

Pirates of the Caribbean: A Tale of Two

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Will and Elizabeth are finally married, but they find out that things don't always go the way they planned.

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1 - Chapter 1: Unsettling Illusions

This will be the first story in a series of stories about the life of our characters, Will and Elizabeth. Not to worry, you Jack Sparrow fans; our favorite drunken pirate will appear in many more stories to come.

Chapter 1: Unsettling Illusions

"You'd best start believin' in ghost stories, Miss Turner; you're in one!"

Sitting up with a gasp, Elizabeth Swann carefully wiped the sweat from her brow. Her once finely kempt hair was in tangles around her shoulders and neck as strands clung to her pale, moist skin. Gulping air into her lungs her racing heart began to slow as she looked around her room. Familiarity began to creep in; settling away her nightmare of the cursed pirate, Barbossa, and the lamp next to her bed dashed away the darkness as her eyes adjusted to the orange glow. Standing, she made her way to her bedroom window, the shutters clanging against the outside pane as she peered past the gardens and into the loving town of Port Royal. The Fort was barely active in the moonlight, a few scattered guards keeping a watchful eye on the seemingly calm waters of the Pacific as merchants around the local tavern sang, their voices odd and out of tune with one another as they swayed back and forth.

A smile brightened her once upset features as a recognizable orange-red glow emanated from the town's blacksmith's shop.

"A ghastly hour to be working in a smoldering sweat shop, if I do say so myself."

She mumbled as she stepped into a light dress, buttoning it up to her collarbone. Sliding into her soft shoes she lifted the lantern into her slender fingers as she made her way from her room into the dark and warm hallway. Slipping unnoticed from the large mansion she made her way knowledgeably through the streets and by-ways of Port Royal. Coming to a stop in front of the large wooden door, heat emanating from the inside through the cracks in the splintered slabs of dried and faded wood. Snoring caught her attention, and she spotted the unconscious form of Mr. Brown in a corner next to the small stairway. A bottle of whisky in one hand and an iron in the other, the disgusting old man always repulsed her. With a sigh she opened the door quietly, the creaking of the rusted hinges going unheard by the loud pounding of metal against metal.

She stood behind the blacksmith, in awe at the skill he had mastered in the many years that she had known him. Nine years had passed since the fateful day where young Will Turner drifted aloft in the sea before being saved by her father's ship. What was once a little boy afraid of many things, emerged the young man who had conquered pirates and saved her life on more than one occasion.

Stopping to wipe his brow, the curled ends of his dark brown hair hung loosely around his forehead and cheeks as it escaped from the tie that held the majority of the tresses in place.

"You know, Will Turner, your work habits are beginning to catch my attention. Long nights in this shop will be put to an end, come next week." Her voice made him smile, catching her amused grin through her words. He turned to face her, setting the hammer down with a clank as he spotted her near the entrance. Silhouetted against the dark background of the wooden walls, her slight figure leaned casually against a beam as her eyes shone in the lamp light.

"You know, Elizabeth Swann, it is not necessarily wise to sneak up on a blacksmith. Especially one wielding a hammer." He warned as he began toward her, lifting a relatively clean piece of cloth to his face and hands as his rolled sleeves bounced at the elbow. The classy but humble brown, medium length vest was held firmly to his waist by a belt as his trousers dove deep into the top of his black boots.

"I thought you fancied yourself a pirate?" She questioned stepping closer to him, lifting a cynical eyebrow.

"I am much too humble to be a pirate."

"Not true. I've seen you carry out many noble deeds while under the label of Pirate."

"Such as?" He asked quietly, his voice deep as he reached her side, moving around behind her as his hands placed themselves gently on her shoulders. His large thumbs moved in circles over her tense muscles as she sighed and leaned into his warm chest.

"I had the dream again." She muttered, pulling away from him as she walked over to the far wall. Beautiful swords adorned the carved rack as she lightly touched the handle of a gold plated blade. "It's like he...he lives inside my head."

She turned to face him, tears blurring her vision. With a few long strides he had her in his arms, his roughness at the mere thought of losing her again forcing the air from her lungs. He loosened his grip and held her gently, pushing her back to cradle her angelic face in the palms of his hands.

"I'll be what ever you want me to be, Elizabeth. I'll be a pirate if it will calm your fears." The emotion in his voice and eyes caught her off guard as she nodded leaning into his embrace.

The door to the shop was thrown open and hit the wall with brute force as Commodore Norrington and three armed guards stood at the entryway.

"Miss. Swann, your father is in a fright. What are you doing here in the middle of the night?" He questioned her as though she was a child, his harsh tongue not going unnoticed by the young blacksmith.

Elizabeth pulled herself free from Will's arms and strode over to the soldier, hands on her hips.

"Commodore, I digress to remind you that I am indeed not a child; nor one of your soldiers to command. If I so desire to meet with my betrothed, then I shall."

"In the middle of the night is hardly the appropriate time for an interlude, Miss. Swann. Your father is waiting for you at home and he asked me personally to deliver you to his doorstep. I shall not leave him

waiting." His stance was such that he seemed to ooze command, expecting all of those around him to bend to his will.

She sighed, turning to look back at Will and he smiled, nodded his head in compliance.

"I will see you tomorrow, Will; for the fitting?" She questioned and at his nod she left a hesitant kiss on his cheek and hurried out the door.

"I would think that you would have enough common sense to shield Miss. Swann from unfriendly eyes. Especially those who see her nighttime excursions to this shop; though I do frequently remind myself that you are indeed just a blacksmith. Anything higher on the scale and you would be arrested." Norrington spat with jealous eyes as he turned to leave, the white curls unmoving beside his head as his blue pointed hat sat high atop his head.

"Then let us all be thankful that I am not just a blacksmith, but a pirate." Will commented, seeing the Commodore's shoulders and back stiffen at the remark, slamming the door behind him. Lifting his hammer he placed the elongated shaft of iron into the burning embers with a triumphant grin on his face and resumed his work.

A/N: Well there it is. Just to warn those that happen to be big Norrington fans, no matter how much you like this story, you WILL have a problem with the way I portray the Commodore. But that is all I'm going to say.

~Jean~

2 - Chapter 2: Blueprints for Life

Shouting could be heard from the governor's mansion as the week dragged on, particularly that of one, Miss. Elizabeth Swann. The sun shone high, and with just three days before the wedding the soon to be bride was having difficulties explaining just what she wanted to the tailor.

"I do not wish to wear a corset in my own wedding. Breathing is much more important, and I'm nervous enough to begin with." She sulked as she sat upon a painted couch in her fitting room.

"My lady, it is no question of what you will wear. Your father has decided for you, you must wear the dress specified." The tired old man begged, his weary eyes down turned as he pleaded with the governess.

Governor Swann made his entrance and faced his daughter with hopeful eyes.

"Is the dress properly fitted, my daughter?" He asked as he looked from tailor to tailored, his jovial face becoming more of a frown.

"I have tried everything my lord, but the young lady refuses to even try it on." Mr. Hobbs mumbled as he placed his small form into the seat across from the obstinate young woman.

"I have had frightful luck with corsets before, and I do not wish to repeat such a downfall at my own wedding. Father, please. We must find another dress that I can wear..." She implored the elderly man; his white hairs curled and pompously fake around his rounded face.

With a sigh he placed his hands on his daughter's shoulders, looking into her lovely features.

"You're mother used to look at me like that. How could I possibly not give in to your wants and desires?" He spoke gently, his heart still aching for his lost wife.

"Thank you so much, father." She flung her arms around her neck as he chuckled deep in his chest, his happy eyes holding more than just love and respect for his daughter, but a deep sense of loss at the thought of finally having her marry and leave home.

Turning from the room she opened the large white door; hearing a complaining shout from the opposite room.

"Goodness sakes William Turner, you're twitchin' like a litt'l boy! 'Old still!" A harsh woman's voice came from the crack in the door opposite to her own dressing room.

Peering in through the crevice she smiled at the sight of renowned blacksmith turned Pirate, and future husband being scolded by a house maid as she stuck him with yet another pin.

"Pardon, ma'am, I do not mean to fidget. But the task becomes unbearable when one becomes a living

pincushion." He spoke diligently turning to her scowling face as she grabbed the black vest from the back of a deep red chair.

"You know young man, I am fitting your trousers as well. I could mistake in makin' them a little...uncomfortable; if'n you catch my drift." She muttered through a mouth full of pins, as she pulled him down to her height. Tossing the vest over his arms she grinned as his face became pained at the thought of her tailoring his suit wrong.

"Not to worry, Mr. Turner, you'll still be able to have children."

"I do believe this conversation has become too bold." He stated with a slight smile and winced as she stuck him in the chest with a pin.

"I've dressed you since you were a little boy, lad, I'll be makin' my suggestions where I please." She turned him to face the door as she worked the buttons through the proper holes, grunting as she yanked the vest tight across his chest and waist.

"Too tight?" She questioned as she finished,, moving around him in circles as her eyes searched him up and down.

"A little....bit... too...tight." He grunted in a high and raspy voice, taking in a deep breath. He flinched as a button placed in the center of his chest popped off, flying across the room and landing on the carpeted floor with a muffled thump.

