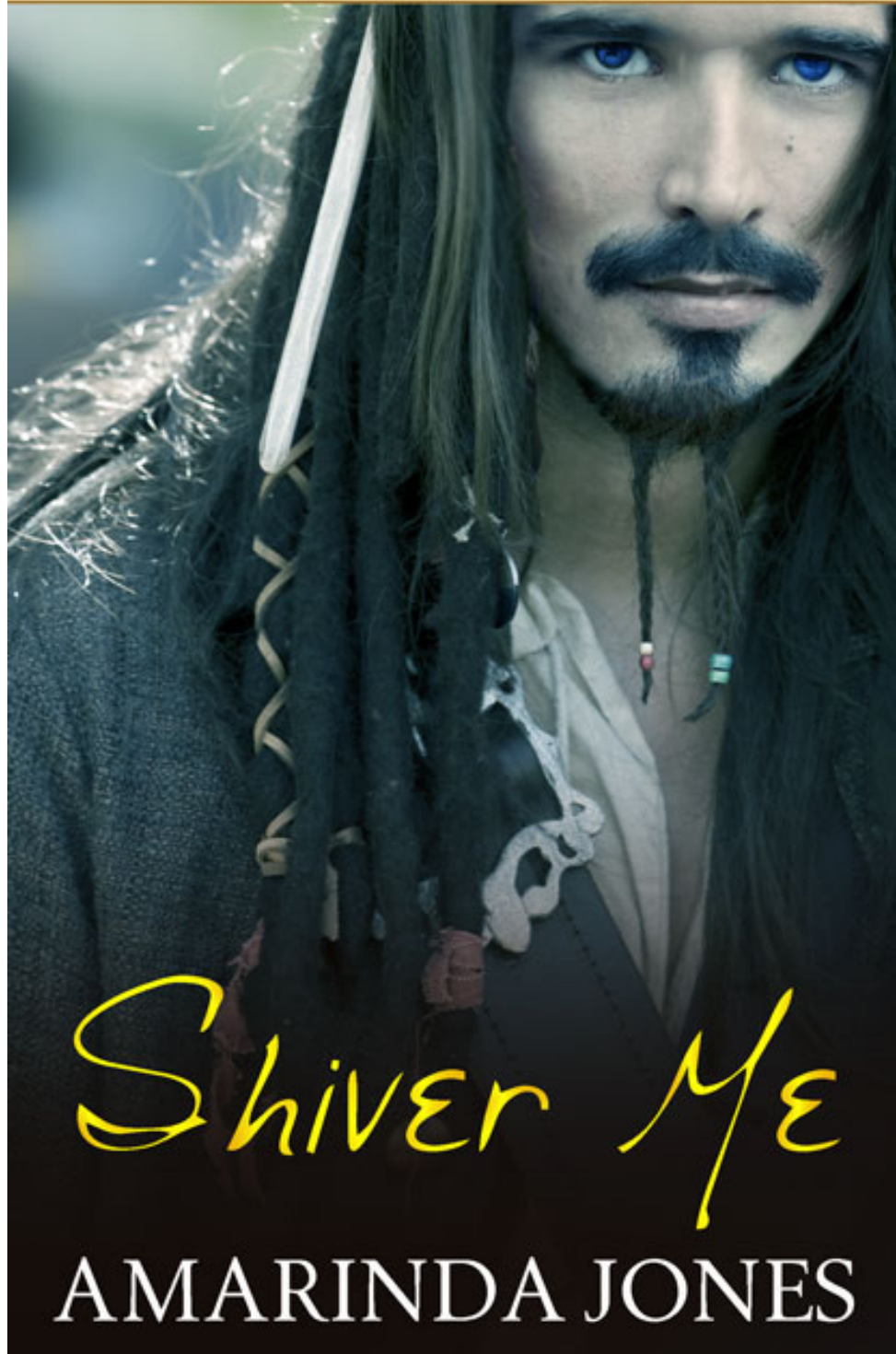


ELLORA'S CAVE TWILIGHT



Shiver Me

AMARINDA JONES

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Shiver Me

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SHIVER ME

Amarinda Jones

Dedication

Here be pirates – may you find yours.

And as always, this is dedicated to my readers. Your support is amazing. Thank you.

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Chapter One

"Great-Aunt Zeta left me bones?"

"Well it's a full, disassembled skeleton actually." The lawyer for Zeta Rose pushed the lid up on the big old leather suitcase.

Violet Rose stared at the carefully placed bones in the navy blue velvet interior. Yep. They were bones all right. She knew her aunt had been crazy but a serial killer?

"A real live, I mean dead, skeleton?" Her mouth was dry as she contemplated it. *What am I supposed to do with that? Do I tell the police? Bury it? Say no thanks?*

Joseph Catchpole, the lawyer laughed at her dismay.

"Well, I'm not sure how real it is. Even though there is a certificate of authenticity, it was certified in a time when anything could be forged for the right money. Your Aunt Zeta was somewhat a colorful woman and would have found much enjoyment out of something so unusual." He rustled around in the paperwork on his desk. "Ah, here it is." He handed her a piece of paper.

It was a certificate of authenticity from a coroner. *Oh this day just keeps getting weirder.* Violet looked at the lawyer then the paper. He looked deadly serious. Was this normal for him or was he unshockable due to his profession? Were weird bequests normal for him? The date up at the top of the document said July 27, 1911. *Holy crap.* Who would have bones certified? And why wouldn't a coroner ask why the need to authenticate or did that happen a lot back then? The paperwork indicated the bones dated back to approximately the early seventeen hundreds. "Bizarro world," Violet murmured as she read on. Attached to the certificate was a list of people who had owned the bones. The last name was Zeta's. *What the hell was that about? Why had so many people kept these bones? And why her aunt?*

“There is quite a history on this skeleton,” he said. “Some say it belongs to a pirate who was the scourge of the Pacific and that there is a spell that can bring him to life.”

And some people are space cadets. “No doubt they believe the spell will provide them with a pirate’s treasure.” Some people had too much time on their hands. To believe in buried treasure was to believe in the tooth fairy as far as Violet was concerned. Nothing in her experience ever came easily in life and certainly not from bones or they would all be hanging out at the cemetery with shovels in hand.

Catchpole laughed. “Well, yes actually many kept the bones because of the idea of a pirate’s bounty.”

Had Zeta believed that? Violet knew her aunt was dramatic but basically sane in a New Age love-child way. Had she also been caught up in a romantic pirate’s tale? She doubted it. Zeta had never been materialistic. “So what the hell...” she muttered to herself. Zeta Rose had died two weeks ago. Violet had been surprised when she had been called to the lawyer’s office. She hadn’t been expecting anything out of Zeta’s estate least of all bones. *How lucky can you be?*

“Are you sure she wanted me to have these?” But then, Violet was the last Rose family member left standing. Where else would they go? She stared at the skeleton as if it would give her some answer as to what she should do or think. What was the etiquette of bone giving? *And what the hell am I supposed to do with them?* Violet was not avaricious by nature but she had to admit a small part of her hoped there may have been a bequest large enough to make that rent payment. “Shouldn’t these be buried or something?” Surely there was a law about disturbing the dead?

“I assure you, it’s all above board.” Catchpole snapped the suitcase shut and handed it to her.

Violet caught the handle and staggered under the weight. *Great.* Not only was it a freaky gift, it was also heavy. *Oh this is going to be fun lugging home on the train.* She had sold her bomb of a car for scrap only a week ago. Talk about serendipity. Could her life be more mixed up at the moment?

“Here’s Zeta’s letter. I was instructed to tell you this was a gift you needed to make you happy.” He smiled softly at the confused woman before him. “Zeta always said you were good to her and that she wanted you to find happiness.”

“Right. With bones apparently.” Violet took the letter in her other hand and thought about life. Her great-aunt had kept a disassembled skeleton in a suitcase. *Okay then.* It could have been worse. *Though I’m not sure how.* Why couldn’t she have had an aunt who kept twenty mangy cats and forgot to change from her slippers and dressing gown when she went to the shops? “Thanks – I think.”

“Zeta was a smart woman. She never did anything without a reason.”

Violet smiled and nodded. There was no reason that she could think of to keep bones but then who was she to judge the vagaries of others? Violet had enough hang-ups of her own.

* * * * *

Violet sat on the arm of her sofa and drained her third glass of wine as she contemplated the suitcase resting on the cushions at her feet. The suitcase was not modern. It was old and leather and strapped to ensure the safety of goods. It had been made in a time when craftsmanship was more important than wheels on luggage. The looks Violet had received on the train on the way home still amused her.

Going on a trip dearie? That’s a big case for such a small woman.

No, I have a pirate’s skeleton inside and I’m taking it home to wish on the bones for at least two hundred dollars – that or a bottle of wine.

You on drugs?

Reality is my drug.

It was almost midnight. Violet still had not opened the suitcase or read her aunt’s letter. She poured herself another chardonnay and wondered about her life.

“Can life get any better?” Violet mumbled to her herself. She was thirty-two, unemployed, in debt up to her eyeballs and she had no idea how she was going to come up with the rent payment due tomorrow.

“I guess I could always sell my body.” She snorted with laughter at the thought, sloshing wine down the front of her thin-strapped nightdress. She hadn’t had sex in so long she doubted she even knew where the parts fitted anymore. “It has something to do with A slotting into B, lots of sweating with the hope of feeling something other than frustrated at the end. But all is not lost, I have my health, a bottle of plonk and a bag of bones.”

Good old Zeta. Crazy and loveable to the end. Violet raised her glass in tribute to her great-aunt. “Rest in peace, Auntie Z.” She picked up her aunt’s letter, the elaborate curlicue writing immediately familiar. “Oh I just know this is going to be good.” Zeta had loved surprises. This was one of her best. It could not even compete with her subscription to magazines of the world. Obscure monthly journals landed on her doorstep every thirty days. It would have been a great gift but for the fact the Violet did not speak Urdu, Swahili or Latin. Still the pictures were nice and they were useful in propping up the screen of her computer to the right level.

Dear Violet

This gift is something I have treasured. It is something that will make you very happy if you allow it. Live a long and prosperous life.

Love, Zeta

Violet reached over and placed her empty wineglass on the cupboard behind the sofa beside the butt ugly vase her aunt had given her one year for her birthday. *Am I lucky with gifts from Zeta or what?* “Make me happy if I allow it? Maybe, I’m supposed to start a new career. Hmm, did she want me to be an archeologist?” Violet snorted at that. Due to lack of interest in high school her grades had been so bad that being any sort of “ologist” would have been beyond Violet. Detention for constant talking in class and smoking behind the gym had been the only things she had excelled at. Up until a month

ago, she had been doing okay. That was when she'd been made redundant and all those loans she taken out all came back to bite her on the ass.

"All righty then, let's have another look inside." She reached over and flipped the locks on the case. The lid sprung open. "Yep, they're bones all right." The bones had the patina of great age. She could not fathom why anyone would keep a skeleton in a suitcase. Could they be real? She knew what the certificate said but still. Bones in a box? Seriously? Violet gingerly touched the skull. She shivered as a hot flash shot up her arm. This had once been a human being with thoughts and emotions. If she was to believe the authenticity certificate, these bones had been passed on and handled continuously by strangers. That was wrong to Violet. People died and deserved to be buried and left in peace. Even if there was some dazzling treasure, no human remains should be kept for reasons of greed. "It's just plain weird but then that was Zeta."

