

## 1: Whitney, My Love Cameo

*Judith McNaught is the #1 New York Times bestselling author who first soared to stardom with her stunning bestseller Whitney, My Love, and went on to win the hearts of millions of readers with Once and Always, Something Wonderful, A Kingdom of Dreams, Almost Heaven, Paradise, Perfect, Until You, Remember When, Someone to Watch Over Me, the #1.*

Her gaze slid warily over his tall, rugged frame as he came toward her; then she returned her attention to the open jewel cases spread out before her. A nervous tremor shook her hand and her smile was overly bright as she removed a spectacular diamond choker from a case and held it out to him. He specifically asked me to wear it to the ball tonight. His icy voice was edged with implacable authority. That last scene with Melissa, two weeks earlier, sprang to his mind, but he pushed the memory away. Has my son already gone to bed? She and Lacroix sailed for Barbados right after you left for Scotland. He drew a long, ragged breath. Their ship went down in a storm three days after it left England. He poured some into a glass and tossed it down, then refilled it, staring blindly straight ahead. One is a ransom letter, addressed to you, which Melissa left in your bedchamber. She intended to ransom Jamie back to you. The second letter was meant to expose you, and she gave it to a footman with instructions to deliver it to the Times after she left. Jason," Mike said hoarsely, "I know how much you loved the boy. In agonized silence he stared at the painting of his son, a sturdy little boy with a cherubic smile on his face and a wooden soldier clutched lovingly in his fist. The glass Jason was holding shattered in his clenched hand. But he did not cry. Portage, New York Snow crunched beneath her small, booted feet as Victoria Seaton turned off the lane and pushed open the white wooden gate that opened into the front yard of the modest little house where she had been born. Her cheeks were rosy and her eyes bright as she stopped to glance at the starlit sky, studying it with the unspoiled delight of a fifteen-year-old at Christmas. Hoping not to awaken her parents or her younger sister, she opened the front door softly and slipped inside. She took off her cloak, hanging it on a peg beside the door, then turned around and stopped in surprise. He bent his head and kissed her, but she twisted her face away, her words jerking out like a sob. You gave me your word! Patrick let go of his wife, his hands falling to his sides. She fled into her room and closed the door, but instead of going to his own room, Patrick Seaton turned around and headed down the narrow stairs, passing within inches of Victoria when he reached the bottom. Victoria flattened herself against the wall, feeling as if the security and peace of her world had been somehow threatened by what she had seen. Afraid that he would notice her if she tried to move toward the stairs, would know she had witnessed the humiliatingly intimate scene, she watched as he sat down on the sofa and stared into the dying embers of the fire. A bottle of liquor that had been on the kitchen shelf for years stood now on the table in front of him, beside a half-filled glass. When he leaned forward and reached for the glass, Victoria turned and cautiously placed her foot on the first step. I could never think that. Putting a comforting arm around her shoulders, he tried to ease her distress, but what he told her increased it a hundredfold: Her mouth dropped open and she stared at him while the world seemed to fall apart around her. She shook her head, trying to deny the horrible thing he had said. Of course her mother loved her wonderful father! If it did, your mother would love me. She believed she would learn to love me when we were wed. I believed it, too. We wanted to believe it. I told myself that marriage could still be good without it. Your mother and I have Dorothy and you to love, and that is a love we share. Clad in a red cloak and a dark blue woolen riding skirt, she led her Indian pony out of the barn and swung effortlessly onto his back. A mile away, she came to the creek that ran alongside the main road leading to the village, and dismounted. She walked gingerly down the slippery, snow-covered bank and sat down on a flat boulder. With her elbows propped on her knees and her chin cupped in her palms, she stared at the gray water flowing slowly between the frozen chunks of ice near the bank. The sky turned yellow and then pink while she sat there, trying to recover the joy she always felt in this place whenever she watched the dawning of a new day. A rabbit scurried out from the trees beside her; behind her a horse blew softly and footsteps moved stealthily down the steep bank. A pair of shiny brown top boots appeared at her side. Her eyes were the deep, vivid blue of pansies, heavily lashed and slightly tilted at the corners. Her nose was small

