



# Curse of the Blue Stone

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**Curse of the Blue Stone**

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# Chapter One

Waking up in a strange place is not half-bad when the strange place is a remote island in the Caribbean. Lazily, Delia Monroe stretched to look at the bright green ceiling. She rented the room over a year ago, as soon as she knew about the festival. Call it a childhood obsession beginning with a ride at a Florida theme park, but the summer of her ninth birthday launched a completely new obsession in her life, pirates.

She pulled on her teal bathing suit and tied the matching sarong around her waist. Slipping into a pair of flip-flops on her way out the door Delia thought about her little getaway. No one knew where she was. She had told her best friend she was going to Florida on business. She told her boyfriend the same lie. Neither of them would understand this.

Delia stopped at a vendor to buy a strawberry-banana smoothie. She settled into a vacant lawn chair to watch the sun rise higher in the morning sky. The locals were preparing for the nights festivities. Every year they threw a party. Now, with all of the recent hype in movies and books, the local party turned into a festival with everyone from commercial cruise lines to ordinary enthusiasts like herself setting sail to Jack's Island. A tiny place, not even on a map until two years ago, it was filling up with tourists and by the evenings end would be nothing short of filled to capacity.

The sun warmed her skin, the fruity drink filled her belly, and the waves rolling into the shore soothed her. She could sit in this chair forever, live on fruit smoothies, and wear nothing but bathing suits for the rest of her life.

Sigh.

Except she needed to do a little shopping today before everyone got off the cruise ships which were slowly approaching in the distance. Those people will fill up the

beaches and the shops. For the next hour or so, the island belonged to the guests smart enough to reserve the few hotel rooms available.

As she walked, a smooth salty breeze blew over her. Like a lovers caress to her skin it felt as though a man touched her everywhere all at once. Her nipples beaded and pushed against the fabric on her suit. The juncture of her thighs warmed and she prayed she did not grow damp. She kept walking, feeling almost as though an invisible hand was pulling her to a rickety little shop. Unable to resist the lure she carefully opened the door.

A small bell jingled over her head as she stepped inside. "Hello?"

"Hello." An old woman answered. Her leather brown skin wrinkled from age and years of unprotected exposure to the sun rippled into a nearly toothless smile. "Are you looking for something special?"

"Just looking." Delia straightened her hair as she smoothed her sarong. Now the wind was no longer wrapping itself around her she felt a little silly and began to fidget. "I sorta got blown in here by a breeze."

"Well then, let's see what you are meant to buy." The woman reached under the glass to pull a closed mahogany box from inside the case. She sat it on top of the counter then opened the lid. "This box is reserved for special people. Ones the wind blows through the door."

Delia smiled. *Yeah, right. The box was reserved for people who could pay a little more.* Nonetheless, she was curious to see what was inside. Moving closer she looked over many pieces of jewelry. "These are beautiful, so unique."

"Indeed." The old woman arched a narrow brow then tilted her head. "Look closely child. Which one are you...drawn to?"

Aside from getting goose flesh all over her body, a tingle ran through her spine. She stepped closer to the counter and scrutinized the items.

A blue stone, multifaceted like the ocean itself, set in silver hung from a velvet ribbon. The piece was unlike anything she had ever seen before, a rough sapphire, not cut to perfection but dazzling in its imperfection. Simple in the way it was made, yet extraordinary in its own way. "This one."

"The blue stone?" The old woman pulled her thin leathery hand to her chest and stared at Delia.

“Original name?” Delia laughed as she picked the piece up. She looked at it in the mirror. Her reflection made her suddenly begin feeling something more. A hunger, a man’s hands tying the ribbon, sweetness and laughter, then fear and anger before sadness all floated through her. When the dark emotion crept over her, she looked at her face and not the stone in the mirror. For an instant, she was not Delia. She was someone else entirely. “I’ll take it.”

“Put it on.” The old woman directed. “Many women like the blue stone. Not just any woman can wear it.”

“Why?” Delia asked as she tied the ribbon around her neck.

“It itches.” The woman said as she studied her intently.

“Well I don’t itch.” Delia shrugged and looked at the necklace in the mirror again. All of the creepiness had eased away. In its place a sense of power, of adventure. “Is it cheap or something?”

“It’s not cheap child. It’s destiny.” The woman seemed mesmerized as she looked at the stone. “That necklace belonged to Mia Miaona. She killed her twin sister and stole the stone off her neck as she plummeted off the side of a ship, The Lady In Wait.”

Delia listened with rapt fascination. Even if it was a sales pitch, it was the kind of stuff she always dreamed of as a child. Pirates, big pirate ships, and damsels in distress. The woman continued.

“Mia escaped the vessel and sold the necklace to secure transportation away from here. She hated to let it go. The man, who gave it to her, was her true love. ” The woman’s voice softened as her eyes lit up with joy. “Legend has it he was a pirate and this was the only treasure he parted with.”

