

1: The Adventuress (Irene Adler and Sherlock Holmes #2)(9) read online free by Carole Douglas

The Adventuress: A Novel of Suspense featuring Irene Adler and Sherlock Holmes - Kindle edition by Carole Nelson Douglas. Download it once and read it on your Kindle device, PC, phones or tablets.

The Adventuress Irene Adler and Sherlock Holmes 2 19 by Carole Douglas The Indian beside me had followed the conversation thus far with scant understanding but with quick intelligence. Still, the oddly animated basket continued its creep toward my skirt folds. Godfrey had been so intent upon convincing the Jerseyman that he failed to notice this anomaly, although I was conscious of every quiver within the woven reeds. Jerseyman himself was disarmed now, the knife tucked into some hidden place upon his disreputable person, a servile grin upon his face. And if you claim Louise is still about and kicking, so much the better. Did you and your friend here follow me in Paris? We took you for the villain of the piece. It was one reason I wished to get Irene, to remove you and our mutual friend from the city to calmer surroundings, my dear. You are entirely too protective of female sensibilities, Godfrey. Was it you who sent the letters to Monsieur Montpensier? Nor will I tell you, sir, no matter how smoothly you wiggle around to it. Consider yourself lucky to be out of this business. Take your lady wife and her friend for a nice jaunt along the Riviera and forget Louise Montpensier and us two. No knife blades flashed in the gaslight; it had happened too fast for anyone to produce one. A capped silhouette stood in the passage against the background of blinding daylight that poured through the passage windows; that was all. At that moment the awful basket rolled from seat to floor, its latch springing open as it struck the boards. A round of dirty greenish rope spilled out. I bent to seize it with some notion of binding our attackers when the rope began lifting of its own accord, rising up Tiny eyes shone like jet beads in the darkness. I screamed and jumped up onto the seat. Just above me, the gasolier swung like a censor, emitting an incense of pungent fumes. The Indian, alerted to the escape of his captive, gave up on Godfrey and began patting the seat cushions in the gloom, plaintively mewling for his pet. Instead, he stepped smartly through the cramped scene to the window, where he jerked the curtains open. Daylight fell upon our befuddled party. Placid countryside clicked past our window in a rapid series of stereopticon images. Godfrey had pinioned Jerseyman to the seat corner opposite with one knee and both hands. Crawling about on the floorboards, his basket open and empty, the Indian looked even smaller from my elevated height. I saw that the ticket-collector by the window, for all his official cap and there is no nation like the French for officious uniforms on the most insignificant persons had somehow fused his lower limbs and resembled a chessman with a pedestal base. Nowhere did I see the snake. Nothing meant anything to me so long as the horrid serpent was loose in the compartment. The ticket-collector pointed to me like a figure from a Christmas pantomime. I did not see myself as the main character in the confusion, despite my elevated position and the almost insuperable difficulty of maintaining it in a moving train. I certainly would not forsake it. To have the vile snake so much as slither over my foot The ticket-collector was still pointing, as if struck dumb. Slowly Jerseyman, Godfrey, and the Indian gave up their separate struggles to gaze up at me. I stared down into faces frozen in horror, then realized that they were looking not at me, but at the gasolier swaying rather hypnotically just beyond my face. Despite the absence of my trusty pince-nez, I too regarded it a tangle of tarnished brass, with the usual array of arms and lamps and noted a dull, coiling design about the central pole that was quite serpentine in shape, shade and movement. I shrieked, appalled to see the elusive serpent writhe upon its perch v dangle horribly like a living pendant, and then vanish. Yet no one in the compartment looked down. Their upturned faces grew even more horror-struck, if possible. Nothing on heaven or earth could have persuaded me to leave my lofty pedestal or to touch a boot toe to that infested floor, not even the Angel Gabriel and the trumps of Last Judgment. The ticket-collector spoke, jabbing his finger idiotically at me. Godfrey abruptly released the Jerseyman. Before I could open my mouth to protest his carelessness, he had bounded onto the seat beside me, tom the bonnet from my head and I always pin my bonnets quite firmly in case of an unpredictable wind and cast it to the floor. I shrieked again, this time in pain. Godfrey, how could you? My best bonnet, the only purchase I deigned to make in Paris! Fate and the train picked this moment to enter a tunnel. The swaying gaslight was a beacon of sanity in that disordered cell out of