"Blast it all, William Turner! Away with ya, I'll finish it meself!" She snarled taking the vest off and pushing him toward the door as she went to retrieve the lost button.

Opening it with a grin he began to pull the various sized needles from the shirt he wore as a small hand reached out to help him.

"How long have you been standing there, Elizabeth?"

"Long enough to triumphantly see you in something as tight as a corset, my dear Will."

A voice called out from the room behind them, the aggravated servant angrily stitching the popped button back into place.

"Don't you be movin' a single pin, William! Or we'll be startin' over!"

Looking forlornly into his large palms, the ten or so long pins seemed to wink back up at him as he peered around the hallway quickly. Seeing a large vase he quickly dumped the contents into the slim top.

"Yes ma'am, of course not." He shouted.

"Wouldn't dream of it." He added quietly as he slipped his hand into Elizabeth's and they walked from the stuffy house into the welcoming breeze of the balcony.

* * *

The day of the wedding couldn't come on a more beautiful day. The Fort seemed teeming with people as the guests chattered about everything from the weather to the odd couple that Will and Elizabeth made. A blacksmith, and somewhat of a pirate, marrying the fine social Elizabeth Swann did not sit well in some circles. Especially that of Commodore Norrington. Pleading with Governor Swann to allow him to miss the wedding, it was Elizabeth who managed to sway the soldier's will.

"Please, Commodore, you have been such a loyal man, serving Port Royal and our family for as many years that I can remember. It would be simply awful if you were not there."

Persuading him with her eyes and pleading words Norrington had given in, much to the chagrin of Will Turner.

Despite all those opposed, or in favor, the wedding proceeded as planned. The bride was beautiful and the groom handsome, quite possibly the finest wedding ceremony since the Governor's own. The lady's father led her down the isle with tears in his eyes, and delivered her to Mr. Turner without as much as a hint of resignation.

The couples surprised each other by writing their own vows, explaining their love in full detail in front of the entire world on the luxurious grounds of the Port Royal beach. The sun setting low into the sky marked the end of the old life and the beginning of something new, and the cannons fired from the massive ship the Dauntless as the couple sealed their vows with a kiss.

Tossing the door to his office open, Norrington lithely strode to his desk. He lifted his hat from his head and haphazardly threw it across the room.

"Confound that woman. Marrying a blacksmith of all trades. I was so close. So close to achieving what I have been searching for after nearly three years, and in walks Mr. Turner." He snarled; lifting a bottle of vintage scotch to his lips he drank noisily.

"So close." He growled again as he poured over blueprints for a new ship. Yet to be named, the vessel would prove to be faster than the Interceptor. Without even thinking, the Commodore had ordered it to be built; the thought of losing the Interceptor to pirates was still a fresh wound; unallowable in his mind. This ship would have one purpose alone.

To hunt those that preyed upon the settlements of the Caribbean.

With a devilish grin, he formulated a plan. Lifting a quill into his long and nimble fingers, he wrote in dark ink on the sketched back end of the ship:

Lady Elizabeth

~Jean~

3 - Chapter 3: Married Life

An arrangement had been made many months before the wedding for Elizabeth and Will to have a house of their own. Decidedly, the Governor had ordered it placed on the opposite side of Port Royal, closer to the ocean and farther from the fort. The couple had moved in a week after the wedding and was all the more excited to be out on their own.

Four months had passed, and Elizabeth sat on the balcony to their bedroom. Her white dress blowing idly at the ends by a soft breeze, the curls of her dirty blonde hair set free from the bun it was usually confined in made a u-turn into her face. Lifting a small hand, she whisked it from her eyes as Ms. Trudy, her chambermaid, rapped lightly on the door behind her.

"A visitor to see you, Mrs. Turner."

"Thank you Trudy." She smiled, still becoming adjusted to being Mrs. Turner. Will Turner was quite possibly the best thing that had happened in her life.

Her husband still worked for hours in the shop, but leaving in the morning and returning in the afternoon left the couple time together in the evening. Which they rarely wasted, constantly wishing to be at one another's side day and night. Watching the moon rise at night, high over their heads as they sat together on the lit balcony after long hours of time spent with only each other, a blanket keeping them warm. Despite having blacksmith's hands, they were surprisingly gentle when he wished them to be. Luring her to him by a single touch or a hint in his voice.

Standing quickly, she greeted her visitor in the living room with a hug.

"It is wonderful to see you again, Elizabeth. My, how you've grown into a beautiful young woman. A wife I hear." Mrs. Norrington stated with an amused smile as she sat opposite Elizabeth in the well-appointed front room. A crystal chandelier hung high above their heads, giving a sense of superiority over those below it. The deep cherry wood tables and cabinets gave an air of aristocracy as the ornate carpets lay decadently on the wooden floors.

"This is indeed a beautiful home, Elizabeth, you are truly lucky that your father dotes on you in such a manor as this."

"Will and I are happy, and I suppose that happiness and love could fill any home. No matter the size or style." She explained, folding her legs underneath her body on the sofa.

"You..." Mrs. Norrington stopped short, looking down into her tea cup as she refrained from finishing the sentence.

"I what, Mrs. Norrington?"

"You seem...different. You have this particular glow about you. Do you have any secrets you're

keeping?"

"Why would I keep secrets? You've known that I've always been one to speak my mind. I seem to wear my heart on my sleeve."

"Come dear, you used to be able to tell me everything, before the crossing from England."

"And to that I hold, what is it you wish to know of me? You are more of a mother to me than a friend, I don't quite know who I would be if you hadn't spent so much time with us, tutoring me at my father's summer home in London." Elizabeth explained, looking up as Trudy came into the room; her heels clicking against the wooden planks in the uncomfortable silence between the two visitors.

"Are you with child, Elizabeth?" She asked frankly, seeking an answer in the startled face of the young Mrs. Turner.

"No. Well...at....at least I do not believe that I am. No, I couldn't be."

Thoughts began flying through her head, the fact that she had been feeling sick earlier that week. Waking up after Will had left for the blacksmith's shop she hadn't thought to inform him about it since she was feeling considerably better by the time he arrived home.

"You just seem a lot like your mother, before she had you. I do not mean to interject on business that is not my own, I merely asked a question."

"No, I am always welcoming to your company, and conversation. It's just, Will and I have not discussed having children."

"Does that mean you are unable to have one until you speak of it?"

"Well...no."

"Of course not. Dearie, get yourself into a doctor to find out. I'm merely suggesting here of course, do not take my words to be definite." Placing a gentle hand on Elizabeth's knee, the older woman dismissed herself.

"I need to be getting along now, love. Keep in touch; I do so love to read your letters. I will be in Port Royal for another week and then I'm heading back to London. Take care of yourself, child. I admire your spirit."

She escorted Mrs. Norrington to the door and to her carriage. Leaning against the door-frame she watched the horse and buggy fade through the driveway and into the streets of the bustling Port Royal business district. Her mind full of worries and excitement and of the things she'd need to discuss with her husband when he returned home.

Will had left the shop early, filling his order many hours before schedule. Walking up the driveway he spotted his wife at the doorway, a far off look in her face. Taking the steps slowly he frowned with a grin as he lifted his hand and waved it smoothly before her face.

Jumping she focused on him and let out a nervous chuckle. "My apologies Will, I've been daydreaming a bit."

"About what, may I ask?" He prodded, taking her arm and leading her to the porch.

"About nothing in particular; life you might say."

"About roguish pirates that pillage and plunder?"

"Now, I didn't say that, you did." She laughed, leaning into him as they sat together in a large wicker chair. The cushion was used many hours a day by the two as they watched the sun set when Will came home from the shop.

"Your birthday is day after tomorrow." She reminded herself, more than speaking of it to him.

"Yes?"

"Would you like anything special?" She asked kindly, laying her head down on his shoulder as the fabric of his brown vest idly scratched her cheek.

Leaning forward he placed a tender kiss to her head as he wrapped an arm around her waist, bringing her closer to his side.

"What more could I ask for?" He questioned, his voice soft and mellow as he closed his eyes, relishing in the smell and feel of his wife rested against him.

She sat up, looking down into his relaxed face and smiled.

"Please be serious Will, I want to get you something unique. It will be your first birthday since you and I have been married, so as your wife I am obligated."

Opening his eyes he leaned forward, placing a kiss to her neck. Moving his lips down, he pushed the fabric off of her shoulder as he nibbled her soft flesh.

Pressing him away from her she scowled.

"I do not believe this sort of activity should be taking place on our front porch in front of the inhabitants of Port Royal." She reprimanded as she lifted the dress back over her shoulder.

"Well...now you know what I wish for my birthday." He tossed her an amused look, seeing the light spark in her eyes at the mere mention. Leaning into her, he placed a warm hand onto her cheek as his lips found hers, the touch feather light and wistful, but turned quickly into passion and want. His tongue lightly teased her full lips as he captured her mouth and mind.

Sighing into his mouth, she placed her hands onto the front of his chest, pushing him away slowly.

"Seeing how today is not your birthday, keep in mind that your gift will wait until day after tomorrow." She threw him a victorious smile and stood, making her way into the house as a bemused Will Turner sat on the porch alone.