“A pirate?” Delia smiled. “A pirate would never give up his treasure.”

“Then maybe the other tale is true.” The woman shrugged and started to turn away.

“What other tale?” Delia stepped to the cash register pulling out her credit card. The old woman took her time putting the box back into the case, drawing out the suspense.

“She stole it. And he cannot die, or live for that matter, until it is returned to its rightful owner. That’ll be three hundred fifty dollars.” The woman moved quick enough to take the charge card.

“Not a lot for a pirate heirloom.” Delia smirked feeling more and more like the tales were both a sales pitch. However, she had definitely felt something when she put on the stone. Her imagination perhaps, the whole point of being here was to have fun and play pirate. Why not indulge in a little tale or two? “Thank you.”

“He will come tonight if it is true.” The woman said softly.

“Well, he better come prepared because I am going all out for the celebration.” Delia smiled and waved as she left the small shop.

## Chapter Two

In the depths of Davy Jones Locker, the ocean floor stirred. Great creaking noises warned off fish for miles, as The Lady In Wait lifted from her watery grave. Her captain, his soul, restored as they rose. The greatest treasure belonging to the crew, their lives restored. All at once, in slow agonizing motion, the ship and her crew regained their lives. Each of them bound to the fate of the blue stone.

Captain Augustus Lisanna opened his eyes to breathe his first breath as the ship exploded onto the waters surface in a spray of water and waves. The water around him slowly disappeared over the side and into the calm blue.

How long had they been asleep, dreaming, tortured by their fate? The fact that his eyes were open, his memory returning to the day the ship sank, the way they all drowned but did not die, and the horrible fate that awaited them all should he fail to secure the blue stone was as alive as he was now.

Augustus stretched his long creaky limbs, stumbled forward as he took his first steps away from the wheel in what seemed like ages. Regaining his balance, his sense of feeling, his sense of self, he smiled as the sun burned his eyes and warmed his skin. Salty sea air greeted his world-weary body. The air burned his lungs, his stomach growled from hunger.

“Captain?” A nervous voice called behind him. “Are we free?”

“No lad.” He stretched, delighting in the feel of his own skin and bones, flesh and blood, moving again. “We must find her, and I must make her my own, or we shall die the un-death again.”

“Where are we?” Another man asked.

“What day is it?” Yet another awoke.

“Does it matter?” Augustus turned to face his men. “Does it matter where we are or what day it is? We are alive!” A strong sense of purpose filled him. The stone was alive again, worn by a woman who craved true love. Who would live and die for it. A woman,



who would curse any man who stole it from her with her last breath. He inhaled deeply. “Breathe in the air men. Set course for that island. She is there. I can feel it.”

“You heard him, lad.” His first mate, Tom Duckett called. “We won’t be going back to that watery hell!”

“Here. Here.” The crew cried and began the routine of preparing the ship.

He did not know how long they had been away from the world. He did not care. The only thing that mattered now was not going back. Whatever world they awoke to, it would be theirs to live in. And live they would.

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“Blimey!” George, his first mate wiped sweat from his brow and looked at the ship next to them. “That can’t be real.”

“I’m afraid it is mate. We must be a million years in the future.” Augustus looked at the pristine aerodynamic ship next to them. It had tons of glass windows and people scurrying about half-naked and others dressed...like fancy pirates? “What are they doing over there?”

“Who?” George wiped his spectacles and placed them back on his nose.

“Those, no wait. Children dressed as pirates, women too.” Augustus tried to get his head around the situation.

“Look at the women Captain. Oh my, they taint got bloomers on.” George walked to the side of the ship and grabbed a hold of it. “This is a good place.”

Augustus laughed. The sound so foreign to his own ears he was not sure it was his own laugh, but he felt it in his stomach and chest, the ache of happiness, the longing of desire. “Then I can’t wait to see the fire I must try to hold in this strange place.”

“Let’s get to shore!” George clapped his hands together and smiled. “Alas these land lovers won’t know what hit ‘em!”

Augustus filled his stomach with food and drink. Vendors eagerly accepted the gold coins as though they were worth more than a few pounds. The world they had awoke to seemed strange yet familiar. Everywhere he looked, there were pirates. Apparently, in the new world there must have been many battles as eye patches were everywhere. The native tongue was familiar yet foreign. It was English, of sorts, but broken and battered, like he was. Both the language and the man had not weathered the passing of time well.

Augustus walked back to his ship. He wanted to have a look at the giant vessel next to him. It may be worth a trade. He stood admiring the sleek metals and ornamentation. People were drinking and laughing. A woman was changing clothes with the door open and he could see everything. His blood stirred and a hunger time had not abated filled him.