Wonderland. Our train lurched around a curve and unbalanced me. I caught the gasolier as I fell; my fingers recoiled from the notion of touching anything associated with the snake, but my presence of mind overruled my distaste. I swung for a dreadful moment while the fixture groaned its disapproval of myself as a pendant. Then the train burst from the tunnel, and illumination again flooded our compartment. My fingers slipped, but Irene and Godfrey reached up to cushion my fall. We tumbled together to the seat, dazed by the light. I sat up immediately, lifting my feet from the floor. The compartment was deserted, save for ourselves. My bonnet, sadly crushed, lay upon the floorboards. Of the basket, the snake, the lithe Indian and the menacing Jerseyman there was no trace. And of the ticket-collector there remained only a fallen cap. Underneath was her charcoal-gray traveling gown. No wonder the ticket-collector had looked as if he sat upon a pedestalâ€” he had been Irene in skirts! She laughed as I stared at her transformation. My object was to startle the miscreants, but I underestimated your ability, Nell, to single-handedly distract them with gymnastic exhibitions. Though they did keep their sea legs better on this rolling train than we. But what was it? And, Nell, here is your bonnet. I spent the better part of half an hour jostling from car to car. How fortunate that these new European trains offer interconnected carriages, rather than isolated cars that may be entered only one by one from the outside. Progress has its benefits. That is the proper place for a snake. How did you explain your bizarre request for his uniform to the ticket-collector, Irene? How could you say such falsehoods about me, even in the service of our rescue? So when our train wound around the low cliffs overlooking the Mediterranean and a vista shimmered in the hazy blue distance that resembled the Heavenly Gatesâ€”all white and gleamingâ€”it was some consolation to reflect that Monaco was a principality in its own right and thus not part of France. She and Godfrey had crowded to the compartment window like eager children, his trousered knees and her skirt folds pressing the tufted-velvet upholstery of the lower carriage walls. I studied our nearing destination. Monaco and its city, Monte Carlo, lived up to their lofty implications. A promontory ringed with sheer cliff faces commanded a view of the shimmering cobalt water lapping at its rocky roots. Like a mountain, its summit was snowcapped. Strong sunlight danced off cupolas and towers of white marble, its brilliance making my eyes water.

2: ASH- Adventuresses of Sherlock Holmes

Diva/detective Irene Adler and her bridegroom, handsome barrister Godfrey Norton, are honeymooning in Paris when they become embroiled in an investigation: a drowned sailor's body has been recovered from the Seine, and on his chest is a tattoo.

It must have the proper clarity, color, and weight to be worth anything – and must be searched for everywhere. In providing an inventive, believable past for Irene Adler, the one woman and an American at that who ever duped Holmes, Douglas writes in a voice that resonates of Dr. From her early career struggles to her magnificent debut on the Italian stage wearing jewels lent to her by Mr. Tiffany, and her meeting with the smitten composer Anton Dvorak, the diva-detective climbs from anonymity to well-deserved fame. The Crown Prince of Bohemia, tall, blond, handsome, wealthy, and royal, seems everything Irene could hope for – until a callow betrayal. Her heart aching – though her head is unbowed – Irene is in no mood for romance when she again encounters dashing English barrister Godfrey Norton, with whom she had clashed years before. But the American opera singer who once outwitted Holmes, disappearing with her photograph of the King of Bohemia, is alive and well in Paris, and lapping up her obituaries with unconcealed glee. Irene Adler is not a woman for whom idleness holds the slightest appeal. She had been unable to decipher the mysterious circumstances of the London death. Now, with a second corpse to consider, she seems to see a pattern. Then a young woman is abducted, and – against her will – tattooed! A large and varied cast – among them the divine Sarah, a green serpent, the first beautiful, blond American Princess of Monaco, a young American journalist, an all-too-attentive Viscount, and Sherlock Holmes himself – will play their roles before Irene unravels the dreadful mystery that confronts her. Our happy trio seek nothing but rest and peace. But what was a joyous lark soon turns into a journey that can lead to disgrace, dishonor. To Prague and the King of Bohemia. King, Carole Nelson Douglas gave readers a compelling look into Victoriana with a bold new detective character: An operatic diva and intellectual equal and some would say superior to most of the men she encounters, Irene is as much at home with disguises and a revolver as with high society and haute couture. Chapel Noir thrusts readers into one of the darkest periods of criminal fact and fiction when two courtesans are found brutally slaughtered in the lavish boudoir of a Paris house that dare not speak its name. Yet does anyone really seek the truth, or do they wish only to bury it with the dead women? For there is a worse horror that will draw Irene and her arch rival, Sherlock Holmes, into a duel of wits with a fiendish opponent: These Paris killings mimic a series of gruesome murders that terrorized London only months before. She has thwarted plots against nations, spurned a monarch, and lived to reap a sweet revenge. Now Irene is on the hunt for one of the true monsters of all time – Jack the Ripper. It was she who led the search, with a most unlikely group of allies, through the catacombs of Paris, to capture the suspect at a horrific secret-cult ceremony held beneath the city. But disaster has scattered those allies and the Ripper has again escaped. Sherlock Holmes has returned to London, and Watson, to reinvestigate the Whitechapel murders of the previous fall from an entirely new angle. Irene fears the Ripper will strike again and is eager to hunt this monster down. Where should Irene search first? Though Irene has many highly placed friends, the Baron de Rothschild, Sarah Bernhardt, and the Prince of Wales can offer only money and goodwill. Irene must rely on an unreliable cohort: The trail will lead back to Bohemia, and on to new and bloodier atrocities, before pursuers and prey reunite at a remote castle in Transylvania, where the Ripper is cornered and fully unveiled, at last to answer the question the world is asking: Who is Jack the Ripper? She has competed and sometimes cooperated with the famous fictional detective over six popular and acclaimed novels, featuring her daring investigations across the Continent. All along, the beautiful and brilliant American diva-turned-detective has managed to conceal her background and history, even from her dashing barrister husband, Godfrey Norton, and her devoted companion and biographer, English spinster Nell Huxleigh. The allies that Irene has made during her investigations include such luminaries as the Baron de Rothschild, Sarah Bernhardt, and Bram Stoker, as well as the soon-to-be-infamous Nellie Bly, a daring American journalist who helped Irene hunt Jack the Ripper. Now Nellie has wired Irene some astounding news, news that will shake her world: But a series of bizarre

