

Time IndefinitePDF

Chapter 1 Arrival

Maddie Thornton was excited. She saved all her money this year, including her Christmas bonus and now her dream vacation was in full swing.

Here she stood, in the very midst of Summerset Village, along with the rest of the nerdy followers of the hit television series, *The Knights of Chivalry*. An English production that had taken the entire world by storm last season with its highly anticipated premier on the BBC network.

Since then, the show had won award after award, its authentic production values catching the eye and heart of every woman in the entire Universe.

That the series' leads were two amazingly handsome, virile men who did not cater to the modern views of what feminists insist men should be, seemed only a perk to all the female viewers.

Maddie stood now, on the side of a street, roped off that no over enthusiastic fan not trouble the film crew, set up just a few hundreds yards away.

Maddie could hardly contain her growing excitement.

She wanted to squeal her delight having been one of the early arrivals, securing a good spot to see all the action that was to take place shortly, according to the latest update on the '*Knights*' fan site the girl frequented faithfully.

Tension and excitement was mounting among the crowd who were surprisingly well behaved today.

Still, Maddie could see the smiles and anticipation on all the women's faces as they too, watched and waited, phones ready to capture any and all glimpses of said heart-throbs.

Already, Evan Murphy, the lead character had stuck his head out of the make-up trailer sitting over by the back of several parking lots where the crew had set up the necessary containers.

"Excuse me."

Maddie moved over obligingly, not bothering to look up for she had missed that crucial moment with Evan Murphy because she had been too occupied with the aesthetics of the small village of shops and quaint homes just across the street.

"...Excuse me, are you Madeline Thornton?"

The question was a total surprise for the girl knew no one in England whatsoever. She turned her head, not recognizing the older, more stately gentlemen who had addressed her.

"Madeline Thornton?" the elder man tried again, to get her attention.

"Ohh, hello." She loved the English accent, already charmed by the presence the guy exuded.

"Eh...how do you know my name?" she smiled to soften the question. "Do I know you, Sir?"

She knew she didn't but the English were a polite crowd, she was already learning.

The man returned the smile, his manner subdued and quiet. "No, but it's imperative we speak."

"...About?" she constantly kept a running check on the production side of the matter, anxious to be about her business which was capturing each and every aspect and moment of this wonderful opportunity.

This guy didn't seem to understand the importance of '*The Knights of Chivalry*' television series.

A part of her wondered. What the hell could an old man have to speak to me about, a complete stranger...that is so apparently urgent for she sensed just such an emotion oozing off the guy.

"You are the Director of Antiquities for the New York Historical Society Museum?"

"The...Assistant Director." Maddie gave over her full attention. "Say, what is this?" her 'Creepoid Radar' went off. She stepped back away from the old geezer.

“Please hear me out, Ms. Thornton. I mean you no harm.”

“Yeah, well, I got mace in my purse, Mister so...move carefully here.” Maddie grasped her purse more tightly.

She checked the crowd, feeling there was safety in numbers.

“You are currently researching the life and times of Lord William Pratt, former House of Parliament member, am I correct.”

Maddie stared at the man.

“Who wed the Contessa Maria Vanessa Conti in the Year of Our Lord, 1879?”

“*The Year of our Lord?*” Maddie’s brow rose.

“It is imperative that marriage never take place.” the gentleman finished, his expression completely serious.

“Seems that boat has kinda sailed, Mister.” Maddie glanced around for assistance, in any shape or form.

“It is difficult to explain but if I could have some of your...”

“Look.” Maddie was from New York. She could handle this. “I really do have mace in my purse and I’m not afraid to use it. So, back off, Yosemite, get my drift?” she lifted those perfectly arched brows, as a warning and took her leave.

She moved on down the line, hating to leave her spot but...damn it all. That old man spoiled the mood and the ‘spot’.

She cut him a ‘mean’ look then settled into a small niche by a lamp post. She readied her camera, returning her interest to the film crew.

“Did I miss anything crucial?” She asked a fellow ‘fan’ who shook their head, their manner bored and impatient.

“They will wait until the last minute. They always do. Damn TV stars think they are Mel Gibson or something.”

Maddie nodded that she ‘got’ that statement. “Still...it’s kinda exciting, right?”

The other woman smiled in agreement.

