



Gina Rose

*Luther's
Own*

Brothers In All: Book 3

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Book 3 From the Brother's In All Series

By

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Luther's Own

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Dedication

This book is for my good friend Patricia Broadway because without her enthusiasm it might never have been completed. She quite literally made me do it.

Thank you for driving me forward, Pat.

Prologue

1803

Dunheath, Scotland

“Quit following me around, brat,” Luther Rollins, the young Marquess of Huntley told his little fiance as he tried to navigate the precarious path to escape her detestable presence.

The young girl giggled with pleasure at the knowledge that she had annoyed him. How she loved to torment her future husband, it was so easy to do, after all. So what if it was the only way to gain his attention? It was a game worth playing as she adored him so completely. Of course, pigs would fly before the mischievous eight-year old-girl allowed him to know her true feelings.

“See if ye can make me,” she taunted as she jumped up, pulling his hair as she did before dashing a broad circle around him, making rude gestures with her tongue.

It was clear she was enjoying the game of catch me if you can, a game for which he had no inclination to play. The young man believed that his father must have been utterly mad to have subjected him to such nonsense. Ah, my horse is just over there, he observed with renewed

determination in his awkward steps of evasion.

“You are an insufferable creature,” he growled as he tried to make his way past her, stumbling and dodging ineffectively as he went. God’s bones! Why must she be so persistent?

If only he could get to his horse to make good his escape then he could leave this cursed place to be rid of her once and for all. Perhaps I should catch her and tie her to a tree! The thought pleased him for it would serve her right.

“Lass, leave yer betrothed alone now and come back inside,” a booming male voice called from the doorway of the old keep.

“Do as your father bids and go inside,” Luther commanded as he yet again tried to make his way past her.

“I dinnae know why my father thinks ye would be a good husband. Just look at ye!” she taunted.

Of course, she would not give up the chase so easily. If nothing, she was a determined little thing. Does she never tire of running in circles? He marveled at her tenacity while caught between the desire to stick his long leg in her path to fell her or wring her impudent little neck.

“I shall marry you when my bones turn to dust ... quit pulling my hair,” Luther growled again, this

time completely exasperated by his inability to get away from her.

“It looks like a pile of angry snakes,” the girl teased then yanked it again for good measure before darting off to the keep.

Relieved that he would be spared further humiliation at the hands of the bothersome delinquent, he braced himself for what would no doubt be an unpleasant confrontation with her father.

“Get inside lass for I would speak to young Luther,” her father commanded.

Roslyn MacClarent, daughter and sole surviving heir of Fergus MacClarent, Laird of Clan MacClarent, Earl of Dunheath took one last opportunity to harass her future husband by bending over and wagging her buttocks at him before going inside her home. The girl needs a good thrashing, Luther mused as he watched the little hoyden go away. He breathed a sigh of relief when she was out of sight but quickly sobered when he saw her father approaching with a look of fierce determination.

“I’m sorry about yer father, Luther, but I cannae allow ye to back out of our agreement. A deal is a deal, even if it must be honored from the grave,” Fergus said when the two men were face to face.

“I was not consulted about this deal. I have no wish to marry, especially one such as she,” he said standing taller than Fergus, even at his young age of eight and ten.

“I know the lass is a wee rough about the edges but ...” Fergus tried to say before he was cut off.

“Rough? Why, she is a little hellion always pulling my hair and spitting at me. I want no part of her,” Luther boldly stated.

“Listen laddie, she is young, and I’ll admit that she’s wild but give her time. It’s not with the first stroke that the tree falls. These things take a firm, guiding hand. She’ll make ye a fine wife when she settles down, mark me,” Fergus argued.

“I’m afraid there isn’t enough time in the world to tame that little ... child,” Luther protested with obvious disgust.

It was hardly lost on Fergus that his daughter was unmanageable, but it had been more than he could endure after her mother, along with her brothers had been taken by the fever that had spread throughout the land a few years back. In his grief, he had ignored the girl, allowing her to run with the stable master’s lad as he was the only living child about to keep her occupied. Consequently, she had quickly cast aside her skirts for breeches and her dolls for horses. Soon, she had mastered all manner

of weaponry too while he wasted away with drunken grief. There had been no one to guide her in those times and now, well, her ways seemed truly cemented. What was a man to do?

“I will not marry her and that is final,” Luther stated then turned toward his horse.

