgotten.

Christy feared that Calum was right, but he refused to get carried away by despair.

- When will such a meeting?

"Tomorrow at noon. They want you to be present, and I'm not against it. I guess I want to see you safe and sound. If you give the impression otherwise, women will pay for it.

"You've done me no harm, Calum, I've only deprived of liberty.

"When you have proof that you are not pregnant will make you my lover Calum turned to leave. Sleep well, Christy MacDonald.

"I'll never be your lover," Christy promised as he prepared to go to bed. It had been a stupid optimistic that could reason with Calum. Now I knew what I had to do and prepared for the confrontation that was coming. With all the clans together in the same site, would find no better time to give Calum what I wanted. He had no choice but to abdicate his position of head for Calum. Once done that, he would have no reason to withhold it. Feeling better than he had been in many days, Christy climbed into bed and fell asleep instantly. Sometime during the night he awoke because of a pain so deep that she felt like she was being torn apart. Niall missed. With every fiber of your being. Although for some time that he had withdrawn the milk, I felt the absence of his

son in the emptiness of their breasts, in the solitude of his arms useless. A sob through the throat as he remembered his face. Does she still remember?

Christy's thoughts turned toward Sinjun. He had many times during his captivity to think about things I could have done differently if he had been given a second chance, and wondered if you could fix the situation with her husband. He was wrong in many ways. When he arrived in London the first time, I had no intention of falling in love with her husband's immoral. Everything I had heard it stated that it lacked character, it was completely decadent, a rogue, a man who changed his lover as his shirt. But at that time, Christy did not mind any of that. All I wanted was an heir to Glenmoore. It never crossed my mind that could fall in love with her husband. Sinjun had hurt, but still tender with her. He felt for his son unconditional love and his family meant everything to him. And had a good heart.

During the next few weeks, thought he started to feel something for her, and then Christy destroyed any hope of happiness that might have been telling him that his son had died. However, it still could have benefited from a future together if she would not have left him in London Niall and to rush to help his family.

Distraught and filled with remorse, Christy ended up sleeping at last. But he did not dream peacefully. They invaded every corner of your body. He dreamed of an unspeakable passion, with a nostalgic desire, with an unrequited love. After an uneven night, woke up pale and exhausted.

Sinjun was dressed in a starched white shirt, the kilt and beret MacDonald Highlands with his rooster shed almost to the eyebrows. He joined the inhabitants of the Highlands who were gathered in the lobby for breakfast. If he felt uncomfortable for wearing bare knees and lower legs, showed no sign of it. He was dressed as an inhabitant of the Highlands, and to his surprise, that filled him with pride.

"Nobody is going to make any movement without my orders," he recalled Sinjun when he rose from the table and threw his napkin. Christy I do not want any harm. Calum is a loaded gun, you need not tell you what you could do if you saw him cornered. Does everybody agree?

A chorus of yeses followed his short speech.

-Arm. We will not go like sheep to the slaughter.

Sinjun is sheathed sword of the finest Toledo steel. Unlike those swords so heavy and unwieldy that they preferred the inhabitants of the Highlands, was that of a rapier sharp Sinjun, lighter and deadly when wielded with precision. It was a weapon that was very clever Sinjun. He had received lessons from the great masters for many years. When Sinjun nodded his head, the people of the Highlands out the door with serious faces, each and every one of them ready to fight if necessary. They were so loyal to Christy as she was with them.

Christy awaited the arrival of the members of his clan in the courtyard of Cameron. The Mackenzie had arrived earlier and were talking to Calum. They looked

uncomfortable, and Christy could not blame them. Calum was so determined to seize power for himself only to some of his fear that he was going too far. Christy looked toward the wilderness when the sound of music reached her through a wandering breeze. They had arrived. Ranald MacDonald and nearly two hundred marching through the jungle to the rhythm of mournful sound of bagpipes. A Christy's heart swelled with pride. Those were the members of his clan, each and every one of them were willing to die for their boss if needed. With clenched teeth and jaw firm, Christy silently vowed that would not spill a single drop of blood at his expense. Calum's allies were formed in line on the patio. Her skirts fluttered in the breeze, and held the arms, clenching his fists. Calum stepped forward. Murdoch, the oldest of the clan MacDonald, went out to meet him.

"Say what you have come," said Calum MacDonald Murdoch.

"Let go to MacDonald.

"It's my lover. You've shared my bed.

A sound of pain escaped the pale lips of Christy.

- Bastard! Rory cried.

If Murdoch had not seized him, he would have launched on Calum.

"Let go to our head and prepare for battle Murdoch repeated.

- Why? Her husband no longer want to return with her, so I'll take it.

Christy saw the danger. A gesture to grab their weapons and trigger the battle. I could not let that happen. Pushing aside the Cameron and Mackenzie, stood between them and their supporters.

"Let there be no bloodshed," he pleaded. I have a solution, he turned to look at Calum. I'll make you a proposition, one can not refuse.

"Well, girl, drop your proposal with contempt," said Calum. But do not think you entangled with your words.

"All members of the clan chief who call me are together in one place.

- Where do you want to go, woman?

-A this. I do not want to remain head-though he said firmly, I felt a great sadness in my heart. Breaking the trust of his grandfather was painful, but could not think of another way to prevent a slaughter. Christy turned to address the crowd gathered there.

"I wish you to accept a Calum Cameron as the new chief of the clan. In return, he should get free access without any struggle.

The Ranald MacDonald and brandished their weapons amid cries of protest. Christy had not imagined that his words would cause such turmoil and feared that the battle would be inevitable when the two groups moved toward each other with no good intentions.