Then a feeling more powerful than a vacant lust came over him. He turned. His breath caught at the sight of the stone. Wandering eyes drifted to the woman wearing the coveted item. Her chocolate brown hair brought out the clear blue eyes now smiling at him.

There she was, walking right towards him as though she wanted to be seduced. Of course she did. They all did. However, the draw to the stone was stronger than to the woman. It had to be returned to the rightful owner, for now that was him. Nevertheless, the only way to hold it was to hold the woman who wore it. Thankfully, the woman was not a troll. Quite the contrary, the sway of her hips the fullness of her bosom, all combined to make this much easier than when Elsie, Mia's ugly twin sister wore it.

"Hi, are you part of the promotions crew?" She asked and extended a hand to him. Her cheeks flushed and he could sense her attraction to him immediately.

"I'm the captain, Augustus Lisanna." He took her soft hand in his, brought the fingers to his lips. Her warm scent traveled on the breeze to his nose and filled his lungs. *Ah the scent of a woman.* So long since he smelled the delicate spice of a woman, tasted her sweet skin. His mouth watered with a ravenous hunger. His lips pressed against her flesh, briefly caressed the knuckles of her fingers before letting the hand go free.

"That's amazing." She batted her eyelashes and shook her head. "My great-great grandmother was named Lisanna. Are you from New Orleans?."

He had no idea where New Orleans was, but her great-great grandmother must have been Mia Miaona's heir. On her neck was the blue stone, it looked as benign as it did all those years ago. If he knew then that it was so damn important he would never have given it away to begin with. It was a small gift to a woman, who made him feel something more than he felt for the sea. Betrayal, he learned was wrapped in a very pretty package that voyage. "And your name, my beautiful wench?"

"Ha. At least someone recognized the costume! I'm Delia White." She curtsied.

A princess' heir so proud to be dressed as a wench. The black corset seemed too tight and the skirt was too long. He curled his lips slightly. She spread her lush lips in a full smile. "So if you're the captain of that ship, can you get me on board?"

His heart almost stopped. She was asking to go aboard? It was too good to be true. "You don't like your own?"

"That?" She looked over his shoulder to the massive ship behind him. "It's a cruise line. You see one you see them all. Besides, I'm not on that ship. I'm here on the island this weekend. I bet you don't have a rock wall on that beauty do you?"

She was right; they did not have this rock wall she spoke of. He was tempted to take the easy approach but knew women were deceitful. She probably knew who he was and what he wanted. Maybe she had plans to steal from him as he had plans to steal from her. "Why do you want to see it?"

"I'm fascinated. Ever since I was a little girl, I wanted to be rescued by a pirate. Stolen from this world, to be swept away to a life at sea and grand adventures, that is my fantasy." Her breasts rose and fell as her arms moved, her hands clasped below the stone with a sigh. His groin returned the gesture against his internal command to behave. "Is it off limits?"

"To them," he gestured to the mass of people walking towards the party on shore, "yes. To you, my lady, no."

"Well then stop stalling, man! Get me aboard." Her eyes lit up. He wondered if the stone wanted to go home so desperately that the curse now worked on both the wearer and the one who was bound to return it.

"Come along then." He held out his hand and she took it.

Delia could barely contain herself. The most striking man stood before her in a real pirate costume. His pants tucked into leather boots that looked old and worn, under the jacket he wore a loose fitting burgundy blouse that only a pirate or a flamboyantly gay man could pull off. A scarf tied around his head did not cover the long black hair beneath it. A rustic leather hat, worn like the boots, aged to perfection sat on top of his handsome head. Two green eyes watched her carefully. Intently. Her breath was shallow at best.

When he took her hand, she stumbled, let go, then grabbed his arm above his elbow. The flex of the muscle beneath the clothes and her grip was turning her thoughts in very naughty directions.

“So what movie are you filming?” She swallowed hard trying to make polite conversation when all the while inside her a warmth was spreading throughout her. “I love the pirate movies. Are you an actor?”

His brow raised and she felt the flush over her bosom and cheeks. Maybe the corset was a bit too tight.

“This is my ship. I am not...filming anything. I am not an actor. I am Captain Augustus Lisanna, and this is The Lady In Wait.” He bowed as they stepped aboard the deck.

“Oh my.” She felt like a child in so many ways. Her stomach jumped with butterflies. Her skin tingled with goose flesh. She wanted to run to see every angle, every room, every inch of the ship. “It’s beautiful. Magnificent. I really...I can’t tell you how exciting this is for me.”

“Then show me.” His voice held more than a charming challenge. The wolfish curve of his lip tempted her. His smooth manner and confidence rattled her. Dale could never pull off a pirate get up like this, hell he barely pulled off the suit he wore to work. Feeling coy and a bit guilty for having a hot flash over a stranger when she had a boyfriend at home, she fought to regain her senses.