* * *

"Sir? May I ask what your business was in Tortuga?" Lieutenant Smith asked as Commodore Norrington stepped from the platform of the merchant ship onto dry land for the first time in a month.

"Never mind my business, is the ship to be commended on time?"

"Aye sir, the Lady Elizabeth will sail day after tomorrow; everything is in order."

"Good." Stalking to his office, Norrington was closely followed by a scarred and scraggly looking man. All signs indicated that he was indeed a scallywag, but proof of the Commodore making deals with pirates came in small doses.

"Your orders, Commodore?"

"I'll be paying him a visit tomorrow afternoon. Make sure you and your men have an outfit for the ceremony. I do not need to remind you of what you will lose if this plan fails?"

"Of course not sir. The gallows don't have my name on them just yet." He growled, emitting a sinister cackle as he turned and left the room, leaving Norrington to his thoughts.

Swirling the wine in his cup he smiled. Tipping the glass he drained the delicious liquor in one gulp; slamming the silver container onto his desk as he stood quickly.

"Happy birthday; my dear William Turner."

~Jean~

4 - Chapter 4: Painted Facades

The stifling heat of the blacksmith's shop nearly gagged the Commodore, but he remained calm as he offered Will Turner his proposition

"Mr. Turner, you and I have never really aspired to know one another, but I do wish to apologize for my previous hostilities toward your marriage to Miss. Swann."

"Mrs. Turner, if you please." Will growled, working through his conversation with the Commodore. The hammer in his hand raised high as he pounded the soft metal into place, placing it into the cool water at his feet before lifting another bent sword into his hands.

With a heated sigh, Norrington nodded his head to the blacksmith.

"Apologies; Mrs. Turner." He continued, despite the apparent nonchalant behavior of the working young man. "If I may continue..."

"You may." Will interrupted, holding back a well deserved grin as the soldier struggled to keep his voice calm.

"If...I may continue uninterrupted. The Governor brought it to my attention that he wishes you to accompany my crew on the maiden voyage of the Lady Elizabeth. Since she was named after Miss. Swann, and as a birthday gift from Mr. Swann himself."

"Mrs. ...Turner." he stopped, looking into the man's eyes. "When will you come to the realization that she is MY wife?"

"When you come to the realization that the match never should have taken place." Norrington shouted, seeing the startled and outraged look on the blacksmith's face.

With an aggravated sigh, Will set his tools down.

"Do you think that's wise? Blatantly spitting upon our marriage? Face it commodore, more stood between you and Elizabeth than myself. But now, none of it matters." Lifting a sword into his palm, he leveled it under the Commodore's chin.

"Namely?" Norrington questioned as he looked from the pointed end into Turner's deep brown eyes.

"Namely, no other man has, or will ever touch her the way I have with these very hands." Will lifted the palm of his left hand to face the Commodore, seeing the envy and resentment in Norrington's eyes as he spoke candidly of the relationship he shared with his wife.

"If Governor Swann, my father in law, has asked that I be on this voyage then I shall. But I go of my own accord, and will not be put as a servant under your shoes."

"Seemingly fair enough. I would no further ask you to come if it wasn't for the Governor's request. Put the sword away, Turner." He growled as he turned his back on the blacksmith. "It isn't worth your life."

Placing it back onto the rack, Will once again raised his tools and turned to the soldier.

"I trust you know where the exit is?"

With no reply Norrington stormed out of the heated workshop into the comfortable Caribbean afternoon. The breeze off the harbor instantly cooled his flustered cheeks, and he set out a quick stride back to his office.

* * *

"You cannot be telling me the truth, William Turner."

"Indeed I am, love. Norrington himself came and informed me of your father's request. There was just...something in his manner that made it hard for me to trust."

Will sat on the edge of the bed as he watched his wife read the small book by candlelight.

"You're beautiful when you read."

"Don't change the subject. What was your reply?"

"Of course I will go, Elizabeth, your father asked it of me." He stood, undoing the buttons of his vest as he kicked his boots into the opposite corner.

"But we were to spend the day together." She muttered behind her book as she tried to train her eyes to stay on the pages than watch her husband dress and undress.

Tossing the vest to a nearby chair, he walked over to her and pushed the book down against her lap. Leaning in he kissed her lightly, standing back up as he pulled the white shirt from the top of his trousers.

"I've already reserved tomorrow evening for us, I wouldn't forgo our plans completely. Understand, love, that I want nothing more than to spend time with you on my birthday, but I believe that this will place me in the circle of respect you father wishes me to be in. I cannot let him down. I want him to think higher of our marriage; higher of me."

With a sigh and a nod she resumed her reading, not bothering to give him an answer as he lifted the shirt over his head. Changing quickly, he put on his usual baggy cotton trousers and climbed into the large bed. Laying atop the covers he looked up at the ceiling, his eyes knit together in a frown. Settling the book on her night stand, she rolled to face him, the contrast of her body under the blankets and he over them made it uncomfortable as she situated herself.

"Will, we haven't ever talked about children."

"Only because the conversation never has risen." He kept his eyes closed, reaching out his arm and laying his hand atop her hip.

"Do you want to have children?" She found herself afraid of the answer, hoping it to be yes, but unsure of what she would do if it were no.

"Of course, love. Though, I have had reservations about this subject before. You know how much I abhor seeing you in pain." he muttered, opening his eyes and turning to look at her.

"What more could I ask for?" She inquired as she placed her head on his strong shoulder, letting out a sigh of almost relief as he wrapped his arms around her, pulling her close.

Leaning down, he placed a kiss to her nose, then cheek. Pulling back the blankets he slid between them, holding her to him as he lay on his side to face her. Nibbling his way from her ear to her jaw, and finally to her neck, he rubbed his hands in lithe circles around the small of her back. Looking back up into her eyes, he saw the passion written in her features, and his own eyes darkened.

"Is it my birthday yet?"

"Close enough." She caved as she met his lips with her own.

* * *

Will woke before the sun and looked down at his sleeping wife. He lifted her up from his chest and placed her softly onto her own pillow, sitting up quietly. Rubbing the sleep from his eyes he rose and padded with silent feet into the bathroom, grabbing his clothes as he went. Changing quickly, he walked over to the bed and placed a kiss to Elizabeth's nose without waking her, running his hand through her soft tresses as he smiled. Lifting the covers up around her chin, he straightened up his side of the bed before he left the room, closing the door behind him.

"Good morning Sir. Would you like me to have the cook fix you a nice breakfast?"

"I would enjoy that, thank you, Godfried." He smiled pleasantly at the butler, making his way down to the dining hall as he walked into the kitchen.

"Off early this morning, eh Mr. Turner?" Cook questioned, always one to state the obvious.

"A bit." he smiled at her as he lifted a fresh piece of bacon into his agile fingers, only to have it slapped away by Cook.

"I don't care how famished ya are, lad, ya'll wait until it's served to ya." She growled, turning her back to him as she waddled over to the oven, pulling out a tray of fresh scones.

Popping the piece into his mouth quickly he smiled as his cheeks bulged when she turned to look at him.

"Here I was beginnin' to think that you were more civilized and you go actin' like a troublemaker. Out of

me kitchen!" she shoed him away, as he chuckled, preparing to wait until he got his point across.

"You know I'm not one willing to be served, I can put my own food onto my own plate, Cook." He spoke as he was ushered from the kitchen and into a plush chair at the foot of a medium length oak table.

Breakfast was incredible, and he told her his thoughts as he picked up his over coat from the rack near the door, opening it quietly.

"Have a good day, Sir." Godfried replied as he watched Will walk down the front steps, the sun beginning to crest the horizon as the fog began to return to the sea.

* * *

The first thing Will noticed was the new members of Norrington's crew, but it was the season for recruits. Though in the years past it had been littered with those too young to know anything about firing a musket, these seemed to be well accustomed to living out at sea. Too well, for his liking. Keeping his distance, he stood at the bow of the ship as he surveyed the men from his vantage point. Only a handful he recognized. One seemed oddly familiar, but he kept the notion to himself and offered to help around the deck in terms of hoisting the masts and weighing the anchor.

Three hours into the voyage, the ship had proven to be indeed faster than the Interceptor, much to the surprise of Will Turner, but most of his uncertainties had come into play with the actions of the crew. They constantly avoided him, making him feel like an outcast as they sidled around the ship this way or that. Though a lot larger, much like the Dauntless, the Lady Elizabeth was making good time, in which Will was thankful for. Less time on the water meant more time with his wife.

"Land ahoy!" Looking up at the crow's nest he thought he recognized the voice, but without a good clear look at the man's face he put it off as he walked up to Norrington with a frown clouding his handsome features.

"When are we turning back, Commodore?"

"We'll be turning back soon enough, Mr. Turner. We need to make a stop before going back to Port Royal; drop some thing off."

"Cargo, as it were." The scarred man hinted as Will turned to see the others prepare to weigh anchor.

"What kind of cargo?"

"The pirate kind." Norrington spoke as the greasy old man lifted an ore, a sickening thud filling the air as it came into contact with the back of Will's skull.

Darkness claimed him as he fell to the deck, seeing Norrington's winning smirk before everything went black.