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killings in New York City draws her reluctantly back to her native country, where she must race with a murderer to find her mother, a woman of mystery who may turn out to be the most notorious woman of the nineteenth century. As Irene forges a trail into her own hidden past, Nellie Bly draws another ace investigator across the Atlantic to join the hunt for a serial killer, the last man on earth Irene Adler wants to discover anything about her shocking past. Spider Dance

Book 8 Irene Adler is the beautiful opera singer who bested the best detective in the world, the only woman to ever outwit Sherlock Holmes. She has spent years in self-imposed exile in Europe, in an attempt to reinvent herself and create a new life, because she cannot remember the old one. Because now Irene and her allies and enemies must race to follow a deadly trail of hidden personal and political history back in time to the days of the California gold rush, forty years earlier.

3: Irene Adler: The Adventuress 2 by Carole Nelson Douglas (, Paperback, Revised) | eBay

The Adventuress (Irene Adler Series #2) by Carole Nelson Douglas "Some women are just born to have grand adventures. Such a woman--"the" woman to the bewitched Sherlock Holmes--was the American actress Irene Adler, who shrugged off her untimely literary demise in "A Scandal in Bohemia" to reappear as the heroine of Carole Nelson Douglas's.

Louise had chosen myself as her attendant over my protestations that Irene would better serve. Godfrey upheld the groom. Hers was arranged in multiple shades of pink, and she bloomed like a brunette rose in a pastel garden. Winter bore a more serious demeanor than I had ever seen in the young, energetic American, and so it should be when a man pledges his life and future to a woman. In fact, I had become exceedingly fond of Louise. I was not untouched to see her jet-black eyes glaze as we made our farewell embrace and promised to write each other faithfully. A promise I kept to a greater degree than we had then imagined, since so much transpired after the new-wed pair left the Blue Coast. Alice served a dainty tea afterward. Then her coachman drove the handsome young couple to the railway station. Surely that will satisfy the blackmailer. Since you know the object of the voyage, you and Godfrey can arrange to have the authorities intervene in time to end the conspiracy. We will all rest much easier. You say that many loose ends remain. All of the maids at the Hotel de Paris were polite, efficient and pretty. My envelope bore no sealing wax. Irene passed me a long, rather lethal hat pin and I slit the flap. He wishes to call with news of interest to us. This was clearly meant for you. Perhaps the good doctor wishes to ensure your presence. He must misapprehend my importance in the affair. He pointed to the innumerable pieces of tracing paper floating like flotsam on the map-laden table. But the good doctor arrives within the hour. Perhaps, Nell, you should set your pince-nez aside and tidy up. India-ink archipelagoes spotted my hands. I knew that two red depressions from the spectacles bracketed my nose. And no doubt ink smudged my face so I resembled an overdevout churchwoman on Ash Wednesday. It sounds so schoolgirlish. I nodded and continued my work. I dare not abandon my project; it would look as if I had hopes in a direction to which I never intended to turn. She invited him to sit down and Godfrey offered him a brandy. They were as cordial as two parents receiving a suitor for an ugly-duckling daughter. He had heard nothing of our earlier exploits, as far as I knew. Have you heard more? Hoffman turned his brandy glass around and around by its narrow stem, a gesture that seemed unlike a precise man of medicine. I thinkâ€”I knowâ€”someone is following me. Hoffman rubbed the bridge of his nose, leaving it as ruddy as mine. One-armed and a limp. Why would anyone want to follow me? The blackmailer might wish to make sure that you are still in contact with the duchess, and thus a useful tool. A victim may suddenly become an avenger; promised cooperation may mask an attempt to expose the blackmailer. One should never attempt even the most innocuous blackmail unless one is willing to pay the consequences, Doctor. We cast our nets in many directions, any of which may prove fruitful or not. Nell is painstakingly studying the geography of the island. Godfrey reads his eyes red in the newspapers and the law offices. I thrash in many directions. Perhaps if you described your pursuer in more detail? A long nose, or longer than average. How many one-armed men can there be in Monte Carlo? Sailors have lost life and limb since Jonah. One-armed men abound near the water. Hoffman glanced at me, or rather at the maps spread before me. He cleared his throat. If Miss Huxleigh would care to walk out with me tomorrow, surely no one would suspect her of She could either confirm my suspicion or dismiss it. Irene bounded to her feet. You could ask for a no more acute judge of human nature than Miss Huxleigh, besides which you will find her company most engaging. And Nell desperately requires a respite from her labors. Say no more; she shall be assigned to you for the day. I am intrigued by this one-armed man with a limp. The infirmities seem most excessive. You may call for her here; what you do with the rest of the day is up to you two. Hoffman to myself to Godfrey. When Irene and I were alone later that evening, my pleas to be excused on the morrow went unheeded. We were on the balcony, where I sometimes let Oscar slither among the vines to collect what prey he could. I had found that if I left his basket open, he would return to it after such a sojourn as meekly as a mouse retreating to its hole. That does not prove or disprove that he follows Dr. A most interesting development. Hoffman with me for the whole day. Surely such a long

