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Linda Howard Prologue She heard her own soft cries, but the pleasure exploding in her body made everything else seem unreal, distanced somehow from the hot magic of what he was doing to her. The noon sunlight wormed its way through the rustling leaves overhead, blinding her, dazzling her as she arched upward against him. To the others, the Davenport name had made her a prize to be sought but never sullied; to him, she was just a woman. With him, she was a woman. Though she was nineteen, her family treated her as if she were still a child. But the way his muscled torso had strained the fabric of his too-tight T-shirt had made her mouth go dry, and the swaggering masculinity of his walk had started a strange tightening deep in her abdomen. His voice had lowered seductively when he spoke to her, and his blue eyes had been hot with promise. But the wild response of her body was out of her experience, beyond her control, and when he asked her to meet him, she had agreed. She had come here knowing what would happen, and she had been willing. And every day, she came back for more. He was crude sometimes, but even that excited her. Sometimes he said something, with a sneer in his voice, about a Neeley screwing a Davenport. Her family would be horrified if they knew. But still she dreamed, dreamed of how he would look in a nice suit and with his hair freshly cut and neatly combed as they stood together and informed the family that they were going to get married. She dreamed of him going to work at one of the family businesses and showing everyone how smart he was, that he could rise above the rest of his family. He would be a gentleman in public, but in private he would roll her on the bed and do these nasty, delicious things to her. He stretched out on his back, the sunlight dappling his naked body, and almost immediately began dozing. In the meantime, she was content to simply watch him. He was so exciting that he made her breath catch. She lifted herself onto her elbow beside him and reached out with one lightly exploring finger to trace the cleft in his chin. The family would have a collective conniption fit if they knew about him. Being a Davenport had ruled her life from the day she was born. She loved the clothes and jewelry, the luxury of Davencourt, the prestigious schools, the sheer snobbery of it all. But the rules of behavior had chafed; sometimes she wanted to do something wild, just for the hell of it. She wanted to drive fast, she wanted to jump fences that were too high, she wanted The rough, the dangerous, the forbidden. She loved the way he would tear her delicate, expensive silk underwear in his hurry to get to her. That perfectly symbolized all she wanted in this life, both the luxury and the danger. It was assumed that she would marry the Heir, as she thought of him, and take her place in Colbert County society, with lunches at the yacht club, endless dinner parties for business and political associates, the dutiful production of two little heirs. She wanted this instead, this hot, reckless excitement, the thrill of knowing that she flirted with the forbidden. She ran her hand down his body, sliding her fingers into the thatch of pubic hair that surrounded his sex. As she had expected, he stirred, wakening, and his sex did, too. He gave a low, rough laugh as he lunged upward, rolling her down to the blanket and settling on top of her. She flinched, more from the deliberate crudity of his words than the force of his entry. She was still wet from the last time, so her body accepted him easily enough. But he seemed to like saying things that he knew would sting her, his eyes narrowed as he watched her reaction. She knew what it was, she thought, and forgave him. She tightened her thighs around him, slowing his strokes so she could tell him before the growing heat in her loins made her forget what she wanted to say.

