



Gina Rose

*Resurrecting  
Dylan*

Brothers In All: Book 2

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**Book 2 From the Brothers In All Series**

By

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# *Resurrecting Dylan*

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Paperback ISBN-13: 978-0-9906537-2-1,

ISBN-10: 0-9906537-2-2

Ebook ISBN-13: 978-0-9906537-3-8,

ISBN-10: 0-9906537-3-0

Paperback ISBN-13: 978-1501017988,

ISBN-10: 1501017985

BISAC Codes:

FIC027000 FICTION / Romance / General

FIC027070 FICTION / Romance / Historical / Regency

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## Prologue

1812

Richmond, Virginia

The Office of Hubert Fletcher,

Solicitor of Law

“Well, Miss Melville, that about settles it,” Mr. Fletcher, her father’s solicitor said.

Claire looked at him with tears welled in her eyes and nodded her head in agreement.

“Your ship will leave port with the evening tide, so if you have no further questions, I will escort you there,” he added.

Her father was gone now; her home had been sold and all of the slaves had been freed. All of her father’s assets had been liquidated, and the proceeds sent to the Bank of London to be used as her dowry, per her father’s will. She was to go and live in London now, with a man she had never met before in her life, the Marquess of Wentworth, who would be her guardian until she reached the age of twenty-one or married, whichever came first. She had no inclination to marry, and she certainly had no desire to move to London, but she would be utterly penniless if she did not.

Her father had not taken into consideration that she had a life here, one that she had worked hard to achieve, before consigning her away to a life of marital bondage across the Atlantic. She wanted to be an authoress and had worked very hard toward that end, having only just recently sold her very first manuscript to a publisher in New York for three

fifty cent pieces. Sure, it wasn't much, but it was a start, and now she was being forced to give it all up and move away where she was expected to find a husband.

Her father had stipulated in his will that she wouldn't get so much as a Tiffin penny if she didn't marry by the age of twenty-one, thereby forcing her to comply to his wishes. He put that addendum in his will when she had refused to marry Barnaby Holcomb two years before, whom her father had personally selected. Why couldn't he have understood that she simply wasn't cut out for marriage? A husband, particularly an Englishman, wouldn't want his wife to earn a living of her own. She learned this the hard way when Barnaby, an Englishman, put his foot down on the issue just two days before their wedding. He told her that no wife of his would embarrass him by behaving in such a manner and that he absolutely forbid her to continue to pursue it. They had a very big row over it, and he had gotten so angry that he stormed out of her father's house.

Needless to say, that had been the end of their betrothal as she would not stand to be stifled in such a way. She was an American, and she had been raised by her mother to believe that anything was possible, even for a woman. Her father had punished her severely of course, but she did not let that dissuade her from what she felt was her true purpose in life. Why should she be forced into subservience to a man when she was perfectly capable of earning her own living? Her father never approved of her ideas, but she had stood firm and

defied him and continued to pursue her dream to the point of her own detriment, it now seemed.

Father has had the last word on the matter, postmortem though it was, and she would have to comply or live in abject poverty. She knew she could never do that. She had been raised on a plantation for goodness sakes, where she had personal maids and slaves to tend to her every need or whim, with new clothes, shoes, and baubles whenever the fancy struck her. She knew that she had been spoiled, but there was nothing she could do about it now. She had to have money, particularly if she wanted to continue writing. Parchment and ink were expensive and so was food and shelter.

No, she would simply have to comply or at least give the impression that she was until she could find a way out of this tangle. She would have to figure out a way to gain the use of her dowry without the added burden of a husband. She was a clever girl, and if she applied herself to the problem she was bound to come up with something. Perhaps she could continue with her writing and sell her manuscripts to London publishers and make enough money to support herself. She would figure out a way somehow, but in the meantime, she was at the mercy of her father's final wishes.

"Thank you Mr. Fletcher, you have been most helpful," she said standing up.

Mr. Fletcher offered her his arm and led her to the door. She stepped out into the afternoon sun and took one last longing look at her beloved town. She would probably never see her country again, and the

knowledge of it angered her. As he led her to his carriage, she promised herself that whatever lay ahead for her across the Atlantic, the defeat of her dreams was simply not an option.

