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Warrior in a Box

Eliza Knight

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by

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Dedication

To all my friends at Celtic Hearts who've joined me
at our virtual parties. Here's to our party favors
coming to life!

Warrior In A Box

Inverness, Scotland

Muscled calves curved into the beginnings of well-defined thighs. Just above the knee, a kilt covered what Lainie longed to see. The long sculpted legs of the highlander made her heart skip a beat. She wanted to know what was under that kilt.

Lainie imagined running her hands up the sculpted thighs to find a stiff cock waiting for her to grip then stroke it. Staring at this beautiful specimen of pure maleness conjured up feelings in her body she hadn't experienced in a long time.

Her nipples grew taut against her sweater. The tingling at the tips of her breasts thrummed through her, circling around her belly and slipping lower. It was almost like the man reached out of the painting and caressed her body, his thumb rubbing gently over her clit. Shuddering, she continued to gawk at the painting of the highland warrior at MacDuff Castle, working her way from the tips of his toes and up.

Who was he? If only she could have lived just for a day in his time. She would let him rock her world and then return home, maybe take him with her.

He wore no shirt, just a flap of tartan thrown over his shoulder. The painter had done an excellent job of capturing each and every arch of muscle.

Lainie loosened her scarf, her body warm, invisible hands still demurely stroking her insides.

Tearing her gaze from the sexy man's body, she studied his face. A startling green gaze captured hers. Lainie was amazed at how well the paint had

held up over four hundred odd years. The warrior's glance was so intense; she felt it like a caress on her senses. His chiseled features were framed by wavy dark brown locks. His nose straight and sure like an arrow leading to the most sensuous mouth she'd ever seen. The curve of his wide, full lips made her shudder. Whoever he was, he'd surely made many women purr with his wicked smile.

She licked her lips and turned away.

"Now let's head down the stairs. I will show ye where the warriors slept and where they kept their prisoners," the tour guide spoke with a thick Scottish burr as she wiggled her eyebrows, causing a few of the guests to chuckle.

Lainie followed the rest of the crowd down the narrow winding stone staircase, trying to ignore the pulsing heat within her and the pooling of liquid between her thighs. She waved the pamphlet containing facts about Clan MacDuff, to cool her over-heated skin.

The vision of the stunning warrior still lingered in her mind. How on earth could a painting turn her on? Maybe she should feel ashamed but she didn't. The warrior was hot and he reached a part of Lainie that had never truly been tapped. A need to just let go.

She bit her lip as they entered a square room. Ancient weapons covered the walls and a few straw mats littered the floor.

"This is where our mighty highland warriors would have slept, lined up along the floor with straw mats. And this here is..." Lainie tuned out the tour guide as she described the various weapons that hung on the wall.

Her mind took her back in time, and she imagined herself laying on one of the straw mats, a muscular warrior on top of her. His thick burr tickled her ear as he whispered sinful treats and

nipped at her skin.

Oh, Lord. How was she to do an article about traveling to the Scottish Highlands, if all she could think of was sex?

“Now if ye follow me, I will take ye out of the castle and ye may at yer leisure peruse the grounds. We have many cottages and little shops to visit. They are teeming with life and ye will be able to see how Clan MacDuff truly lived.”

Lainie followed the group out of the castle, buttoning her jacket and wrapping her scarf around her neck as she meandered down a path. The air was crisp and cool. Not too cold, just perfect, refreshing. She breathed in the heady scent of burning peat, which grew stronger in the air as she passed by each building. Somehow, she felt more at home, more peaceful.

She was descended from the Clan MacRae, which bordered the north side of MacDuff. What would it have been like to live back in the days of her clan? Nearly four hundred years had gone by since anyone in her family had been a MacRae.

From what her father told her, some four centuries ago a MacRae woman eloped with a Shaw in the lowlands. Was life in the clan so terrible she felt the need to escape?

“Might I interest ye in me wares?” The elderly woman’s words jarred Lainie from her thoughts. The woman’s arms were spread and she gave a low bow. Her curly, gray hair tinted with red fell down her back, her eyes dark and mysterious.

“Why yes...What have you got?” Lainie liked the idea of playing along.

“Come and ye shall see. There’s many a good trinket fer such a lovely lass.”

Gooseflesh rose on Lainie’s skin. There was something about this woman that gave her the creeps. The air around her suddenly seemed to turn

almost ominous.

Lainie studied the peddler for a moment before entering the cottage. The woman was old and reminded her of what a medicine woman would have looked like, or a palm reader. Surely, she was harmless. Probably just a really great reenactor.

The cottage's interior was small, lit by a peat fire and candles. Lainie loosened her scarf a little as warmth flowed over her. The small windows didn't allow much sun to filter through, and it took a second for her eyes to adjust to the dim light.

Set out on table after table, were little artifacts. Some most assuredly were antique while others were newly handmade. Lainie let her fingers glide across a few until she stopped on an intricately carved chest about the size of a small jewelry box. Its wood shone a deep mahogany. Carved on top of the lid was an ancient Celtic symbol. The same patterns and designs wound around the bottom.

"This is beautiful," she muttered.

What a great keepsake. Placed on her dresser, she could look at it every morning when she awoke. Remember the enchanting sites, scents and memories of her time in Scotland. Maybe escape back to this blissful country for just a moment.

"'Tis a special box." The woman stared intently at Lainie. "Meant fer someone truly extraordinary."

Was she trying to say Lainie didn't deserve such a treasure?

"I see." She couldn't help the small bite her tone inflected.

She turned to leave. There would most probably be another little shop with a similar box.

"My dear, 'tis perfect fer ye."

Lainie's gaze shot up, and she stared at the woman who gaped at her in awe.

"One must be careful with such a precious item." The old woman's gaze flickered to the box.

"It's an antique?"

"Aye, nearly four hundred years old. Carved by the MacDuff himself."

"The MacDuff?" Could it be the same man in the painting? Her heartbeat quickened its pace.

"Laird MacDuff. The box has been in me family fer many generations."

"Oh, then, I couldn't buy it from you. You must keep such a treasured item." Disappointment washed over Lainie. The box was probably only on display, not actually for sale.

"Nay lass, there is notta one left of us. I can see in yer eyes ye would take care of the precious antique, just as carefully as I have."

Lainie contemplated the offer. She really did want the box. Not only was it beautiful, but if what the woman said was true, it would be amazing to have such an artifact. She was drawn to the box, her need to have it almost overpowering. Perhaps desire to possess it had something to do with the intense feelings the image of Laird MacDuff evoked in her...