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I really enjoyed it. I love the feel of a modern western. I thought Rule was such an intense, rugged, sexy, appealing hero. But he never stepped over the edge to domineering bully, for me. He had a vulnerability and a need for Cat that made my heart flutter. Cat is a heroine that I could sympathize with. And he took control of her, stepping in as a sort of surrogate guardian. Although his feelings for her were far from avuncular. I think it was handled very well by Ms. Linda Howard is absolutely one of the best romance writers out there. I stumbled upon her books quite by chance and nearly devoured up all her work in a short period of time. Maybe this is the reason why that I forgot that I had once read this book, and it was only nearly at the end of the book that I realized that I had actually read this book during my initial Linda Howard crazed phase. Linda Howard writes romances with strong alpha heroes that never fails to entice us women readers. They are strong, stubborn to a fault and oh yes when they do fall, they fall that much harder which makes us women wring our hands and go into a major sighing session. The western ranch setting appealed to me. I loved the descriptions of working on a horse-breeding ranch. I so wanted to be there on that ranch, as I read this story. Rule and Cathryn were neighbors when they were growing up. Back then Rule had been a happy boy, although intense in nature. However everything changed when Rule was enlisted to go fight in the Vietnam war. Upon his return, Rule had changed into someone entirely different. Gone was the happy carefree young man, instead a sullen, dangerously silent man remained. Given the vast age difference between Cathryn and Rule, it was to Rule that her father left the management of the ranch upon his sudden death. Cathryn has never felt comfortable at all around Rule and things finally come to their explosive conclusion when Cathryn loses her virginity to Rule in succumbing to the combustive passion they find in each other. Seventeen then, Cathryn scared out of her wits at what she has discovered flees to pursue her higher studies and then marries David. Now twenty five years of age, Cathryn once again returns home a widow, and Rule stakes his claim on Cathryn from the moment she steps off the plane. Though Cathryn cannot deny her all consuming love for Rule, she cannot be sure whether Rule feels the same way about her. It is nice to have a character have been happily-married, and the deceased spouse not treated as the bad guy. There are few types of heroes that I love more than heroes in pursuit. He was really intent on getting her to stay, and somewhat ruthless in his seduction, but that was just fine with me. It makes the romance all that more thrilling for me. I love a man who goes after the woman he wants. The reviews for this one by others are kind of low. I would actually add this to my list of faves by Linda Howard. Sometimes her alphas can be domineering brutes to me, and that makes some of her books less enjoyable. In the case of Rule, he was done so well, that his alpha and dominant nature was a highly enjoyable part of this book. She was susceptible to him, no question about it. But he was probably just as much in her thrall. The sensual elements were well-done. Something about the way the category romances that were written in the 80s that I love. You can feel the love in the private moments.

Chapter 3 : Against the Rules by Linda Howard | forthenovelovers

Linda Howard is an American best-selling romance/suspense author under her pseudonym Linda Howard. Before she became a writer, she was an avid reader and fond of Gone With the Wind by Margaret Mitchell.

In *After the Night* we get two very different main characters whose past and future are intertwined with hatred, lust, sadness and long awaited happiness. She knew she had nothin I thoroughly enjoyed this book and if you are a Linda Howard fan and have yet to read it you better make sure you do. She knew she had nothing of value whether it was the house she lived in or the clothes on her back. Her mother was nothing but a whore and her father was a drunk. She dreamed of finding a way for her and her little brother Scottie to get out of the dirty world they lived in. Little did she know it would be at the hands of the man that she dreamed about. The one she had come to love. I hated the fact that I liked him, that I found him sexy and alluring. He was tall, dark and handsome. Had hair that reached the nape of his neck. His words and actions towards Faith were hateful but I had a sense that his anger toward her was misplaced. It has been 12 years since he drove Faith away. But Gray has never able to forget her. He was never able to let go of that desire he felt for her. She had been a fragile little girl within a family that everyone considered trash. But Faith was strong and knew differently. Life had thrown that final blow 12 years earlier, a blow that only strengthened her resolve to prove everyone wrong. She just wanted to go home. Returning home would mean searching for answers to questions from her past and it also meant facing the one man that she has loved for as long as she can remember. Would she be strong enough to stand up to him and the people who rejected her? When Faith returns home to try and get answers to what happened so many years ago she is met with expected resistance and hostility. A place that brought back heated memories from the past and a place where more heated memories would be made. But someone was going to do whatever was needed to make sure Faith never got her answers. There was too much as risk and Faith needed to be stopped. When Gray and Faith could no longer resist each other, things get pretty intense between them. The sex scenes were written with such raw sensuality and were off the charts HOT. I have to say the sexual build up left you with no other choice but to FEEL everything within those scenes. Gray had to possess Faith in such a way that was dangerous yet necessary to his being. Faith had no choice but to surrender. This was such an amazing story and I loved every minute of it. There was enough swirling around in the plot that kept me engaged and intrigued. Both Gray and Faith were wonderful characters but I give a little more love to Faith. She was that flower that would grow no matter what. Another highly recommended read!!

