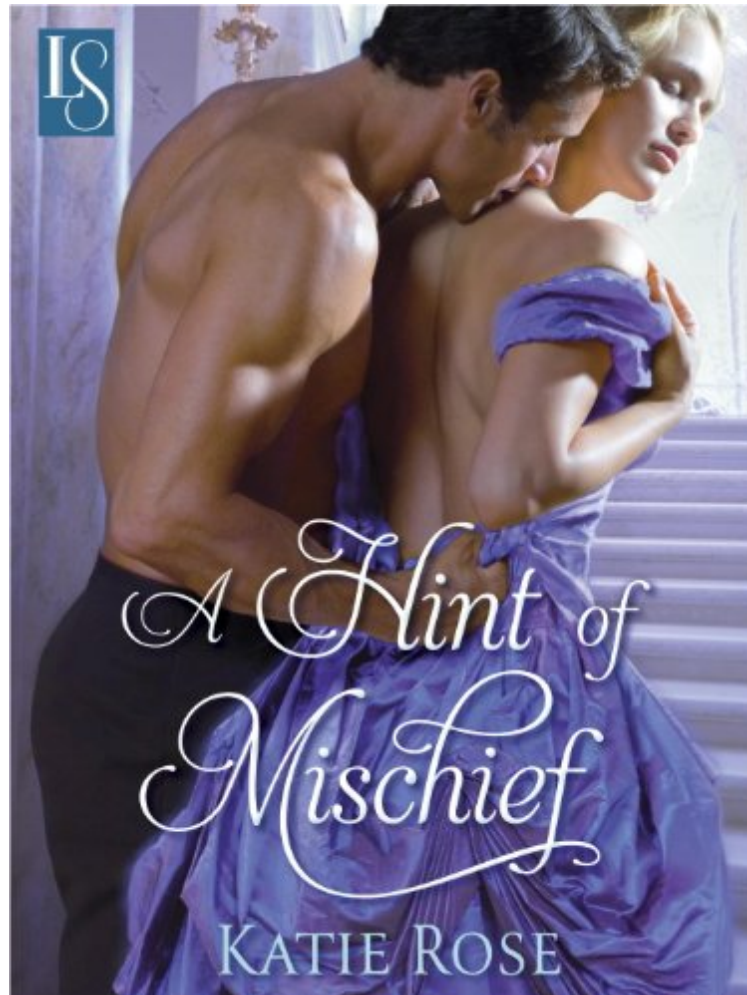


[Ebook free] A Hint of Mischief: A Loveswept Classic Romance

A Hint of Mischief: A Loveswept Classic Romance

Von Katie Rose

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Von Katie Rose : A Hint of Mischief: A Loveswept Classic Romance before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised A Hint of Mischief: A Loveswept Classic Romance:

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. The Appleton sisters support themselves by holding seances.Von Joyously Retired TeacherJennifer, the oldest, is the one who can charm a bird off its nest. Winnifred, the intelligent one, studies law. Penelope, the youngest, is breathtakingly beautiful. Left destitute when their father died, the three sisters came to live with their impoverished aunt. To keep food on the table, and to save money so that Winifred can go to college and Penelope can be launched into society, the three beautiful and spirited sisters begin offering seances and tarot card readings to grieving society matrons for money.One such customer is Mary Forester, who is so grateful she pays them ten times the normal fee. Her son Gabriel is outraged that his mother is being deceived by charlatans and vows to shut them down. Instead of finding a

bunch of gypsies and crystal balls, however, he finds three very sweet young ladies who appear to be simply trying to maintain their independence. Although a bit of deception is involved in their activities, the Appleton sisters are successful in helping others get over their grieving and on with their lives. He is particularly attracted to Jennifer, although he is practically engaged to another woman who is much more suited to be his wife. But why is it that following their first encounter, he seems to run into Jennifer just about everywhere he goes? Set in New York in the late 19th century, the story shows the social and financial difficulties faced by women trying to eke out a living independently. Besides not being able to vote, women could not eat in restaurants without a male escort, nor were they allowed to buy stock. And if they were not careful with their reputations, they would be ostracized by an unforgiving society. Holding down a job (if indeed any jobs were available for women) would put them beyond the pale. *A Hint of Mischief* is a very well-written, engaging story of love between two very different people who nonetheless complement each other very nicely. I highly recommend it to anyone who enjoys a good romance with a touch of humor and magic.

