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THE HELLIONS
OF HALSTEAD HALL

Sabrina Jeffries

The Truth About Lord Stoneville

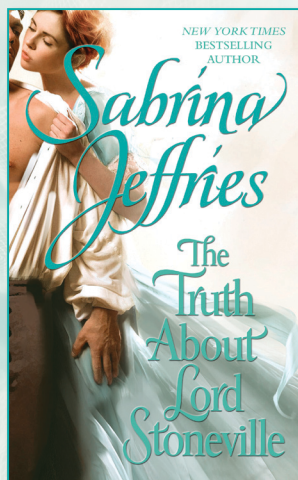
The oldest of the scandalous Sharpes (five hell-raising siblings tainted by the gossip that still surrounds the "accidental" deaths of their parents two decades ago), Oliver Sharpe, like his brothers and sisters, has lived life on his own terms. In his case, as an unrepentant rakehell.

That is until Grandmother Hetty got a bee in her bonnet. Now the Sharpe siblings face a daunting ultimatum: Marry by year's end—or kiss their inheritance good-bye.

Oliver vows to fulfill the bargain in true Sharpe style—by bringing home a fake fiancé from a brothel! But his scheme backfires when he foils a robbery and rescues an American beauty instead. His rebellious charade with Maria Butterfield may yet call Hetty's bluff, but not before it becomes all too real—stirring up a love that tempts the Marquess of Stoneville to be a hellion no more.

"A grand mistress of storytelling."

— **Romantic Times**



The Truth About Lord Stoneville

The Hellions of Halstead Hall / Book 1

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\$7.99 U.S. / \$9.99 CAN.

*The only thing
more scandalous
than his stories
is the truth.*



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ON SALE JANUARY 19

The Parasol Papers

Vol. I, No. 1

"All the Regency News Fit to Print"

January 19, 2010

How to Manage a Rakehell

By Miss Maria Butterfield

1. Don't hesitate to hold a rakehell at sword point if you need his help.
2. Use your knee to strategic effect should he attempt to take advantage of you.
3. Don't let a rakehell trick you into waltzing with him (tempting as it might be).
4. Never let a rakehell kiss you in the moonlight.
5. Avoid at all cost any attempt to get you to ride alone with him in his carriage.
6. Should you fail to follow any of the above, be sure to keep your wits about you.
7. If he offers you pearls as an apology, take them. It's pearls, for heaven's sake!
8. If you succumb to his seductions, make sure he marries you afterward.
9. Reformed rakehells only make the best husbands if they actually reform. Hold him to the reformation part!

Letter to the Editor . . .

Dear Editor,

I'm so tired of reading in your newspaper about the escapades of my late daughter's reckless children. Lord Stoneville, the marquess, may spend more time in the beds of opera dancers than running the family estate, but he's a good man at heart.

His brother, Lord Jarret, likes to gamble, but don't plenty of nice men? I don't care what is said of him—he does not cheat. Can he help it if he can't forget a card after it's been played? Does that make him a cheater? No, it does not.

And his sister, Lady Minerva, is a perfectly lovely woman. Granted, she writes about murder and gore with a bit too much enthusiasm, but if your readers weren't so eager for it that they'd pay ridiculous prices for her gothic novels, she might settle down and marry like a good girl.

So might her brother Gabriel if you would stop paying attention to those stupid races he risks his life to run. It's awful of you to keep calling him "The Angel of Death" just because he wears black and drives a black phaeton. I implore you to stop.

While you're at it, please cease writing about the youngest, Lady Celia. Have you never seen a markswoman? Your readers are merely annoyed that she routinely beats those men she engages in shooting matches. Why else would you hold her up as an outrage to English womanhood?

If you must write about my grandchildren, write this: I've decided they must all marry before the year is out, or I will cut them all off! And do print this letter so eligible bachelors and young ladies may begin to knock on my door. I want great-grandchildren, blast it!

Yours truly,
Mrs. Hester "Hetty" Plumtree