and perfect, her cheeks delicately boned and blooming with health, and at the center of her small chin there was a tiny but intriguing cleft. This morning, however, her eyes lacked their customary luster. Victoria leaned down and scooped up a pile of snow with her mittened hands. Automatically Andrew ducked, but instead of launching the snowball at him, as she would normally have done, she threw it into the creek. At twenty, Andrew was five years her senior and wise beyond his age. Putting his gloved finger beneath her chin, Andrew tipped her face up to his. This second request was more than her heartsick emotions could withstand. Andrew was her friend. In the years they had known each other, he had taught her to fish, to swim, to shoot a pistol, and to cheat at cards -- this last he claimed to be necessary so she would know if she was being cheated. Victoria had rewarded his efforts by learning to outswim, outshoot, and outcheat him. They were friends, and she knew she could confide almost anything to him. Truly loves you, I mean? Seaton is concerned about, he could let you wed tomorrow. Is it someone I know? If I can come closer to that rock atop the farthest boulder over there, then you must tell me who she is. Andrew missed the far-off target by scant inches. Victoria stared at it in deep concentration; then she let fly, hitting it dead-on with enough force to send the rock tumbling off the boulder along with the snowball. Everyone who knows her comes to love her. His lips twitched, and in a rare gesture of intimacy, Andrew reached out and laid his hand against her heavy, silken hair. Then, in one of her lightning-quick transformations from girl to charming, gently bred young woman, she added softly, "How lovely it will be to marry my dearest friend. How could he, when you are both so much alike? Her mother was bending over the hearth, busy with the waffle iron, her hair pulled back in a tidy chignon, her plain dress clean and pressed. Hanging from nails beside and above the fireplace was an orderly assortment of sifters, dippers, graters, chopping knives, and funnels. Everything was neat and clean and pleasant, just like her mother. Her father was already seated at the table, drinking a cup of coffee. Looking at them, Victoria felt self-conscious, sick at heart, and thoroughly angry with her mother for denying her wonderful father the love he wanted and needed. They both looked up at her, smiled, and said good morning. Instead, she went to the shelves and began to set the table with a full complement of flatware and dishes -- a formality that her English mother firmly insisted was "necessary for civilized dining. She watched as Katherine Seaton tried in a half dozen ways to make amends to her husband, chatting cheerfully with him as she hovered solicitously at his elbow, filling his cup with steaming coffee, handing him the pitcher of cream, offering him more of her freshly baked rolls in between trips to the hearth, where she was preparing his favorite breakfast of waffles. Victoria ate her meal in bewildered, helpless silence, her thoughts twisting and turning as she sought for some way to console her father for his loveless marriage. Victoria jumped to her feet. In fact, until then, she had been a pretty, carefree child whose chief interests were in gay amusements and an occasional mischievous, prank. Despite their surprise, neither parent voiced an objection. Victoria and her father had always been close. From that day forward, they became inseparable. She accompanied him nearly everywhere he went and, although he flatly refused to permit her to assist him in his treatment of his male patients, he was more than happy to have her help at any other time. Neither of them ever mentioned the sad things they had discussed on that fateful Christmas night. Instead they filled their time together with cozy conversations and lighthearted banter, for despite the sorrow in his heart, Patrick Seaton was a man who appreciated the value of laughter. Now she learned compassion and idealism from him as well. As a little girl, she had easily won over the villagers with her beauty and bright, irresistible smile. They had liked her as a charming, carefree girl; they adored her as she matured into a spirited young lady who worried about their ailments and teased away their sullens.