* * *

~Jean~

5 - Chapter 5: Left Behind

Elizabeth sat drinking tea in her father's home, reminding herself of how many memories were locked away behind these walls. A majority of her childhood taking place under this roof, learning all she could about the pirates of the Caribbean and of course etiquette. When she thought of the many times she had climbed from her balcony to meet young Will Turner to play pirates she smiled, moving to the window.

"A letter arrived for you, Mrs. Turner." Her father's man servant announced as he handed her the white letter, the wax seal on back sporting the doctor's symbol.

"Odd, that I would be receiving a letter here and not at home."

Opening it slowly, she read its contents and smiled. Rushing from the room she made her way into her father's study, where the Governor was quietly revising papers and tying up odds and ends.

"Ah, Elizabeth. I was wondering when you would come up and see me." He rose from his chair, the white curls bouncing around his shoulders as he placed a feather light kiss to her cheek.

"I have excellent news. You are going to be a grandfather." Laughing with joy she hadn't seen in many months, he pulled her to him in a tight hug as he placed a large hand onto her still flat stomach.

"This is truly a time for celebration. When Mr. Turner returns we will announce the news and have a feast fit for a king."

"Well...I was hoping to tell him privately. We already have plans tonight for his birthday so this will just be an added surprise."

Seeing the frown on his face she smiled, laying a hand to his shoulder.

"How does breakfast sound?"

Nodding his head he agreed to breakfast with his daughter and son-in-law. Offering her a seat as they sat and talked quietly

* * *

Will awoke on land, surrounded by men as they sneered down at him. His hands were bound tight behind his back and his head throbbed. Sitting up, his hair fell into his face as it was set free from its confining tie.

He felt hands roughly yank him up from the ground as he twisted his head around to see Norrington standing with a pistol in his hand.

"You know Turner, ever since your escapade with the pirate Jack Sparrow, things seem to be going terribly well for you. Marriage to the beautiful Elizabeth Swann, for one. Clemency for committing acts as a pirate secondly, but all good things must one day come to an end. Regrettably so, I must now take control of what I believe should have been mine in the first place."

"You murderous snake." Will shouted, shouldering the man closest to him. Going down hard he lifted the sword free from the scabbard as he twisted it backward in his hands. Slicing the material that bound his wrists together he lifted the blade as he blocked the first strike.

Parrying and jumping forward, his sword struck down three men before a deafening blast filled the air. He felt his shoulder catch fire as white-hot pain flashed through his mind. Falling to his knees he turned to Norrington, seeing the smoking pistol in his palm.

Reaching a hand up to his right shoulder, underneath his collarbone, blood pulsed from the wound and onto his fingers, coating them with his own essence.

"Back to the ship, take those who are wounded with us. Leave the dead." The Commodore spat as he looked William Turner deep in the eyes.

"Just what a pirate such as you deserves." Norrington's icy blue eyes sparkled with hatred for the young, wounded, and soon to be stranded blacksmith.

"Not to worry, William Turner, I'll take good care of Miss Swann for you." He shouted as he boarded the boats and headed back to the ship, the distant man in the crow's nest visible as a tiny speck to Will's eye.

Tears leapt into his eyes, the thought of losing Elizabeth so soon in their marriage, but the contemplation of her in the arms of another man made his blood boil. Watching them load back onto the Lady Elizabeth, the sails were released as it began to disappear over the horizon.

Back on the ship, the men that Norrington had hired received the money owed them as they slunk below deck. Those that didn't hold to the Commodore's actions voiced their opinion. One man in particular.

"That's not right sir. I'm here to be tellin' ya." He complained as he held up his hands when the Commodore offered him the money.

"Listen. We agreed that this was the best plan of action. None will speak of it to anyone. What happened on this ship stays on this ship. You'll take your money and be content, Mr. Biggs."

"Aye, sir." He looked to his feet, his mind racing. "Will you be takin' us back to Tortuga now? I've got some dealin' to be gettin' along with." Turning back to Norrington, he saw the soldier shake his head.

"You can find your own way back from Port Royal. Back to port!" The commodore shouted; the wind set the sails in the direction of the city as the ship lurched forward.

* * *

Stumbling to the ground once more, Will found a wide stick. Placing it between his jaws he bit hard into

the soft wood as he unbuttoned his brown vest, tossing it aside. Lifting his white, billowy shirt over his head he frowned as blood ran in a steady line down his smooth chest. Raising the light material into his fists, he tore at the seam; pulling it deftly apart the usage of the muscles that had been wounded by the shot screamed in protest as more blood flowed from the hole. Groaning in pain his eyes blurred for a moment, but he willed himself to stay awake.

Making a bandage he wrapped it below his left arm, up and over his shoulder. Before knotting it he took a small wadded up piece of cloth into his bloodied fingers. Taking a few deep breaths he looked down at the wound and bit hard into the stick. Using the balled fabric as a swab he prodded the wound with agile fingers, cleaning the surrounding flesh outside and finally inside before securing the bandage across his torso.

Flopping down into the soft, warm sand, he tossed the stick away from him as he wiped his lips, hopefully clearing the bark from his mouth. He watched as lazy clouds drifted over head as tears made tracks down the sides of his head and into his curled dark hair. Forcing himself to stand up, he moved to the edge of the palm forest, seeking shade from the rising sun as his head spun from the loss of blood. Finding a cool place to rest, he fell against a tree and into the sand once more, his mind spinning as his eyes rolled back, tossing him into oblivion.

* * *

Tortuga was teeming with ill bred folk, some pirates and some not. Mostly those who had no business to be in a regular society. The men from Norrington's ship had been left in Port Royal to find their own way back to Tortuga, but merchant ships were all to pleased to visit the town of ill repute, known for their trading hub.

Elizabeth had been waiting all afternoon for the Lady Elizabeth to pull into port. Hearing the news she sat on the porch as she watched the sun set, a frown clouding her features as an hour passed with no hint of the crews departure from on board the ship.

A figure ascended the steps in front of her, and she smiled gently as the shape turned to that of her father. Offering him a seat next to her, he reluctantly obeyed his daughter's suggestion.

"I heard that the Lady Elizabeth has returned to port, where is the crew? Are they still aboard?" She asked lightly, unable to quell her questions any longer.

"My daughter, we need to speak privately. Perhaps...in the study?" The tone of his voice and the way he held himself made Elizabeth suspicious but put aside her doubt as she led her father to the study. Will had loaded the room full of books that having to do with sailing, and the arts of blacksmithing. Elizabeth also lay claim to a few of the more feminine reading materials that littered the shelves in odd places here or there.

"What do you need to speak of privately, Father?" She seated herself next to him, placing a small hand on his big one.

She frowned as large tears began to fill his eyes; an unsettling fear beginning to grow in the pit of her stomach.

"Tell me."

"The Lady Elizabeth was attacked en route to a small cluster of islands. It seems that half of the crew was slaughtered. They say that a certain pirate ship had been using the island as a hoarding area, a cache if you will. When they spotted white sails and an English flag billowing on the horizon they laid in wait until the inhabitants of the ship came to land." Lifting his handkerchief to his eyes he continued, aware of the firm grip his daughter had of his other hand.

"An ambush had been placed, and almost sixty percent of the crew was lost...and..."

"Please tell me, what ever it is it reins turmoil over your heart. I..." stopping short, dread pricked her heart as her eyes widened in wonder.

"Where's my husband?" She placed a frightened hand to her flat stomach, something she found herself doing constantly. As if to remind herself that their child lay safe.

"I'm sorry, my darling, Will was lost..."

* * *

~Jean~

6 - Chapter 6: Frightful Bad Luck

Tortuga was at its peak at around eight o'clock in the evening. The local taverns were filled with scandalous activities, where men and women made themselves known to the outside world as drunks and pirates and whores.

Mr. Biggs walked into the closest tavern, lifting his hat off his sweaty brow as he let the prolific scent of Tortuga ravage his mind. A dark figure in the corner caught his attention as he lifted two pints of lager into his filthy hands and walked over to the man's table.

"Yer right, as always."

"I usually am in these situations, which, fortunately enough for me, 'appens all the time." The cockney voice commented as he lifted the dingy cup to his lips and savored the taste of the alcohol.

"It's dreadful bad luck to leave a man alone. You know that."

"And what would you 'ave me do, mate? Look." Sitting up, his red bandana became visible in the dim light of the tavern as gunfire and music drown out any quiet conversation.

"I go out there, into their waters, and what do I get? The hangman's noose; savvy? Why I should risk my own onesie just to save some poor bligh'er." He leaned back in his chair, propping his boots up onto the table with a chagrined look on his face as he brought the glass up once more.

"Jack, that poor blighter is one, William Turner."

Jack stopped drinking; his brows raised high as his mustache twitched.

"Well if you're going to tell me, you'd better make it quick."

"Well, as we thought, Norrington was up to somethin'. He'd never willingly show 'is face in Tortuga without some reason behind it, sure enough. So, I agreed to sail with him for a special ceremony to commend the Lady Elizabeth, a new high-to-do ship they built apparently takin' the place of the Interceptor."

Stopping for a moment to drain his glass, he turned back to Jack and laid a hand on the table.

