

PRINCESS
in Love



JULIANNE
MACLEAN

Princess in Love
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Prologue~



Briggin's Prison, Petersburg, January 1815

SHE'D ALWAYS KNOWN LIFE DID not follow a straight or predictable path—it was riddled with unexpected twists, turns, and steep inclines—but never had Rose Sebastian understood that fact as well as she did on the day her world turned upside down and her heart was smashed to pieces.

As the uniformed guard led her down a steep set of spiraling stone steps that seemed to go on forever into a hellishly dark dungeon in the very guts of the earth, Rose wondered if she would ever look back on these events and understand why it all happened the way it did. Would she ever let go of the regret? Would she ever be grateful for the cruel lessons that had been forced upon her?

The guard continued down a long stone corridor with torches blazing in wall sconces. The hay-strewn floor was wet beneath her feet. She had never ventured this deeply into Briggin's Prison before. How

medieval it seemed. The air was cold and damp and made her body shiver.

At last they reached the cell at the end of the corridor, and the guard lifted the bar on the heavy oaken door. It creaked open on rusty iron hinges.

“He’s in here, Your Highness. Shall I accompany you, or do you wish me to wait outside?”

Rose hesitated. Of course the guard must wait outside, for there were intimate matters to discuss with the prisoner.

The prisoner. Dear God, what if she lost her temper and struck him? Or worse, what if she took one look at him and desire still burned, despite everything he had done?

“Wait outside, please,” she firmly replied, moving toward the threshold. “Shut the door behind me and bar it. I will knock twice to signal when I am through with him.”

She handed the guard a ten-pound note—a small price to pay for his silence—then took a deep breath and steeled her nerves as she entered the prison cell.

The door slammed shut behind her, and she jumped at the sound of it—like a judge’s gavel—while her gaze fell upon the man she had come here to confront.

He was already standing in the center of the cell as if he had known it was she outside the door. She, who had once adored him. Trusted him. Desired him.

He wore the same fashionable clothing from a few short hours ago when he was arrested in the palace courtyard and dragged away for high treason and attempted murder.

For he had tried to kill her beloved brother, the

king.

Her heart squeezed like a wrathful fist in her chest, and for a moment she couldn’t breathe.

“You seem surprised to see me,” Rose said, lifting her chin and resisting any urge to rush forward into his arms and beg to hear that he was safe and unharmed, for his welfare did not matter. She should not care about that. He deserved to rot down here with the rest of the rats, and she hoped he would.

“Yes,” he replied. “And no, because all I’ve done since they dragged me here was pray you would come to me. I could think of nothing else.”

Rose scoffed. “There it is again. The flattery and seduction. Did you imagine I would learn of your peril and try to rescue you? Did you think I would drop to my brother’s feet and beg him to set you free because I had fallen in love with you? Even after what you did to my family and how you used me?”

He stepped forward, but she held up a hand. “Stay where you are, sir. I know everything. My brother told me of your plot to replace him on the throne. I know how you came to the palace to win the queen’s affections. I know that your father has been planning your marriage to her since the day you were born so that you would one day rule this country at her side. You have been deceiving us all, and for that reason I came here to tell you that anything I felt for you in the past is annihilated. Nothing I said remains true any longer for I was misled, and I certainly have no intention of helping you escape your sentence, whatever it may be.”

He shook his head in disbelief. “You’re lying. If you

felt nothing for me, why did you come here? If I did not matter to you, you would simply watch my head roll.”

Her fury erupted again, for he was not wrong. She was not indifferent, but damn him for recognizing it. Damn him for pointing it out.

The chill of the prison cell seeped into her bones, and she rubbed at her arms. “I will never forgive you,” she said.

He stared at her. “Yes you will, Rose, because you know I am innocent.”

She felt nauseous suddenly. A part of her wanted to weep at the loss of him. Another part of her wanted to strike him and shake him senseless until he confessed that he had treated her wrongly and that he was sorry. That he regretted all the lies and betrayals, and that this was all just a bad dream.

“I know no such thing,” she replied nevertheless. “My brother was poisoned with arsenic just like my father, who is now dead. You of all people know how much I loved my father. Yet you, as a devout Royalist, were behind the plot to kill him.”

He made a fist at his side. “No, I knew nothing of that, just as I knew nothing of the attempt on Randolph’s life. I love you, Rose. You know that. You know I would never do anything to hurt you.”