“Why, Captain Augustus, what do you take me as? I know the costume may be a little risqué, but...”

“Come. Let us look around.” A devil’s twinkle lit his eye. He was baiting her and she fell for it hook, line, and sinker. Dale be damned, he had three years to propose and yet he never made a move. She was not tied down, and part of this trip was about making decisions. She decided right then and there, to flirt with a handsome actor pretending he wasn’t an actor but a pirate. The ship’s name alone gave him away. She was sure she had heard it somewhere before. Must be in a new movie.

## Chapter Three

Walking around the ship she noticed the make and how detailed it was. They must have spent a million dollars recreating this thing. She wondered if they used genuine artifacts or if it was in part a restoration. “So how old is she?”

“Hmmm. Let’s see. She was christened in 1701, so that would make her about...” He lifted his chin and looked down his nose at her as if waiting for her to fill in the math.

“Over three hundred years old?” She looked at the ship again. The wood was in pristine condition. He was taking his role a bit too far if he thought she was a naïve little woman. “You’re not telling me this ship is over three hundred years old.”

She laughed but he looked as though she had smacked him upside the head with something.

“I think I need to sit down a moment.” He walked to the side of the ship and looked out on the party instead.

She walked up to him, feeling suddenly responsible for his mood, wanting to make nice so she could possibly get to grip that wheel and pretend she was driving this beast. “I didn’t mean to insult you.”

“Look at me.” He suddenly grew serious and a bit aggressive. He grabbed her by the upper arms and held her firmly. “What do I look like?”

“Right now?” She squeaked.

“Yes dammit! Am I old and gray? A monster?” He shook her. “I don’t feel it and I don’t see it in myself but you...you tell me, what do you see?”

Feeling a little more than confused, she stiffened her back. “Well you did look like a handsome man with coal black hair and stormy green eyes, with lips made for kissing. But now, HA! Now you look like every other whack job I’ve met. So if you’ll excuse me I can go talk about pirating with a less handsome but more appropriate guy on shore!”

His eyes rounded in what she could only guess was shock. “I’m not—”

He let her go to look at his hands. He was mumbling to himself as she shook her head at him and walked away. “Whack job.”

“Wait. No, don’t go.” He landed a solid hand on her shoulder. The man was far too touchy feely for just meeting her. Then it hit her. She was here on his ship. He could do anything to her and no one would know. Admittedly, that was part of the appeal when she first climbed aboard, before he turned a little crazy.

“Why not?” She kept walking.

“I didn’t get to show you the rest of the ship.” It was a weak plea even to her ears.

“I’ve seen enough, thank you.” She headed down the gangway and off the ship, cursing at herself in her mind for being so naive and stupid.

“Delia.”

The sound of her name from his lips was far too tempting. It was as if he commanded her to stop. Her mind told her feet to keep walking yet she stood perfectly still.

“I am not myself today. The journey here was long. I lost sense of time and place.” His breath brushed across her earlobe and neck from behind. The feel of heat from his chest, so close to her back had her knees locking just to remain standing. “Tell me, have you ever danced with a pirate, my lady?”

“No.” It was the best she could do.

“Then indulge me. One dance. Then if you don’t want my company anymore, I will leave.” He stepped around to face her and held out his hand.

How could she not smile at him?

## Chapter Four

Signaling one of his men, they in turn relayed a message to the band. A moment later, the crew was being discreetly pulled from women and wine, all the things they had missed or left behind for more than three hundred years.

Slowly, and eerily the band began to play a melody making the islanders take notice as the Captain took hold of her waist and hand.

“This song is so...sad.” She said and frowned at him.

“Relax against me. The sadness will disappear.” He forced himself not to kiss her.

She relaxed letting her head drop to his shoulder. Her breasts brushed against his chest, the budding nipples scraped against him with each inhale of her breath making him crazy. He felt like a wild beast barely leashed.

“Delia,” he said. His voice sounding thick to his own ears, “You are intoxicating me.”

Her small giggle followed by a sigh wound him up even tighter. His muscles bunched, his prick strained, his fingers pressed deeper into the fabric of her dress pulling her tighter against his chest.

Delia felt pretty damn intoxicated herself. The slow rhythm of the band moved from her feet to her head. She could feel the song deep within her core. Such sadness, such pain. Yet in his arms, she was safe from the evils of the world. Her lids grew heavy, her mind drifted. Each inhale became shorter and softer. Tilting her head back to look at the Adonis in the pirate costume with the big bad pirate ship, she experienced both fear and excitement from the look in his eyes.

His lips moved to steal her breath. At their touch she melted.

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Awakening in a strange place is not so bad when that place is...Delia shot up from the bed like a bullet fired from a gun.

“You’re awake.” Augustus moved to her side. “I took the liberty of loosening these ties.”