### 2: Once and Always by Judith McNaught (, Paperback) | eBay

*Once and Always, one of Judith McNaught's most masterful and moving love stories, powerfully brings to life the fiery passion of a free-spirited American beauty and a troubled English lord.*

What kind of abuse? Just fucking chose because it contains all those and more. This is going to be quick: Just know that this story is filled with more dumb twists and misunderstanding nonsense than a vaudeville show. But the old Duke has an hidden purpose: From their first meeting, Jason keeps threatening Victoria each time he thinks that she is going to go against his wishes, invariably congratulating her by a "Good Girl" if she ends agreeing with him. Just take a look at his reaction the day after their wedding: This house is my property, under the law, just as you are my property. Do you understand me? He turned his heel and stalked out of the room, leaving her shaking with fear" Not to mention that he just crashed the door to come in. The fact that this behavior can be identified as expressions of passion sickens and infuriates me. Basically, he physically forces her to give him their first two kisses. Kiss 1 "This is what would happen! Her struggle only seemed to make him angrier, and the kiss more painful. Victoria saw something primitive and terrifying flare in his eyes as his hands tightened on her arms. She jerked back, a scream rising in her throat, but his lips covered hers, stifling her voice with a demanding insistence that stunned her into immobility. Of course not, what do you think? I mean for fuck sake! So she says nothing, because "perhaps she would only look a fool if she made an issues of it". So, what does he do? Why, he does it again of course! Kiss 2 "A harsh laugh escaped him. Victoria struggled in appalled, frightened earnest, bracing her hands on either side of him and shoving hard, trying to free her mouth from his. Jason swiftly plunged his fingers into the thick hair at her nape and twisted hard. Now tell me at what fucking moment I am supposed to swoon. Am I supposed to be aroused after this? Am I supposed to root for them? Tell me for fuck sake! Because the only emotions that got through me were disgust and rage. What in the world is that supposed to mean? Her body writhed beneath his, and tears poured from her eyes in hot, humiliated streaks as her husband used her without kindness or caring. Just remember that the day after, when she comes to ask for a divorce, he threatens her. I swear, each time I heard the old Charles Fielding or the Captain reassuring her and telling her that she had to be patient, I wanted to throw up. He needs you to heal wounds that are deep, to teach how to let himself love and be loved in return. It follows then a description of all the hardships Jason had to face in his past but you know what? More generally, in this book the women are either portrayed as sluts who throw themselves at Jason, greedy bitches who only want to take advantage of his wealth or as well, Victoria, pure and perfect virgin who knows everything from shooting to playing piano. Just give me a break. Not to mention that by all appearances Jason keeps his mistress while married, blaming Victoria because hey! He has needs do I need to remind you that he raped her? As I said at the beginning of this review, this is not a romance, and the only satisfying way it could have ended would have been everything but a HEA. Sadly, as you might expect, they have their HEA. Never, ever let someone tell you - or even imply - that violence is forgivable. For more of my reviews, please visit:

3: [www.enganchecubano.com](http://www.enganchecubano.com) "Devoted to all things Judith McNaught"

*Let New York Times bestselling author Judith McNaught who "is in a class by herself" (USA TODAY) sweep you off your feet and into another time with her sensual, passionate, and spellbinding historical romance classics, featuring her "unique magic" (RT Book Reviews) "now available for the first time on ebook.*

