



Scarlet Rose

Love in a Box

HIGHLAND
JEWEL SERIES

Eliza Knight

Love In A Box

by

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Dedication

To my editors; without you, these stories
wouldn't have been possible.

To my sisters in both life and blood, our trip to a
certain castle and the drama that followed, will be
forever ingrained in both my memory and this tale...

Love In A Box

Maryland
2038

“Oof,” Colin MacDuff groaned as his father swung the sword high, connecting with his and knocking him to the ground.

“Ye’ve got to do better than that, me boy.” His father gripped his hand and yanked him back to his feet.

Colin immediately began his counter attack, swinging high. The sounds of metal clanging echoed throughout their backyard.

His father laughed as they progressed in a wide circle. Every day for as long as Colin remembered, they would take to the yard for swordplay. His father had taught him everything he knew about warfare, and the ways of fighting from old.

“Boys, dinner is almost ready. Why don’t you come in and wash up,” his mother said from the deck, rolling her eyes and shaking her head.

“Ah, Lainie, love, I’ve got to make sure he’s ready. Ye never ken when the brooch may call him back to Scotland,” his father said, continuing to parry with Colin.

This time, Colin rolled his eyes. His parents were forever talking about the brooch, with its swirling Celtic knots and magical powers. He couldn’t figure out if they were truly insane, or if it was just some figment of their imagination. Besides the fact that he’d never seen the brooch before, which made him all the more skeptical of its existence.

Whether the stories were real or not, Colin had trained in the ways of a Highland warrior from the time he was a boy. Lunging forward, he landed a crushing blow, sending his father sprawling to the ground.

Donell laughed, and pushed to his feet. "I say son, I think yer better than meself sometimes."

Colin smiled proudly. "Taught by the best."

"Aye." His father patted him on the back and then turned to walk towards the house with Colin following. Then the man stopped short, turning to face him. "I ken ye think 'tis rubbish, but one day ye'll be asked to use these skills. The brooch is real."

Colin studied his father, amazed at how serious he was.

Donell continued into the house calling behind him, "We'll take the horses out after dinner."

Could the brooch, and all the magic of love and traveling through time, be true?

Inverness, Scotland
1648

“Ye did *what*?” Sera asked her father, Laird MacRae. Her hands rose to rest on her hips in indignation.

“Come now, don’t get yerself in a tiff, lassie. I only stole their precious brooch. Only the good Lord kens why they cherish the piece of metal.” Her father sneered at the silver brooch he held in his hands.

Sera resisted the urge to throttle him. This damnable feud between her clan and Clan MacDuff had to end. And it wouldn’t be settled through marriage—not if she had anything to do with it.

“Why did ye steal it?” She tapped her foot against the floor, feeling like she was berating a child and not a fierce warrior.

“Because it’s important to that barbarian, and he has something important to me,” her father grumbled, taking a large swallow of his ale.

“Father, for the last time, I will tell ye. Bronwyn dinnae elope with Laird MacDuff—well, Donell. She eloped with a Lowlander. It is just a coincidence that Donell happened to also escape these insufferable Highlands.” She clutched her hands tightly in her tartan to keep from flailing them in the air in exasperation.

Donell *used* to be Laird MacDuff, but somehow a few months ago ended up leaving the clan in the hands of his twin brother Ian. For some reason, Sera’s father had it in his mind that Donell had kidnapped her sister and then married her. It was

the furthest thing from the truth.

“Dinnae speak so about our homeland, daughter. And ye should be insulted the coward Donell ran off to the Lowlands with yer sister. He was meant fer ye!” Her father slammed his hand on the table, unsettling his cup of ale.

A maid hurried to right the mug and mop up the soggy mess.

Sera groaned and ran her hands through her hair. “Enough, father. Bronwyn and Donell are not together.”

Her sister had been lucky enough to escape the Highlands.

Lord, how she wished it had been her instead of her twin. It could have been. Alec Shaw had once been her admirer, until she’d convinced Bronwyn—well, she hadn’t really needed to convince her. Her sister had willingly gone on her own, telling Alec she was Sera. They looked so much alike no one could tell the difference. Bronwyn claimed she’d tell him her real name when the time was right.

They were probably in some little croft right at that moment, passing the time with words of love.

“Well, who did she leave us fer?”

Sera gritted her teeth. She had promised her sister she wouldn’t say anything. “I cannae give ye his name. But I swear it wasnae Donell.”

“Ye shall marry Ian then, the new laird of MacDuff.”

Straightening her shoulders, Sera walked toward her father and plucked the brooch from his hand. As of late, he’d been inebriated most of the day. She knew his grief was deep with having lost her mother the year before, and now her sister, and so she forgave him his transgressions for the moment.

“Ye’ve had enough to drink. Go to bed. I will take care of this.”

She turned from him and left the great hall of MacRae Keep, ignoring his shouts to do her duty and marry Laird MacDuff. There was no need to voice her denial; he wouldn't listen anyway.

Being the only heir to her father, perhaps it was time she started taking matters into her own hands. His depression was getting worse, and she certainly didn't want to be the pawn between two clans. She was torn between duty to the clans and being true to herself. Getting married and being tramped down like a simpering fool by a forceful husband was not what she had planned for herself.

Sera stormed into the stables and waved away the eager stable boy. She was perfectly capable of saddling her own charger, Neo. Besides, she didn't want the beast to trample the poor boy. She grabbed her bow and arrow, slung it over her shoulder and pinned the brooch to her kilt for safekeeping. After putting on the saddle, she mounted her horse and winked at the stable boy, who still seemed shocked to see her ride astride rather than side saddle, even though he'd been with them for nearing four seasons. She was no ordinary lady. No, she was a warrior.

Without a backward glance she galloped out of the bailey.

Sera was intent on returning the brooch to Laird MacDuff and in the process, she would attempt to end the feud. If necessary, she'd beg, although it went against everything she believed. As the future laird herself, she needed to start gathering her own allies.

Crofters and others in the MacRae clan dodged Neo as Sera barreled past them into the thick forest that separated her and a day's ride to MacDuff lands. By arriving alone, she would be showing her true intent to gain peace. Her plan had better work. There was no way she would marry to gain allies.

She would either marry for love, or rule alone.

Neo charged ahead, loving the free reign she gave him to dodge trees and brush. It probably wasn't a good idea to let Neo gallop at neck-breaking speed through the forest, but for some reason the reckless abandon was what she needed. Her anger ebbed with the hefty exercise. She used her miniature claymore to clear tree branches from hitting her face.

If she kept at this pace she might get to MacDuff before—

Suddenly she found herself pitching forward over Neo's massive neck.