"We board the ship early mornin', and from what I hear Will Turner is to be a special guest by request of the Governor. Turns out, the Governor didn't ask Will, it was a ploy by one, Commodore Norrington. Man's nuttier than sin. 'E takes a crew from here and put them in soldier uniforms so Turner won't notice. Whack! Lump to the back of 'is skull and poor Will's got 'imself a terrible 'eadache. I stay aboard to watch the ship under the name of Biggs and Bob's your uncle; BAM! Hear myself a gunshot I did. Don't believe he's dead though, too much like his father, if'n you know what I mean." He grinned, picking the glass up once more.

"I'm havin' a thought 'ere, mate. What say you and I gather a crew, and set sail? The Black Pearl needs to stretch her legs, and I can think of no better place for a vacation, than Port Royal."

* * *

The moon sat high above Port Royal, it's reflection in the waves washing up used to captivate her as she and Will would sit together, wrapped in blankets in the pleasant moments after sharing their love. The void in her life seemed to suck in the pale moonlight, tossing it to the floor of the balcony where the crumpled young woman sat.

A quilt wrapped around her shoulders, she leaned against the wall as she willed her tears and anguish to subside. She'd woken up this morning with every intention of being a mother and a wife, but fate wasn't on her side. Looking down in her lap where Will's crumpled pillow sat, her hands gripping the simple white cushion until her knuckles were white.

A sob escaped her throat as she lifted it up and buried her face in its soft depths. The scent of William Turner filled her with sadness, now that she didn't have him next to her. His loss was unbearable, and she knew now what her father had felt by the loss of his wife.

A soft knock on her door sounded through the room, but she ignored it. Again someone rapped, but Elizabeth kept to herself on the balcony, the moonlight shining in the tears she cried.

"Elizabeth?" Her father's voice filled the room, concern and love lacing the edges as his worried tone made her sob once more.

Finding the comforter off of the bed, he sighed as he passed through the open veranda doors. He spotted his little girl on the ground, her head resting against the rough brick wall behind her as she held the blacksmith's pillow in her clasped hands.

"Darling daughter, please come inside." He begged, reaching a hand out to her as she looked up at him; the grief he saw in her eyes took him back to the first few days without his own wife at his side.

"I...I don't wish to accumulate upon the situation, but I know exactly how you feel. I too lost a spouse. Your mother, my, my. Your mother had a way of getting me to do anything she wanted." He began as she placed her soft clammy hand into his and he led her back into the bedroom. Settling next to her on the bed he propped her up against the back board as he kept her hand in his, rubbing it lightly with his thumb. Just like Will used to, she thought, the mental image now burning itself into her memory.

"Absolutely anything. Especially when she was pregnant with you. She would always get me with her large brown eyes, much like yours, and the pouting lips and tell me it was only in the child's best interest." He laughed as his eyes still showed the pain, but it was being covered with happiness.

"When she died, I felt that my whole world was gone. That...despite having a new child in the world, I didn't want to live it without her by my side." Looking over into his daughter's lost hazel eyes; he saw what he was nineteen years ago.

"We share much in common, Elizabeth. Your mother left me a child to care after; to see that I wouldn't be alone. Will has done the same, I believe. He gave you the gift of life that you carry. Even if we are too blind to see, it is indeed a miracle. He loved you more than anything, and would gladly give his life for you. His loss will be mourned but I do not see that he would want you to live a life of sorrow. That was just not his nature." Patting her hand lightly, he left her room silently.

Elizabeth looked to the doors and sighed as she closed her eyes.

"If it is a miracle, why does it hurt so much?" She asked the darkness as she rolled to her husband's side of the bed, falling into a fit-full sleep.

* * *

Morning came slowly for Will as his eyes opened slowly. The searing pain of his shoulder reminded him where he was; not in his soft bed with his wife by his side. No doubt by now, Norrington had arrived back in Port Royal and informed everyone of his unnatural demise. Probably blamed the incident on pirates; the coward.

Rising weakly to his feet he trudged forward in search of anything that would keep him alive until he could think of a way to get back. Back to Elizabeth. He wouldn't live to see her in another man's arms, especially Norrington's he thought as he found a few coconuts lying on the ground. They did him little good if he had no way of opening them. Raising his eye brows, he returned to the beach. Four dead men lay face down in the surf as their swords rest beside their hands. Taking one, he slid it between the top of his trousers and his belt as he lifted another into his hand. Making his way slowly back to the coconuts, he hacked one open quickly, drinking the sweet juice as he peeled the fruit from the inside.

"It's better than nothing." He commented aloud as he sat down, the throbbing in his shoulder becoming unbearable.

Lifting his right arm had become nearly impossible and he cried out, leaning back against the tree. Raising the bandage, he noticed the flaming red around the wound and the slight yellow under the surface. Sighing, he knew that it was becoming infected, which meant he would have to squeeze the bacteria out.

"Later." He told himself as he continued to savor the fruit of the coconut looking to the sky. Contemplating his mode of action, he decided against swimming back. The blood of his injury would invite sharks to a fine meal. Plus, with his wounded arm he wouldn't be able to swim a very long distance like the one back to Port Royal.

"This is bad..."

* * *

The sound of rustling and thudding from the ceiling woke Governor Swann early in the morning. Rising to his feet quickly, he cursed himself for falling asleep as he rushed up the stairs into Elizabeth's room. Seeing his daughter with a small trunk lying open on the floor, attempting to stuff a few more belongings into it caused him to take a step back.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm going to find him."

"Elizabeth, you cannot be serious. Will is not coming back my dear, you must accept the truth."

"I am disinclined to acquiesce to your request, Father. Means no. Until I find his body un-moving and un-breathing I will not rest. I will not sit here and bide by Commodore Norrington's word that he is gone." Tears streamed down her cheeks as she slammed the suitcase closed, latching the lid with a small lock. "I have to know."

Sighing he watched his daughter drag the heavy case to the doorway, dropping it into a heap as she failed again to lift it. With a choking sob she kicked at it with her boot, hoping for it to budge as tears blurred her vision.

"Elizabeth...please stop. This isn't healthy for the child, you know that. This is what you have left from Will; this is what he gave you." The Governor placed a gentle hand on her stomach and the other on her shoulder, turning her away from the hallway and steering her back into the bedroom.

"I must know. He...he promised me he would never leave me. That if something would happen, he'd come back to me. No matter what." Looking up at him with pleading dark eyes that glistened with unshed tears, he nodded.

"I can't let you go, but I can promise that I will send out a ship. Dead or alive, we will bring him back here. I swear." He repeated as he took her face into his hands, looking deep into her eyes.

Nodding silently she turned away from him as he left the room, soundless tears filling his eyes at the sight of his child in so much pain.

"I promise."

* * *

Captain Jack Sparrow looked out at the Black Pearl, listing slightly to the right as he stood in front of his crew.

"I believe you told me that the hole was fixed."

"Umm...we did, sir." A gruff voice spoke up as Jack nodded.

"It's not fixed."

"Umm...no, sir."

"Coming from one dishonest man to another, lies aren't really going get us any where. However, holes in the side of my ship aren't really getting us any where either." He grumbled, walking back and forth, his hands locked behind his back as the crew looked down at their feet.

"We'll have it ready in two days, sir."

"Optimism! That's what I love to hear; optimism! Unfortunately, not many pirates use the humbleness of optimism to its fullest. We, however," He stated, his hands flailing about as the string of beads at his forehead bounced against his red bandana.

", Are not normal pirates."

"Aye, sir."

* * *

Will watched as the sun set on his third day trapped upon island he fondly named Commodore Island. His dry cracked lips showed his thirst as he prepared to clean out his injury once again. Removing the stick from his belt he found the grooves made by his teeth and set it into place inside his mouth. Untying the bandage across his chest, the swollen and infested lesion stung as the cool night air touched the infected skin. Taking the sword, he quickly cut across the center of the boil, screaming as he forced himself to squeeze out the impure liquid. Pinching it until it began to bleed freely; he swabbed it with yet another piece of his shirt before fastening his bandage back under his arm.

The heat was beginning to take its toll, and he longed for the peaceful night as he pulled the bitten stick from his mouth. Wiping away the tears caused by his pain he lifted the last bit of coconut juice to his lips, chewing lightly on the drying fruit.

His infection was making him weak, as was the lack of pure water. The nectar only satisfies for so long before you desire the crisp clear drinking water that the sea refuses to provide. He rejected the thoughts of never getting home, never seeing Elizabeth again. Even if just for a moment, he would pay anything to see that she was alright.

Long through the night, his paining shoulder disallowed him any sleep. Laying on the sandy beach, he vowed that Norrington would pay for his treachery as the stars twinkled overhead; the growling of his stomach lulling him to sleep.

* * *

~Jean~

7 - Chapter 7: Lost and Found

Commodore Norrington walked into the Turner household, surprised at how well kempt it was as he took a seat across from Governor Swann.

"We've looked sir, but no body was found. Even of the other men that were lost. They were washed away by the tide and the current; I'm sorry." His regal air was not lost on the governor as Mr. Swann slouched in the large padded chair.

"Thank you Commodore, it will mean so much to Elizabeth to know that you looked for him. These are trying times on my daughter, with the child and all."