What kind of abuse? Just fucking chose because it contains all those and more. You are missing out on such a great genre. I know some of you like your dark, gritty r Keertana You might as well get out your popcorn, because this promises to be entertaining. Over the past few days I have been stressed - incredibly stressed, and rightly so. This was the amazing love story of Victoria and Jason. Two very different individuals who find themselves together because of their shared "Uncle. In those days, a young unmarried lady was not allowed to be responsible Mishelle LaBrash This is the one.. The one that started my chemical imbalance towards everything historical romance I was an avid reader, in elementary school. Anyone out there remember Fear Street? Anne Rice and Stephen King ranking among my top authors. Then life happened, and I stopped picking up books for well over a decade. And what an emotional roller coaster ride it was. The passion and the angst are just dripping from every page. I was completely sucked into the story from beginning to end. These books' words cannot express my love for them. Geri Reads I loved this one when I first read it, oh, about 18 years ago And Jason Fielding felt unnecessarily cruel to me. Still, I enjoyed this one. There was so much going for this book, but in the end I am still battling over how many stars it deserves. So beware, there might be mild spoilers below. It was a high-quality, well-written regency romance. There were parts that truly sparkled and at one point I was sure it was going to Hate me all you want, but this story was utter bullshit to me. Emphasis on the "me" part, people. Before you slit my wrists and burn me at the stake, I want to make it clear that this is based on how I feel about the story. Her gift for drawing the reader into the very emotions of the characters is amazing! As is her ability to reveal all the layers of the soul, bit by bit until discovery and redemption are not only found but felt. As with all things, with great gifts come great responsibilities, however. If we, the readers, are drawn into the heart of a tortured soul, we need als Yes, he suffered a horribly abusive childhood, a manipulative first wife, and agonizing grief, and for that I understood his cynical, detached coldness. First let me say this is a reread for me. I knew it was one of the books she wrote that my now older self may have major problems with. So I went int Que todos, familiares, criados, amigos, etc, movieran sus hilos para que la pareja "cuajara" es uno de los puntazos del libro. The relationship between Jason and Victoria just rubbed me wrong. His past was alluded to for a large part of the story, but not spelled out until the end. By that time, I was convinced that he was such an ass that nothing about the events leading up to his relationship with Victoria were going to change my mind. Because of this, it felt brand new again. Re-reading Once and Always was such a pleasure, because it still holds up- after all these years- and it packs a powerful emotional punch. Although, I must admit, probably not so much now as compared to back in the day, because so many authors have copied her st

### 4: Judith McNaught · OverDrive (Rakuten OverDrive): eBooks, audiobooks and videos for libraries

*"Every fop and fool in London has been sniffing after her." Having said that, Jason returned his attention for the report. "Go ahead and read off the names, if you must." Frowning in surprise at Jason's dismissive attitude, Charles took the seat across the desk from him and put on his spectacles.*

Its that least-fun stage of creating a book that comes just before it gets shipped off to the publisher or sometimes after where the author has to take a look at the words shes sweated blood over and accept that it could possibly be done better. So, its no surprise that most writers, if faced with the idea of rewriting their most beloved classic, would quickly and resoundingly say no. But Judith McNaught welcomed the challenge. I always thought it ended rather abruptly. I never wanted to do a sequel but I wanted to take the time and really have some fun with the couple, she explains. Their romance was like a long roller-coaster ride. Now the readers can get a chance to find out what happens when they get off the ride. True to her word, Judith added plus pages to the ending, changed and enhanced two additional scenes elsewhere, which she doesnt want to divulge just yet its more fun to keep it a secret and tweaked some other passages. One immediate change readers will note, is that an ink drawing of Clayton Westmorelands estate as it looks to Whitney when she first arrives there graces the first two pages after the cover. I commissioned an architect to draw it and its simply breathtaking. Really, its worth the price of admission by itself. He was the ultimate nice guy [in the original Whitney] and I had to change him slightly [for Until], so hed be more compelling as a hero. In the rewritten version, you get a closer, more telling look at him. Another alteration is that the novel will now have a Judith trademark, the signature epilogue which ties back to the books title. Judith has long been lauded for her epilogues, ever since she started writing them with *Something Wonderful* in She says she was happy to add an epilogue to Whitney and that in her opinion its one of the prettiest shes ever written. Was she worried about tampering with such a well-loved classic? I was worried about it although no one else seemed to be. My editor, Linda Marrow, was thrilled. My hands got a little shaky when I sat down to read over Whitney. But years of experience told me that I was doing the right thing. To celebrate finishing the reworked Whitney, Judith headed to Las Vegas with some friends. As soon as I finish a book, I hop a plane to somewhere fun. Im not really a slots person, I like to play a little of everything. I seldom win anything substantial but I must be a good-luck charm, because several of my friends have won when Ive been with them. In true Judith fashion, the romantic elements hold plenty of sparks. Here you have this ultimate in sophisticated womenshes known the very best of lifewho wakes up married to this intolerable warlord. And he hates her. Its really very edge-of-your-seat suspense. Jennifer and Royce Westmoreland from *Kingdom* show up, along with some other secondary characters that didnt warrant a book of their own. One of Judiths favorite characters, Nicholas DuVille from s short story *Miracles*, may also find his way into a full-length hardcover. As I was writing it, I realized Nicki was perfect hero fodder smart, cynical and sexy. It really should have been a book, but I had to let it go because I didnt have the time to plan a whole complex story around it. But he may be revisited. And he may not be the only one. *Once and Always* begs for more ending. Judith hints that the heroines younger sister Dorothy, whom many readers have begged her to write more about, would find her own happy ending in an extended conclusion to *Once and Always*. She laughs merrily, The challenge now is to stop me from doing it to all of them. Romantic Times Footer McNaughtized. This site is owned and operated by Jessica Mays.

