



No True Gentleman

Liz Carlyle

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In this powerful and passionate novel from Liz Carlyle, one of romance fiction's brightest new stars, a high-society murder brings scandal to the lords and ladies of the *ton* -- and unexpected desire to a pair of unlikely lovers.

No True Gentleman

Lady Catherine Wodeway knows that no true gentleman would presume to kiss a lady senseless without a proper introduction -- not even to save her life. Yet somehow, Maximilian de Rohan's dark good looks, brooding manner, and mysterious past make it all too easy for Catherine to forget that she's a lady. Although Max is stunned by Catherine's beauty, honesty, and charm, he knows that getting mixed up with a noblewoman can end badly, especially when her brother is a murder suspect. But when Catherine stumbles onto the key to Max's murder investigation and unwittingly places herself in the killer's hands he will risk everything to pull her out of danger and into the arms of love.

No True Gentleman Details

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From Reader Review No True Gentleman for online ebook

inbetween_ says

Finally, I thought, finally a guy was masturbating! Usually they all simply have to fuck another woman every day because of their poor beleagured physique. I was going to praise Carlyle - and then she makes it all so much worse by saying that of course he cannot possibly come from frigging, because he loves her!

SCREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAM

Let me try to put this into a broader context (A. probably hates me by now, and Ch. seems to have misunderstood me for a while):

This sort of mind-boggling and frankly sickening entitlement continues; at the first proper sex scene, when once again I thought that yes, ah, at least some nice intercourse now - a) she had planned to take him as a lover, with support from her aunt, and intruded into his rooms (as modern women do); b) he'd been used many times by higher class women (the one thing I liked, and I was hoping for a redemption re. his justified hurt there); c) when he puts her hand on his bulge, she stiffens, even while having him finger her. And now it gets worse: d) she's so innocent despite no virgin, he has to do better, which means lots of breast sucking (because women are entitled to lots and lots of servicing), so then e) she gets horny again and begs but he fingers her to orgasm with proper gentlemanly restraint (because she's a modern passionate women). But wait, there's more illogical shifts to appease the woman of today! F) now unable to heed whatever she might say, he finally plunges in (back to the essential man-must-be-overwhelmed-by-lust, because true love is being unable to restrain yourself sexually) except g) she wants it fast and hard now but he begs her to slow down (see servicing), but h) then he can't resist and finishes in her (see true love is blind lust) but h) pulls out (see true love is servicing).

I had to outline this to show the pathological insanity that currently published romance shows lurking in "modern" woman! I was going to say Catherine is the first one I don't like of Carlyle's, but actually I didn't like Frederica either. They are both too entitled and keep doing their men injustices but the men have to keep abjectly apologising - and I'm usually seeing only the reverse, in RL or in Hunter, and battling it, but here it's really revolting, so much so that by the end I not only didn't feel for her danger, but couldn't care less if the kidnapper hurt her. The antagonism between h/h, dissolved by sex and twisted female entitlement is what differentiates Carlyle from Chase most importantly.

Otherwise it's the usual disappointments: after the young damaged rogues Delacourt and Bentley had proven to be nondescript bores in their own novels, Max de Rohan with his big black dog and his police work still held so much hope and promise. Of course he can't fulfill that - and even worse, it took me 60 pages or more to figure out that Catherine is the sister of Cam and Bentley, the one I'd been also looking forward to - it's hard to see her as special or even one of them, the flattering descriptions and fawning make her less rather than more dear.

Another gripe is the liberally used Italian (always promptly translated as well *puke* nobody, nobody ever talked like that; it's different if Regency peeps used French phrases to be fashionable, but emigrants do not keep using native language in their second tongue, like that). Carlyle used that before as well as Raybourn, whom I think she wants to emulate here.