Suddenly, a man forced his way through the angry crowd. He wore the skirt of MacDonald and his characteristic beret. The white shirt was consistent with his broad shoulders and the skirt barely covered her knee, exposing muscular legs firmly planted on earth. The dagger that hung from his belt looked lethal, but not as much as the sword was sheathed at his waist.

Christy The astonished look on his face stuck. She held her breath painfully in the lungs when he saw the dark eyes and threatening Sinjun. Calum heard how cursed and

realized that she was not the only one recognized by the Marquis of Derby. Christy did Sinjun approaching menace, but Calum grabbed her and pulled her roughly.

Christy Sinjun felt the gaze sliding over her, and was about to collapse under the weight of intense scrutiny. Was he angry with her? Christy knew I should have listened Calum shameless lie about having become his lover, and wondered if Sinjun would have believed. What was he doing there?

-Drop-ordered Sinjun. There will be no deal. Christy MacDonald is and will always be your boss. " No one can snatch that.

Calum drew a dagger from his belt with a unique and accurate movement and Christy put it around his neck.

- Where is your pride, English? Have not you heard? Christy is my bitch. I entered my member inside her.

Christy saw stiffen the jaw muscle Sinjun and realized that was rapidly losing control.

"Christy is my wife," said fiercely. Drop it now or prepare to defend yourself.

"You're a stupid English. No man in the Highlands would risk his life for another
"whore Calum scoffed.

"All of us are willing to risk our lives for the leader Rory shouted, brandishing his weapon.

- Wait! Sinjun-ordered. Before removing the weapons, consider the consequences. The English garrison of Inverness is not so far as to not know about the battle and come to investigate. Is that what you want? Other clans will take up arms to help you. The situation may worsen to become another war that will only bring destruction and death to the Highlands. The Crown will not tolerate an uprising. Consequently, more soldiers will come, and therefore will be more deaths. You will lose your homes, to your friends, your loved ones. Are you willing to give up the freedom that you have now by the ambition of one man?

The Mackenzie Cameron and exchanged nervous glances and stirred uncomfortable as they weighed the dire predictions of Sinjun.

"Do not listen to that English bastard," said Calum pressing the knife into the neck of Christy.

Sinjun saw a drop of blood on the sheet of Calum and was owned by a blind fury.

Christy looked so pale and fragile Calum feared he had hurt in a way that was not visible. If it had not been at stake the life of Christy would not have hesitated to tackle this coward. But what he did was continue to tempt the chief allies of Cameron.

"Surely you remember Culloden. All lost a loved one in battle, some of you were made homeless when the Crown confiscated your lands. If you follow the leader of the Cameron, arriesgáis you lose everything you have earned since Culloden. Yes, I'm English, but someday Glenmoore will belong to my heir, the son of Christy, and I do not see this country destroyed or its people.

Go back to your homes, Mackenzies. End it, Camerons. This case can and should be resolved between Calum and me.

- Stay and fight! Calum shouted when he saw the Mackenzie started to dissipate. They turned and left the court one by one until only the head of the Mackenzie.

"The English are right," said Cameron. We can not afford to lose our children, our

parents or our brothers in another war. I do not mind stealing the cattle of my neighbors, but to kill our own people is not right. Members of my clan will stand firm in defense of the Chief MacDonald.

And with that, she turned and followed his men back to their own stronghold, leaving only with his Calum, who had already shown their unwillingness to cause destruction in the Highlands at a considerable distance away from his boss.

"You lost," said Cameron Sinjun. Take away the dagger carefully Christy neck.

"This is just between you and me," snapped English dog Calum away the dagger Christy's neck and sending of a push Sinjun.

Christy stumbled and landed against Sinjun, causing both to fall to the ground in a flurry of legs and skirts. Sinjun let out the air between the teeth lie struggling for breath. Then, on the corner of his eye, he saw Calum skip forward and drew his sword. Sinjun not have time to think, let alone react. Christy walked around with her arms and turned a tenth of a second before the sword of Calum make a furrow in the earth in which they lay only a few seconds ago.

Instantly, a dozen MacDonalds came to his defense. The same number of Camerons met him to receive. Fearing a real battle, let Sinjun Christy and helped her stand up, pushing it to Rory was safe. Then he drew his sword.

"This is between you and me, Cameron. Let it continue. Are you brave enough to confront me face to face?

"I have more value than you, English-Calum scoffed. That sword you carry is no match for mine, looked at the members of his clan, who were still positioned for battle and waiting for their orders, ".Atrás, Camerons. I will teach you how to fight His Excellency an inhabitant of the Highlands.

Sinjun gestured to the MacDonald to retire, and became a space for the fighters.

- Sinjun! No!

Sinjun heard horror tone of voice of Christy, but he ignored it while concentrating on Calum, checking their weaknesses and strengths as they moved in circles. Calum made the first move, hinting towards Sinjun womb. He dodged it easily. Then the fight took place without ceremony with several assaults, assaults and bypassed. Calum attacked with frenzy, fueled by anger. Sinjun movements were more calculated and deadly accurate.

Blood was spilled. Sinjun bleeding from a superficial arm crack, and Calum had a wound in the thigh. Neither opponent was still seriously injured. Calum thronged heavy swipes with his sword, bringing it full force, while Sinjun was hollow and rushed to the most vulnerable. Calum did not want to kill, but he knew he would have killed without the slightest remorse.

Sweat Sinjun fell to the eyes, and wiped it with the back of the hand, blood filling his face. I was beginning to feel a tingling in his arm and realized he had to stop that immediately, before Calum had to cram into a lucky hit. He became more aggressive, threatening and making cuts, while Calum could not do anything but defend Sinjun rapid thrusts.

Viewers were immediately clear what Lord Derby was no novice with the sword.

