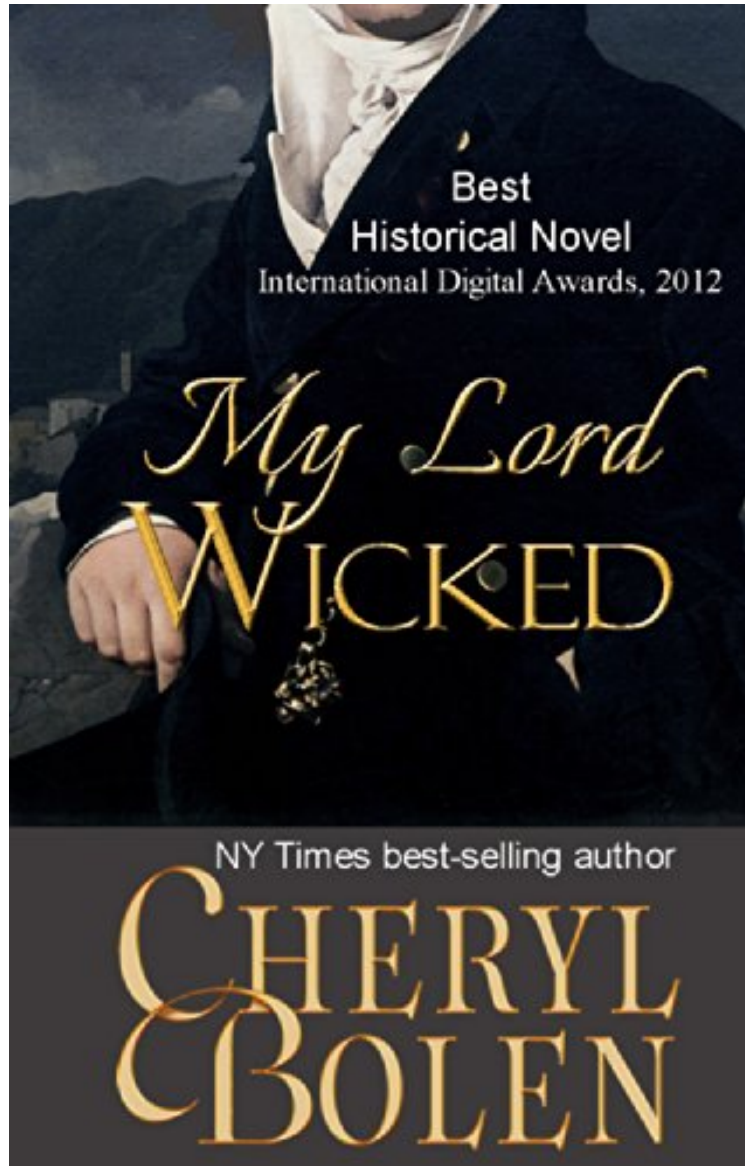


[Download] My Lord Wicked (Historical Regency Romance) (English Edition)

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Von Cheryl Bolen

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Von Cheryl Bolen : My Lord Wicked (Historical Regency Romance) (English Edition) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised My Lord Wicked (Historical Regency Romance) (English Edition):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Gute Idee, schlechte UmsetzungVon Junia Greyber die Story ist schon genug geschrieben worden, im Prinzip haben wir

hier "Jane Eyre" noch mal in schlechter nacherzählt. Die Grundidee fand ich sehr vielversprechend: Freddie Pate Lord Stacks (was ist das überhaupt für ein Name?) wird für den Mörder seiner ersten Frau gehalten, lebt in einem finsternen ehemaligen Kloster und wird von der Nachbarschaft geschnitten. Was wäre da Raum gewesen für Spannung! Leider wird alles relativ schnell abgehandelt. Der einzige, der Lord Stacks nach wie vor mit unverhohlenem Misstrauen begegnet ist der Doktor des Dorfes. Spoilerwarnung! Alle anderen Leute kommen, sobald sie eingeladen werden und die Männer reißen sich um das Freddie, das Mädel und die jungen Damen werden von ihren Müttern noch ermuntert, sich an den Witwer heranzuschmeißen. Freddie ist eine Art "Tomboy", hat am Anfang kaum Qualitäten die eine junge Dame von Stand haben sollte. Aber ihr gelingt es, in wenigen Wochen alles zu lernen und jeder ist vernarrt in sie. Das ist nicht mal das Schlimmste! Vorher hatte Freddie immer den Mut, sich an Lord Stacks zu wenden, wenn sie etwas geplatzt hat, aber als es dann am Ende zu einer Sache kommt, die wichtig ist für ihr weiteres Leben, verhält sie sich wie eine typische Mary Jane und wirft sich dem erstbesten an den Hals (natürlich dem lange in sie verliebten Doktor) und verlobt sich mit ihm. Und das, obwohl sie immer als so reif und erwachsen trotz ihrer 18 Jahre dargestellt wird..... Die ganze Story um die erste Frau ist sich am Ende im Handumdrehen auf und die Sexszene ist absolut gruselig. Ich finde es bemerkenswert, dass überhaupt nicht auf den beträchtlichen Altersunterschied zwischen den beiden eingegangen wird und Lord Stacks Freddie immer als zu jung empfindet. Seine erste Frau Elizabeth hingegen war zum Zeitpunkt ihres Todes gerade mal 20, also 2 Jahre älter als Freddie jetzt. Ich kann auch nicht glauben, dass eine junge Lady zur Regency-Zeit solche Vorlieben hatte wie Lady Stacks. Von den grammatischen und inhaltlichen Fehlern will ich gar nicht reden. Da gab es einige. Selbst für einen Groschenroman ist das definitiv zu viel. Schade um die gute Grundidee! 10 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Cute Von eva__ I read the book a while ago and don't remember that many details- but while the book did not become one of my favourites, I did enjoy reading it. The "sordid past" of Lord Stacks seemed a bit contrived, but I guess there are so many regency romances that it is hard to keep coming up with new obstacles that the couples can face. I do enjoy regency romance, and this was a good one. 0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. A nice read Von Cathie An enjoyable read with nice characters and an interesting story. Freddie was a little too trusting for my liking, hence the 4 stars but I enjoyed.