"Child?" The soldier's attention peaked at the mention of a child.

"Well, this is highly improper of me to say, sir, but I am to be a grandfather; Elizabeth to be a mother. Without Will, I cannot say how hard society will come down on her, widow or not." His large fingers rubbed at his tired eyes, circles showing his lack of sleep as Norrington hid a small smile.

"If you are looking for help, Governor, I am all too willing to oblige. I would not have the good Swann name dragged through the mud any more than it already has."

"What are you saying Commodore?"

"You are correct in assuming that Elizabeth is in a very vulnerable stage, and propaganda would only backlash at the mention of her having a child whilst being unwed."

Pausing, he held back his elation as the governor seemed inclined to his change in the direction of the conversation.

"Are you saying that you would be willing to take Elizabeth as a wife?"

"To keep her name, and yours mind you, untarnished, I would indeed take Elizabeth as a wife. If not just to keep her safe, then to give her what she needs to care for the child." He almost spat at the word child. This wasn't exactly as planned, but all campaigns tend to miscarry in some form or another. If married soon enough, all of Port Royal would believe the child to be his, leaving no mention to the last name of Turner and changing it to Norrington.

"I do not know, Commodore, it will be incredibly difficult to get Elizabeth to agree to anything of the sort. It's too soon after Will's loss I'm afraid."

"Speak with her. See if she will agree to the marriage, if only to keep her name unsoiled. I will take the child under my name, and raise it as my own; give it a proper father."

"I will see what I can do, but I promise nothing."

* * *

The Black Pearl set sail on schedule, two days after the incident on the docks.

"Jack, when are you goin' to get a new compass?"

"When I need one, mate." He grinned as he turned the wheel to the left a foot or so, pocketing the "broken" compass as he picked up his spyglass. Seeing the small cluster of islands in the distance, he handed it to Mr. Gibbs.

"That one, on the far left I believe. Should be the one."

"How many times 'ave I told you to mark it down? You lead me to a nice vacationing island without Mr. Turner and it defeats the purpose for this little rendezvous, savvy?"

"Aye, sir." He grumbled, helping the Captain turn the ship in the direction of the small clump of land.

"Even my island was better than that one. Shows what a superior officer knows, eh?"

* * *

Will's stay on the island was becoming more difficult as it progressed day by day. The sun beat down on him as he attempted to clean out his injury once again. His fatigue and dehydration made his arms and body heavy and hard to move as he fell back against the sand, unable to properly dress the wound. It had begun to bleed again, keeping it somewhat clean, but the aggravated skin throbbed with a reminder that Will would just as soon forget.

His breathing had become shallower with the lack of water and food, and he could tell that he was losing weight fast. Without any energy he'd been unable to find more coconuts to maintain a steady supply of juice and fruit to keep him alive from longer than a week. Hardly able to lift a sword, he resigned himself to sleep, hoping to ward off the thought of death. Tossing away his bandage earlier that night, he'd left his wound open, hoping that the cool air would clean it out. Surprisingly, the infection was dwindling, leaving only a painful hole and an incessant amount of blood that he was constantly losing.

Turning, he looked out to sea. Catching a glimpse of large sails, he sighed as he turned his face away. Whipping his head back around quickly, he rubbed his eyes with the back of his left hand as he wearily trudged to his knees. Recognizing the ship from anywhere he smiled for the first time in days, his dried lips cracked and bled with the effort, but he didn't care.

"Jack." He whispered as he forced himself to stand, using the trunk of the tree as support. Walking a few steps and falling, he was determined to get to the beach. Keeping a close eye on the Pearl as she anchored; a dinghy carrying three or four people landed smoothly atop the water as they began to row toward the island.

Minutes turned into hours for Will as he watched them get closer and closer, Captain Jack Sparrow standing at the helm of the raft as it slid onto the sandy shoal.

"Heavens Will, you don't look at all like you're having a good day at all, mate." Jack commented as he moved to Will's side.

"I beat your record." Was all he said before his eyes rolled back and darkness claimed him.

* * *

"Elizabeth? May I come in?" Mr. Swann's gentle voice called as he knocked on her bedroom door later that night.

Hurried footsteps heralded her reaction as she tossed on her robe and threw open the door.

"Did they find him?"

The forlorn look on her father's face was her answer as she turned, slouching against the doorframe as she sunk to the floor.

"I'm sorry, love." He spoke as he sat next to her on the floor, seeing her bring her knees up to her chest, resting her chin on the soft fabric of her gown.

"But...there is something I'd like to talk to you about. The idea was Commodore Norrington's as a matter of fact..." He smiled, looking over at her, trying to formulate how he would ask her of the marriage so soon after Will Turner's death.

"He wishes for you to marry him."

Holding up his hands before she could rebuke him and say no as an answer, he continued.

"It's not that he desires to take Will's place, he knows of your situation. He's willing to marry you to keep you, and the child, safe from anything that could harm you. It's not proper for a young woman to have a child out of wedlock; you know the lashing that you will receive from society in having an illegitimate child, Elizabeth. They're unforgiving. But Commodore Norrington is willing to save you from all that."

"It's only been almost a week, not even that. Five days. How can you ask me to take another as my husband when I've just lost the man I love?" She asked, hoping to end the conversation quickly, thinking only of the effort it would take to marry another.

"You can only be strong for so long. You're going to need something to fall back on. The Commodore wants nothing in return but for you to remain a respectable woman."

"And be his wife; under his name."

"That, my dear, is a small price to pay for you to maintain your reputation, and the reputation of the Swann family name. I'd give it some thought."

* * *

~Jean~

8 - Chapter 8: Decisions

Will awoke to a throbbing head and a growling stomach as he sat up carefully. At once he realized that he wasn't lying in sand on a hot beach, but on a comfy bed in a stay room. Looking down he noticed that his shoulder had been stitched up and cleaned, and no longer ached under the bandage. Spotting a dark figure sitting in a chair, his pointed and tattered hat lowered over his eyes as he snored loudly and with a grin Will pulled the blankets down and sat on the edge of the bed.

"Jack." He called, not seeing the pirate move as he spoke his name again. After a few moments he lifted his pillow up and chucked it at the Captain.

Giving a surprised yelp, Jack tumbled backwards with his chair as he landed on the floor with a thud.

"Seems to me that if you're plannin' on thankin' me in this way, mate, I should have just left you on that spit of land." His hat was crooked on his head as he stood up and brushed himself off, the many adornments he had jingled with the motions of his arms and head.

"How long have I been asleep?"

"Four days."

"Four days?!" He cried, looking up at the pirate with soulful dark eyes. "I need to get back to Port Royal."

"Just hold a moment, mate, remember? We wait for the opportune moment. Now from what I hear, there's to be a fancy high to do at the Fort in three days. Seems to me that Norrington had this well planned out, and being such with you out of the way, he's all set to marry the widow Turner." Jack explained, seeing the rage explode in Will's features as he handed him a somewhat clean white shirt.

"And when would the opportune moment be?" Will asked, standing as he accepted the top and put it on slowly, his shoulder still stiff and sore.

"They don't call me Captain Jack Sparrow for nothin', lad." He grinned, and led Will out onto the balcony. Squinting into the sunlight, he recognized buildings as his eyes focused. The bustling streets of Port Royal lay before him, in the distance the Fort stood gloomy and terrifying as guards maintained their watch at the top lookouts. Looking closer, he could see Governor Swann's house, and turning his head, three blocks down the road was his own home. Spotting a carriage outside the door he scowled as Commodore Norrington stepped from the box and walked lithely up the stairs and into the front door.

"I want to kill him, Jack." He snarled as his voice held a low and quiet but ominous tone.

"Don't worry, I've got it all planned out. Trust me; you'll get your chance. But it requires some piracy, and from what I understand, you say you're just a blacksmith."

With a smirk, he turned to the Captain and placed his hands akimbo.

"Only as a secondhand trade."

* * *

"How does it fit, milady?" The same old tailor's tired voice echoed throughout the large room as he turned Elizabeth around in a circle. Commodore Norrington and her father were both present and she silently nodded in compliance with the tailor's questions.

"You look beautiful." Norrington commented as he gazed hungrily at his soon to be wife.

Giving a weak smile she dismissed herself to her room to change and rest before tea time as the Commodore and her father talked quietly.

"It doesn't seem like she is all too interested in getting married."

"Relax, Commodore. All things will fit together in time. She's more thankful than anything. I know it's dreadfully hard on her to marry this soon after Will's death, but she knows as well as I the notions of our world. She agreed to this marriage only out of my begging and her child's future."

Sighing, he knew that with the loss of Turner, Elizabeth wouldn't truly be his, but he was willing to sacrifice a little here and there for the rights of labeling her his wife.

His own fitting was next as he placed his arms into the long, well cut coat, thinking nothing of the blacksmith or his demise, putting it behind him as he smiled at the thought of winning her hand.

* * *

"Do you understand, Will?"

"How will this work Jack?" He asked, looking at the large robe that the pirate held in his hands.

"Ow will this work? Boy trust me! I'm Captain...."

"Captain Jack Sparrow, I know." Will interrupted as he placed the robe over his arm and snuck back out of the priest's office, Jack hot on his heels.