## Chapter One

1812

Mayfair London

The Marquess of Wentworth's home

Dylan Crenshaw, the Earl of Summersleigh had been summoned by his grandfather to his dying father's home for what, he knew not. He had not seen his father or his grandfather in many months and presently he was in no condition to see anyone. He was in his cups again as he so often was now, and he hadn't bathed or shaved in nearly two weeks, which had become another foul custom of late. This was how life had been for him since that awful night when the girl had been killed a little over a year ago.

Wishy ... sweet, irresistible Wishy had put herself in his path and refused to be denied, causing him to compromise two of his long held principles. The first principle being that he would not dally with a servant, and the other that he would only have sex with virgins. He had become obsessed with the fear of contracting the disease that had killed his brother two years before and determined that only sex with virgins could guarantee that he would not suffer the same fate. He hadn't wanted to take advantage of the young girl, even though she had been so completely willing to give herself to him. Even though he had initially believed she was an innocent and would meet his specifications, he had tried to do the honorable thing and deny the lust that he felt for her. He was an earl and she but a

ladies maid, and he felt that it was bad form to indulge his urges with the servant class as he was to one day become a duke and needed to behave with honor.

In his belief that she was an innocent, he shunned her attempts to seduce him by telling her, in very crude terms, exactly what he would do to her if she did not go back to her bed as he had commanded her several times. He told her that he would use her and abandon her after she became fat with his babe and that she would most likely end up a whore in her desperation to feed his unwanted bastard. She had run from him after the things he said, just as he had hoped she would, but, instead of going back to the safety of her room at the Gray Horse Inn, she had fled into the night, and he was forced to give chase where he later found her crying in the stables.

He had felt guilty for what he had said to her and wanted to apologize, but she was upset and they quarreled. After the argument, she resumed her relentless pursuit with a renewed determination, convincing him that she might not be so innocent after all but, instead, a very skilled and cunning light-skirt who had set her sights on him for a little sport. He had been so attracted to her, and it had been so long since he had lain with a woman that he could no longer ignore her advances when she stripped naked before him and began a very artful seduction. In a terrible moment of weakness, he succumbed to her ploys, ravaging her with a brute savagery that quite stunned them both.

It was then that he heard her cries of pain as he

angrily ripped through the barrier of her innocence. Then, the ugly truth of what he had actually done shone bright to mock him and everything he had previously stood for. He was then angered anew and told her that he wouldn't marry her and that she had miscalculated if she thought to trap him into it. He told her to get dressed then stormed out of the stables because he couldn't bear to look upon her another moment. While waiting for her to finish dressing, he had wrestled with his conscience, deciding that maybe he could marry her after all and that it would really be the only honorable thing to do after what he had done. He had decided that on the following morning, he would ask her to marry him, but he never got the chance as she died moments after their tryst.

They had been set upon by a couple of ruffians who had been hired by Diana Habersham in an attempt to kidnap Alyssa, her cousin, to keep her from marrying her fiancé, Gabriel Hawkins, the Duke of Windhaven. The ruffians accosted them just outside the stables, knocking him unconscious and then sending Wishy inside to tell Alyssa that her friend had come with a message. She did as she was bid as they had no doubt used the threat of more violence against him, and she had cared enough to try and protect him from further harm. Wishy panicked when they grabbed Alyssa and tried to save her, but she was savagely bludgeoned upon the back of her head, killing her instantly. When Dylan came to and realized that she had been killed, he lost all sense of reasoning, killing the two men while they lay helplessly on the ground after

having been rendered unconscious by Gabriel.

Gabriel had met Alyssa in a brothel where she was auctioning her virginity so she could get money to escape her own fiancé, Alistair, who was also Diana's half-brother. Since Gabriel and Dylan were best friends, he had been traveling with them to Gretna Green where Gabriel and Alyssa were to elope, and that was how he had initially encountered Wishy. Gabriel had assigned her to Alyssa as a ladies' maid, and the four of them had stopped at the inn for the night after a long grueling day upon the Great North Road. Dylan wouldn't even have been with them at all, had it not been for the fact that he had met Alistair at the brothel the night of the auction and saw the madness in his eyes and felt that his friend needed to be protected.