Calum undoubtedly also realized, because he tried to regain the offensive with several

sharp blows. But he was helpless before the superior skill of Sinjun. Using a clever maneuver faster than the eye movement, Calum Sinjun wrested the sword from the hands, which flew off. With a flick of the wrist, pulled the deadly Sinjun tip of his sword under the chin of his enemy.

- You have me, bastard! Calum bellowed. Come, kill me.

Sinjun was tempted to do so. Christy Calum was over, he had taken something that was only Sinjun, and deserved to die. His jaw clenched and flexed wrist.

Christy suddenly appeared running toward him with a plea in his eyes.

- No, Sinjun! Do not kill him.

He looked surprised.

- Do you want to live? After what you did?

"It's not ... you do not understand. Do not kill him, Sinjun, please.

Reluctantly, slowly lowered Sinjun the tip of the sword.

"Okay. You can keep your miserable life, but only if he knelt at your feet and swears allegiance in front of their own.

Calum seemed ready to explode. His face was red and swollen and closed eyes. Sinjun feared it was refused.

- Well? What will be Cameron? Death or swear allegiance to the boss?

Calum looked around with wild look until finally nailed it on his sword, which was a few inches beyond. Sinjun quickly gave him a kick away from him.

- You are a bastard! I choose to live Calum snapped awkwardly kneeling in the dust at the feet of Christy.

"Pronounce the oath-ordered Sinjun.

"I swear ...

Calum collapsed suddenly, and then she had a dagger in his hand. Before he could draw his sword Sinjun Calum threw the dagger at the tip directly to the heart of Sinjun. Sinjun bent, but not quickly enough. The dagger struck him in the center of the chest. Christy heard screaming and then everything went dark as he fell to his knees and fell to the ground.

Chapter 20

- Will you be living? Christy asked anxiously staring at the pale face of Sinjun. I was so white, so helpless, that Christy was afraid that the great qualities of Mary for healing were not enough to save him.

"Your man has the luck of the devil," said Mary. If the button of his shirt had not deflected the tip of the dagger Calum, now would be dead. It's a miracle that he has no sharp point pierced the heart and it has been stuck in a lung. In any event, His Excellency is very ill. I've done everything I could for him. Only God knows whether he will live or die.

- It will not die! Christy exclaimed fiercely. If Calum was not dead, leading him myself as he has done to Sinjun.

-Calum Cameron has brought shame to his clan. Nobody blames Rory to end his miserable life.

"I thought Cameron Donald MacDonald require blood of the death of his brother, but Donald is more intelligent than Calum," said Christy. Control the members of his clan before there was bloodshed and knelt before me to offer their loyalty and their own. For the first time in a long time, I feel I have finally finished the friction enter the Cameron and MacDonald. The inhabitants of the Highlands we have enough problems with the English as well go to fighting among ourselves.

Mary pulled the sheet to Sinjun to the chin and patted him on the shoulder.

"You're absolutely right, girl.

"Go and rest awhile, Mary. I will stay with Sinjun.

- Are you sure?

"Yes. While he could not sleep well.

Christy pulled a chair to the bed and took one of the inert Sinjun hands in hers, trying to infuse his own life. She sat beside him all day and all night, refusing to stand when Margot volunteered to take his place beside Sinjun. Christy wanted to be the first person he saw when he woke up.

Fear was the faithful companion during those long hours Christy. I had no idea how to react Sinjun with her when she regained consciousness. Would Calum believed when he said that was her lover? What had led up to the Highlands? London had to leave shortly after she, he arrived in Glenmoore only a few days later that it did Christy. Christy just moved away from the bed Sinjun over the next three days. During that time remained in a coma and fever. Mary was administered the dose of tea made from mandrake roots to relieve pain and then apply Calendula ointment on the wound each time you change the dressing. He also prepared a concoction of herbs that gave Christy patiently spoon to lower the fever. Then he thoroughly massaged his throat until he swallowed.

On the fifth day Sinjun opened his eyes and uttered his first word after being wounded.

"Christy ...

She experienced an incredible surge of happiness when she heard him whisper his name.

"I'm here, Sinjun.

Although overshadowed by the pain, his eyes showed Sinjun is clear and lucid.

- How long ...?

Christy put a finger on his lips.

"Do not talk. Save your strength. You've been so five days, but getting better.

Sinjun stared, concentrating on his words. Christy shook his hand and he returned the gesture indicating that he understood. He looked at his face. He seemed exhausted.

Had he been sitting there with him for five whole days? Christy had been through too much, not wanting to put their health at risk by a nurse. Sinjun's mouth moved without a sound for a moment before being able to form the words meant. But I was so tired I did not know if I could stay awake long enough to voice their wishes.

"Christy ...

"Yes.

I do not want that ...

The effort made by him finish his sentence expired. Could not complete all the words, and closed his eyes.

Christy was seized with anxiety. He fully understood what was trying to tell Sinjun. I wanted to inform you that I did not want her around. A sharp pain pierced his vitals. He had lied too often to that Sinjun believe that nothing had happened between her and Calum. Oh, heavens, what could I do?

It took another day before Mary will ensure that Sinjun was out of danger and was on his way to recovery. Christy felt as if someone had taken a great weight off, but now had to face an even greater fear. When Sinjun recovered from his wound, "cut all ties that bound him to her and would deny access to Niall?

Throughout the day, there were moments in which Sinjun was conscious, and Christy waited to take out the theme to which he had spoken so briefly yesterday. When he came to give a bit of broth that Mary had prepared for him, found him awake.

- How do you feel?

"Dreadfully wrong ... What ... what happened?

- Do not you remember?

"Vaguely.

