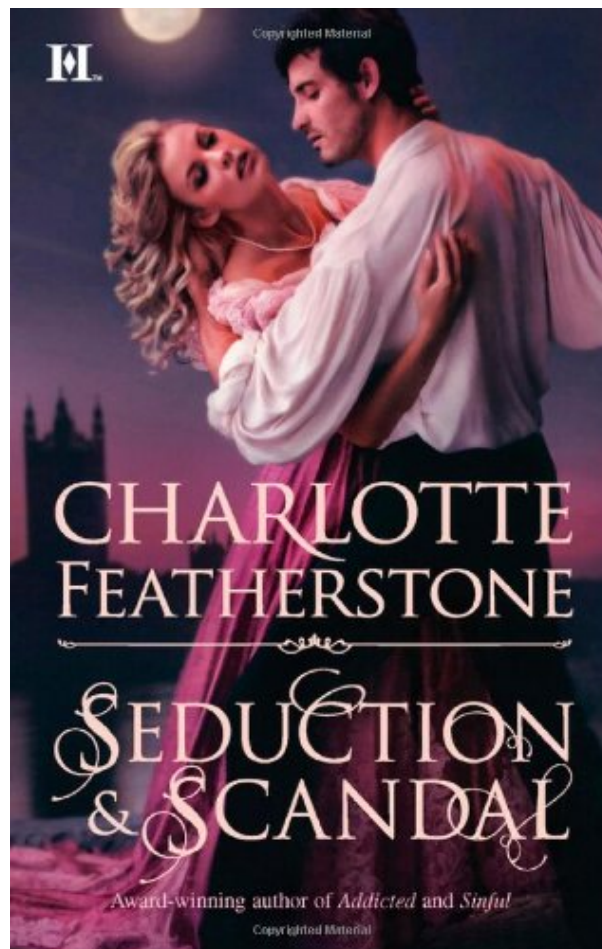
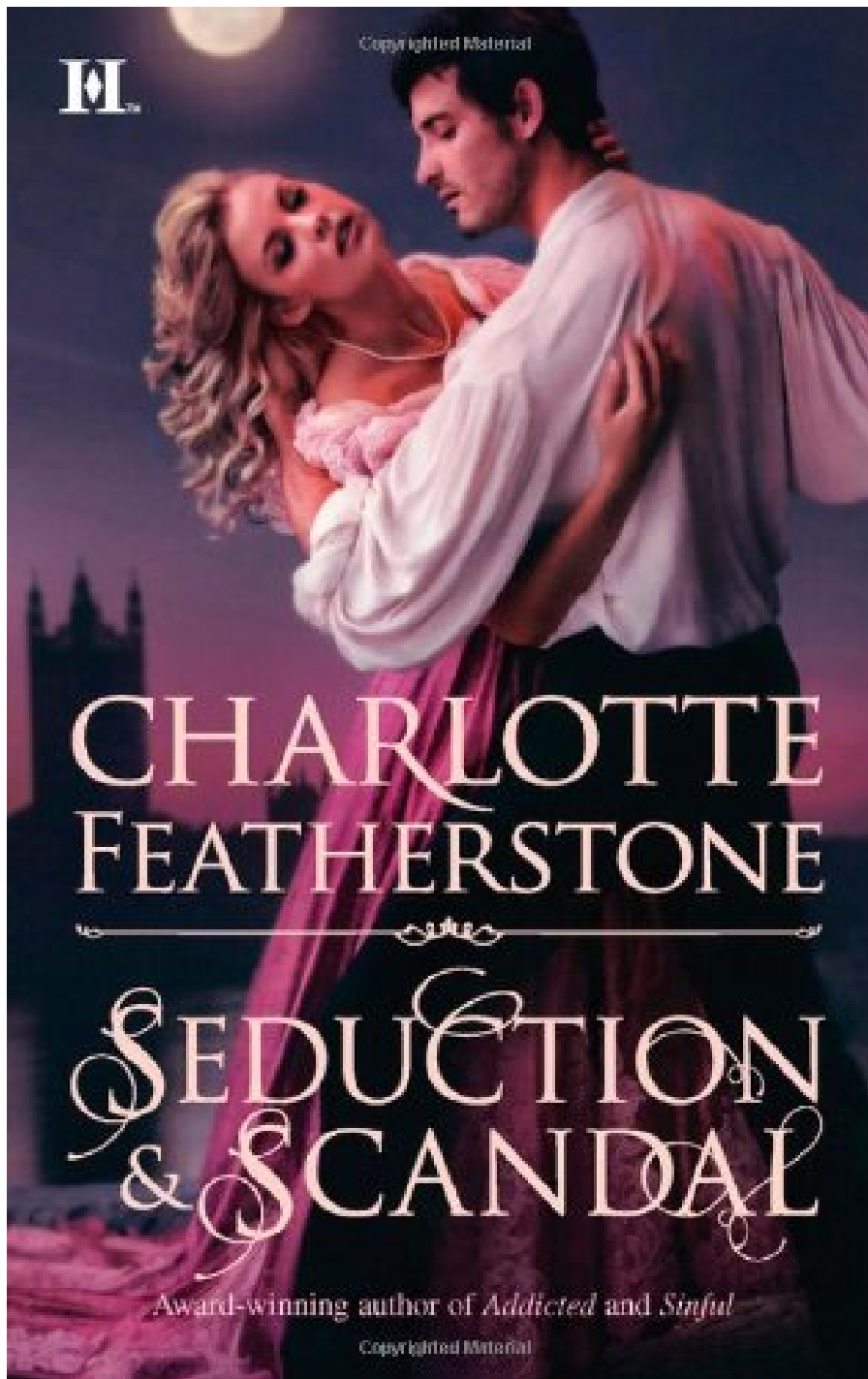


SEDUCTION & SCANDAL (THE BRETHERN GUARDIANS) BY CHARLOTTE FEATHERSTONE



DOWNLOAD EBOOK : SEDUCTION & SCANDAL (THE BRETHERN GUARDIANS) BY CHARLOTTE FEATHERSTONE PDF





Click link bellow and free register to download ebook:
**SEDUCTION & SCANDAL (THE BRETHERN GUARDIANS) BY CHARLOTTE
FEATHERSTONE**

[DOWNLOAD FROM OUR ONLINE LIBRARY](#)

SEDUCTION & SCANDAL (THE BRETHERN GUARDIANS) BY CHARLOTTE FEATHERSTONE PDF

Just what do you do to start checking out **Seduction & Scandal (The Brethren Guardians) By Charlotte Featherstone** Searching the e-book that you love to read very first or find an interesting publication Seduction & Scandal (The Brethren Guardians) By Charlotte Featherstone that will make you wish to check out? Everyone has difference with their reason of checking out a publication Seduction & Scandal (The Brethren Guardians) By Charlotte Featherstone Actuary, checking out habit needs to be from earlier. Many individuals might be love to read, yet not an e-book. It's not mistake. An individual will be bored to open up the thick publication with tiny words to review. In even more, this is the genuine problem. So do occur possibly with this Seduction & Scandal (The Brethren Guardians) By Charlotte Featherstone

About the Author

Charlotte Featherstone writes erotic historical romance, and historical romance for Harlequin Spice, and HQN Books. Her writing style has been described as beautiful, haunting, emotional and sensual. Charlotte lives on Lake Erie's North Shore in Ontario Canada, with her husband, daughter and two lovable but ill behaved dogs.

Charlotte's website address is www.charlottefeatherstone.net

Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.

London, 1875

The first time I met death, it was at a ball and we danced a waltz. Beneath the glittering chandeliers, and amidst the swirls of ball gowns, their silk trains decorated with pearls and lace, Death guided me in sweeping circles until I was dizzy and breathless and all the other dancers had seemed to melt away, leaving only Death and myself whirling on the dance floor.

