



SABRINA JEFFRIES

delivers Book 5
in her Sizzling Series:
**THE HELLIONS
OF HALSTEAD HALL**

**NEW YORK TIMES
BESTSELLING AUTHOR**

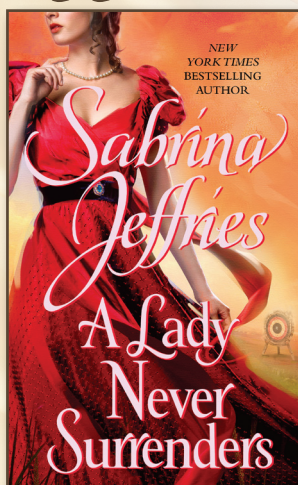
*Sabrina
Jeffries*

A Lady Never Surrenders

With two months left to find a husband and fulfill her grandmother's ultimatum, Celia sets her sights on three eligible bachelors. Becoming betrothed to one of these wealthy, high-ranking men will surely prove her capable of getting married, so hopefully the wedding itself won't be necessary for Celia to receive her inheritance. Step two of her audacious plan is hiring the dangerously compelling Bow Street Runner Jackson Pinter to investigate the three men she's chosen.

With Lady Celia bedeviling Jackson's days and nights, the last thing he wants is to help her find a husband. And when she recalls shadowed memories that lead his investigation into her parents' mysterious deaths in a new direction, putting her in danger, Jackson realizes the only man he wants Celia to marry is himself!

*"A grand mistress of storytelling."
— **Romantic Times***



A Lady Never Surrenders

The Hellions of Halstead Hall / Book 5
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\$7.99 U.S. / \$9.99 CAN.

*This youngest hellion
uncovers a long-held secret
... and the mystery of love.*



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ON SALE JANUARY 24





The Parasol Papers

Vol. V, No. 1

"All the Regency News Fit to Print"

January 24, 2012



A Lady's Guide to Handling a Bow Street Runner

By Lady Celia Sharpe



- Be careful of his pride if you want him to help you.
- To get what you want, remind him of his duty.
- Don't tempt him to kiss you unless you're alone.
- Never pull a pistol on him.
- Kind words will soften even the most prickly.
- Never expect to shoot better than he.
- Know that hiding one's feelings isn't the same as having none.

Interview with Jackson Pinter about the Hellions of Halstead Hall

PARASOL PAPERS: Do you find it difficult to work for the Sharpes?

Mr. Pinter: Not at all. They're not as troublesome as I'd heard, except for the youngest lady, who has quite a sharp tongue, no pun intended. She seems to revel in annoying . . . people. Not me, you understand. I'm wholly unaffected by her shenanigans.

PP: And yet you were seen chastising her in the orangery.

MP: I wasn't chastising her; I was kiss—never mind what I was doing. The point is, we get along perfectly well most of the time.

PP: Most of the time?

MP: When she's not trying my patience with her tart remarks and bright smiles and . . . must we talk about Lady Celia?

PP: Does it bother you to speak of her?

MP: Certainly not. No, indeed. Ah, look, our time is up. I must go catch a murderer.

PP: A murderer? Wait, Mr. Pinter, we want to know more!

PP: Ah, well, dear reader, he's gone, so we'll have to hear that story later. But it does sound intriguing!