commitment is not required. And I did not saddle Dr. Hoffman with you; he requested you. No, there is more to all this. The Indian tattoo artist is dead; Jerseyman is likely to be so if we do not discover who is eliminating the Quarter members; and now another sinister seaman is lurking about. You must determine if he is to be reckoned with. He is in no danger. And neither shall you be, Nell, with Dr. I really think it a good idea at this juncture that our party be in pairs, in public places. While I indulged in it, Irene leaped in for another foray. Lilac is a most flattering color. You may borrow my lilac lace parasol. It is excellent for viewing bounders without seeming to stare. Remember, it is not important where you go with Dr. Hoffman, merely that you are seen publicly. She will be grateful to you for taking him off her hands. It was no wonder that my dreams were filled with lilac parasols; or that I spied a dark-clad, limping man scurrying like a rat through the shady mazes of Monte Carlo, while Dr. Hoffman, suddenly shrunken and sprouting white hair and beard, handed me a yellow rose; or that the sea around us pounded angrily and a great golden man with the head of a bull walked stiffly from the waves.

4: The Adventress (Irene Adler and Sherlock Holmes #2)(42) read online free by Carole Douglas

Irene Adler Norton is a character featured in the Sherlock Holmes story "A Scandal in Bohemia" by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, published in July She is one of the most notable female characters in the Sherlock Holmes stories, despite appearing in only one tale.

And there was nothing on his person? No coins, no cards, no personal effects? The doctor smiled sadly. His death was reported in the papers, of course, and his description. No one stepped forward. The police there located his brother. The old man shook his head. It was out of my hands. All I have to offer are my memories. Surly, filthy sort of fellow. Looked as if he hardly understood English. Louise tucked her rose at her waist, I fastened mine to a lapel, and Irene thrust hers into her hair at her bonnet rim, a gesture of dash and melodrama that suited her perfectly. She smiled at Louise. It was good-hearted, but a mistake. It has not been their last. But so does God, and you believe in His existence. If you do indeed know something about these puzzling events, be so kind as to share your knowledge. She was never one to sit about in corsets and full dress if she could escape such confinement. She drew a brown Egyptian cigarette from the small table at her side, inserted it into a mother-of-pearl holder she had bought in Paris and lit it with a lucifer, letting the smoke lift like a thin blue veil past her face before she spoke again. Certainly the men who tattooed Louise, then accosted you and Godfrey on the train, are two of them. So was the lascar beneath Dr. And Claude Montpensier was one of them. Irene, you go too far. The glitter in her amber-velvet eyes promised even wilder surmising to come. One thing that strikes me is that their numbers are decreasing with time. She let her head loll back and slitted her eyes in thought—or in an attempt to keep the cigarette smoke out of them. I had never seen her more resemble Lucifer at his feline laziest. He would not take second place in anything, and this is clearly a joint venture. You go too far at last. I must know more about his courtship of the American-born duchess. The last sinuous strands of smoke floated past their faces. He regarded her with an expression I could not interpret. Her eyes suddenly widened. Her glance found me. I plan to rest before dinner and suggest that you both do so also. I thought her answer most evasive but said nothing. They watched me leave with a curious intensity, like matched leopards too lazy to bound after an innocent passing gazelle. While I did not comprehend the odd change in their moods, I stole quietly away to a most refreshing nap. By day, the casino in Monte Carlo had the atmosphere of a church or a theater when no service or performance is scheduled. The casino was no church, but rather a Temple of Gaming. I was still speechless from regarding the most recent decorative addition—the new ceiling fresco of the bar, which boasted an excessive number of nude ladies puffing on cigars and cigarettes, each one taking modest pains to keep her feet concealed! The various rooms, known by the French as salles, bristled with high oriel windows and half-shell niches, with pillars, Palladian casements, massive paintings of a secular—even a pagan—nature, and huge gaming tables covered with green baize. Irene and I eyed the empty bustle within the main salle, the Duchess of Richelieu at our side. I followed her through this bizarre foreign temple, where money changed hands in the form of colored chips and no discernible reason governed the process but luck. The duchess seemed amused by our awe of the great perpetual-motion gambling machine, the eternal inner clockworks of the icy white-marble exterior that baked in the Mediterranean sun. We paused at a roulette table, the duchess remaining slightly behind us that we might better view the action. Still, she comes here to risk even more capital. Eager as I am to see her, I hate to see her ride this fickle wheel of fortune. She will do as she wishes. So much emotion is spent in make-believe that real life can seem tame by contrast. I imagine that Sarah winning and losing at the wheel is as artful a performance as any she has given on the boards. Losing is always a tragedy. You know that Eleanora Duse never gambles anymore? Do you know why? Losers are common; few are noticed in the mob. Duse noticed, however, being ever alert to the human drama. A final loss, and she reached into her reticule and dragged out a colored vial. She threw back her head and drank. In moments she collapsed, dead of some poison. Why would one so young be so set on gambling? She was likely some well-brought-up young woman introduced to the pleasures of wagering by a worldly man. Losing more than she should have, she caught the gambling fever and wagered more than she had, until she could not face her losses. Obviously, she had counted on one

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favorable turn of the wheel to redeem all. She is a lesson for the history books, at least, because she was young and presumably beautiful and her death was such a waste. And because Duse witnessed it and was touched. Some are prettier than others.