I should have feared him and his steely embrace, but I did not. Death had been by my side for so many years that I felt a kindred spirit in him. I have seen Death. He is beautiful in his severity, heartrending in his coldness. A dark, shadowy specter whose web draped like an ethereal veil over the mortals he would one day

lay claim to.

A man in every appearance, whose isolation and loneliness he could not hide. It shone in his eyes, which were a mesmerizing dichotomy of coldness and warmth. His irises were a light shade of blue with the faintest chips of pale green, reminding me of the turbulent, chilly waters of the North Sea. But his lashes, thick and luxurious, and black as a raven's feathers, put me in mind of a sable wrap, warm and comforting and soft—so supple and inviting. His hair was just as dark, inky and shining as it hung to his shoulders, like a pelt of fur. I yearned to run my fingers through the long strands, burying them in the thick suppleness and warmth.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked me, his voice deep and velvety. It slithered along my pores, awakening a deep feeling inside me—not fear, but something else. Something that made me warm and languorous, and as though my will were no longer my own.

"Lord Death," I replied in a breathless whisper.

"And do you not fear me?" I looked up, held his icy blue gaze steady. "No. I do not."

He pulled me closer, till our chests meshed and our bodies danced, pressing and moving as if as one. It was indecent. Hedonistic. Exhilarating. My pulse raced, heating my skin. He found the frantic beating in my throat, his gaze lingered there and I knew then that he could snuff the warmth that was climbing steadily inside me.

"Have you come to claim me, Lord Death?"

His gaze slowly lifted to mine, and the thick, onyx lashes lowered, casting a hood over his eyes. "I have. Will you come with me now?"

We finished the turn and he took me by the hand, threading his fingers through mine, guiding me toward the French doors and the velvet blackness beyond.

I followed him willingly, his beauty beckoning me, and like a sleepwalker, I trailed beside him, compelled by something I could not name.

"Am I to die?" I asked, and he stopped, raised our joined hands to his mouth and gently kissed my knuckles.

"You are, my love, and in your sleep, you will become Death's bride."

"And that is it?" cried Lucy as she threw a pillow at Isabella. "You fiend!"

Lucy rushed to the dressing table where Isabella sat and pulled the black leather journal from her hand. Flipping through the pages, Lucy searched frantically for more.

"I told you, Luce, that I had only just begun the story."

Lucy looked up from the book, her cheeks flushed with excitement. "I was just about to swoon when you ended it. I vow I am in love with Death!"

A tremor of pride curled within Isabella as she accepted the volume back from her cousin. "Do you think it's

that good?" she asked, feeling nervous as she gazed down at the words she had written. "I will admit it is a rather strange concept."

"Good? Gracious, Issy, you've outdone yourself with this one. Not even Mr. Rochester is as gloriously brooding as your Lord Death."

Smiling, Isabella tucked her journal and pencil into the seed-pearl reticule she was using for the night. "I could never outdo Mr. Rochester, Lucy. Charlotte Bronte has penned an unsurpassable hero with him."

"Death, with his black hair and pale blue eyes..." Lucy murmured, closing her eyelids as she began to dance around the room, as though she was waltzing. "He is every maiden's dream. To be swept up into the arms of a man focused solely on you... Issy," she said, stopping before her. "It's perfection."

"I must confess, I do rather like the opening."

"Oh, don't be so modest," Lucy ordered as she glanced in the mirror and replaced a few wayward auburn ringlets, "it's only me. You can say you think it's a smashing opening, and I will wholeheartedly agree."

Hiding her grin, Isabella turned on the little stool and straightened the amethyst-and-diamond necklace that adorned her throat. It had been a gift from her uncle, and she wore it whenever possible. Never could she have imagined wearing something so beautiful—and expensive.

Her hair could use a fixing, she noticed, but there wasn't much that could be done with the riotous flaxen curls that enjoyed springing from their pins. She had been able to cover up most of her past, to bury her common roots and essentially make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, but her hair, it seemed, had other plans. It would not obey and she hid her smile, realizing that bit of tough Yorkshire stubbornness would not be stretched, ironed or pulled out of her. At least not yet.

"Tell me about your heroine, Issy, the woman who is to capture Death's heart."

Isabella frowned. That was the strange part. She hadn't really put much thought into the woman who was to be Death's bride. The opening had come from someplace deep inside her, the words spilling out from her soul. She did not want to look too deeply there, afraid of what she might see of her past—or perhaps it was the future she feared?

Lucy caught her scowl, and lowered her head, so their temples were touching as they looked at their reflections. "Or are you Death's heroine, Issy?"

Isabella's mouth fell open and Lucy laughed as Isabella flushed furiously. "Don't be silly, Lucy."

Her cousin gave her a dubious look. "You naughty little girl, penning such a thing."

Had it been her in that opening? Had it been herself she'd envisioned, had written about dancing indecently with Death?

She was no stranger to him, that was for certain. But to write him as a hero? As someone who could lure and seduce... someone to be desired, and not reviled...

"You know I'm only teasing," Lucy said. "For heaven's sake, Issy, do not be so temperamental. I can't abide

that in artists. That's why I broke off my flirtation with Eduardo. He was too moody for my tastes."

"Well, what did you expect?" Isabella mumbled, finally recovering from her shock that she might possibly be the heroine in her story. "You met him at a seance."

Lucy's emerald-colored eyes flashed with excitement. "And there's going to be another one in a few days. Say you'll come, Issy."

It wasn't as though she didn't have loved ones she'd dearly love to connect with in the spirit realm. Her mother, grandmother and now her aunt. They had all been taken from her, and each time she had felt Death's shadow, standing quietly in the corner, waiting to take them.

Perhaps it was just her overactive imagination, but each time she had fancied that she had seen Death with her own eyes. Of course, she had never dared to admit such a thing. For who would believe her? Still, a part of her feared she really could see Death, and that part absolutely refused to attend a seance with Lucy, for fear the Grim Reaper would present himself.

"Well?" Lucy prodded. "If nothing else, it's a good night away from balls and soirees. You might even think of it as research for your book. Bring Mr. Knighton if you wish."

"I don't think the curator of medieval studies at the British Museum would be very interested in a seance, or chair tipping, or communicating with spirits while using a talking board."

Lucy huffed as she pulled on her long leather gloves. "What you see in that stuffed shirt, I'll never understand."

"He's very kind. And and I think him handsome."

"I'll give you those two, but I would like to remind you that he's rather boring in his conversation, and that he's probably not going to look upon your dream of being a lady novelist with a kind eye. The academic sort never do," she reminded her. "Knighton is a scholarly fellow in a scientific, hard-facts sort of way. Novels are made up stories, after all. I doubt Knighton could wrap his rather well-formed brain around that fact to grasp the delight to be found in them."

"What is it you are trying to say, exactly, cousin?"

Lucy's gaze softened. "That he is likely not going to be able to understand your brilliant mind, Isabella. He deals in facts, and you delight in fantasy. You're opposite in every respect."

Isabella dropped her gaze to her hands, where they folded primly in her lap. The jet bracelet that held the key to her journal caught her eye, and she brushed her thumb over the shining black stones. "It would do me well to give up this fantasy I so enjoy. Perhaps that is what I need, Lucy, a man who keeps me planted on earth, not in the ethers of some magical realm." Shrugging, she glanced up to see her cousin watching her with what Isabella imagined was sympathy. "It hardly matters. The chance I will be published is very slim, Lucy. It's really only a hobby."