She spied the rolled up piece of parchment tucked into the side of the case. Violet had not noticed that before in the lawyer's office. "Ooh, maybe it's a treasure map." The chance of that was remote but a girl could dream. She lifted it out carefully trying to avoid touching the rest of the bones. Why? She wasn't sure. Violet just felt in some way it was disrespectful. She unrolled the paper, its age making it crackle. The words were spidery and faded but she could make out enough to read it. Violet spoke the words out loud.

A man of spirit cannot be felled. Only true love can conquer him and make him the man he once was. Though he lies in the depths of loneliness, his lover's voice will make him free to love again.

"Whoa, pretty dramatic and yet it doesn't rhyme." She giggled as she reached for the wine bottle again. "Arise bones and show us your stuff."

When she fell backward off the arm of the sofa, Violet initially blamed the wine until she realized it was actually the room shaking violently. She looked around her as the lights flickered wildly and the wind started to howl. No storm had been predicted.

“What the hell is going on?” Her hazel eyes snapped wide open as a blinding flash of light shot from the suitcase. “Holy crap!” Violet scooted back on her ass in shock as the whole room lit up. The brightness was so overwhelming she covered her eyes. “I swear to God or whomever is listening I will never drink alcohol again if you just let me live through whatever this is.”

As the shaking decreased and the brightness dissolved, Violet opened one eye carefully and looked out. For the first time in her life she was speechless.

“Hello beauty, be you my reward?” A tall man threw off his doublet and made a beeline for her.

“Huh?” Her mouth dropped open as she looked at the man who stood before her. “Who the hell are you?” Violet opened and closed her eyes. Nope, he was still there. He was tall, dark-haired and dressed in buff-colored breeches, knee-high boots and a garishly embroidered waistcoat. She watched as his waistcoat hit the floor next. Was she going mad or did she have a real life pirate undressing in her home? “Fuck!”

“Aye, I’d like to very much.” The man moved toward her.

Although she had not had sex in what seemed like forever, Violet knew a horny man when she saw one. She staggered to her feet and moved in the opposite direction to him. “Touch me and you’re a dead man.” What was going on here? Bones, a flash of light and now a man dressed like a pirate was trying to jump her bones? Stuff like this just did not happen in suburban Brisbane.

He threw back his head and laughed at her words.

“Oh, you know what I mean.” Holy crap. One minute she had bones in a suitcase and the next she had a man hotter than sin looking like he wanted more than just to borrow a cup of sugar from a neighbor. Violet rounded the sofa to put its width between them. Realistically she knew if he wanted to take her he could simply outmaneuver her, for he was bigger and stronger than she. The thought that he was lazily shadowing her movements made her body tremble with a wild anticipation.

“I do love a feisty wench.”

Wench? “Who are you calling a wench, Sinbad?”

He smiled. “Aye, I can be both sinful and bad. But no wenches have complained of either.”

I bet. That sexy smile would open many legs. Violet moved as he did. This was a cat and mouse game with one intention in mind. He wanted sex. She had no idea what she wanted. She was hot and wet between the legs but sudden sex with a stranger who, in all likelihood had been a skeleton only minutes earlier, was not rational. Not that Violet had ever worried about that in the past. Her life was a testimony to doing the wrong thing. “Listen mate, I don’t know where you’re from—”

“The Kingdom of Great Britain.” He dodged and turned counter clockwise.

Hence the accent. It was husky and had the sounds of a Londoner. Violet jumped and corrected her moves. She had almost run straight into his arms. “Well mister you’re in Australia now and Aussie women don’t put up with that crap.” Sound tough. Act tough.

He arched an eyebrow in interest. “Australia? Where be that?”

“Er...” *Crap.* Time to think back to what she learned in history class at school. *Jeez, did I ever even pass that? Oh no, that was geography I sucked at.* “Um, Let’s see, maybe you would know it as The Great Southern Land?” He looked vague. “New Holland?”

“Ah, the Dutch settlement.” Nathaniel nodded in understanding. “Damn good sailors.”

Violet was about to correct him but decided his need for knowledge was the least of her problems at the moment.

“I always wanted to sail south but I had trouble with certain port authorities.”

He was a bad boy. It figured. Those were the only types Violet liked.

“You want me.” His words were true and sure.

"You want me," Violet responded, liking the cocky tone of his voice despite the guilt of feminist ideologies knocking at her brain. *Oh go away. We're home but we're not answering.*

"Aye I do and I'm willing to admit it. But like most ladies you like the thrill of the chase and being caught."

Okay yes, Violet did. It was exciting to think that a man could be so desperate to have you. "You have a high opinion of yourself, Sinbad." But then he had every reason to. He was gorgeous.

"I have waited forever to touch you."

Forever? For a moment her world stood still. Violet looked into the handsome, stubble-covered face, dazzled by the charm of the man's smile. He looked like he meant "forever". But how could she want someone like that she had only just met?

That was when he took advantage and caught up to her, sweeping her into his arms. He laughed as she struggled against him. "I win but then so do you."

"Let me go." Every hormone was on red alert as the broad expanse of his hard chest connected with her breasts. The smell of him was amazing. It was like salt air and sea breezes. Fresh like a summer's day. Violet's heart pounded madly as she took in the depth of desire in his eyes and the hardness of his cock pushing against her stomach. *Oh, I am in deep trouble.*

"Truly lass? You want me to let go?"

Yes...no...what was the question again? Who could think when her blood was sizzling and her hormones doing a happy dance? "Um..."

"Aye?" He picked her and dropped her onto the sofa.

As Violet's back hit the cushions, she knew the reality she faced. He wanted her. In all honesty she wanted him. *But should I?* "Back off sailor boy, I'm not about to let you come aboard." The good girl warred with the bad.

Take what's on offer.

You'll go to hell.

I'm halfway there already. What's a few more steps?

I guess you know what you're doing...

Not a damn idea.

"How long since you had a real man between your legs, beauty?"

What year was this? Violet shook her head. She had to get a grip. This was madness.

Get up. Fight him off. Say, "No thank you, sir."

Give me a minute, I'm thinking...

The pirate settled the matter for her as his body moved over hers.

Oh heaven...

As his ran his hand up under the brief nightdress she wore, Violet made a half hearted attempt to slap his hand away from its upward quest but it was determined and she was less so.

"Who are you?" She closed her legs, trapping the hand in between them. Violet had no panties on and he was so close to touching her pussy. The thought of him doing that made her tremble. She never slept around and getting all horny over a stranger who appeared out of nowhere, dressed like a pirate, was ridiculous. But then her hormones had a way of overriding her brain when a hard, male body was hot on top of her.

"Nathaniel Dreadnought at your service. Those who fear me call me 'Dread'."

"What about those who want you to keep your hands to yourself?" She squeezed her thighs together tightly. It was the worst thing she could have done as his hand acted like a conductor on her now sensitized flesh.

"Never met any ladies like that." He pulled her thighs apart easily and his hand cupped the soft mound between her legs.

"O-oh," Violet moaned as his fingers found her clit. *I should be fighting this. But how do I do that when it feels so good?*

Nathaniel grinned down knowingly at her. "You like that don't you, beauty?" He kept up a steady massaging pace with his hand. "I feel and smell your need. It matches my own."

"Oh boy." This was so much better when it was someone else's fingers.

He pulled at the buttons of his breeches. "Nay, I'm all man."

And she could feel every inch of that manhood pressed against her stomach. Violet knew by the look in his deep blue eyes he was going to kiss her and for the life of her she could not stop the lips that captured hers. She slumped into the sofa and gave in to the best kiss of her life. It was firm, moist heat that demanded a response and instantly got one. The taste of his tongue against hers was delicious and it seemed completely natural to wind her arms around his neck. It was only when his clearly erect and uncovered cock jabbed against the thin satin she wore that reality kicked in once more.

"This is all happening way too fast." She pushed at his shoulders as she licked her lips savoring the taste of him. Who was he? Where did he come from? And why did she instantly feel a connection to him? Her head spun as she tried to think what to do. Hunger battled common sense.

"I want you and you want me. It's perfectly natural." Nathaniel ripped the front of her nightdress away and his mouth descended on one taut nipple and sucked hard.

Violet closed her eyes at the sensation. He had her complete attention and the thought of trying to push him away totally dissolved under the suction of his mouth. She could feel his hands slide up under her hips, pulling her closer to him.

Nathaniel let go of her nipple with a loud smack of his lips, smiling as the wet peak bobbed jauntily.

"This first time is for possession." He lifted her legs up to his shoulders. "Do you need me, beauty?"

"Oh hell yes," Violet choked out. Worrying whether this was rational or right was no longer an issue. She watched as he pushed aside the fabric that impeded his

straining cock. When it stood proud and rigid before her and she saw its length and thickness Violet knew there was only one thing to say. "Fuck me."

"Thank you." Nathaniel said the words as if she had granted him a gift. He grasped her hips and positioned his cock at her wet core.

As he plunged inside her body, Violet's head dropped back at the hot impact of the hard shaft penetrating into the heart of her. It was like first time sex. She felt so tight and full that she never wanted the feeling to end.

"Move," she ordered through gritted teeth as she tried to keep what was left of her control. The smile he gave her was so full of passion and understanding that for one crazy second she prayed the moment would not end.

"It is good beauty?" His hips kept up a steady, thrusting rhythm.

"It is chocolate ice cream with rainbow sprinkles good," Violet panted, her legs wrapping around his waist.

Nathaniel chuckled and kissed her lips. "I know not what that means but the look in your eyes is the treasure I seek."

As expected, the sudden onslaught of surprise, desire, physical heat and hormones meant that both of them lost control very quickly and the orgasm that tore through her body made her scream out loud. Nathaniel laughed in triumph as he pumped hotly inside her as his lips claimed hers in a hungry kiss. Violet held him to her as the wild tremors racked her body. It was all so deliciously wrong and she wanted to do it again and again.

Violet dropped her shaky legs as he pulled out from her. She allowed him to roll her on her side so he could fit beside her on the sofa. The arms that held her close were so safe and secure that she didn't want to be anywhere else at that moment.

"Are you real?" She searched his eyes for the answers behind what she had just done with a complete stranger. A stranger who may or may not have been bones just moments before and who she had allowed to come freely in her body when any other time she would have insisted on a condom. *What the hell was I thinking? Oh that's right, I*

wasn't thinking. Foolish woman. She counted, added and subtracted to her last period. *Okay, I should be all right.* But there was another problem Didn't sailors have a girl in every port? But then surely any possible disease he could have had would have perished after so long. *Oh lord, I just literally just jumped his bones.*

Nathaniel kissed the woman's temple and ran his fingers lightly over the soft, plump thighs that lay alongside his. He was half undressed and didn't have a clue where he was. The room he was in was odd and foreign yet at that moment he did not care about any of that. Lying with her in his arms made him feel alive once more. She had saved him from hell. All those wasted years now had meaning.

"Aye, I'm real."

Violet touched the heavy gold ring he wore on his pinkie and looked at him shyly.

"I... er, um... Where did you come from?"

"You summoned me," Nathaniel responded simply, amused that she was blushing after what they had just done. *Maybe after a couple of centuries of imprisonment this is my reward.*

"Huh?" Violet looked at him in confusion.

"I have been waiting for you for over two hundred years." His hands moved to her breasts. They were full and lush just the way he liked them. "Beautiful," Nathaniel murmured as his head moved down for a further taste.

Violet pushed him back. "I summoned you?" She sounded amazed as if the thought was beyond her comprehension.

"Aye." Nathaniel was not surprised at her bewilderment. Any taint of witchcraft had not been acceptable in his time and it seemed whatever time he was in now that had not changed. "So my beauty, what is your name?"

"That's a little late to ask now," she muttered in annoyance sounding both affronted and upset at herself and him. "It's Violet, Violet Rose."

