

Captivated by Nora Roberts is the first book in the Donovan trilogy. This one is short and sweet. Morgana is a witch, natural born. Nash makes movies about the paranormal, and wants to interview the local legend- a witch.

With the first breath she drew, she tasted the power—the richness of it, and the bitterness. Her birth was one more link in a chain that had spanned centuries, a chain that was often gilded with the sheen of folklore and legend. But when the chain was rubbed clean, it held fast, tempered by the strength of truth. There were other worlds, other places, where those first cries of birth were celebrated. In the secret places where magic still thrived—deep in the green hills of Ireland, on the windswept moors of Cornwall, deep in the caves of Wales, along the rocky coast of Brittany—that sweet song of life was welcomed. And the old tree, hunched and gnarled by its age and its marriage to the wind, was a quiet sacrifice. Though the choice would be hers—a gift, after all, can be refused, treasured or ignored—it would remain as much a part of the child, and the woman she became, as the color of her eyes. For now she was only an infant, her sight still dim, her thoughts still half-formed, shaking angry fists in the air even as her father laughed and pressed his first kiss on her downy head. Her mother wept when the babe drank from her breast. Wept in joy and in sorrow. She knew already that she would have only this one girl child to celebrate the love and union she and her husband shared. She had looked, and she had seen. As she rocked the nursing child and sang an old song, she understood that there would be lessons to be taught, mistakes to be made. And she understood that one day—not so long from now, in the vast scope of lifetimes—her child would also look for love. She hoped that of all the gifts she would pass along, all the truths she would tell, the child would understand one, the vital one. That the purest magic is in the heart.

Chapter 1 There was a marker in the ground where the Witch Tree had stood. The people of Monterey and Carmel valued nature. Tourists often came to study the words on the marker, or simply to stand and look at the sculptured old trees, the rocky shoreline, the sunning harbor seals. Locals who had seen the tree for themselves, who remembered the day it had fallen, often mentioned the fact that Morgana Donovan had been born that night. Some said it was a sign, others shrugged and called it coincidence. Still more simply wondered. Nash Kirkland considered it an amusing fact and an interesting hook. He spent a great deal of his time studying the supernatural. Vampires and werewolves and things that went bump in the night were a hell of a way to make a living. Not that he believed in goblins or ghoulies—or witches, if it came to that. Except in the pages of a book, or in the flickering light and shadow of a movie screen. There, he was pleased to say, anything was possible. He was a sensible man who knew the value of illusions, and the importance of simple entertainment. He was also enough of a dreamer to conjure images out of the shades of folklore and superstition for the masses to enjoy. The fact was, Nash loved seeing his imagination come to life on-screen. He always researched carefully. It was such folktales that inspired Nash to spin a story—particularly when they were related by someone whose belief gave them punch. And people considered him weird, he thought, grinning to himself as he passed the entrance to Seventeen Mile Drive. Nash knew he was an ordinary, grounded-to-earth type. At least by California standards. He just made his living from illusion, from playing on basic fears and superstitions—and the pleasure people took in being scared silly. He figured his value to society was his ability to take the monster out of the closet and flash it on the silver screen in Technicolor, usually adding a few dashes of unapologetic sex and sly humor. Nash Kirkland could bring the bogeyman to life, turn the gentle Dr. Jekyll into the evil Mr. All by putting words on paper. Maybe that was why he was a cynic. Oh, he enjoyed stories about the supernatural—but he, of all people, knew that was all they were. And he had a million of them. For the past few weeks, between unpacking and taking pleasure in his new home, trying his skill at golf—and finally giving it up as a lost cause—and simply treasuring the view from his balcony, Nash had felt the urge to tell a tale of witchcraft. If there was such a thing as fate, he figured, it had done him a favor by plunking him down only a short, pleasant drive from an expert. Draped in black crepe? Or maybe she was some New Age fanatic who spoke only through Gargin, her channeler from Atlantis. It was the loonies in the world that gave life its flavor. He wanted to form his own opinions and impressions, leaving his mind clear to start forming plot angles. He had to give