Maddie settled in for the duration, her good mood restored.

The other people around her suddenly whisked their cameras up for ‘filming’. She hastily followed suit, zeroing in on the opening door of one of the small but clearly new trailer’s over by the set.

Someone was coming on-scene.

A thrill shot through the woman’s entire body. She stifled a small squeak of growing excitement. *Suddenly, to her left, the scrunch of tires and crash of two cars colliding caught everyone’s attention.*

Maddie inadvertently swung her phone over to the spot. She glanced around the small screen to see two vehicles, having had a very minor fender bender.

She sighed her annoyance, hastily sweeping her phone lens back to the developing scene.

God, what had she missed this time??

A sudden bout of dizziness made the girl sway precariously, her vision unfocused for a long beat. Nausea swept through her frame and she hastily downed her head, hoping the weird English breakfast she had eaten, did not come back up.

Wow...what was that?

The girl took a few seconds to center herself, then...bravely worked through the moment. She shook her head, taking in a deep breath. She hastily refocused her attention on her raised phone screen.

Maddie's brain turned to mush for a second, for in her viewer, the quaint little shops across the street were all...*gone*.

Her mouth fell open, and the woman quickly sought the area over her phone top, seeing...*nothing* but a stretch of open field, grass tall and waving in the stout wind coming off the area.

Maddie blinked her awe, staring long and hard.

Where...*was the fucking shops*. Her senses kicked in and she hurriedly sought assistance in her fellow...

She was alone.

There were no 'Knights of Chivalry' fans.

There was no film crew.

There was no make-up trailers.

There was no quaint shops or even...modern light posts or high line wires over head.

"...W-What...the f-fuck."

Maddie's first thought? She had some kind of medical episode.

This was not real. None of it...what she was seeing, was...not real, surely.

Was she lying on the sidewalk, dead to the world? Having passed out? Was this an out-of-body experience?

Oh my god...*was she dead*? But she had purchased a return trip plane ticket.

The thought terrified the woman for all of one second.

Maddie's pragmatic side kicked in. Maddie Thornton was a realist.

She had just fainted. She would wake up embarrassed and horrified in a few seconds, hang on girl.

Just...*hang on*.

The sound of wheels grating over cobblestone caught her attention.

Maddie glanced to her left, her world shifting once again on its axis.

Coming toward her at rather a clipped pace was an old-fashioned carriage straight out of Jack the Ripper times, or what Maddie assumed was those times.

She stared, transfixed, looking at the faces of two evil looking black horses, running full force in her direction.

The driver was frantically waving at her.

Maddie squinted, for the guy appeared to be wearing the strangest outfit. Was this another movie set?

What in God's name was going on?

A pair of hands lifted her off the ground, and suddenly...

Maddie blinked her shock, for she was now deposited over the back side of a horse. She knew she was because the ground below her eyesight was askew, her stomach was pushed hard against a saddle and she could see the distinct hooves of the horse's legs moving rapidly against the grass below her.

The horse pulled to an abrupt halt. Maddie would have slid off her precarious perch but for the staying property of a pair of very strong hands preventing just such an occurrence.

She felt fingers bunched tightly into the back of her coat, holding her from an undignified exit off the horse's back.

Those same fingers lifted her effortlessly, easing her entire weight to the ground.

Maddie righted herself, her immediate attention for the carriage that lumbered by the very spot in which she had previously stood, gawking at its approach.

The driver spared her a malicious glance as he passed not bothering to slow or stop to see if she

was alright even.

“Little bastard.” the woman snipped her pique, dusting her clothing absently, looking after the rapidly disappearing coach. “Sunday driver!” she called out, her temper flaring. “You could have killed my ass, you fucker.”

She offered a very ‘New York’ gesture to the rapidly disappearing ‘vehicle’.

“Do you believe that asshole?” she asked the only other person available, finally taking the time to seek out her rescuer.

The girl blinked her sudden state of shock.

Two of the grayest eyes she had ever seen stared at her. Very masculine eyes.

The guy was dressed straight out of another movie set. Complete with a cape and a rather authentic looking knife sticking out of a leather belt he wore.

“Perhaps had you not been standing in the middle of the travel path?” the very masculine tone chastised. “Even an idiot knows to get out of the way of a moving carriage.”