“A pretty name for a pretty woman.” He wanted to taste, touch and suck but Nathaniel could see that Violet had questions that needed to be answered. He decided to indulge her for the moment, although his cock was hardening up to indulge her in other ways. While it was true he had not been with a woman for a couple of centuries, no woman in his own time had affected him as instantly as Violet Rose had. He did not want to scare her away. Whatever she needed he would give. In Nathaniel’s eyes she was his savior.

“*Who* are you?” Her eyes were intent on his as if looking for answers. “*What* are you?”

It relieved him that she did not pull away in fright, yet stayed and asked the questions she needed answered. That told Nathaniel a lot about Violet. She was no coward and despite the wild moment between them, she did not give herself lightly. A light-skirt would get up and move on to the next man as if one was the same as another.

“I am the man you saved. I am your true love.” He leaned in and kissed the lips that melted so beautifully under his.

“What? True love?” Violet spluttered as she pushed his lips from hers. “Let me think. I can’t do that when you kiss me.”

Nathaniel smiled. What a sweet weakness for a woman to have.

“You were bones...”

“And you spoke the spell to free me.” He had been waiting for what seemed like forever for someone to break him from the limbo land he had been confined to. For a man of the sea, used to roaming at will, it had been torture.

“A spell as in hocus-pocus?” Violet’s mouth opened wide in shock.

Nathaniel longed to take advantage of the ready sweetness of her mouth but he knew she needed answers. He pushed a strand of tangled brown hair behind her ear.

"In 1728, I was a sailor on the *Mounted Glory* coming out of Haiti. She was a grand ship." Women and the sea were the two things he had missed the most. Both were wild and adventurous and both called to him in a way nothing else did.

"Were you a pirate?"

"Some may have called us so." Nathaniel grinned at Violet. She looked shocked yet intrigued. This was an adventuress he held in his arms.

"So you're English?"

He laughed at her words knowing his stuffy English relatives would rather claim a mongrel dog than kinship to him. Nathaniel realized they would long since be dead. He no longer had to make any attempts to fit in with the stuffy people who had disowned him. While he had always been his own man, the lack of understanding family had made his heart ache. They had never understood his need for adventure. Nathaniel had told himself the sea and his crew were his family. But it was not the same. In his heart he wanted to belong somewhere and to someone.

"I am a man of the sea and that is my heritage." The sea had been his home for the longest time. He understood the power and the danger of it. The ocean was thrilling to his senses. Now, lying in this woman's arms he recognized another type of home.

Violet tried to process the thoughts in her mind.

"So what happened to you and how did you end up here?" She sounded both intrigued and appalled.

"I had an argument with a crewmate who paid a witch to condemn me to the hell of the barren existence you freed me from." Nathaniel could still remember the feeling of being held utterly powerless by paid mercenaries as the old crone had chanted her curse. He had felt his body dissolve, yet his spirit and mind remained intact, useless in the bag his bones had been thrown into. "You are not the first to have spoken those words over my bones. Every time I heard them chanted I waited for release." Nathaniel shook his head sadly. "It never came until there was you." He still remembered the old crone's cackling. *Only your true love can free you.* At the time he had felt doomed forever.

While Nathaniel loved women, he had been true to none. It was his own fault. He had thought with his cock and he had paid the price. Not that his imprisonment was his fault. He did not regret his actions there.

“If you were supposed to be imprisoned why was the scroll put in there?” Violet could not hide her confusion.

“Mayhap to taunt me each time I heard it read to no avail.”

“So this witch put a spell on you to teach you some sort of lesson? All over a spat with a crew mate?”

“Aye, sailors are hard, unforgiving. I learned it pays not to piss people off, beauty.” Nathaniel smiled at her gobsmacked expression. At least Violet was not laughing in his face or running away screaming in horror as he imagined most women would. *This one I like. This one is strong.*

“And somehow my aunt got possession of your...er, bones.”

“I know not how.” But Nathaniel was glad. Being a man of the sea he believed in omens and karma. Things happened for a reason. “Fate brought me to you, beauty. All I know is I have restlessly been awaiting my chance to be free.” He stroked her face tenderly. “I have been waiting for you, beauty.”

Waiting for you. The words hit Violet hard. Was it fate that had thrown them together? Was she hallucinating? *How much wine did I drink?* She did not doubt that weird supernatural things happened all the time. Violet just never expected any would happen to her.

“Zeta saved your life.” But how on earth did her aunt end up with pirate bones in a suitcase? Violet knew her aunt frequented the secondhand stores and bought the oddest things. Did she buy the suitcase unaware of the bones? It seemed unlikely. Zeta was a woman who always did things for a reason. A normal person wouldn’t have held onto them but then Zeta had never worried about perceptions of normality. Violet was

disappointed she would never know the whole story, as the one person who could tell her was dead. Violet smiled. Zeta was like the sphinx – a riddle wrapped in a mystery.

“Who is Zeta?” Nathaniel asked, his hand stroking her flesh.

“My aunt Zeta kept your bones. Why? I have no idea. She was not someone who conformed to what others considered normal.” The soft stroking was awakening her spent senses. “Zeta said that you would make me happy if I allowed it.” *How did Zeta know that?* Was it even realistic to expect happiness from another? What about the whole seek-it-within thing? Or was that just made for television movies?

Nathaniel picked up her hand and kissed her palm. “I pledge my life to do that, Violet Rose.”

That was crazy of course. They had only just met under not exactly normal circumstances and she sure as hell did not want him latching on to her because he considered her his savior. Violet was an all or nothing woman. Yet, in saying that, there was something about a hot, half-naked man pledging himself to her that made her feel all soft and girly and open to anything he suggested. *Maybe gratitude would be okay for a while.*

“I’m not having sex with you again.” Violet said it more for her benefit than his. Although it was insane to have sex with a stranger and he was stranger than most, the thought of him inside her once again made her wet. She had never felt so turned on, let alone contemplated having sex twice in a row.

“’Tis inevitable, beauty.” Nathaniel eyes locked on hers. They were full of promise and plans. “I have a lot of loving to make up for.”

Oh boy, I really want to help you with that.

“You know, I’m not just any available woman you can bed.” She had some morals even though they seemed to have deserted her at that moment.

“I knew that the minute I looked into your pretty hazel eyes. I saw my future with you.” Nathaniel kissed her nose teasingly. “Any man can fuck a woman, only a lover can appreciate his great fortune. You are mine.”

I am his. The shiver that zinged through Violet's body made her realize that he spoke the truth and this was more than merely two strangers scratching an itch.

"I need a shower." Preferably icy cold so it drove any lustful thoughts away.

"What is it you need?" Nathaniel asked with a grin.

Bizarro world. That was right. She was dealing with someone who came from 1728. Indoor plumbing was not something that existed back then and if it did, only the rich would have had it.

"Um, I need to wash up." From what she had read, Violet had always believed that people from that time did not consider hygiene a major issue, however Nathaniel smelled deliciously masculine and quite edible. But then, did bones sweat? *Oh, I do not even want to think about that. This is all just too weird. I am weird.* How many women would take a pirate from the eighteenth century in their stride?

Nathaniel lifted them both up into a sitting position. "I'd love to wash you."

Oh yes please. The thought of his wet slippery flesh sliding against hers made her body melt. "We're definitely going to need condoms," Violet muttered to herself, thinking about all the possibilities of him and her in a shower.

"Beg your pardon?" Nathaniel looked at her quizzically as he pulled her to her feet.

"Oh right, a condom is a..." Violet, the woman who said she was not going to have sex again, tried to think of an old-fashioned term to describe a rubber. "Um, I think they were called French letters in your time. You know, it covers—er, well—that." It was a shame to cover his cock up. While Violet had only seen a few in her life, she knew this was an excellent one. However safety, albeit late, came first.

"Why would I wear such a thing?" He stroked his exposed and now erect cock through the opening of his buff breeches. "Do you not like the way I look and feel, beauty?"

Violet gulped. *What's not to like?* "Oh yes – I mean you will wear one because I say so." Which even to Violet's ears confirmed sex was definitely in the cards but it would be on her terms.

Nathaniel looked like a man who would do whatever he had to in order to be with his woman. "I would do anything for you, Violet Rose. Where be they?" He lifted her up into his arms.

I could get used to this manhandling.

"They be – I mean they are in my bedroom."

"Show me to your boudoir, beauty."

That Nathaniel carried her with no effort at all surprised Violet. She was no lightweight. She was full hips, ass and boobs. This was a real man. Did they make them like this anymore? Unfazed by what others dictated and led solely by what they felt attractive? When he kicked open the door she indicated, Violet felt all giddy. It was so exciting and determined. That he had one thing on his mind and it revolved around her was so exciting that for a moment Violet forgot to breathe. She knew she could easily love a man who did that. *I mean lust after, not love.*

Nathaniel placed her feet gently on the floor and finished stripping off his clothes, his eyes never leaving hers.

Oh wow. Who's a lucky girl? He had the type of body she only saw on the annual firefighters' calendar. It was lean and hard and lickable. Yes, she wanted to lick him but how rational was it, to be licking a pirate? Violet looked him up and down and assessed her options. A quick shower alone and then work out what to do with Jolly Roger or a shared, mutually satisfying shower and just do Jolly Roger. *Shiver me timbers. What to do?* She looked at his erection. It would be a waste to let that deflate and she had already had him once so could twice really matter much? *Hmm, nope.* Violet took his hand and led him to the bathroom that was attached to her bedroom. She smiled as he looked around at the pristine white tiles, toilet and vanity.

"Sink me, this looks like something from a fancy whorehouse." Nathaniel grinned at her appalled look. "'Tis a compliment, beauty."

"Okay—I think" Violet murmured wryly as she leaned in and turned on the shower. She had never showered with a man before. She had only ever wanted them to leave after sex. None had ever made her want more as Nathaniel did. What was the etiquette of showering with a man? Jump in first? Pull him in? Nathaniel solved the problem by taking her hand and walking into the flow of water with her.

"'Tis a waterfall." He moved his hands immediately to her wet breasts. "By God you are beautiful."

"Really?" That he said it with such passion surprised her. She'd only two lovers previous to Nathaniel and each had commented on her body. One had said she might consider a gym membership to reduce her fat ass and "hail damaged" thighs. While the other had slapped her ass and said, "You need to lay off the cream sweetie." Naturally Violet had dropped both like hot rocks. But, she had to admit their words had scored a direct hit on her psyche. Normally she did not care what anyone said about her but in a world where appearances were judged harshly, it was sometimes hard to always be stoic and resistant to cruel words. Yet Nathaniel seemingly saw no flaws. But then buxom women were probably the norm in his time.

"What?" Nathaniel's eyes were on hers.

"I was thinking that bigger women like me must have been more attractive in your time." *To think I would have been fashionable two hundred years ago.*

"Big? Are you jesting with me? You are so small I'm scared I'm going to hurt you." Nathaniel's fingers circled round her taut nipples. "I'm not going to fuck you because you are the only woman here. I am going to fuck you because I would die if I did not taste the delights of your sweet body again."

"You are so sweet, Nathaniel," Violet murmured, her hands stroking his broad shoulders. His words told of his real and honest need for her.

“I thank the angels for bringing me to you.” His hands left her breasts and held the soap up to his nose and sniffed it. He nodded his head approvingly as he lathered up his palms.

As Nathaniel’s fingers slid sensuously over her hips, Violet grasped hold of his shoulders to stop herself from falling.

“Oh Nathaniel,” she moaned when he tongued her nipples as his soapy hands moved lower down her body. When he nudged her legs apart she willingly gave him access to soap her pussy and inner thighs. She reached down and grabbed his slippery cock, pulling on it gently.

