

**Chapter 1 : Once upon a Time | eBay**

*Rumpelstiltskin By Carola Dunn - FictionDB. Cover art, synopsis, sequels, reviews, awards, publishing history, genres, and time period.*

Ringed by yellowing reeds, it reflected the cold steel-grey of the twilight sky. In spite of top-boots and buckskin riding breeches, his lame leg ached with the chilly dampness. A rustle among the yellowing reeds preceded the appearance of a sleek brown head. Dark, intelligent eyes questioned him. Spreading ripples lapped at the reeds. Not for the first time, he wished his mother would remove into the house for the winter. She swore she felt warmer at the bottom of the lake, whither she had retired when her beloved husband died, but it was deuced uncomfortable for Edward when he wanted to talk to her. At least the concealing woods kept off the biting wind. Smoothly silent as a trout rising to a fly, Daphne, Baroness Tarnholm, ascended from the depths, spangled with silvery drops. Green-gold hair, slanted eyes the green of water-worn bottle glass, a piquant face with pointed chin, slender white shoulders, small, high breasts She glanced down at her front. Now we can talk without you getting all hot and bothered. The sodden wood of the nearby bench lightened as it dried with magical speed. After five years of utterly ignoring the existence of his sisters? Who has overseen their upbringing since your dear father died? Not the noble Duke of Diss. They take after their mother. Alicia never had an ounce of gumption. Thank heaven for small mercies! Of all the simply frightful fashions, only the Grecian bend is How we should manage without loyal and discreet servants I cannot imagine. Anyway, as I was about to say, my chief concern is not for my cousins. Reggie cannot get his sticky hands on their dowries, and they are all pretty enough, besides being sisters of a duke. They will find husbands whether or not I can persuade him to sport the blunt for their Seasons. Never mind, I can guess. Country innocents have never appealed to him in the least. An unhappy and downtrodden cross between a housemaid and a scullerymaid. Sixty or seventy years hence. Just as the fashionable Cyprians of London used their fine attire to attract protectors, he could, if he chose, use his title and fortune to win a bride. He wanted to be loved. Yet what woman could love a man with a limp, with one shoulder a smidgeon higher than the other, with fox-red hair, eyes of a curious silvery grey, and a face that missed ugliness by a hairsbreadth? Add his small, fine-boned stature and it was no wonder the villagers regarded him as a changeling. Stewart was drowsing in her rocking chair, her snowy cap resting against the back, mittened hands folded in her lap. Mam did not mind, because young Mrs. Stewart paid her as much for her time as she would get for sewing. She does enjoy it so. You read very well. And I enjoy it, too. Stewart was renowned for her forgetfulness. I tore the lace on my Sunday best grey silk, and no one can do invisible mending as well as you can, my dear. Her tiny, neat stitches soon fixed the rent to Mrs. She left the vicarage with an extra sixpence jingling in the pocket of her old blue woollen cloak. Walking homeward past the church and through the village, she cheerfully hummed the old ballad of John Barleycorn. It was a mild day for January, though, and Martha threw back the hood of her cloak. On a day like this, spring seemed not so very far away. Tad was a likely lad, strong as an ox with his thatch of straw-colored hair and merry eyes. Or maybe I am, but not for ages yet. If Lady Elizabeth goes off to London-town come spring, I want to go along as her abigail. But it all depends whether the duke remembers she exists. Reaching the humpbacked bridge over the stream by the mill, they stopped to lean on the stone parapet and watch the swirling waters below. The usually placid brook was swollen with winter rains, its roar competing with the familiar creaking rumble of the great mill sails. Above the din, Martha heard the thunder of galloping hooves. Round the bend of the lane on the other side of the stream sped a coach and four. Martha and Tad scrambled out of the way as the top-hatted, coachman, huge in his multi-caped greatcoat, reined in his team to cross the narrow bridge. The matched blacks were lathered with white froth from their wild course. On the door panel of the royal blue carriage a ducal crest was picked out in gold. Through the window, Martha caught a glimpse of a darkly handsome, arrogant face within, before the coachman whipped up the horses again. Never in all her born days had she seen such a splendid, dashing gentleman. Take your cloak off now, Martha, and cut some bread and bacon for supper. A duke was something special, she thought. You could not judge him by the same standards as ordinary people.

### Chapter 2 : Eye on Romance | Bringing you everything Romance | Fantasy Romance -Once Upon a Time

*Carola Dunn is the author of more than 30 Regency romances, as well as 16 mysteries (the Daisy Dalrymple mystery series is set in England in the s). Ms. Dunn was born and grew up in England, where she got a B.A. in Russian and French from Manchester University.*

### Chapter 3 : Once Upon a Time : Judith A Lansdowne :

*What are Regencies? The Regency was the period between , when George III was declared mad and his son took over his duties, as Prince Regent, and , when he died (or when George IV was crowned).*

### Chapter 4 : The Magic of Love Sample

*Carola Dunn. 1, likes Â· 22 talking about this. The official FB page for Daisy's friends, lovers of Cornwall, and all those faithful Regency readers.*

### Chapter 5 : The Magic of Love - Ontario Library Service " Download Centre

*The Paperback of the Once upon a Time by Carola Dunn, Kensington Publishing Corporation Staff, Judith Lansdowne, Judith A. Lansdowne | at Barnes &.*

### Chapter 6 : Once Upon a Time by Carola Dunn

*Carola Dunn's inimitable sleuth, the Honorable Daisy Dalrymple Fletcher, returns in another delightfully witty mystery set in s England, where she must unearth a cunning adversary who views a wedding party as an invitation to murder.*

### Chapter 7 : Rumpelstiltskin by Carola Dunn - FictionDB

*The Magic of Love Carola Dunn Rumpelstiltskin Chapter I "Mother?" The slight young man scanned the still surface of the ornamental lake. Ringed by yellowing reeds, it reflected the cold steel-grey of the twilight sky.*

### Chapter 8 : Carola Dunn Book List - FictionDB

*Once Upon a Time by Carola Dunn starting at \$ Once Upon a Time has 1 available editions to buy at Alibris.*

### Chapter 9 : Index: Stories, Listed by Title

*I loved Carola Dunn's version of Rumpelstiltskin. The hero is literally a child of a fairy with uncertain magic, the heroine is a country girl with her nose to the figurative spinning wheel who seems to almost realize she is reliving a story she once read somewhere.*