So Max is in fact the only good thing about it; Kemble is losing his appeal - perhaps due to ongoing gay stereotyping - Max was better in Woman of Virtue (as were Bentley and three others), but he's still got a little bit of personality left she didn't manage to erase. He might not get to wank and have to turn into a Viscount as well, but towards the middle his hangover is so bad that he contemplated suicide only to fall asleep while wondering where his pistol was - and that was the last appealing glimpse, because then his "loneliness" and "sorrow" suddenly come from hearing the Lord had slept with the maid while the Lady had been killed. Not his years in the slums, not raping of children and incredible poverty, no-ho, that then made him break - and his grandmother, because like Raybourn et al it's not enough to imitate Anne Perry, Carlyle also adds superstition, and who better for that "touch" than foreigners.

Catherine gets worse and worse - never having been shown doing anything - anything! - except move about and fuck, she's "utterly good and pure" and "honourable". WHAT THE HELL? Why? Oh, and an Earth goddess - that is exemplified by her rubbing her own breasts and hair while riding him. The stallion bit is spelled out more than once in the text, btw. And her eyes are melting repeatedly and her heart is throbbing between her legs. In earlier books Carlyle had the women at least play with the man's genitals a bit, but now it's all straight from mainstream porn: woman on top and performing for third party?

Obviously, this heroine cannot possibly not be breeding (their words) either. Yet again the previously barren woman has to be superfertile, as if it were worse than rape and murder that a woman would not bear children. *starts feeling hoarse from emotions by now* If only she'd stuck to one thing, but this schizophrenic veering between all extremes to make the woman and her happy end be superlative in all respects - it's just inducing motion sickness.

The first book of her read - A Woman Scorned - may or may not have been her best, as usual it's hard to say if the order or the quantity makes a difference, though others also rec it. Jonet certainly was unfairly maligned, while now the women just keep saying they are and I can't figure out when. Jonet's guy at least thought along lines that made him unpleasant, at least I thought so at the time, but then I also thought the strong attraction mixed with their antipathy was something particular to them, not universal to the author. His potential certainly hadn't been plumbed either, what with him being a priest, but Woman Scorned had been a better book - No True Gentleman completely misses the title mark, never lets her deal with his deep need to make himself a gentleman (the one scene where she seems to get it is a line only and then neglected). The quotes in front of each chapter never quite fit the content and from her afterword I realise she meant them as funny!

The one thing that touched me was least intentional: Bentley had gone to great pains to get his sister a big painting of her dead husband. It hurts Max, but also she never properly discusses it with the disappointed brother, supposedly Hell Bent. still maligned by all and sundry, incl. his wife in the next book, while deeply scared from abuse they don't know - when really his behaviour should tell them he's sensitive. After his three weeks labour with that painting, we leave him confused and disappointed in her bedroom. But then nothing but her godness matters.

I'm glad I cancelled the Duke book, despite it having interesting things like male rape, anti-semitism and Kemble in it, because I know all that will also be neglected for the standard fare of a potentially interesting male being turned into the same nothingness, his great "love" being all about her having pretty parents, not eating much and not exposing her skin to the sun. Sadly I have yet one more book in my pile to go, which will just disappoint me again.

I'm tempted to say nasty things about the author picture now, remark about her fancied up, stupid and cross-eyed look = unfair and superficial, but then so is me not giving this better-than-other-genre-stuff more points.

Penny Watson says

No True Gentleman by Liz Carlyle (2002)

This is one of my favorite re-reads. It is brilliant, brilliant, brilliant! I am seriously in love with Maximilian de Rohan....how's that for a name! Dark, brooding, moody, sexy....yowzah! This book really transcends the romance genre...it is something much more than one would expect. Carlyle's prose is rich and nuanced, and this book is not a fast read-sort of romance novel. It needs to be savored like a fine wine, and it is well worth it. In the same way that I need to adjust to Annette Blair's unique style of writing each time I read one of her books, Carlyle's voice as a writer is also something unique and special. This is a romance novel for the intelligent, curious and demanding reader...just the way I like them!

Carlyle's characters are nothing short of amazing. The contrast between Max, the dark and introspective investigator, and Catherine, the proper English widow, is wickedly delicious. Everything about this book is spot-on...the structure of the story, the unfolding of the mystery, the revelations about the characters, and the masterful writing. The love story is at times wicked, touching, sensual, intense and emotional. Wow! It's absolutely amazing.