5: Irene Adler's no "Soprano" | Carole Nelson Douglas Official Author Site

The adventuress: an Irene Adler novel. [Carole Nelson Douglas] -- - Carol Nelson Douglas has a bestselling history in her home state of Texas.- This title should hook into the Caleb Carr/Anne Perry historical mystery audience, as well as the Jack the Ripper market.

Did she tell you? You are an odd triumvirate in whom to entrust my deepest secrets. I feel that by rights, Mrs. Norton, we should be rivals; and that we, Mr. Yet there is something steady and reassuring about you all. I sense perhaps that you also have seen more of the world than most. Simple Alice from New Orleansâ€™ though my title enraptures my father to the buttons on his spats. She regarded her entwined fingers and spoke on. I did not show the proper spirit of wishing to vanish utterly from the sight of the world. My father exported me to the isle of Madeira, off the coast of Africa. There I was to bask in the sunshine, stroll lost in melancholy along the beach and in general wither for a decent period of time. He was a doctor and Jewish. Neither characteristic pleased my father. I met Jacob, also Jewish, also a physician and also poor, relatively speaking. My money was my own, as was my will. He was leading an expedition to conduct deep-sea diving experiments near Madeira. He was titled and rich, all that Father would want for me, but of course Father must rush me from Madeira to separate me from Emile. When she stared at him, he smiled. I have spent my morning in such unpleasant places. Our brief meeting in Funchal was not our last. His first marriage had been annulled in the church and dissolved by the divorce courts. We were free to marry, save that his father, Prince Charles, forbid it. He found me flighty. So it sits, with Albert and myself living our lives in Paris and Monte Carlo, waiting for You set him to follow us. Then, too, Emile himself was suspicious. He thought you might even be the source of our problem. Has not the same phenomenon dogged your own Prince of Wales, Mr. Norton and Miss Huxleigh? I am not the mistress of my heart. Indeed, I am not certain I would not have been better off living an obscure life with my dear and glorious physician. We regarded each other, the confident blond duchess and myself. I anticipated being asked to leave. I would keep you as a court critic if I could, a voice of rectitude to toll the minutes of my sins like some relentless clock upon a church tower. I cannot tell you how wearisome it is to have everyone agree with me. The bearded man entered. He all too obviously knew who we were. You said that your liaison was long over. He eyed us all in turn, then sat down on a tapestry-upholstered chair. Unlike most men taking the Riviera air, he wore dark, sober clothing. Even his vest was of charcoal-striped sateen. Perhaps professional dignity was why he chose to wear a beard. He was much better-looking than first glimpse promised, with dark, curly hair and a set of keen, twinkling eyes that gave him the look of an amiable schoolboy rather than a dignified medical man. Godfrey had been studying the pair himself, for quite different reasons. His mild gray eyes sharpened as he leaned forward to address them. They approached the doctor first to impress the duchess with how much they know and to amplify your mutual fears. It is most unfortunate. We will marry when Charles dies, but a scandal before then will not convince the bishop or the people to accept me as Princess of Monaco. I am already hampered by being an American and half Jewish. The aristocracy of New World money. American heiresses are becoming quite the fashion for European noble houses to marry. What do they want? Or rather, they say they will tell us when the time comes. You see why it is so distressing. Hoffman reached into his breast pocket and withdrew a sadly wrinkled document. Irene scanned it quickly. Cheap paper, and filthy. This is not the handiwork of a society blackmailer. Irene shook her head. The four of us carefully avoided regarding one another. Hoffman still enjoyed a certain familiarity with the duchess. He brought the envelope directly to Irene, who snatched it eagerly. She ignored the address on the front and turned it over. The scent of sandalwood. But Alice, Duchess of Richelieu, had the last and most shocking words. You know her, too? There was no mistaking his direction, nor his identity. Two diamond stars of office blazed from the dark cloth of his navy-wool dress uniform. Gold braid entwined upon his collar and cuffs, while genuine gold glinted from the hilt of the ceremonial sword at his side. A ribbon of rank slashed from his right epaulet to his left hip. I felt like some third-rate opera company Cinderella, delivered to the ball and then abandoned, like an inconvenient pumpkin, to the oncoming prince. Irene sang for the guests, at the behest of the duchess, in a more intimate salon, while Godfrey

circulated in search of news and clues. Her safety and the solution of the puzzles involving her were the underlying reasons for this social expedition. Onward came the quasi-royal couple. With his stoutness, heavy-lidded eyes, straight nose and closely trimmed beard, he looked bored and overstuffed, as the Prince of Wales often did. It was hard to imagine this man marrying the vivacious woman beside him—although it was true that the stolid Prince of Wales had wed the beautiful and formidable Princess Alexandra. I had no idea that we had a diva of such skill among us. I adore the opera! One day soon, Monaco shall have a splendid opera house worthy of Irene and other artists. American women dazzle but are unpredictable. They ride astride and are forever appearing in the newspapers. I believe that a woman should appear in the press at only three times: Discretion in a woman is as honesty in a man, a cardinal virtue. The important news is that Louise and her American are here tonight. Irene was particularly happy to learn that.

6: Irene Adler - The Arthur Conan Doyle Encyclopedia

Irene inquired. "You are willing to wait, and worldly enough" both of you, from what I hear of the prince's younger days"to make the wait pleasant." "The problem is Emile," Alice said.