"Yes, okay. I'll take it."

A wide smile crossed the woman's face, and Lainie couldn't help but return the gesture. Why was the woman so excited for her to buy the little box?

The woman ran behind one of her tables and sifted through another box. She drew out an old key with the same symbol as the one on top of the box.

"This key will open the box fer ye. Be careful of what's inside. Only open the box when yer ready...and alone."

Lainie raised an eyebrow and couldn't help but smirk a bit. The woman truly did put on a good show.

"I'll be careful."

"We often cherish what we keep locked away. Ye can take it out whenever ye please, fer yer own pleasure."

“Yes, thank you.”

What a strange woman. The lady really did take pride in her work. Lainie smiled, tucking the box into her bag. She made it seem as though the antique possessed special powers. She shook her head, reminding herself it was only a box.

As Lainie was leaving the store, the woman called after her.

“When what’s inside must go and hide, tap it thrice and wave goodbye.”

“A riddle?”

“Aye, I suppose, ‘tis passed down from generation to generation to whoever is in possession of the box. Although no one I ken has been able to solve the riddle. Maybe yer the one.” The old woman winked.

Despite her odd demeanor, Lainie wanted to run all the way back to the cottage she’d rented on MacDuff land. She wanted to know what was inside. The superstitious part of her warned to heed the woman’s advice.

She laughed at herself. What in the world could be inside such a tiny box anyway?

The mood was set.

Lainie basked in the sounds from the crackling fire and warmth her glass of Merlot afforded her.

Now early evening, she had yet to open the box and instead spent the afternoon working on her article. Her body still tingled from the bubbling bath she’d taken, and she felt wicked wearing nothing but her silky robe and slippers. She was snuggled up on the comfy couch in the little den of the cottage.

Lainie was glad she’d declined the offers from her sisters to come with her. She loved them dearly but needed the time away from her meddling family. They’d been disappointed, but she’d been able to put them off with the amount of work she would be

doing. All work and no play had been her explanation.

Taking a sip of the deep purple liquid, she clutched the antique key in her other hand. She would be sorely disappointed if she opened the box and there was nothing inside. Shaking her head, Lainie set down her glass of wine and reached for the box.

The wood a cool relief against her burning fingers, Lainie slipped the key into the lock and turned. The clicking of the lock didn't sound too mysterious. Slowly she opened the box and waited.

Nothing happened. Not even a gentle breeze to allude to anything paranormal.

"Silly old woman," Lainie murmured with a grin. The peddler was certainly good at her job. She bet the old lady sold a million boxes like this one every year with her stories.

Inside the box lay a plaid cloth, its pattern looked familiar to Lainie. Her eyes widened as she remembered seeing the same print when she'd toured MacRae Castle a few days before.

At least the woman had spent time enough to put a real plaid in the box, but why a MacRae plaid? She could have at least gotten her details right.

Lainie lifted the plaid out, feeling something hard wrapped within it. She carefully unfolded the cloth. A brooch nestled in its folds. She set the box down alongside the plaid and studied the piece. Made of some sort of metal, its design of Celtic knots was dirty. She wanted to see its beauty.

Lainie walked to the kitchen, grabbed a wet cloth, and then returned to her spot on the couch. She gently wiped away the dirt and grime. The shimmering of silver began to shine. She rubbed her thumb along the twisting smoothness, admiring the ancient design.

SWISH!

What the hell? A sharp breeze blew past her.

The brooch no longer rested in her hand. Where had it gone? Had she drunk so much wine she didn't remember dropping it?

Laird Donell MacDuff stared at the vixen crawling about on the floor wearing nothing but a slip of fabric. His mouth hung open, his eyes wide. He must have fallen asleep quicker than he realized, but that was quite all right. Watching this little minx was making for a heavenly dream. He grunted as the slip of fabric opened a bit and the slope of a creamy white breast peeped through.

The woman in his dream looked up, her eyes sparkling green, and screamed like a fishwife.

"Dinnae be afraid, lass." He walked to her and extended his hands.

She looked at him skeptically but still took the hands he offered. Her own were soft and feminine. He liked this dream. All the women in his world had rough callused hands.

"Who...who are you?" she asked timidly, biting a plump red lip. Her skin glowed, and her fine flaxen hair waved about her face.

He held her at arm's length enjoying the curves pressing against the fabric of her covering.

"Ye ken who I am," he said gruffly drawing her to his body. She smelled so sweet, like roses and wine. He wanted to take a sip of her, taste her.

"I do?" Her voice was feminine, with a strange accent but oh-so-sensual. He could see her nipples pebble through the silk as he rubbed her palms with his thumbs.

"Aye, ye are here in me dream, ye must ken."

A light twinkled in her eye at his words and her comprehension of them.

"A dream. Yes."

"Come to me, let me taste ye," he whispered,

luring her closer.

Her body molded with his. The sinful wrap she wore allowed him to feel each and every curve even with his body clothed. He must have forgotten to undress prior to falling asleep.

Donell leaned down and tasted the exquisite mouth of this fairy. She tasted just as sweet as he imagined. With a growl he pressed his mouth to hers again, allowing his tongue to slip between two plump lips and into warm wet velvet. She tasted sweeter inside than out. His body reacted violently to the lushness of the kiss and the sensations of her body rubbing against his.

He thanked the saints above he'd fallen asleep, for he was certainly going to enjoy this dream.

Lainie sucked on the tongue twirling in her mouth. Her hands ran up and down the length of the warm muscular back and then lower, gripping the taut round buttocks covered by rough plaid. This fantasy was so real. The man in the painting, the one she couldn't stop thinking about, had come to life in her dreams. She would have to buy more Merlot, and drink some each night.

The taste of the god in her arms was intoxicating, spicy, sweet, and pure maleness. She breathed in his masculine scent as she tasted him. Her eyes closed in ecstasy, she moaned into his mouth. His hands were everywhere, massaging her back, her buttocks, and her arms. His fingers tickled their way up her sides, across her belly, gooseflesh following every path his fingers crossed. He tugged on the tie holding her robe in place and let it slip open.

Every fiber in her body was on fire, begging for more of his touch. She couldn't remember the last time passion enveloped her with such intensity. The ache in her cherry, the need to be satisfied, was

overwhelming. Was her mind and body telling her she needed to find a man? So much so, that now she was having this realistic seduction from a man in a painting?