Alistair showed up at the brothel with Bow Street in tow, searching frantically for the woman who had been auctioned. He had heard about a woman matching her description, calling herself Audrey Flowers and felt certain that it was Alyssa. Dylan, who sat alone in the card room when he had been approached by Alistair, knew without a shadow of a doubt that she was indeed the woman he sought and decided to intervene. He didn't want any harm to come to his friend or the woman so he misdirected the man, convincing him that she couldn't possibly be the woman he sought, sending him harmlessly away.

Dylan himself had tried very hard but lost the bid for Alyssa that night to the Duke of Yarbrough, but Gabriel, who was a bitter rival of the duke was

determined that Yarbrough would not have her as his cruelty was well known. Therefore, he challenged him to a game of twenty-one and won the girl for himself along with twenty thousand pounds.

“Look at what you’ve become!” his grandfather’s voice brought him out of his reverie.

True, Dylan was a mess, but he didn’t care. He only wanted to find out what the old man wanted so he could go back to his home where he could wallow in his self-loathing with only his Scotch to keep him company. He shrugged his shoulders in answer, which seemed to further infuriate the old duke. The two men were in his father’s library, and he was slouched across the sofa, his grandfather was standing across from him with his rear-end resting upon his father’s desk. He had been avoiding a moment such as this for the last year and found that he was becoming more agitated by the minute.

“What has come over you man?” he demanded.

“I’m tired,” Dylan answered simply.

“What have you to be tired from? All you do is lie about and drink yourself into a slovenly stupor, day in and day out. Maybe you’re tired of that; have you ever consider that?” his grandfather railed at him.

No, he hadn’t considered that; it was his intention to drink himself to death so he could put an end to his miserable existence. He was too cowardly to put a pistol to his head and actually pull the trigger to expedite the problem, so instead, he opted to simply waste away.

“I see nothing wrong with the way I choose to spend my spare time,” Dylan lamely replied.

The Duke of Blackstone was still a formidable man even at his advanced age of nine and seventy. He was tall and robust for a man of his years, and his silver eyes could leave even the king himself trembling when they were fixed upon him as they were fixed upon Dylan now. Dylan wasn't trembling though; the old man didn't scare him. His grandfather loved him with all of his heart; after all, he had practically raised him. His own father had been struck down eighteen years before in a terrible riding accident that left him paralyzed from the waist down. In the last two years, his father's health had begun to deteriorate, and in the last few months it had begun a rapid decline leaving him quite addled and helpless. He could no longer do even the most simple of tasks for himself and required round the clock attendance by a team of caregivers.

“How can you say that you see nothing wrong with it? Can't you see that you are dying man; is that what you are trying to accomplish?” the old man asked with a sparkle of tears in his eyes.

Dylan refused to answer this as there seemed to be no point in doing so. His clever grandfather had figured things out quite accurately and was determined to save his worthless hide, if only from himself.

“Answer me!” he barked.

“Have you called me here to tell me how worthless I am, or is there actually a point to all of this?” he found himself asking.

He hadn't meant to be so rude, but he was irritated now, and he wanted to go home.

"Aye, there is a point to this. Your father is dying, and you will soon be my only heir. I need you to clean yourself up and start acting as a man of your station should. My God, man, you reek, and I hardly recognize you under all that hair," he told him scornfully.

"You know I never wanted this," he said with bitterness dripping from his voice.

"That is entirely beside the point. What one wants and what one actually gets is not always a matter of choice," he said with stern authority.

Dylan's older brother, David, should have been in this position, but the two siblings had been such wastrels that his brother had contracted the pox from a life of debauchery and died. Dylan had initially counted himself fortunate that he too had not contracted the malady, but lately he had begun to wish that he had died in his place. When his brother died, he took stock of his life and changed his whole outlook, modifying his life and his behavior patterns accordingly, and in so doing had ultimately caused the death of a beautiful young woman.

Had he not been engaged in a battle of wills with his own repressed cock, she would never have fled the taproom of the inn after he so callously ridiculed her, and she would still be alive today. He hadn't even been able to keep her safe while wearing two loaded pistols because he had been caught unawares while dwelling on what he had done to the chit. Subsequently, he had sworn off

women altogether and made a concentrated effort to destroy his own life. He didn't deserve to live freely, frolicking with light-skirts or even whores, and he certainly didn't deserve a woman's virtue. He was a scoundrel of the worst order, and he didn't want to ruin any more lives by contaminating them with his association.

