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"He was tall, well over six feet, with dark wavy hair, cerulean blue eyes, and a finely chiseled jaw dotted with faint stubble. He was ridiculously, painfully gorgeous. A rush of heat spiraled through her, and she swallowed.

His gaze swept over her from head to toe, taking in her disheveled brown hair and her navy blue maxi dress, and Fiona flushed at his appraisal. His eyes darkened with something she couldn't identify before he met her gaze again.

"Who are ye, lass?" he demanded. "A Sassenach spy? "