The secondary characters are also fascinating, and many have their own stories, also (although this book is by far my favorite). I must admit that there are quite a few romance novels that I find enjoyable to read, but I can't remember the character's names the next day. This one stays with you for a while. It is fascinating. I don't think this book is for everyone...some readers may find the pace too slow, the prose too rich...it is certainly a more complex book than many romance novels I have read. I honestly think this book is a treasure. I defy you to read this one and not fall madly in love with Max. He is not your typical romance hero, but he sure is a memorable one. Grade: A+

Penelope

Tasha says

This is another of Carlyle's better books. The hero and heroine are absolutely kick-ass characters.

Zoe says

My second attempt to read Liz Carlyle. I am relieved that the 2nd attempt is slightly more successful than the 1st.

This book has one of my favorite types of heroes: a working man. Max was a policeman. He was other things too but he was a policeman at heart. I do admire a man who had worked for his station in life. He reminded me of Ross from Lisa Kleypas's *Lady Sophia's Lover*. A little more tormented than Ross, Max had not quite made peace with his family history. I also liked that Max was not 29 or 30. He was 37. I must be getting on in years because now I don't find men in their early 30s so attractive anymore.

The heroine Catherine, was a widow. By my calculation she was 27 (married Will at 17, stayed married for 8 years and widowed for 2 when the story started). I don't usually like widows and Catherine was one of the few widows who I found refreshing. I tend to find widows overly matronly. But Catherine was rather sweet. She was described to be "earthy", and I could see her that way. A down-to-earth woman who had a forgiving nature but wasn't acting like a know-it-all woman because she "had done it".

Surprisingly I found their relationship lacking. Max and Catherine are both good characters and they had something going. I liked how they were together. But strangely enough I just couldn't feel the passion between them. Their intimate scenes seem rather passionless to me as well, even though it had nothing to do with the book. Liz Carlyle was explicit in her sex scenes. But I couldn't really feel their passion, so it hardly mattered what they did.

I thought Max's family history an unnecessary twist since it was not exactly clear just what had happened. There were descriptions alright. But I didn't feel that that part of Max's psyche was properly explored. It was like a given. Liz Carlyle said so, so it must be that. Since it served as the cornerstone of Max's reluctance to be tied to Catherine, I found that hard to believe. It probably discredited Max's struggle and the obstacles in this relationship.

Even though I found the plot lines unsatisfying, I must say that I liked Max and Catherine as characters, and I liked them a lot. Their story is rather undeserving of them, to my dismay, but they made this book more readable for me. The mystery bit was overshadowing Max and Catherine, all the secondary characters also took the spotlight away. I like the story to center on the lead characters and the plots to serve as a canvas for the relationship development. This story didn't really do that for Max and Catherine. The relationship was not poorly written but nor was it memorable. I would argue that, had the story spent more time on Max and Catherine's relationship, the story would have improved greatly.

I heard that the 3rd book of the series, the story of Bentley is the best out of the Rutledge family. Having read 2 books from the series, I am not sure I am in a hurry to read about Bentley. Liz Carlyle writes beautifully, but I seem to have trouble appreciating the way she tells a story.

Aly is so frigging bored says

After I read more than 1/2 of the book I was sure that it won't get more than 3*, but Liz Carlyle amazed me and the last 20% of the book were 5*. I liked how the heroine was so practical and that she didn't care about the aristocratic ladder. The hero was great too, he had such a strong moral compass, he wanted to help people, to make a difference.

Quote:

He raked his fingers through his disheveled hair again. "I'm not decent," he mumbled, slowly backing toward his bedchamber. [...]

But Catherine already had him by the arm and was dragging him toward the table. "Nonsense," she insisted. "You are an invalid."

He glowered at her. "I am *not* an invalid."