Chapter 4 : Ice by Linda Howard

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Wolf Mackenzie spent a restless night, with the bright full moon throwing its silver light on the empty pillow beside him. His body ached with need, the sexual need of a healthy man, and the passing hours only intensified his frustration. Finally he got out of bed and walked naked to the window, his big body moving with fluid power. The wooden floor was icy beneath his bare feet but he welcomed the discomfort, for it cooled the undirected desire that heated his blood. The colourless moonlight starkly etched the angles and planes of his face, living testimony to his heritage. Even more than the thick black hair worn long to touch his shoulders, even more than the heavy-lidded black eyes, his face proclaimed nun Indian. It was in his high, prominent cheekbones and broad forehead, his thin lips and high-bridged nose. Less obvious, but just as fierce, was the Celtic heritage from his father, only one generation removed from the Scottish Highlands. It had refined the Indian features inherited from his mother into a face like a blade, as clean and sharply cut as it was strong. In his veins ran the blood of two of the most warlike peoples in the history of the world, Comanche and Celt. He had been a natural warrior, a fact soon discovered by the military when he had enlisted. He was also a sensualist. He knew his own nature well, and though he controlled it, there were times when he needed a woman. He usually visited Julie Oakes at those times. She was a divorced woman, several years older, who lived in a small town fifty miles distant. Their arrangement had lasted five years; neither Wolf nor Julie was interested in marriage, but both had needs, and they liked each other. Wolf tried not to visit Julie too often, and he took care that he was never seen entering her house; he accepted the fact, unemotionally, that her neighbours would be outraged if they knew she slept with an Indian. And not just any Indian; a rape charge stuck to a man forever. The next day was a Saturday. There would be the normal chores, and he had to pick up a load of fencing materials in Ruth, the small town just at the base of his mountain, but Saturday nights were traditionally for howling. The night was turning colder, and low heavy clouds were moving in. He watched until they obscured the moon, knowing they meant new snow. His face was impassive, but his loins ached. He needed a woman. The boy had dropped out of school two months before, a month before she had arrived to take the place of a teacher who had abruptly quit. In fact, there were less than sixty students, but the graduation rate was almost one hundred percent, so any dropout was unusual. Students who did poorly would get discouraged and drop out, but every teaching instinct she had was outraged that such an outstanding student would just quit. She had to talk to him, try to make him understand how important it was to his future that he continue his education. Sixteen was so young to make a mistake that would haunt him the rest of his life. It had snowed again during the night and had turned bitterly cold. The cat meowed plaintively as it wound around her ankles, as if complaining about the weather. Actually she needed the boots now, but the expenses of moving had wiped out her cash reserves, and the teachings of her thrifty aunt prevented her from buying the boots on credit. Woodrow meowed again as she put on the warmest, most sensible shoes she owned, the ones she privately called her "old maid schoolteacher shoes. She had no idea how old Woodrow was, but both he and the house looked a little run-down.

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Chapter 6 : Read Shades of Twilight online free by Linda Howard

Linda Howard - Shades of Twilight. Prologue. She heard her own soft cries, but the pleasure exploding in her body

made everything else seem unreal, distanced somehow from the hot magic of what he was doing to her.

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Linda S. Howington is an American best-selling romance/suspense author under her pseudonym Linda blog.quintoapp.com she became a writer, she was an avid reader and fond of Gone With the Wind by Margaret Mitchell.

Chapter 9 : Against the Rules: Linda Howard, Lesa Lockford: blog.quintoapp.com: Books

Linda Howard is the award-winning author of many New York Times bestsellers, including Up Close and Dangerous, Drop Dead Gorgeous, Cover of Night, Killing Time, To Die For, Kiss Me While I Sleep, Cry No More, and Dying to Please.