Calum cleanly-Vence in mourning and gave him the option to swear allegiance or accept death. He knelt at my feet as if to pronounce the oath, but what he did was take the dagger and lanzártela. Button your shirt diverted the path of getting to your heart, though I seriously wounded. You've been very lucky, Sinjun.

- Who do I have to thank that I have saved my life?

"Mainly Mary. Has extensive knowledge in healing.

Sinjun Christy stared silently spellbound. She squirmed with that look so deep and wanted him to say at once what he was thinking.

- What it is, Sinjun? Say it is something?

"You look exhausted. Are you okay? -Sinjun rubbed his temples. I can not think clearly. I seem to remember ... "His voice failed him. I thought you said he did not want ...

Christy landed a finger on his lips.

"Do not talk more. I know what you say.

Sinjun seemed confused.

- Oh, yeah?

"I will not talk about it now. You are too weak to hold a conversation so serious. I know what you're trying to tell me, Sinjun, and soon talk about it, but not now.

I do not understand anything of what you say, so maybe you're right. I do not think clearly enough to understand you. Just tell me one thing, what has been a Calum?

"Rory was killed. If I had not done it, would have been Murdoch. But everything went well. Donald is now the head of Cameron, and is not as ambitious or exalted as Calum. No more fighting.

Christy realized that Sinjun had not heard, because his eyes closed and her chest rose and fell rhythmically him. Tiptoed out of the room and closed the door behind him.

"You can not be serious, girl," said Margot while Christy got clothes in a bag.

"I can not keep waiting, Margot. The only reason I stayed so long here has been to make sure Sinjun would recover. He has said nothing to indicate that you want me to stay or who cares.

- You said you do not want to close?

"Yes. He said those words loud and clear. When Sinjun recover and return to London, I was barred from entering your home. I will not see my son.

- What evil has happened now is you, girl?

"No malice, Margot. This is survival. I can not live without Niall. I'm going to London, and this is my last word.

- And where Niall and you will go?

"I do not know, but I'll think of something. Sinjun not seek us forever. London is very distracted. A new woman. A slum of play. Racing. Then it will resume where it left off and will grace the city with a new lover.

- Are you sure, Christy? Have you learned and what he brought to Glenmoore Sinjun?

"I ... I have no time. I have to do this, Margot, for the sake of my son. I need and I need it.

- Do you love Sinjun?

Christy laughed bitterly.

- Love it? I'm crazy about him but not me any good. I hurt, I lied, I've cheated. How can I expect you to forgive me? He will never understand my loyalty to the clan, because we have never taken any responsibility seriously. Not that shies away from commitments, which simply has not gotten interested in nothing more than his own pleasure. Few useful searches are watching for a long time, unless you provide some sort of perverse pleasure.

"I judge very severely, girl.

A tear slid down his cheek Christy.

- Do not you see? I have to be judged harshly or I will not be able to quit, so much love I feel for him. I'm almost done packing. Do you mind telling Rory to bring the car?

"Yes, I will tell.

"Wait, Margot. Sorry again to remove Rory Angus and of you, but this time not for long. Send him back when he arrives in London.

- What am I going to say to Your Excellency?

"The truth. Tell her I miss Niall. No need to know anything more.

- Did we tell you when you settle in somewhere?

"Yes. Do not worry, Margot. Niall and I'll be fine. This may not make the mistake of staying where you can find Sinjun.

"May God be with you, Christy.

Sinjun was strangely restless and agitated. Christy had not seen all day and hoped that was due to was resting. He had spent many hours taking care of him, and it showed. His face was pale and drawn, and the fragile skin under the eyes showed purple with

dark shadows.

Both Mary and Margot had entered and left his room on several occasions, but neither seemed to be willing to talk. Sinjun had the impression that was not the best of patients. I was so weak he could not do for himself or the least of the tasks, which would be extremely embarrassing. Although that idea was irritated, he feared that the recovery would be long. I hated to leave Niall so long without their parents, but there was nothing. When Christy returned to London and he would begin again as a family. Acquiring responsibilities was something new for Sinjun, and have a child had completely changed his world view. Calum did not care that Christy had been forced to because I knew it was not something she would have wanted. I prayed that someday Christy could forget such a traumatic experience. Had not wanted to talk about what happened between her and Calum, and was willing to tell Sinjun that for him there was something important. Now even understand why Christy had gone to London despite his opposition.

I understood many things thanks to Emma enlightening sermon. Christy and he had many things to resolve if they wanted to save her marriage, but Sinjun, it was worth the effort for its future happiness.

The next day she was somewhat stronger and waited anxiously Christy's visit. He began to notice the first signs of distress when he went instead of Christy Margot who brought her breakfast of broth and porridge.

- Christy is sick? He asked after dutifully swallowing the first spoonful of porridge that Margot was offered.

-No.

Sinjun swallowed another spoonful.

"I can eat myself.

-Still not strong enough.

- Damn it! Why do not you stop treating me like a child? Where is Christy? Tell him I want to see it.

Margot's lips became a thin line.

"He's not here.

- Not here! -Sinjun tried to sit, but the pain and weakness forced him to lie down again. Where? More reasonably asked.

"He missed his son.

Sinjun felt as if the world had split in half.

- Are you telling me that Christy has gone to London? "Without saying a word?

"You're still as sharp as ever," Margot replied dryly.

- Did he leave any message for me?

Margot shook her head and tried to pass another spoonful of porridge between clenched teeth. Sinjun cursed and pushed his hand. Porridge scattered everywhere.

- Damn it! Take these damn porridge and bring something substantial to eat. Forces recover sooner, before I get out of this bed.

"Your stomach can not stand it.

- To hell with my stomach! Fuck this whole house and fuck my wife! How could a woman so small cause such turmoil in my life? Christy has not brought me nothing but

trouble since the day he walked into that masked ball in London. Is irrelevant, contradictory and maddening.