"Oof!" The wind was knocked from her as she fell hard to the ground. The damn horse's hoof must have caught on a root.

She attempted to lift her head, but the trees above her swirled and blurred. Searing pain shot through her limbs. Lord, what had she done?

Little black spots danced between the trees. Sera concentrated on them in amazement. An odd ringing and twinkling sound buzzed in her ears. She reached up to rub the MacDuff brooch pinned near her shoulder. Would they ever see their precious jewel again?

She closed her eyes and the world went black.

Colin fell backward landing hard on his ass.

What the hell?

He blinked a few times trying to adjust his eyes. Was he seeing things?

He was in a forest. Dense foliage blocked any view of a clearing. The sky peeking between the trees showed it was early in the day. He furrowed his brow as he stood and brushed leaves and dirt from his jeans.

He was thoroughly confused. He'd just been sitting in his parents' dining room eating a dinner of

roasted chicken and having a lovely conversation about how he needed to settle down, and then *Wham!*

“Holy shit...” he muttered.

There on the ground was a beautiful woman, completely unconscious. She was dressed in an old fashioned sort of way, a Scottish tartan wrapped and pinned about her body. Colin blinked a few times and looked around. This couldn’t be happening.

A large black horse munched on grass a few yards away. She must have been tossed from the animal’s broad back. But what was she doing here? Better still, what was *he* doing here?

He couldn’t believe it. The stories his parents told him about time travel had been true. *Shit, shit, shit...*

There was no other explanation for the woman’s outfit, the horse and the fact he disappeared from dinner in the blink an eye. He had traveled through time.

Was Colin now in his father’s time? What was that? 1647? 1648? Oh, Lord. Who was the chick?

He took a deep breath trying to calm his erratically beating heart. He held his hands in front of himself and mentally made them stop shaking.

Get a hold of yourself man! If his father could do it, so could he. Hell, the man taught him everything he knew.

Colin bent down on one knee beside the woman. He brushed her long auburn waves from her face and then recoiled his hand in shock. She was the most breathtaking woman he’d ever seen. Her skin was the color of milk and honey. Well-defined cheekbones, a straight slender nose, and dainty chin framed her face. Her eyes were closed, leaving a thick brush of lashes lying against her creamy cheeks. Her full pouty lips were partially opened. He leaned down to listen. Her even breaths tickled his

ear. At least she was breathing. And damned if he wasn't turned on by the feel of it against his skin.

Gently he placed two fingers against her graceful neck. Her heartbeat was strong. Colin straightened out her limbs. Arms that were long and sculpted and legs that went on forever. He gritted his teeth against the desire simmering inside him. Whoever this chick was, she was hot.

He took off his shirt and rolled it into a small ball. He lifted her head and gently placed the makeshift pillow beneath.

She moaned. Colin fell to both knees beside her.

"Miss? Are you okay? I'm here to help."

She mumbled something but he couldn't make it out. Her eyes were still closed.

"What did you say?" he asked quietly, his hand absently stroking the side of her face.

"The brooch..." she breathed. Her words were so quiet he could barely understand her.

Then it made sense. The brooch. His parents had gone on and on about a brooch. That was how his father had supposedly traveled to see his mother, Lainie.

He looked down at the girl. She had two brooches on her plaid. One looked like it was actually holding her kilt in place and the other was pinned haphazardly on her shoulder.

"What should I do with the brooch?"

She didn't respond, but slept peacefully. She looked so angelic, yet at the same time, with that auburn hair there had to be a naughty side.

Colin's gaze perused her sexy figure, his cock hardening as he gazed at her breasts. Two perfect swells beneath her clothes. Not too big, but not too small.

Her waist was tiny and then flared out to womanly hips. He loved a woman with a curvy body. And damned if she didn't have the most gorgeous

physique he'd ever seen. His cock ached to bury deep within her. He wanted to touch her everywhere, kiss the slope of her breasts and the valley in-between.

Colin shook his head. What the hell was the matter with him? The poor woman was unconscious, had no idea who he was and all he could do was think about fucking her.

Then her delicate hand flung out as she shifted and landed straight on his straining zipper.

"Uh..." Colin moaned. He'd traveled through time and landed in the devil's den.

Was it his fate to be tempted by an angelic vixen?

Slowly he removed her hand from his crotch and then stood up. He didn't know how long the woman would be unconscious. He'd best start preparing their camp. He certainly wasn't going to leave her here like this.

He tried to remember each and every detail his father had told him in numerous stories. There was a cave somewhere, and a castle. Maybe the chick would know where they were.

Colin easily caught the horse and tethered him to a tree. Then he gathered wood to make a fire. He doubted she had a flint. He didn't see a satchel on the horse.

He'd have to Boy Scout it, and rub wood together. A wide smile curved his lips. Hell, he was kind of excited about this adventure. Adrenaline raced through his blood. He felt almost like he belonged here. And his parents had trained him for this day since his birth.

He glanced at the sleeping Venus, and his smile grew wider. If the stories were true, he just might be caressing her voluptuous body sooner than he thought.

Sera woke with searing pain shooting across her

forehead. She moaned and reached up to rub away the ache.

“Miss, you’re awake,” a calm male voice said from somewhere.

Where was she? Who was the man?

“Wh-what happened?” Her voice came out sounding weak and quiet.

A blurry face loomed above hers and she blinked rapidly to clear her vision.

“I think your horse threw you. Do you hurt anywhere?” the soothing man asked. His accent was strange...

She tried to sit up a little, squeezing her eyes shut. She still couldn’t see right. Sitting up only made the world spin, so she lay back down.

“My head hurts.”

“Here, drink this water. I found a creek a little ways from here.”

Sera greedily drank the water from the bucket he held.

“I happened to find this bucket while at the creek. Lucky us, huh?”

Us? She was still so confused.

Then it struck her. The brooch. All of the sudden her vision cleared and she took in the large man beside her. He was the spitting image of Donell and Ian, with just a few subtle differences. His hair was the same deep brown, but instead of being a little long, it was cropped very close to his head. His mossy green eyes shone a little brighter. His skin was tan and his features chiseled in that ultra-male fashion that took her breath away. A real Adonis, this one. And what was his funny accent? Was there a third MacDuff shipped away at birth?

“Are ye related to Donell?” she asked.

The man laughed and ran his hands through his thick hair. What was so funny?

Even as he squatted beside her, she could see he

was tall and muscular. She licked her lips, a little taken back by the sudden surge of desire that wrapped around her.

“My name is Colin. Believe it or not, Donell is my father.”