“Keep doing that and I’ll not be able to concentrate on anything else but tugging you.”

“Tugging sounds good.” Violet pushed closer to him, rubbing her body against his.

Needing no further encouragement, Nathaniel placed his hands under her ass and lifted her up into his arms and kissed her hungrily.

“I need you now.”

His cock was standing like an iron rod against her stomach and the thought of that inside her once more was consuming her.

“Have me then,” she responded between fevered kisses. This was sweet madness but she did not care. The only thing Violet wanted was to be with this man. He was a stranger yet he wasn’t. Her heart acknowledged instantly what her head fought over believing. She reached over and turned off the taps.

Water dripped off them as Nathaniel carried her into the bedroom, his mouth never leaving hers.

“How can I pleasure you, beauty?”

No one had ever asked Violet how she wanted to have sex. The thought thrilled her. Did she dare ask for what she had always wanted to try?

“Your cheeks bloom.” Nathaniel’s eyes held lustful intrigue. “What thoughts have you, Violet Rose?”

“I would, um...” How did she say what she craved without coming across like a total trollop?

“Whatever you desire I will do.” His hand stroked her face lovingly.

“I want you to take me from behind.”

“Gladly.”

The thought of not being able to see who thrust inside her had always turned her on. Violet moved over to her bedside cupboard and pulled open the drawer. *How old are these condoms?* She picked one up and held it out to him.

“It is your request I wear a Frenchie, so madam, you put it on me.” Nathaniel’s eyes were hot and intent on hers.

A thrill of excitement shot through her body. The whole condom thing had always seemed so clinical before now. This was much more exciting. She looked at the cock and then at the rubber in her hand. *How do I get all that into this?*

“Can’t you do it yourself?”

“Aye but it’s not as much fun as you doing it, beauty.”

Never say die. Violet instantly went to do his bidding.

He growled as she grabbed his shaft and began rolling the film over the tip of the engorged flesh.

“You had best rush.”

“Eager?” Violet arched her eyebrows knowingly at him as she quickly covered his cock in latex.

“As are you.” As soon as his penis was sheathed, Nathaniel grabbed her and spun her around to face a nearby wall. “Palms flat and ass out, Violet Rose.”

She did not have to be told twice. Violet shoved her ass back against his prodding cock, waiting for the first welcome thrust but all she felt were his fingers slipping inside her vagina.

"You are so wet," Nathaniel murmured as he teased her pussy lips by pushing in and out of her body.

As good as that was, Violet wanted more. "I want cock." She ground her ass back him in invitation.

"My cock?" he whispered low against her ear. "Where?"

"Anywhere." She was so anxious and needy to be filled that she understood the power of Nathaniel's earlier words. *I am going to fuck you because I would die if I did not.*

"Do you need it so fast that you cannot breathe as you come or so soft and slow that you burn in desperation for fulfillment, beauty?"

Both sounded good and she looked forward to each. "Hard. Now." Violet needed a hard ride to match the wildness inside her.

Nathaniel chuckled and kissed her neck. "As my lady wishes." He removed his hand and grabbed her hips to bend her forward more.

As he rammed inside her, Violet shrieked her approval. This was what she wanted. A swift, hard fuck. Although she knew whose body joined hers it was thrilling not to be able to see or control what was going on as her eyes could only view a painted wall.

"Harder," she moaned, needing to feel every hot inch of him. The moisture from his chest slid along the wet skin of her back, making her shiver as he ramped up the speed at her request. She arched against him, her fingernails scoring the wall as she felt the wave of orgasm hit her. Never did Violet imagine she would feel so much so quickly. "Oh, Nathaniel." She gave in totally to the bucking hips and balls that slammed into her ass as he came hot and heavy within her.

"By God, I love you Violet Rose," Nathaniel whispered in her ear as their bodies shuddered to a halt.

Love? Violet caught her breath in wonder. How was that possible?

Chapter Two

“What year is this?” Nathaniel asked as he walked around her bedroom, completely comfortable in his naked state. He knew two things. The woman on the bed was watching him eagerly. That pleased him greatly. Nathaniel also knew she was at a loss what to say to his declaration of love. He had to admit he was startled himself when the words had first come out of his mouth but they seemed right. *In time you will accept the truth as well, Violet Rose.*

“It’s 2009.”

Nathaniel’s head jerked around and looked at Violet, lying languorously in bed. He was well contented that she was sated. He adored all women but until this moment he had never taken any individual one seriously. That this one had touched his heart so quickly made Nathaniel feel powerful and excited. It was more than just her saving him from his fate. He felt a deep connection with her almost as if they were always meant to be and that time had decided that to make sure they met. *Thank God we did.* His cock stirred at the thought of being inside her once more. Nathaniel suspected not many men had shared Violet’s bed and those who did had not understood the true beauty of the woman. Were modern men fools? That Violet even hinted that she was lacking in appeal had appalled him. She was so sexy that Nathaniel felt like a teenage boy, unable to control his cock.

“The twenty-first century? ‘Tis amazing.” He had missed out on so much and yet when he looked at the woman tangled up in the sheets he knew none of that really mattered for he was meant to be with her. To have not met Violet would have been a tragedy. He wandered over to her dressing table, picking up things up at random and analyzing them.

“You have missed out on a lot. This must be a hell of a shock for you.”

Nathaniel liked that fact that Violet seemed to understand him without the words having to be spoken in explanation.

“Aye but I have the most important things I need right now with me.” Nathaniel smiled as she blushed sweetly. He pulled open some of the drawers and dipped his hands into the frothy lace of her underwear. They were pretty but not as alluring as the naked flesh of his woman. *Yes, mine.* His hand fell on a hard object buried under the lace. He pushed the fabric aside and saw a bright red phallus-shaped instrument. Nathaniel’s eyes opened wide in merriment. This could only be used for one thing. Women in his own time pleased themselves with similar toys. He pushed one of the buttons on the side and was amazed when the instrument pushed and pulsed like the thrust of a man’s penis. *Sink me.*

“You use this?” Her horrified expression confirmed it. Nathaniel smiled and moved toward the bed, an idea forming in his mind. He wanted to be the only man ever allowed inside Violet but a toy could be fun.

“Well, you know...” Violet trailed off in embarrassment.

“Are there no real men in this time?” Why did a beautiful woman have to use such a thing anyway? In his own time many men were pox ridden. Was it the same here? Or were the men eunuchs?

Violet sat up clutching her knees to her chest. “There are a lot of gorgeous women out there and men only want the most beautiful. I’m not exactly that.”

Was she blind? Could she not see how lovely she was? Who were these scurvy landlubbers who had made her feel so? Nathaniel wanted to hunt them down. “You are beautiful, Violet.”

“You’ve been in a suitcase a long time,” she reminded him self-deprecatingly.

Nathaniel sat down on the bed beside her. “Aye, I have but I know great beauty when I see it.” He pressed another button on the phallus and chuckled as its head rotated. “’Tis most amazing. Big but not as large as my own cock. Lie down.”

Violet's eyes opened wide in a mixture of shock and excitement.

"That can hardly compare after you." The red dildo was like a sapling compared to the solid width of him.

"I know," he murmured in confidence, as he played with the buttons. "What makes it move?"

"Batteries." Violet was not surprised by his blank stare. "Um, it's stored energy in small cylinders." It wasn't exactly the most technical description but it was the easiest for her to give.

Nathaniel looked taken aback. "Are men no longer needed for tugging in this age?"

Violet's eyes zeroed in on his cock. No plastic toy could compete with that. "Oh yes, they are and batteries wear out."

"Whereas I never do."

His smug look was so sexy, that Violet gulped in anticipation of what was to come. Anything Nathaniel wanted to do with her, he could. This man thought she was beautiful and he declared he loved her. Was this real or only a dream? *Whatever the answer is, don't wake me up. I want all I can take from him.*

He pushed her back on the bed and pulled her legs apart. Nathaniel sat on his haunches between her thighs. "I want to see what this does." His fingers slid inside the creamy heat of her vagina. "And I can see you do too." His digits came out and the vibrator went in.

Having her red dildo inside her was hardly a novelty but with Nathaniel in charge of the controls it was thrilling. He slowly moved it in and out, his eyes locked on hers as if needing to see everything she was feeling. He leaned in and licked her nipples in time with the thrusts from the vibrator. A sexy, muscular man was between her legs, his cock pointing skywards and his actions intent on giving her pleasure. Violet knew it would take very little to come.

"Condom now." Violet pointed at the bedside drawer.

“You tire of this? Do you need a real cock, beauty?”

“Hell yes and I know I’m not the only one in need.” She would have been blind not to have seen the thick rod of his cock bouncing eagerly. Nathaniel left the vibrator inside her as he searched out and rolled on a condom.

Violet closed her eyes and urged him to hurry. The vibrations were sending her over the edge. She wanted to come but with him inside her.

Nathaniel once sheathed, pulled the vibrator out. “On your hands and knees, beauty.”

Violet did not need to be told twice. When his finger touched her anus she jumped in surprise. She felt her face flush. *I have always wanted someone to fuck me there.* It was a guilty desire she had buried knowing it may never be fulfilled. Did Nathaniel want her like that?

“Would you like me to take you here?” Nathaniel moved up close behind her, his breath hot on her neck.

“No one’s ever...” *Yes, please.*

“Excellent,” he murmured climbing off her momentarily.

“Where are you going?” Surely he was not going to stop now? That would kill her.

Nathaniel chuckled at the panic in her voice. He lifted a jar from her dressing table and opened the lid. The contents pleased him. Nathaniel threw the lid aside.

“Tupping you in that delicious ass of yours can hurt you the first time.” He climbed back onto the bed behind her. “I want this to be pleasurable and not painful.”

Violet turned her head and watched as he slathered her night cream all over his condomed cock. She shivered in anticipation. That sight alone made her body ache with need for release. “I want to do that.” *That should be my hand running up and down his shaft.*

"If you touch me now I will explode." Once he was satisfied his cock was well-creamed, he tossed the jar aside. "Relax, beauty," Nathaniel murmured as he slid one slippery finger then another inside the puckered hole of her butt.

"Oh," she sighed as she felt his slick fingers slide past the muscle and further inside her. The slow, sensual thrust back and forward made her pant. This was even better than Violet imagined it would be. When a third finger slid in she closed her eyes and abandoned herself to the feeling. *I want cock. I want him.* It felt good to be so bad and to give in to what she craved.

"Do you like this?" Nathaniel pushed his fingers in and out, his penis bobbing against her ass as if impatiently awaiting its turn.

"I would prefer your cock inside me now, Nathaniel." Violet giggled as his fingers instantly were removed. It was good to know she was not the only one on fire. His fingers were replaced by the head of his cock. She had no idea how it could possibly fit but after the demonstration with his fingers she was eager to find out. As his shaft edged slowly in, Violet bit her lips at the hot, full feeling.

"Is all well, beauty?" Nathaniel asked, his hand stroking her lower back softly.

"It is amazing." And in so many ways. Here she was, a woman who would never have imagined in her wildest dreams a man like Nathaniel, let alone a lover whose sole aim was to please her. When he was fully inside, he stopped. The burning heat of him stretched her to capacity but she did not care.

"I love it." *I love you.* As the steady push and pull of his cock inside her sent delicious tremors through her body, Violet pushed back. The heat and the sound of his balls slapping against her ass, made her want everything he could give her.

"Damn, beauty, you are so hot and tight. I don't think I can go slowly anymore."

"So don't. Fuck me, sailor boy."