He tried to move closer again, and what was left of her heart split in two. He was still the most beautiful man she had ever known, and despite all her cool, contemptuous bravado, she could never forget the passion they shared, how his touch had ignited her whole world into a boundless realm of happiness.

But she must push those memories aside, for she was devastated by his betrayal and by the total destruction of her first love.

How could she have been so foolish? How could she not have seen the truth? How would she ever recover from this?

“Please,” he said, spreading his arms wide in open surrender. “Tell Randolph I had nothing to do with the arsenic. I confess I was raised as a Royalist, and yes...my father wanted to remove your family from the throne and I was involved in that. But since the day we met on that muddy road in England, Rose, I have cared less and less for politics and thrones. I fell in love with you. You know it in your heart.” He inhaled deeply. “Speak to Randolph on my behalf. Tell him I am sincere. I knew nothing of the attempt on his life or your father’s murder. Treason, yes...I am guilty of that. I was part of the plot to take back the throne, at least in the beginning, but I am no killer.”

Her heart was beating so fast she feared she might faint, but it was not like before, when her heart raced simply because Leopold Hunt, Marquess of Cavanaugh, entered a room. This was different. Everything had changed. She was not the same naive girl she was six months ago. The trust was gone. She must smother all that remained of her foolish infatuation.

“It will fall on the court to determine whether or not you are a killer,” she told him. “I cannot help you in that regard, for clearly I am incapable of sensible judgments where you are concerned.”

“That is not true.”

A part of her wanted to believe him, but she clung

to the dark shadow of contempt that had taken over her soul.

“Yes it is,” she replied, “for you were the worst mistake of my life.”

All the color drained from his face—as if she had thrust a knife into his belly.

“I pray you will not feel that way forever,” he said.

She laughed bitterly. “Why? So there might be a chance for us? Or perhaps you hope my feelings might change in time to reduce your sentence?”

“It has nothing to do with that.”

For a flashing instant, her thoughts flew back to that muddy road in England when the world was a different place and she still believed in heroes and fairy tales.

She quickly pounded the life out of that memory and kicked it into a deep grave.

“If I must repeat myself, I will,” she replied. “I want nothing more to do with you, Leopold. I want to forget what happened between us and move on with my life. I wish you luck in the trial, but I will not be here to witness it, for I will be leaving Petersbourg as soon as possible. I intend to marry the archduke of Austria, as planned.”

“Rose, wait...”

Again, he took a step closer but she swung around, fearful that he might touch her, hold her, weaken her resolve. She rushed to the door and rapped hard against it with a tight fist. “Guard!”

The bar lifted and the door opened. Rose rushed out.

“Is everything all right, Your Highness?” the guard

asked, looking more than a little concerned.

“I am fine,” she lied.

While she struggled to resist the treacherous urge to change her mind and return to Leopold’s side, the door slammed shut behind her.

Suddenly, to her utter shame and chagrin, she wondered what would happen if she spoke to Randolph on Leopold’s behalf. Would he show mercy? Life in prison perhaps, instead of death?

No. No! She would do nothing of the sort! She was a Sebastian and had a duty to fulfill. Her brother’s new monarchy had only just begun. She must remain strong, serve her beloved country, and marry the future emperor of Austria.

She would forget about Leopold Hunt, and she would be more sensible from this day forward. She would not spend another moment wondering how this unthinkable heartache had come to pass, nor would she wonder what she could have done differently to avoid it.

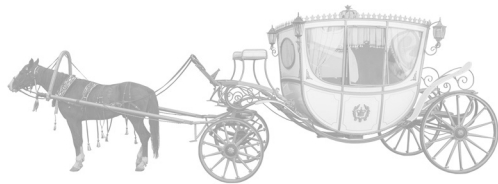
What was done was done. He was dead to her now.

It was time to leave Petersbourg.

PART I

England

Six months earlier



Chapter

1



June 22, 1814

“*W*HAT IS HAPPENING? DEAR LORD, we are all going to die!”

The coach swerved ominously like a snake’s tail behind the frightened team of horses. With terrifying violence, Rose was tossed out of her seat and thrown against the side door.

“We are not going to die!” she shouted to the dowager Duchess of Pembroke. It seemed a rather silly assertion, however, spoken from the floor of the coach when she was blind as a bat because her bonnet had fallen forward over her face.

