

Mischief by Moonlight

By

Maryse Dawson

©2015 by Blushing Books® and Maryse Dawson

All rights reserved.

No part of the book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

Published by Blushing Books®,
a subsidiary of
ABCD Graphics and Design
977 Seminole Trail #233
Charlottesville, VA 22901
The trademark Blushing Books®
is registered in the US Patent and Trademark Office.

Dawson, Maryse
Mischievous by Moonlight

Cover Design by ABCD Graphics
EBook ISBN: 978-1-68259-643-2

This book is intended for *adults only*. Spanking and other sexual activities represented in this book are fantasies only, intended for adults. Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the author's advocating any non-consensual spanking activity or the spanking of minors.

Table of Contents:

Chapter One	5
Chapter Two.....	18
Chapter Three.....	30
Chapter Four	42
Chapter Five.....	54
Chapter Six.....	66
Chapter Seven.....	80
Chapter Eight	92
Maryse Dawson	104
EBook Offer.....	105
Blushing Books Newsletter.....	106
Blushing Books.....	107

Chapter One

Kingston, England 1789...

The darkness of the night lay round Gabrielle like a comforting cloak, hiding her in its velvety, caressing folds. She could feel her heart hammering in her chest, the adrenalin rushing through her body and the excitement building in her breast. When boredom at home next hit her, she would remember these feelings. She would relish the fact that there would be a next time, and she knew that knowledge would calm the restless devil inside her.

"The stagecoach is coming!" hissed Keira.

She felt her body tense as her best friend and partner in crime announced the arrival of the stagecoach. Gabrielle whispered back, "Get ready. I'll do the talking, you grab the jewels!"

There was only a quarter moon tonight, so it was one of the best nights to hold up a stagecoach. Enough light to see by, but not enough light for the victims to notice any distinguishing clues as to their identity. Gabrielle's horse snorted and stamped its hooves impatiently.

The stagecoach was getting nearer and nearer. Such was the noise of the blood pumping through Gabrielle's ears that it made its approach virtually inaudible! Her breathing grew shallow. She gripped her pistol tightly before adjusting the scarf covering her nose and mouth and pulled her hat down lower.

"Go!" The demand erupted from Gabrielle's slender throat as she kicked her horse into action, racing forward to stop in the path of the stagecoach. Keira came up swiftly behind her, placing herself right next to Gabrielle.

"Stand and deliver!" The harsh command was given from Gabrielle in practised masculine tones, perfected by experience. Their victims would be none the wiser.

The coach driver's face showed disbelief and fear as he saw the two highwaymen on the road ahead. There was no other route to take and with two pistols pointing straight at him, he had

no choice but to pull his horses to a stop. They reared up as the driver pulled harshly on their reins, and the stagecoach juddered to a halt.

Lord Mountjoy had been having a peaceful nap inside the coach and was pushed forward off his seat by the sudden jolt to his sensibilities.

"Ugh! What the devil has happened?" he moved his bulky body back onto the upholstered seat and patted a handkerchief to his brow.

His wife was fanning herself quickly, her chest heaving with fright, as she tried to settle her nerves. "Whatever is it, my lord...why have we stopped?"

"Shh, woman...calm yourself! 'Tis likely nothing!" He leaned out of the stagecoach window and shouted up to the driver, "Why have we stopped, man? What's afoot?"

He peered into the dark night to try and make out the coachman. He felt the hairs on the back of his neck stand up when he noticed the ominous-looking silhouettes of two horsemen. One of the riders approached him, and he leaned back fearfully, quickly whispering to his wife, "'Tis highwaymen, my dear. Hide your jewellery...be quick about it!"

Lady Mountjoy's eyes grew wide as saucers. She'd heard of these so-called 'highwaymen.' Mere robbers, that's all they were. How dare they hold up her coach? They'd certainly not be pilfering her jewels; she'd make sure of it. Quickly, she took off her necklace and thrust it down her cleavage, swiftly followed by her earrings. She was just in the process of pulling off her rings, when the stagecoach door was thrown open.