Nathaniel kissed her shoulders as he moved faster as if doing anything else would be beyond him at that moment. His hand moved around to her pussy and stroked her clit in rhythm with his thrusts.

The most amazing feeling of pleasure shot through Violet's body. Holding back the scream that came to her lips was impossible. His hips bucked against hers not even controlling his need to come. *Would it always be like this for us? So intense and desperate? Why am I thinking of forever with Nathaniel?* She dropped her head into the bedding as his last thrust claimed her.

Nathaniel ploughed on, driven by need. *"Mon dieu, beauté, J'ai trouvé paradis dans tu bras. Je ne veux jamais tu laisses,"* he cried out as he came.

"Was that French?" His hips still pounded hers as he jerked to a finale.

"Aye." Nathaniel slumped down over her body as if momentarily exhausted. "I know many languages. It's handy when you're a man of the sea." He nuzzled her neck. "Do you know what I said?"

Violet had studied French in high school to avoid biology class, which at the time seemed too much effort. French was actually harder with all the tenses, verbs and genders. She recalled very little of the language. "It had something to with God and heaven and arms?"

"Yes, I said, 'My god, beauty, I have found heaven in your arms. I will never leave you'."

"You are so sweet." The man was still inside her body and she was in no rush for Nathaniel to leave.

"We must do that again."

"Oh yes," Violet agreed loving the heat of his body draped over hers. She was disappointed when he pulled out.

"Thank you, beauty." Nathaniel kissed her back and shoulders before turning her into his arms.

"No, thank you." She was beyond grateful. She was on fire with the feelings that coursed through her body. How was it possible that a stranger could make her feel so much in such a short time? A voice whispered in her ear — *because he is your true love.*

“Let’s try that waterfall of yours again. I have some more ideas.” Nathaniel grinned at her wickedly.

“Ideas are good...”

Chapter Three

“So, is it true that pirates had buried treasure?” Violet snuggled against the broad chest of her lover as they lay on her bed.

“Some did, some didn’t.” If someone told Nathaniel that he could be happier than he was at that moment, he would have doubted that was possible. He had truly found heaven in Violet’s arms.

“And you? Did you have any?”

“I stowed some away for the future.” Nathaniel laughed when he realized what he had said. “Funny to think I had no future when I made those plans.” *I wonder if those gold coins still remain in that safety deposit box at the bank in Kingston Town.* Unlike most pirates, Nathaniel had not buried treasure underground at a distant port. It was too obvious. Besides, many a pirate or friends could be betrayed into divulging the whereabouts for a bottle of rotgut. Nathaniel had used a bank. Maybe it had been his stuffy upbringing of using conventional means. Maybe he was just smarter than the average pirate. It didn’t matter now. The life he knew and lived was over.

“But you have a future now.”

When he looked into Violet’s eyes he saw so many possibilities. “Aye, with you I do.” He felt her stiffen slightly. Did the future scare her? Nathaniel knew what was between them had caught at them like wildfire but it did not mean it was not real. He would do whatever he had to make her feel safe and happy.

Violet lifted up on one elbow and assessed him. “Did pirates retire on their riches or did they die on the high seas?”

“You will laugh, beauty.” He sighed as the sheet fell to expose one pink nipple. His cock hardened at the thought of taking her once more. *I will never get enough of this woman.*

“Why?”

“Because it would not fit your ideas of what a pirate was.” He had been interested and amused listening to Violet speak of what people thought pirates had been like. They were perceived as glamorous and exciting when the life was anything but. Being a pirate was being with several dozen smelly men who would kill you for a sovereign or stray glance all on a small wooden ship that could sit on a windless ocean for weeks on end. If the boredom didn’t kill you the infighting did. If the captain wasn’t a drunk then the first mate was most likely a sadistic brute that striped a man’s back so badly with the lash that the constant burials at sea rarely raised an eyebrow. Or if you could arrest the first mate you then had to look for someone who could take his place with the same knowledge of the sea. It was a hard life. But it had been adventurous to him. As a young stowaway he had learned some brutal lessons that had hardened him into a man who few crossed. But it was not a way of life that Nathaniel had planned on living forever. “I wanted a farm.”

“Really? That’s great.” Violet sounded surprised.

“You think so?”

“Well, I will admit I’m a city girl and I don’t understand cows or tractors but I believe it would be a good life for someone to retire to. But wouldn’t you miss the sea?”

“No, it is a hard, unforgiving mistress.” Nathaniel could see Violet as a farmer’s wife. His wife. He would make sure she did not have to bother with the farm if she didn’t want to. He wanted a home and Violet was his. He felt that stronger than he ever had. Making love to her was amazing. Living a life with her would be even more so. “I owe you my life. You are my greatest treasure.”

“Okay, we need to talk.” Violet sat bolt upright at his words. The sheet fell to her waist. She could feel his eyes on her breasts. Violet quickly covered up. Nathaniel looked disappointed. “This is serious and staring at my breasts will sidetrack you.”

“And you.”

“Yes.” Because while being naked with Nathaniel led her to sweet discoveries, it was not serious in the way she needed them both to be.

“Speak, beauty, I am yours.”

Please God, may you be right. “What we have is great. I have never felt so alive—” *head slap* “poor choice of words under the circumstances. What I mean is you have made me feel things I never imagined I could.” For that she owed him.

“I am glad.” Nathaniel reached out to pull her back into his arms. “I have given you life as you have me.”

“Yes, that’s true.” She pushed his hand away. Violet wanted him but she needed to say what she felt so they both knew where they stood. If this was just fantastic sex, then so be it. If this was love, then it had to be because he could not contemplate living his life without her. If she was to fall in love that was the kind she wanted. The forever kind. “But I don’t want you trying to please me out of a sense of gratitude. I don’t understand how you appeared or why. I do understand that I like you a lot and—”

“I love you.” There was no hesitation in his voice.

“See, this is where the problem is. How can you love me? You barely know me.” Some people had known her minutes and could not stand her. Love surely had to be more than the sudden fire of wild emotions? “I’m worried you are caught up in loving me because you think I saved you—that you feel obligated.” Violet never wanted love on those terms. If someone said, “I love you” then it had to be all or nothing.

“You did save me. Hush now, let me explain,” Nathaniel interrupted what she had been just about to say. “You have no idea how many times I heard those words from the scroll spoken over my bones. As my spirit hovered and listened, in my soul I knew only my true love could save me and not just any person who stumbled along. I know you are the one for me, Violet.”

“How?” How could he be so sure when she was not?

“From the beautiful curls on your head to the sweet curls on your lovely pussy, you are mine. How do I know? I have been with many women and no one has ever touched

me as you have. If it was just gratitude I would have fucked you and left." Nathaniel's words were simple and honest. "I recognize in you everything I want to be as a person and everything I want in a woman."

"Oh, Nathaniel." His words made her heart beat faster just thinking that he believed in her so.

"I never want you to doubt what this is between us. All the buried treasure in the world could not lure me from your side."

"Are you saying that because you want sex?" The obvious bulge of a splendid erection pushed at the sheet.

Nathaniel pulled the sheet from her breasts. "I will always be hard for you beauty but sex is fleeting and love is not."

Violet tugged the sheet down to uncover his body. He was perfect. He was hers. *And I am going to make the most of it.* She lifted her legs and straddled his thighs. "Would a pirate give up his gold for a nice, hot fuck with his lover?"

"I cannot speak for other pirates, beauty but I would for you." Nathaniel cupped her ass and urged her onto his cock.

Violet toyed with the head. "Tell me where your gold is, Dreadnought and I'll fuck the stuffing out of you." Even without it she would. Violet was so wet that she doubted gold could ever compete with the need to have him inside her.

"Leopold's Financial Trust, Kingston Town, Jamaica."

"Seriously?" His cock bounced in her hands eagerly awaiting her command.

"Yes, I trust you."

"And you want me to slide on down this big boy."

"Yes."

Violet laughed at that. She had never felt so happy. For the first time in her life she understood a man and he gave her back the same gift. She leaned over for one of the condoms on the nightstand. "I am going to have to buy more of these."

"I like the way you think, beauty." Nathaniel lay back and allowed her to stroke the latex over the turgid flesh of his shaft.

Violet positioned the head of his cock against her vagina and took the length of his shaft inside. Her eyes locked with his as they felt every moment of the joining together. Once he was fully ensconced in her body, Violet leaned in and kissed him with the slow, leisurely hunger of a person who wanted all her needs fulfilled at once.

"Still want my gold, beauty?" Nathaniel murmured against her lips.

"I just want you." Violet's mouth left his and she pushed back to ride the man between her thighs. She had never been on top before and she liked the control. She did not care that her breasts were bouncing and her ass was slapping against his legs. All she cared about was making them both come. As her clit mashed up against his pelvic bone, she rode him even harder.

"You are so sexy."

"You make me so." Violet felt the first spasm of hot pleasure shoot through body but she did not pause. She wanted more. "Roll me." Nathaniel did not need to be told twice. He pulled her body down on his and rolled her until she was under him.

Nathaniel pulled out of her and lifted her legs so they rested on his shoulders. "Where is your treasure now, beauty?"

"I have thirteen dollars, a train token and a buy-one-get-one-free sandwich card in my wallet. They're all yours if you make me come."

Nathaniel chuckled. "I'm not certain what any of those are, but I promise you will come."

When he plunged back inside her, Violet almost swallowed her tongue. It was so deep and hard that she could feel him all the way up to her stomach. He kept up a rapid pace until she let loose a scream of release that no doubt scared her neighbors.

"What a beautiful sound. I prefer that over violins," Nathaniel told her as her kept moving until he himself growled out loud and jerked hard inside her.

“And you can’t fuck a violin,” she panted.

“But I know some who have tried, beauty.”

Chapter Four

The loud thumping on the door woke her. Violet looked at her bedside clock. *Crap.* It was time to get up and start the daily ritual of looking for work. She had quit her boring job in a fit of pique two weeks ago. Since then she had been searching for something that would hold her interest for more than a month. Of course Violet knew this was unrealistic as she never expected to be happy in a job. Working was a means to an end. Problem was she had no idea, other than paying the bills, what she was supposed to be doing with her life. At the moment it was just one-foot-in-front-of-the-other stuff.

Violet sighed, rolling over and touching the man beside her. *Huh? A man? In her bed?* Panic shot through her body before she remembered Nathaniel and the night before. *Thank God it wasn't a dream.*

"Good morning, beauty," Nathaniel said as he pulled her close to him and kissed her soundly.

Violet suspected she looked less than beautiful with her hair a tangled rat's nest. It had gotten wet last night after their steamy frolic in the shower and she had not thought to dry it before she fell into bed beside Nathaniel. The thumping on the door started up again. Reality hit her in the face.

"Fuck."

"Certainly," Nathaniel murmured agreeably as he rolled her beneath him.

"No, that's the landlord." She felt the heat of his cock on her thigh. There was something so gratifying knowing she could make such a delicious man so needy for her.

"He cannot have you, for you are mine."

Possession sounded awfully good and it was nine-tenths of the law so who was she to argue?

“No, I’m not sleeping with the landlord. He wants the rent.”

“Oh, good.” Nathaniel’s hands roamed down between her legs.

“No, bad. I don’t have it.”

Nathaniel sat up, pulling Violet with him. He slid the heavy gold ring off his finger.

“He can have this as payment.”

Violet did not need to be told it was solid gold and most likely worth more than a year’s rent. That Nathaniel held it out so generously to her so simply told her a lot about the man.

She shook her head. “I couldn’t take that.” *Sweet, caring and sexy. How I love him.* Violet did not say the words though, fearing he would think she only meant it due to the ring.