"It's normal for someone who is in love think so," said Margot.

Sinjun cursed. Love! What was the love if his wife stubbornly defied every few minutes? When reached, the shake until his teeth chattered, he would blisters on her beautiful ass ... he would make love until they could walk. I knew exactly why so suddenly had left for London. Intended to take her son and disappear again. Damn! Sinjun recovery was too slow for his liking. A week elapsed before she could move without suffering unbearable pain. Another week passed before he felt strong enough to get out of Glenmoore.

Christy came to London without suffering any mishap, surprised to find Emma and her aunt lived with Sinjun. And even more surprised the warm welcome she bestowed Sinjun sister.

- Christy! Cried the girl to see her. You are home! Niall will be happy to see you.

Where is Sinjun?

-Sinjun still in Glenmoore, "said Christy responding to the warm embrace of Emma.

Niall need to see first, and then I'll explain everything. I hope he remembers me.

At first Niall was shy, but it was not long before the familiar voice of his mother broke any reluctance and hang it as if unwilling to let her go ever.

"I like taking care of it, Christy," said Emma. Effie has been very helpful and also Gavin. Niall is not taking much chest now, so the mother has moved back to her own home. It only comes at night, for taking before bed. Oh, look, the lamb has fallen asleep on your shoulder.

Christy's tears flowed freely as she gently patted his shoulder and hummed.

I do not want him to bed, went to a rocking chair and cradled him in her arms. Emma grabbed a stool and sat down at his feet.

- What has happened in Glenmoore? He asked anxiously. Where is Sinjun? Why not come with you?

Christy was aware that he owed an explanation to Emma, but feared that would condemn Sinjun sister as she had done it. Took a deep breath to calm air.

-Sinjun seriously injured. I stayed with him until I was sure he would recover.

Emma rose to his feet.

- Wounded! Who was it?

-Calum Cameron. Cameron's chief kidnapped me from my bed and kept me prisoner in her home. Intended to become his lover and reclaim the leadership of the clan. He assumed that I would Sinjun after ... after having defiled.

Emma gasped.

- How terrible for you!

"The people of the Highlands play with their own rules," said Christy. Most husbands refuses to take back to their wives after the kidnappers have been violated.

"But that's very unfair," argued Emma.

"Yes, but the system works well despite the fact that wives are the victims stolen.

-Sinjun insisted it is not Emma.

-Calum Cameron Sinjun boasted before that I was her lover.

- What was it?

-No. If Cameron had taken me by force, would have found a way to end his miserable life. But whether it was true or false; Sinjun believed him, a sob became caught in his throat. Sinjun not want me at his side, Emma.

"Oh, come on, that's not at all typical of Sinjun. Know why you lied about Niall. I told him everything. Sorry I had to betray your secret, but the situation demanded it. Why do you think Sinjun in Glenmoore appeared when it did? I was worried about you.

A Christy's heart sank. Could that be true?

-Sinjun could not have come at a better time, but paid a heavy price for it. His life hung by a thread for more days than I remember. But now, thank God, is poised to recover fully.

- Why are not you with him?

"Like I said it. Sinjun not want me at his side. He had good reason to believe he would try to get away from his life and that of Niall in his return to London, so I decided to take matters into it.

- Have you discussed this with Sinjun?

"It was very clear to me that I wanted to close. What else was there to talk?

"Obviously you misunderstood" said Emma. Sinjun loves you. Why do you think Niall left and went in haste to Glenmoore? You did not see him when he left, Christy. I was so worried and so eager to get to you that he refused to wait for the help of Julian. I know my brother. Although you would have forced Calum, that would not make any difference to him. His life is far from exemplary.

"It's not the same and you know it. The company has different parameters for men than for women.

"Yes, I know very well," said Emma angrily. Someday someone will return the City of London inside out. But besides all this, you can not go, Christy. You have to try and save your marriage, you owe it to Niall. Do you intend to spend the rest of your life running away? That is what will happen and you know, because Sinjun not rest until he found you.

Christy remained pensive, pondering the words of Emma. Glenmoore Sinjun had gone, and had rescued from a dangerous situation. His courage had resolved the disputes between clans and their guilt had received a serious wound.

Could this be true? Would Sinjun misunderstood? He was very sick. Perhaps he misunderstood her words because of their own guilt. How could you run your marriage if he did not deserve the trust of your husband?

However, sometimes miracles happening. If Sinjun really loved her, as Emma had said, then there was a chance to be happy, because she loved Sinjun beyond logic.

"I will not let you go, Christy," said Emma with conviction.

"I can not bear the thought of losing Niall.

"You love Sinjun.

"With all my heart and all my heart.

Emma sighed gesture dreamer.

"I wish I could live a love at least once in life. Julian is already talking about find a husband.

"It will force you to marry someone who does not approve, right?

"He says no, but do not want to end up being an old maid," Emma raised her chin. I will not marry any man that is not love. But enough about me. If you leave now commit the biggest mistake of your life.

Christy would have given anything to believe Emma. It was not too unreasonable to believe that Sinjun loved her, right? Sometimes dreams came true, was not it?

"Yes, Emma, I'll stay, though perhaps repent me while I live.

Sinjun arrived in London without any problems. It was a long and difficult journey due to injury, still young, and their weakened forces. Had rejected the offer from Murdoch and Rory to join him and set off alone.

Sinjun could not bear the thought of returning to his empty mansion, and who led his tired horse to Julian's house. Anyway, Emma wanted to talk to if there was a remote possibility that I knew where Christy had taken to Niall.