His mouth never left hers, the kiss only deepened with more fervor as he slipped her silky robe from her body, letting it drop in a pool at her feet. Her body quivered with anticipation.

The man hauled Lainie tightly against him, and she jumped at the feel of her bare breasts on the hot skin of his chest. His chest hair tickled her nipples, and they hardened, sending spirals of ecstasy shivering through her. His rough hands slid around her waist and up her stomach gripping the undersides of her breasts. He lifted them as if measuring their weight, and then his thumbs, gentle as a breeze, rubbed over the pebbled peaks. She would not have thought a man of his size could be so gentle. But this was a dream, wasn't it? And dreams were always the way you wanted them to be.

If this is what her sub-conscience desired, than she was more than willing to give in.

Her senses swirled, her nerves bundles of firing pleasure. Lainie moaned, her knees buckling. The man wrapped his arms around her waist and kissed his way down her neck and shoulders to her breasts. He kissed them softly, his tongue grazing her skin. His breath caressed her nipples until he finally took one inside his mouth. The feel of his mouth on her skin sent shockwaves from her breasts to the very core of her. Her pussy twitched and pulsed, begging for attention. The slickness of her folds, were hot and ready for him. He held her hips as he kissed a path to her belly, his tongue circling her navel. Her knees quaked, and Lainie didn't think she'd be able to stand. She bit her lip, moaning.

Her head fell back and an animalistic moan burst from her lips as his hot tongue propelled into

the folds of her pussy. She gripped the back of his head as waves of pleasure coursed through her. His tongue was like magic heat as it flicked and stroked her nub and then plunged into her wet slit. His hands gripped her hips and buttocks, massaging them, drawing her further into his mouth.

Lainie slipped her hands through his dark wavy hair, caressing its thickness and then down to his shoulders, where his muscles rippled beneath her fingertips. The white-hot pleasure of his mouth devoured her, driving her to the edge. No man had ever been able to arouse such pleasure in her with his mouth. Of course, her dream man would be amazing...

"Ye taste like heaven," he groaned into her flesh.

The sound of his burr was like liquid butter rolling off her clit. Pulsing electricity shot through her bones. Her knees buckled, she gripped his shoulders tight, her nails finding anchor. She moaned again with the force of her orgasm rocking her entire body. Her hands slid up his neck, gripping his head against her until the waves subsided.

The sexy warrior languidly kissed his way up her body to her neck before crushing her lips with his. Her musky scent enveloped her as he thrust his tongue into her mouth. She kissed him fiercely back, not able to get enough of this sexy man.

He dragged his mouth roughly from hers, his mossy green orbs burned with passion as he gazed intently at her.

"Yer name," he demanded.

"Lainie," she choked, the desire coursing through her, stealing her breath.

"Lainie, call me Donell."

"Donell," she whispered, as he kissed her from her neck to her collarbone. His velvety tongue like heaven on her skin, her body throbbed for more. She wanted to feel him inside her, thrusting, pulsing. "I

want you, Donell.”

He turned her around, rubbing his thick thighs and rock solid cock against her. The feel of his erection through the kilt as he massaged himself against her buttocks sent a chill racing through her veins.

“Yer so hot,” he whispered as his tongue flicked her ear lobe. His fingers traced her hips, the curve of her buttocks, and then slipped into her still pulsing pussy. “So wet...”

She leaned back, wanting to take more of him in. His fingers slid in and out.

“Say ye want me again,” he commanded against the skin of her back as he nuzzled her.

“Please, Donell. Come to me.”

He slipped his fingers seductively from her, and she bit her lip, wanting him to ram into her again. Then she felt him, hot and naked on her behind as he rubbed his solid cock against her buttocks.

“Lainie,” he moaned.

He slipped the tip of his shaft into her and stopped. She sucked in her breath. He held her hips steady when she tried to roll them back to take him in further. He sucked the side of her neck.

“Slowly, love.” The softness of his breath sent tingles up and down her spine.

Donell plunged into her, filling her. Again he stopped.

“That feels so good,” she moaned, throwing her head back. His hand gripped her hair, while the other slid down her abdomen to massage the hard nub begging for his touch.

“So hot, so tight,” Donell growled.

He withdrew teasingly; she could feel each and every ridge of his cock slide out and again as he thrust back in. Heat pulsed through her clit with each tender stroke of his cock, and the mounting pressure from his fingers.

Lainie covered his hands with hers, the feel of his body so real. He moaned in her ear as he picked up the pace, drawing out inch by delicious inch and thrusting back inside her. She rolled her hips, squeezing her buttocks tight as he continued to drive deep and hard into her aching center. Donell stilled and then withdrew from Lainie, turning her towards him.

Lainie lifted the corner of her mouth in a teasing smile. Gripping his hand in hers, she led him to the bedroom.

She walked backwards, never taking her gaze from his burning regard as she slid onto the bed and crooked her finger.

Donell crawled up the length of her body, rubbing every inch of his hot skin on hers. His devastatingly handsome face loomed above her as he bent to kiss her softly, languidly, as if he would simply kiss her all night. His thick hair tickled her breasts as she arched her back.

Lainie couldn't wait any longer to feel him inside of her again. She prayed she wouldn't wake before their mind-blowing sex was over. She spread her legs wide and wrapped them around his hips.

"I want ye so bad," Donell growled, gripping her buttocks and teasing her clit with the tip of his shaft.

Lainie gripped his hips, her hands sliding to the hard muscles of his ass, and tugged him tightly against her. A loud moan escaped her lips as he thrust hard into her. Their bodies bucked in lustful unison. The long thick length of him filled her completely.

Lainie gripped his buttocks, squeezing as his muscles flexed with each pump of his hips. She slid her hands up and down his back, sucking on the side of his neck, as his moans and grunts against her ear sent her spiraling. She flicked her tongue across the

lobe of his ear, and was rewarded when his mouth once again took possession of hers. His tongue delved inside, mimicking the actions of his hardness.

The pulsing heat intensified. She spread her legs wider, taking him in deeper. Lainie's body stiffened and shook as she exploded into a million tiny pieces, screaming beneath him. Never in her life had she come as violently as she did in this magical dream.

"Don't stop, I don't want this to end..." she begged.

The musky scent of sex permeated the air. Lainie moaned and rolled over, clutching the pillow beside her.

Her eyes popped open and she sat straight up in bed. Her bedroom *did* smell like sex! She lifted the covers from her body.