“What is mine is yours.” Nathaniel looked thoughtfully at the disbelief on her face. “What is it?”

“No one’s ever cared about me before it’s...” She bit her lip fearing she was going to cry, which was crazy. He had been in her life but a moment and already his presence made it so much better. “Thank you, Nathaniel.”

He smiled as if she had given him a gift one thousand times more precious than a gold ring. Once more the thumping on the door sounded. Nathaniel got out of bed.

“I shall deal with the scoundrel.” He picked up his discarded breeches.

“Ah, no.” Violet had visions of Nathaniel stringing the man up from a yardarm or something. She crawled off the bed and threw on a robe.

“I will protect your honor.”

A pirate stood before her, bare-chested, dressed only in breeches and ready to do whatever he had to in order to keep her safe.

"I love you." The words come out so naturally that Violet was not really surprised. None of it was rational or logical but she did not care. *I am in love with a pirate from 1728. Go figure.* The smile he gave her made her heart flip-flop. *What a beautiful man.*

"That is a gift more precious than any gold or diamonds, beauty. I treasure it and you." Nathaniel lifted her hand to his lips and kissed it. He scowled when the loud thumping interrupted the moment. "Poxy landlubber." He stalked to the door with Violet close behind him.

"What is it you want, man?" Nathaniel threw the door open and challenged the surprised man before him.

"I wanted to speak to Ms. Rose."

"She does not wish to conduct business with the likes of you."

Violet could not help the giggle that escaped her lips.

"I'm here for the rent." The man backed away from Nathaniel's angry stare.

"Here, have this and do not trouble my lady again or all will not go well with you."

The landlord looked down greedily at the ring that was thrust into his hand.

"I...er...no, no more trouble for Ms. Rose."

"Can I have a receipt?" Violet asked just as Nathaniel slammed the door shut in the man's face. "Damn, I bet he conveniently forgets he got paid." The landlord was a total weasel like that.

As far as Nathaniel was concerned the landlord was no longer an issue.

"Now where were we?" He picked her up carried her back to the bedroom. "Ever been tied up and pleased, Violet Rose?"

"No but I have a feeling I'm going to like it."

* * * * *

When the dagger flew through the air and embedded itself into the bedpost that Violet's left hand was tied to, she screamed. This was surely not what Nathaniel meant by pleasuring?

"Blackguard!" Nathaniel roared as he jumped from the bed. He looked around him angrily.

Violet could see no one, yet the knife sticking out just a few inches from her hand was only too real.

"What's going on, Nathaniel?" And why did it have to happen when she was naked and tied up?

"I know who this is." He moved over and quickly started untying Violet.

"But there's no one here." Or was there? And had they been watching her squirm and shriek as Nathaniel had sucked on her clit? How embarrassing.

Nathaniel freed her from the bed and started to pull on his breeches.

"Where are your weapons, Violet?"

Weapons? Other than nail clippers and wax strips she had nothing deadly in the apartment.

"Um—I don't have any." She quickly grabbed her robe and covered up.

Nathaniel looked dumbstruck at her words.

"How do you protect yourself?"

"Well I've never had any need to fend off a dagger." Nathaniel's hand gripped hers. Just knowing he was with her made her feel safe.

"Where's the galley? I need a weapon."

"Galley?" Violet looked at him vaguely. "Oh, right, that's pirate-speak for kitchen." She looked around her. "Is it safe for us to move?"

"He won't touch me yet. He's just taunting me." Nathaniel led the way out of her bedroom.

“He? Who is he and why would he taunt you?” Though to Violet a knife was more than a taunt.

“Black Pete,” Nathaniel responded as they made their way to the kitchen. “The last thing I heard as the curse took hold of me was Black Pete saying if I ever became free he would arise from his grave and hunt me down and finish me off.”

“Frigging hell! What is his problem with you?” Violet watched as Nathaniel assessed the knives in her knife block.

“How do you cut anything with these?” He shook his head in dismay.

“They’re designed for vegetables. I get very little call for slicing and dicing people.” Violet rolled her eyes at him. “Now tell me why this Pete is pissed off with you?” It was only then that it occurred to her that if Black Pete was alive and cursing Nathaniel in 1728 then Black Pete was now a ghost. Nathaniel words came back to her... “He would arise from his grave and hunt me down and finish me off.”

“What ails you beauty?”

“He’s dead.”

“He’s more undead until he can be vanquished forever to hell.” Nathaniel finally settled on a weapon.

“So if he’s undead that means you’re undead and I’ve been having sex with you so what does that make me?” *Oh ick.*

Nathaniel grabbed her hand and put it on his cock.

“Do I feel undead?”

No, he was most definitely alive under his breeches.

“I am very much alive and I plan to stay that way,” Nathaniel assured her.

Okay, Violet felt less icky and was now strangely aroused, which was odd considering someone was using them for target practice.

“Okay so what’s his problem?”

"Black Pete is the one who had me cursed by the witch." Nathaniel looked down and grinned at the hand that still stroked his cock. "It was over a woman."

"You loved her?" Her hand left his penis immediately at the thought of another with Nathaniel. *Get a grip. The man would not have lived a monk's life.*

"She was available."

"What am I then?"

"Beauty beyond compare." He smiled into her eyes.

"Cut the crap." Violet needed to know this was just more than a man needing to find a hole and fill a need.

"You are my true love."

"After one night of sex?"

"Some things are as they are, beauty." Nathaniel slammed the handle of the blade into his hand.

Violet could easily see him with a cutlass between his teeth, swinging from one ship to another, mid battle as he fought the enemy.

"What are you going to do with that?"

"I will kill him if he touches you." It was said as a solemn promise.

It was such a sweet yet murderous sentiment. Violet saw Nathaniel's eyes drop to her chest. One of her breasts was peeking out through her robe. He pressed himself hotly against her.

"We're in danger, Nathaniel." She licked her lips as his came close to hers.

He cleared his throat and shifted his stance as if to alleviate pressure he was feeling in his groin.

"Yes, you're right."

"Dread!" a bloodcurdling voice yelled out.

Violet jumped in shock. "Fuck!"

"If only we could, but we have to deal with this scurvy bilge rat first, beauty." Nathaniel pushed her behind him, shielding her with his body.

"You have sex on the brain."

"With you, yes." He stiffened slightly when his enemy came into view. "Black Pete, still as ugly as ever I see."

Violet peeked out from behind Nathaniel and surveyed the apparition that had appeared before them. Nathaniel was right. He was as ugly as sin. His face was dark and malevolent and his clothes were covered in what looked like layers of dust. It looked like he had arisen from his grave and was none too happy about it.

"Pete's hardly a scary name," she murmured as she looked at him.

"Shut up wench!" Black Pete roared at her.

Dagger throwing undead person or not, no one spoke to Violet Rose like that and got away with it.

"Oh piss off. This is my house and—"

Nathaniel held her back from the other pirate.

"What do you want, Pete?" He held the knife lightly but with an expert hand.

"Revenge."

"Keeping me imprisoned for over two centuries was not enough for you?" Nathaniel asked.

"No, I want to kill you as you killed my Peg," Black Pete spat out.

Nathaniel shook his head at the man.

"I did not kill her, the plague did that."

"She would not have stayed at port and endangered her life waiting for you so long if you had not trifled with her," Black Pete snarled.

Nathaniel had done that? Violet could see how a woman would wait for him on the promise of more.

"If you had loved her you would have taken her and your child away from danger," Nathaniel pointed out to the evil spirit before him. "I tried to come back to take Peg and the babe to safety. You made no attempt at all."

Okay, that sounded like the man she loved.

Black Pete hesitated for a moment as if Nathaniel's words had hit home hard.

"You killed her and I will kill you."

"Go ahead." Nathaniel held his arms out from his body as if wanting him to attack.

"No!" Violet yelled as she pushed herself in front of her lover.

"You love him wench?" Black Pete asked as his eyes roamed her body.

Violet turned to look at Nathaniel.

"Yes, I love him." Nathaniel's eyes were hotly passionate on hers as she said the words.

"Good. Then he can watch me kill you first, then I'll kill him." The evil pirate seemed happy with this turn of events. "See you at the witching hour, Dread." He vanished before another word could be spoken.

Nathaniel pulled Violet close to him. The thought that he could lose her so easily just after finding her chilled him. He adored everything about her from her eyes to her toes and he wanted to spend a lifetime getting to know every thought in her mind. *If anything happens to her I do not want to live in any form.*

"Okay, that didn't go well." Violet looked up into his eyes.

"He is a bastard. And I am going to kill him for even daring to threaten my lady." Nathaniel knew in his heart this was the only woman he would ever love. He would not allow the mad vengeance of another ruin their happiness. Nathaniel was prepared to do whatever he had to in order to save that.

“Why can’t he kill you now?” Violet looked at him in confusion then quickly corrected herself when she realized what she said. “I mean, I don’t want him to but why the appointment so to speak?”

Nathaniel had to admit not many women, even those hard cases in his own time, would have taken this in their stride as easily as Violet did. He knew she was scared, he could feel the trembling of her body against his, yet she appeared determined not to show it. *What spirit. What passion. We will have a grand life together.*

“I was imprisoned at midnight in 1728. For me to perish I must be killed at the same time. Added to that, I suspect whatever power has made him arise from the grave is limited and he would need to conserve that in order to do the deed.”

Violet’s hazel eyes were enormous on his.

“What can we do?”

“We have to find a cat.” Nathaniel dropped the knife and moved away from Violet. He needed to think and holding Violet meant only one part of him was thinking and it wasn’t the smartest part.

“A cat? Sure, I can see how a kitty cat can scare away a deranged killer.” She rolled her eyes cynically at him. “Seriously, why?”

“Because only a cat can kill the undead. They are terrified of them.” Nathaniel loved every mood and reflection in Violet from disbelief, to passion, to love. When she admitted she loved him he felt stronger than he’d ever felt before. “The evil undead cannot abide cats,” Nathaniel explained. “If the undead are scratched by one they perish.”

“How do you know this?” Violet looked agog at this information.

Nathaniel suspected his world was very different from hers. What they believed two hundred years ago probably seemed foolish now yet he knew it would save them.

“It’s folklore, beauty. Sailors, pirates, have many superstitions that they abide by without question.” All he needed now was a cat. “The undead can be killed by a cat. While it may not make sense to you or me, it is fact.”

Violet came up with the solution.

“Mrs. Mullins next door has a cat called Timmy.” She looked at him skeptically. “Though, I don’t think ‘Timmy’ is a particularly scary name to thwart evil.”

“The mere fact that Timmy is a cat is all we need.” He moved toward her once more. He could do nothing about Black Pete until tonight. The pirate would not waste his limited strength on a prolonged assault now. Nathaniel reached for the tie on her robe and pulled it free. “Now where were we?” The robe slipped open displaying the body he adored.

“You want sex now?”

“Yes, madam, I do.” Nathaniel quickly lashed her hands together with the tie from her robe. He planned to make every single moment he had with Violet count, just in case.

Violet looked down at the rose-colored satin that bound her wrists.

“How am I supposed to have sex like this?” She wanted to touch and tug.

Nathaniel bent down and hoisted her up onto one shoulder, his hand caressing her butt.

“Let me show you.” He walked through to the living room with her. He stopped at an armchair and placed her feet on the floor.

Violet was helpless. She could do nothing but allow him to position her so she leaned over the back of the chair with her ass in the air. Though it was not her best feature she was not averse to him favoring it as only he could.

“Um, what are you going to do, Nathaniel?” She felt him spread her legs wide.

Nathaniel dropped down on his knees.

"I never finished what I was doing before," he murmured as his tongue touched her inner thigh.