She tugged it back and groped at the seat cushions to remove herself from the floor, when suddenly the coach veered sharply again in the opposite direction. She shot across the interior like a cannonball and slammed into the window.

“Oh, my word!” the duchess cried. “Are you hurt?”

The coach was still careening left and right. Rose scrambled to her knees and reached for something—*anything*—to hold on to for she had no wish to go flying through the air a third time.

“I am well enough,” she replied, though she’d landed hard on her wrist and it was throbbing painfully. “And you, Your Grace? Are you hurt?”

A cacophony of shouts and hollers began outside the coach as the team was brought under control and the coach at last drew to a halt. Everything went suddenly still and blessedly quiet.

“What happened?” the dowager asked in a daze.

Rose struggled to her feet and tasted blood on her lower lip. It was already beginning to swell.

“I am not certain,” she replied, “but we at least seem to be out of harm’s way.”

She was just climbing onto the seat when the coach door flew open. “Everything all right in here?” the driver asked with wide eyes. The dowager’s footman appeared in the open doorway beside him.

“Yes, I believe so,” Rose replied, though she was aching all over and the dowager was white as a sheet.

“My apologies,” he said. “We hit a slippery patch and one of the horses kicked another before they all went stark raving mad. We’re lucky we didn’t flip over and roll down the hillside.”

“Lucky indeed,” the dowager replied with notable sarcasm.

Rose leaned her head back against the seat and shut her eyes. *Thank God we are all safe.*

Quickly recovering her senses, she sat forward. “What about you, Samson? And Charles? Unscathed,

I hope?”

“Yes, ma’am,” Samson replied. “Just a little shook up, is all. It was quite a ride. I thought we were done for.”

Perhaps it was the fragile state of her nerves, or a sudden burst of euphoria at having cheated death, but Rose found herself laughing.

“I believe we are in agreement there, Mr. Samson. If only you could have seen me! I’ve never been airborne before today, and I am quite certain I do not wish to repeat the experience.”

Samson’s shoulders relaxed and he bent forward with relief. “Indeed, madam. I saw my life pass before my eyes. It made me realize I didn’t eat nearly enough cakes and pies.”

She laughed uproariously, despite the fact that her lip was throbbing and she was having some trouble moving her wrist without considerable pain.

The dowager shook her head at them. “You young people are half mad! We all nearly met our maker just now, and you are laughing!” Then she, too, joined them with a smile. “But I daresay there are times one must appreciate being spared from near-fatal disaster. We are still breathing, and that is what matters.”

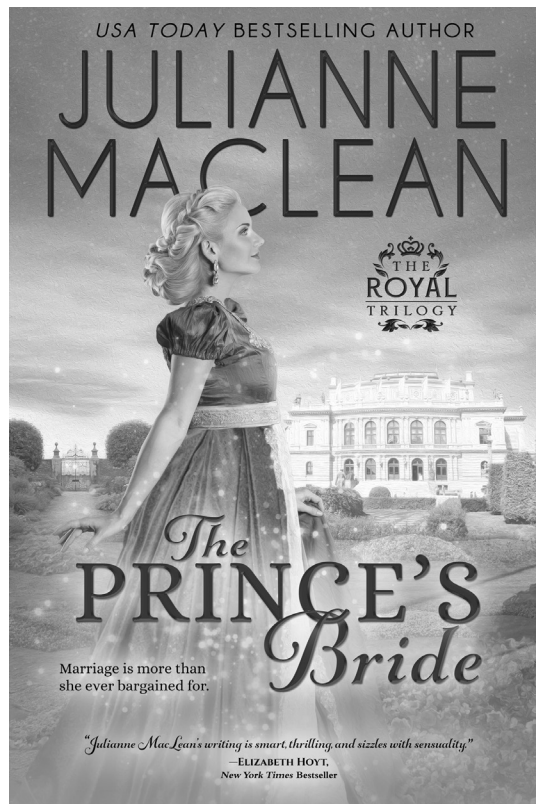
A short while later, they were all standing outside the coach staring at the rear wheel that was up to its axle in a puddle of sticky muck, while the wind gusted across the rolling green hills and whipped at the ladies’ skirts.

Samson had tried with considerable effort to motivate the horses to pull, but the coach simply would not budge.