Good looking but completely dim-witted. He had to be in his late twenties, as was Donell. She shook her head, her mouth tightened and brows furrowed. She wasn't one to play mind games. What was he about?

Colin only laughed more, and stood up. Lord, he was just as tall as she imagined. Sera followed his movements and stood as well.

“Colin, is it? Well, Colin, I happen to ken Donell and there is no way he is yer father.”

He set the bucket down next to a roaring fire. It was then Sera noticed his attire. She'd never seen anything like it before. He wore a white shirt of some sort with cropped sleeves, and blue breeches that had the tightest weave she'd ever seen. She couldn't help staring at the bulge in the middle. A man's kilt left all to the imagination, unless you got a chance to peek beneath. She didn't have to fantasize about anything with this man. If she was seeing things correctly, with the way his cock swelled against his breeches, he was just as affected by her as she was with him. A shiver passed through her when she thought of how it would feel to have the thick length of his pulsing flesh plunging inside of her.

She licked her lips. She couldn't be thinking like this. She didn't even know who he was. But her body didn't care, and tingles raced along her arms. She dug her nails into the palms of her hands, compelling herself to return to reality.

When her gaze met his, he grinned with knavish invitation.

She quickly averted her gaze, trying to ignore

the wicked desire now consuming her. Her nipples were hard as pebbles, jutting out from her kilt, and between her thighs was so wet, she might start dripping.

She looked back, only to regret doing so when he winked. Without warning a spasm racked her body, nearly knocking her off her feet. For a moment she was completely absorbed in the pleasure coursing through her. Her heart beat rapidly and she could barely catch her breath. She had to bite the inside of her cheek to keep from screaming aloud. Dear Lord, who *was* he? Breathing deeply, she tried to recover her body by picking leaves and wiping dirt from her kilt.

“What’s your name?” he whispered, coming to stand about a foot in front of her.

Did she trust her voice to speak? “Sera,” she croaked.

“It’s nice to meet you, Sera.” He stuck out his hand to her, and she instinctively gave him hers.

A shiver passed through her when his large hand encompassed her small one. His palm was warm, his fingers long. All she could think about were those digits caressing and teasing her skin. She’d touched plenty of men’s hands and then some, and never had she had this kind of reaction. She opened her mouth to respond and then shut it again. What was she supposed to say? She didn’t feel like she’d just met him, and if her body’s reaction meant anything, saying it was *nice* meeting him was an understatement.

He lifted her hand to his mouth and touched his wide full lips to her knuckles. His warm breath washed over her flesh and sent a thrill up her arm, which quickly spread through her. A rush of fluid soaked her sex. She just wanted him to haul her against him and ravish her. Instead he let go of her hand and went to tend to the fire.

“You mentioned the brooch. Do you know about it?”

With his question, Sera’s head shot up. “How do ye ken of it?”

“My father, *Donell*, told me stories about it while I was growing up.”

He turned and gave her that wolfish grin again and Sera almost forgot what they were talking about. The brooch. She had to get it back to Ian. She looked up at the sky. She must have slept most of the day. It looked to be late afternoon. She’d never make it to MacDuff Keep before dark. Even if they left now, it would be well into the middle of the night.

When she didn’t respond, he continued. “My father traveled through time to the future with the help of the brooch. And now I’ve traveled back in time.”

Her eyes widened. He looked totally serious. She’d heard stories about the brooch, but they were just the imaginations of bored people, weren’t they?

She didn’t know what to believe. His attire certainly wasn’t something she’d ever seen before.

“Ye are from the future?” she asked, trying to convince herself, but feeling skeptical all the same. How did she know this man wasn’t mad?

“Yes, I am.” He paused in speaking and came to stand in front of her. She could feel his hot breath on her skin. Would he kiss her? “And I’m going to marry you.”

“What is it with men?” Sera said through clenched teeth. Her hands flew up to rest on curvy hips.

Colin was completely taken aback. Why was she so angry?

He stepped closer, reaching out to rub her arm. She jerked away from him.

“I am not some pawn. Do ye ken who I am?”

He furrowed his brow. This wasn't the reaction he expected. He thought she understood. They were meant to be together. Besides, didn't every eligible maiden hope for marriage?

“I don't think you're a pawn, Sera.”

“What do ye think?” she asked, stepping toward him. Her little feet touched the tips of his shoes.

“I think you're a beautiful woman, with a lot of spirit.” He smiled. This time he did glide his fingers up the length of her arm. He couldn't get over the feel of her silky skin, and had to admit the shiver he felt pass through her at his touch certainly was a huge boost to his ego.

She rolled her eyes and threw her hands up in the air. “Because ye think I'm beautiful, ye want to marry me? I am going to be laird of Clan MacRae one day. I can choose anyone I want.”

Laird? So she was a powerful woman. He could tell by her svelte body, her attitude and stance she certainly was.

“If you can choose any man you want, why would you say men thought you were a pawn?” He knew his question would only rile her more, but he already loved the fire flashing in her eyes.

She groaned heavily and stepped even closer, her head tilted back, her gaze connecting forcefully with his. His cock jumped to life the closer she stood to him.

“I'll choose me own mate.”

“As you say, my love,” he whispered. He just wanted to bend down and kiss the hell out of her.

His words caught her off guard. She opened her mouth to speak and then clamped her sexy lips together. Oh, yeah, he was going to kiss her.

Colin slid his hands up her arms, and then back down, capturing her waist. He tugged her even closer, her supple breasts pressing against his chest.

She sucked in her breath. He leaned down and brushed his lips against hers. At first she tightened her lips, not giving him the pleasure of returning the kiss. He laughed low in his throat at her ire, and continued to nibble and tease her. When he slipped his tongue out to tease the crease of her lips, she gasped, and opened her mouth. He took full advantage and swiftly plunged inside. She tasted so good...like oranges...

Some of her fierceness melted away, and she tentatively touched her tongue to his. Colin could have died right there from the shock such a simple caress sent through him. He bent his knees a little and then rubbed his length up her body as he stood straight, devouring her mouth fully.

Sera's arms came around his body and clutched at his back. Their heads slanted back and forth as they tasted each other. The kiss grew from inquisitive to carnal. He wanted her. His cock strained against his jeans, begging to be let free. Damn, he wanted to slip right between her lush thighs...

Before things got too carried away, Colin pulled away from her. Pure male satisfaction settled over him when he looked at her utterly dazed and hungry expression. Her pouty mouth formed a perfect 'O'. Then just as swiftly, her eyes narrowed and she shoved away from him.

"How dare ye," she hissed, turning around so he couldn't look at her face.