Luther wanted to put all this madness behind him so he could go back to London to catch up with his friends. He needed some time to get over his father's passing so he could accept his new lot in life. He was the Marquess of Huntley now and though his roots were in Scotland, England was his home. The last thing he wanted to do was to settle down here with these people who were little more than savages – and that girl? No way would he take her to wife.

If, and it was a very big ‘if’, he ever married, he would have a woman with curves, beauty and charm. One who would be skilled in the arts of pleasing a husband, not some wild creature that fancied herself a boy. No, this would never do; he had to stick to his principles in this, contract or no.

“I would remind ye that there be a contract,” Fergus stated with anger brewing in his tone.

“Damn the contract and damn you sir if you think to trap me into this madness,” Luther said, mounting his horse.

“Ye’ve ten years Luther, ten years to think about doing the right thing. I willnae hold yer feet to the fire just yet as ye are grieving the loss of yer father, may he rest in peace, but marry the lass ye will or so help me, I’ll hunt ye down and make ye see the error of yer ways,” Fergus threatened.

Luther ignored this, exhaling the breath he hadn’t realized he had been holding as he turned, urging his horse away from his father’s best friend. He didn’t want to hear any more about contracts of marriage. He had a new life to settle into and London was calling.

Chapter One

1813

London

“Just go away Luther! Why must you always be underfoot? Haven't you anything else to do besides pester me like some bored, school-aged lad?” Jasper Townley, the Earl of Pembroke, raged at his long time friend.

The two men had been continuously cooped up together since the accident that had left Jasper seriously injured nearly a year before when he was testing one of his inventions. The rocket-propelled flying machine that he had put himself in had flipped, end over end, several times before coming to a crashing stop. By some miracle, he hadn't been killed, but his injuries had been so severe that they had all been certain that he may never regain the full use of his legs. Luther, being the only available party as well as Jasper's closest friend, had been designated his caretaker, remaining by his side from the beginning. Jasper's current state of well-being served as a true testament to Luther's loyalty, as without his care, they would have had to put him in an institution as he had no living relatives to turn to.

Jasper had amazed them all, however, recovering quite nicely to the point that he was even able, though with no small amount of struggle, to

navigate the stairs to his apartments on the second floor on his own. Walking with the assistance of a cane had initially been a huge challenge, but he had mastered it, which gave him much more independence.

Now, truthfully, there was no more need for Luther's constant presence. Jasper always enjoyed having him around, but now it was time for them to part. Jasper needed to be alone, but Luther was like a dog with a bone, never allowing him a moment's peace.

"You know I'm not supposed to leave you alone Jasper," Luther countered.

"I am fine now with barely a limp. Just go back to your own town house and leave me be, man," Jasper fairly shouted.

Luther stood looking sorely dejected, but there was nothing to be done for it as Jasper had received an urgent summons from the home office requiring his special talents, and no one, not even his friends knew of his work for the crown as it was a closely guarded secret.

"I know! Why don't we go see the twins?" Luther offered with obvious excitement at the prospect.

Jasper knew what must be done. He would have to risk hurting his best friend in order to honor

his obligations to his majesty, the king. The summons hinted at some kind of assassination plot though the details were somewhat sketchy. He only knew that it was of the utmost importance; therefore, he would have to make this sacrifice in order to meet with the Bow Street agent at the designated hour mentioned in the summons.

“I don't want to see the twins, and I don't want to see you. Go home, Luther, for God's sake, just go home. I grow more weary of you with every passing moment,” Jasper said with exasperation that he could not allow himself to regret.

“Fine, you arse; to hell with you then,” Luther said in frustration as he stormed out of the library of Jasper's home.

He wouldn't stay where he wasn't wanted. He would just go see the twins on his own. “If Jasper wants to be alone so be it, the more fun to be had for me,” he grumbled as he stomped down the hall and out the front door, slamming it behind him as he went.

Luther was in a fine huff as he marched down the street on his way back to his own town house. Things used to be wonderful before the accident that nearly crippled his best friend. Well, if he were to be honest with himself, things hadn't been good much longer than that. Before two of his other friends had married, the four men had been a force to be reckoned with. All young and virile men,

carousing about London getting into all manner of mischief, they had always been quite content to spend their nights in drunken debauchery, but now it was just Jasper and himself.