She was naked.

Her gaze darted about the room. Emptiness greeted her.

She sighed loudly and covered her erratically beating heart with her hand. It was all a dream. She must have really been into her fantasy. Lainie couldn't remember a time she'd had such a vivid sex dream. She couldn't recall her dreams ever being so real that she'd touched herself in her sleep either. That was the only explanation for the heady odor. She lay back down on the pillow and smiled.

Ah, Donell. He was even better looking in person than in the painting. She wished more than anything the man was real, or at least alive during her time. The tingling in her pussy came to life just thinking about her torrid encounter.

The door to her bedroom burst open, and a half naked Donell stood there, his eyes wide, his mouth agape.

"Holy shit!" Lainie shrieked.

“Tis nae dream,” he declared.

“Apparently not.” She didn’t know what else to say. It was no fantasy. She was definitely awake, and Donell stood right in front of her. Her head whirled, and her throat was suddenly very dry. She clutched the sheet to her breasts. What the hell was going on?

“This is me land. The castle atop the hill is me castle, yet everything is so different,” he exclaimed, his voice rapid, his hands moving violently through the air.

“What?” Her mind couldn’t grip reality. What was he trying to say?

“Lainie, where am I?”

“We’re on MacDuff land. This is the cottage I rented.” Did this guy need help or what? She must have drunk a lot not to notice a strange Highlander had broken into her cottage.

“This cannae be! ‘Tis a nightmare I cannae wake from. What magic is this?”

“Magic?” Lainie crinkled her nose.

“What have ye done?” He glared at her, his chest puffing out. He really looked angry, and a chill not as pleasurable as the ones from the night before spread through her.

Then it dawned on Lainie. The box!

Could it be she’d called him from the past when she opened the box?

She got out of the bed and walked to Donell, wrapping the sheet snugly around her body. She put her hand on his warm arm and looked into his eyes.

He gazed at her a moment, the anger in his expression dissipating and replaced with a devilish glint. The corners of his full lips lifted in a wicked grin and he winked seductively. “I’ve already seen yer naughty bits, quite a bit actually. No need to cover up.”

She rolled her eyes, despite the hot flush flowing through her body. "Donell this is serious."

"I ken, I'm sorry." He didn't look sorry as his gaze raked over her body. The familiar tingling started again, but she shoved it from her mind. They had to figure this out.

"What year is it?"

He looked at her, bewildered. "It is the year of our Lord, 1647, of course."

She looked down briefly, biting her lip.

"No, Donell, it is 2008."

His eyes grew wide and his body swayed a moment. "Ye jest with me."

Lainie shook her head, the urge to draw him into her arms to comfort him overwhelming, but he shifted from her as she raised her hand to caress him.

"I must sit down." He sank onto the edge of the bed and let his head drop into his hands. "How did this happen?" His voice sounded desolate.

"I'm not sure, but I think it may be my fault. Wait one moment." She rushed from the room and brought back the box.

"Donell, I bought this box yesterday and last night I opened it." She handed it to him. Their fingers touching sent a spiral of enticing memories through her.

"This is mine." He opened the box and withdrew the plaid. "This is not me plaid, this is MacRae's colors." He looked puzzled a moment.

Lainie nodded, not sure what to say.

"How did ye get this?" His gaze was accusing.

"I bought it from an old woman who was selling antiques."

But he was no longer looking at her. His face cloudy, his gaze narrowed, lips thin.

"MacRae! That bastard. I will kill him," he spoke through gritted teeth. The muscle in his jaw ticked

vigorously. "He has done this to me out of revenge. He believes I kidnapped his daughter. He will pay fer this."

"Kidnapped his daughter?"

"Aye, the little brat. Me men tell me she eloped with a Lowlander. Now her father aims to pin it on me. I must go back."

Lainie's eyes fairly bulged from their sockets. Her great ancestor had blamed his daughter's disappearance on Donell?

"Lainie, I have to go back. Send me back." He looked panic stricken.

Lainie gulped. What was she to do? "I don't know how."

"What? Ye must." His panic was replaced by anger as he shot her a look that took back all the warm fuzzy feelings that permeated her being the night before.

She took a step back, pondering their situation. There must be something.

"Donell, maybe you were sent here for a reason. Maybe you must complete that first and then you will go back." She sat down next to him. "I did not call you here, you simply appeared. Perhaps *it is* fate."

He stared at her a moment. "I cannae fathom why."

"Perhaps we should wait to see."

WHIZ!

"What in bloody hell was that?" The look on Donell's face was priceless and Lainie couldn't help laughing.

"It was a car. Instead of riding horses and in carriages, we have cars."

"Good God, the contraption nearly killed me."

Lainie didn't think she'd ever seen a man jump as high as Donell when the little Euro car flew by.

"They can be dangerous." She wiped at the tears collecting in her eyes.

Donell gave her a sideways glance, the corners of his lips turned upward.

"These don't feel right. They are clutchin' on me man goods," Donell said with a wink, fiddling with his pants.

Indeed, they were clutching his man goods. Lainie's nipples pebbled and the heat between her legs moistened just from looking at the massive bulge in his jeans.

"That's the way of things here. You will blend right in."

He raised his eyebrow and this time she winked.

After getting over their initial shock and Donell's anger, they'd spent the morning leisurely making love and eating breakfast. The time passed by in the blink of an eye, and still they had no idea why he was here. Lainie had gone out and bought him some modern clothes, jeans and a sweater. He looked like a model who'd hopped out of the pages of a magazine, only sexier and much more muscular.

As much as she loved the idea of staying inside and having sex for the rest of eternity, they needed some fresh air.

"Do ye think they'll recognize me?" Donell pointed to MacDuff castle.

Their footsteps crunched as they walked up the gravel path to the massive structure.

"No, they wouldn't believe you were him even if it crossed their minds." Lainie felt sure even if he were dressed in a kilt no one would think him Donell, Laird of MacDuff, come to the future.

"Perhaps I should give the tour," he chuckled. His soft burr caressed her soul. Even when she no longer had him, she would never be able to forget the way he said her name, or whispered sexy things in her ears.

Lainie laughed, imagining Donell as a tour guide. "You know that's not a bad idea."

Donell stopped in the middle of the path, his brows furrowed a bit, and his lips pursed as if he were pondering something.

"What is it?" She couldn't make out what he was feeling from his expression.

"Come, I want to show ye somethin'." He winked, a devilish grin covering his face.