"Oh boy," Violet moaned. She dug her bound hands into the headrest of the armchair and held on as his mouth devoured her pussy from behind. She closed her eyes and allowed herself to feel and not think of anything but the man between her legs. *How did I live so long without this man?*

"You are delectable," he murmured as his tongue sought entrance to her vagina.

As Nathaniel thrust in and out of her, Violet ground herself against him for more.

"I need to come."

"So come," Nathaniel invited agreeably between mouthfuls.

"I need to have you inside me when I do."

Nathaniel shot to his feet and pushed his groin against her butt.

"Condom." He was so hard and ready to thrust that she almost relented but she knew better than that.

"Hell and damnation, that's right." Nathaniel all but ran into the bedroom to get the condom. "Do you do this to make me even wilder for you?" He hurriedly returned rolling the condom on his furiously bouncing cock.

"Be a good pirate and just fuck me hard, will you."

Nathaniel threw back his head and laughed as he grabbed her hips.

"I adore you, Violet Rose."

"And I love you, Nathaniel Dreadnought. Now make me come." She squealed in delight as he penetrated her in one thrust. "Oh yes," she panted as he gave her no quarter, ramming his shaft inside her over and over again until her legs shook.

"I don't believe I could ever get enough of you, beauty," he whispered in her ear tenderly, although his groin against her ass was anything but gentle as it powered away against her.

Violet knew she would have some pretty interesting bruises tomorrow but she didn't care. All that mattered was now. She was thankful she was pinned to the armchair as she knew she would have fallen in a heap without Nathaniel holding her up so splendidly. She dropped her head against the back of the headrest as she came, almost biting through the cushion top. Her hips ached, her knees were wobbly but she rode out the storm of his passion as he clutched her to him and came.

"We have to do that again," Violet gasped as Nathaniel pulled her around to face him.

"Count on it, beauty." He kissed her heartily in promise.

Chapter Five

“Why is it that cats are always around when you don’t want them but they nick off the minute you do?” Violet was on her hands and knees trying to coax a reluctant Timmy out from under a wooden seat in the communal garden of the apartment block. “Come out you little bugger.” She never cared for the recalcitrant Timmy however Nathaniel’s life was under threat and she would do whatever she had to in order to save him. The thought of Nathaniel being torn from her life chilled her. In less than twenty-four hours he had turned her world upside down and she liked it. Violet could not imagine the future without him.

“Cats are smart, Violet.” Nathaniel dropped down beside her, his hand going to her jean-covered ass. “Did you mean what you said?”

“I’ve said so many things since meeting you. Which one in particular?” Violet knew it was wrong for him to be feeling her up in public like this but it felt so very good.

“When you said you love me.”

Violet banged her head on the wood as she moved away from the seat. *Frigging cat would most likely appear when it wanted to. Contrary bloody things.* Violet looked at Nathaniel. Not many men could carry off wearing breeches, knee boots and only a waistcoat as well as he did. Sure, people looked at him but it was in lust and envy. *But he’s all mine and you can’t have him.*

“Well, I was under pressure from the sex and Black Pete,” she bluffed until her gaze met his. When his eyes were soft on hers as they were now, she was helpless to do anything but admit the truth. “Yes. I meant it.”

Nathaniel picked up her hand and kissed it.

“And I love you.”

“Really?” It was amazing that a day ago she had no idea that this man existed and yet she had fallen in love with him. But then she had heard love made little sense at times. She had never believed in the whole chocolate-box-true-love-schmaltz thing before but now she was a believer.

“Aye.” There was nothing more that needed to be said. It was fact and they both knew it.

“So what does the cat do when it comes to the undead?” Violet reminded herself she needed to get back to the matter at hand. They needed a cat to destroy a monster. It was not like that happened every day of the week.

“It is said a cat will recognize evil and jump up and claw at it as if to scratch it from the face of the Earth,” Nathaniel told her.

“It is said? So it’s not definite?” They were pinning their hopes on a maybe-perhaps?

“It’s a legend, beauty and there is a powerful basis behind each one.”

Violet did not doubt that but actual fact would have been more reassuring.

“So the cat will poison and kill Black Pete by the swipe of a claw to his skin?”

“Yes.”

“Seems like Black Pete is a wuss.” Who could be scared of, let alone be killed by, a cat?

“I never question superstition. I have seen too much to deny it can come true.”

That Nathaniel was so confident made Violet feel the same. Almost on cue Timmy came out and jumped straight at Nathaniel.

Violet was immediately alarmed. Did the cat sense Nathaniel was evil?

Nathaniel caught the feline and held it in his arms stroking it softly.

“This cat will be excellent.”

Violet wasn’t surprised the cat was purring. She wanted to purr every time Nathaniel touched her too.

“Why?” Violet was no cat fancier. If she was honest she would say they all looked the same to her.

“Because this cat senses true love.” Nathaniel told her, amusement lighting his face when she looked at him skeptically. “True love can never be hidden, beauty.”

Violet was about to question his theory on cats knowing about true love when she heard the cat’s owner, Mrs. Mullins summon the cat.

“Here Timmy, Timmy.”

“Oh crap.” They scrambled to their feet and hurried back into Violet’s apartment, the cat ensconced within Nathaniel’s arms.

“Great, now I’m cat napping.” Violet shut the door quickly behind her.

Nathaniel dropped the cat on the floor and leaned into Violet pinning her to the back of the door.

“It’s for a good cause, beauty.”

“Yes, to thwart evil—jeez suddenly my life is so complicated.”

Nathaniel rubbed her hips against hers.

“This could be my last day with you.”

Violet smiled at him knowingly.

“So you’re trying to make me think that the cat thing won’t work and you want pity sex?”

“It would be a pity if we did not have sex again.” He grinned in acknowledgement of her words. “Come be with me once more, Violet.”

How could she possibly resist such an invitation that was delivered with such finesse? A part of her had to admit that she was scared that maybe this could be their last time together. It was hard to believe that someone could have come to mean so much to her in such a short period of time. *What if I lose Nathaniel?* Violet touched his face lovingly. Shouldn’t she make every second count, for how could they know what fate had in store for them?

Violet leaned forward and kissed his lips softly.

“Make love to me Nathaniel.”

He caught his breath in wonder. That this woman loved him was like a gift from the gods. Nathaniel Dreadnought had never been a spiritual man. While he believed in the possibility of unknown forces controlling the seas and in folk legends like the cat and curses, he'd never believed in fate before. But now he did when he looked in Violet's eyes. He knew they were always destined to be together. He swept her up into his arms and carried her to her bedroom.

Nathaniel set Violet down on her feet and slowly undressed her.

“Beautiful,” he breathed as if unable to believe his luck. He wrenched off his waistcoat and started on his breeches. Violet stilled his hands.

“Let me.” She dropped to her knees before him and undid the buttons to drag the fabric from his body.

When Violet's hand caressed his turgid penis and her tongue flicked out to lick the tip, Nathaniel almost stopped breathing the sensation was so exquisite.

“You don't have to, beauty.” That she wanted to made his heart swell with love and excitement.

“I must, Nathaniel.” Violet sucked the head of his shaft inside her mouth as she caressed his balls with her other hand.

Nathaniel could not control his hips as they bucked toward her. His hands threaded through her hair as she licked and sucked hungrily at his cock. He knew it wouldn't take long for him to lose control. In the past, he had prided himself on his stamina to withhold his desire from the most sexually alluring woman. But no one was like Violet and his needs corresponded to her needs, so there was no reason to hold back what he felt. To love and be loved in such a simple way was worth more than all the riches in the world.

“Violet, stop.” He pushed her mouth from his penis. He wanted to come just looking at the raw passion in her eyes. Nathaniel helped her stand. He watched as she moved over to the bed and lay down with her legs over the edge and spread wide. He walked as calmly as he could to the drawer that held the protection she liked to use. Nathaniel would do anything to make her happy, even covering his cock when he really wanted to feel the surge of his seed inside her. He made short work of covering his flesh before he went to cover hers. Violet lifted her legs up toward him. He could see the creamy wetness in between.

“Did sucking me turn you on?” He positioned her legs around his body so he could slide straight into the hilt in her.

“Yes,” she said as she licked her lips in satisfaction. “Please take me now.”

It would have been beyond Nathaniel to do anything else. No one had ever been so giving before. The genuine craving and trust he saw in her eyes humbled him. When he pushed into her body and heard her gasp in delight, he knew he would never willingly leave this woman. He leaned down toward her and kissed her hard as if sealing their fate forever. The combined rhythm of their bodies led them to an orgasm that left them both shaking.

“Don’t leave,” Violet pleaded as she clutched him to her.

“Never,” Nathaniel swore. He would pledge his troth to her forever.

* * * * *

“It’s almost midnight.” Violet held Timmy the cat to her breast almost as if she wanted to believe he could ward off evil.

“Yes.” Nathaniel stood and waited quietly.

“What if...”

Nathaniel’s hand caught hers and held tight.

“It will work out as it’s meant to, Violet.”

“But—”

“We cannot have met only to part so quickly, beauty.”

“No.” She watched as both hands on the wall clock met at twelve. Violet looked around her warily. She saw no one but herself and Nathaniel. A surge of relief rushed through her body. It was soon crushed when a chilling coldness swept through the room. The hair on the cat she held curled in one arm stood on end. Violet was unable to contain the struggling ball of fur as it panicked to free itself. “The cat!” Violet made a grab for it as it shot from her arms.

Nathaniel pulled her close and kissed her softly.

“Let it go. We’ll fight this regardless.”

That he was so strong and positive imbued her spine with steel as she stood with him. *With Nathaniel by my side I can do anything.*

“Dread,” Black Pete called as he appeared before them, a wicked looking cutlass in his hand.

“I have no weapon,” Nathaniel said as he spread his hands to show they were empty.

Black Peter chuckled with evil mirth.

“That’s not my problem.”

“You always were a mongrel dog.” Nathaniel pushed Violet from him.

Black Pete laughed and eyed Violet lasciviously.

“Is she good to fuck? She looks like she would enjoy the thrust of a man’s hard shaft.”

Nathaniel looked at him as if he was scum.

“Are you here to try to kill me or to confirm that you are as detestable as I have always known you to be?” His words were calm yet deadly as if he was trying to conserve his energy for the battle to come.

“You always were too high and mighty, Dreadnought.” Black Peter thrust his blade at him.

Violet's heart almost stopped as Nathaniel ducked the blade. She looked around her. There was nothing she could defend herself with except the big ugly vase she had received as a gift from Aunt Zeta. Violet picked it up and threw it at the pirate momentarily turning his attention from Nathaniel to her.

Nathaniel used that moment to charge his enemy, grabbing hold of his sword hand. The two men struggled over possession of the blade.

"You will die at my hand, Dread," Black Pete howled in rage, his eyes boring into Nathaniel.

"Don't be so fucking sure, you cur."

Violet stood by helplessly knowing there was little she could do but pray. As if in answer to her prayers the cat suddenly appeared and cried out as if in pain, Timmy jumped straight up and viciously struck out, scratching Black Pete's face. He bellowed loudly and used his free hand to lash out at the cat sending it flying across the room. It hissed in anger as it landed hard and scampered away.

Violet stood awestruck as she saw Black Pete's skin start to peel and the smell of rotting flesh began to permeate the room. They had won. She looked at Nathaniel just in time to see Pete strike out wildly with the blade piercing Nathaniel's left shoulder.

Violet heard herself scream when she saw him stagger in pain as Black Pete fell to the ground. She tried to reach out to Nathaniel but it was almost as if something held her back. She struggled to free herself.