Sinjun had not been believed for a moment that Christy had returned to London just because he missed his son. His instinct told him to find the Derby mansion empty, except for the servants. I had no idea why Christy had turned to leave. I thought I had made it clear that he did not care what Cameron would have done, but the memory was still foggy on what exactly he had said. It was not the best time to engage in serious discussion. It was clear that Sinjun had said something that made her flee. Sinjun dismounted, passed the reins around one of the poles of the iron fence and climbed the front steps of the Mansfield mansion, the elegant home of Julian. He knocked on the door and got a response immediately. The circumspect Julian Butler held the door open while Sinjun entered.

"Good evening, my lord. Lord Mansfield is not at home, but Lady Emma is in the room with her aunt.

"Thank you, Farthingale. No need to go with me.

"As ye will, my lord.

Sinjun stood in the doorway. He was not surprised to see Emma walking up and down the living room with great excitement as he eagerly exposing something to Aunt Amanda, occasionally nodding his head in a gesture of peaceful agreement.

- What may be holding, aunt? Emma cried. Oh, how I wish you Julian was not in one of his mysterious journeys. He would know what to do. What if Sinjun wounds are more serious than they would have us believe?

- Are you worried about me, Emma? Sinjun asked, breaking into the living room. As you can see, I'm fine.

- Sinjun! Emma cried throwing her arms. I thought it would never come! "The young man stood at the distance of his arms and watched with a critical eye. You do not look. You are too pale and very thin. Christy told us that you had been wounded.

- What else did Christy? Sinjun asked sharply.

Emma looked at him quizzically.

- You have not yet gone home?
-No. I could not bear the thought of an empty house waiting for me. It's strange, because before I never minded.
- Have you dismissed the servants?
"You know what I mean-Sinjun he scanned the face. Do you know where Christy has been with Niall? How could you let it take?
"You're very upset, Sinjun. Sit. I will ask you better bring a bottle of brandy from Julian.
Sinjun dropped into the nearest chair, leaned her head back and closed his eyes.
- You sure you're right, dear? Said Aunt Amanda solicitous. Want to send for the doctor?
"I feel fine, I'm just tired," he assured Sinjun accepting the drink of brandy that had just brought Farthingale. I was hoping to find Julian at home. You may need your help to find Christy and my son.
Emma and Amanda exchanged a knowing look over Sinjun bowed head.
Julian has not returned yet, "said Emma. I'm very worried about him. Carry out an unusually long time and nobody knows anything about him. I am disturbed by these mysterious affairs that force you to go as often.
-Will return very soon, "predicted Sinjun.
"Go home," advised Emma Sinjun. You look exhausted.
"I do not want to go home to meet a nursery vacuum and the absence of my wife. But you're right, Emma. I'm tired. I do not want to worry about my problems, set aside Sinjun brandy and rose from his chair. Good evening, ladies.
"You should have told, scolded her when Sinjun Amanda was gone.
Emma gave him a sly smile.
"I love to see the face of Sinjun when it enters your home and meet with Christy and Niall, Emma clasped his hands and sighed. Is not it romantic? Do you think Prince Charming will come some beautiful and make me completely lose his head for love?
"I do not fool yourself, my dear," admonished Aunt Amanda. We women have to be practical. You will marry someone that suits you. Someone you know well-born managing both your fortune as their own.
Emma smiled an enigmatic smile.
"Not if I can help it," he vowed silently. "If I decide to marry, I'll do with the man I love, even a farmer. It will be someone who'll love me completely and I swear eternal love. I do not settle for a duke or an earl fat you need a brood mare."

As it was late and was tired, Sinjun went directly home. Unfortunately he was unable to find the key. Pemburton knew he was asleep, so he called loudly on the door to wake him. It seemed that an eternity until the butler opened the door. She wore a nightgown and a robe that fell loosely tied around their bony angles and slender feet. A nightcap with tassel, so ridiculous twisted, lay on top of his head low gray hair. Sinjun felt like laughing, but he knew his dignified butler offended.
"Welcome home, my lord," intoned dryly Pemburton.

Chapter 21

"Thank you, Pemburton Sinjun said as he headed toward the stairs. I could use a hot bath and something light to eat.

"Very well, my lord," replied Pemburton, as if applying for a hot bath and food at that hour of the night was something quite normal.

Sinjun was absolutely exhausted and very angry. If things had been like before, had not been aimed directly at home. I would have gone to one of his clubs, or White's for any woman ready. But honestly, even if he had heart for it was not interested in another woman.

A Lord Sin had happened something completely unexpected since Christy MacDonald burst into his life so unexpected. She was in love with his wife and had a son whom she adored. Would you ever see them? What the hell had driven out of Glenmoore Christy with such haste?

Sinjun stopped before the door of her son's room and was tempted to open it if only to watch Niall cradle in which he slept. But the disillusionment that would go into an empty room to be deterred, and continued toward his own room.

Once inside he immediately went to the liquor store that was on the dressing table and poured two fingers in a crystal goblet. With drink in hand, approached the window and stared at the dark street. His head full of dark thoughts. A sleepy-eyed servant went to light the fire in the fireplace, thus distracting their thoughts Sinjun taciturn. Soon after came the bath, followed by some boys who carried pots of hot and cold water. Sinjun undressed and got into the water, sighing with pleasure.

Pemburton came with a light meal of meat, cheese, bread and fruit. He placed a small table near the tub and put the tray there.

- Do you need something more, my lord?

"Go to bed, Pemburton, I got it. He leaves the decanter of brandy on the table before leaving.

Sinjun pecked a little food, and finally decided he was not hungry. He refilled the glass of brandy and drank slowly. But even the intoxicating taste of brandy was tarnished after a while, and Sinjun put the glass on the table, leaned his head back until it rests on the edge of the tub and closed his eyes.