Enticed by those wicked green eyes, she would always be willing to do as he asked. Anything he wanted to show her, she was more than happy to see.

Donell clasped her hand in his. His grip, strong, sure, and utterly devastating. She imagined where his hands had been only an hour before... He led her into the woods, and they walked briskly until they arrived in a clearing. He looked around for a moment as if trying to remember where he was and then continued on.

The smile on his face broadened as they approached an entrance to a cave.

"This, me beautiful vixen, is what I wanted to show ye." His eyes twinkled with delight and he exuded enthusiasm. Lainie couldn't help but be excited with him.

"A cave? You've been here before?" How remarkable... Nearly four hundred years later he could still locate it. She supposed earth didn't shift much, but the grounds must have changed quite a bit.

"Not only have I been here, I ken all the tunnels. I am sure nae a body has found me secret place in all these years. Come now."

Lainie followed him into the dark cavern. The light from outside barely made a dent in the gloom. The scent of the cave was musty and wet, and the temperature inside remarkably warmer than

outside. Looking around, she noticed the light inside grow brighter.

“Almost there,” he reassured her, seeming to sense her hesitancy.

She didn’t know why she trusted this stranger so much. Although after last night and this morning, he wasn’t really a stranger anymore... What hold did he have on her? She was utterly intoxicated by him. Was it because he originated from a time that held so much fancy for her? In reality, life was more brutal in his time than romantic, but he was so different she couldn’t fathom it any other way.

“Here.” He stopped, his hand squeezing hers gently.

Sun beat down on them now from an opening in the roof. Steam spiraled up from a pool of clear water in the center of the cave.

The sparkling liquid was truly a magical sight, setting an air of enchantment.

“A spring,” she breathed. The cave and waters didn’t look like they’d been touched for hundreds of years, just as he’d predicted.

“Aye, ‘tis me spring. Nobody but I ken of it. I would come here to think.” He looked away from her. “Perhaps coming to a place so important to me, will help me return to me people.”

“Yes.” Lainie hid the disappointment from her voice. She was in such a romantic spot with the sexiest man she’d ever known. She wasn’t going to ruin the moment with ruminations of him leaving.

Donell sauntered up behind her, placing his strong hands on her shoulders, kneading the knotted muscles. He placed a tender kiss on the side of her neck.

“Should I return, I want to have a place I can go to remember ye.”

“Mmm...” She couldn’t speak. His hands traversed from her shoulders to caress her breasts,

tweaking her nipples.

"I want to see ye when I come here." His voice was soft, full of desire.

Donell turned her towards him. His thumbs caressed her cheekbones, her lips. Lainie opened her mouth and tasted the tip of his finger. He closed his eyes and sucked in his breath. She sucked his finger into her mouth, her tongue swirling around the tip.

"I want to relive me time with ye, every moment." His voice was husky, the sound vibrating her body. "Starting now."

He slid his finger from her mouth, replacing it with his lips. He kissed her deeply, their heads dipping from side to side as they consumed each other. The clean scent of him was everywhere. She breathed him in. Her hands ran through his hair, over his back, as her mouth tasted the raw essence that made up Donell. Just from knowing him less than twenty-four hours, she wondered why she'd kept such a solitary life.

"I want to see you, all of you," Lainie whispered, stepping away. She undid the top button of his jeans as Donell tugged the sweater from his chest.

"I want to show ye," he breathed back.

He unzipped his jeans and Lainie shook her head. "Let me."

She slipped her hand through the opening and moaned at the feel of the long thick cock begging to be let free. The warm length pulsed in her hand as she let her thumb brush from the mushroom tip then down the ridge of the shaft.

Donell growled.

She slipped both her hands onto his hips and slid his pants down to his ankles. Trapped now, he couldn't escape with his pants holding him hostage. She ran her fingertips along his thighs as she'd imagined doing while standing in front of his portrait. Corded with muscle, they were covered in

soft curly hair. He must get plenty of sun with no clothes on. Not a single tan line marred his skin. Boy would she like to be the lucky lady who stumbled on such a sight. She ran her fingers up to where they met in a tangle of dark curly hair, large succulent balls and a cock begging to be tasted.

And taste it she did. Leaning in, she flicked her tongue over the tip, laughing sultrily when he took in a ragged breath.

“Oh, Lainie.” His hands ran through her hair, gripping it tight.

His moans were all the encouragement she needed. Her tongue flicked around the tip, and then she sucked wet kisses down the length of his cock, teasing him. Lainie breathed hotly on the tip, smiling at his loud moans. Finally, she ended his torment and placed her lips around the head, sucking slowly. He tasted so good and smelled even better. Clean male scent. Sweet and salty taste. She moaned as she took him deeper into her mouth and then withdrew at a titillating pace. He bucked against her, but she held his hips in place.

“Oh, God,” he moaned, his hands tugging on her hair.

Lainie teased him again with her tongue, flicking once more along the tip.

“Please, Lainie...” Donell moaned.

Her body pulsed and hummed with his begging. She took a little more of him in and then let him slide back out. Gripping his length with her hand, she stroked him as her mouth bobbed up and down, her pace increasing a little. Her other hand cupped his balls, massaging them.

Lainie didn't think it was possible for him to grow thicker, but he did. The silky skin pulsed in her grip.

“Stop, no dinnae stop,” Donell moaned. His hips thrust forward, and then he dragged himself from

her mouth.

She looked up. His green eyes were cloudy, heavily lidded. Her pussy quivered from his gaze, knowing she'd been the one to turn him on. She smiled devilishly and licked her lips. He hauled her up roughly and placed his lips on hers. The kiss wasn't tender, but rough, demanding. Showing her just how much he wanted her, how much she aroused him.

As he assaulted her with his mouth, his hands disrobed her, tossing her clothes to the side. For being a man of a different century, Donell had no problem removing modern clothing. She laughed low in her throat at his urgency.

"Ye tease me, little minx." He nibbled on her lips, lifting her in the air. She wrapped her legs around his hips, her arms around his neck, and let him take her to the edge of the spring. "Care to take a dip?"

"Mmm..." Her head fell back as he lowered his head to her breasts, flicking his tongue against one nipple and then the other.

They slipped into the pool. The warm liquid against her skin only heightened the sensuality and pleasure Lainie was experiencing.

"Donell, this is pure heaven." She sucked on his lower lip as she rubbed her pelvis against his.