"Violet, I will always love you."

"Nathaniel," she called as the room suddenly became overpoweringly bright, blinding her to any glimpse of him. Everything around her shook and objects crashed to the floor. Violet fought to see Nathaniel but it was impossible due to the white light and chaos that enveloped the room. "Nathaniel!" She felt her body tremble as a strange feeling of lethargy sapped all energy from her body. Violet could not stop herself falling as the room spun out of control. "Nathaniel," she whispered as everything around her went black and she crashed to the floor.

* * * * *

When Violet awoke she was on her own bed. It took a moment for her to remember what had happened. She looked around her wildly. Where was Nathaniel? She jumped out of bed and raced to the living room, her head pounding and her stomach churning with panic.

Her living room looked no different from any other day. There was no sign of a fight, no bodies, no Timmy the cat and Zeta's ugly vase was untouched and sitting where it always sat.

"Nathaniel," she called out desperately but no answer came. She searched for the suitcase his bones had been housed in but it had gone. Violet felt a wave of lonely despair wash over her.

"I know he was here." It was no dream. She could still feel the heat of him inside her and his touch on her skin. She lifted her nightdress and saw bruises from his possession of her willing body. "Nathaniel," she called, hearing the fear in her own voice. There was no answer. "Please Nathaniel!" Only silence greeted her words.

An overwhelming need to slump to the ground and cry almost took hold of Violet but she knew that would get her nowhere. She was not a weak pathetic woman. Violet needed to think. Nathaniel was real. She refused to believe he was dead or what she'd experienced had never happened. She paced as she tried to remember everything that occurred over the last couple of days. What was it Nathaniel had said? He had been cursed at midnight. Violet remembered she had summoned him to her at midnight and that same hour had seen the fight between him and Black Pete take place. Maybe she could bring him back to her again tonight? She put her hands to her head and wondered if she was losing her mind. Was she clutching at straws? How the hell could she bring Nathaniel back?

"You are nuts," Violet told herself out loud.

But you love him.

Violet spun around at the sound of a woman's voice. Who was that? It sounded like Aunt Zeta but how could that be? But then nothing was particularly normal in her life at that moment.

"Auntie Z?" Or am I talking to myself?

Yes dear.

"Really?" She wanted desperately to believe it was her aunt come back to help her but how could that be?

You can make love with a pirate from 1728 but you doubt your aunt can come and visit?

The amusement in Zeta's voice sent a wave of relief through Violet's body.

"But you're—er, dead." She looked around trying to see the familiar face of her aunt.

I know dear. Now, about your Nathaniel.

"He's not mine and he's gone." The urge to cry was so close to the surface. "I'm not sure he ever existed." She heard her aunt sigh in disappointment.

Violet you always struck me as being very sensible. Don't be foolish now.

Zeta was right. Violet had to pull herself together. She was sensible and it would be foolish to give up on what she needed. Without Nathaniel in her life, she had nothing but the dreary existence she had been living for so long.

"What do I do?" Nathaniel made her life better because she loved him. That he loved her back was a miracle and not something she was about to give up on without a fight.

Do you love him?

"Oh yes, more than I ever imagined possible." Just the thought of Nathaniel made her warm.

Then he will come back to you tonight. You just have to call him.

"How?" Whatever Zeta suggested she would do.

Call him to you with every thought that's in your heart. Chant the verse that brought Nathaniel to you.

Panic surged through Violet.

"Crap, I can't remember it." She racked her brain for the words.

You will when you need to.

"But what if..."

There are always "what ifs" when it comes to love. Just believe in yourself and you and Nathaniel will be happy.

"Auntie Z, I need to know – Auntie Z?" Violet stopped still. There was only silence. It was then that she knew Zeta was no longer with her if she had been there at all. Violet blew out a breath. She was on her own. "Right, I can do this." If she wanted Nathaniel back she had to will him to her. "Okay midnight it is."

Violet smoothed the fine silk of the nightdress she wore down over her hips. She would have worn the one from the night Nathaniel came into her life but for the fact he had torn it from her body. She could not even find the pieces. So Violet had maxed out her credit card and bought an especially sexy one that covered very little. She decided she might as well use all the guns she had, in luring her lover back. She leaned over and lit a candle. They had not been lit on the night but having them seemed the appropriate thing to do. There was something so mystical and soothing about candlelight.

Violet reached for the glass of wine she had poured. It was almost midnight and she needed to steady her nerves. Part of her was prepared for failure and another part believed Nathaniel would come back to her because they were bound together by true love. Zeta's words had reinforced this. She sat on the arm of the sofa with her feet on the cushion like she had done before. Violet looked at the clock. It was only seconds to midnight.

"Please let this work." Violet closed her eyes and chanted the words as best she could remember them.

A man of spirit cannot be felled. Only true love can conquer him and make him the man he once was. Though he lies in the depths of loneliness his lover's voice will make him free to love again.

"Please come back to me, Nathaniel darling." She channeled every loving thought she had for him out into the universe. "Please. Don't let us end like this."

Suddenly the room began to shake. Violet fell backward off the sofa arm as she had done once before. She did not care that she fell hard winding herself. She prayed as she had never prayed before that history was going to repeat itself. The lights flashed wildly and a blinding glow suffused the room. Violet closed her eyes like last time and urged Nathaniel to come back to her.

After a moment or so, she slowly opened one eye then the other. There was no more blinding light. Everything was back to normal. Violet scrambled to her feet and looked around eagerly but she saw nothing except what she always saw every day in her living room. *Stupid bloody fate and destiny sucked.*

"Well, fuck."

"Yes please, beauty," came a very familiar voice.

"Nathaniel?" She watched as the man she loved slowly appeared before her. "Are you real?" Was he an apparition? A trick of the mind?

"I am very real." Nathaniel swept her into his arms.

Violet touched his shoulder. There was no wound.

"I saw Black Pete stab you. I saw you fall." The memory of it still made her shiver with horror. She unbuttoned his shirt and looked at the smooth, unmarked flesh below.

"Don't stop there," Nathaniel murmured as his hands descended to her ass and pulled her against his burgeoning erection.

"I was so worried." Violet ran her palms over his torso to reassure herself he was all in one piece. "What happened? I was looking at you one moment and the next you were gone."

Nathaniel walked them over to the sofa. He sat down and pulled her onto his lap.

"I'm not really sure. After the cat scratched Black Pete, he started to disintegrate before my eyes and I thought we had won. But then I felt this searing pain in my shoulder and then you screamed my name and that's when everything went black." Nathaniel touched Violet's face as if to reassure himself he was actually with the woman he loved. "Then this older woman came through the darkness toward me. She looked a bit like you and I instantly thought this had to be your Aunt Zeta."

"Really?" Though why it surprised Violet she did not know. It was the sort of thing Zeta would do.

"She told me that I had no option but to go back to you. Naturally I was thrilled to do so but I had no idea how to do it. She said that she needed to make you understand only you had the power to call me back." Nathaniel kissed her lips softly. "I'm glad you did, beauty."

Violet smiled. Good old Zeta. She had pointed out the direction to Violet when she had been in despair. Her aunt had known how much she needed Nathaniel. And Zeta had been right. He did make her happy.

"I did not want to live my life without you." She saw the sudden concern in his eyes. "No, I wasn't going to kill myself but I knew without you I would be miserable. It's hard to believe that a couple of days can change your life so dramatically." Violet felt like she was a completely different person. Sure she was still broke and she didn't have a job but those thoughts did not consume her as they had before. Just his being in her life made it better. "Just think Nathaniel, if you had not have been cursed then we would never have met."

"Somehow I believe we would have."

Yeah, so did Violet. Sometimes the universe got it right.

"So, you're back for good?" *Please God let it be so.* She had never imagined herself dependent on a man but then she had never had Nathaniel in her life. To lose him now would kill her.

“Yes.” Nathaniel voice was definite on that score.

“How do you know?” They were dealing with things beyond mortal man and the variables that could affect them were vast. Maybe guarantees were crazy to ask for but she wanted forever with Nathaniel Dreadnought.

“I believe that was the last test fate had for us.”

Violet looked at him in wonder. A tough, sexy pirate who would have led what could only have been described as a hard, man’s life believed in the cosmos.

“You believe in fate?”

“I believe in us.”

It was the perfect answer.

“What happens now?” Violet could feel the steel of his cock under her bottom. “Other than sex I mean?”

“Yes, I do have plans to shag you senseless, Violet Rose.” Nathaniel smiled as she giggled at his words. “But after that, I believe we live happily ever after.”

That sounded good to Violet. A thought occurred to her. Life was going to be vastly different for both of them.

“So, how do you feel about living in 2009?” That would be a culture shock for Nathaniel. Though, she had a feeling he would take it in his stride.

“I haven’t seen past you and your home but I love what I see.” He slid his hands up under her nightdress. “It would not matter what age I was in as long as I have you.”

That was so sweet—both his words and the hands that stroked her pussy. She got off his lap and repositioned herself so she sat facing him. Violet did not stop him lifting the satin from her body. She wanted him to touch her.

“It’s going to be hard, Nathaniel.”

“Aye, I’m hard just looking at you,” he said as his lips caught one of her nipples and sucked it inside his mouth.

Violet had planned to point out the difficulties with money, jobs, personal records and how he would fit into twenty-first century society but none of that seemed important when Nathaniel's mouth was on her breasts.

"I love you, Nathaniel Dreadnought." Violet quickly unbuttoned his breeches and pulled out his cock. There was no need for further preliminaries. She was constantly wet around Nathaniel. She slid down on his shaft and held him tight within. "Welcome home, darling."

Nathaniel looked up into her eyes.

"Violet, my love, we are going to have the best life together."

Epilogue

“The women in my time were much more buxom. Do they not feed women properly anymore? They all look like sticks.” He looked at the actress on screen in disappointment. “Now, Captain Jack Sparrow reminds me of Dastardly Dan off the *Hellhound* out of Biscayne Bay,” Nathaniel commented as he and Violet sat on the sofa side by side and watched a DVD of *Pirates of the Caribbean*, which she thought would amuse him. Hours previously Violet had taken Nathaniel out sightseeing around Brisbane. He had been agog, yet restrainedly so, at the vast changes in life since 1728. The thing that really surprised him was the actors on the box – the television.

“Did pirates seriously have names like Dastardly Dan back then?” Violet assumed it was all just Hollywood hype.

“Aye, it was meant to strike fear into the heart of landlubbers so they gave you their gold instead of you having to fight ‘em for it.”

She couldn’t imagine what life would have been like back then.

“So I could have been called ‘Vile Violet’?”

Nathaniel smiled at the thought of it. He tangled his legs up with hers.

“No, you be a wench and wenches be different,” he responded in his best pirate voice, which he knew made her laugh. “Wenches were called Betty Bowleg, Cock-eyed Kate and Pox-ridden Polly.”

“Gee, what nice names.” Though it was probably handy to know if someone was pox-ridden before you took the chance and slept with her.

“It was a different time, beauty.”

“Do you miss it? Would you go back if you could?” *May that never happen.*

“No, for you would not be there with me.” He leaned in and kissed her soundly. “I adore you, Violet Rose and where you are is home to me.”

About the Author

Amarinda Jones believes anything is possible and sometimes just asking for the impossible will surprise someone enough that they will give it to you. Writing is like that. Put it out there and wait for a response. There is always the possibility you may fall on your ass, but after all, that's what cellulite is for. Amarinda believes in taking chances, speaking her mind and aging disgracefully. Twenty years from now she plans on being the neighborhood witch who all the kids are scared of. But then, everyone has to have a hobby.

Amarinda welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and e-mail address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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