Gabrielle had dismounted and was now staring menacingly at the occupants in the stagecoach. She was delighted to find that she'd held up Lady Mountjoy's stagecoach. The woman was a menace; always poking her nose into other people's business. An interfering busybody who personified the old adage, 'Idle hands do the devil's work.' What a delight to be able to steal her jewellery! She noticed the look of fear on the harridan's face and felt no guilt whatsoever at the rush of joy that it gave to her senses!

Gabrielle put on her meanest, deepest voice and spoke loudly, "*Give us your jewellery, and we'll leave you in peace! Resist and you will die!*" She cocked the pistol for effect and pointed it inside the stagecoach.

Lady Mountjoy gave a small scream and quickly pulled off her rings, all the while looking with terror at Gabrielle's pistol. Lord Mountjoy wobbled his many chins indignantly, and spluttered, "This is an outrage! Do you know who we are?"

Gabrielle put the pistol under his chin. *"I don't care who you are, sir. I just want your money and jewels. Now, hand them over!"*

As Lady Mountjoy handed her the rings, Gabrielle passed them to Keira, who was waiting behind her with a cloth bag. When she took the rings, Gabrielle caught the sparkle of diamonds from Lady Mountjoy's cleavage. Without hesitation, she reached over and pulled them straight out.

"Wh...What are you doing! Unhand me! How dare you!"

"Oh I dare, Madam. Do you treasure your life so little that you hide your jewels from me?"

"I-I...the nerve! Do something, Montague!"

Gabrielle turned her attention to Lord Mountjoy. *"Your watch chain...now!"*

Lord 'Monty' hesitated for a few seconds before complying, his eyes looking pure venom at Gabrielle. She smiled under her scarf. If only he knew who she was!

Reluctantly, he thrust his watch into her outstretched hand. "I hope you're happy! You do realise, do you not, that you've left us destitute?" Lord Monty's chins appeared to take on a life of their own now, and Gabrielle couldn't help the briefest of stares as his generous jowls gyrated with their close neighbours in a display of outrage and indignation!

"Oh, I think not, sir!" said Gabrielle, stepping down from the stagecoach and closing the door. *"Why... 'tis but a spit in your glutinous ocean, 'Sire'...no doubt you'll recover!"* she said, throwing him a look of contempt. Within a thrice, she'd remounted, and the two girls disappeared in a cloud of dust as they galloped off down the road, leaving Lord and Lady Mountjoy fuming at their ordeal.

Gabrielle and Keira galloped away into the night, exhilarated at pulling off yet another robbery. Deciding they were far enough away for safety, they reined in their horses and pulled down their masks.

"Lord, that was fun! We got quite a bit this time!" gasped Keira.

"Yes...and what luck, to be able to hold up those two! I almost cannot wait for them to come to dine with us, so I can secretly gloat!"

"Come on, I'll take the stash, and we'll meet up next week, same time. I'll sell these jewels to Mr. Goldman in town, same as before."

"All right, Keira, but please be careful. Are you sure you can trust Mr. Goldman?"

"Yes. He asks no questions and pays up immediately. Honestly, Gabrielle, he's proved himself a worthy, if unknowing, conspirator!"

"As long as you're sure! If you're happy, then I am, also! Will you drop the money off to the convent, or shall I?"

"No, I'll do it this week. I quite enjoy the peaceful ride out."

The convent was located in the heart of the countryside and each week, when the girls had received the money from their stolen goods, either one of them would drop it off to the nuns, anonymously. They'd arrive dressed in black, their faces concealed, and either hand it to the first nun they saw at the gate or if none were available, they'd leave it hidden amongst the vegetable plot, ready for a startled nun to find it when they came to do the gardening.

Gabrielle had always had a soft spot for the Mother Superior. She'd often visited the convent with her mother when she was a child and had always been made welcome. It was on one recent visit that she'd overheard their plight.

Part of the convent had been damaged in a recent fire. The cause of the fire was unknown but when they'd finally put out the flames, the extent of the damage was worse than they'd feared. With their treasuries low, they didn't have enough to rebuild.