"I did dare, and you liked it." He walked to stand in front of her, holding her shoulders captive. "Try to deny it."

"I certainly did not." She raised her chin a notch, a rebellious glint burning in her eyes.

"Liar," he growled and crushed his lips on hers again. If she denied her thorough enjoyment of his kiss, then he'd have to remind her of her own

response.

She struggled at first and then as if an explosion hit her, she kissed him full force. This time her hands didn't just clutch at him. This time she roamed—massaging, squeezing, her nails scraping up and down his back, his arms, and his ass.

Her sexy little moans only encouraged him further and Colin gave her body an equal fondling. She was so tight, yet so lush at the same time. God, he wanted to strip her naked and kiss the length of her.

But he shouldn't. Hell, if she was going to be laird, that meant her father was laird now. He wasn't about to put himself on the chopping block just to satisfy his sexual desires.

Again he wrenched unwillingly away from her. Her face flamed red, and Colin smiled wolfishly.

"Can you deny it now?" he asked.

She just turned around and walked toward her horse.

"Where are you going, princess? It's going to be dark soon. We'd better set up camp here."

She looked toward the sky, and he watched as different emotions crossed her face. Panic, acceptance and fire.

The sun was quickly falling to meet the horizon, and a few stars managed to peek through the sky. Sera wouldn't be able to go anywhere until morning.

Colin had already started a fire. Did they have anything to eat? She hadn't packed a thing with her. She'd have to go hunting.

"I'll get us some food. Have ye seen me bow and arrows?"

Colin raised a brow, and then pointed to the tree where he must have leaned them. Her sword was beside it.

"Those are yours?" His face registered doubt.

Sera took a deep breath to calm herself and keep from shouting at the man. He had the power to set her heart thumping and her body climaxing with one look, and yet at the same time could send her temper flaring.

“Aye, they are mine.” There was no need to tell him she was a better shot than half the men in Scotland, or that she could fight better than most of her father’s men with a sword. He’d find out soon enough.

“Can I come with you?” He sounded impressed.

Sera smiled smugly and lifted her weapons. “Prepare to be schooled.”

“As long as you’re the teacher, I will always be ready to learn.” He strutted forward.

Why did her knees feel like mutton mush?

She didn’t respond, but notched an arrow and indicated for him to follow her into the woods.

Twenty minutes later, they returned to camp with two fat rabbits.

The sun had completely set, leaving the woods a mass of darkness and shadows. The flickering light from the fire cast glowing figures in the small clearing where Sera and Colin had settled.

“That was delicious,” Colin exclaimed. He sat back propping an elbow against a log, one leg straight out, and the other bent.

Sera couldn’t take her gaze from his masculine frame. She sat across from him, her legs neatly folded beneath her. The shadows from the fire made him even more irresistible. When she’d left the keep that morning, she would never have guessed she’d be sitting in the woods, her stomach full of rabbit, with a devilishly handsome man.

Tossing the stick she was fiddling with, she sat up straighter.

“Thank ye,” she replied, her voice for some

reason not sounding as strong as it normally did. It was romantic sitting by the light of the fire, not a soul in sight for miles, and just the two of them, gazing at each other. Yet, at the same time it made her wary. She didn't really know who this man was, only that he elicited the most ethereal feelings from her. "Perhaps we ought to go to bed. We'll have to set out first thing in the morning."

"Where are we going?"

"MacDuff Keep."

"Ah, so you believe me?"

"Whether or not I believe ye is irrelevant. I was headed that way already."

"Why?"

Sera sighed heavily. She supposed it wouldn't hurt to tell him a little bit. "Me clan is fighting with the MacDuffs. I wanted to talk with their laird to see if we could come to some sort of arrangement to keep the peace." She paused a moment, not sure how much more she should tell him. "I also need to return the brooch."

"How is it you came by the brooch?" His eyes sparkled in the dim light, and his lips crooked up in a wolfish grin. "Did you steal it?"

Sera huffed. The man was impossible. "No, *I* didn't steal it. Besides, it's none of yer business how I received it."

"Ah, so you know who did steal it and you are protecting him." He sat up straighter, leaning towards her. "And it is my business, Sera. I'm a MacDuff."

"So ye say." But she couldn't deny he was. The man was the spitting image of both Donell and Ian. Even his overbearing masculinity spoke volumes. The MacDuffs were a force to be reckoned with. Whether it was your heart, your mind or your body...

Colin laughed, raking his long fingers through his hair. "Get some rest, Sera."

She pursed her lips, about to argue with him. He couldn't tell her what to do. But she kept her words to herself. She was too exhausted to argue. She lay down, using the makeshift pillow he'd made.

As soon as she closed her eyes, darkness took over and the face of Colin and his kisses floated around her. The crackling of the fire and distant squalls of bats were an enchanting music.

Colin woke, maybe an hour or two after falling asleep, to the feel of a warm body snuggling up to him. He was disoriented at first, until everything came rushing back.

Sera.

The night air was frigid and their fire had long since died down. She must be freezing. Even he enjoyed the little added warmth she was giving him. He wrapped his arm around her waist and hauled her closer. She wiggled her derriere against his cock, which was now coming swiftly to life.

He gritted his teeth and she wiggled again. He rolled his eyes heavenward. Was this a test of his fortitude? He wasn't sure he'd pass, not—

She did it again.

He put his hand on her hip to still her movements. Hell, he wasn't a saint, just a man, and this little vixen had placed utopia literally within his grasp. She stretched a little, and then snuggled closer, grasping his arm and tucking it against her chest—right between two plush breasts.

This was too much, he needed to push her away, but he couldn't.

"Sera," he whispered into her ear, giving the lobe a little nip. He breathed in her feminine scent. She smelled of flowers, herbs and desire.

She moaned in response and he grew bolder, kissing her down to the crook between her neck and shoulder. Her breaths became quick and she kissed his hand, then tasted each of his fingers. The feel of

her velvety hot tongue teasing his skin was almost more than he could take. His cock ached to bury itself deep within her slick walls.

She turned over to face him, her eyes heavily lidded with yearning.

“Kiss me,” she whispered her demand.

He didn’t need any encouragement—he was already bending toward her when her words reached him. Hell yeah, he was going to kiss her.

He captured her lips with his, and she was more than ready. Her mouth opened for him, her tongue darting inside to taste him.

Her passion was just as fiery as her temper, and Colin knew she’d give him a run for his money for the rest of their lives.

His hands ran up and down her back, and then he grew bolder, grasping her ass and hauling her toward him. He rubbed his cock against the apex of her thighs. Lord, he could come right then and there.