Three lives were lost because of him; why should he be entitled to breathe, let alone become a blasted duke with all the privileges that went with it? No, the world would be best served if he simply ceased to exist. Perhaps he should just put a pistol to his head and be done with it. He had tried many times, would never pull the trigger but maybe he should. Surely there was a distant cousin somewhere that would be deserving of the title? His grandfather continued to glare at him as he sat there contemplating suicide. *The old man knows what I'm thinking*, he realized. He made no attempt to compose himself as he wanted the duke to see him for what he really was; a worthless sack of shite.

"I have a task that I need you to perform," he said finally.

"How might a worthless wretch like me, serve such a fine example of humanity as you?" he snarled.

His grandfather took a steadying breath and turned to remove a letter from the desk behind him. He quickly looked it over then tossed it back behind him. He leveled his gaze on Dylan, with a tightening of his jaw before speaking.

"Your father had a friend, Captain Andreas Melville of the Royal Navy, who moved to the

American colonies when he retired from service. He has recently died of a malady of the heart and has left behind a daughter who is eight and ten and has become your father's ward," he told him.

"She is presently in route to England to live with your father until she reaches her majority, and as you know, your father is too ill to take on the responsibility, so I m entrusting the matter to you," he added.

Dylan's mind snapped to attention, and he was suddenly incredulous. Why was the old man doing this to him?

"Why can't you take her in?" he demanded.

"I am an old man, Dylan, and could die at any moment. The girl will need to find a husband and will need to be escorted to balls and parties in order to do so. An old man like myself, simply cannot keep up with such a rigorous schedule. That is why you must take charge of the matter. You are young and virile, and you will be able to see to it that she is well-protected and doesn't end up in the hands of a fortune-hunting blackguard," he explained.

Dylan didn't like the sound of this one little bit. He was hardly in condition to be responsible for his own well-being, let alone a girl of eight and ten.

"Her name is Claire Melville, and she is due to arrive within the next fortnight. I will assign your Aunt Adeline to be her chaperone so that she may live in your home without causing a scandal," he continued.

"Have you gone mad?" Dylan barked out at the old man.

His grandfather stood firm and ignored the insult, glaring at him in return. He could see that the old man was dead serious and that he fully intended his dictate to be followed.

“No, no, no she cannot stay with me; it is out of the question,” he said jumping to his feet.

He started pacing frantically back and forth with his mind reeling to figure out a way to extract himself from this situation. There was no way he could have this chit in his home; it was not to be born.

“As I said, she will be staying with you Dylan, and I will brook no refusals on your part. You must step up and take this matter in hand and find the girl a proper husband. She has a very substantial dowry, and from what the solicitor said in the letter, she is very comely as well. You should have little trouble securing a husband for her in what I’m sure, will be a very expedient manner,” he insisted with steel in his spine.

He had made the decision, and Dylan’s feelings on the matter didn’t factor in whatsoever. Well, that was fine with him; he would take the chit and marry her off to the first bugger to show any interest in her, and if he had to sweeten the pot with his own fortune, so be it. He stopped his pacing and looked at his grandfather with his blue eyes hard as ice. His grandfather stared back with his own mercurial glare, and Dylan knew that he was being manipulated by a master.

“I’m glad to see that you have accepted the task like a man. Go home and wallow in your misery if you like, but you better have yourself

cleaned up and presentable within a fortnight. I will summon you again when the girl has arrived,” he said with calm assurances.

So that was that; he had been defeated by his grandfather without putting up so much as a coherent argument. This was insanity and would likely be the tipping point that would send him headlong to his doom. Didn't the old man know what he was really doing to him? Maybe he did; maybe he thought that by giving him this diversion he could somehow save him from his course of self-destruction. Nothing could save him now; he was already dead.

## Chapter Two

Thirteen days later

Claire hated London already; it was cold and raining, and the stench from the streets was utterly ghastly. The carriage rolled through the city, and the rocking motion mixed with the smells made for a nauseous combination, and she felt sure that she was about to lose her breakfast. The man that the marquess had sent to retrieve her was rude, surly and treated her as though he thought she were some kind of a peasant from the backwoods rather than the fine lady she had been raised to be. He would be a handsome man if he didn't look so angry and annoyed, she mused.