As Gabrielle listened to her mother and the Mother Superior speaking, she realised she had to do something to help. That was when the idea of robbing had come to mind. Why not steal from the rich to give to the poor? If Robin Hood could do it, then why not her and Keira? Some of her father's friends were rich beyond belief but also tight into the bargain. Being forced to relieve themselves of some of that money would do the rich folks no harm, and it would be fun in the bargain!

Her horse snorted and stamped its hooves, bringing her thoughts back to the present. "Well, Keira, we'd better be off! Until next we meet!" Gabrielle kicked her horse into a gallop, and the girls parted company, each going off to their respective houses.

* * *

A few days later, Gabrielle was sitting, reading in the garden, under the shade of a huge old oak tree. Impatiently, she swatted a persistent fly away as it tried to settle on her arm.

Scowling and tutting loudly to herself, she irritably flicked over a page of her book. Suddenly, she became aware that her father was standing over her.

"May I join you, my dear?"

"Certainly, Papa." She moved further along the bench to make room for him.

"It's a lovely day, I wish every day was as warm as this one. My bones appreciate the heat!" he said with a sigh.

"Yes indeed, Papa. I just love the long summer nights!" Her words mimicked her thoughts, as she pictured the benefits the season lent to her nocturnal activities! She tucked an errant strand of hair behind her ear and asked, "What brings you out here, Papa? I thought you were going hunting this afternoon with Sir Peterson at Longridge?"

He gave an audible sigh. "I was, my dear. I've had to cancel as we have a rather special visitor coming!"

Gabrielle's interest was piqued. "Who?"

Her father frowned, not sure how to tell her the news. "Remember, we told you a while ago that we'd found a suitor for you."

"Yes! But I thought –"

He held his hand up, stalling her words. "Yes, I know what you thought. You were hoping we'd forgotten. Well, it seems your mother hasn't. Mr. Forrester will be staying with us for a few days in order to better acquaint himself with us...and you, of course, my dear. He hails from Charminster...has a lovely old hall he inherited from his late father. You'll like him, you'll see."

He patted her knee whilst she sat in shocked silence. A suitor! Lord, she thought they'd forgotten all about that load of twaddle. Admittedly, at twenty-three she was considered rather old to be single, but she was having a great time. A suitor would only dampen her fun.

Turning to her father, she grabbed onto his arm. "Truly, Papa...I don't need a suitor. I'm perfectly happy as I am! Can't you break the invitation?"

He shook his head. "No, child. He's already on his way." He chuckled at the look on her face. "You may find him to your liking; stranger things have happened, my pet."

Gabrielle huffed, "Hmmp! I don't like him, already!"

"He's very eligible, you know. Only thirty-one, amassed a fortune on his own merit, and very charming, by all accounts. You could do worse." He stood up and held out his hand. "Now, come and make yourself presentable and act like the lady I know you can be!"

Gabrielle took his hand, and together, they walked into the house. Oh, she'd act like a lady, but only in front of her parents. She'd make sure this Mr. Forrester would dislike her, oh yes indeed. She liked her life just the way it was, and no one was going to interfere!

* * *

Gabrielle twirled in front of her mirror. There – every image the lady. Her eyes flashed wickedly as she realised she was looking forward to the challenge of irritating her 'suitor.' Life during the day was rather dull compared to her weekly nocturnal jaunts, and a little distraction would be rather fun.

She smiled at her reflection and ran to the window as she heard a carriage pull up. Then, she withdrew slightly to hide behind a curtain to spy without being noticed. She waited for the carriage door to open, but nothing happened. Instead, the coachman jumped down off his seat and proceeded to unload some luggage off the back. Where the devil was Mr. Forrester? She didn't have long to wait. A horse appeared in the distance, at the end of the long driveway. It was galloping full speed and was gradually brought to a halt by the rider, who patted its neck whilst it snorted from the exertion.