"Nay, *this* is pure heaven," he whispered as he shifted their hips and thrust into her. Lainie gripped his shoulders, her nails digging in, massaging the taut muscles.

"Oh, yes." She wrapped her legs tighter around his waist and reveled in the sinewy muscle that rubbed against her vulva.

Their bodies molded perfectly to one another as she gyrated her hips with Donell's rhythmic motions. Being in his arms was exquisite bliss. Lainie was sure no other man could make her body purr the

way he could.

Their pace quickened. Her body sang from every pore as Donell once again propelled her to crescendo.

“Donell!” His lips captured her moan as lightning ripped through both of their bodies.

As the electric shock of their orgasms subsided, their kiss became more tender. Lainie sat back and looked deep into Donell’s eyes.

“I don’t want to live without you in my life. This has all been better than a dream,” she whispered.

“Aye, sweetness. ‘Twould be a nightmare, that.”

The storm beating the earth outside the cottage was ominous to Lainie, like a sign her days with Donell were numbered. They’d spent the last week in glorious ecstasy.

“Here ye are.” His sexy smile played her nerves like a kiss as he handed her a glass of wine.

She swirled the liquid in her glass and then took a small sip. The tangy ambrosia warmed her throat and belly.

“Thank you, Don.”

He looked at her seriously, his gaze narrowing. “What is it?”

“We need to talk.” She paused taking a deep breath. “We need to talk about us, what we’re going to do.”

“Aye, I ken. I hoped we wouldna have to.” His hand cupped her face, and he kissed her softly on the lips.

“Do you have a family missing you?” She hadn’t asked before, hoping, no *praying*, he didn’t have a wife in 1647.

“I have me clan and me brother.” His face turned sullen. “Me betrothed died three years ago of fever and I have no children.”

“Oh, Don I am so sorry.”

“Dinnae worry Lainie, lass.” He stroked her

cheek. "Ours wasn't a match of deep love, but one of duty."

"How come you haven't married since?"

"There has been much going on with me clan. Warring with the MacRae's takes a lot of energy. I dinnae have the time to find another wife."

Lainie set her wine glass down and snuggled closer to him. Being in his arms was so comfortable, she wished he could stay here with her... but she was also aware that any sort of relationship would impede her career plans. She frowned to herself. She was such a work-a-holic.

"Do ye have a family?" She could sense the tension in his voice, knew he must have feared the answer as much as she had feared his.

"Just my sisters and my parents."

"Why aren't ye married?"

"I work a lot and with my work I travel all the time. I've never wanted to put a man through that. It would be too hard. Unless of course the man had enough money to live off of, and he didn't have to work, then he could just come along with me," she said jokingly.

"Hmm...yer customs be much different than ours. 'Tis verra strange to me, that ye work and travel on yer own." His fingers lightly stroked her back. Lainie shuddered at the sensitive feelings his touch elicited.

"Yes, our times are much different."

"Lainie, ye ken I cannae stay." His fingers massaged little circles in the small of her back, as his lips tenderly kissed her cheeks and then her neck. Gooseflesh covered her skin, and her nipples hardened against the fabric of her shirt.

"I know." She closed her eyes, letting her body sink into the pleasures he opened for her. Suddenly a thought popped into her mind. "The lady I bought the box from told me a riddle when I left, but I didn't

understand," she whispered.

Why hadn't she recalled the woman's words before now? Lainie felt like an idiot, she was sure this was what they'd been looking for. Perhaps part of her subconsciously needed this time with Donell.

"What was it?" He nuzzled her ear, nibbling a lobe.

"When what's inside must go and hide, tap it thrice and wave goodbye." She tilted her head to give him better access.

"What does it mean?"

"I don't know." Lainie shifted so she leaned against him, chest to chest. She kissed his collarbone, smiling when he inhaled sharply.

Donell tipped her chin up, brushing his mouth against hers. She let her tongue tease his lips, tasting the wine he'd sipped. The wind howled outside. The fire inside flickered and crackled. Her body thrummed from his ministrations. Donell captured her tongue lightly with his teeth, sucking it into his mouth. They kissed leisurely, just tasting and feeling each other. When they parted both were panting, their eyes heavily lidded. Their passion strong, and when they drank from the wine that was each other, it intoxicated them both.

Lainie wanted so badly to make love to Donell, but she knew they needed to figure this out. Putting off the inevitable would only make the heartache stronger. Donell must have sensed her thoughts as his gaze lingered on hers, his own pain reflected in his eyes.

"What were ye doin' when I appeared?" Donell asked.

Lainie racked her brain, which was still like jelly from his touch. She remembered sipping her wine and then opening the box. "I was cleaning your brooch. Then I must have dropped it. I was looking for it... and then you were there."

“Me brooch? Perhaps it is the brooch ye must tap thrice.”

Lainie’s stomach turned into a knot of fire. She wasn’t ready for him to leave. She wasn’t ready for their tryst to end. At some point, it would have to, but she wasn’t ready yet.

Her eyes brimmed with tears. “Donell, I—”

“Hush love, I ken.” He tugged her to him, laying her head upon his chest and stroking her hair.

This couldn’t last forever. Lainie had a life in this time, and he had a life in the past. She would also be leaving Scotland in a week. Donell was a laird. He needed to look after his people. Hundreds of people looked to him for guidance, protection.

“I must return, Lainie.” He kissed her forehead, his lips lingering tenderly. “But ‘tis possible we could meet again.”

She leaned back from him, taking in his expression. Meet again?

“What do you mean?”

“If ye could call me forth once, couldn’t ye do it again?”

Lainie’s eyes widened. His words lured a memory from deep within her mind... more strange words from the woman in the shop.

“The shopkeeper did say what was in the box, I could take out for my pleasure whenever I desired,” her voice trailed off. Could it really be true? Her heart quickened just thinking about being able to bring Donell back again and again. To make love to him whenever she wanted. This was more like a dream than reality.

“Ah, and do ye desire me?” His hand slid from around her back, over her stomach, and then lower, as he cupped her sex. She wished she were naked, so he could slip his fingers inside.

“Yes,” she moaned, moving her hips against his hand.

"Then we shall be able to live in passionate harmony fer as long as we like." He flicked open the button on her pants. "Ye in yer time and I in mine."

Slowly he unzipped her jeans. "We shall meet fer pleasures of the skin." His fingers slipped inside, into her panties, and then were on her, rubbing her clit, stroking.