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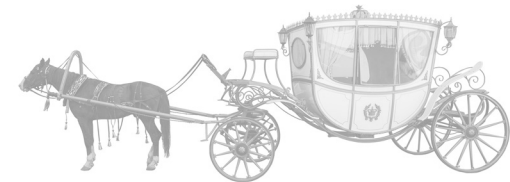
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PART I

The Abduction



Chapter

1



Paris July 19, 1815

THIS WAS WRONG, SO VERY, very wrong... She was a villain tonight, there could be no denying it, but any guilt was somehow eclipsed by the unexpected pleasure of this wicked and very sinister charade.

The passion is not real, Véronique reminded herself as she took hold of Prince Nicholas's gloved hand, met his gaze with a mischievous look of desire through her half mask, and allowed him to assist her into the coach.

Quickly, before he joined her, she glanced around at the cushions placed just so, the bottle of champagne in the corner, and breathed in the subtle scent of rosewater, which she had splashed onto the dark green velvet upholstery a few hours ago, before she'd entered the ball.

The coach lamp flickered wildly as the night breeze

wafted in through the door. With graceful, controlled movements, she sat down and reclined seductively.

Prince Nicholas, her quarry, followed her inside and closed the door behind them.

At last, they were completely alone.

As he slid onto the seat beside her, the lamplight reflected off the brass buttons of his royal regalia and sparkled in his enticing blue eyes. His mask covered most of his face, but not those luscious full lips. Not that the disguise made a difference. She already knew what he looked like. He had been shown to her the day before, pointed out like a partridge in the wood.

"Look, that's him down there—in the black coat. That's Wellington beside him. Viscount Castlereagh, the British foreign secretary, is wearing the gray hat." Pierre Cuvier handed her the spyglass. "Will you be able to pick him out in the crowd?"

Leaning out over the rail of the stone arch bridge that spanned the Seine, Véronique shut one eye, peered through the lens, and peered down at the three men standing on the bow of the boat as it passed beneath them.

She had been briefed about Prince Nicholas's extraordinary good looks, but had not expected to nearly lose her breath as she caught him in her sights.

She'd also been warned about his notorious reputation with women. According to Pierre, he was a flagrant charmer and heartbreaker. A scoundrel of the highest order.

Now that she had seen him in the flesh, she understood why he could get away with such behavior. Not only was he a royal prince of Petersbourg—a small

but powerful European nation on the North Sea—but he also had the face of a Greek god, with jet black hair and blue eyes, a teasing smile that could charm all the angels out of heaven, and a strapping muscular build, unquestionably fit for a throne.

Though he would likely never wear the crown, for his brother's wife, Queen Alexandra, had recently given birth to a son.

None of that concerned Véronique, however. She had a job to do, and she must stay focused on the task at hand.

“Yes, I will be able to pick him out,” she replied as she snapped the spyglass shut and handed it back to Pierre.

“He'll be wearing a mask,” he warned.

Véronique turned to walk back to the coach. “Don't worry. It won't be a problem.”

Yet here she sat this evening, reclining on the soft upholstered seat in the overheated coach, smiling at her captured prince with tempting allure, wondering how much time she had. How long would they be alone before the laudanum took effect? Five minutes? An hour?

Her desire for him was alarming, and she realized she may not be in full control here. She supposed she had known that before she stepped into the coach, for everything had turned rather warm and hazy in the ballroom when they first met. Something very potent had sparked between them, and now she was caught up in a delicious sexual current, which she feared might sweep her off her feet.

“I didn't expect this tonight,” Nicholas said in a

low, husky voice that heated her blood. “It was supposed to be a night of political debates and endless arguments.”

“You've all been arguing for days,” Véronique replied, referring, of course, to the fate of Napoléon, who had been defeated at Waterloo less than a month ago, and had just surrendered to the British. He had boarded the *HMS Bellerophon* at the port of Rochefort, but no one could agree on what to do with him. “Haven't you had enough?”

Nicholas slid closer, slowly removed his gloves one finger at a time, then cupped her chin in his hand. “Enough talk of politics, yes, but not nearly enough of you.”

There it was...the famous charm. She would have liked to believe she was immune to it, for she was the seducer in this situation, but when he spoke to her in that velvety voice and touched her with those strong, gentle hands, she melted like every other woman who found herself blinded by his impossible charisma.

Keep your head, Véronique. It won't be long now....

“Are we going somewhere?” he asked while his gaze dipped to her parted lips. “Or did you invite me to your coach for some other decadent purpose?”

She raised an eyebrow. “Such as?”