"We'll be lucky if we don't get arrested for this, it's madness."

"No, no lad, it's brains."

"Well, as I recall, it's amazing how much those two threaten to coincide." He commented as they walked back to the pub, meeting Mr. Gibbs out front.

The saloon was filled with people Will remembered, hoping that none would recognize him he kept his hat low as it cast a dark shadow over his features. Sitting at a far table, the three conversed.

"You know its frightful bad luck to be stealin' the Word of God." Gibbs stated as he lifted the priests Bible into his hands, setting it out onto the table with the robe.

"All I have to do is talk in a lower voice, Elizabeth and I went to church every week so I should be able to pull it off. It shouldn't be too hard to sound like a monotone holy man."

"Ah, that's what you say now. But Will, when you get up there in front of Elizabeth, your wife I would remind, and Norrington, your killer; so called; will you be able to hide your animosity?"

"I'll hide it well enough. Personal feelings will not interfere in this situation. I plan on killing him tomorrow." Will's eyes smoldered, reflecting the candlelight as he lifted the glass to his lips, taking a long drink of the ale.

"You may win Miss. Elizabeth back, but if you kill Norrington then you'll go to the gallows." Gibbs reminded as Will smiled.

"No, it may seem that way. But if they consider the fact of murder and larceny then it will be my God-given right to take back what is mine."

"He certainly thinks like a pirate, don't he?" Jack questioned, raising his glass in the air.

"To Norrington; without his actions against Mr. Turner here, we wouldn't be able to plot his demise."

"Aye." Gibbs added his glass to the air as they turned to look at Will.

With a grin, he nodded as he lifted his own glass, joining in the toast as the three men talked about their plan of action.

* * *

The morning of the wedding arrived, and Elizabeth sat quietly in her room. Her hair was done up beautifully, the dress she was staring at was elegant, more so than the dress she married Will in. The thought of Will brought her sadness back, knowing she'd have no life with Norrington as her husband. She'd given in, obliged to the fact that Will was indeed gone and nothing would quench her longing for him. It took her father two days, only two, to convince her to marry Commodore Norrington.

"Miss. Elizabeth?" Her chambermaid's voice called out as she entered the room.

"Time to get ready Miss."

Elizabeth nodded and stepped into the gown as she dressed slowly.

"You know Miss, for this being your wedding day you seem a mite gloomy."

"I have no reason to be excited, Trudy. I've already had my wedding day."

With a quiet nod she laced up the back of the refined dress as she placed a gentle hand on her

shoulders.

"Don't worry, Miss. Elizabeth. The Commodore will make you happy."

Leaving the room as quick as she had come, she allowed the bride to have some time to herself. Sitting at her dresser, she glanced down at her hand. Closing her eyes, she silently slid the wedding ring off her finger and set it down on top of her jewelry box.

"Good-bye, Will." Rising to her feet, she made her way down the steps to meet her father at the carriage.

* * *

"Hurry; before he wakes up." Gibbs growled, taking the unconscious priest under the arms and placing him into the closet. Closing and locking the door, they placed Will in the priest's robe as they made sure the hood covered his face well enough that his identity was a mystery.

"Just make sure to ask if..." Jack started, but was again cut off by Will.

"I know." He snapped, walking from the room and into the large crowd of people, the Bible held firmly in his hands.

"Father, may I ask why you are dressed as such for my daughter's wedding?" Governor Swann asked as he pulled the priest aside.

"I have a dreadful ailment and would hate for Miss. Elizabeth or Commodore Norrington to catch what cold I have for their wedding night." His voice unnaturally low and monotone, he saw the Governor nod as he walked the rest of the way up to the small stage that had been built. Seeing both Norrington and his wife standing together, Will felt his heart ache at the sight of Elizabeth's almost gray eyes and the pain that was written in her features. He could tell that she had given up on almost everything, and the thought made him even more furious that Norrington could indeed place this much hurt on her heart.

"Ladies and gentlemen of Port Royal, we are gathered here today to join Mrs. Elizabeth Turner and Captain Norrington of his majesties Navy in holy matrimony."

"Commodore, Father. Commodore, Norrington." The soldier corrected as he frowned at the cleric.

With a smile that was hidden, he apologized.

The wedding continued under the hot sun as Will attempted to keep his voice in the same style of the Father's. The robe he wore smothered the young man as he attempted to rush the ceremony.

"Do you, Mrs. Elizabeth Turner, abandon the name from your former marriage to take Commodore Norrington as your husband?" It almost pained him to ask the question, stealing a glance at her hurt face.

Without saying a word, she nodded quietly, looking at the ground as tears filled her eyes.

"Do you, Commodore Norrington take Mrs. Elizabeth Turner to be your wife willingly with no conscience thought to her former marriage?"

"Yes, I do."

"Is there a soul here who does not look upon this union in a holy eye?" He asked, searching the back of the room.

"I've got somethin' to say."

All eyes turned to the back of the congregation as Captain Jack Sparrow sauntered down the aisle, stopping midway to cast a small wave to the Commodore.

"Seeing as how we all highly, respect, and admire Commodore Norrington, I've a few mentionable things I want to share about him."

"Arrest that man." The Commodore ordered as guards rushed forward.

"Hear me out, mate! I've got a bit of news that even you're gonna enjoy. Commodore Norrington, of his Majesties, Royal Navy, accompanied Mr. William Turner on the maiden voyage of the Lady Elizabeth. No doubt named for you, Mrs. Turner. Seeing the opportunity to impress the Governor, here, "Jack stopped to point over at Governor Swann, looking back up at the couple as Norrington fumed. ", Old Mr. Turner couldn't find the way to say no." Elizabeth's attention was peaked, and she looked at Captain Sparrow with interest.

"Silence! I said, arrest this man!"

"Of the two of us, Commodore, I'm the only one here who hasn't committed murder, so I believe we'll be takin' my order right now. So they sail, to this beautiful little cluster of islands. But there was an ambush laid out wasn't there, Commodore? And I'll bet it's not the kind you're thinkin' of, eh. I suppose you can never really tell when you shoot a man and leave him behind if he's really dead, and bein' the fact that you didn't double check to make sure, you've no clue as to the whereabouts of one William Turner." Jack smiled, seeing the questioning look that Elizabeth sent to the Commodore, and the puzzled expression Norrington himself wore.

"William Turner was killed by pirates. They were using the small cluster of islands as a cache for treasure. I saw him fall." Norrington declared, glaring down at the pirate.

"Clap him in irons, he hangs tomorrow." Turning back to the priest, Norrington signaled for the ceremony to continue.

"And..." The cleric's voice changed, going back to that of Will Turner. Casting a glance to Elizabeth, she frowned as a hint of recognition played across her features.

"This interruption non-pending, by the powers vested in me I proclaim you, Commodore Norrington, a murderer." Tossing the robe to the ground, Commodore Norrington's unbelieving eyes met those of William Turner.

* * *

~Jean~

9 - Chapter 9: Means to an End

"Will..." Elizabeth gasped as she looked into his handsome face.

Turning to look at his wife, he smiled as he reached his hand out to caress her cheek lightly.

"I'd never break my promise." He swore, turning back to the Commodore.

"I gather that you're surprised Commodore? When you left me on that island with a bullet in my shoulder, I vowed that you would pay." Pulling out his pistol, he pointed it at Norrington's head.

"You have no proof of that Turner, we were attacked by pirates. You can ask any man that was on that ship."

"By the powers you're right. Mr. Gibbs? Oh, I apologize. Mr. Biggs!"

"Aye Will?"

"Were we attacked by pirates aboard the Lady Elizabeth?"

"I reckon not sir, I was there."

Norrington's face turned red at the recognition of Mr. Gibbs, formerly known as Mr. Biggs as he turned furious eyes back to the boy in front of him. Lunging at Will's waist, he knocked the pistol from his hand as he tossed him from the stage drawing his sword. Armed guards from the sides moved to fight as Jack tossed Gibbs a sword.

The clanking of metal could be heard as the crowd backed away toward the walls of the Fort's courtyard, speechless at what had just transpired before them.

"How did you stay alive, Turner?" Norrington growled, parrying to Will's attack as he knocked the blacksmith to the ground.

"You should have died on that beach, I made sure of it." He stepped on Will's wrist, forcing him to drop his sword.

"I vowed I would kill you. And I never break a promise." Looking up at him, he kicked out with his boot, sending the Commodore to the ground as he lifted his sword once again, crashing it down to meet Norrington's blade.

Elizabeth stood speechless on the altar, unsure of what to think. Anger flowed through her as she glared down at the Commodore.

Will's shoulder began to give, his arm becoming weak. Switching to his left hand he tried his best to keep

the Commodore at bay but failed as his sword was knocked from his fist; clattering to the ground.

Jack sent two guards crashing into one another as he and Gibbs kept their end of the bargain, dealing with the offhand soldiers as Will fought with Norrington.

Commodore Norrington grabbed Will by the throat, slamming his back against the wall as he glared into the blacksmith's deep eyes. Digging the blunt end of his sword into Will's wounded shoulder, he grinned sadistically at the boy's cries of pain as the front of his billowing shirt turned crimson. Punching Will in the lower stomach, the Commodore sent him to his knees as he leveled his sword to his throat.