She eagerly returned the sway of hips against hips, and her hands roamed along his back, ass, thighs and arms.

“I want you,” he whispered into her mouth.

“Take me,” she answered.

But he couldn’t. Not with the repercussions it would wreak. She had yet to agree to marry him, and he wasn’t going to jeopardize her reputation or possibly get her pregnant.

“Marry me, Sera.”

She didn’t answer him, only deepened their kiss until he lost his senses. Her hands fluttered over his chest, over his abs and then even lower, until she gripped his cock through his jeans.

He moaned deep in his throat, not sure how much of this exquisite torture he could take. She rubbed up and down, making the ache inside him flare. He had to stop her before he lost control.

Colin rolled on top of Sera and broke their kiss.

She tugged him back to capture his lips, but he resisted, moving to lave at her neck, and then lower. He sucked a taut nipple into his mouth through her clothing, wishing to feel the silkiness of her skin. When he shifted the fabric away, she resisted. But he tugged lightly with his teeth and she thrust her breasts upward, yielding to pleasure.

Her shout of delight as he took her naked bud into his mouth was so real. This woman was full of unleashed passion. He continued to tease her nipples, moving from one to the other. All the while his cock grazed against her, the pressure within him building.

Her little sexy mewls and pants were such a turn on, he was going to burst soon. But he wouldn't push her.

He continued his assault on her breasts until she grabbed his head and hauled him up for a searing kiss. Her hips rubbed and bucked restlessly against him as she sucked and nibbled at his tongue and lips.

Colin was sure he'd left his body and now floated above, he was so overcome. Their movements were in perfect syncopation. Then she tightened up against him and shrieked, her nails raking down his back. Colin couldn't hold back. It was as if her orgasm took over his own body and shoved him over the precipice between pleasure and ecstasy.

Sera sat bolt upright on the ground and looked frantically around her.

Where was Colin? And had they really almost made love last night?

Her face burned with the memory of it.

His kisses on her skin had been a searing pleasure that melted her insides—and then the climax that rocked her. Lord, it was better than the one she'd had when he hadn't even touched her.

But where was he now? The fire was dead, and he wasn't in sight. Had he disappeared? If what he said was true about the brooch, after what they'd shared had it called him home?

Her horse, Neo, whinnied, breaking her train of thought. She stood and smoothed out her tartan skirt. Her legs were wobbly, and she ached in places she hadn't even known existed. On shaky legs, she walked to the little stream Colin had shown her the day before. Perhaps it was a good thing he was gone. He would be dangerous to her future. She couldn't let herself succumb to lusts of the body. And could she marry a MacDuff?

Sera shook her head and continued along the path. Then she stopped short. Holy Mary, mother of God...

There he stood completely nude, splashing water all over his body. Clear droplets cascaded down the length of his extremely well muscled torso and then lower. Her hand came up to cover her mouth.

She'd seen men before, but they were *not* made like Colin. She gazed in fascination as the length of his arousal grew until it stood, pointing upward against the flat of his belly. When she raised her gaze, he was staring at her.

"Good morning, Sera," he said, his voice husky.

She opened her mouth to speak but no words came out. How could they? She was gawking at a beautiful man whose cock just got hard by looking at her.

He smiled and then turned around to give her another luscious view of his backside. Dear Lord, she was turning into some sort of harlot. Her body reacted immediately. Nipples hard, pussy sopping wet. Epicurean spasms ripped through her womb. She actually stumbled back against a tree and bit her lips as the waves washed over her.

What was he doing to her?

When she recovered from her spontaneous orgasm, Colin stood dressed in front of her. The muscle in his jaw ticked, his eyes hooded with desire.

“Are you all right?” he asked, his brow lifted.

Was she all right? Did he really just ask that? How could she tell him, she was more than just *all right*. She was fabulous, had just traveled to nirvana by looking at his naked form, and would he get undressed so she could do it again?

Sera chuckled, and ran her hands through her hair.

“I am fine, sir. Shall we prepare to head out?”

She turned and started to walk back toward camp, but Colin grasped her arm.

“Were you going to use the water?”

Her face flamed at having forgotten the whole reason she’d come to the creek.

She smiled and walked to its edge. When she looked over her shoulder, Colin was watching her with an odd look on his face. What did it mean? He looked forlorn and dreamy at the same time.

Their gazes locked for a moment until a squawking sparrow broke the spell. The bird flew above and then dove back into the trees. At the same time a herd of perhaps eight deer scrambled for cover.

“Someone’s coming,” Sera said.

Colin nodded. “I’ll go pack up the camp and bring the horse and your weapons back here.”

Sera nodded and hurried to finish her morning ablutions.

She was still on MacRae land. Perhaps now, her father had sent men out to find her. She didn’t want to be found yet, and certainly not with Colin.

When he returned to the stream riding Neo, she mounted behind him, and then urged the horse in the direction they needed to go.

“Did ye see anyone?” she asked.

“No, but the animals and birds continued to run and hide. I thought I could make out the sound of distant horse hooves, but I’m not sure.”

“It was most likely me father’s men.” She bit her lip and held on tighter to Colin’s waist as he urged the horse into a faster gallop.

“Why would they be looking for you? Didn’t they know where you were going?”

“Not exactly.”

Colin’s body tightened, but he didn’t say anything. Why did she feel compelled to tell him what happened? She didn’t know, but somehow they’d made a connection over the last day.

“I stormed out of the keep. The person who stole the brooch was me father, and I ken the MacDuffs—if they found out—” she shuddered. “Me clan would cease to exist.”

“What makes you think they would even listen to you? If my family is as savage as you think...” His tone was hard, biting. She’d offended him.

“Colin, please dinnae be offended. It is the way of things. Me father would have done the same thing.”

There was a long moment of silence. Did he believe her sincere? Perhaps the connection she felt was only physical. For some reason her heart wrenched at the idea. She wanted more. Or did she?

Sera clung tighter to Colin as he urged Neo into a faster gallop. She was so confused. So much had happened in the last two days. Again, she found herself wishing it were she and not her sister who’d escaped the Highlands.

“Truce.” Colin’s soft voice intruded on her dreary thoughts, and brought a small smile to her lips. Maybe she was reading too much into things. “No offense taken. Times are a lot different where I’m from. But you didn’t answer my question. Why

would they listen to you?”

“I dinnae ken that they would. I had hoped so, since I was once betrothed to Donell and now me father wants me to marry Ian.”

Colin sucked in his breath. “You will marry Ian?”

Sera laughed, and squeezed him tight around the middle.

“Of course not. I told me father as much.” She stopped short, about to tell him she never planned to marry unless she found love.

“Then you are free to marry me?”