The corner of his mouth curled up in a devilish grin. “I'm not sure, darling, but you seemed rather determined to lure me out of there. Where do you live? Is it far? Or do you have some other plan for me? A hotel perhaps, or a long, leisurely drive through the city?”

The coach lurched forward and pulled away from

the curb.

Prince Nicholas's eyes remained fixed on hers, and he smiled. "A drive it is, then."

With a simmering look of desire, he kissed the side of her neck, and the moist heat of his lips lifted her into a dreamlike cloud of arousal. Letting her head fall back on the seat cushion, she laid her hands on the gold epaulets on his broad shoulders and closed her eyes. How relaxed she felt in his arms.

It wasn't supposed to be like this. She wasn't supposed to let it go this far....

Nicholas continued to lay a trail of hot kisses across her collarbone and down to her cleavage. "You taste sweet, my darling," he whispered. "Like honey."

Then he lifted his head and gazed intently at her for a heart-wrenching moment.

Slowly he reached up and pulled his own mask away.

Tossing it to the floor, he said, "I am glad I found you tonight, and that you dragged me out of there."

Seeing his whole face for the first time in the golden lamplight caused a shiver in her heart—a sudden twinge of uncertainty. Or perhaps a better word was regret, for what she was about to do to him.

What was it about this man? she wondered frantically. Was she foolish to think there was something more between them than a devious plot on her part, and a casual sexual seduction on his? Perhaps he made all women feel this way when he held them in his arms, as if there were something deep and profound between them. True love at first sight, so to speak.

She didn't love him. No, of course she didn't. To her, he was just a means to an end.

"May I have the pleasure of removing your mask, V ronique?" he asked. "I would like to see your face."

She laid her gloved fingers upon it to hold it securely in place. "But isn't this part of the allure?"

Her voice was full of a confident, teasing melody, but she felt her lip twitch at the dishonesty, for they were alone now, like true lovers. She reminded herself that she was being paid to seduce him, and very soon the mood in the coach was going to take a severe turn.

He surprised her then, by sitting back, slouching in the seat, and grasping her gloved hand. He looked down at it with curiosity as he weaved his fingers through hers. "You still haven't told me your full name. Why ever not? Do you feel you must keep secrets from me? Is it because of who I am?"

A ball of heat caught fire in her belly. "I didn't think the details of my identity—or yours—should matter to either one of us tonight. Napol on will soon be dealt with, and for that reason, you won't be in Paris much longer. Besides, I am no fool. I know your reputation. You want a single night of pleasure with me, no strings attached, isn't that right?"

He paused. "Is that really what you think of me? Of this?"

She chose her words carefully. "Am I wrong?"

He said nothing while he rubbed the pad of his thumb over the back of her gloved hand. Then he raised it to his lips.

"I don't know what has been happening to me lately," he confessed with eyes closed. "I am not myself."

“How so?”

He shook his head as if he had no answer to give; then he looked at her. “Perhaps it is the end of this bloody war. The world seems different somehow. Or maybe it’s the fact that my brother now has a wife and a son, and my sister has gone off to become a married woman as well.”

“Do they seem happy?” Véronique asked, curious about his perceptions of the world, and his illustrious family.

“My brother is happy. I am not sure about my sister. She is in Austria now, and I worry for her.”

“She is married to the future emperor,” Veronique said. “I am sure she will be fine.” She looked out the window and wished she did not have to do what she must this evening. She wanted things to be different. “I heard that her husband was wounded at Waterloo.”

“Yes, but the archduke is on the mend. Thank heavens for that.” Nicholas was slouched very low in the seat with his head tilted back. He closed his eyes again. “Did you lose anyone at Waterloo, Véronique?”

She remembered certain days of the war and thought it would be best to avoid that painful subject. So she turned toward him again, her body at an angle, and rested her cheek on a hand. “We lost a neighbor—a young man who had been a playmate for my sister and me when we were young.”

Nicholas opened his eyes and regarded her in the dim lamplight. “You have a sister? Younger or older?”

“She is nineteen and in love with a gentleman who cannot marry her.”

He frowned. “Why not?”

“His parents will not approve the match. They have threatened to disinherit him if he makes a promise to her. They do not consider our family worthy enough for their son. He is a viscount,” she explained with a sigh. “My father owns a lovely piece of property. It borders theirs, but he has no title, and money is...” She swallowed hard. “The war was hard on us.”

