

**THE PIRATE CAPTAIN, THE CHRONICLES OF A LEGEND, book series;  
The Pirate Captain Chronicles of a Legend, Kerry Lynne  
Excerpt; Chapter 2: Purgatory or Hell**

"What do you plan to do with me?" she ventured to ask again, a bit more steadily this time. In lieu of her own plan, knowing his might help.

Blackthorne closed one eye as he strolled around her, shrewdly evaluating her as one would when purchasing a horse. "Scrawny and a bit old aside, a thing such as you could bring a good price at several markets. However, Miz Littleton—"

"My name is not Littleton."

He batted his lids with affected patience. "Aye, but it is. You shall enjoy our hospitality until your father is contacted—"

"My father? He's been dead for years."

"Come now, luv." He virtually purred as he slinked nearer. A wolf circling its prey, the black eyes and wild hair only added to the impression. "Your father is in Kingston. We'll send a messenger with a—"

"No, no, no." She might have been suffering from a number of uncertainties, but on this she was clear. "My father is—"

"Your father is the King's Commissioner—*new* King's Commissioner, that is—of Jamaica, and as such shall pay more, a good bit more than what might be gotten at the markets, for the return of both you and your mother, as soon as those thick-pated, offscourings find her," he added with a malignant look toward the *Constancy*.

"My moth...? You mean Mrs. Littleton? She and her daughter are dead."

It was sobering to hear two lives memorialized so coldly.

"Some kind of fever," she said dully. "It took Lucy first, Mrs. Littleton but hours after."

"Why didn't you sicken?"

"I suppose I was healthier," she said, evenly.

"Can't argue with that," Blackthorne muttered more to himself. "No explaining sickness, especially on a ship. I've seen entire crews decimated, whilst others remained in the pink."

None of this came as good news. He stalked the room, uttering a black-sounding tirade in something other than Spanish or French, and took a long pull off the bottle still clutched in his fist.

"This wasn't my damned plan to begin with. I tried to tell those oysterheads this wouldn't answer. And now..." He broke off, thinking better of what he was about to say.

He came at her, shaking his fist, the bottle's contents sloshing. "I'll have you know, I do *not* approve of women aboard. Noxious creatures! Nothing but problems. It puts the men's minds on nothing but their cocks, as you already may have noticed." He canted his head toward the main deck where Scarface and his men would still be.

Blackthorne drew up before the window, swallowing back several more remarks that bubbled to the surface. Her heart leapt at seeing his hand come to rest on the pistol at his belt. She braced, chanting inwardly that death might be the blessing she had hoped for.

"What is your name then, luv?" he asked over his shoulder.

It was a bit disconcerting that he needed to know her name just before shooting her. She lifted her chin, determined to meet her end with grace. "Cate."

"Catherine?"

"No, Cate will do nicely."

He pivoted around on his heel. "Very well, *Cate*..."

The Pirate Captain Chronicles of a Legend (Kerry Lynne) continues...