Luther was growing more restless in days of late, feeling that there must be something more to do than sit around watching Jasper tinker around with his projects. Luther craved the attention of females, but it seemed that lately Jasper had lost his lust for life, preferring to hermit himself away in his apartments like some old decrepit man.

Luther had never pursued the ladies without his friends around to bolster his confidence. He was rather shy and somewhat awkward when it came to the fairer sex unless he was in his cups and part of a pack of bachelors. If left to his own devices, he wasn't sure he would even know how to go about it. He had always relied heaviest on Jasper's guidance as he had always been closest to Jasper though if he had to analyze the reason why, he couldn't truly say.

Jasper was broadly considered brilliant, whereas everyone viewed himself as though he were somewhat dense. He fit the role he supposed, considering he was the youngest of the group as well as the largest, but he knew in his heart that he was an intelligent man. Next to Jasper, anyone would seem dense, but within their circle it was his role to be the younger brother, the one everyone poked fun at ... the lack-wit. He didn't mind it

really because he loved his brothers, and when they were together, the world was at their feet or had been. Now everything had changed, leaving him more to his own counsel.

Realizing he had reached his town house, he did his best to shake off his discord with Jasper. As if his arrival had been expected, he was met by his butler, Mr. Jakes in his usual professional rigidity.

“It’s good to have you home, my lord,” the elderly man stated formally.

Luther grunted his greeting as he made his way inside before going up to his apartments. He wanted only to get a bath so he could go out to find some mischief to get into. Perhaps what he needed was a new set of friends; he didn’t want to get leg shackled as the others had, and following Jasper around wasn’t stimulating anymore. Perhaps he could embrace this unexpected solitude by forging his own way, make his own mark upon the ton.

“Good evening my Lord,” his valet Mr. Pitts greeted him just outside his room.

“Good evening, Mr. Pitts, I think I shall require your services this evening. I think I should like a haircut and a shave as I am thinking that a change would do me good. What say you?” Luther asked him.

“Very good my Lord, tis past time to reign in

those unruly locks if I may say so,” his valet said with an approving smile.

“It is quite a mess Mr. Pitts; therefore, I shall rely on your good counsel in this matter,” Luther told him.

In truth, he didn't know why he made the request but it was done now so he would just follow where it led. Maybe it was just the thing to set him off on his new course. He needed to command respect from his peers without his friends' esteemed presence overshadowing his own attributes. He was a marquess, after all, not some lackey stooge.

His unfashionably long, untamed hair had always been a source for amusement among his set, sparking all manner of quips and jibes issued at his expense. Until recently, he enjoyed the attention that it brought but now ... things would be different. It was past time for him to take control of his life, to set his own course by making his own mark in society and that was exactly what he planned to do. No more trailing behind his friends, existing on their scraps of infamy.

The thought of actually being alone briefly gave him pause. Can I do it? He sat in the chair under the direction of his valet, flinching when he heard the first snip as the man set about his task. No going back now, it would have to serve.

Luther hardly recognized himself as he stood looking at his own reflection in the mirror. As he turned his head this way and that, inspecting the handiwork of his talented valet, he noted that a very handsome man had lain hidden beneath all that hair. One thing that caught Luther's notice straight away was how much darker his hair appeared to be at this length. Gone were the sun-bleached curls, replaced by a more manly, darker shade of reddish blond; nearly brown but not quite. He wondered then why he had never thought to sheer himself before as he had always found the color of his hair to be unpleasant, but this ... this was wonderful.

The style was of medium length with a tuft of curls resting just so on his forehead giving him the look of a man with great confidence. Mr. Pitts was a clever man to have left him with some very generous sideburns that were sure to catch the eye of many a fair lady. The overall transformation was quite debonair actually.

"I say Mr. Pitts, a splendid job, my good man," Luther said with clear pride in the outcome.

"I daresay the ladies will swoon at your feet, my lord," Mr. Pitts said beaming.

"We shall see about that as I have plans to go out this evening," Luther told him.

"Are you in search of a bride, my Lord?" Mr.

Pitts ventured.

“Absolutely not, I simply wanted a change is all,” Luther said scoffing at the notion.

“Forgive my impertinence my Lord, it’s just that I thought perhaps since so many of your friends have married that you would naturally follow suit. You are of an age, my Lord, and you must consider the future of your title,” Mr. Pitts boldly suggested.