Catherine merely smiled. [men and their egos :))]

Blackjack says

No True Gentleman, Liz Carlyle - This was a little hard to "grade" given that it's such a nicely written romance with such great characters. Before I write about the main protagonists, I just have to say how much I love the secondary character, Kemble, here. He's in this series and is more intriguing and contradictory than most characters in romances. Anyway, Maximillian and Catherine are the protagonists and are a lovely couple, and though they start off on rocky footings, this is a novel that puts the main couple together in a loving way for most of the novel. The drawback I had to it is that there is not much conflict to keep them apart or for them to sort through. Max is opposed to his noble heritage and feels disdain for Europe's social hierarchy. He has a long family history to explain his contempt. And he chooses to work as a police functionary as a way to honor his rejection of the aristocracy and to fulfill his need for social justice. His prejudice against nobility puts him initially at odds with Lady Catherine Wodeway despite an early attraction to her. Catherine is no snob though and is quick to challenge Max on his biases. I admit to growing a little weary of Max's jabs at Catherine as they were clearly unfounded and he seemed to need just about every person he knew to point this out to him. However, he didn't let this stop him from falling in love and pursuing an affair. I questioned just a bit too the freedom Catherine displays in traveling back and forth with just a footman, and during the day no less, to pursue her affair at Max's home. That seemed a bit carefree and even though she's a widow, it's a little hard to believe that she carried on so openly without knowing the risks or even accumulating some. The main conflict of the novel then turns on the mystery, which was interesting and even a bit surprising to resolve. I think in the end that if the conflict between the couple had been more developed I might have loved rather than just really liked this book. Also, I have to love a man who faints at the sight of his lady's wound. I can't remember if I've read another romance novel where the hero faints.

Huma Rashid says

This book is fantastic.

The protagonist is Max, a half-Italian nobleman who lives as a middle class man and works as a detective. This becomes something of a significant point in the book - his eschewing of his noble position - because as readers of the genre are aware, the British aristocracy viewed "trade," where one actually accepted money for one's labors, as something base and unpleasant, something to be looked down on. That Max makes his living by working often causes the aristocracy to look down on him, because that is simply the social structure of the times. (Not that this has changed over the centuries.)

Catherine was a wonderful heroine - a young widow, rather than an inexperienced little virgin, and that was what really made it work. Catherine was mature, experienced, but still fresh and lovely, not jaded by her life or her experiences or the people around her. Carlyle infused this character with a sense of warmth and resilience that readers won't be able to help but to pick up on, and it becomes clear that this is part of why Max feels so powerfully drawn to her.

The supporting cast is, let's say, quite abundant. Readers might be confused at the beginning by the sheer number of people who are not the hero and heroine. There's Harry. Julia. Cecilia, Cecilia's husband, Catherine, Max, Max's delightful and kind of scary grandmother, Maria, Lucifer, Aunt Isabel, Vost, Kemble, Sisk, Nate, Bentley, Cam, Will, Genevieve, Eversole. Do not be put off by all these characters scurrying around in the background! Carlyle uses them well, and any initial confusion doesn't last long as the characters quickly find their places and stay there, allowing the reader to easily keep track of them all.

Readers will not only be able to keep track of all the characters, but will love them. Each supporting character is unique and a great piece of the puzzle that really fleshes out this story and fills it in, coloring the world that exists around these two flawed but resilient characters, Max and Catherine, and makes this such a memorable story.

It is rare that I personally love both a hero AND heroine this much. Normally, one of the two is usually my favorite. There have only been a couple books in which I loved both of the characters equally and completely - namely, *Romancing Mister Bridgerton* by Julia Quinn and *A Week To Be Wicked* by Tessa Dare. And possibly also *An Invitation to Sin* by Suzanne Enoch, another delightfully fun read.

But Max and Catherine are equally wonderful. They are flawed people - Max with his dog-like focus on work, work, work, to the exclusion of all else and his disdain for nobility, magic, and things he feels he can't control; Catherine with her need to maintain her independence and not be hurt again after the death of her husband - but they are such rich, compelling and well-developed characters. Their love story is amazing. (The sex scenes are both steamy and fun, which is a tough line to walk but one that Carlyle traverses nimbly.) I completely understood why these two characters fell in love and came to be together and more importantly, I believed it. I totally bought the love, affection, and passion, due in large part to the great development and characterization.