Lucy lifted Isabella's chin with her slim fingers and gazed down upon her with her brilliant green eyes. "Repeat after me. I, Isabella Fairmont, will finish this book and submit it to every publisher in London—"

"And New York," Isabella reminded her.

"And New York," Lucy added. "And I will not rest until I see it published. I will not give up on my dreams."

Isabella stood and hugged Lucy who, although she was her cousin, was more like her best friend. They were sisters of a sort, now that Isabella had come to live with Lucy and her father. "I promise you, Luce. I will finish it, and it will find a home. And I will make Mr. Knighton a devotee of the fictional world if it's the last thing I do."

"And you must promise to read to me, every night when you've written something new."

Isabella flushed. "You only want the parts that speak of breathlessness and heaving bosoms."

"Well, of course," Lucy drawled. "Why else does one read a novel? Now then." Lucy sighed. "Let us go downstairs. We're already late and Papa will be snorting with indignation. We must not keep the Marquis of Stonebrook waiting." Lucy shook her head, although she was grinning. "Papa is such a pompous aristocrat."

Yes, the old marquis was rather self-important, but he was a good man. He had taken Isabella in, his niece by marriage, despite the scandal of her parents' nuptials. He had clothed her, protected her and Isabella loved him like the father she never knew. He had saved her from an uncertain future and from herself. She owed her uncle more than she could ever repay. Still, she missed the comfort of her mother's stories, and her grandmother's arms. She missed Whitby with its dark and forbidding abbey, and the mist that rolled in from the sea. She missed the heather-covered moors, and the rocky cliffs that stood tall and proud against the foamy, turbulent waves of the North Sea. She missed home, and everything about it.

She missed them.

How dearly she longed to see her mother and grandmother again, and Isabella felt her eyes begin to well with tears. Thankfully Lucy's voice drew Isabella out of her thoughts. "My feet ache already just thinking of the night ahead of us. Dear me, Issy, I'm tired of the social whirl."

Whitby forgotten for now, Isabella strived for composure. "I am as well, Luce. I would pay a very high price for a chance to stay in my room and sit at my desk and write until my fingers are blackened with ink."

"As much as I'd like more of Death, Issy, it's pertinent we make an appearance at my father's ball."

"You know, when I was a young girl, I envied you your life, the gowns, the balls, the suitors... Now, I'm not so certain you had it better than I."

Lucy tossed her a cheeky smile over her shoulder as she headed for the door. "I always envied you your cozy cottage and the meadow and woods where you and the other children from the village ran and played without any concern for deportment. You had a childhood, Issy. Something I never did." Lucy tipped her head and smiled. "I've always been envious of that. And here we were all this time, feeling resentful of the other. It's ironic, isn't it?"

"It is, indeed, for I'm sitting here loath to go to a ball, something I've always dreamed about."

"Chin up," Lucy ordered. "There could still be light at the end of the tunnel for this night. Perhaps you can write more of your book. Our ballroom has many private corners, you know."

"And of course that will have the suitors flocking to my side," Isabella muttered ungraciously. "Men adore lady novelists."

"I bet Lord Black does."

Isabella sent her cousin a glare before she reached for the ivory gloves that sat atop her dressing table. "How could you suppose such a thing, Luce? Lord Black never comes out of that mausoleum he calls a town house."

Lucy stopped at the threshold, and slowly turned, the salmon-pink silk of her gown's elaborate train wrapping around her legs. "I saw him last night."

"Fibber! You did not!" Isabella challenged.

"I did, I swear it. I couldn't sleep after the Anstruther soiree. I was sitting on my window box, gazing out at the stars when I saw those massive iron gates swing open. A carriage, black and shining and led by four black horses, came clattering out of the drive. The conveyance lingered for a moment, and then I saw it, a shadow that was illuminated by the lanterns. It engulfed the interior, like spilt ink, and then I saw him, his pale face appeared in the window, and he was looking up, and I swear his gaze lingered on the window beside mine—your bedroom window, Issy."

"Nonsense," Isabella scoffed.

"It's the truth."

"I think, Luce that you should take up novel writing with me. You've the imagination for it."

"Think what you like, Isabella, but I know what I saw. And you mark my words, our neighbor will be here tonight. The Marquis of Stonebrook will have it no other way, I assure you."

SEDUCTION & SCANDAL (THE BRETHERN GUARDIANS) BY CHARLOTTE FEATHERSTONE PDF

[Download: SEDUCTION & SCANDAL \(THE BRETHERN GUARDIANS\) BY CHARLOTTE FEATHERSTONE PDF](#)

Seduction & Scandal (The Brethren Guardians) By Charlotte Featherstone. Pleased reading! This is what we wish to claim to you that like reading so a lot. Just what about you that assert that reading are only responsibility? Don't bother, reviewing routine must be begun with some certain factors. One of them is checking out by responsibility. As what we want to provide below, the e-book qualified Seduction & Scandal (The Brethren Guardians) By Charlotte Featherstone is not sort of required publication. You can enjoy this e-book Seduction & Scandal (The Brethren Guardians) By Charlotte Featherstone to review.

As one of guide compilations to propose, this *Seduction & Scandal (The Brethren Guardians) By Charlotte Featherstone* has some strong reasons for you to read. This publication is quite ideal with what you require currently. Besides, you will certainly also like this book Seduction & Scandal (The Brethren Guardians) By Charlotte Featherstone to review because this is among your referred publications to read. When going to get something new based upon encounter, enjoyment, as well as various other lesson, you can use this book Seduction & Scandal (The Brethren Guardians) By Charlotte Featherstone as the bridge. Starting to have reading practice can be undergone from various means and also from alternative types of publications

In checking out Seduction & Scandal (The Brethren Guardians) By Charlotte Featherstone, currently you may not additionally do conventionally. In this modern period, gizmo and also computer system will aid you a lot. This is the moment for you to open the gizmo and stay in this website. It is the best doing. You can see the connect to download this Seduction & Scandal (The Brethren Guardians) By Charlotte Featherstone right here, can not you? Simply click the web link as well as make a deal to download it. You could get to purchase the book Seduction & Scandal (The Brethren Guardians) By Charlotte Featherstone by on-line as well as all set to download and install. It is quite different with the old-fashioned means by gong to guide establishment around your city.

SEDUCTION & SCANDAL (THE BRETHERN GUARDIANS) BY CHARLOTTE FEATHERSTONE PDF

With the scandalous nature of her birth to live down, Isabella Fairmont dreams of a proper marriage—even if a passionless one. She saves her deepest desires for the novel she dares to pen, wherein a handsome lord with dark powers seduces her. But then her courtship with an appropriate suitor is threatened by the sudden attentions of the reclusive Earl of Black...whose pale blue eyes and brooding sensuality are exactly as she described in her book.

Isabella tries to resist the mysterious Earl of Black.

Yet as he pursues her, with inexplicable knowledge of her past and kisses that consume her, Isabella fears she will succumb.

If only the earl could tell Isabella the truth. With very real, and treacherous, thieves endangering her life, Black will need to protect Isabella from the very people she trusts the most....

- Sales Rank: #2225204 in Books
- Published on: 2011-06-21
- Released on: 2011-06-21
- Original language: English
- Number of items: 1
- Dimensions: 6.62" h x 1.00" w x 4.21" l, .39 pounds
- Binding: Mass Market Paperback
- 384 pages

About the Author

Charlotte Featherstone writes erotic historical romance, and historical romance for Harlequin Spice, and HQN Books. Her writing style has been described as beautiful, haunting, emotional and sensual. Charlotte lives on Lake Erie's North Shore in Ontario Canada, with her husband, daughter and two lovable but ill behaved dogs.

Charlotte's website address is www.charlottefeatherstone.net

Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.