He was tall with broad shoulders and had piercing blue eyes. He had long black hair that he kept haphazardly pulled behind his head with a black ribbon, allowing loose strands to escape about his face as though he hadn't had time to fix it properly before being sent to retrieve her. His clothing was disheveled, and he smelled as though he hadn't bathed in weeks, maybe even longer. He had introduced himself as the Earl of Summersleigh with a begrudging tone that implied that she was beneath his notice let alone good enough to ride in a carriage with him. The man acted as though he absolutely loathed her, and she couldn't fathom the cause for such treatment.

The old lady seemed nice enough, she supposed but she could hardly understand a word she uttered with her strange accent and slurring

speech. She reeked of spirits, and it was only ten o'clock in the morning. How on earth could she justify imbibing so early in the day? What was wrong with these people, and were all Londoners so strange? If so, she was certainly in for a miserable time.

Her stomach turned, causing her to gag as they turned down a particularly smelly road. She threw her hand to her mouth in an attempt to hold back her gorge, but it had risen so fast that she was quite unable to prevent the horrible thing that happened next. In reflex to her rising gorge, she flung her head forward and vomited all over her skirt ... and the earl's boots. She was barely aware of the sound of revulsion that the earl made as she was still in the throes of the gut-wrenching heaves of her dilemma. Even when she was sure that her stomach was completely empty, she continued to gag and cough, causing her eyes to water profusely from the strain. The carriage came to an abrupt stop, and the earl quickly jumped out shouting a string of oaths such as she had never heard, abandoning her with the old lady to the horrors of her malady. She didn't care; she was still heaving uncontrollably and had little thought for anything else.

The next thing she knew, the carriage lurched forward and they were making a mad dash at breakneck speed through the streets of London, presumably to reach their intended destination with all possible haste. The old lady mumbled incoherently and looked at her as though she were daft before offering her a handkerchief. Like that would be of any real help! She needed to be

stripped down to her altogether and dunked in a river; what on earth would a handkerchief be good for? She took the cursed thing from the silly old bat and wiped her eyes then her mouth. She offered it back to the woman, but she shook her head furiously, muttering more gibberish, so she just held onto it. What a revolting development; so much for her grand entrance into England.

During the long crossing of the Atlantic, she had resigned herself to her situation and vowed that she would make the best of it, coming here with all the dignity and grace that she had been taught, but what did she do instead? She vomited all over an earl; the very first one she had the misfortune to meet. She hoped that she would never have to see the cranky man again after such an embarrassing ordeal, but somehow she didn't think she would be so lucky. He must be a close friend of the marquess; why else would he have come?

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They were off to a wonderful start; the chit cast up her accounts all over his boots. Lovely! It was just as well that she did because he had been having a hard time keeping his eyes to himself. It was less than he deserved for his lecherous thoughts. The solicitor had been correct; she was indeed a comely piece of baggage with golden tresses and eyes a shade of green that he had never seen before. They were a strange dark shade with specs of gold flecked within the iris that he personally found quite mesmerizing.

Her décolletage had been far too revealing,

allowing a glorious display of her more than generous endowments which were bouncing to and fro with the motion of the carriage. At one point, he thought that she would pop right out of her gown, and the thought prompted an erection for the first time in over a year. He wouldn't exactly call her beautiful in the fashionable norm, but she did have a certain look about her that drew the eye making one want to reach out to explore her assets. She had plenty of curves for exploration; that was indisputable, and with her come-hither lips she would make a very fine bed warmer for some lucky bloke.

Her jaw line was rather square with high cheek bones which were oddly complemented by an up-tilted nose that was sprayed with freckles but other than that she was really quite striking. He shouldn't have trouble finding her a husband; in fact, he was quite sure he would have to beat the contenders back with a very large stick once they saw her large breasts. The sooner he could get her out of his life the better; perhaps he should take her to a modiste and have her make up a bunch of frocks to emphasize the chit's voluptuous bosom just as that one had. It would surely be a motivating element for a potential groom, and perhaps they wouldn't even care about the freckles. He personally didn't mind freckles, but most men of the ton would. Ladies spent fortunes on products to make them fade, and many refused to go out in the sun at all if they were predisposed to have them.