“I am free to marry whom I choose.”

They rode the rest of the way in silence and made it to MacDuff Keep early in the afternoon.

When the guards on top of the gate saw Colin, they looked confused and lowered the drawbridge. Ian himself came out to greet them. The clansmen and women gathered around the trio. Ian waved them away, and they sulked as they dispersed.

“Don...” his voice trailed off noticing Colin wasn’t in fact Donell.

“Uncle Ian,” he said, dismounting and drawing Sera with him.

“Uncle?” The man was so confused, his expression showing his complete bafflement.

“This lovely woman, Lady Sera, has called me from the future, to marry her. I’m Donell and Lainie’s son.”

Ian’s face drained of color.

“I believe this belongs to you,” Colin took the brooch off Sera’s plaid and handed it to Ian.

He looked at the jewel and then at the both of them, a wide smile spreading across his face.

He opened his arms wide and embraced Colin and then Sera.

“Come inside. We have much to discuss.”

So it was true. It had to be. Colin was from the

future.

Sera sat, her limbs numb and her mind racing, on the bench at the table in the great hall. A roaring fire crackled at her back, and Colin and Ian were laughing uproariously at some joke.

How could they be laughing at a time like this? At first they'd discussed the brooch and what happened.

It was fairly obvious that Colin was indeed from the future and his father was Donell. What was even stranger to her was how readily Ian accepted this news and began planning to include him in the clan.

Colin turned to wink, sending a thrill of excitement humming through her veins.

"What do you think, Sera?"

She hadn't heard a word of what they were saying. "Think about what?"

Ian answered. "We're going to tell the clan Colin is the long-lost older brother of Donnell and me. Then we shall set a date for yer marriage."

Her eyes popped open at the latter. "What? I dinnae agree to this."

Ian looked confused and Colin rolled his eyes.

"She has yet to realize the power of the brooch and the power of our connection," Colin said.

"It took Natalie a little while to figure it out too. Perhaps ye should stay here with us for a few days, me lady."

"Who is Natalie?" Sera asked.

"She is me true love, me wife. She traveled from the future too," Ian answered.

Sera was shocked. She had no idea Ian had gotten married. Word usually traveled fast in the Highlands; perhaps she'd been more wrapped up in herself lately than she realized.

The idea of staying was appealing, if not to get away from her father and his machinations of

marriage, there was also the possibility of more steamy interludes with Colin...and for that she would stay forever.

"I can't stay," she answered. The invisible rope connecting her to Colin was yanking too tight.

She had a clan to think of. She couldn't be worrying about the touch of his fingers or his seductive glances. There was also the matter of her father's warriors looking for her now. It was only a matter of time before they arrived at MacDuff keep. Then all hell would break loose.

"I will leave within the hour." She stood and squared her shoulders. She wouldn't allow them to change her mind, no matter how much her body rebelled against her. Sera stood and left the great hall, leaving their calls in her wake.

She wouldn't succumb to Colin. Couldn't. War was imminent between the clans, and while she may now be able to convince the MacDuffs to retreat, her father's thirst for revenge was another matter.

Opening the large front door, she descended the stairs into the lower bailey. She needed to leave, now. Waiting an hour was only asking for trouble.

"Sera!"

She ignored Colin's calls from behind and ran into the stables. Locating her horse, she quickly saddled Neo, and then mounted. She charged from his stall as Colin entered.

Confusion and hurt marred his handsome features. For a moment, she almost relented. But she had a duty to her clan. Giving him one last longing look for what could have been, she kicked Neo into a gallop and out of the stables.

What the hell had just happened?

Colin watched as the dust clouds swirled around Sera's horse and her figure slowly grew smaller and smaller as she rode away.

He couldn't just let her leave. He needed her, wanted her. Hadn't he proven to her that he was telling the truth? Didn't Ian's confession about the brooch, and the power it held, show her they were meant to be together?

Growling under his breath he mounted the nearest charger. He didn't have time to saddle up. Luckily, his father had made him ride more times bareback than he could count.

"Thank you, Father!" he shouted to the sky. Damned if he wasn't going to track his bride down.

"Sera stop!" Colin's shout came from behind.

How on earth did he catch up to her? Swiveling around, she saw he rode bareback. She raised a brow, impressed.

"Can I speak to you, please?" Colin asked. The pleading look in his eyes was more than she could take.

Sera stopped her horse and waited for him to catch up.

"Ye have one minute." She kept her lips pressed together, and forced herself to appear irritated, when all she really wanted to do was jump from the horse and make love to him on the forest floor.

Colin's lips curved in that delicious way and her body shuddered.

"Can we dismount, my lady?" The sound of his voice vibrated her insides.

"Aye."

As soon as they were on the ground, her feet touching his, Colin's strong hands wrapped around her arms and he drew her against him. Holding her up against a tree, he pinned her there with his body. His hands came up to rest on either side of her head. His face was only inches from hers. Her heartbeat raced erratically in her chest and her breaths came in shallow pants.

Nipples taut and her womb contracting, she flooded with arousal.

“You know this was meant to be. You know how well we work together. Why deny it? Why deny yourself?” Colin asked gruffly.

Before she could answer, his lips captured hers. His teeth tugged on her lower lip until she opened for him. His tongue thrust in to take possession, and Sera eagerly kissed him back.

His cock rubbed hard and tantalizingly across her belly and the apex of her thighs. With just one word, one look, one touch he had her melting, and this... What he was doing to her now set her blood on fire. She wanted him, all of him. Inside, outside, rubbing, clutching.

He was right, she couldn't deny it. Sera wrapped her arms around his waist and hauled him in closer, rubbing her throbbing sex against him. Her nails raked up and down his back. She was ready. Now.

“Take me, Colin,” she whimpered, her body on the verge of climax.

He growled low in his throat, his hands running down her hips. He inched her skirt up around her waist. His fingers probed her wet curls, and then—

“Oh!” she moaned as his thick fingers plunged inside.

His mouth ripped from hers and slid hot wet kisses down the side of her neck, sucking at the sensitive spot on her collarbone. His fingers plunged ceaselessly. The pressure mounting inside was an exquisite torture.

She rocked her hips against his hand. His other groping hand teased and massaged her breasts and then traveled lower, squeezing her derriere.

Then he captured a straining nipple in his teeth and her body shattered. She bit down on his shoulder to keep from screaming aloud. For a moment she thought she'd died and gone to heaven.

Colin fumbled with his pants, his hard cock springing free. The warm tip rubbed against her slit, and she swayed her hips forward. God, it felt so good as he rubbed it back and forth on her clit.