London, 1875

The first time I met death, it was at a ball and we danced a waltz. Beneath the glittering chandeliers, and amidst the swirls of ball gowns, their silk trains decorated with pearls and lace, Death guided me in sweeping circles until I was dizzy and breathless and all the other dancers had seemed to melt away, leaving only Death and myself whirling on the dance floor.

I should have feared him and his steely embrace, but I did not. Death had been by my side for so many years that I felt a kindred spirit in him. I have seen Death. He is beautiful in his severity, heartrending in his coldness. A dark, shadowy specter whose web draped like an ethereal veil over the mortals he would one day lay claim to.

A man in every appearance, whose isolation and loneliness he could not hide. It shone in his eyes, which were a mesmerizing dichotomy of coldness and warmth. His irises were a light shade of blue with the faintest chips of pale green, reminding me of the turbulent, chilly waters of the North Sea. But his lashes, thick and luxurious, and black as a raven's feathers, put me in mind of a sable wrap, warm and comforting and soft—so supple and inviting. His hair was just as dark, inky and shining as it hung to his shoulders, like a pelt of fur. I yearned to run my fingers through the long strands, burying them in the thick suppleness and warmth.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked me, his voice deep and velvety. It slithered along my pores, awakening a deep feeling inside me—not fear, but something else. Something that made me warm and languorous, and as though my will were no longer my own.

"Lord Death," I replied in a breathless whisper.

"And do you not fear me?" I looked up, held his icy blue gaze steady. "No. I do not."

He pulled me closer, till our chests meshed and our bodies danced, pressing and moving as if as one. It was indecent. Hedonistic. Exhilarating. My pulse raced, heating my skin. He found the frantic beating in my throat, his gaze lingered there and I knew then that he could snuff the warmth that was climbing steadily inside me.

"Have you come to claim me, Lord Death?"

His gaze slowly lifted to mine, and the thick, onyx lashes lowered, casting a hood over his eyes. "I have. Will you come with me now?"

We finished the turn and he took me by the hand, threading his fingers through mine, guiding me toward the French doors and the velvet blackness beyond.

I followed him willingly, his beauty beckoning me, and like a sleepwalker, I trailed beside him, compelled by something I could not name.

"Am I to die?" I asked, and he stopped, raised our joined hands to his mouth and gently kissed my knuckles.

"You are, my love, and in your sleep, you will become Death's bride."

"And that is it?" cried Lucy as she threw a pillow at Isabella. "You fiend!"

Lucy rushed to the dressing table where Isabella sat and pulled the black leather journal from her hand. Flipping through the pages, Lucy searched frantically for more.

"I told you, Luce, that I had only just begun the story."

Lucy looked up from the book, her cheeks flushed with excitement. "I was just about to swoon when you ended it. I vow I am in love with Death!"

A tremor of pride curled within Isabella as she accepted the volume back from her cousin. "Do you think it's that good?" she asked, feeling nervous as she gazed down at the words she had written. "I will admit it is a rather strange concept."

"Good? Gracious, Issy, you've outdone yourself with this one. Not even Mr. Rochester is as gloriously brooding as your Lord Death."

Smiling, Isabella tucked her journal and pencil into the seed-pearl reticule she was using for the night. "I could never outdo Mr. Rochester, Lucy. Charlotte Bronte has penned an unsurpassable hero with him."

"Death, with his black hair and pale blue eyes..." Lucy murmured, closing her eyelids as she began to dance around the room, as though she was waltzing. "He is every maiden's dream. To be swept up into the arms of a man focused solely on you... Issy," she said, stopping before her. "It's perfection."

"I must confess, I do rather like the opening."

"Oh, don't be so modest," Lucy ordered as she glanced in the mirror and replaced a few wayward auburn ringlets, "it's only me. You can say you think it's a smashing opening, and I will wholeheartedly agree."

Hiding her grin, Isabella turned on the little stool and straightened the amethyst-and-diamond necklace that adorned her throat. It had been a gift from her uncle, and she wore it whenever possible. Never could she have imagined wearing something so beautiful—and expensive.

Her hair could use a fixing, she noticed, but there wasn't much that could be done with the riotous flaxen curls that enjoyed springing from their pins. She had been able to cover up most of her past, to bury her common roots and essentially make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, but her hair, it seemed, had other plans. It would not obey and she hid her smile, realizing that bit of tough Yorkshire stubbornness would not be stretched, ironed or pulled out of her. At least not yet.

"Tell me about your heroine, Issy, the woman who is to capture Death's heart."

Isabella frowned. That was the strange part. She hadn't really put much thought into the woman who was to be Death's bride. The opening had come from someplace deep inside her, the words spilling out from her soul. She did not want to look too deeply there, afraid of what she might see of her past—or perhaps it was the future she feared?

Lucy caught her scowl, and lowered her head, so their temples were touching as they looked at their

reflections. "Or are you Death's heroine, Issy?"

Isabella's mouth fell open and Lucy laughed as Isabella flushed furiously. "Don't be silly, Lucy."

Her cousin gave her a dubious look. "You naughty little girl, penning such a thing."

Had it been her in that opening? Had it been herself she'd envisioned, had written about dancing indecently with Death?

She was no stranger to him, that was for certain. But to write him as a hero? As someone who could lure and seduce... someone to be desired, and not reviled...

"You know I'm only teasing," Lucy said. "For heaven's sake, Issy, do not be so temperamental. I can't abide that in artists. That's why I broke off my flirtation with Eduardo. He was too moody for my tastes."

"Well, what did you expect?" Isabella mumbled, finally recovering from her shock that she might possibly be the heroine in her story. "You met him at a seance."

Lucy's emerald-colored eyes flashed with excitement. "And there's going to be another one in a few days. Say you'll come, Issy."

It wasn't as though she didn't have loved ones she'd dearly love to connect with in the spirit realm. Her mother, grandmother and now her aunt. They had all been taken from her, and each time she had felt Death's shadow, standing quietly in the corner, waiting to take them.

Perhaps it was just her overactive imagination, but each time she had fancied that she had seen Death with her own eyes. Of course, she had never dared to admit such a thing. For who would believe her? Still, a part of her feared she really could see Death, and that part absolutely refused to attend a seance with Lucy, for fear the Grim Reaper would present himself.

"Well?" Lucy prodded. "If nothing else, it's a good night away from balls and soirees. You might even think of it as research for your book. Bring Mr. Knighton if you wish."

"I don't think the curator of medieval studies at the British Museum would be very interested in a seance, or chair tipping, or communicating with spirits while using a talking board."

Lucy huffed as she pulled on her long leather gloves. "What you see in that stuffed shirt, I'll never understand."

"He's very kind. And...and I think him handsome."

"I'll give you those two, but I would like to remind you that he's rather boring in his conversation, and that he's probably not going to look upon your dream of being a lady novelist with a kind eye. The academic sort never do," she reminded her. "Knighton is a scholarly fellow in a scientific, hard-facts sort of way. Novels are made up stories, after all. I doubt Knighton could wrap his rather well-formed brain around that fact to grasp the delight to be found in them."

"What is it you are trying to say, exactly, cousin?"

Lucy's gaze softened. "That he is likely not going to be able to understand your brilliant mind, Isabella. He deals in facts, and you delight in fantasy. You're opposite in every respect."

Isabella dropped her gaze to her hands, where they folded primly in her lap. The jet bracelet that held the key to her journal caught her eye, and she brushed her thumb over the shining black stones. "It would do me well to give up this fantasy I so enjoy. Perhaps that is what I need, Lucy, a man who keeps me planted on earth, not in the ethers of some magical realm." Shrugging, she glanced up to see her cousin watching her with what Isabella imagined was sympathy. "It hardly matters. The chance I will be published is very slim, Lucy. It's really only a hobby."