She followed a career in opera as a contralto , performing at La Scala in Milan, Italy, and a term as prima donna in the Imperial Opera of Warsaw , Poland, indicating that she was a talented singer. The King describes her as "a well-known adventuress" a term widely used at the time in ambiguous association with " courtesan " [2] [3] and also says that she had "the face of the most beautiful of women and the mind of the most resolute of men". She also claims to have been trained as an actress and "often" disguised herself as a man to "take advantage of the freedom which it gives". The King eventually returned to his court in Prague, while Adler, then in her late twenties, retired from the opera stage and moved to London. In , the year-old King intends to marry Clotilde Lothman von Saxe-Meiningen, second daughter of the King of Scandinavia; the marriage would be threatened if his prior relationship with Adler were to come to light. On 20 March, the King makes an incognito visit to Holmes in London. He asks the famous detective to secure possession of a previously taken photograph depicting Adler and the King together. The King hired burglars to attempt to retrieve it twice, had Adler herself waylaid, and her luggage stolen, to no avail. Holmes describes her as "a lovely woman, with a face a man might die for". Adler treats him kindly as the supposed victim of a crime outside her home. At the moment she gives away the location of the photograph, she realises she has been tricked. She tests her theory that it is indeed Holmes, of whom she had been warned, by disguising herself as a young man and wishing him good night as he and Watson return to B Baker Street. He finds Adler gone, along with her new husband and the original photo, which has been replaced with a photograph of her alone as well as a letter to Holmes. The letter explains how she had outwitted him, but also that she is happy with her new husband, who has more honourable feelings than her former lover. Adler adds that she will not compromise the King and has kept the photo only to protect herself against any further action the King might take. In the opening paragraph of the short story, Watson calls her "the late Irene Adler", suggesting she is deceased. It has been speculated, however, that the word "late" might actually mean "former". She married Godfrey Norton, making Adler her former name. One is Lola Montez , a dancer who became the lover of Ludwig I of Bavaria and influenced national politics. Montez is suggested as a model for Adler by several writers. Another suggestion is the singer Ludmilla Stubel, the alleged lover and later wife of Archduke Johann Salvator of Austria. In " The Five Orange Pips ", her name is not explicitly stated, but Holmes refers to her in mentioning that he has been beaten four times, thrice by men and once by a woman. When the King of Bohemia says, "Would she not have made an admirable queen? Is it not a pity she was not on my level? To Sherlock Holmes she is always the woman. I have seldom heard him mention her under any other name. In his eyes she eclipses and predominates the whole of her sex. It was not that he felt any emotion akin to love for Irene Adler. All emotions, and that one particularly, were abhorrent to his cold, precise but admirably balanced mind. He was, I take it, the most perfect reasoning and observing machine that the world has seen, but as a lover he would have placed himself in a false position. He never spoke of the softer passions, save with a gibe and a sneer. But for the trained reasoner to admit such intrusions into his own delicate and finely adjusted temperament was to introduce a distracting factor which might throw a doubt upon all his mental results. Grit in a sensitive instrument, or a crack in one of his own high-power lenses, would not be more disturbing than a strong emotion in a nature such as his. And yet there was but one woman to him, and that woman was the late Irene Adler, of dubious and questionable memory. This "memory" is kept alive by a photograph of Irene Adler, which had been deliberately left behind when she and her new husband took flight with the embarrassing photograph of her with the King. Holmes had then asked for and received this photo from the King, as payment for his work on the case. In "The Five Orange Pips" he comments to a client that he has been defeated on a mere handful of occasions and only once by a woman. They perform on stage together incognito, and become lovers. A series of mystery novels written by Carole Nelson Douglas features Irene Adler as the protagonist and sleuth, chronicling her life shortly before in the novel Good Night, Mr. Holmes

and after her notable encounter with Sherlock Holmes and which feature Holmes as a supporting character. Douglas provides Irene with a back story as a pint-size child vaudeville performer who was trained as an opera singer before going to work as a Pinkerton detective. In a series of novels by John Lescroart , it is stated that Adler and Holmes had a son, Auguste Lupa, and it is implied that he later changes his name to Nero Wolfe. King, it is stated that Irene Adler, who is deceased when the book begins, once had an affair with main character Sherlock Holmes and gave birth to a son, Damian Adler, an artist now known as The Addler. In a recent collection of Sherlock Holmes pastiches entitled *Sherlock Holmes: This series of tales provides great insights into the relationship of Adler and Holmes*. In that film, she is a femme fatale. She and Holmes are depicted as having a deep and mutual infatuation, even while she is employed by Professor Moriarty. McAdams reprised the role in the sequel *Sherlock Holmes: A Game of Shadows* in which Professor Moriarty deeming her position compromised by her love for Holmes, poisons and kills her. Moriarty informs Holmes that he murdered Adler. Holmes vengefully vows to defeat him. According to the liner notes of the original cast album, the story makes extensive use of the story "A Scandal in Bohemia".