Christy awoke suddenly from a deep sleep due to noise from the room Sinjun. At last I was there! He had waited so long now that their return had finally arrived could not stop shaking.

Oh, why have heard Emma? What if the rejected Sinjun? What if sent back without Niall Glenmoore?

Pursued by the demons that she had created, Christy decided there was only one way to find the answers to those questions. Sinjun's room was separated from hers by a door. All I had to do was cross and know their fate.

I would understand how much she loved him, promised while he dismounted and

approached the bed and quietly barefoot to the door. Picking up the shattered remains of value he had left, Christy opened the door and looked inside the room Sinjun. The room was dimly illuminated by a cheerful fire leaped and crackled in the fireplace. In front of the home had placed a tub. All I could see was his head Sinjun leaning against the edge and the arms straight at your sides. He seemed asleep.

Sinjun awaken and startle did not seem a good idea. Then slid his gaze to the bed, and a mysterious smile flitted across her lips. No matter how often you Sinjun and discuss it, their bodies always seemed to be perfectly synchronized with each other.

Sinjun did not move when Christy went on tiptoe in front of the tub, or apparently not heard the rustling of clothes when they took off her nightgown and went to bed. Then he waited with his body trembling with emotion.

The time was suspended, and only continued its course when Sinjun finally awoke and rose majestically from the bath. A Christy was the air he caught in his throat while he was drying before the fire with a towel. He was thinner than she remembered how, but his body had lost none of its appeal. Christy's body was swollen with desire, crying, feeling, being touched, kissed him. Sinjun was giving back. Her lips were dry and the wet while stare at the firm mounds of her buttocks, recalling the feeling of its soft tight with their hands.

When he turned, Christy held a groan. Even in a resting position was a man richly endowed. Excited was magnificent. Christy gasped and froze when Sinjun threw in the towel on the floor and went to bed.

The bed was in a shadowy corner that came to reflect the firelight. Christy felt the mattress Sinjun sank when he got into bed, and heard him sigh as he climbed the sheets to the waist.

A gust of perfumed air brushed Sinjun face when he turned to one side. The breath of another person he kissed her cheek, and held his breath in astonishment. He stretched his arms trembling from the bed and touched a soft warm skin that was so familiar, so loved, his heart leapt with joy.

- Christy?

He found his face and held it between his strong hands, cursing the darkness that concealed his handsome features. A Sinjun his heart beat hard against his ribs as he drew his thumb across her lips and guided his mouth to hers. Christy accounted for. The kiss was powerful, heady, heat and flavor of Christy awaken your senses, causing a desire almost unbearable. He kissed her again and again, thoroughly exploring his mouth with his tongue as he slid his hands over the lush curves.

All the lies and deceptions of the past disappeared as if they never existed. Sinjun to shake and his arms for ever, feel its softness, fill it and never let go.

"Do not be angry with me when she whispered Christy Sinjun mouth away.

- Why did you leave Glenmoore?

A Christy's voice trembled.

"You said that I wanted.

Sinjun leaned back slightly, surprised.

- When I said that?

"Maybe ... maybe you misunderstood.

"Clearly so," said Sinjun dryly. I was so confused when you left I did not know what to think. Margot said Niall missed, and that could understand. I could not understand was that you had gone away without saying anything. I was afraid that you'll take a Niall and run away. He was angry. Very angry. Especially myself, because I was too weak to stop you.

Christy stroked her face.

"I love you, Sinjun. I've always loved.

"No more lies, Christy.

"No more lies, Sinjun. Calum and I want to talk about what happened while I was his prisoner.

He placed a finger to his lips.

I do not care what happened. You are mine. I've had you for longer than he.

- But that's what I'm trying to tell you! Calum I never had that effect. I lied. I wanted you to think that I had violated. I knew I'd want with you after he had me ... I would have sullied.

"I was wrong, Christy. I would have wanted anyway.

- Really?

"Really.

She let out a slight sigh of happiness.

Emma told me you went to Calum Glenmoore because they feared would hurt me.

"He told me that I lied about my son because he wanted to protect myself from Calum Cameron. I think we owe a lot to my sister for her inability to keep secrets.

"I'm discouraged that I will not go, but I was very scared. I was afraid to send me back to Glenmoore without Niall.

- How is my son?

"From wonder. Every day is more like his father. He begins to crawl and eat solid.

Walk soon. I have missed, Sinjun.

"No more than I love him. And his mother," he added significantly. Do not ever leave me again, Christy.

- Or ...?

"Or I'll tie you to bed and I'll make love until you're too exhausted to move, much less to run.

Christy made a sound like a purr and snuggled against him.

"I dreamed every night to be back in your arms. Are you sure that you have recovered?

- Why do not you know?

Sinjun kissed her brow, forehead and made his way up the side of his cheek before reaching the mouth. Be entertained by kissing her lips before sliding into the pulse of his neck, beating rapidly. The intoxicating aroma of Christy as feeding the fire burning inside. She tried to calm down, but had been so long that he could not control himself. His mouth found within Christy. Sinjun dark bowed head to cover the nipple with his lips, drawing him into her mouth with hot pleasure. His hands caressed, sliding freely through the curves and valleys of his body as he drew circles wet tongue around the

nipple erect.

An arrow pierced the body heat of Christy, rolled on his belly and setting fire to his whole being. The warm breath on his skin Sinjun caused shivers of anticipation that he toured the spine while constantly moving his hands over his body, unable to get tired of touching it.

"You're the only woman I want in my life, Christy MacDonald.

The hoarse sound of his voice was a caress, her warm mouth on it was as powerful as the caress of his tongue against her nipple, and Christy shuddered. He must be mad when he thought he could survive without that special man in your life.

"You're the only man I want in my life. My Lord Sin.