0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. This author will go far-she has the spark romance needs
Von Ein Kunde
In 1872 New York, Jennifer Appleton and her two sisters (Penelope and Winifred) hold seances that provide grieving widows with comfort and advice from their spouses. While helping the widows contend with difficulties, the Appleton siblings earn a living from their otherworldly profession. Everything seems to be going well until an irate Gabriel Forester accuses Jennifer of defrauding his mother, Mary out of a large sum of money. However, instead of putting her out of business as he intended, to his shock, Gabriel finds himself enchanted by Jennifer. To her own dismay, Jennifer finds herself reciprocating his feelings. However, both have ghosts from their pasts to overcome if they are to share a lifetime of happiness together. *HINT OF MISCHIEF* is a humorous historical romance that will be loved by fans of the sub-genre. The lead protagonists make a heavenly pair and the story line is fun to read. Katie Rose's brilliant depiction of 1870's New York City sounds like paradise. This novel will be recognized as one of the better romances of the year. Harriet Klausner

Kurzbeschreibung
In Katie Rose's utterly irresistible tale of New York City in the Age of Innocence, a lady who talks to the dead discovers that earthly pleasures can be downright heavenly. For the bewitching Jennifer Appleton and her charming sisters, there is nothing the least bit wicked about holding a seance. They conjure up spirits who happen to offer the matrons of Victorian Manhattan a great deal of comfort. Besides, young ladies have to make a living somehow. So it's something of a shock when a handsome, furious stranger shows up at their door, lobbing accusations of fraud and his remarkably compelling gaze at lovely, wide-eyed Jennifer. Convinced that Jennifer has swindled his grieving mother out of a sizable sum, Gabriel Forester is prepared to put her out of business for good. But the lady he confronts is a total revelation and a surprising temptation. As passion flares unexpectedly, the fiery opponents are drawn into a devilish game of seduction. Now Gabriel and Jennifer must learn to forget the ghostly voices of the past . . . and listen to their beating hearts. Includes a special message from the editor, as well as excerpts from these Loveswept titles: *Trying to Score*, *Long Simmering Spring*, and *Scarlet Lady*.

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It was her. The devil herself, Jennifer Appleton. She was dressed in a pretty dotted-white-on-white Swiss chiffon, a pink sash tied just below her breasts. The dress was a little old-fashioned, but of good material and lovely styling. He had difficulty pulling his eyes away from her, for as he had supposed, her figure was magnificent. It was generously exposed by the light quality of her dress, and he surmised she wore little beneath the gown. Although the heat made such considerations practical, it was scandalous nevertheless. When she finally lifted her face, he saw that she bloomed with color. If the fright of the lawyer's letter affected her, it was not apparent in her easy manner, her full, lush giggles, nor her joie de faire as she swung a croquet mallet and deftly landed her ball just outside the wicket. She must have felt his observation, for her eyes met his and held him spellbound. "Jennifer! You must come! Oh, please, they are asking for you!" A beautiful woman approached her, and Gabriel identified Jennifer's sister. Penelope led her away to a group of women clustered beneath a shade tree with their ices and fans. Gabriel recognized Mrs. Merriweather and Mrs. Greyson, the Misses Billing and Miss Barry. He waited for their rebuff, but