Television and radio[edit]

Main article: She appears in the fourth part, based upon The Sign of the Four main storyline and A Scandal in Bohemia flashback , in which Holmes and Watson, while waiting for the new information on his current case, remember their encounter with Irene Adler played by Larisa Soloveva. This version of Irene Adler is not an opera singer, but an actress. Although Holmes initially considers her a suspect, she proves her innocence and becomes an ally. She is initially sought to recover incriminating photos she possesses of a liaison between her and a female member of the Royal Family, along with various other incriminating documents kept in a password-protected phone. In this version, she is not American, but English; while the original was a victim of prosecution falsely accused of being a courtesan , this one is a culprit and a known dominatrix who serves high-end clientele; unlike the original, she is intensely attracted to Sherlock; most importantly, unlike the original, she consistently fails to best Sherlock and eventually ends up in his mercy. In " The Lying Detective ", Holmes receives a text that, from the text alert, John identifies as having come from Irene. In the television series *House* , Wilson tells a story about a patient named Irene Adler, with whom House was obsessed and fell in love. In the CBS series, *Elementary* , Adler is initially an unseen character in the first season, mentioned first in "Flight Risk" as a former love interest of Holmes. Irene Adler is his nemesis, Jamie Moriarty gender-swapped from her literary counterpart. Moriarty created the Irene identity to seduce Holmes, and subsequently faked her own death to distract him from possibly uncovering her criminal activities. At first she has an affair with Headmaster Ormstein but takes up with another man Godfrey Norton who teaches art and sees through the plot of Holmes and Watson in "The Adventure of the Headmaster with Trouble" based on " A Scandal in Bohemia ". She is voiced by Rie Miyazawa. The Sherlock Holmes stories are full of such contradictions regarding dates: Redmond explains the term as implying "something between a social climber and a high class tart". Retrieved December 28, Archived from the original on 30 January Retrieved 31 January Guidebook to the show.

7: The Adventress by Carole Nelson Douglas

The Adventress has 6 ratings and 0 reviews. Douglas does it again! Following the splendid debut of the fascinating Irene Adler in Good Night, Mr. Holme.

Then we counted that there was seventeen still alive, so we divided into quarters, each oath-bound to keep track of one another. Each man of a Quarter bears on his breast one point of the compass and a fourth portion of the shoreline where the treasure lay. Singh and I could count for two now, I figured. Claude was always talking of his little daughter, so I swore to see that Louise got her share when the time came. Our pact allowed that if one of us died afore- times. Jerseyman nodded and tightened his three-fingered grip on the tankard. Saw our signal fire a half a league off and scooped us all up like we was guppies in a pond. Though two Quarters were sea folk like ourselves, eight of the survivors were passengers, gennelmun all. One undertook to direct this scheme. And there was the system. Parceled out like gold at these very tables nigh twenty years ago, and seals for each point of the French compass. Looked right royal on the envelopes, official-like, even if the insides was unlettered. Grimes, rest him, could only print. We relied on Paddy for the Frenchâ€™his mother was Calais bornâ€™ though we gave him an idea of what to say. You have no recollection of what he looked like? But he was a young fellow, quiet and gennelmunly, of ordinary height, dark- brown hair, eyes like muddy water, and wearing sideburns and mutton chops. Save for Singh, Paddy, meself and Grimes. Jerseyman shook his head. Depended on that little blighter. Could turn it loose, I suppose. A silence prevailed, broken only by the reptilian rasp from within the basket of the creature under discussion. And it might even say a word or two to you now and again. Never known the little blighter to escape his basket like that before. I smothered a scream and an impulse to flee. Through the partially raised lid and by the light of the oil lamp on our table, a small, flat head lifted. Two dark eyes, as polished as shoe buttons, stared at me. It struck me that there was an anxious cast to the low-browed head. So, I imagine, Gulliver must have felt in his cage among the giant Brobdingnagians. How nonsensical to imagine that the small serpent could understand that its very fate was under macabre discussion! But certainly it might miss its dead master on some primitive level. You are sure it is harmless? What will you call it? It is a snake. Instead, another candidate for namesake occurred to me. We froze at once, paralyzed by surprise, even as we saw that he was walking at a brisk clip with his head cast down. Irene and I began to scatter in unison, bumping into each other and managing to make an even tighter knot. At that very moment, Monsieur Montpensier collided with me. The impact roused him from his reverie. He favored me with a most intimidating glower. Godfrey he dismissed as quickly as he had myself; Irene he regarded burningly for a good half-minute. She broke the spell of his regard by loosing a flood of silly French, perfectly pronounced: Her dear friend, Fifi, means to say, of course, that her adorable pet serpent has taken an unsanctioned walk. Certainly, it is such a little snakeâ€™no cobra at allâ€™and quite charming. Monsieur is not to be afraid. If he would watch where he stepsâ€™ Monsieur Montpensier did no such thing, stomping onward with, if anything, a harsher tread. We regarded his departure in silence. Then Irene crouched to inspect the walk. He dropped it into the basket and closed the latch. Irene had risen and was staring after our unsociable acquaintance. Thank goodness Godfrey was in disguise, and Nell has been altered by my cosmetic attentions. Myself he has not only seen, but spoken with. Odd that he did not recognize me. I think he is too full of himself and his plans to do so. Certainly the stratagem of the snake was brilliantly done. While Nell and I blundered into each other like headless chickens, you at least had the sense to loose a distraction. Now tell me, are you angry because you were exposed to the unbridled presence of the serpent, or because your new pet might have been lost or injured? I had cherished hopes that you would provide a leveling influence for her. She merely laughed at their obvious disdain. We returned to the hotel arm in arm, parting only on the promenade. Irene and I entered by the grand front lobby, while Godfrey skulked to the usual rear entrance. We arrived at their parlor just after him. I forbore asking what it was; certainly I would have to consult a herpetologist quickly, although I understood that snakes do not dine daily. If the creature was in my charge, I could not let it starve, however disgusting its appetite. Jerseyman and his partners obviously washed ashore there, ironically making their destination in an unanticipated way. We shall require a detailed map of the

THE ADVENTRESS (IRENE ADLER) pdf

Cretan coast, particularly the northern one. The compass rose we have assembled from the individual tattoos must provide some still-arcane clue to the exact location. Somehow we must make compass and map tell us their secrets.