She evidently had no qualms about spending time in

the sun because she was covered with the things. Even her lovely bosom had been sprinkled with freckles and it made him wonder if her ... STOP! He shook his head in disgust; this was going to be a bigger problem than he realized. He was already having lustful thoughts about the wench. Maybe if she had cast her accounts up on his lap he wouldn't be having such thoughts; as it was now, he was still uncomfortably aroused. He should dump her on his grandfather's doorstep, vomit and all, with his refusal to spend another moment in her presence. The woman was a menace to what little peace of mind he had left.

Of course he couldn't do that; he would simply have to suffer through. He would just have to put her in the care of Aunt Adeline and make himself as scarce as possible until such times that he was required to escort her to the marriage mart. When he was done with this cursed mission he had been given, he would put an end once and for all to his worthless life, but for now he had a duty to fulfill. The old duke was counting on him and he wouldn't let him down. Dylan looked skyward and let the rain pelt his face as he sat atop the carriage beside the driver. Fortunately, the rain had cleaned his boots fairly well, but they would be ruined nonetheless. He didn't care really as he had several pairs, and since it had been raining today, he had selected an older pair. He barely had time to get himself dressed when the summons came from his grandfather this morning demanding that he arrive with all haste. He managed to get a half-decent shave and scrub his teeth, but he still hadn't bathed.

His grandfather was quite coarse with him when he showed up in such a haphazard state, but his back was against the wall, forcing him to take Dylan as he was in order to have the chit retrieved from the port on time. He instructed him to take the girl straight to his own home, saying that he would join them later for luncheon. He told Dylan that he had better come to the table freshly bathed or there would be dire consequences. Dylan didn't want to have luncheon with either of them, especially the girl, but he knew that he couldn't wriggle out of it.

Perhaps the chit was too sick to dine; that would serve his purposes quite nicely. His grandfather surely couldn't hold him responsible for the girl's condition ... the girl's condition? Could she be with child? That would certainly explain the haste in which she was to secure a husband, her very large bosom and the nausea in the carriage this morning. Great! He was saddled with an unwed pregnant woman whom he was expected to trick some poor unsuspecting slob into marrying. He sighed deeply and pulled his coat about his neck in an effort to stave off the cold.

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Claire had never been treated so shabbily in her entire life; she simply couldn't believe the situation she now found herself in. When they arrived at their destination, she had been quickly whisked away to a bedroom then told to strip down and await the attendance of a maid. The earl had barked out the order to the crotchety old butler before storming off, grumbling another foul string of oaths in his wake

to God knows where. The butler, Mr. Simmons, she believed that was his name, took one look at her and made a sound of revulsion before shooing her forward in the direction of the stairs with one hand while he held his nose with the other. He trailed several feet behind her until they reached the landing; then he rushed ahead of her, quickly throwing open the bedroom door where he practically shoved her in while barking his command that she strip down. It was most humiliating, but she supposed that she really did reek and was in desperate need of a maid's attention.

Moments later the maid had arrived, but she still hadn't undressed as she didn't like the idea of standing naked in a strange room inside a strange house with strange people who seemed so completely hateful. She felt vulnerable enough as it was and adding nudity to it would be completely overwhelming. The maid looked at her, clucking her tongue before rushing up to her, spinning her around by the shoulders as if she were a rag-doll to undo the buttons on her gown.

"There ye go love! Step out of that gown, and I'll 'ave it sent to be cleaned," she told her.

Claire did as she was told with a degree of relief as the maid at least seemed friendly. She didn't have nearly as much trouble understanding the maid as she had the old woman in the carriage and was quite relieved. She was a plump, middle-aged woman with stark red hair and friendly blue eyes, she seemed very efficient.

“Now love, go and stand be’ind the privacy screen and I’ll a’ve the tub and ’ot water brought in. Yer trunk is already ’ere, outside the door so I’ll ’ave that brought in as well,”

“Thank you so much Miss ... I’m sorry, I didn’t catch your name,” Claire said.

The woman giggled and said, “My name is Lucy, and I’ve been sent from the old duke’s residence to take care of ye until ye find a ’usband,” she told her.

“Who is the old duke?” Claire asked a little perplexed.

“Why, the old duke is the earl’s grandfather,” she said.

“Are they friends of the marquess?” she asked, still very confused.

“The marquess?” Lucy asked, now looking just as perplexed as she was.