### 5: Read Once and Always online free by Judith McNaught | Full Books

*Across the vast ocean sailed Victoria Seaton, a free-spirited American beauty left suddenly orphaned and alone. Eager to claim her long-lost heritage, she was amazed at the formal elegance of Wakefield, the sumptuous English estate of her distant cousin the notorious Lord Jason Fielding.*

Her gaze slid warily over his tall, rugged frame as he came toward her; then she returned her attention to the open jewel cases spread out before her. A nervous tremor shook her hand and her smile was overly bright as she removed a spectacular diamond choker from a case and held it out to him. He specifically asked me to wear it to the ball tonight. His icy voice was edged with implacable authority. That last scene with Melissa, two weeks earlier, sprang to his mind, but he pushed the memory away. Has my son already gone to bed? She and Lacroix sailed for Barbados right after you left for Scotland. He drew a long, ragged breath. Their ship went down in a storm three days after it left England. He poured some into a glass and tossed it down, then refilled it, staring blindly straight ahead. One is a ransom letter, addressed to you, which Melissa left in your bedchamber. She intended to ransom Jamie back to you. The second letter was meant to expose you, and she gave it to a footman with instructions to deliver it to the Times after she left. Jason," Mike said hoarsely, "I know how much you loved the boy. In agonized silence he stared at the painting of his son, a sturdy little boy with a cherubic smile on his face and a wooden soldier clutched lovingly in his fist. The glass Jason was holding shattered in his clenched hand. But he did not cry. Portage, New York Snow crunched beneath her small, booted feet as Victoria Seaton turned off the lane and pushed open the white wooden gate that opened into the front yard of the modest little house where she had been born. Her cheeks were rosy and her eyes bright as she stopped to glance at the starlit sky, studying it with the unspoiled delight of a fifteen-year-old at Christmas. Hoping not to awaken her parents or her younger sister, she opened the front door softly and slipped inside. She took off her cloak, hanging it on a peg beside the door, then turned around and stopped in surprise. He bent his head and kissed her, but she twisted her face away, her words jerking out like a sob. You gave me your word! Patrick let go of his wife, his hands falling to his sides. She fled into her room and closed the door, but instead of going to his own room, Patrick Seaton turned around and headed down the narrow stairs, passing within inches of Victoria when he reached the bottom. Victoria flattened herself against the wall, feeling as if the security and peace of her world had been somehow threatened by what she had seen. Afraid that he would notice her if she tried to move toward the stairs, would know she had witnessed the humiliatingly intimate scene, she watched as he sat down on the sofa and stared into the dying embers of the fire. A bottle of liquor that had been on the kitchen shelf for years stood now on the table in front of him, beside a half-filled glass. When he leaned forward and reached for the glass, Victoria turned and cautiously placed her foot on the first step. I could never think that. Putting a comforting arm around her shoulders, he tried to ease her distress, but what he told her increased it a hundredfold:

### 6: Judith McNaught - Wikipedia

*Once and Always* - Ebook written by Judith McNaught. Read this book using Google Play Books app on your PC, android, iOS devices. Download for offline reading, highlight, bookmark or take notes while you read *Once and Always*.