“You did what?” Her heart thrummed in her ears. She reached for the corset which was now very loosely hanging from her breasts. She could breathe again, that was a good thing.

“Would you like some tea?” He stared at her breasts. She knew they were heaving but a gentleman...she snorted. He was not a gentleman, he was a pirate and would apparently remain in character all night. For some reason the thought of being ravaged by the savage had her leg muscles flexing and gripping together tightly.

“Um, sure, why not?” She began to pull at the laces to retie the corset.

“Here.” He handed her a puffy white shirt. “It may be a little long but I think you’ll fill it out.”

“Nice.” She shook her head. “So I pass out and you sweep me away to the captain’s cabin on the ship. It’s all very nice and if I were born in the seventeenth or eighteenth century I may be swooning right now, but you really have to know that no matter how hot you look in that outfit, you’re not getting laid tonight.”

“You have such nice lips.” He moved closer then sat on the edge of the bed. He leaned in close. Almost close enough to brush his lips against hers. She could smell the mint tea on his breath as he spoke. “They are perfect, until you spout such nonsense. Movies, actors, getting laid. What is all this to you?”

It was then she realized there was a gentle sway of the ship. The slightest tilt and the sound of water spraying. She leapt to her bare feet running across the floor to the porthole.

“Oh-My-God!” A choking fear paralyzed her. The ship was in motion! The island was out of sight. The cruise line ships were becoming smaller in the distance.

“Don’t be afraid.” His footsteps landed loud against the wood deck. They echoed through her. She was in fact ready to faint again. Self-preservation and the sheer determination to escape her captor kept her eyes opened and her lungs working.

“I’m not afraid of you!” She snapped as she turned to face him.

Augustus stepped closer, staring not at her face but at her chest again. Now she was more than afraid, she was irate with anger.



“Oh I get it. You’re a pirate so you plan to rape, pillage and plunder is that it? Well you’ll kill me before you do any of that to me, you hear me?” She grabbed a movie sword hanging from a peg nearby to swing it at him. Missing him, it lodged in the wood next to her. It was then she realized it was not a fake. The sword was real.

He jumped back avoiding the blade as he laughed. He laughed so hard he nearly fell over. She tugged at the handle trying to dislodge the sword. Was this the moment he would kill her for real?

“My lady.” He snorted. “You amuse me.” He stood upright and removed his hat. “Ah, I have not laughed so hard in three hundred years or more.”

“What?” She gave up on the sword. Instead, she pulled the puffy shirt over her head. The more clothes she had on the more fight he would have to take them off.

“Pillage, plunder, destroy, yes.” He became serious in an instant. “But rape, never. I have never had the desire, nor the need to rape a woman. They all came to my bed willingly, alone, or together.”

His self-assured tone and the roll of his shoulder made her want to strike him even more. “Really? Did they come so easy because they were hijacked and after months at sea worn down?”

“They would come so easy because I have a skilled tongue.” He winked at her thus making her body grow warm.

Damn it all to hell! She was actually turned on by him. He had kidnapped her. She was out on the open sea and the man...the man was fulfilling a very old deep and dark fantasy. One she had confessed to him. *Shit!* “Well can I have some tea or not?”

“Allow me.” He moved toward the small table and poured a cup of tea.

## Chapter Five

A wash basin. Delia stood in front of the metal tub and pitcher of water looking at the small reflective surface that wasn't quite a mirror, unless you count the kind they use in the funhouse to distort things. "This is ridiculous."

She removed her clothing and picked up the torn cloth next to the basin. The crew had loaded up on supplies in port but from what she learned over supper the past two nights, "supplies" consisted of a bunch of alcohol and food.

She did start to wonder how everyone could stay in character so easily. The men marveled at the various liquors as if tasting them for the first time. They acted as if they had never seen beer in a can before, they even looked genuinely amazed that she popped a tab and took a swallow herself. Augustus ushered her quickly back to the cabin where she spent the better part of the time. He told her he was afraid to leave her unattended with the crew. Yeah right. He did not want her to poke around the ship to find hidden cameras or the little man behind the velvet curtain was more accurate.

She soaked the rag and then soaped it up. They at least bought a bar of soap for her. "Is this what it was like back then?"

She longed for a shower and hot water. How long would they keep up the charade? And where the hell were they taking her? "Some Hedonist Island, no doubt. You really put your foot in it this time, girl."

Augustus never knocked before he entered. This time he succeeded in what she suspected he was trying for all along.

"Augustus!" She held the puffy shirt over her as a barrier between his eyes and her body. He looked where he always looked. At her chest. He had to be a breast man. There was no other reason why he spoke to her boobs more than he did to her. "Dammit! You may have kidnapped me and locked me in this cabin but you can't just walk in and out as you please."

“Yes I can.” He offered her the garments in his hands. Women’s garments. Not clothes from the local shops, they were beautifully embroidered pieces. A dress of silver and blue with white trim, a petticoat, and bloomers. “Here. They should fit you.”