Not only that, but Carlyle's writing itself is lovely. She has a way with words. She's not sharp and incisive and witty and inventive like Tessa Dare, or fluffy and sweet and lilting like Julia Quinn. Instead, her words are ... slow and heavy and swirling and gentle. Like how I'd imagine a long sip of mulled wine would taste and feel like. It's hard to describe but I think you'll get it once you read some of her longer, more descriptive passages. I loved her writing and can't wait to read more of her work.

I read this based on a friend's recommendation. And now I have another author to add to my Short List. I can't wait to discover more of Liz Carlyle's work!

Julianna says

Reviewed for www.thcreviews.com

After reading several of Liz Carlyle's books, I have come to the conclusion that she, in my opinion, simply does not write a bad story. Some are better than others, but I have not yet found one that I didn't like. Such is the case with *No True Gentleman*. It was yet another worthy effort from Ms. Carlyle. The story hooked me in right at the beginning with the murder of a lady of *ton*. As usual the author kept me guessing about the solution to this mystery right up until the big reveal. The middle section of the book moved a little slower for me, but it had a truly wonderful ending. I thought the climax was very exciting, and the final pages showed a

hint of humor as well as Ms. Carlyle's talent for writing beautifully romantic scenes. One of my favorite aspects of this book was the exploration of a romance involving class differences between a titled lady and a middle-class man who is rather rough around the edges. Even though there were a couple of plot devices used to make this pairing more plausible and acceptable to society, Max chose to live a very simple life and truly hated all the conventions associated with trying to be a proper gentleman. Yet Catherine fell in love with him anyway, and it was Max who felt unworthy of her. It is also rather rare, when one of the main characters had a previous spouse, for that person to have been likable, and for those characters to have shared love in their marriage. I really like when authors are able to believably pull this off. It was a refreshing change for Catherine to have been in love with her first husband, Will, and still missing him at the beginning of the story, but yet she had room in her heart to love Max. It was just a different kind of love and a very different relationship that they shared.

In spite of it being a likable story, there were a few weaknesses in my opinion. One was that until close to the end of the story, I did not feel that I could fully understand or become involved in the emotional issues that seemed to be plaguing Max. I think the story might have benefited from the author revealing more of Max's past and his emotions surrounding it earlier on. It also would have been nice if Max and Catherine had had more discussion of his family, his past, and his feelings surrounding their differences. I think this was part of the reason that some of the story moved slowly for me, but another reason was Max and Catherine's romance beginning as a casual affair. Of course this made for lots of steamy sensuality, but few of the heartwarming romantic moments and building of friendship between the two main characters that are present in some of Ms. Carlyle's other books. Because of the limited communication, I didn't feel that a deep friendship was ever truly built and the beautiful romance didn't really happen until toward the end when both characters were beginning to accept that they were falling in love. In the past, I have really enjoyed the child and animal characters in Ms. Carlyle's other works as they usually help to create a deep sense of home and family. Unfortunately, the only child character in *No True Gentleman*, was the street urchin, Nate, who was a very cute, likable and well-written secondary character, but didn't really add much in a familial sense. I did really like Max's dog, Lucifer, a lovable canine who could be sweet and docile one minute and viciously protective the next.

I really enjoyed the hero and heroine. Max's simplistic way of life was sweetly endearing, and I loved his sense of justice and fairness and his compassion for people of the lower classes. I also found his need to be out amongst the masses, doing hands-on work instead of just pushing papers, to be very attractive as well. Also, I just adore a hero who is an animal lover. And of course, what woman could resist a man who whispers endearments in a romantic foreign language during lovemaking. Catherine was another of Ms. Carlyle's independent and unconventional heroines. She seems to be the perfect mixture of her two brothers, Cam and Bentley. She showed Cam's commitment to responsibility in that she was apparently the brains and discipline behind the running of her late husband's estate, and she is an expert horsewoman who prefers the outdoors and the country to the stuffiness of London society. Yet, she shows a bit of Bentley's mischievousness when she climbs over the wall at Max's apartment to secretly visit him. Readers who dislike clingy heroines will not find one in Catherine. In fact, she stubbornly drives Max to distraction by keeping her distance, patiently waiting for him to come to terms with the possibility of them having a future together. All in all, these are two wonderful characters whose passion rules their hearts and whose stubbornness leads them into a few heated moments.