A shiver moved through her, and as the coach rolled on, she found she could not avoid the truth after all.

“I did not tell you everything just now,” she continued. “We lost more than a neighbor. Both my older brothers...very early during Bonaparte’s campaigns.”

Nicholas’s dark brows pulled together in a frown. “So your family...they are Bonapartists?”

She shook her head. “Not anymore. It’s been years since that Corsican tyrant had a single shred of loyalty from us. We are relieved the king is back on the throne, but my father—” She paused again. “—he is not the same man he once was. He has taken to gambling and drinking.”

Nicholas raised her hand to his lips and kissed it tenderly. “I am sorry to hear that, Véronique. I know what it’s like to lose someone.”

Her heart warmed at the kindness in his words, and for a moment she forgot what she was doing here. All that seemed to matter was the way he made her feel—like a woman who was meant to be loved.

By him.

But this was not love.

Still...there was something strangely enchanting about this encounter.

“You are referring to your father, the king?” she

asked, in response to his last comment, for it was a well-known fact that the king of Petersbourg had been lethally poisoned the previous year.

Nicholas continued to kiss her hand and began to journey up her wrist while she tingled all over with pleasure. "And my mother died when I was very young. They say I took it hard."

"You don't remember?"

He seemed lost in thought, or very sleepy.... "I remember everything."

The coach rocked back and forth as they made their way to the outskirts of the city.

"God, I'm tired all of a sudden," he said as he reached out to pull her into his arms. "Come here, I want to hold you."

She snuggled closer and rested her cheek on his shoulder.

"You smell good," he whispered as he kissed the top of her head.

He smelled good, too. Véronique turned her face into the crimson wool of his jacket, which was decorated with a navy sash and a black belt with brass buttons. Closing her eyes, she inhaled in the delectable scent of his body.

He was a handsome royal prince, and his clothes smelled clean and regal, like nothing she'd ever smelled before.

She wanted to know so much more about him. If only they could continue talking this way, but the drug was taking effect. Soon he would be unconscious, they would reach the little farmhouse on the outskirts of the city, and everything would change.

He would not say caring words to her when he learned what she had done to him.

She sat very still for the next few minutes. She did not move a muscle, nor did she initiate any further conversation. When the sound of his breathing grew slow and even, she carefully lifted her head to study his profile.

What a beautiful man he was. His dark features were perfectly sculpted. He had the enticing aura of someone born to be a woman's dream lover, her Prince Charming in every way. It was almost comical that he was a true prince.

In that regard, his brother, King Randolph, would no doubt take notice of his mysterious disappearance from the Paris ball and leave no stone unturned in the quest to locate him and punish those responsible for the abduction.

With a sudden pang of dread for all that she would face in the coming weeks, Véronique carefully disentangled herself from Nicholas's embrace, placed his arm gently upon his lap, and slid across to the opposite facing seat.

She watched him for a long time and wondered what he would think of her when he discovered her treachery. She regretted it already, for there had been something truly extraordinary between them this evening. It was both sexually exciting and surprisingly intimate in a way she had not expected. As a result, this mercenary task had become a secret indulgence. For a while, she had forgotten that this was wrong, and that she was a corrupt, false-hearted charlatan.

If things were different, she would not have cho-

sen this path for herself, but she was duty-bound to her family. She could not allow their entire world to come crashing down around them. Véronique would therefore do what was required and pray that somehow she would emerge unscathed.

The coach pulled to a halt, and she peered out the window.

The door flew open suddenly and banged against the outside panel. Véronique frowned at her sister, Gabrielle, who wore a black cloak with the hood pulled up to hide her fiery red hair.

“For pity’s sake, be quiet,” Véronique whispered. “We must be careful not to wake him.”

Gabrielle grabbed hold of the rail and swung into the dimly lit interior. She took a seat beside Véronique and stared with fascination at Prince Nicholas, who was sprawled out on the opposite seat like a gorgeous work of art. He slept soundly.

“How long has he been out?” Gabrielle asked.

Véronique removed her mask and gloves and rubbed her fingers over her cheeks where the stiff fabric had been too tight. “Not long. Ten minutes perhaps?”

Gabrielle inclined her head and leaned a little closer. “Upon my word, he is deadly handsome. How in the world did you keep your head?”

“It wasn’t easy, I assure you.”

“Did he kiss you?”

