

Chapter 1 : The Edge of Desire by Stephanie Laurens - FictionDB

*"The Edge of Desire" is Stephanie Laurens sixth book of her 'Bastion Club' regency novels. In short, the heroes of these novels have returned from the Napoleonic wars and found themselves prime bait for the matchmaking mamas of the ton.*

Would you listen to The Edge of Desire again? Yes, because I love the series. Deep Was this a book you wanted to listen to all in one sitting? Yes Any additional comments? The level of passion achieved by Simon Prebble is missing from this reading. And what I found most annoying and this happens in a lot of series is that the names are not pronounced correctly, or even the same, from book to book. Dalziel is pronounced "DL," which while confounding, is worth knowing because throughout the latter part of this book and unfortunately I now find will continue in the next book in the series, I will cringe every time I hear the name mispronounced. What do the directors of these recordings do if not make certain names and all other words are pronounced correctly? It does ruin the reading for me. Finally Christian finds his lady! What did you like best about this story? I love the way Ms. How did the narrator detract from the book? His feminine voices are so unbelievable. And every hero sounds so arrogant that I wonder why any woman would want to bother getting close to him. The publisher really needs to finds a new narrator for Ms. If you were to make a film of this book, what would be the tag line be? They had it all, just like Bogey and Bacall!!!! Laurens is one of my favorite authors. I like the Bastion Club series in particular, I was somewhat sad to see it come to an end.

**Chapter 2 : The Edge of Desire (Bastion Club) () by Stephanie Laurens**

*The Edge of Desire (Bastion Club) is one of my favorite books by Stephanie Laurens. Her books are great stories with plenty of sweet romance and sex. There are eight stories of eight men in the Bastion Club.*

He should make her wait. Thoughts and wild conjecture roiling in his head, Christian Michael Allardyce, 6th Marquess of Dearne, slowly descended the stairs of the Bastion Club. A note summoning him to face his past. He really should make her wait. She was now Lady Letitia Randall. Instead of the Marchioness of Dearne. Deep in his heart, where nothing and no one any longer touched, he still felt betrayed. Even that was too much to expect of him, given their past. Christian - I need your help. That was all the words her note had contained, yet between them those bare words spoke volumes. His feet continued steadily down the treads. Nor could he imagine why his staff at Allardyce House in Grosvenor Square had divulged his whereabouts. Then again, the lady presently occupying the front parlor had qualified as such from her earliest years. Stepping off the last tread, he studied the parlor door. He could turn around and retreat, and let her wait for at least ten minutes. The desperation in her plea guaranteed she would wait. Despite the years, the wound was raw; it still bled. The faint elusive scent of jasmine drew him to the door. It was curiosity, he told himself, that had him reaching for the handle. Not the incredible, irresistible attraction that had from the first drawn them together--that even after twelve years of neglect and eight years of disillusion, still arced across a crowded ballroom. And made him ache. Opening the door, steeling himself, he went in. The first surprise was her weeds. He paused in the doorway, rapidly assessing. Seated in one of the armchairs flanking the small hearth, the chair facing the door, she was clothed in unrelieved funereal black, dull and on any other lady it would have looked somber. On her--even fully veiled as she was, the depressing hue did nothing to dim her vitality. She demonstrated; raising both hands, long slender palms and delicate fingers encased in fine black pigskin, she gripped the edge of the black veil and lifted it, setting it back over her piled hair. So he could see her face. Finely-drawn features, a pair of ruby lips sculpted by a master, the lower lush and full and tempting. Large, almond-shaped eyes, their color an infinitely changeable medley of greens and golds, set above high, chiselled cheekbones. Lush dark lashes, a straight, patrician nose, all set in a oval of perfect porcelain skin. In repose her face was serenely beautiful; awake, her expressions were startlingly vivid. That afternoon, however, her expression was contained. Stepping into the room, he closed the door. But if the head of the house of Vaux had died the ton would have been abuzz with the news. Not her father, then. Regardless of the familial disruptions that were commonplace among the Vaux, she was sincerely fond of her eccentric sire. Her perfectly arched dark brows drew down, a slight frown that informed him he was being slow-witted. Low-toned, with just the faintest natural rasp, it was a voice that evoked visions of sin. Regardless, today those tones carried a certain tension. She drew in a tight breath, then bluntly stated, "Randall has been murdered. Hers sparked with undisguised temper. The servants found him this morning--and the idiot runners have fixed on Justin as the murderer. Lord Justin Vaux was her younger brother. She was presently twenty-eight, nearly twenty-nine, making Justin twenty-six. Brother and sister were close, always had been. But rather than do so, the authorities have fixed on him as the most convenient scapegoat. They are, no doubt, organizing a hue and cry as we speak. Which was definitely better than concentrating on him. Watching him stroll, ineffably graceful, across the room toward her--allowing herself to--had been a mistake. All that harnessed power condensed into one male--a male no one with functioning eyes would rate as anything less than dangerous--was a phenomenon guaranteed to distract any living, breathing woman. Her most of all. Yet today she needed to reach past the glamor and deal with the man. His expression was rarely informative, so did little to soften the hard angles of his face, the edged cheekbones, the long planes of his cheeks, the austere set of his features--large gray eyes set under a broad brow, straight brown brows, surprisingly thick lashes, thin chiselled lips and the strong prow of his nose. His squared chin bore witness to the stubbornness he usually hid beneath a cloak of easy charm. To him, charm and grace had always come easily, something she, being a Vaux and therefore attuned to all the nuances of appearance, had always appreciated. Still did; if anything, the effect he had on her, on her senses, was more pronounced than she recalled. Enough to make her feel just a touch giddy. To have her nerves