"Always second best boy. Even as a pirate."

A deafening blast filled the air as Norrington's eyes widened. Everything seemed to stop; Sparrow and Gibbs, along with the soldiers they were fighting turned to look in the Commodore's direction. Will stood up with some effort, looking quizzically at the Commodore as he peered down to the front of the tailored coat. Norrington's fingers deftly undid the buttons as he opened it, seeing a large staining of red as his face moved back up to the chocolate eyes in front of him. Turning back to the altar tears blurred his vision as Elizabeth stood facing him, Will's forgotten pistol smoking in her hand.

Falling to his knees, he sent her one last look before his eyes rolled back and he fell to the ground. The gun made a thud against the wooden planks as she dropped it, looking at the startled audience with tears streaming down her cheeks. She caught her father's own terrified eyes as she ascended the steps and walked over to her husband. Reaching a hand out she touched his face carefully, afraid that he would disappear before her like a dream.

With a small smile he cupped her face in his hands and lowered his head to hers. She flung her arms around his back as she leaned into him, tears running from her eyes onto his hands as he broke the kiss and hugged her to his chest.

"Will; good luck, mate." Jack whispered as he and Gibbs made their way from the fort and back out to the docks without a fuss. Climbing back onto the Pearl, they set sail for Tortuga.

* * *

"Happy birthday, Mr. Turner." Elizabeth smiled as she sat on the edge of the bed, setting a small, wrapped present on Will's lap.

He had been home for three days and felt like a king. Though the doctor had ordered him to bed until he became healthier, he hadn't minded as much as he first thought when his wife was willing to dote on his every beck and call.

"Elizabeth, you didn't have to get me a gift. You are my gift." He grinned, sitting up against the back board as he lifted it into his hands. Unwrapping it quickly he frowned. A tiny yellow outfit lay in his large hands as he lifted it up.

"I don't believe it will fit, love." He commented, taking her hand in his as he gave her his lopsided smile.

"Well, it's not exactly for you." She complied, taking his hand and setting it to her stomach, noticing his eyes widening as he raised his brow.

"A baby?"

She nodded lightly as she leaned over, pressing a kiss to his lips.

"How...when did..."

"I found out the day you went missing. It was going to be my gift to you for your real birthday, but I never got the chance to tell you. That's why I was willing to marry the Commodore; my father thought it would be too embarrassing to have a grandchild with no father, so he pressed me into the marriage; but in truth, I really didn't care. Without you I had given up."

"But, if I had indeed died it would have made you a widow; therefore you would have perfect cause to have the baby without being technically married."

"It doesn't matter any more Will, you're not dead, we're married, and we're going to have a baby." She smiled, climbing up onto the bed next to him as she placed her head against his chest.

"How long were you on the island, Will?"

"Five days."

"How is that even possible with no food or water?" She asked, propping herself up on her elbow as she turned on her side to face him.

His features contorted in pain as he remembered his five day stay on his own private resort.

"As the ship began to slow down, my initial thought was, 'We're going to slow down, turn around and go back'. Then I saw the islands and something was amiss. Taking into consideration that I didn't recognize half of Norrington's crew, I went to ask him what we were going. Next thing I knew everything went black and I woke up on the beach with my hands tied behind my back and his men all around me. I tried to escape but; that's when he shot me."

Pulling his shirt down a bit, he showed her the stitched wound below his shoulder, noticing her grimace.

"So I cleaned it out the best I could and bandaged it up, but it got infected. Eventually I just cut a slit across the top and let it bleed, hoping that would clean it out properly, and that's when I saw the Pearl on the horizon." He smiled as the image of Jack's rescue hung in his mind.

"I had just enough energy to make it to the beach and welcome him before I blacked out. I woke up three days later in Port Royal."

"But...but that would mean you were here for two and a half days and didn't tell me, didn't come to find me."

Will looked down as he placed his hand on her stomach once again, amazed that there was a small life inside her.

"I know, but I couldn't love. I...how can I put it?" He smiled and looked down at her as he placed a kiss to her shoulder.

"I waited for the opportune moment." He said at last, leaning forward to claim her mouth with his.

* * *

Epilogue

Will Turner paced back and forth as he waited impatiently in the living room. Governor Swann wasn't much better as he and his son in law passed one another time and time again.

"Will you stop that? You keep pacing like that and the kid'll never come out any faster." Jack Sparrow's cockney voice growled as he looked at them from underneath his hat, his feet unceremoniously resting atop the cherry wood table in the far corner.

"Excuse me for being worried." Will challenged, seeing Jack lift his hands up and pull his hat back down over his eyes.

"Mr. Sparrow is..."

"Captain; Captain Sparrow." His voice interjected again as he sat lower in his chair.

With a sigh, Governor Swann continued.

"Captain Sparrow is right. Let us have some tea, it should help us relax." He signaled to the butler and the elderly man nodded as he walked toward the kitchen.

"I can't just sit and wait!" Will growled, placing his elbows to his knees as he buried his face in his hands.

"Of the three of us, I've already experienced this before." The governor smiled at Will's nervousness.

"I was just like you when Elizabeth was born. I remember every detail of it, waiting in the living room as the nurse came down and told me it was a girl. Though I lost my wife on that night, I...I feel I gained something even more."

"That makes me feel more relaxed." Will commented, unmoving as he heard his wife's cries from upstairs, flinching at each one. Finally, silence reached his ears as he lifted his head quickly. Hearing someone coming down the steps he jumped to his feet and looked with expectant eyes as Ms. Trudy rounded the corner into the living room.

"Mr. Turner, the doctor says you can come up now." She smiled warmly as he almost knocked her over, taking the steps two at a time.

Stopping before their closed door, he hesitated as he reached for the knob.

"Well c'mon, mate, do you know how long it's been since I've seen one of those things?" Jack's voice made him jump as he chuckled a bit before opening the door slowly. The doctor walking toward the door; patting Will on the shoulder as he bade his congratulations and left.

Will warily walked over to where Elizabeth was sitting, propped up by pillows against the back board. She turned, looking over at him with a smile. Jack peeked out from behind the blacksmith and waved a bit, seeing Elizabeth nod them over.

Jack stayed back by the door as Will moved to sit next to his wife, placing a light kiss to her lips as he looked down into the child's red and scrunched face.

The pink blanket covered the new baby except for her face as she chose the perfect time to open her eyes. Large blue eyes looked up at both mother and father as she stretched. A tiny hand popped out of the folds, and Will reached out to touch it. Barely fitting the tip of his finger into her palm, the fingers tightened around one of his as the baby stilled and looked up at him with huge eyes.

"You can come in Jack." Elizabeth said quietly, her tired voice beckoning the pirate to the bedside.

"Is it supposed to look like that?" Sparrow asked as he commented on her wrinkled face, and her small tuft of dark hair.

"Look like what?" Will turned to him in an offended manner as he glared up at the pirate.

Throwing out his trademark grin, Jack took his hat off and set it on the chair next to the bed.

Will held her first as he smiled down into her angelic face, he noticed more of Elizabeth than himself in her eyes and facial structure, but she had his nose.

"Poor kid." Sparrow commented as Will glared at him playfully.

"Here." Turner offered the pirate the baby, as Jack stood up and backed away.

"You don't want to be doin' that, mate. I've never actually held one of those things."

"There's always a first for everything, Jack." Elizabeth smiled as Will lightly placed the baby in his arms. A gentle tap on the door caught their attention as Governor Swann entered the room.

"Well?"

"You have a granddaughter, father." She smiled as he peeked over the Captain's shoulder.

"Here, you take it. I feel like I'm going to break the tiny thing. Well, I'm off." Placing the child in the Governor's arms, he lifted his hat back to his head as he bowed to the room's occupants.

"You can't leave yet, you've only just arrived." Will countered, standing up to stop his friend from his

departure.

"Will, take care of your family. Pirate may be in your blood, but I've never met one so willing to stay in one place, mate. Worry not, lad, I'll keep in touch. Someone has to teach the rug rat about pirates. After all, it is in her blood." He winked as he left the room, leaving the family to their own celebrating as he made his way back to the docks.

"What should we name her?" Will asked as Elizabeth placed her on her lap.

"May I suggest something?" Governor Swann interjected as they turned to look up at the proud grandfather standing next to the door.

"Of course, father."

"Emily was my wife's name, and...and I always treasured it. Though it is just a suggestion." He stated in a hushed tone as he left the new parents alone for the evening.

"It's perfect." Will smiled as he leaned over, placing a gentle kiss to the child's small, soft brow as Elizabeth ran her fingers through his hair, undoing the tie that held it back.

"I believe that she'll have hair like yours." She commented as the baby sported a single dark curl on the top of her head.

With a smile, he held both of his girls in his arms and sighed.

"She is beautiful, everything that I could have ever have wanted."

"You're not disappointed that we didn't have a boy?"

"Well, we'll just have to make another one." He grinned, leaning in to place a not so subtle kiss to her lips as she smiled, putting her head to his shoulder as Emily slept safe and sound in the presence of both parents.

The End

~Jean~