“Yeah, well...so’s your mother.” Maddie was from New York. She knew how to respond to an insult. “I didn’t ask you to swoop in like Robin Hood. I can take care of myself, Mister.”

“Evidence would have it differently.” the gray eyes filled with a reluctant amusement. “Lady.” clearly, the word was a questionable one for the ‘gentleman’.

“What the hell is going on around here. Where am I? How did I get here?” She was more than incensed. “I don’t know this place.” she accused heatedly. “And who the hell are you to be coming on scene like one of the Avengers.” she crinkled her nose at the guy. “I can take care of myself. I’m from New York.” She was proud. “I’ve got a knife somewhere in this purse...” She started rummaging rapidly.

“So...do I.” He produced the lethal looking weapon casually, for inspection.

“You put that away, Mister. I have mace in here! I’m giving fair warning.” She faced him squarely. “I’ve taken Tae Kwon Do lessons from Master Benny’s in Queens.” She exasperated.

“Okay, I didn’t finish the class, sure. I only had two classes but I assure you, I know how to disable you with a couple of well-placed fingers, Mister so...stay back.” She gestured that he should.

“I could say the same, my lady.” His eyes twinkled with subdued humor.

The girl glanced to his meaning. “Is that sexual innuendo?” she narrowed her eyes at the guy.

“Oh, like I haven’t heard that one before.”

The man’s brows lifted, his amusement increasing. “You are plain spoken, from where do you journey?”

“How the hell should I know.” she sought out her predicament, her expression a woe-be-gone one. “I was standing on the sidewalk, minding my own business and then...” Tears threatened as her situation came crashing in on her like waves of despair. “I was almost run down by a team of rabid horses and their maniacal coachman.”

“The driver had the animals well under control, Lady or you would not be standing here now.”

“I’ve dodged New York traffic at rush hour, so what do you know.” Maddie countered evenly.

The man’s brow furrowed thoughtfully.

“Do you speak of York?” he seemed puzzled by her speech.

“Is that what you Limey’s call it...still?” It was her turn to be puzzled.

The girl sighed more than heavily. “Just direct me to the nearest Holiday Inn. I can make my way from there.”

He glanced around their environment. “The only Inn in this vicinity would be the ‘Boor’s Crossing Inn’ in Lambeth.”

“Are you putting me on?” she was ready to be pissy, if so.

The man sighed, dismounting. “Let us start fresh, shall we.” it was suggested. He approached the girl, and she...retreated slowly.

The man pulled up, spreading his hands. “I mean you no harm.”

“Yeah, well...just stay there and say what you have to say.” Maddie motioned to the spot he occupied.

The man bowed minutely. “As you wish.” He lifted his head, beginning afresh. “The manor is there.” He pointed to the East. Maddie had not noted the massive house or grounds. “You are welcome to come rest until you get your bearings. How did a lone woman come to be out here on her own with no protection.”

Maddie shifted a wary gaze, nothing more.

“No matter. The manor belongs to His Lordship William Pratt. He would wish me to extend the invitation.”

Maddie searched out her surroundings, in truth still reeling from...whatever the hell was going on here.

“...*Are you...dead?*” the only logical conclusion reared its ugly head. She teared up. “Am I?”

The man did not laugh as she thought he might, his brow furrowing darkly. “Madame. I assure you, I am not one of the dead nor...are you. You clearly have had a harrowing experience but it can be put to rights, I am certain. Oft times, a warm hearth and food is all that is needed to right any wrong.” he lifted his hand to the house on the hill. “There are any number of servants and people around, that you will not be alone with a strange man. You will be perfectly safe and protected from any sort of harm.”

“Yeah, okay. No.” she decided. “How far to the nearest town?”

His expression softened. “Many miles in that direction, I fear. And the sun sets in an hour.”

The news astounded. Maddie looked to ascertain his meaning and sure enough, the fucking sun was about to set.

“That can’t be.” She knew for certain. “It wasn’t even lunch time when I...” The woman trailed away. “I...I think...” Her vision swam. A white haze enveloped her mind and she...passed out.

Fortunately, the man’s reactions were in perfect working order.

He hefted the small form into capable arms, mounted his animal and made for the manor on the hill, post haste.