Lucy lifted Isabella's chin with her slim fingers and gazed down upon her with her brilliant green eyes. "Repeat after me. I, Isabella Fairmont, will finish this book and submit it to every publisher in London—"

"And New York," Isabella reminded her.

"And New York," Lucy added. "And I will not rest until I see it published. I will not give up on my dreams."

Isabella stood and hugged Lucy who, although she was her cousin, was more like her best friend. They were sisters of a sort, now that Isabella had come to live with Lucy and her father. "I promise you, Luce. I will finish it, and it will find a home. And I will make Mr. Knighton a devotee of the fictional world if it's the last thing I do."

"And you must promise to read to me, every night when you've written something new."

Isabella flushed. "You only want the parts that speak of breathlessness and heaving bosoms."

"Well, of course," Lucy drawled. "Why else does one read a novel? Now then." Lucy sighed. "Let us go downstairs. We're already late and Papa will be snorting with indignation. We must not keep the Marquis of Stonebrook waiting." Lucy shook her head, although she was grinning. "Papa is such a pompous aristocrat."

Yes, the old marquis was rather self-important, but he was a good man. He had taken Isabella in, his niece by marriage, despite the scandal of her parents' nuptials. He had clothed her, protected her and Isabella loved him like the father she never knew. He had saved her from an uncertain future and from herself. She owed her uncle more than she could ever repay. Still, she missed the comfort of her mother's stories, and her grandmother's arms. She missed Whitby with its dark and forbidding abbey, and the mist that rolled in from the sea. She missed the heather-covered moors, and the rocky cliffs that stood tall and proud against the foamy, turbulent waves of the North Sea. She missed home, and everything about it.

She missed them.

How dearly she longed to see her mother and grandmother again, and Isabella felt her eyes begin to well with tears. Thankfully Lucy's voice drew Isabella out of her thoughts. "My feet ache already just thinking of the night ahead of us. Dear me, Issy, I'm tired of the social whirl."

Whitby forgotten for now, Isabella strived for composure. "I am as well, Luce. I would pay a very high price for a chance to stay in my room and sit at my desk and write until my fingers are blackened with ink."

"As much as I'd like more of Death, Issy, it's pertinent we make an appearance at my father's ball."

"You know, when I was a young girl, I envied you your life, the gowns, the balls, the suitors... Now, I'm not so certain you had it better than I."

Lucy tossed her a cheeky smile over her shoulder as she headed for the door. "I always envied you your cozy cottage and the meadow and woods where you and the other children from the village ran and played without any concern for deportment. You had a childhood, Issy. Something I never did." Lucy tipped her head and smiled. "I've always been envious of that. And here we were all this time, feeling resentful of the other. It's ironic, isn't it?"

"It is, indeed, for I'm sitting here loath to go to a ball, something I've always dreamed about."

"Chin up," Lucy ordered. "There could still be light at the end of the tunnel for this night. Perhaps you can write more of your book. Our ballroom has many private corners, you know."

"And of course that will have the suitors flocking to my side," Isabella muttered ungraciously. "Men adore lady novelists."

"I bet Lord Black does."

Isabella sent her cousin a glare before she reached for the ivory gloves that sat atop her dressing table. "How could you suppose such a thing, Luce? Lord Black never comes out of that mausoleum he calls a town house."

Lucy stopped at the threshold, and slowly turned, the salmon-pink silk of her gown's elaborate train wrapping around her legs. "I saw him last night."

"Fibber! You did not!" Isabella challenged.

"I did, I swear it. I couldn't sleep after the Anstruther soiree. I was sitting on my window box, gazing out at the stars when I saw those massive iron gates swing open. A carriage, black and shining and led by four black horses, came clattering out of the drive. The conveyance lingered for a moment, and then I saw it, a shadow that was illuminated by the lanterns. It engulfed the interior, like spilt ink, and then I saw him, his pale face appeared in the window, and he was looking up, and I swear his gaze lingered on the window beside mine—your bedroom window, Issy."

"Nonsense," Isabella scoffed.

"It's the truth."

"I think, Luce that you should take up novel writing with me. You've the imagination for it."

"Think what you like, Isabella, but I know what I saw. And you mark my words, our neighbor will be here tonight. The Marquis of Stonebrook will have it no other way, I assure you."

Most helpful customer reviews

14 of 14 people found the following review helpful.

A gothic romance worth reading, but was definitely uneven for me (3.5 stars)

By J. P.

While some aspects of this book were really superb, I had several issues that stopped it from being stellar for me. This is my first Charlotte Featherstone book, though I've been wanting to read her book *Sinful* for awhile, and I definitely think she's a talented author and one I will seek out in the future.

PRAISE:

The hero and heroine were wonderful as individuals and together as a couple. Isabella Fairmont (23) and Jude Sheldon, Earl of Black (33) are well-written and three-dimensional characters, both tormented by secrets in their past that they are trying to put behind them. Black is a very dark, sensual hero - reminded me of Caire from Elizabeth Hoyt's *Wicked Intentions* - and while he might have overshadowed a weaker or more timid heroine, I think that Isabella stood her ground with him (while flip-flopping a little too much for my taste).

The chemistry between them is **sizzling**, and in this area I was actually not sure what to expect, since Featherstone's books *Sinful* and *Addicted* are marketed as erotic novels. While she does an excellent job at writing sexual tension between Isabella and Jude - and it's a large part of their romance - their relationship progresses stage-wise at the pace one usually finds in historical romances.

I'll admit that I have a thing for those dark and tormented heroes - who doesn't? - and my biggest weakness is heroes who are intensely drawn to their heroines - on the healthy side of obsession, shall we say? Black definitely delivers on both these fronts with his single-minded devotion to and pursuit of Isabella. I absolutely loved how strong his feelings were for her, as well as one of the mysterious reasons it started.

We're introduced in this book to the leads of both books 2 and 3, and I found all of them very engaging and intriguing, with the exception of Lucy, Isabella's cousin and the heroine of the next book. She got on my nerves and her complete disregard for the Duke of Sussex, who seems like he will be a fabulous hero, did not endear her any more to me.

The final thing that I absolutely loved is a spoiler, so I unfortunately can't detail it. I will say that out of the 300-400 historical and contemporary romances I have read so far, this is the first one that had this incorporated into one of the main characters. I thought it was very brave of Featherstone and for personal reasons, I thought it wonderful that she included that and wish that it had been more fully explored.

CRITICISM:

While the strength of this book was the main characters' relationship, it was also the biggest weakness for me. There was so much potential, with all the right ingredients, but while Black's feelings for Isabella felt authentic, he almost always expressed them out loud by describing their physical connection and it seemed to revolve solely around him wanting to finally bed her - and then be able to bed her every day for the rest of his life. Due to a specific aspect of how his feelings for Isabella came to be, and even some of his internal thoughts about her, I thought that the depth was actually there and did exist, but was not expressed enough or fully acknowledged. For Isabella's part, she is definitely attracted to Black (who wouldn't be?!), but I saw no basis for her to have an emotional connection with him so quickly in the beginning of their relationship. While at first her internal struggles added an interesting dimension, eventually I grew tired of her attempt at an "out of sight, out of mind" attitude and felt that Black deserved more constancy on her part.

This is not a paranormal romance, but I personally had to categorize it as one because there are some really weird things going on. There's the subplot, which involves mysterious powers and forces and reminded me of Amanda Quick's *Arcane* and *Vanza* series. That in and of itself could have slipped by, but what was up with the book that Isabella is writing? As she writes it, some parts of it come to pass between her and Black, so ... Was she making it happen? Was she predicting the future? I don't know and since it was never

explained, even illogically, it bothered me. There is also Isabella's entire morbid relationship with Death, which she talks and writes about as if it's a person, and her constantly seeing shadows, feeling darkness, etc. That, combined with Black's very gothic character, made the book feel extremely melodramatic at times.