"And meet often I hope." His lips captured hers, his tongue thrusting inside as his fingers pumped into her pussy.

She arched against him, moaning as the sweet pleasure built within her.

"Mmm..."

Her warrior in a box. Pleasures would abound for years to come.

December, 2008

Maryland

Snow fell in large white clumps, covering the trees and ground surrounding Lainie's house. A month had gone by since she'd sent Donell back to his time. She'd thrown herself into her work, but now she was on her Christmas vacation. She was starting to feel lonely.

The time he'd been gone certainly flew by. Time always did when she was busy. Her hectic schedule was part of the reason why she couldn't focus on a relationship. But then again, she'd never met a man like Donell. For him, she would make the time. She wanted someone other than her family and friends to be proud of her. She wanted a man. She wanted Donell. Even though her article on Inverness, Scotland had only been published a couple of weeks ago, she'd gotten rave reviews and several new jobs from it. She'd even been nominated for an award.

The report was her best piece of writing yet, and she owed it all to Donell. He inspired her, elicited a

more creative side she hadn't known she possessed. People commented about how magical she'd made Scotland appear. She was excited for 2009, which so far looked like she would be traveling the world more often than she would be at home. Still, somehow, with all the excitement of her career blooming, she felt empty inside.

Lainie sipped on her wine, staring absently at the movie she'd been trying to watch. Above the television on a wall shelf sat the beautiful Scottish box.

Donell's box.

Her gaze kept drifting from the movie to the box. Wouldn't it be lovely to have Donell with her for Christmas, maybe longer? She told him she would call him to her once a month. Maybe now was the time.

Taking a large gulp of her wine, she stood to get the box. She stroked its silky smoothness, which could only come to wood that had been lovingly cared for over centuries of time.

The box was warm, and she smiled at the memory of Donell's warmth. Butterflies fluttered in her stomach and her hands moistened. She was jittery and nervous. What if it didn't work? What if he'd been harmed in his time? He'd said they were warring with the MacRaes... What if the final moments they'd spent together were truly their last? Sucking in her breath, she set the box down. She didn't want to call him until she was fully prepared.

Lainie fetched another glass, refilling hers and the new one with wine. She set the glasses and the bottle on the coffee table. Then she lit her fireplace and turned off the movie. Looking around, she noted her house was as neat as anyone's could be. The house looked perfect. Did she?

She laughed out loud remembering how much he liked her naked beneath her silk robe and ran up

the stairs to wash up and change. When she returned to the living room, it occurred to her this was the first time Donell would see her home. How odd, since she felt like she'd known him for years.

Feeling completely ready and comfortable, Lainie grabbed a cloth from her kitchen and dampened it under the faucet. She sat on her couch and tenderly opened the box. There nestled in the MacDuff plaid, which meant everything to her lover, was his brooch. He'd made sure to replace the MacRae colors with his own, still angry about how it ended up there in the first place.

She smiled thinking about her man, and again the fear that he wouldn't come to her took over. Her stomach turned, making her feel queasy.

Best to just get it over with and find out. Lainie carefully took out the brooch and wiped it with the damp cloth, rubbing gently.

Knowing what to expect this time, she observed in amazement as the air around her turned hazy and time felt like it stopped. Lainie's heart fluttered a rhythmic beat, and she had to force her hands to stop shaking.

Please let Donell come to me.

Fascinated, she stared at her hands that were now empty of the precious brooch. The familiar *SWOOSH!* sounded in the air. Licking her lips, nervously she opened her eyes and watched as the thickened air swirled, almost like a tornado in front of her. The swirl become more and more opaque, vivid colors danced, and then the form of Donell began to take shape. A choked sob and laugh combined escaped from her throat and she clasped her hands to her face. It worked!

He was here, right before her eyes.

Donell was just as magnificent as she remembered. He stood tall, his body nearly naked except for the plaid he wore around his hips and

flipped over his shoulder.

“Donell!” Lainie shrieked. She leapt from her place on the couch and ran to him.

“Ah, Lainie lass.”

He reached for her, wrapping his arms around her waist and swinging her in the air, his lips connecting with hers. His fiery kiss ignited the passion within her. A month was too long for her to go without his kiss, his touch. She crushed her mouth to his, pushing her way inside with her tongue, to taste him. His mouth tasted sweet like fruit, and the velvet of his tongue was almost more than she could handle.

Lainie shifted to place tiny kisses along his face and then slid her mouth back to his. She couldn't believe he was back. Her body and mind hummed with excitement. “I missed you so much,” she said into his kiss.

“And I ye.”

They broke apart to stare at one another. “I was scared it wouldn't work.” Lainie led him to the couch, her hands clasped in his. The wine was all but forgotten, all she wanted to do was touch him, hold him, kiss him.

“I was too. When I returned home, all I could think about was when ye'd call fer me. I went to the cave every day. Me clan has been worried about me because I kept brooding, wishing I could bring myself to ye.”

“Oh, Donell, I wish you could have!” Lainie placed her hand on his thigh instinctively and shivered at the feel of his hot skin beneath her fingertips. The prickliness of his curly leg hairs tickled her senses.

“Lainie, there is somethin' we must discuss.” His gaze was serious, and her heart sank just a bit. Did he want her to send him back? What if he never wanted to return to her again? “Aw, honey, 'tis nae

so bad, dinnae cry.”

Donell’s large yet tender fingers wiped at the tears beginning to spill with his words. She grabbed his hands and pressed them to her lips.

“Me love, I have made a decision, and I hope ‘tis somethin’ ye can accept.”

Closing her eyes for a moment, Lainie took a deep breath. “I understand, Donell.” She braced herself for his words.

“Me brother and I are verra close.”

“Ian?”

“Aye, Ian. He be me twin. I was named laird because I was born twelve minutes before him.” Donell chuckled.

“I can see you are much older and wiser.” Lainie laughed with him, wondering what his life as a laird was like.

“‘Tis all quite ridiculous. What I wanted to tell ye lass is, if ye will accept me, I have left Ian in charge of the clan. He dinnae believe me, but as ye called fer me while I was discussing it with him, I am sure he believes me now.”

“Oh, Donell!” Lainie didn’t know what to say, so many things were running through her mind. He wanted to stay? To be with her? “What about your brother, will he not be worried for you? Should you go back one more time, to at least finish what you were talking about? Won’t MacRae believe you really did run away with his daughter?”