The Adventuress-Book 2 (formerly Good Morning, Irene) The deaths of beautiful Irene Adler and her bridegroom, handsome barrister Godfrey Norton, have been widely reported in the English and European press.

But it is impossible! At that moment Sophie entered, curtsied and announced a visitor. He told Sophie to admit the caller. My dear le Villard. We all jumped as if startled by a jack-in-the-box, then laughed in shared embarrassment. May I recommend keeping a bird instead? Monsieur le Villard was blind to our quandary as well. He took an elegant step, then whirled to confront us. One small hand made a fist that smacked the palm of his other hand. The French words rolled off his tongue so briskly that I had to listen closely to catch all he said. Monsieur le Villard stroked the thin strands of his jet-black mustache much like a cat grooming its whiskers after a bowl of cream. His next bow was profound. I have not thanked you, Monsieur Norton, for your aid in the matter of the will. I am translating his dissertations on various subjects so that the French detective service may once again come to the forefront of international crime-solving; our reputation has sagged a bit since the days of Vidoq. For this opportunity alone, I am most grateful, Monsieur Norton. I was growing quite dizzy from so much bobbing and scraping. I fear—how can I say it but with brutal plainness? The matter that brings me to you at this inconvenient hour is the Montpensier tragedy. Casanova and I exercised enough restraint to remain silent. Godfrey sank back into his chair, his voice flat as if he were not surprised. Three such long faces at least owed me some clarity. You will understand when you hear my account. You must pardon me, I cannot reveal many details. It is a shocking case, a girl so young and so pretty. Irene stretched a hand to his over a pile of books. Godfrey was obviously shocked at hearing that the girl he had rescued less than two days earlier was now truly lost. I saw that at once, if Godfrey was too overcome to notice. Our position was delicate, to say the least. Mentioning these sad facts now was not only futile, but possibly dangerous. We three could be held responsible for withholding the information, for not notifying her relations. The detective shook his gleaming head. I am not insignificant in the Paris detective service. I do not attend mere accidental drownings. Grief, of course, has driven the uncle to a terrible state; he is barely coherent. I tell you, the family is ruined! And I also must ask you and your husband about your chance encounter with the young Louise only days ago. Did she strike you as fearing for her life? So you have no information that might aid in the course of my investigation? The French detective was admirably suggestible. He stood promptly to take her hand and kiss it lingeringly. No one could shred the truth finer than Irene and still avoid an outright lie. Such occasions always promised swift action on her part, and I found myself anticipating what it would be. Once the maid had shown out the detective, Irene began to pace the chamber. He obviously considered our interrogation a mere formality. Monsieur le Villard may be translating the works of Sherlock Holmes, but he has learned nothing of deduction, or of human nature. Madame Montpensier no more did away with young Louise than I did! How can you be so certain? Oh, what an error has been made! The poor child was so convinced that her ordeal would make her an outcast to her relatives that she attempted to drown herself. Even an idiot detective like le Villard might have deduced a troubling severity in family life from that. And into that situation I sent Louise, armed only with a jar of vanishing cream! I will not rest until I discover what has happened to Louise, and by whose hands. It was a gray, gaunt, raddled edifice. Stains veined the ancient mansard roof that drooped its hooded eyelids over the dark and melancholy gable windows. Although travelers wax rapturous over the narrow residences of Paris, with their rows of tall French windows, I find such architecture pinched and consumptive-looking. And although fog and smoke seldom clog the parks of Paris as they smother the London byways, the same sooty tracks of crowded urban life that veil London streak Parisian landmarks. So, in the chill rain through which we viewed it on that gray, early autumn afternoon, the house of Montpensier reminded me of a haughty French dowager whose face paint was melting. Godfrey upheld a black umbrella broad enough to shield myself and Irene on either side. We each wore unadorned black, as suited visitors to a house of mourning. Before we had left Neuilly, I had objected to my presence on the expedition, but Irene had overridden my protestations. Besides, this is a most delicate mission. I will need all the aid I can get. I am amazed that you would intrude at such a

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time. How else can I make amends? I, too, sorrowfully recalled the soft brown rabbit who had been Louise Montpensier, alive in our Neuilly residence but days before. I know of no one else who can always find such cause for optimism in mere hesitancy. Godfrey took me aside moments later. You are so sensitive. You may perceive the true mind of the aunt, whom Irene believes to be falsely accused. We rely upon you.

9: Irene Adler –“ASH- Adventuresses of Sherlock Holmes

Nor you in a holy book, Godfrey added as he strolled in, his forefinger in a volume as thick as mine. I remain convinced that the letters are taken from the motto on a coat of arms.

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