Ms. Carlyle continues her web of interconnected characters in *No True Gentleman*. Max and his dog, Lucifer, first appeared in *A Woman of Virtue*, while Catherine and her brother, Bentley, made their first appearances in *Beauty Like the Night*. Incorrigible rakehell, Bentley, added another layer to his character by showing off his thoughtful and sensitive side with Catherine periodically throughout the story, making him one of the fullest and most satisfying secondary characters I have ever read. He also appeared in *A Woman of*

Virtue and gets his own story in *The Devil You Know*. The intriguing and multi-talented antiques dealer, George Kemble, who was formerly a gentleman's gentleman, also appears in *My False Heart*, *A Woman of Virtue*, *The Devil You Know*, *A Deal with the Devil*, and *The Devil to Pay*. Kem is another well-rounded secondary character who is fun to read and always full of surprises. Also making an appearance are Lord and Lady Delacourt, aka David and Cecelia; Cecelia's brother and stepson, Harry Markham-Sands and Giles Lorimer, respectively; and Catherine's aunt, Isabel, Lady Kirton, all of whom were first seen in *A Woman of Virtue*, except for David who was the hero of that story, but was originally conceived of in *A Woman Scorned*. Overall, *No True Gentleman* was yet another fun and enjoyable story to come from Liz Carlyle's fertile imagination. She is truly a talent and an asset to the romance writing profession.

Note: While none of Ms. Carlyle's earlier books seem to be officially considered a series and each seems to stand well on its own story-wise, I would caution that reading her later books first may give away spoilers to her earlier books. Such was the case when I skipped one book and was left wishing that I had read it first. My suggestion for readers like myself who don't like any spoilers would be to begin with Ms. Carlyle's first book, *My False Heart*, and continue reading them in the chronological order in which she wrote them. It is also my opinion that the reading experience would be greatly enhanced by doing this, because Ms. Carlyle's character web is so complex. The entire backlist, in order, can be found on her website.

Oleta Blaylock says

I was surprised to see a story for Maximilian "Max" de Rohan so soon after his introduction. I fell in love with Max when he was introduced in "A Woman of Virtue". He is that tortured hero that so many of us fall for. I could tell this even in the earlier book. I could tell that there was a dark secret that was troubling him and troubled he truly has been. I enjoy very much reading the history of this complex man. He has been through so much in his life and it has molded him into the crusading man that he has become. London during this time could give any of the modern cities a run for their money as far as crime and poverty is concerned. I am not sure that there to could have been much that any one man could have done to improve things. This problem is made worse by the fact that there was no organized police force. The policing that was done was mostly incompetent and corrupt and it was inconsistent. Max does his best to make things better and I admire him for it. He is a caring, loving man. He is also honorable and loyal to a fault. I love how hard he fights trying to not be attracted to Catherine. I do love that he is both exasperated and loving toward his grandmother. Any man that can put up with a meddling relative with some grace is to be admired.

Catherine is one of those women that have no thought for gossip and primping. She is happiest in the country with her garden and horses. She wants nothing to do with town and all the etiquette that one must adhere to while in town. Catherine also has a deep curiosity that gets her into trouble more often than not. She is plain spoken and has little use for those that look down on the lesser orders. She values people for who they are and what they have done. I loved that she wanted Max to continue his job because she knew how much it meant to him. I also love that she isn't afraid for putting Bentham Rutledge in his place. I think that someone needs to do that more often maybe he would straighten out.

We get to see more of George Kemble in this story. I would love to know more about this intriguing man. He is so skilled at so many things you have to wonder how he came to know so much. We also see a little more of Bentley (Bentham) and he is on the road to ruin in a big way. I am hoping someone saves him from his life of dissolution soon. Finally we get to see Cecilia and David, Lady and Lord Delacourt, and their son.