Véronique let her memory take her back to those first few moments....

“Not on the mouth.”

Gabrielle’s eyebrows lifted. “Not on the mouth?” She spoke as if scandalized, but Véronique knew

her sister was thrilled at the possibilities. “Care to explain?”

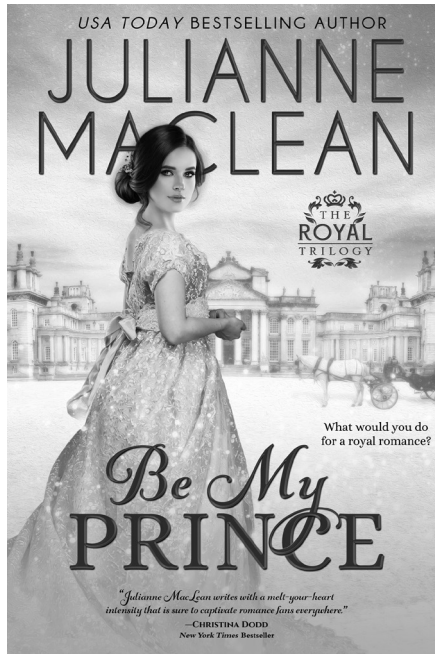
“No,” Véronique said. “There’s no time for that. I don’t know how long he will sleep. Did you bring the rope?”

Gabrielle pulled it from her cloak—like a rabbit out of a hat. “I’ve got it right here. Which one of us gets to do the honors?”

Véronique immediately snatched the rope from her sister. “*I* caught him,” she said, “so it’s only right that *I* get to bag him.”



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Book One in the Royal Trilogy
BE MY PRINCE
By Julianne MacLean



Attention one and all. His Royal Highness, Prince Randolph of Petersbourg, will set sail for London in early June and reside at St. James Palace for one full month...Some say the true motive for the prince's visit to our fair country is to seek and marry his future queen. I will therefore pose the question to our devoted and reflective readers: Who among us will be the chosen one?

—From the London Ballroom Society Pages

Lady Alexandra Monroe has more than romance on her mind when she meets handsome Prince Randolph at the Regent's Ball. While all the other ladies fall for his famous charms, she remains focused on her true goal—to seize the crown of Petersbourg for herself and return her father's bloodline to the throne. Alexandra is ruthless in her ambitions, until she meets Prince Randolph's dangerously handsome and seductive younger brother, Nicholas, who arouses her passions in ways she never imagined. Before long, Alexandra finds herself caught up in a complex web of secrets and scandals, where the only hope for her survival is in the arms of the one man she cannot resist—the man she is destined to love forever...



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A Pembroke Palace Short Story
Seduced at Sunset

The Highlander Series:

Captured by the Highlander
Claimed by the Highlander
Seduced by the Highlander
The Rebel – A Highland Short Story
Return of the Highlander
Taken by the Highlander

The Royal Trilogy:

Be My Prince
Princess in Love
The Prince's Bride

**Western/Americana
Historical Romances**

Prairie Bride
Tempting the Marshal
Adam's Promise

Time Travel Romance:

A Time for Love

CONTEMPORARY FICTION

A Curve in the Road
A Fire Sparkling

The Color of Heaven Series:

The Color of Heaven
The Color of Destiny
The Color of Hope
The Color of a Dream
The Color of a Memory
The Color of Love
The Color of the Season
The Color of Time
The Color of Forever
The Color of a Promise
The Color of a Christmas Miracle
The Color of a Silver Lining

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Julianne MacLean is a *USA Today* bestselling author of more than thirty novels, including the contemporary women's fiction *Color of Heaven Series*. Readers have described her books as “breathtaking,” “soulful” and “uplifting.” MacLean is a four-time Romance Writers of America RITA® finalist and has won numerous awards, including the *Booksellers' Best Award* and a *Reviewers' Choice Award* from *Romantic Times*. Her novels have sold millions of copies worldwide and have been published in over a dozen languages.

MacLean has a degree in English literature from the University of King's College in Halifax, Nova Scotia, and a degree in business administration from Acadia University in Wolfville, Nova Scotia. She loves to travel and has lived in New Zealand, Canada, and England. MacLean currently resides on the east coast of Canada in a lakeside home with her husband and daughter. She invites readers to visit her website for more information about her books and writing life, and to subscribe to her mailing list for all the latest news: www.JulianneMacLean.com