her two thumbs-up for staying in her hometown. After less than a month as a resident of Monterey, he wondered how he could ever have lived anywhere else. Again, he had to thank his luck for making his scripts appealing to the masses. His imagination had made it possible for him to move away from the traffic and smog of L. It was barely March, but he had the top down on his Jag, and the bright, brisk breeze whipped through his dark blond hair. There was the smell of water—it was never far away here—of grass, neatly clipped, of the flowers that thrived in the mild climate. As far as Nash was concerned, life was perfect. He spotted the shop. The businesses were obviously doing well, as he had to park more than a block away. His long, jeans-clad legs ate up the sidewalk. He passed a group of tourists who were arguing over where to have lunch, a pencil-slim woman in fuchsia silk leading two Afghan hounds, and a businessman who strolled along chatting on his cellular phone. He stopped outside the shop. He nodded, smiling to himself. The Old English word for witch. It brought to mind images of bent old women, trundling through the villages to cast spells and remove warts. Exterior scene, day, he thought. The sky is murky with clouds, the wind rushes and howls. In a small, run-down village with broken fences and shuttered windows, a wrinkled old woman hurries down a dirt road, a heavy covered basket in her arms. A huge black raven screams as it glides by. With a flutter of wings, it stops to perch on a rusted gatepost. Bird and woman stare at each other. From somewhere in the distance comes a long, desperate scream. Nash lost the image when someone came out of the shop, turned and bumped into him. Just as well, Nash thought. For now, what he wanted was to take a good look at her wares. The window display was impressive, he noted, and showed a flair for the dramatic. Deep blue velvet was draped over stands of various heights and widths so that it resembled a wide river with dark waterfalls. Floating over it were clusters of crystals, sparkling like magic in the morning sun. Some were as clear as glass, while others were of almost heartbreaking hues. Rose and aqua, royal purple, ink black. They were shaped like wands or castles or small, surrealistic cities. Lips pursed, he rocked back on his heels. He could see how they would appeal to people—the colors, the shapes, the sparkle. That anybody could actually believe a hunk of rock held any kind of power was one more reason to marvel at the human brain. Still, they were certainly pretty enough. Above the clusters, faceted drops hung from thin wires and tossed rainbows everywhere. Maybe she kept the cauldrons in the back. The idea made him chuckle to himself. Still, he took a last look at the display before pushing open the door. It was tempting to pick up a few pieces for himself. A paperweight, or a sun-catcher. The shop was crowded with people. His own fault, Nash reminded himself, for dropping in on a Saturday. Still, it would give him time to poke around and see just how a witch ran a business in the twentieth century. The displays inside were just as dramatic as those glistening in the window. Huge chunks of rock, some sliced open to reveal hundreds of crystal teeth. Dainty little bottles filled with colored liquid. Nash was slightly disappointed when he read one label and discovered that it was a rosemary bath balm, for relaxing the senses. There were more herbs, packaged for potpourri, for tea and for culinary uses, as well as candles in soft colors and crystals in all shapes and sizes.

Chapter 2 : Captivated By Nora Roberts Read Free Online

Being a long-time Nora Roberts fan, I was thrilled to find my favorite of her series in one volume for my Kindle. When I had to downsize my book collection because of a move, this was the only series of books I kept.

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Chapter 3 : Captivated / Entranced (Donovan Legacy) by Nora Roberts

Nora Roberts Collection: Donovan Legacy Charmed, the Donovan Legacy Captivated, the Donovan Legacy Entranced, Night Smoke, Night Shade, Night Shield, Night Shift, Night Shadow & Nigh Jan 3, by Nora Roberts.

Captivated Captivated About book: Sometimes, you just have to pick up an old Nora Roberts book, sit back, and relax, and enjoy the story. The Donovans series is one of my favourite series by Nora Roberts, and this is the first time I have read it in English. For his next movie, he wants to investigate witchcraft, and witches, so he seeks out the local witch, Morgana Donovan. At first, Morgana is irritated by him, and his stereotype thoughts about witches, but then she becomes intrigued, and agrees to answers his questions about herself and her craft. Of course, she knows he will change her life irrevocably, but she is drawn to him, and willing to take the risk. Even though she hates the thought of destiny, she knows she cannot avoid it and be happy. Nash is equally intrigued by the beautiful and smart Morgana, but he thinks it all a hoax, a way to have more people in her shop. Yes, he is attracted to her, but after one fireworks worthy kiss, he decides to keep business and pleasure separated. Still, the attraction between them keeps growing, but before Morgana will sleep with him, he has to know and acknowledge the truth: It takes some kind of temper tantrum from Morgana, and a flashy display of her powers to make him see sense at last. But when Nash fears he is truly falling in love, he panics. And accuses Morgana that she has bewitched him, used her powers on him. No way could he be feeling real love for her. Morgana is devastated, and furious with him. Can he ever get in her good graces again? I loved this book again, and it will be re-read a few times in the future. Morgana is such a great character, as is Nash, though he is truly blind and stubborn at times. Nash has a hard past, and his lack of wanting to believe or be in love, was understandable. I loved the bantering between the cousins, and am looking forward to reading their books again as well. What I would love though, is a book about all their parents. Two sets of triplets and witches, falling in love with each other, in Ireland. What could be better? No romantic suspense, just contemporary romance with a little witch craft and magic thrown in. Some hot lovescenes, and some great companion animals as well. Luna the cat, and Pan the wolfhound. I remember loving this story of Morgana and Nash, mostly because I always enjoy romances where the two protagonists struggle to be together and need to resolve personal issues to do so. And also because witchcraft. Morgana is a witch. Nash is the typical guy with the baggage of having had a rough start to life. His compensation is stories, and he loves to tell them to the masses through the silver screen. And who can blame him? Nash is full of stereotypes and he applies them to all the things he sees around him, until he meets Morgana. Watching their story unfold, and seeing Nash slowly believe the unbelievable was incredibly sweet. I just love Nora Roberts. She writes novels you can easily settle into, the kind that make you wish for flames crackling in the fireplace while you sip a mug of hot chocolate. Narrator Therese Plummer is an awesome narrator! I was captivated hehe by her story-telling, and she played all the parts easily. She was just super easy to listen to and I would definitely buy more audios she has narrated. This book may have been provided in exchange for an honest review, and therefore will be noted on the original post. His interest in her was purely professional. Or so he told himself. But, as Morgana revealed herself to him, Nash found himself falling under her bewitching spell. Nash had never trusted his feelings and always kept them in check. The hero and the heroine, Nash and Morgana just annoyed me. I sometimes forget just how great a writer Nora Roberts is and was caught off guard with this book. The prose is almost lyrical and the characters come to life off the pages. It is truly a magical experience. Morgana is indeed captivating. I admire her confidence and self-awareness where she knows who she is and is content with life. Her attraction to Nash unsettled her in a really good way and she had the same imprint on him. This story captured the best of both of them and the conflict rising from his insecurities seemed realistic. Her cousin Sebastian is oh so intriguing and I cannot wait for his story. This book was written some time ago but it does not have a dated feel in the least. This book should be a part of your Nora Roberts collection. Krystal This was a massive disappointment for me. I had hoped it would be the same with this one but no such luck. I had two major problems with this novel- firstly, I could not understand the awkwardly placed, spontaneous outbursts of physical passion. Combined with my second issue - my hatred of Nash - these outbursts seemed