“Bugger my title Mr. Pitts. I am still young and have no plans in the near future to imprison myself in such a way,” Luther said in a tone brooking no further discussion on the matter.

“Very good, my Lord. Will you require anything further?” Mr. Pitts asked.

“That will be all, Mr. Pitts, you may retire to your reading,” Luther told him.

In truth, Luther had considered marriage recently, but the woman had married his friend Dylan instead. He had not been in love with her in the true sense of the word, but he had and still did love her dearly. He had imagined himself quite happy in the marital state with Claire by his side, but it was not meant to be as her heart had belonged to Dylan.

It was just as well really because Dylan was so much better off now as Claire had chased away all

his demons and that was worth the price of loss he may have suffered by not winning the girl for himself. He wasn't sure if any other woman could spark such a reaction in him as she had done, so the idea of marrying anytime soon was moot. It would have to be a special woman to capture him in such a way. Indeed, he had been betrothed as a younger man, but he had escaped that noose by refusing to honor the agreement his father had made when he was a young man to a wild hellion of a child by the name of Roslyn.

Now and again he had wondered whatever became of the girl but not enough to ever inquire. He was sure that by now she had married some poor unsuspecting soul. Poor man, whoever he may be, Luther lamented. His memories of the child had been of frustration and annoyance. The child had been so unruly that even five minutes in her presence had seemed like an eternity of turmoil.

After the reading of his father's will, he had been so angry about the revelation of the betrothal contract that he never properly grieved his passing. Instead, he had been relieved that he was no longer obligated to spend eternity with that loathsome brat. Good riddance!

Luther gathered his coin purse, tucking it in his coat pocket, then took one last look at himself in the mirror. Yes, the future would start now, he mused as he admired the outcome of his decision. People would hardly know him now as the alteration was

so great. He imagined that he could walk right past his group of friends, and they wouldn't even give him a single look of familiarity.

The notion made him smile, then the smile was lost when the thought truly sank in. He would miss his brothers, but most of all, he would miss Jasper or rather his place at Jasper's side. Gone were those days as now he would forge ahead ... alone. He shook off the melancholy as he turned away from his image. He wouldn't look back.

“Shh, there he be, I'd recognize his sorry arse anywhere, Trapper,” the woman whispered to her partner.

“Ye dinnae tell me he was so big,” the man whispered in return.

“Aye, he be big, but there be two of us. Just follow the plan,” she commanded as she was clearly the leader.

The woman jumped down from the carriage quietly following the target, the carriage creeping along at a safe distance behind. The man didn't seem to notice he was being stalked as he made his way up the darkened street. Upon reaching the darkest spot on the street, the carriage pulled up ahead, stopping in front of the man just as the woman reached him, placing her pistol in the small

of his back.

“Turn around,” she commanded.

The man stopped in his tracks, taking a deep sigh before turning around to meet his assailant.

“It’s a little early for cutthroats,” he stated with a measure of boredom in his tone.

“Shut yer trap and hand over yer coin,” the woman sniped as she waved the pistol in front of him to show that she meant business.

Luther stood assessing the creature before him. Though it was the voice of a woman, the person before him appeared to be a man, a slightly larger than average size man. Luther himself was nearly six and a half feet tall, towering over everyone he had ever encountered, including this person too though the crown of his head reached his own shoulder.

Luther had a moment of amusement when he considered that the man before him had the voice of a woman and smiled. He was just a youth; therefore, Luther felt certain he could escape this situation with relative ease.

“Ye just wipe that smile off yer face if ye know what’s good for ye,” his assailant commanded.

“You’re nothing more than a young pup, why

ever should I be frightened of one such as you?" Luther taunted.

The person before him nervously looked past him then poked him in the chest with the pistol. Luther gave pause to the wisdom of taunting the youth further as he seemed unwavering in his course. Young though he may be, he was armed with a deadly weapon, after all.

"It's time for ye to come home, Luther Rollins."

Luther's eyes went wide with surprise, but he didn't have time to make sense of the words before he was felled by a powerful blow to the back of the head, rendering him unconscious.

"Let's load him up Trapper so we can make away before someone sees us," the woman commanded.

"He should've come round by now Trapper. Ye dinnae have to clout him so hard," Roslyn said as she wiped at Luther's brow.

"Aye, it's been hours now," Trapper conceded.