The mystery subplot is one that runs throughout the series, so nothing is fully resolved in this book, though I think several things are pretty easily guessed. A great deal of the subplot action is crammed in at the end and that, followed by a quick HEA conclusion to Isabella and Black's romance, make the ending feel very abrupt.

Finally, there was an overall feeling of inconsistency for me. The romance, the characters, the mystery subplot - all of them had a stop-and-go quality that I'm not sure I can properly explain. While some points or aspects of the story are belabored (Isabella's internal struggle, that she and Black are both emotionally haunted, her fear of darkness and the shadows, etc.), others are glossed over, not fully fleshed out, and/or flimsily explained (why he initially became interested in her, why he approaches her now, Isabella's thinking behind her "unfortunate event," etc.).

THE BRETHERN GUARDIANS SERIES:

Book 1 - SEDUCTION & SCANDAL (3.5 stars)

Book 2 - Pride & Passion (exp. publication date: Dec 2011)

Book 3 - TITLE UNKNOWN

BOTTOM LINE:

I would recommend SEDUCTION & SCANDAL and might myself read it again - Black is delicious, and the attraction and connection between him and Isabella at times leap off the page, both making it worth a read. However I had several issues with the book that left me feeling as if not enough had been explained and wanting more depth or background. I will therefore most likely not be buying my own copy, and will instead check it out from the library if/when I want to read it again.

RECOMMENDATIONS:

Wicked Intentions by Elizabeth Hoyt

Seven Secrets of Seduction by Anne Mallory

* This review is of an advance reading copy provided by Harlequin through NetGalley.

4 of 4 people found the following review helpful.

Not sure what to think

By Ramblings From This Chick Blog

I have a bevy of mixed emotions when it comes to this book and not all of them are good. It's not as if I hated this book, but I sure didn't like it too much at least for the first half of the book. It took me awhile to get into a groove of reading this book. Also, it took me awhile to figure out what kind of story it was. During the beginning of the book it had a lot of paranormal elements that seem to all but disappear towards the end of the book. I found myself continuously turning the page hoping that it would get better. It finally did, but towards the second half of the book and to me, it only got slightly better. I had a hard time connecting with the hero. I did not understand what the Earl of Black was aiming for when it came to Isabella. He seems to have such strong feelings towards her but whenever he is with her, he just talks about bedding her. Umm, those are not the words a female wants to hear. I just don't understand why he was so hesitant to tell he loved her when he has supposedly loved her from afar for two years now.

One thing I did enjoy with this story were all of the secondary characters. I really found that I liked Sussex and I can't wait to read about his and Lucy's HEA. Also, there seemed like there was some underlining

tension between Elizabeth and Alynwick that I too would like to see more of. All in all I would like to read the rest of the series I just won't be buying the books. I'll just wait and check them out from my local library.

2 of 2 people found the following review helpful.

I wouldn't say it conforms to standard, however it's a delight to read

By Jenn

RECEIVED FROM: Net Galley for Review

NOTE MY REVIEWS OFTEN CONTAIN SPOILERS

Isabella Fairchild has spent years dreaming of Death - not as something which happens to the body, but as a man dark and sexy, a fictional man who owns her heart. When the man she envisioned walks through the door introducing himself as the Earl of Black she's not sure what she should do. The couple shares an attraction burning and dangerous. It's the last thing Isabella wants to find because her deepest fear is to end up like her mother - alone, cast aside and ruined with a bastard child she can't support. Isabella was that child and she's done everything she can to ensure no one knows it. She knows she isn't in Black's league for anything other than being ruined, but Black won't just walk away. Black knows Isabella's secrets, but he has dangerous secrets of his own. But will his secrets be her doom?

This book is more of a three point five stars than a three. I actually really did enjoy reading this book; however some of the parts of the book I didn't feel were explain well and left me a little confused. Other parts were a little hard to believe.

This book has a nice fast pace with an intricate and well written plot. It relies on plot and characters to tell the story and while it includes a few foreplay scenes as well as one sex scene this isn't the focus of the story by any means. The problems with this book were mostly period believability issues. If you're a fan of regency romance (which I have been since I was a teenager) you know the basic rules by heart. Girls married young and by the time they reached regular marrying ages in this century, they were considered an old maid on the shelf in that one. Nobles for the most part married nobles and when they didn't it was something scandalous and a bastard child even of partial noble blood didn't stand a chance of marrying into a title. If you haven't already been married and expect to ever get married you are a virgin, you didn't sneak away to men's homes. Finally females didn't go anywhere without some sort of supervision and for the most part maids didn't count. I'm not saying anything that regular regency readers haven't heard a million times before. Jude Sheldon is the Earl of Black, Isabella Fairmont is the bastard daughter of a noble mother and a commoner father. It's surprising to even find her living in her Uncle's home considering he's a Marquis and she's only his niece by marriage. In most regencies if she was there it would be as an employee, not as someone to be shown and marriage to a member of the ton. Isabella is 23 and close in age to her also single cousin Lucy; both are supposed to be incredibly beautiful but unmarried. Lucy's suitor the Duke of Sussex also has an unmarried sister who appears to be older than both girls, though her single status is understandable considering she's blind. Lucy has had some sort of affair with a man who may or may not be dead but isn't some sort of outcast, whether this fact is known or not once she gets married someone is going to know. Lucy keeps encouraging the idea of Isabella having an affair as well. Not to mention the two women go all sorts of different places with barely a maid for a chaperone. These places include a séance in a graveyard at midnight. The behavior and the thought processes of these women doesn't fit with the time period in any way, shape or form. Don't get me wrong, I enjoyed the characters and the story but I can't review the book without mentioning these obvious deviations from the regency rules of the game.

Another major issue I had was confusion; it has some elements that could be construed as paranormal. The three leading men Black, Sussex and Alynwick are supposed to be the Brethren Guardians charged with

guarding three relics with incredible powers. Black's charge is an amulet containing seeds from Eve's apple. It's never really completely explained what these things do. And while at times it alludes to them being something more than noblemen it doesn't really explain it. While this is one of the most interesting parts of the plot it was also the most confusing. I personally hope this is expanded upon and better explained in future novels. Who's ending up with who by the time this trilogy is completed is already clear as it is in most romance titles. This is the section of the plot that remains a complete mystery and I for one am highly intrigued.

Overall I really enjoyed this plot, the descriptions were excellent, the story line was intriguing. One thing I really liked that she did with the novel is that Isabella is an aspiring novelist. She's writing a love story about Death in her journal and the book goes back and forth between the actual story and the story which Isabella writes. One thing I didn't understand though is that Black seems to know some of the lines in the story without ever reading them. Again this alludes to him being something more than a man but it never explains what.

I felt for the most part all the characters in this novel were well fleshed out. Isabella is a likeable heroine. You can relate to her struggles to do what's right and expected instead of what her heart and body is screaming for her to do. Considering her lot in life versus Black you can also see why she believes to him she's nothing more than a potential mistress or fling, someone to ruin before moving on to marry an acceptable Miss and you can also understand considering her past why she's so frightened by this. In most regencies she'd never be anything more than a mistress or a member of the staff. I mean you can see into Black's thought enough to get the idea that he wants more than that; however it's completely understandable why she wouldn't really see it. All he really shows her initially is that he's attracted to her physically and really good at seduction.