This is one more example of the excellent writing style of Ms. Carlyle. There is so much going on in this

story and it all flows very well. The characters are all enjoyable and their dialogue enjoyable and quick witted. This is another book that will go to the must keep shelf along with all the others. I continue to hope that Ms. Carlyle continues to write such wonderful stories.

Sara Reads (mostly) LOTS of Romance says

I reaaaally liked this one. I've never read anything else by Liz Carlyle but boy I will DEFINITELY be re-reading this baby AND get her other books. Maximillian was HOT. Hot with a CAPITAL H.O.T. HOLLLYYYYY MOTHER.

Full review to come when I'm not feeling lazy/speed reviewing the way I've been doing, but I will for sure be reading this and her earlier books!! As soon as I get better at organizing my life

Sara says

I loved Maximilian de Rohan from the very first second he was introduced with his big dog in the previous book, and I was really REALLY hoping he didn't turn out to be some secret Italian duke. He turned out to be a secret Italian viscount, which frustrated me, but I suppose at least they did it in the best way they could have. It was at least plausible.

Dangermousie says

I loved it! It's by far my favorite of all of Carlyle's stuff I read so far. Set in the 1820s, it follows Max de Rohan and Lady Catherine - despite their social differences (he is a foreigner! a police inspector!), the intense, closed-off Max with a giant chip on his shoulder about the aristocracy and the pragmatic, straightforward Catherine are drawn to each other. I loved this in every way! The hero is a police inspector, which would have made me love it all by itself (a man who works! Imagine!), but both Max and Catherine are just such good, smart, intense people and - guuuuuuh. I like most of Carlyle's heroes but think Max is the first of them that I wouldn't mind hooking up with in real life.

Bernice says

With this book, Liz Carlyle has written, to my mind, one of the most memorable heroes in historical romance. The heroine, Catherine Wodeway, is smart, unconventional and fiercely loving. But the real star in this book is the dark, complicated, brooding Max de Rohan. In Max, Liz Carlyle has struck that elusive balance that turns a Regency hero from cliche (tall, dark, handsome, conflicted) to unique. Max is descended from European nobility but he does not claim it because of the choices he's made in his life (the London ton looks down on him because he is a "policeman"). He is wealthy yet lives a spartan life because of his ideals, his tragic past and what his boss Peel calls his social zealotry. As a magistrate and one of the valued members of

the Home Office, he is the very image of strength, but he passes out at the sight of Catherine's bullet wound. Catherine, in turn, is the perfect foil to Max's darkness. Like the best of heroines, she pushes past his bloody-mindedness, shows him that courage is more than just fighting off ruffians in a dark alley, and makes him realize that there are very few things a man can want more than the love of a good woman. Awesome read! The only reason it took me so long to finish this book was because I re-read many chapters twice. The most memorable line in the book is uttered by the magnificent George Kemble: "Did you know, ma'am, that our mutual friend can say "kiss my arse" in six languages?"

Keri says

What a great story! This is the 2nd book in the Rutledge series and so far the best. Even though I did enjoy the first, this one was even better. Cat is a widow who is ready for something to change in her life.

In to her life walks Maxamillion De Rohan and big, gruff Italian stallion.(ok that description isn't in the book. But I think of a tall Sylvester Stallone when I think of Max.) They meet in the park and immediately Cat knows he is the one she must have a fling with.

Cat and Max make a great couple and become a pair that you want to be around. As their relationship progresses, I want to bash Max in the head a couple of times for thinking that he wasn't good enough for Cat. Cat was no mouse though and gave him hell whenever he got to thinking that. There is a murder that takes place in the book and Max must solve it, as the is a special investigator for the crown.

It doesn't overpower the story and stays pretty firmly in the background for most of the story. What did threaten to take over the story was a host of secondary fun characters: Nona Sofia(Max's scheming grandmother, Nate (Max's errand boy, Lucifer(Max's Neapolitan Mastiff) and last but not least George Kimball, (Max's friend and he was so much fun! I wanted to know more about him.)

I wasn't ready for this book to be over, even though it did have a lovely ending. I am looking forward to bad boy brother, Bentley "Hell-Bent" Rutledge's story.

Cruth says

[She's almost raped. (hide spoiler)]