“Ah MacRae, we settled our dispute. After what ye told me of yer ancestor, I told MacRae the news sayin’ I’d heard whispers of it amongst the clan. He confirmed the story, and let her be.” Donell leaned in and kissed the tip of her nose. “Me brother understands. We’d been talkin’ about it since I returned. I knew from the moment I took ye to the cave, I had to come back to ye.”

Lainie was thrilled with his words. Although

she'd believed their previous arrangement would work out, she knew now she couldn't live without Donell in her life.

Throwing her arms around him, she squeezed him tight.

"So ye'll let me stay then?" he asked, holding her, stroking her back.

"I couldn't live without you, Donell."

"I have somethin' fer ye, I've been holding it since I returned to me time." He dipped his hand into a pouch hanging from the belt that held his plaid in place around his hips. When his hand emerged, he held several glittering amethysts, emeralds and pearls. They were larger than any she'd ever seen. Lainie's mouth dropped open.

"Donell, where did you get those?" She was afraid he'd stolen them.

"They are mine, Lainie, from me own claymore. I won't be needing it here. I am not quite sure how yer world works, or how I can pay me way, but I think these should help fer a little while. I also have some gold coin." He patted the pouch again, which jangled with the coins inside. "Ye did say a man in yer life would need money so he could travel with ye."

Lainie stared at him, eyes wide, still not believing what she was seeing and hearing. He'd listened to her when she said that? She'd been joking. Her heart melted, just thinking how much he must want to be with her. "They should more than help for a while, Donell. I do believe you have just set yourself for life."

"Really? Then I should be free to travel with ye. I promise not to get in the way of yer work."

Looking at the size of the gems he held in his hand, she nodded. She wanted to jump for joy. "Oh, yes. You should be free to do whatever you please."

"It would please me greatly to spend me life with ye, Lainie." His eyes turned smoldering as he

gazed at her. "I would be honored if ye agreed to spend it with me." He lifted her hand to his lips and pressed a hot kiss to her knuckles, and then he opened her hand, slipping a thick ruby into her palm. "This I saved fer ye, a token of me love."

Lainie looked at the walnut sized ruby sitting in her hand. Then she stared at the man who just recently whirled into her life and turned her universe upside down. She'd never felt so loved, cherished, pleased, or intellectually stimulated by a man, as she did by Donell. She didn't care that it had only been a short time; she wouldn't have it any other way. Traveling the world and telling her readers the secrets of exotic places without Donell by her side was unfathomable.

"Yes, yes, yes," she cried, throwing herself into his arms and crushing her lips to his.

Donell pulled Lainie onto his lap and cradled her in his arms as his mouth devoured hers. The room ceased to exist, and all Lainie knew, felt, tasted or smelled was Donell. The feel of his exquisite lips and tongue flew her to heights she would feel everyday for the rest of her life.

"Take me to bed, warrior," she whispered in his ear, nipping a lobe. He growled back, teasing her neck with his tongue and lips.

Lainie felt light as a feather as her strong highlander carried her up the stairs to her, no *their*, bedroom.

Laying her on the bed, he toppled down next to her. He outlined the bones of her face with a finger as he gazed into her eyes.

"Ye are the most beautiful woman this warrior has ever seen." Donell's words were sweet, but the smolder in his gaze spoke of passion well beyond sweetness.

Lainie let her fingers trace his cheek, chin, and neck, settling on his shoulder, but before she could

answer him, his mouth was on hers again. His lips warm and soft. His tongue hot and demanding. Lainie leaned into the kiss never wanting it to end.

His mouth tasted of sweet wine, and his scent was so masculine, woodsy. Donell's hands were everywhere on her body, her arms, her abdomen, her legs, sending nerve endings into a spiraling tunnel of pleasure. She didn't know when her silky wrap disappeared from her body, or when his kilt hit the floor. She was a buzz of rapture, reeling with her desire for Donell.

His mouth joined his hands in their exploration, kissing her from the top of her head down to her feet. Then he kissed his way seductively back to her lips. His hot wet mouth nipped and sucked on all the sensitive parts of her body in between.

Lainie couldn't stand the torment any longer. She slid her fingers down his muscled abs and gripped his hard cock, her fingers not meeting around the width. He groaned in her ear, and then nearly collapsed on top of her as she stroked him, her thumb rubbing over the sensitive tip.

"Come to me, Donell," she breathed, her tongue making snake-like swirls from the crook in his shoulder up to the hollow behind his ear.

"Yer wish is me command, fair lassie."

With a shift of his hips, his thick throbbing length teased her clit and then he thrust into her. Lainie arched her back and spread her legs wider. She wanted him deeper, and he obliged, driving into her again and again.

Their moans echoed off the walls as their mouths tasted each other and then separated to cry out at the pleasures their bodies created when put together.

Their movements were frenzied, hot. Lainie's nails dug into Donell's shoulders, and his mouth eagerly sucked on each nipple. She could feel the

exquisite tension building low in her vulva; the heat pooling within her. Her muscles clenched and she cried out as wave after wave took her. Donell thrust harder with each spasm of her body until he cried out, his moans vibrating in the room. He collapsed half on top of her and half on the bed.

Lainie smiled, making a lazy circle with her finger on his shoulder. Even in the throes of passion, he was considerate not to crush her with his weight. She rolled to her side, facing him, her leg flung over his hip.

Donell stroked her cheek, his eyes still glazed with passion. "I ken 'twas fate that sent me here to ye. There is no other reason fer our bodies to melt in such a way."

Lainie sighed, cuddling close to his warm body, her fingers sliding through the crisp hairs on his chest. "I love you."

"Aye, and I love ye, lass."

Coming soon...

Lady In A Box

by

Eliza Knight

Ian has been left Laird of Clan MacDuff after his brother Donell travels through time to be with his true love. The clan embraces him as their leader, and now to secure his own position, Ian decides he must take a wife. After imbibing one too many gulps of ale, Ian toys with his brother's brooch, the very catalyst to his present situation. When the air turns thick with fog, Ian panics that he's travelled through time, but is comforted by the familiar surroundings of his bedroom. And what's this? A beautiful naked woman is lying next to him...

Natalie Blackwood, a Scottish historian, wakes up to her own naughty fantasy: making love to a medieval Highlander who strums her body like a fine-tuned instrument. Even better, she's in a medieval keep set up by--she thinks--her best friend.

When it all becomes a reality, Natalie has some tough decisions to make. Can she stay in Ian's world? Can Ian convince her they were made for each other?

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