“They’re beautiful.” For an instant, she forgot about her state of undress. She reached for the clothes and fingered the material.

“Well now.” He leaned to the side and lifted the gown. “When did this happen?”

Snatching the clothes against her body, she stepped away from him. “What?”

He stepped closer, his cheeks were hot, his eyes heavy, his lips wet. “Did you use my blade to do that?”

“Do what?” She stepped back again, wanting him to advance once more, so she was sure he wanted her as much as she had grown to want him.

“Let me see.” He pulled the dress and she let it go as the fabric began to strain.

“Fine. See. I’m naked. Anything else?” She flapped her arms out and then placed her hands on her hips. Delia was certain that he indeed wore a woman down with his gaze, his lack of manners coupled with moments of sweetness combined to make her want to go weak and rigid all at once.

His gaze licked over her body like a stroke of fire. Heat pulled at her from inside out. The stone hanging around her neck felt heavy and the silver hot against her skin, just above her breasts.

“Delia.” He stepped closer. “Turn around.”

“No.” She shook her head.

“Do it.” He looked like a wild beast ready to pounce on her and she was not about to turn her back on him. “Do it, now.”

“No.” She stepped closer to him. Feeling every bit of the energy pulsing off him empowered her. If he wanted to play pirate, poor starving Captain of three hundred years ago, he must be ready to make love like a man starved for a woman. She was certainly going to make the most of her fantasy, after all wasn’t that why he swept her away in the first place?

“I won’t be able to stop.” His jaw flexed.

“I don’t want you to.” Okay so it was less than a month, less than a week, hell, it took less than forty-eight hours of looking at the man. She was in agreement, he didn’t have to rape anyone, they would willingly come to his bed. Now she was eager to come.

Augustus wasn't sure if it was the woman or the stone talking. They were both seducing him. Delia had settled in so easily after the first day it worried him she may be up to no good. Of course, the stone was glowing. Everyone around her could see it, dancing in the brilliance of the sun when she stood on the deck, teasing them all with hope.

He decided not to take it until they reached their destination though his fingers itched to possess that which had condemned him to a watery hell for three hundred years. But now, one breath away from the lush curves and sweet smell of the woman wearing it, his fingers itched to hold her close and possess them both.

She let out a soft surprised moan when he pulled her savagely into his arms. He was starved, and unable to keep himself in line. At least when he had her a few times he could then be gentle, maybe even be considerate. For now, he needed to cure the lust.

Her tongue met him with such equal pressure and danced about the inside of his mouth in such a manner that left him fumbling. He started for his blouse, she started for his trousers. The woman acted as though she, not he, had been deprived.

"Augustus," she called breathless. "Take me like a savage."

Easily she read his mind. He lifted her and she wrapped her legs around his hips. As he lowered them to the bed, he pushed deep inside her. He was not expecting such a sweet wet entry. Delia was ready for him. "Argh."

She arched her back thrusting both the stone and her luscious pearled breasts into his face. He dug his hands into her hips riding her fast and hard. Delia dug her nails into his back and held on. He loved the feel of her nails, the mark of passion. The bite to his skin, proving in fact he was truly alive again.

Unexpectedly she snapped open her eyes to look at him, the storm of lust and wonder evident. "I'm going to come."

Now that was a first. Most ladies took the little death slowly and quietly as not to alert those in earshot. Delia welcomed the thunder. She rode the storm howling at the moon like a beast. Her actions effectively took the life right out of him. "Ahhhh."

She giggled. "That was good."

Augustus lifted up to look at the woman beneath him. Her chocolate hair was wet from sweat at the roots. Her eyes twinkled with satisfaction. Her lips seemed puffy and wet from his kisses. "Aye, it was."

“But you can do better?” She sucked in her lower lip.

“Aye.” He looked at the stone laying right above those luscious breasts. “I can.”

“How long will it take to get where we’re going?” She reached up and tenderly pushed a lock of his hair behind his ear. The gesture was unnerving.

“Long enough.” He knew of women who spied and pulled secrets from men after intercourse. It was a trick as old as time, time had not erased that.

“Good.” She wrapped her legs around his waist and swung them to the side, she kept the momentum going as she rolled until he was on his back and she was straddling him.

## Chapter Six

Waking up in the arms of a pirate was a very good thing. Something she could get used to. All thoughts of what's-his-name, her ex-boyfriend, her job, and the rest of civilization fluttered off with the last bird she saw. They were getting closer to their destination she knew that. Today may be the last day she could enjoy her captain.

Delia circled his left nipple and licked his right. Augustus stirred in his sleep just slightly. His chest wore a fine layer of black hair which angled straight down to an impressively uncircumcised cock. She had not seen a dick with foreskin before. His reactions to her touching him, licking him, had her craving something more than a meal for breakfast.