The man looked at ease in the saddle and cut a fine figure in his black britches and ruffled white shirt. He jumped down in one smooth move and handed the reins to one of the stable boys. Gabrielle could see him talking to the coachman and shaking his hand, and then her father appeared to greet him. She studied his face. He had a strong jaw and very dark, almost raven-like black hair. She wondered what colour his eyes were, and then pursed her lips. Why did she care? She flounced away from the window and went downstairs to greet him.

* * *

Nicholas Forrester was an extremely astute man, and as soon as he clapped eyes on Gabrielle Baudrey, he knew she was going to be trouble. She covered it well, greeting him demurely, but those pretty blue eyes gave it away. They seemed to sparkle with mischief.

He bowed politely, raising her hand to kiss the soft skin. His touch seemed to startle her, and she pulled her hand away hastily, her cheeks flushing delicately but her eyes quickly concealed any hint of her feelings. Nicholas looked at her knowingly.

She spoke briskly, seemingly to cover up her confusion. "How do you do, Mr. Forrester? I hope your journey wasn't too wearisome."

"Not at all, Miss Baudrey, quite the contrary. On such a fine day as this, it's good to take the fresh air, don't you think?"

She raised her chin before replying, "Yes. I agree."

"Perchance we may be able to ride out together one morning, with your father's permission, that is." He looked enquiringly at Mr. Baudrey.

"Of course, my dear fellow! Sounds like a splendid idea, what say you, Gabrielle?"

Nicholas glanced back at Gabrielle, watching her struggle with her emotions. Judging by her countenance, 'twould seem she was averse to his visit and yet her parents had suggested a match between them. Intrigued, he continued, "Indeed, Miss Baudrey if you would rather not..."

Suddenly a sly look passed over her face, and he knew without a shadow of a doubt that she was plotting something.

She arched an eyebrow. "I say 'tis a splendid idea, Papa. If the weather holds, we may even go tomorrow. I'll leave you to unpack, Mr. Forrester, and will see you at dinner." She dismissed him with a nod of her head and turned to her father. "I'm going for a walk, Papa. Can you tell Mama that I'll be back for dinner...you know how she worries so!"

Nicholas watched her. She was one little madam, and he expected her mother had every right to worry about her. When she became his wife, though, he'd expect her to adhere to his every rule. There was no 'if' about it; he'd already decided she'd be his!

Mr. Baudrey clapped him on the back. "Well, Nicholas...what do you think of my fair Gabrielle?"

"She has spirit, sir, and would make a splendid wife! I'm looking forward to spending time with her and ultimately winning her hand."

Together, they walked into the house, where Nicholas was introduced to Mrs. Baudrey, an altogether different kettle of fish from her daughter. Calm and serene, Mrs. Baudrey greeted him warmly, showing him to his room.

Gabrielle had no intention of going back for dinner. It would seem rude to Nicholas, and that was exactly what she intended. She had already planned to leave him stranded when they rode out together, it was the only reason she'd agreed to go riding with him. Now that would be fun! With a light step, she marched towards the country lane. The day was glorious, and she was going to make the most of the fresh air.

* * *

Mrs. Baudrey was up in arms. She'd already held dinner off by half an hour as Gabrielle was still not back.

"Where is she, Mr. Baudrey? I cannot hold back our supper any longer." She paced back and forth in the parlour, clutching her hanky in her hands, every now and then turning to look out of the window. "She's doing this on purpose! Whatever will Mr. Forrester think?"

"Now, now, m'dear! Don't fret so! Something reasonable may have delayed her." Mr. Baudrey tried to calm his wife, but he too was concerned that Gabrielle was noticeably absent.

The parlour door opened and Nicholas appeared. "I wondered if Miss Baudrey had made an appearance, yet?"

"No, she hasn't. Mrs. Baudrey here is starting to fret...I think I may have to send someone to find her. She does on occasion stay out until dusk, but it is unusual when she knows that we have a guest!"

Nicholas sensed devilment afoot and offered, "Would you like me to look for her? My horse is extremely quick. If you just give me some idea of where you think she might be, I'll bring her straight back."