instead, they seemed genuinely pleased to meet "the Appleton." Their talk grew animated, and Gabriel drifted close enough to hear the conversation. "Is it true that you brought Mary Forester's husband back from the dead? What was it like?" Eleanor Greyson asked, her stern face lit up with excitement. "How do you do it? Can you feel the ghostly presence?" The normally reserved Margaret Merriweather questioned. "Are you frightened, living alone, knowing that spirits have been in your house?" Jane Billings wanted to know, her voice pleading. "How do you give such marvelous readings? I've heard of your powers from several sources!" Judith Barry gushed. Stunned, Gabriel saw Jennifer wield her power like a queen deigning to speak with peasants. She answered their questions cleverly, making them curious for more. Idly he realized her intelligence outweighed her beauty, but more obvious was her formidable charm. That, Jennifer Appleton had in boatloads. Incensed, Gabriel was about to accost her when Jonathan Wiseley stole up beside him, a glass of beer in one hand, a chocolate cake in the other. "Pretty girl," he remarked, chomping on the cake. "I hear she's taking New York by storm." "What are you talking about?" Gabriel blazed, and the young man nearly choked on his beer. "Well, didn't you know? The 'bewitching trio' has been seen everywhere. They had tea at the Billingses, lunch at the Swathmores. I hear they've been invited to every major outing this summer. No one seems to know much about them, except that their parents, who were of good family, died. Poor dears! But there's no doubt as to their success." Gabriel saw the truth of the man's words as the women piled knee-deep to get a word with Jennifer. Far from being out of her element, she played the crowd like a conductor of an orchestra. Worse, she seemed to be enjoying herself immensely, for she fanned herself prettily, letting the heat climb in her cheeks. Soon men surrounded her, and Gabriel could hear them fighting over who would bring her a glass of punch. "As I said, poor little orphans. I for one would certainly like to adopt one of them. Say, do you think they are free lovers like that creature Woodbull? That would be terribly convenient, wouldn't it?" Gabriel opened his mouth to retort, but didn't trust himself to speak. For some reason, he was furious with Jonathan's comment, and even more furious with the men thronging around Jennifer. Turning rudely away from Jonathan, he approached her, and heard her trying to decide whether to attend the Esterbrook's ball, or the Chambers Street festival, a decision she seemed to enjoy mightily. "Miss Appleton, I beg a private word with you." Gabriel sent her a look that brooked no refusal. As the men booed, Jennifer shrugged her dainty white shoulders, then descended from the crowd. Gabriel took her by the arm and practically dragged her into the rose garden. "Unhand me this minute!" Jennifer cried as soon as they were alone. Gabriel released her, suddenly aware that he was still holding her arm. Jennifer Appleton stood in front of him amid the Barrymores' prized Silver Lace roses, looking incredibly beautiful. Instead of appearing frightened by his confrontation, she held her chin up defiantly, as if prepared to defend her ground at all costs. She looked so adorable Gabriel had trouble staying angry. He had to remind himself of exactly who she was--and what she was. "Miss Appleton," he managed sternly, "what are you doing here? Is it common for tea-leaf readers, who bilk elderly ladies out of money, to entertain at garden parties in such a manner?" "And what, sir, is your objection?" He could have sworn he saw laughter lurking at the corners of her mouth. He gestured to her gown. "I think you know exactly what I mean. That you are here, dressed like that, flaunting yourself before the men! How did you get invited to this gathering, or did you just crash the gates?" She was, so close, he could smell her lilac water, so reminiscent of the letter to Charles. She was even prettier here than at a distance, for she seemed to emanate an energy and vitality that were intoxicating. His own thoughts drove him to distraction. Part of him wanted to put her over his knee and beat some sense into her; the other part wanted to kiss her until she swooned. "I was invited by Madam Barrymore herself, thanks to a recommendation by the Misses Billing," Jennifer said indignantly, although she didn't seem entirely displeased with the situation. "As to my dress, it is no different than Sally Vesper's gown, nor Marybeth's. And I wasn't flaunting myself; I find the company of this society very congenial. I also find your interest questionable, since you are here escorting a female." He gaped at her, outraged that she should turn his questions back on him. "You are the most exasperating woman I've ever had the misfortune to meet! Do you know what they are saying about you? They think you are like Victoria Woodbull, a free lover as well as a spiritualist! Is that the reputation you want?" "I see." She lowered her face, appearing appropriately demure, but Gabriel knew better. He could almost sense her restrained mirth. When she looked up a moment later, it was as if a halo encircled her fair head. "I truly appreciate your concern. As a gentleman, it was most kind of you to instruct me in the error of my ways. I am reformed, sir, thanks to you. I shall be forever grateful." With that, she rose on her pink slippers and placed a schoolmistresslike peck on his cheek. "Good day, Mr. Forester. I leave you the garden." Gabriel's admiration mingled with his outrage and disbelief as Jennifer daintily curtsied, then swirled to walk gracefully out of the glade. Evidently, she saw him as some mawkish schoolboy that she could toy with. His thoughts went back to her legal reply to Charles's letter, to the incident with the police, even to his first confrontation with her. So far, she had bested him at every turn. He had to appreciate her audacity, even as it enraged his male ego. She badly needed a lesson, Gabriel decided. One that he would teach her. "Miss Appleton?" He laid his hand on her shoulder, intending to give her a well-deserved dressing-down, but she turned so quickly that she wound up...