“Are you sure?” he asked, his voice raspy.

“Yes!” she breathed.

He reached around behind him and pulled something from his pocket. She heard a ripping noise.

“What are ye doing?” she asked.

“I have to protect you, Sera. We’re not yet married.”

She observed him slipping a thin covering over his shaft, but it was soon forgotten when his mouth crushed hers.

His hands circled her ass and lifted her up, and then he drove deep inside her. Sera’s head fell back as his thick long cock filled her all the way to her womb. She felt stretched, full.

He steadied himself for a moment, letting her adjust to his size. Her body thrummed with pent up desire, and she wiggled her hips against him.

He withdrew and then plunged deep inside again and again.

“You feel so good,” he murmured against her neck. “So hot, so wet.”

Good Lord, Colin was made for sex, made to pleasure a woman. Made to pleasure her. His pace quickened. Each thrust of his cock took her farther and farther from reality.

She wrapped her legs tightly around his waist and hung on as he continued to plunder her, his mouth teasing her neck and breasts. When she climaxed this time, his mouth covered hers, drinking in her cries of ecstasy, his body shuddering as he joined her in heaven.

They stood panting, clutching at one another for what seemed like hours. Then, they slowly pulled

apart and straightened their clothes.

Sera smiled shyly, smoothing out her hair. He responded with a wolfish grin and sexy wink.

"You are so hot, Sera. So full of life. So real," he said. "Marry me."

She'd been fighting it since he told her he would marry her yesterday, but now she didn't even know why she was so abject to the idea. Being married to Colin would be an adventure. A very sexually satisfying adventure. Besides, she was starting to have feelings for the man.

And wouldn't their marriage unite the clans?

"Aye, I will."

His eyebrows shot up, and he sauntered over, wrapping her in his warm embrace. "You've made me the happiest man alive."

His words touched her. He sought her lips for a searing kiss, and when he pulled away, love glinted in his eyes. Her heart soared. Inside, her emotions were pulled, tugging her this way and that. She'd never felt this way before.

"I am happy as well," she said, a smile curving her lips.

"We'll send a messenger now letting your father know all is well. I'll take you back to your clan in the morning, and we can talk with your father about the marriage."

Sera nodded. He grasped her hand and helped her to remount her horse. Together they rode back to MacDuff Keep. When they re-entered the great hall, Colin smiled with confidence and happiness at Ian, who had a knowing look in his eyes.

Even though Ian placed Colin and Sera in separate sleeping quarters, they managed to find each other during the night. They made love until the light of dawn filtered through the window. Then they fell asleep wrapped in each other's arms.

Colin opened his eyes and stared at his future bride. She was a vision in the morning with her red hair tousled and spread out on the pillow. He was again struck at how innocent she looked. His heart swelled with emotion. Somewhere along the last couple of days, he'd fallen completely in love with the little vixen.

And today he had to take her home.

He rolled closer and stroked her rosy cheek, tracing his finger along her lower lip.

"Good morning," she murmured with a dreamy smile before opening her eyes.

"Indeed it is. After last night, the keep could fall down around us and I'd still think it was a great morning."

Sera laughed and ran her hands through his hair, tugging her toward him for a kiss.

"I have to go home today," she said, frowning.

"I know. But not for long. We'll go and speak to your father and then maybe you can just come back here, with me."

"That would be nice." Her lips curved devilishly. "I liked sneaking around with ye."

"I liked a lot more than the sneaking," he teased back and rolled on top of her.

She was naked beneath the sheet; her silky skin tantalized his own rougher flesh. His cock rubbed against her already soaking wet pussy. She was ready for him and he ached to plunge inside her.

"The ride can wait a little bit," Colin whispered against her ear, biting her lobe.

"Aye, it can. Take me for another kind of ride."

"Your wish is my command, princess."

Sera giggled as his tongue teased the side of her neck, but the happy laugh soon turned to moans as he slowly entered her. He loved the way she responded to him. So enthusiastic. Her hips lifted and her nails dug into his ass urging him to quicken

his pace.

Tap. Tap. Tap.

"Me lady, may I come in?" a maid said at the door.

Colin stopped mid-thrust. Sera bit her lip trying not to laugh.

"Shall I yell at her to go away?" he asked with a wolfish grin.

"No! I dinnae want them to ken yer in here."

"Why not, we're getting married."

"Me lady?" the servant called again.

"She's busy!" Colin shouted.

Sera had to cover her mouth to keep from laughing. The shocked gasp of the maid on the other side of the door was quite audible.

"Ye've surely scandalized her for the year!" Sera said through fits of laughter.

Colin laughed, and then traced his tongue along the length of her neck to her breasts. "Serves her right for interrupting our very important task."

"Ye are the devil—" But her words were cut off when he continued to travel south, his tongue flicking out to tease her clit.

She moaned loudly and ran her fingers through his hair. He grazed his teeth over the sensitive nub, and laved at her slick opening.

He lifted her legs to rest on his shoulders, and continued his assault. She tasted so damn good. No woman had ever tasted so sweet. And she smelled like flowers and woman. He could lick her all day long.

He sucked her clit deep into his mouth and she climaxed with such force her body bucked into the air, her nails raking through his hair.

"That's my princess," he murmured seductively against her throbbing vulva.

Sera removed her feet from his shoulders and gently shoved against his chest. He fell backward

taking her with him. She lay sprawled across his chest and kissed him senseless. Then she sat up and tugged on his arms.

“Stand up,” she demanded.

He did as she instructed and stood beside the bed. She walked in front of him, her riotous curls framing her face. She was a beautiful woman. He’d noticed before, but for some reason he was seeing her in a new light.

Sera kissed her way from his nipples down to his belly. Her hands caressed his waist, his thighs and his ass.

Her hot velvety mouth traveled lower to nip at the inside of his thighs. She was a goddess. No woman had ever been able to turn him on the way she did. She circled each of his balls with her tongue before moving up and sucking his cock deep into her throat. He sucked in a ragged breath. He was finding it hard to stand.

Then her fingers traced little circles on his ass before delving into the crack. She teased the tip of his cock, grazing it gently with her teeth, and then sucked him in deep as a finger entered him.

The erotic new feeling was so overpowering... *Oh, my God...* She pulled her finger out and then thrust it in again in rhythm with her mouth. Slowly up his cock to the tip, then sucking him back inside.

Her pace quickened. His knees were shaking; they would buckle at any moment. He gripped her long auburn hair in his fist, and bit his lip. What she was doing to him was beyond divine. It was fucking nirvana.

“Oh, God, Sera,” he moaned. “Do it faster, baby.”