Kurzbeschreibung Winner Best Historical Novel in the 2012 International Digital Awards* * *What woman would dare make her home at eerie Marshbanks Abbey, perched on a stony hill in remote Northumbria? It is said its owner, the brilliant botanist, Lord Stacks, killed his beautiful bride there ten years earlier. Unaware of the tales of Lord Stacks' wickedness, Freddie Lambeth comes to live with her guardian, and through his caring blossoms from a plain, shabbily dressed girl to a lovely young woman. Freddie and Lord Stacks come to need each other as his flowers need sunshine, but Stacks cannot allow himself to love her. His own wickedness has destroyed any chance for happiness.***Praise for Cheryl Bolen's novels: "Cheryl Bolen's books are going to be keepers." Christina Dodd, NY Times Bestseller "Once again the author has proven herself to be one of the best authors in the Regency romance field today." Huntress s" . . . a rising star in the historical/regency romance genre." A Romance "Bolen. . . does a wonderful job of building simmering sexual tension." Booklist ***EXCERPT: Was he in a hurry to be rid of her? At least he wanted a sensational mate for her. There was only one mate for her, she thought morosely. And he would be sensational. She closed her eyes and thought of being enfolded in Lord Stack's strong embrace, of resting her face against his chest, of lifting her lips to his. She grew hot as she imagined what it would feel like to have his mouth on hers, his tongue parting her lips. A wet heat centered between her legs. Her thoughts drifted even further away. She thought of lying with him, wet flesh against wet flesh. She could almost feel his mouth close around one breast. "You do not look happy," he said. She drew a deep breath and faced him. "It seems my company grows tedious for you. You are in so great a haste to marry me off, to be rid of me." He reached out and touched a finger to her cheek. "I attempt to be selfless, Miss Lambeth. I want what is best for you. For myself, I would have you at Marshbanks Abbey until the end of my days." "Until the end of his days. If only. . . He studied her face for a moment. "I believe the prospect does not offend you." "You must believe me when I tell you I've never been happier than in these past few months at the abbey." She had wanted to say these past few months with you. "Then your life must have been singularly uneventful before." She smiled. "That, too." He took a sip of wine, peering at her over the rim of his glass. "Do you miss your father?" She gathered a handful of soft fabric from her skirt into her hand. "To be honest, no." His brows lowered. "How can that be? You seem to worry over every creature. You are so very caring." "The exact word I would use to describe you, my lord. However, caring is not a word I would use to describe my father, although he did care very much for my mother. Unfortunately, he held me responsible for taking her from him." "But that's ridiculous! You didn't ask to be born!" "He did not see it that way." Stacks watched the leaves of the tree shimmer in the breeze and did not speak for a moment. "So that explains why your education in the feminine arts was so neglected." She nodded. "You have shown me more love in these past few months than I received in an entire lifetime." She felt her cheeks growing hot. Why had she used the word love? She had not meant to burden him with details of her unhappy life, but she felt incredibly open whenever she was with him. "That is why I've been so happy here, why I am in no hurry to leave the walls of Marshbanks Abbey." He reached

out and took her hand. "You have a home here for as long as you want." She looked up at him, her eyes swimming in pools of unshed tears. Lord Stacks was moving to her. She felt his arms close around her. She felt his warm breath on her cheek, and she lif

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