stretching in telltale anticipation. An anticipation that would never be fulfilled. His gray gaze had shifted from her; now it returned, focused and intent. But you know as well as I do that, all appearances to the contrary, Justin would never kill anyone. I might not believe he would. Which told him how deeply worried she was. Which explained why she was there, appealing to him. To the man she knew him to be. One who had never been able to refuse her anything. Not even his heart. Now she simply asked, in her low, raspy-seductive-voice, "Will you help? He arched a brow. He inclined his head. Revenge of a sort for all the years of hurt might yet be his. At the thought, he stirred, whether in discomfort or anticipation not even he could say. Ready to respond to any touch, however slight, to luxuriate in the steady warmth that radiated from his large body, luring her closer. Christian shifted closer, looking down at the stain. When last did you see him? I went to dinner at the Martindales, then on to a soiree at Cumberland House. I returned rather late. Randall had stayed in-he sometimes did when he had business to attend to. He waylaid me in the hall and asked me in here. He wanted to discussâ€" She paused, then continued, knowing her voice, hardening, would give away her temper, "A family matter. His gaze on her face, Christian knew-just knew-that she was hoping to lead him up some garden path. Declining to follow, he made a mental note to return to the subject of her late night discussion with her husband at some later point. He let his gaze travel the room, then looked back at her. For her, with her husband, that struck him as odd. He looked away, again scanning the room. Breasts he knew--or had, at one time, known well. Hauling his mind from salacious images from the past--all the more potent for being memory rather than imagination--took more effort than he cared to contemplate. What next did you know of this? He moved with her, alongside her, as she glided to the window overlooking the street; she halted before it. That was how they got inâ€"and found him. Guess from what she babbled. Looking up, he met her eyes, then glanced up at her hair, and smiled. Her attention shifting to her older sister, Hermione advanced into the room. He glanced at Letitia; she was looking down, mind elsewhere. She was patently undisturbed by Hermione joining them. What I gathered from the investigator-" "No. I want to hear it from him, direct. I was wondering about you.

### Chapter 3 : The Edge of Desire - Stephanie Laurens - Google Books

*The Edge of Desire (Bastion Club Series) by Stephanie Laurens They proved their bravery fighting for His Majesty's Secret Service and were rewarded with brides of great beauty and breeding. But one member of the Bastion Club has remained a bachelor until now.*

### Chapter 4 : The Edge of Desire | Audiolibro | Stephanie Laurens | blog.quintoapp.com

*In the special edition of #1 New York Times bestselling author Stephanie Laurens' The Edge of Desire, receive a free bonus excerpt from her new book, The Lady Risks All, available wherever books are sold September 25th!*

### Chapter 5 : Bastion Club: The Edge of Desire 7 by Stephanie Laurens (, Paperback) | eBay

*"The Edge of Desire will keep readers on the edge of their seats, from the first page to the stunning revelation that will carry us into the last book. I can't wait!" A Romance Review.*

### Chapter 6 : The Edge of Desire (Audiobook) by Stephanie Laurens | blog.quintoapp.com

*The Edge Of Desire By Stephanie Laurens - FictionDB. Cover art, synopsis, sequels, reviews, awards, publishing history, genres, and time period.*

### Chapter 7 : The Edge of Desire (Bastion Club, #7) by Stephanie Laurens

*If you love Stephanie Laurens' books, the Edge of Desire is a winner. Edge of Desire. Published by blog.quintoapp.com*

*User, 10 years ago This was enjoyable.*

## Chapter 8 : The Edge Of Desire : Stephanie Laurens :

*The Edge Of Desire by Stephanie Laurens, , available at Book Depository with free delivery worldwide.*

## Chapter 9 : Stephanie Laurens - Wikipedia

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