Just as he’d said, she sucked him deeper, faster, her finger delving quicker and deeper into his ass.

Little circles danced before his eyes, and his orgasm resonated from the core of his body and then out.

He shouted with pleasure, both hands gripping her head. He shot his seed deep into her throat, and she eagerly sucked him dry.

Sera stood and wrapped her arms around his neck. He kissed her with a hunger and fire he'd never felt before. This woman was amazing. Not only was she sweet and fiery in temper, but she was an exciting and adventurous bed partner. Damn, he was one lucky guy to have found her.

Before leaving MacDuff to speak with her father, Ian had informed Colin he had a new plan. He and Natalie wished to travel to the future, and he was leaving Colin as the new Laird. Their original story about Colin being the long lost older brother left little doubt in the people's mind that he was the rightful ruler. They'd all seen the resemblance, and knew he was marrying Sera. To them it was the perfect solution.

Now, if only her father saw it the same way.

They dismounted their horses and walked up the stairs to the wide double doors of MacRae Keep. Sera squeezed Colin's fingers, trying to ignore the shouts from all around her. The people were in an uproar over her return.

"Don't worry, sweetheart. It will all work out."

She turned her gaze toward him, the confidence oozing from him rubbing off a little on her. She was glad he was so strong. For some reason, right now she was feeling anything but.

"Sera," her father boomed as she entered the great hall. He loped to her and wrapped him in his embrace. "Where have ye been?"

Her father's expression of concern quickly turned to anger as he eyed Colin up and down. "And who the hell are ye?"

Colin smiled, seemingly oblivious to the fierce countenance of his soon to be father-in-law.

“I’m Colin, Laird MacDuff.”

Her father raised a brow skeptically. “Ian is Laird MacDuff. I see the resemblance, and ye may have tricked me naïve daughter, but ye won’t fool me.”

Sera opened her mouth to speak, but Colin’s smile stopped her. “Ian told me you’d say that. I’m his and Donell’s older brother.” He gave him the parchment from Ian explaining the situation.

Sera waited with bated breath for what seemed like an eternity. Finally her father broke out into a wide smile.

“We are to be married in two weeks, Father.”

With her words he actually tugged Colin in for a hug.

She didn’t know whether he was truly excited for their union, or if he was just thrilled she’d finally decided to marry.

Either way, she knew her marriage to Colin would summon peace to both families.

Sera raced up the keep steps, ignoring the shouts and bawdy calls from the men below. Colin was right on her heels. It had been two weeks since they’d been able to make love, and now that they were married, they couldn’t wait another moment.

When she reached the door, his hand went around her arm and drew her back.

“It’s tradition,” he said as he lifted her, cradling her in his arms.

He walked through the room and then kicked the door shut behind him. The sounds of voices below instantly were replaced by the crackling of the warm fire.

“Tell me, what else is tradition?” she asked with a naughty smile.

“I’d rather show you.”

He placed her gently on the bed and slowly

undressed her. She gazed with rapt attention as he removed the kilt he'd started wearing. The ancient garb had been made for him. It accentuated the length and muscular build of his legs, and had wicked thoughts racing through her mind when she gazed at his taut chest and stomach.

But his attire wasn't all that turned her blood hot and had her slick between her thighs. His cock jutted out from the muscled 'V' between his hips. Lord, he was beautiful.

She crooked her finger, and he sauntered over, settling on top of her.

She caught his mouth in a searing kiss, her body enflamed as his tongue slipped between her parted lips.

"Finally," he murmured.

His fingers danced up and down her ribs, a thumb teasing the underside of her breasts. She arched her back, loving the feel of her naked breasts pressed against his smooth hard chest.

"It's your wedding night, wife. Whatever you want..." he whispered into her ear as he brought his lips to her neck and then lower until he took a taut nipple into his warm velvety mouth.

He suckled gently and then harder, sending a warm rush through to her center. Without warning an orgasm ripped through her. She shrieked with passion as the heat coursed through her. Before her convulsions subsided, he pressed her legs open with his knees and settled his hard cock in between her thighs. He rubbed and teased her clit with the tip, but didn't enter her.

Sera lifted her hips, urging him to plunge deep inside, but he just continued to lave at her breasts and travel back and forth with slow, sensual measure.

She raked her nails up and down his back, moving from gripping his shoulders to his buttocks.

She writhed restlessly against the exquisite pleasure, sucking leisurely and then with frenzy on the crook between his neck and shoulder.

Again her body peaked, and he didn't enter. Instead he traversed lower, his tongue plunging into the juicy center of her. His silky tongue flicked back and forth over her clit, delving into her slit to tease her. He continued his relentless assault until her body again flew to crescendo.

Good lord, they had yet to consummate their marriage and he'd already—

“Oh!” she shrieked as another earth-shattering orgasm tore through her. Her legs shook, every fiber in her body fully alive.

Colin moaned and gripped her hips as she grasped his cock in her hand, pumping up and down, her thumb teasing the mushroom tip. She guided him towards her and didn't have to wait to feel him fill her any longer. He drove deep inside.

He collapsed on top of her, devouring her mouth with his as his cock plunged in and out. Sera wrapped her legs high around his hips.

They gyrated together in a sensual dance until climax gripped them both. Colin pumped vigorously into her, his shouts of pleasure mixed with hers.

Sera slipped from bed, making sure not to wake her new husband. She clapped a hand over her mouth to keep from laughing with joy. He was her husband! Only a few weeks before she'd thought this whole situation ludicrous and fought to marry the man. How wrong she'd been! Joy overflowed her.

She tiptoed to the mantle and took down the box Ian had given them to hold the brooch. It was such a powerful jewel. If it ever got into the wrong hands, it could mean a mountain of heartache for a lot of people. Carefully she ripped a length of her own MacRae plaid and wrapped the brooch neatly with

it. She smiled at the symbolism there. Her plaid, his brooch. She tucked the wrapped brooch back into the box and then walked to the wall where she'd found the loose stone.

She pulled the stone out and set the box inside, then replaced the stone. The brooch was safe, the clans were safe.

Sera climbed back beneath the warm covers and smiled as Colin tugged her against his chest. She snuggled close and was dozing off when he spoke.

"I love you, my Highland jewel." Colin's whisper against her neck was a warm and welcome caress.

She was in love.

About the Author

Eliza Knight writes spicy historical romance. While not chasing after her little children, she is writing, reading, researching, and living with her own knight in shining armor. She is a member of RWA, Hearts Through History, Celtic Hearts, and The Beau Monde. She operates a blog site, History Undressed, where she discusses the wildly fascinating yet not popularly known facts of history.

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