She nipped his hipbone as his eyes opened. "Captain, how many times can you make me come?"

"You have a hunger I long to feed." He stroked her jaw.

Delia licked the underside of his dick up to the clear droplet already waiting at the tip. "I've never tasted anything better than you."

"Nor I." He moved grabbing her, angling them both on their sides facing the opposite direction of one another. He inhaled her scent, making her crazy, she latched onto his cock and began licking, kissing, sucking him in earnest.

He rewarded her efforts with a kiss of his own. Delia wasn't a blushing virgin. She had slept with a few good men, but no one could eat pussy like the captain. "Augustus!"

He did not answer with words. Augustus pushed two long fingers inside her, teased, and tortured her. By now, he knew exactly how to make her come in seconds but he liked to make her wait before pulling her so hard over the edge she was lifeless afterwards.

Not giving up, she focused on countering his assault with her own. It was a challenge to see who could hold out the longest. The sounds of slurping, suctioning, spit, flesh and tongues filled the air. Heat penetrated both of their bodies. She was sure her

breasts would catch fire at any time. The silver had marked her chest just two days before from their passionate embrace.

His prick hardened to an impossibly tighter and thicker girth. She knew this was when he would come. She sucked harder, relaxing her throat to take him deeper, but he always won. Pressing a delightful place inside her while tugging ruthlessly on her clit in a tornado like motion he had her screaming around his cock as she came.

The cries were dulled as he spilled into her and the reflex to swallow kicked in. Lazily she licked him clean.

“Delia.” He pulled at her limp frame. He chuckled deep in his throat. “You play spent but in a moment you will be climbing on me again.”

“I am spent.” She reluctantly moved with his tugging to rest on his chest.

“I have never known a woman like you before. Even Mia Mirona, a French princess who tricked me into giving her passage, and giving her treasure, was not as insatiable as this.” He stroked her hair. His mention of another woman, a French princess no less, angered her.

“I don’t want to talk about other women. Did you take her on a little voyage like this too? Princess and the Pirate, is that it?” For someone who did not want to talk about it she could not stop asking questions.

“I took her as far as the island I picked you up on.” He did not seem phased in the least by her anger. “I gave her something on that voyage. Now it will be returned to me.”

His eyes dropped to her breasts. “Can you look at me for a change? You always stare at or talk to my boobs!”

His left cheek lifted his lips in a half smile. “No my lady, not your breasts. I talk to the stone. My stone, the one your heir stole from me. The one you wear.”

Delia seemed to be taking his news with good spirits. She stared at him as if he spoke in tongues. He was glad to finally be near the resting place of Francine and Arthur Pace. Francine was dying when he found her. She held the necklace tight. A young pirate knew not the depths of a woman’s soul or the power of her scorn. He took the item from her neck. The only survivors were the twins Mia and Mora. She cursed him to the depths of a watery pirate hell until the gift of her love was returned. If he could go back, he would have left the stone...no, if he went back, he would not be here now.

“You see, when I give back the stone, we are free.” He reached for her but she swatted his hand away.

“I paid three hundred bucks for this thing and you’re not taking it to some other broad.” She climbed out of the bed and began to dress. She had worn a gown or two but in the end opted for men’s britches and a blouse. “Is that why you brought me here? You just wanted the necklace?”

“No.” Augustus pushed into his pants and followed her about the cabin like a puppy for a few steps then stopped as he realized he was doing it. “I’m the captain of this ship and that is my stone!”

At his boom she stopped. So did the ship. “Now listen here, I spent over three hundred years at the bottom of Davy Jones Locker waiting for this damn thing to surface again. It isn’t mine, it sure as hell isn’t yours, and it’s going back to whence it came, understood?”

She stood there, her pretty mouth hanging open. Her hand holding the stone just as Francine had held it. “No.”

“Aye, lass.” He stepped towards her. “You see, they won’t let you leave here alive with it.”

Delia knew her eyes were huge. They felt as though they would pop right out of her head. Here all this time she thought she was on a little naughty vacation with a movie actor. Instead she was a part of a real life pirating. They had stolen her, and taken her away. She shook her head. “No, no, no.”

“Delia, give it to me. The men will come soon. We are here.”

“You, you lied to me. You tricked me.” She held the stone growing hot in her hands. “That old lady told me that you were bound to the woman who wore it. If that is true then you are bound to me. What happens when you give it back?”

“I’m free.” He stepped closer. She stepped back again, into the wall.

“What happens to me?” Was she going to die with them, were they going to die at all? Did he not wonder about any of that? “Free doesn’t mean you are resurrected form three hundred years and then poof nothing happens. Will you grow old before me? Have I fallen in love with a corpse?”

He stepped back. She stepped forward. “Tell me Augustus! What will happen to us?”