She married a St. Louis dentist and had two children, a daughter, Whitney, and a son, Clayton, before her divorce. Before gaining success as a writer, McNaught had previously worked as an assistant director for a film crew, an assistant controller of a major trucking company, president of a temporary employment agency, and president of an executive search firm. McNaught was the director of public relations for the company. Between them, they had seven children, her two and his five from a previous marriage. Her husband encouraged her to write, buying her a new typewriter and being supportive through the years that publishers rejected her novels. After having difficulty selling that novel, she wrote and sold *Tender Triumph* in early She received the book cover for *Tender Triumph* on June 20, "the day after her husband was killed in an accident. Her novels introduced the hero first, rather than the heroine. Unlike the typical Regency, "a light romp with no sex," her novels tended to be "intensely sensual and witty. *Whitney, My Love* captured the elements of the traditional Regency romance, but its long length, sensuality, and emotional intensity were more often associated with the traditional historical romances, which were rarely set during the Regency period. Despite the many years it took to sell the story, it was very successful, and its success influenced other editors to solicit manuscripts written in the same style. Despite her years of success in the historical romance genre, in McNaught switched genres to write contemporary romances, hopeful that she would have a better opportunity to distinguish her work in a less-saturated market. As her career has continued to mature, McNaught has gradually introduced elements of suspense into her writing. Instead of the common bodice-ripping cover, McNaught wished her books to be packaged with "classy" covers. Appalled at the discovery that one in five women was functionally illiterate, McNaught offered to rewrite her almost-completed manuscript, *Perfect* to insert the literacy theme. The change took her an additional six weeks to incorporate. McNaught described the break-up as peaceful and friendly, and she threw a party for friends to celebrate entering a new phase of her life. After creating a subplot on literacy in her novel *Perfect*, McNaught asked her publishers to include a response card in the book packaging. Because of its inclusion, thousands of women who had read the book volunteered to become tutors and help people learn to read.

### 7: Once and Always Quotes by Judith McNaught

*Judith McNaught (born May 10, ) is a bestselling author of over a dozen historical and contemporary romance novels, with 30 million copies of her works in print. She was also the first female executive producer at a CBS radio station.*

### 8: Once and Always - Judith McNaught - Google Books

*Once and Always is a story that will melt even the coldest heart and make even the most skeptical cynic believe in the magic of love and the beautiful world of Judith McNaught. Read more Helpful.*

### 9: www.enganchecubano.com - Contact

*Judith McNaught is the New York Times bestselling author who first soared to stardom with her stunning bestseller *Whitney, My Love*, and went on to win the hearts of millions of readers with *Once and Always*, *Something Wonderful*, *A Kingdom of Dreams*, *Almost Heaven*, *Paradise*, *Perfect*, *Until You*, *Remember When*, the #1 bestseller *Night Whispers*.*

*Ekahi (Book One A Holly St. James Romantic Mystery John Courtney Murray the growth of tradition The one in a million boy Placing Middle English in Context (Topics in English Linguistics, No. 35 (Topics in English Linguistics) Iodine fortification of bread : experiences from Australia and New Zealand Polarization and the search for empowerment Punishment of a vixen Understanding the Australian legal system The Seeker (Roswell High #3 (Roswell High) Indifference curve analysis of demand Epilogue: For Love and Glory Moss Memoirs shortstory by Lancer Kind Anburey, and the Convention army in Virginia; 1779. El Retorno del Rey Dexterity with symbols Corrosion Source Book (Source book) Confessions of a scary mommy Mammals of Britain and Europe Remains of the night John McNally William forstchen one year after Thirty years of lynching in the United States, 1889-1918. Nate Great Halloween (Break of Day Book) George Sands Gabriel List of molecular formula V. 2. The evolution of the use of Bible in Europe Abraham Kuyper Tanks and their crews Bilingual education in New York City. Damsels in distress by Laura Kenyon Fast gourmet from Hawaii The Crystalline Gift The common ground A Zen Approach to Bodytherapy The Ultimate OS/2 Programmers Manual A Walk in the Rain Forest (Johnson, Rebecca L. Biomes of North America.) Attracting and Managing Volunteers Sauptikaparvan of the Mahabharata Human behavior social environment I cant believe its not oil paint Asp.net 3.5 enterprise application development The Billionaires Scandalous Marriage*