Black is the perfect example of the brooding hero and he's meant to be that as he's actually compared to Mr. Rochester from Charlotte Bronte. Well technically they're referring to Isabella's fictional hero Death, but since Death is basically the fictional version of Black it can be assumed that the correlation is supposed to also occur to the reader about Black. He's stayed away from her because of his obligations and because people believe he's a murderer thrice over and even though he isn't, he feels responsible for those deaths. He's very much the alpha male character; however he's got a calculating way of doing it. He backs Isabella into a corner and gives her ultimatums she can't find her way around. If you didn't know his thoughts his feelings about her, he might not come across as a likeable character but since Featherstone brings you right inside his head at various points in the novel it's more like he's doing what he feels he must to get her attention.

The villains were a little less fleshed out, both Orpheus who we really don't know much about beyond that he's evil and Isabella's suitor Mr. Knighton don't have a lot of fleshing, but I think a lot of that is to make sure the reader really don't feel for these characters. I think the idea was that Featherstone didn't want us to know them enough to ever consider siding with them.

Memorable secondary characters include Isabella's cousin Lucy who's surrounded in intrigue and unanswered questions, her unwanted suitor the Duke of Sussex, his blind sister Elizabeth and the wily rogue the Marquis of Alynwick. Each of these characters are somewhat fleshed out, but they're clearly secondary and we don't leave this novel feeling we truly know them, but more feeling that we want to know them. They seem real but each of these characters has secrets that aren't revealed before the novel's end.

Despite the lower rating which I gave for the initial reasons listed this was the kind of book that I didn't want to walk away from. It was well written and an enjoyable read from cover to cover, highly recommended.

[See all 28 customer reviews...](#)

SEDUCTION & SCANDAL (THE BRETHREN GUARDIANS) BY CHARLOTTE FEATHERSTONE PDF

Nonetheless, reading guide **Seduction & Scandal (The Brethren Guardians) By Charlotte Featherstone** in this site will lead you not to bring the printed book everywhere you go. Just store guide in MMC or computer system disk as well as they are readily available to check out any time. The thriving heating and cooling unit by reading this soft data of the **Seduction & Scandal (The Brethren Guardians) By Charlotte Featherstone** can be leaded into something new practice. So now, this is time to verify if reading can enhance your life or otherwise. Make **Seduction & Scandal (The Brethren Guardians) By Charlotte Featherstone** it surely function as well as obtain all advantages.

About the Author

Charlotte Featherstone writes erotic historical romance, and historical romance for Harlequin Spice, and HQN Books. Her writing style has been described as beautiful, haunting, emotional and sensual. Charlotte lives on Lake Erie's North Shore in Ontario Canada, with her husband, daughter and two lovable but ill behaved dogs.

Charlotte's website address is www.charlottefeatherstone.net

Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.

London, 1875

The first time I met death, it was at a ball and we danced a waltz. Beneath the glittering chandeliers, and amidst the swirls of ball gowns, their silk trains decorated with pearls and lace, Death guided me in sweeping circles until I was dizzy and breathless and all the other dancers had seemed to melt away, leaving only Death and myself whirling on the dance floor.

I should have feared him and his steely embrace, but I did not. Death had been by my side for so many years that I felt a kindred spirit in him. I have seen Death. He is beautiful in his severity, heartrending in his coldness. A dark, shadowy specter whose web draped like an ethereal veil over the mortals he would one day lay claim to.

A man in every appearance, whose isolation and loneliness he could not hide. It shone in his eyes, which were a mesmerizing dichotomy of coldness and warmth. His irises were a light shade of blue with the faintest chips of pale green, reminding me of the turbulent, chilly waters of the North Sea. But his lashes, thick and luxurious, and black as a raven's feathers, put me in mind of a sable wrap, warm and comforting

and soft—so supple and inviting. His hair was just as dark, inky and shining as it hung to his shoulders, like a pelt of fur. I yearned to run my fingers through the long strands, burying them in the thick suppleness and warmth.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked me, his voice deep and velvety. It slithered along my pores, awakening a deep feeling inside me—not fear, but something else. Something that made me warm and languorous, and as though my will were no longer my own.

"Lord Death," I replied in a breathless whisper.

"And do you not fear me?" I looked up, held his icy blue gaze steady. "No. I do not."

He pulled me closer, till our chests meshed and our bodies danced, pressing and moving as if as one. It was indecent. Hedonistic. Exhilarating. My pulse raced, heating my skin. He found the frantic beating in my throat, his gaze lingered there and I knew then that he could snuff the warmth that was climbing steadily inside me.

"Have you come to claim me, Lord Death?"

His gaze slowly lifted to mine, and the thick, onyx lashes lowered, casting a hood over his eyes. "I have. Will you come with me now?"

We finished the turn and he took me by the hand, threading his fingers through mine, guiding me toward the French doors and the velvet blackness beyond.

I followed him willingly, his beauty beckoning me, and like a sleepwalker, I trailed beside him, compelled by something I could not name.

"Am I to die?" I asked, and he stopped, raised our joined hands to his mouth and gently kissed my knuckles.

"You are, my love, and in your sleep, you will become Death's bride."

"And that is it?" cried Lucy as she threw a pillow at Isabella. "You fiend!"

Lucy rushed to the dressing table where Isabella sat and pulled the black leather journal from her hand. Flipping through the pages, Lucy searched frantically for more.

"I told you, Luce, that I had only just begun the story."

Lucy looked up from the book, her cheeks flushed with excitement. "I was just about to swoon when you ended it. I vow I am in love with Death!"

A tremor of pride curled within Isabella as she accepted the volume back from her cousin. "Do you think it's that good?" she asked, feeling nervous as she gazed down at the words she had written. "I will admit it is a rather strange concept."

"Good? Gracious, Issy, you've outdone yourself with this one. Not even Mr. Rochester is as gloriously brooding as your Lord Death."

Smiling, Isabella tucked her journal and pencil into the seed-pearl reticule she was using for the night. "I could never outdo Mr. Rochester, Lucy. Charlotte Bronte has penned an unsurpassable hero with him."

"Death, with his black hair and pale blue eyes..." Lucy murmured, closing her eyelids as she began to dance around the room, as though she was waltzing. "He is every maiden's dream. To be swept up into the arms of a man focused solely on you... Issy," she said, stopping before her. "It's perfection."

"I must confess, I do rather like the opening."

"Oh, don't be so modest," Lucy ordered as she glanced in the mirror and replaced a few wayward auburn ringlets, "it's only me. You can say you think it's a smashing opening, and I will wholeheartedly agree."

Hiding her grin, Isabella turned on the little stool and straightened the amethyst-and-diamond necklace that adorned her throat. It had been a gift from her uncle, and she wore it whenever possible. Never could she have imagined wearing something so beautiful—and expensive.

Her hair could use a fixing, she noticed, but there wasn't much that could be done with the riotous flaxen curls that enjoyed springing from their pins. She had been able to cover up most of her past, to bury her common roots and essentially make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, but her hair, it seemed, had other plans. It would not obey and she hid her smile, realizing that bit of tough Yorkshire stubbornness would not be stretched, ironed or pulled out of her. At least not yet.

"Tell me about your heroine, Issy, the woman who is to capture Death's heart."

Isabella frowned. That was the strange part. She hadn't really put much thought into the woman who was to be Death's bride. The opening had come from someplace deep inside her, the words spilling out from her soul. She did not want to look too deeply there, afraid of what she might see of her past—or perhaps it was the future she feared?

Lucy caught her scowl, and lowered her head, so their temples were touching as they looked at their reflections. "Or are you Death's heroine, Issy?"

Isabella's mouth fell open and Lucy laughed as Isabella flushed furiously. "Don't be silly, Lucy."

Her cousin gave her a dubious look. "You naughty little girl, penning such a thing."

