



The Resurrection of Lady Somerset was originally published without this prologue included. But, here is a special treat for those of you who have read the book, and will recognize the characters, and also for those of you who have not yet read the book.

I pray you enjoy the glimpse into the life of Jonathon Rexley and his Somerset Ghost.

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Prologue

England 1812

The potent scent of melted wax filtered into Jonathon's mind. He struggled for consciousness. His head felt thick, his body heavy. He tried to moisten his lips, but his mouth was dry as wool. He pried open his eyelids and forced himself to focus.

Heavy bed curtains of deep green velvet edged in gold brocade hung open at the four mahogany bedposts. A candelabra burned eight waxen tapers at his bedside.

Home. Confusion marred his understanding. This was not his usual home, but rather the one of his childhood. He coerced his thoughts into semblance.

Father had sent the phaeton for him.

A shiver tremored his body, reminding him of the awful fever that had left him weak.

He closed his eyes and his head lolled to one side. Sleep drifted over him, chased by a wakefulness which was, in turn, overcome by sleep.

Surreal images of white satin ribbon and lilacs invaded his dreams, and then something touched his face.

Gently.

A slow caress.

He forced open his eyes and focused on an ethereal creature with skin the colour of polished alabaster. Her hair flowed in platinum rivulets of silk; she was the most beautiful creation he had ever seen.

He reached out, tried to touch her, tried to speak, but she laid a softened fingertip on his lips and then faded into nothingness as his eyes fell closed.

Once again, he willed his leaden lids to separate. A ray of sunlight pierced a slight parting in the closed velvet draperies which hung at the window. Unrest and contentment warred inside him as the memory of the Somerset ghost lingered. Reason butted against hope.

Oh, how he knew the creature shouldn't exist.

Oh, how he wanted to see that creature again.

He roused completely and then sat upon the edge of the bed to don a silk robe and heavy-soled slippers. As he stood, his head rippled like the Thames in a stiff breeze before righting itself again.

Carefully, he padded across the parquet floor and made his way below-stairs, a steady grip on the wooden banister.

"My lord, what do you propose you are doing?"

Jonathon eyed the butler at the bottom of the staircase. "Chauncy! Just the man to answer my query; where is my father?"

"My lord, you really should be abed." Chauncy extended a steadying hand as Jonathon approached.

He gripped the curvature of the banister and ignored the servant's hand. "I am quite all right. Please, where is Lord Somerset?"

Chauncy sighed, and Jonathon quelled the twitching at the corners of his mouth. He refused to smile even though Chauncy's concern and attitude reminded him of a happy childhood—happy, at least, until his mother died.

"In the library, my lord."

Jonathon dipped his head in deference. "Thank you...no, no, I'm fine," he added as Chauncy followed.

"Of course, my lord." Chauncy's footsteps faded as Jonathon approached the large mahogany doors

which sequestered the library.

With more effort than he wished to acknowledge, he slid open the doors to find his father standing in front of a warm fire.

The man turned concerned eyes towards the door. "Jon! Gracious, what are you doing here?"

Jonathon crossed the threshold. "Did you not fetch me?"

His father's gaze softened. "You know what I mean. I feared death's knell, and here you are standing before me. How do you feel?"

Jonathon smiled. "I am well, Father. Well, indeed. Chauncy's caretaking, rest, and something else as well, has recovered me."

A crease formed in his father's forehead. "Something else? What thing?"

"You will think me insane, but I care not; I know what I saw, what I felt." He took a step towards his father, but went no closer. "The Somerset Ghost, Father. She is a vision." He felt foolish actually speaking the words aloud, but the image of that alabaster face, had his heart swelling with appreciation.

"What?" His father pounded a mucked Hessian against the floor. "Where have you been?"

Jonathon was stunned to momentary silence by his father's sudden hostility. He retreated a step. "I—what—I have been bedridden. She came to me, cared for me. She is so beautiful, and I—"

"Silence!"

"But, I—"

"No! You mustn't speak of it." His father muttered something Jonathon couldn't comprehend, and then stormed towards the door. "You must leave immediately. Immediately!"

Jonathon stepped aside to let his father pass, unable to fathom why the man was bothered so.

"Chauncy!"

The butler appeared in the doorway as Jonathon

remained shocked to inactivity.

“Get Jarvey; my son goes home. Now!”

Chauncy cast Jonathon an odd look before retreating on a murmured, “Yes, m’lord.”

Jonathon found his feet. “I don’t understand.”

His father spun to face him. “No, I daresay you don’t. Get you to the door. I’ll have your clothes sent round later.”

“But—”

A stiff palm hushed Jonathon.

“You are not to return. Not without an invitation. Do you understand?” Lord Somerset’s voice was low, ominous.

Jonathon blinked. He nodded. “Yes, Father.”

But he didn’t understand. He didn’t understand at all...

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I hope you enjoyed the prologue to *The Resurrection of Lady Somerset*. A special thanks to Catherine H. for suggesting an additional glimpse—and for all her kind words about the novel.

If you haven’t already read *The Resurrection of Lady Somerset*, I hope you’ll take the time to pick up a copy, and then to drop me a note to let me know what you thought.

Purchase it now at:

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