Mr. Baudrey nodded. "Well, that's very considerate, but we don't want to put you to any inconvenience."

Nicholas gave them his most charming smile. "Think nothing of it. I'm intrigued to see where Miss Baudrey spends her time."

Mr. Baudrey pointed out of the window. "You could try one of the farther fields over yonder. Go past the orchards and follow the river. The land opens up, and she tends to wander along there."

Nicholas turned on his heel, immediately going to the stables to fetch his horse. The stable boy had him saddled in a trice, and Nicholas cantered off to find Gabrielle. He hoped she'd prepared a good excuse to explain her absence!

* * *

Gabrielle was at that very moment looking out from her vantage point on a thick branch of an old oak tree, one of her favourite viewpoints. She often climbed up there as she loved being high up. It gave her such a sense of freedom. Naturally, it was deemed extremely unladylike and if her parents found out, then she'd be denied access. But of course, she was too crafty and thus far, no one had discovered her exploits.

That was, until a certain Nicholas Forrester found her by chance. She'd been watching him from a distance as he cantered in her direction and had willed him to divert, but no, he continued until he was right beneath her tree! He surely cannot have seen her? Unless he had hawk eyes!

Gabrielle made herself as small as possible and did her best to hide amongst the mass of leaves.

"It's no good hiding. I can see you." His powerful voice called up to her.

She stayed stock-still and refused to answer him. How the hell did he know she was up here?

"I suggest you come down. Your parents are already perturbed at your absence, I'm sure you don't want to upset them further!"

Finally, realising he wasn't about to leave her be, she leaned forward and peered down at him angrily. "Go away!"

"Now that's not a nice way to address your future husband, is it?"

"I shan't marry you! I don't need to marry anyone!"

"Oh, you will! Come down now!"

"No! Go away!"

"Miss Baudrey! Get down here this instant!"

"No!"

"If you don't come down here right now, I'm going to have to come up...and if I have to come up...you'll be the one who regrets it!"

"Says who?" She couldn't resist poking her tongue out at him and throwing an acorn at his head. She knew it was childish, but he was far too arrogant and needed taking down a peg or two.

* * *

As the acorn bounced off his forehead, Nicholas decided that enough was enough. He leapt down off his horse and tied the reins to a lower branch. Gabrielle watched, wide eyed, as he nimbly climbed the tree until he was almost within her reach. She scrambled backwards and began to climb higher. Unfortunately, she hadn't anticipated how fast he would be, and his large hand quickly latched onto one of her ankles.

He growled, "Stop right there! This behaviour will stop, do you hear?"

"How dare you! Let me go!" She tried to kick him, but he simply pulled her down and sat her on the branch in front of him. Settled between his powerful thighs, Gabrielle wriggled, but he held her fast.

"You're coming down from this tree, whether you like it or not! This is no way for a lady to behave!"

"Oh, and you're acting like a gentleman, are you...manhandling me like this?"

He pursed his lips and snarled. "It seems to me, you bad tempered brat, that you should learn to curb that tongue of yours!" He held onto her waist and began to climb down the tree, and although she struggled with all her might, there was nothing she could do to break free.

"Stop struggling, otherwise we'll both fall!"

She stopped briefly, but as soon as they neared the bottom, she twisted free and kicked him straight on one shin, before turning to run away.

"Oow...why you little..."

She couldn't resist a triumphant laugh and turned to throw him a wicked look, not realising he was so close on her trail. She gave a surprised squeal and screamed as his arm closed around her waist, lifting her clean off the ground.

She pummelled his chest as he lifted her upwards, but he seemed oblivious to it. He simply marched over to a large stone and without saying a word, he sat down and turned her round so she was face down over his lap.

* * *

Realisation dawned that he was going to spank her. For a moment, she was speechless with shock, but once she felt him pull her dress up, she let him have a full tirade of abuse.

"Let me up this minute, you scoundrel...you oaf! How dare you manhandle me like this?! I shall tell my parents!"