Had it been her in that opening? Had it been herself she'd envisioned, had written about dancing indecently with Death?

She was no stranger to him, that was for certain. But to write him as a hero? As someone who could lure and seduce... someone to be desired, and not reviled...

"You know I'm only teasing," Lucy said. "For heaven's sake, Issy, do not be so temperamental. I can't abide that in artists. That's why I broke off my flirtation with Eduardo. He was too moody for my tastes."

"Well, what did you expect?" Isabella mumbled, finally recovering from her shock that she might possibly be the heroine in her story. "You met him at a seance."

Lucy's emerald-colored eyes flashed with excitement. "And there's going to be another one in a few days."

Say you'll come, Issy."

It wasn't as though she didn't have loved ones she'd dearly love to connect with in the spirit realm. Her mother, grandmother and now her aunt. They had all been taken from her, and each time she had felt Death's shadow, standing quietly in the corner, waiting to take them.

Perhaps it was just her overactive imagination, but each time she had fancied that she had seen Death with her own eyes. Of course, she had never dared to admit such a thing. For who would believe her? Still, a part of her feared she really could see Death, and that part absolutely refused to attend a seance with Lucy, for fear the Grim Reaper would present himself.

"Well?" Lucy prodded. "If nothing else, it's a good night away from balls and soirees. You might even think of it as research for your book. Bring Mr. Knighton if you wish."

"I don't think the curator of medieval studies at the British Museum would be very interested in a seance, or chair tipping, or communicating with spirits while using a talking board."

Lucy huffed as she pulled on her long leather gloves. "What you see in that stuffed shirt, I'll never understand."

"He's very kind. And, and I think him handsome."

"I'll give you those two, but I would like to remind you that he's rather boring in his conversation, and that he's probably not going to look upon your dream of being a lady novelist with a kind eye. The academic sort never do," she reminded her. "Knighton is a scholarly fellow in a scientific, hard-facts sort of way. Novels are made up stories, after all. I doubt Knighton could wrap his rather well-formed brain around that fact to grasp the delight to be found in them."

"What is it you are trying to say, exactly, cousin?"

Lucy's gaze softened. "That he is likely not going to be able to understand your brilliant mind, Isabella. He deals in facts, and you delight in fantasy. You're opposite in every respect."

Isabella dropped her gaze to her hands, where they folded primly in her lap. The jet bracelet that held the key to her journal caught her eye, and she brushed her thumb over the shining black stones. "It would do me well to give up this fantasy I so enjoy. Perhaps that is what I need, Lucy, a man who keeps me planted on earth, not in the ethers of some magical realm." Shrugging, she glanced up to see her cousin watching her with what Isabella imagined was sympathy. "It hardly matters. The chance I will be published is very slim, Lucy. It's really only a hobby."

Lucy lifted Isabella's chin with her slim fingers and gazed down upon her with her brilliant green eyes. "Repeat after me. I, Isabella Fairmont, will finish this book and submit it to every publisher in London—"

"And New York," Isabella reminded her.

"And New York," Lucy added. "And I will not rest until I see it published. I will not give up on my dreams."

Isabella stood and hugged Lucy who, although she was her cousin, was more like her best friend. They were sisters of a sort, now that Isabella had come to live with Lucy and her father. "I promise you, Luce. I will

finish it, and it will find a home. And I will make Mr. Knighton a devotee of the fictional world if it's the last thing I do."

"And you must promise to read to me, every night when you've written something new."

Isabella flushed. "You only want the parts that speak of breathlessness and heaving bosoms."

"Well, of course," Lucy drawled. "Why else does one read a novel? Now then." Lucy sighed. "Let us go downstairs. We're already late and Papa will be snorting with indignation. We must not keep the Marquis of Stonebrook waiting." Lucy shook her head, although she was grinning. "Papa is such a pompous aristocrat."

Yes, the old marquis was rather self-important, but he was a good man. He had taken Isabella in, his niece by marriage, despite the scandal of her parents' nuptials. He had clothed her, protected her and Isabella loved him like the father she never knew. He had saved her from an uncertain future and from herself. She owed her uncle more than she could ever repay. Still, she missed the comfort of her mother's stories, and her grandmother's arms. She missed Whitby with its dark and forbidding abbey, and the mist that rolled in from the sea. She missed the heather-covered moors, and the rocky cliffs that stood tall and proud against the foamy, turbulent waves of the North Sea. She missed home, and everything about it.

She missed them.

How dearly she longed to see her mother and grandmother again, and Isabella felt her eyes begin to well with tears. Thankfully Lucy's voice drew Isabella out of her thoughts. "My feet ache already just thinking of the night ahead of us. Dear me, Issy, I'm tired of the social whirl."

Whitby forgotten for now, Isabella strived for composure. "I am as well, Luce. I would pay a very high price for a chance to stay in my room and sit at my desk and write until my fingers are blackened with ink."

"As much as I'd like more of Death, Issy, it's pertinent we make an appearance at my father's ball."

"You know, when I was a young girl, I envied you your life, the gowns, the balls, the suitors... Now, I'm not so certain you had it better than I."

Lucy tossed her a cheeky smile over her shoulder as she headed for the door. "I always envied you your cozy cottage and the meadow and woods where you and the other children from the village ran and played without any concern for deportment. You had a childhood, Issy. Something I never did." Lucy tipped her head and smiled. "I've always been envious of that. And here we were all this time, feeling resentful of the other. It's ironic, isn't it?"

"It is, indeed, for I'm sitting here loath to go to a ball, something I've always dreamed about."

"Chin up," Lucy ordered. "There could still be light at the end of the tunnel for this night. Perhaps you can write more of your book. Our ballroom has many private corners, you know."

"And of course that will have the suitors flocking to my side," Isabella muttered ungraciously. "Men adore lady novelists."

"I bet Lord Black does."

Isabella sent her cousin a glare before she reached for the ivory gloves that sat atop her dressing table. "How could you suppose such a thing, Luce? Lord Black never comes out of that mausoleum he calls a town house."

Lucy stopped at the threshold, and slowly turned, the salmon-pink silk of her gown's elaborate train wrapping around her legs. "I saw him last night."

"Fibber! You did not!" Isabella challenged.

"I did, I swear it. I couldn't sleep after the Anstruther soiree. I was sitting on my window box, gazing out at the stars when I saw those massive iron gates swing open. A carriage, black and shining and led by four black horses, came clattering out of the drive. The conveyance lingered for a moment, and then I saw it, a shadow that was illuminated by the lanterns. It engulfed the interior, like spilt ink, and then I saw him, his pale face appeared in the window, and he was looking up, and I swear his gaze lingered on the window beside mine—your bedroom window, Issy."

"Nonsense," Isabella scoffed.

"It's the truth."

"I think, Luce that you should take up novel writing with me. You've the imagination for it."

"Think what you like, Isabella, but I know what I saw. And you mark my words, our neighbor will be here tonight. The Marquis of Stonebrook will have it no other way, I assure you."

Just what do you do to start checking out **Seduction & Scandal (The Brethren Guardians) By Charlotte Featherstone** Searching the e-book that you love to read very first or find an interesting publication Seduction & Scandal (The Brethren Guardians) By Charlotte Featherstone that will make you wish to check out? Everyone has difference with their reason of checking out a publication Seduction & Scandal (The Brethren Guardians) By Charlotte Featherstone Actuary, checking out habit needs to be from earlier. Many individuals might be love to read, yet not an e-book. It's not mistake. An individual will be bored to open up the thick publication with tiny words to review. In even more, this is the genuine problem. So do occur possibly with this Seduction & Scandal (The Brethren Guardians) By Charlotte Featherstone