"I'm just Sinjun. I repented.

He ran his hands over his stomach and rested on the shiny curls between her legs. Sinjun fingers slipped between her skin dewy, opening, caressing her inner folds now wet with the juices of love, until Christy burning under his touch. He began to feel a buzz in the lower stomach. Her nerve endings raw, and he staggered and cried when replaced Sinjun fingers through your mouth. A new fire ignited in Christy when his tongue was introduced seamlessly into her wet passage. Sinjun thumb dragged by her throbbing lump of sensitive skin and then Christy lost any vestige of control.

- Sinjun! Please!

Christy shuddered, twisting, pressing against his mouth in a natural ecstasy, seeking relief that eluded him. A soft moan came from her throat. Then the climax shot through a tumultuous and overwhelming explosion.

- Sinjun! Oh, God, how I love you! Log in to me. I've waited so long ...

He knelt down and leaned over Christy. She could feel the tension in their muscles, pearls of sweat and opened her thighs as he could for it. A log of the fire hissed and sputtered, and the resulting flash of light, Christy caught a glimpse of his eyes half-closed by passion glowing like hot coals under the fringe of dark lashes. Showed his teeth and had a concentrated expression and wild.

It was so beautiful breath away. Christy was distracted looking at her face when she felt a strong stomach brushing member. Then he closed his fingers around it, holding his manhood in his hand warm, moving slowly up and down in all its hard length.

Once, twice, again, then I heard hissing through clenched teeth.

"You're killing, baby.

His voice was rough, as if he riddled the pain. With his heart beating wildly, Christy knew instinctively that the control of Sinjun hung by a fine thread. What led up to the entrance and slipped it inside his body.

"Thank God," sighed Sinjun fervently. Embrace me, my love, hold me.

Christy slipped her arms into your skin warm and moist to attract to himself as he moved between her legs tightly. Sinjun kissed her passionately, thrusting with force and fire. She screamed, owned by a sweet ecstasy. Had been so long ... long time. Sinjun captured her cry with her mouth as she dug her fingers into the tight muscles of the back, urging him with gentle moans did not know what was broadcast. Sinjun moved inside with strong and relentless assaults; Christy arched his strength before demanding more, demanding everything.

Someone was moaning. Sinjun was immediately silenced when she covered her mouth with his, but the groans continued in his head. He kept ramming with relentless fervor, his neck caused him immense pleasure that crossed in hot and boiling waves. Half crying, Christy grabbed him as he reached a deep ecstasy Sinjun inside. He moaned and leaned her head against his cheek, gasping for breath. After a few moments he stepped aside, and drew her toward him.

- Do you forgive me? Christy whispered in the silence of the room.

"That will probably take me a lifetime.

"It was never my intention to lie. I could not let it return to the Highlands and you became a victim of Calum, so I did what I thought best to save your life.

"It's okay, my love, really. I understand, but would have preferred to tell me the truth and let me decide what to do with Calum. And speaking of him ... How do we stop to lie to you? I would not have surrendered so easily.

Christy laughed and said mockingly:

"Calum is Lord Sin. But seriously, jealousy and ambition were eating him alive. When we were children we were supposed to get married, but Culloden changed everything. Calum believed to become his mistress would give him the power to control the clan.

- Did Calum thought I would not do anything while he was using my wife? Sinjun asked sharply.

"It's not often that a husband accepts his wife back when he has been tainted by another man. The theft of wives often trigger disputes that remain for generations.

"I must be an unconventional husband because he wanted you back regardless of what you have done Calum. But you told me how did you keep it away from your bed.

"I told him I was expecting a son. That cooled their ardor, as I thought it would happen.

Sinjun leaned on his elbow.

- Are you pregnant? My God, Christy, will I be a father again?

"I think not.

- Do not you like?

Christy stood for a moment breathless.

- Would you like to have another child?

Thus, Niall have a little brother or sister.

- What about Lord Sin? Will not you miss him? Do not you miss high society?

"I like to think that the legendary Lord Sin abdicated his title to be on top of his successful career. It will always be remembered as a profligate spender. And as for the high society, I do not care what you might think. London and does not attract me as much. I have learned to value those heather-clad hills, rugged mountains and sparkling lakes. The Highlands is a good place to raise our children.

Christy's eyes filled with tears of happiness.

- Are you saying what I think? Are you willing to forget the pleasures of London society in exchange for a country life? You know how isolated you are Glenmoore, what it is unsophisticated compared to the decadent London.

"I love you, Christy. You would not be happy living in London. In addition, the guild needs a boss. I'm not saying that we will not go to visit London from time to time.

What I am trying to explain is that I do not feel the need to maintain the same lifestyle that Lord Sin regarded as essential to their welfare.

Sinjun smiled.

- Do not you think that Julian will be a surprise? It takes years trying to reform me.

I do not recall ever being so happy, "Christy sighed. I almost went crazy waiting for you back to London. I was afraid ... thought ...

- What do you throw her out of my house? -. Sinjun asked drawled. That was never my intention.

"Nor I will submit willingly to a beating," joked Christy in a good mood.

Sinjun laughed.

I never thought you did, so I never considered that possibility. Not with my savage Christy. I'm content to have your love.

Sinjun pulled her close and stroked her breasts with his hands and hips as his lips played with his ear.

- We charge a little brother or sister for Niall?

"That may take us a long time.

"I have all the time in the world. If Lord Sin is going to retire, need to practice their skills regularly to not become boring.

"You never bored me, Sinjun. Just do not stop loving me.

"Loving you is my destiny. I should have realized this when the devil for seven years with which I married kicked me in the shin and I stuck out his tongue.

They made love and fell asleep and went back to love again for the rest of their lives.