out of place and completely unbelievable. There is no proper story beyond Boy Meets Girl, making both the issues and their resolutions predictable. It made no sense to me at all, and was a chore to read. Review will shown on site after approval.

Chapter 4 : Captivated - Nora Roberts - Google Books

A classic novel from the enchanting series The Donovan Legacy. Only the phenomenal Nora Roberts could have created the remarkable Donovan clan. Fascinating and irresistible, the mysterious Donovan cousins share a secret that's been handed down through generations - a secret that sets them apart from ordinary beings.

What Nash and Morgana lack in an actual relationship they totally make up for it in the bedroom. This totally would have made the book better. It definitely would have saved it from the garbage fire that was this book. Cons Total Lack of a Fucking Plot- The best way I can describe this book is using a food analogy because food is universal, right? This book is the product of what would happen if someone gave you a tray of chocolate chip cookies, only to discover that there were no chocolate chips in the cookies. Stories need to have PLOT, people, and a coherent, understandable one at that. This book had neither. Allegedly, Nash Kirkland what the hell kind of name is that? He seemingly randomly picks out Morgana Donovan from a phone book because being in the spirit of a total lack of plot, the book never states HOW he manages to choose her to be his consultant on the project. As much as people tend to ding historical romances, at least they have a fucking plot albeit an extremely predictable one. And because of a lack of plot, it made the book boring as molasses. I took five days to read this book when I probably could have knocked it out in two. What little direction this book had was completely thrown to the banshees because of this. Come to think of it, I wish they were cause then it would have spiced up the book a little. While the sexual chemistry was fantastic, the rest of their relationship was a hot mess. It just fell totally flat for me. And all of their powers were confusing as fuck. Tell Him the Goddamn Truth! But does she actually tell him that? But for one of the most well-loved, critically acclaimed romance writers of contemporary times, this book with its non-existent plot, lack of clear direction, and characters I could care less about made this attempt a waste of my time.

Chapter 5 : Captivated () READ ONLINE FREE book by Nora Roberts in EPUB,TXT.

CAPTIVATED, 1st in Roberts' Donovan Legacy, a screenplay writer, Nash Kirkland, sought out Morgana Dovovan, a witch, to help him research his latest movie screenplay. Kirkland was a skeptic, though, thinking that witchcraft and magic were only found in movies, not real life.

Chapter 6 : Captivated by Nora Roberts | blog.quintoapp.com

Home > Captivated (The Donovan Legacy #1) Captivated (The Donovan Legacy #1) Nora Roberts. Prologue. She was born the night the Witch Tree fell. With the first.

Chapter 7 : Captivated & Entranced (Audiobook) by Nora Roberts | blog.quintoapp.com

Nora Roberts is the #1 New York Times bestselling author of more than novels. She is also the author of the bestselling In Death series written under the pen name J. D. Robb. There are more than million copies of her books in print. She was born the night the Witch Tree fell. With the.

Chapter 8 : Captivated by Nora Roberts (, Paperback) | eBay

Captivated - Nora Roberts. Prologue She was born the night the Witch Tree fell. With the first breath she drew, she tasted the power—the richness of it, and the bitterness.

Chapter 9 : The Donovan Legacy Series by Nora Roberts

Captivated () About book: Sometimes, you just have to pick up an old Nora Roberts book, sit back, and relax, and enjoy

the story. Don't think too much, just read and dream away.