"Oh you will, will you? Would you like me to tell them I found you up a tree?"

Smack! Smack! Smack!

"I am certain they would never allow you to put yourself in such danger!" He noted astutely.

His hand rained down full swats onto her bottom. She was thankful she still had her underthings on, but they were so thin they hardly provided any protection against his hard hand.

"Ouch! That hurts!"

He carried on regardless. "Or that you were deliberately avoiding having dinner with their guest of honour?"

She bit her lip as his hand continued to set fire to her behind. She was embarrassed and angry all at the same time. She tried struggling off his lap, but he simply clamped both her legs underneath one of his so she couldn't move at all.

He continued to berate her whilst smacking at the same time, "You owe me an apology, young lady!"

Gabrielle pursed her lips and refused to speak. If he thought she was going to say sorry then... "Aow!"

"I'm waiting!" He spanked her twice on each cheek and left his hand in place as a threat. "Say it!"

"I-I'm sorry! All right! Now, let me up!"

He pulled down her dress and pulled his hand away so she could rise. She quickly scrambled up to rub her bottom. "That was mean! You had no right to spank me! Only children get spanked...and I am *not* a child!"

"Then don't behave like one! Now, you'll ride back with me to the house, and you *will* dine with us!"

She pouted, but decided that she'd rather not argue with him any further. Perhaps avoidance would be better. Sulkily, she walked towards his horse and waited for him to help her up. His horse was huge, much bigger than her own. Grudgingly, she admired the fact that he could control such a beast...but then being a beast himself, she guessed it was easy. She watched him through lowered lashes as he untethered the horse and turned towards her. He stopped in front of her and placed his hands on her waist, easily lifting her up into the saddle. Then he mounted behind her, and together, they rode towards the house...and dinner.

* * *

During the meal, Gabrielle was quieter than usual. The ride back had been most uncomfortable; her sore bottom protesting every step the horse took. She'd moaned aloud on one occasion, only to be informed that it was her own fault. She moved a carrot around on her plate with her fork and glared at Nicholas. He was laughing at something her father had said, and it irked her. She didn't know why, it just did!

She caught her mother giving her a puzzled look, so she sent her a tight-lipped smile before taking a large gulp of her wine. She couldn't wait for the meal to end and rolled her eyes when she heard her father laugh at something Nicholas had said.

Nicholas caught her look and immediately frowned at her when she glanced at him. She threw him a defiant look, then quickly averted her eyes.

The maids came to clear away the table and then brought in dessert. It was one of Gabrielle's favourites – Strawberry Pavlova. Strawberries were plentiful this time of year and they had their own supply in the kitchen gardens at the back of the house. Gabrielle accepted a large slice and ate with relish. She licked the spoon clean and became aware that Nicholas was staring at her tongue as it swirled around the spoon. She quickly snapped her mouth shut and glowered at him.

Nicholas realised Mr. Baudrey was speaking to him. "I'm sorry, sir. I didn't hear what you said!"

Gabrielle sent him a smug look. That would teach him! Her father repeated his question, seeming not to notice the interchange between the two...or choosing not to.

"I was saying, Nicholas, that I think tomorrow morning would be an ideal time for you two to ride out together. Gabrielle can show you the estate and surrounding countryside."

"That sounds a splendid idea, sir." He turned to Gabrielle and fixed her with a stare. "Will that be convenient for you, Miss Baudrey?"

Gabrielle was just about to deny him when her mother coughed delicately into her serviette and sent her a look. She rolled her eyes and huffed slightly before replying, "Yes, that sounds...lovely!"

She glanced at Nicholas and saw the corner of his mouth twitch. He seemed to be able to see right through her! Irksome man!

They finished the meal and Nicholas retired to the drawing room with her father whilst she went upstairs to her room. Her bottom was still throbbing from his spanking earlier and she wanted to lie down. As she undressed, she walked over to the bedroom mirror and turned round to inspect her bottom. Her cheeks were both a dull red and still hot to the touch. She pursed her lips. One way or another, he was going to pay for that!