“I...I don’t know.” He stepped back again.



“Do you love me?” She advanced. The stone growing hot in her hand, her emotions running wild and unchecked. Something was taking over her body and she could not stop it. “Do you love me, Arthur?”

Augustus knew the moment the stone possessed her. The straight chocolate hair on her head curled.

“Francine?” he asked.

“You gave this to me. But I saw you with her.” Delia stepped towards him then she looked off to the door. “Oh God! Pirates!”

“It’s alright.” He tried to sooth her.

“They’ll kill us. All of us.” She was searching his cabin now, frantically looking for something.

He stood there and watched in horror as the woman relived her doom. Would she take his Delia with her? She continued to have a conversation with Arthur.

“Arthur hurry, you must hide the papers, if they find out, I’m doomed.” She lifted his bed linen and pulled real papers from them. Papers he knew were not there before.

“What are these?” He asked.

“You know who my father is.” He opened the papers and discovered the real Mia Mirona standing before him. “Give them to Mora, tell her to save herself, she can take that wicked handmaid with her as me.”

“No!” Augustus fought the urge to run. He looked at the door and when he turned back, he was there in that ship three hundred years ago. He was not Augustus Lisanna, he was Arthur Pace. But Arthur’s mind and his were dueling for control. “I will not leave you.”

“You must.” She urged. “I’ll hide.”

“No. They will find you.” He pulled her into his arms. “They will find us both.”

“Do you love me Arthur?” She asked with wet lashes and tears streaming down her cheeks.

“I do.” He answered though Arthur argued to get to Mora and Francine. He apparently loved Mora and it was more important to get her safe than Mia. Suddenly it all became clear. “I love you.”

He felt the sword through his back and watched her eyes round as it pushed through her as well. “We die together.”

A smile crossed her lips. In an instant, he was standing in his own cabin again.

“Delia?” He held the lifeless body in his hands. “No, this can’t be the end of it. Take me damn you!”

A rumbling of footsteps followed and the door burst open.

“Captain, what’s the fuss?” His first mate inquired. “The lady all right?”

“She’s dead.” He slowly moved to the floor and cradled her head.

“No sir.” The first mate moved. “Just loosen the ties. She fainted. Not everyday you get rescued by pirates.”

Shaking his head, he realized they were moving. The woman in his arms was Delia, but she was in a gown again. He loosened the ties and tapped her cheeks lightly.

“Where am I?” She asked.

“Where do you want to be?” He gulped.

“Augustus?” She grabbed her stomach where the sword was. “I thought we died.”

“Aye, I did too.” He said.

The first mate laughed. “It was a bit of a jolt now Captain, but I aint killed ya with my navigations yet.”

The man left the room laughing so hard he coughed.

## Chapter Seven

Waking up in a pirate's arms was never a bad thing. So what if she knew more about the world than they did? Her memories of modern gadgets were fading fast. The curse of the blue stone turned out to be a blessing.

"Good morning wench." Augustus teased her. They were the only ones with memory of what had truly taken place. To everyone else, the captain had rescued a woman with no name from a pirated ship. They remember the ship, but not the curse, their time in the depths of a watery hell, or the event freeing them. Those were memories Augustus and Delia shared together.

"Good morning captain." She snuggled in closer to his chest.

"Can I have the stone today?" He flipped her to her back and nuzzled her nose with his.

"Legend has it the pirate that wants this rock is bound to the woman who wears it." She wrapped her legs around him and welcomed him home.

"I'm bound without it." He pushed deep inside her. She moaned her approval.

"How many times can you make me come?" She nipped his ear.

"At least once more before we make landfall." Augustus took her lips and began the timeless push and pull of lovemaking.

Would she miss her old life? Har- har- har. Not a chance, she loved being a pirate's wife.

## About Cara North

Cara North began writing short stories as a child. Her first full length novel was written by hand in approximately seven different hard bound journals. Of course today she uses the computer. She is published in several different genres of romantic fiction, sweet romance, science fiction/fantasy, contemporary, and erotic romance. Both of her novel series' will be released at Tease Publishing LLC.

Cara's goal is to continue winning readers over one by one and eventually make the NY Times Bestseller list. In a perfect world *The Beaufort Series* would be made into a movie. Ethan would be played by Josh Hartnett, Joshua by Jake Gyllenhaal, and Ayden by Ryan Reynolds. The heroines could be played by several talented actresses. Did you hear that Hollywood? I'm waiting...

In the meantime she lives with her own personal hero and husband, Chris. They share their home with two dogs, Brittany and Jonah, and two cats, Han-Solo and Shiva.

Learn more about Cara at [www.sirensandmuses.com](http://www.sirensandmuses.com) or check out her MySpace at [www.myspace.com/caranorthwriter](http://www.myspace.com/caranorthwriter) yes, she blogs!

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