“The Marquess of Wentworth,” she clarified.

“Oh, that’d be the old duke’s son,” she explained.

Something wasn’t making sense here, and Claire felt more confused than ever. She would never figure out all of these titles or who was who.

“I am the Marquess of Wentworth’s ward, and I have been sent here from America by my father’s will until I reach the age of twenty-one or I marry, whichever comes first,” she told her in an attempt to extract more information from the friendly maid.

“Oh love, ’asn’t anyone told ye?” she asked.

“Told me what?”

“The marquess is dyin’ and the old duke ’as

given ye over to the earl in 'is stead," she told her with sympathy in her voice.

"What?" she demanded.

"Per'aps I've said too much," Lucy said with a nervous look in her eyes.

"Are you telling me that I am now the ward of that hateful man that I arrived here with?" she persisted.

"If you be talkin' 'bout the earl, then aye. 'E's the son of the marquess and this be 'is 'ome," she told her.

Claire's mind was spinning with all that she had just been told. She had been given over to that hateful man instead of her father's friend, and he was now responsible for her; this was too terrible to believe.

"Come love, go stand be'ind the screen now afore ye catch yer death," Lucy told her.

Claire let herself be led over there without a fuss as she was in a state of shock. How could this be happening to her? A moment later she could hear the hustle and bustle of activity as the servants fixed her bath. She realized that she was trembling, though not from a chill. She was scared; more frightened than she had ever been in her entire life. She felt as though she were in the midst of some strange nightmare from which she couldn't wake, she was quickly falling into despair. Her father wouldn't have sent her to such a fate had he known that the marquess was dying. Perhaps she could write to her solicitor and petition to have herself emancipated in lieu of these developments. The thought cheered her, but she quickly despaired

again as it would take months to hear back from her solicitor, which meant that she would have to endure this madness for that long before she learned if it were even possible.

She was jerked out of her fretting and nearly jumped out of her skin when Lucy popped her head around the screen.

“Come love, let’s strip off the rest of those garments and get ye in a nice ’ot bath. Everything will be better after ye’ve ’ad a bath and put on fresh clothes,” she said with sunshine dripping from her lips.

Claire stepped out from behind the privacy screen and allowed Lucy to finish undressing her, after which she quickly hopped in the tub sinking down into the warm water. It really did feel divine, but the pleasure of it was tempered with the knowledge that she was stuck in this terrible situation with no way out. Lucy went right to work scrubbing her body and working up a good lather. She took the pins out of her hair and commenced to scrub her head too. It felt nice to be tended to once again after so many weeks on the ship where she shared a small cabin with another woman and basically had to fend for herself.

She was quickly lost in thought, trying to seek a resolution to her problem, when it occurred to her that perhaps she could speak to a London solicitor to achieve her ends. Yes, that’s what she would do; she would seek out a solicitor tomorrow and see what could be done. Maybe she could enlist the aid of the cranky earl as he clearly was just as unhappy with the situation as she was; why, he should jump

at the chance to be rid of her. The thought cheered her, and she eagerly looked forward to speaking with him as soon as possible about the matter.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

My father was a great storyteller and always said that one day he would like to write a novel. My sister is a writer as well, so naturally I'm a dabbler. I thought I'd try my hand at writing romance novels because I love to read them. Romance novels have everything you want, mysteries, villains, wonderful characters, and I easily find myself living in the moment with the story. I hope that readers will find my stories as entertaining as I have found so many. I like to mix tragedy and comedy together with a cast of colorful characters that I create from people that I have met in my life. I will visualize a person that I know as this or that character, and the rest is history.

I hope you enjoy my warped sense of humor and the stories that I tell. If you happened upon this book first, please read Book 1 of the “Brothers In All” series, “My Sweet Alyssa.

Gina Rose is the pseudonym for a very prolific author who spins tales in the Regency Romance genre.

Look for many more of her books to be available soon on Amazon and most other online bookstores.

Check her website, [ginarose-author.com](http://ginarose-author.com), often for more information and reviews.

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**PS: If you would like to finish reading Resurrecting Dylan by Gina Rose but are low on funds, ask your local librarian to purchase it in Soft Cover format - ISBN # 9780990653721 (English Language – 5 x 8) so that you can check it out and finish reading it for free.**