"Ye don't suppose he'll die do ye?" she asked with fear cracking in her voice.

She hadn't wanted to harm Luther, only gain control of him so she could spirit him away from London quickly without being seen. She didn't have time to plead her case with him as she knew he would refuse to willingly go with her. Her birthday was only days away, and if she couldn't convince him to marry her by then, her father would give her to that no good Magnus McCarty.

Magnus McCarty Laird of Clan McCarty, Duke of Monblenneth had become her tormentor in recent months as he coveted her lands that bordered his own. He wanted to unite the clans, MacClarent and McCarty, where he would be laird of them all, gaining access to the rich mineral deposits that lay beneath her estate.

She had heard tales about mining in other parts of the country, she just simply couldn't allow it to happen to her home. It sounded like such a ghastly practice with the peasants always suffering consequently. She loved her people, indeed she took her future role as laird to heart. It was her duty to protect them from all manner of harm.

Reasoning with her father about that no good Magnus had proved to be futile as he hadn't been himself in a good while. Declining with old age, her father's mind was not as sharp as it once was. It was up to her to set things right, to make sure that no harm could come to her clan. She would bring Luther back to Scotland then force him to marry her over the anvil if that's what it took to save her lands

and her people. She had to make him understand that it was his duty to protect the people of the region from harm as his estate bordered her own, as well.

If Magnus managed to obtain her land through marriage, then there would be no stopping him from wreaking havoc everywhere, even on Luther's lands. Luther hadn't been to his estate since the passing of his father, letting it fall to near ruin with only a caretaker, may he rest in peace, a steward and a few servants remaining to watch over the place. It was rumored that Luther's steward was in cahoots with Magnus in a plot to steal Luther's land, so it was vital that she made him see reason. Lives and fortune were at stake.

She looked at Luther with a flutter in her belly as she was struck by how handsome he had become in manhood. The last time she had seen him he'd been a lad, but now he was a man fully grown. She remembered him being tall, lean, awkward in his skin with reddish blond locks of hair that reminded her of writhing snakes jostling for prime real estate upon his head. How she had enjoyed tormenting him by tugging at those locks then dashing out of his reach before he could retaliate.

Too, she remembered fondly, though she hated to admit to any fondness, his big green eyes that she had imagined were magical emeralds bestowed upon him by the great mythical gods of her ancestors, and those dimples? There had been times

that he had actually smiled at her, making those dimples cave in upon his cheeks, giving him the face of a cherub.

She shivered as she cast aside the memories of the boy she had so long ago loved as she looked upon the man that lay before her now. Even as he lay wounded, she could sense his virility. Gone were his boyish charms, replaced now with strong, hard lines of masculinity. He was just what she would need to stand by her side as she assumed her role as the leader of her clan.

Considering that he had virtually ignored his own responsibilities, she supposed he would be malleable. He wouldn't stand in her way or cause her to stand aside while he ruled in her stead. Nay, he didn't even want her, so it was possible that once she forced him to marry her, he would run back to London to continue his life of debauchery. That would be fine with her as all she really needed him for was a certificate of marriage with their name upon it, which would put her out of that awful man's reach for good.

She had heard how Luther and his friends went through the ton chasing skirts, drinking, gambling while committing all manner of lascivious acts. She knew that he could never find her desirable as she wasn't at all a typical female. She had led a hard life since the passing of her mother and brothers, learning early on what was to be expected of her. She had learned to hunt, shoot, wield a sword and

ride a horse as well as any man.

Too, she had managed the estate quite well, physical labors included, since her father had been afflicted. She didn't need a man to protect her other than give her his name to secure her lands. Who better than Luther? It's better to dance with the devil, who will give you the least trouble, she reasoned.

"Let's 'ave a look to see if he needs stitchin,'" Trapper suggested breaking into her musings.

"We dinnae have anythin to stitch him up with. Best just to clean him up and let him sleep it off," she countered.

The abandoned shack offered nothing in the way of supplies, but they had managed to scrape up enough blankets for bedding. They hadn't planned for injuries, so they were at a loss on how to offer him aid.

"Ye don't suppose he's pretendin' to sleep do ye?" Trapper asked suspiciously as he watched Roslyn wipe away the dried blood from Luther's face.

It had been many hours since they had abducted Luther, aside from a few moans when they removed him from the coach, there hadn't been so much as a peep out of him. It was worrisome to be true, but what could she do? Neither she nor her

lifelong friend Trapper had skills in the arts of healing; they were on the road with at least two more days journey before they reached Scotland, so there was little that could be done. She couldn't seek out a surgeon as they had abducted Luther and would surely be thrown in the gaol when the truth was learned.

“Quit pinchin’ him,” she hissed.

“I just wanted to see,” Trapper defended.

“Just leave him to sleep. Make yerself useful and go take care of the horses; make sure the carriage is out of sight while ye’re at it,” she commanded.

Trapper slunk away mumbling as he went to perform his tasks. She looked again at Luther, deciding that worrying would serve no purpose, so she would just seek her pallet and see how things were in the light of day. Morning would come soon; she was exhausted, but before she would be able to truly rest easy she would tie a rope around Luther's ankle and secure it to her own so she would be awakened if he tried to get up.

With that done, she settled down beside him trying to shake off the long day and night, but having him so near was a bit disconcerting. She wasn't sure how he would react when he came around, but she knew one thing was possible, he could be sorely angry, probably even fit for a fight.

Trapper was right! He was a very big man. She wasn't sure that she nor Trapper could hold him off if he took them unawares. Best to be ready for anything she mused as she settled down with her pistol nestled at her side, patting it for comfort as she closed her eyes. Moments later, Trapper came back in and sought out his own pallet. She could tell he was brooding by the slump of his shoulders and the stern set of his square jaws.

“Go on then, what be the matter with ye, man?” she inquired.

“I tell ye again, I dinnae like this,” he grumbled.

“What’s done is done,” she countered.

“I dinnae see why it has to be him ye marry. Why can’t we marry? I could offer ye protection as well as he, and I’ve known ye yer entire life,” he told her.

“I love ye like a brother Trapper, tis why we cannae marry,” she told him with frustration hinting in her tone.

“Ye know I would do anything for ye, but when ye marry him, I’ll be done followin’ ye around,” he told her.

“Aye, it wouldn’t be proper, I suppose,” she

said sadly.

“Let's just leave him here and go to the blacksmith in Gretna Green. I would make ye a good husband,” he tried once again.

“Don't ye see this is the only way to save our people. Ye cannae go up against a Duke; ye've no title or fortune with which to fight. It has to be Luther. I dinnae like it any more than ye, but it's the way it has to be. Now hush yerself and go to sleep dear brother,” she said, putting emphasis on the word brother to make her point stick.

Trapper said no more on the matter, for which she was relieved. They'd had this argument many times on their way to London, and she was getting irritated with him for constantly bringing it up. There had never been a hint of anything romantic between them before so why did he keep harping at her now? The idea was absurd.

True enough, he was a handsome specimen, but the idea of marrying him would never serve. Besides, she knew full well that he was as randy a knave as every other man in the village as he never lacked for female company; how could he possibly make a good husband? He was little more than a boy, besides.

Often times, when she had need of him, she found him holed up with one serving wench or another at the old tavern inn. It had never bothered

her to find him there because she had always known that she came first in his heart as she was like his sister.

Even when they had bathed in the loch naked as the day they were born, they would wrestle and frolic, but he never did anything untoward with her. Nay, he was her brother, not a potential husband. She shook off the thought, rolling over on her side to watch Luther as he slumbered.

Would she have to bed him? She had never considered herself in such a position with any man, but she would be married to him in just a few days, so she couldn't help but wonder at the prospect.

The only man she had ever seen naked was Trapper, he was nowhere near as large as Luther. Trapper was only nine and ten, but Luther was near ten years his senior. The thought caused her to wonder if he was as well endowed with his manly parts as Trapper.

The notion made her shiver with a feeling of dread. She couldn't imagine herself in the scenarios she had seen Trapper and his many women in. She didn't imagine she would like it much either because the women were always shouting and crying out as though they were in pain. However, they must have liked the act because they always chased him around afterward, flaunting themselves in his face with invitations for assignations.

She yawned widely as the thought rested in her mind, her eyelids becoming heavy from her long day. Soon after, all such thoughts drifted away as much-needed sleep quickly overtook her.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

My father was a great story teller 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. In addition to *Keeping Chelsea's Secret*, I am also the author the *Brother's In All* series which includes *My Sweet Alyssa*, *Resurrecting Dylan*; and *Luther's Own*.

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.

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