

The Dark Enquiry (A Lady Julia Grey Novel)

By Deanna Raybourn

Donwload Read Online

The Dark Enquiry (A Lady Julia Grey Novel) By Deanna Raybourn

Partners now in marriage and in trade, Lady Julia and Nicholas Brisbane have finally returned from abroad to set up housekeeping in London. But merging their respective collections of gadgets, pets and servants leaves little room for the harried newlyweds themselves, let alone Brisbane's private enquiry business.

Among the more unlikely clients: Julia's very proper brother, Lord Bellmont, who swears Brisbane to secrecy about his case. Not about to be left out of anything concerning her beloved—if eccentric—family, spirited Julia soon picks up the trail of the investigation.

It leads to the exclusive Ghost Club, where the alluring Madame Séraphine holds evening séances…and not a few powerful gentlemen in thrall. From this eerie enclave unfolds a lurid tangle of dark deeds, whose tendrils crush reputations and throttle trust.

Shocked to find their investigation spun into salacious newspaper headlines, bristling at the tension it causes between them, the Brisbanes find they must unite or fall. For Bellmont's sake—and more—they'll face myriad dangers born of dark secrets, the kind men kill to keep….

Download The Dark Enquiry (A Lady Julia Grey Novel) ...pdf

Read Online The Dark Enquiry (A Lady Julia Grey Novel) ...pdf

The Dark Enquiry (A Lady Julia Grey Novel)

By Deanna Raybourn

The Dark Enquiry (A Lady Julia Grey Novel) By Deanna Raybourn

Partners now in marriage and in trade, Lady Julia and Nicholas Brisbane have finally returned from abroad to set up housekeeping in London. But merging their respective collections of gadgets, pets and servants leaves little room for the harried newlyweds themselves, let alone Brisbane's private enquiry business.

Among the more unlikely clients: Julia's very proper brother, Lord Bellmont, who swears Brisbane to secrecy about his case. Not about to be left out of anything concerning her beloved—if eccentric—family, spirited Julia soon picks up the trail of the investigation.

It leads to the exclusive Ghost Club, where the alluring Madame Séraphine holds evening séances…and not a few powerful gentlemen in thrall. From this eerie enclave unfolds a lurid tangle of dark deeds, whose tendrils crush reputations and throttle trust.

Shocked to find their investigation spun into salacious newspaper headlines, bristling at the tension it causes between them, the Brisbanes find they must unite or fall. For Bellmont's sake—and more—they'll face myriad dangers born of dark secrets, the kind men kill to keep….

The Dark Enquiry (A Lady Julia Grey Novel) By Deanna Raybourn Bibliography

- Sales Rank: #311313 in Books
- Published on: 2011-06-21
- Released on: 2011-06-21
- Original language: English
- Number of items: 1
- Dimensions: 8.25" h x 1.05" w x 5.38" l, .75 pounds
- Binding: Paperback
- 387 pages

Download The Dark Enquiry (A Lady Julia Grey Novel) ...pdf

Read Online The Dark Enquiry (A Lady Julia Grey Novel) ...pdf

Download and Read Free Online The Dark Enquiry (A Lady Julia Grey Novel) By Deanna Raybourn

Editorial Review

About the Author

New York Times bestselling author Deanna Raybourn graduated from the University of Texas at San Antonio with a double major in English and history and an emphasis on Shakespearean studies. She taught high school English for three years in San Antonio before leaving education to pursue a career as a novelist. Deanna makes her home in Virginia, where she lives with her husband and daughter and is hard at work on her next novel.

Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.

I will sit as quiet as a lamb. —*King John*

London, September 1889

"Julia, what in the name of God is that terrible stench? It smells as if you have taken to keeping farm animals in here," my brother, Plum, complained. He drew a silk handkerchief from his pocket and held it to his nose. His eyes watered above the primrose silk as he gave a dramatic cough.

I swallowed hard, fighting back my own cough and ignoring my streaming eyes. "It is manure," I conceded, turning back to my beakers and burners. I had just reached a crucial point in my experiment when Plum had interrupted me. The table before me was spread with various flasks and bottles, and an old copy of the *Quarterly Journal of Science* lay open at my elbow. My hair was pinned tightly up, and I was swathed from shoulders to ankles in a heavy canvas apron.

"What possible reason could you have for bringing manure into Brisbane's consulting rooms?" he demanded, his voice slightly muffled by the handkerchief. I flicked him a glance. With the primrose silk swathing the lower half of his face he resembled a rather dashing if unconvincing highwayman.

"I am continuing the experiment I began last month," I explained. "I have decided the fault lay with the saltpeter. It was impure, so I have decided to refine my own."

His green eyes widened and he choked off another cough. "Not the black powder again! Julia, you promised Brisbane."

The mention of my husband's name did nothing to dissuade me. After months of debating the subject, we had agreed that I could participate in his private enquiry investigations so long as I mastered certain essential skills necessary to the profession. A proficiency with firearms was numbered among them.

"I promised him only that I would not touch his howdah pistol until he instructed me in the proper use of it," I reminded Plum. I saw Plum glance anxiously at the tiger-skin rug stretched on the floor. Brisbane had felled the creature with one shot of the enormous howdah pistol, saving my life and killing the man-eater in as quick and humane a fashion as possible. My own experiences with the weapon had been far less successful. The south window was still boarded up from where I had shattered it when an improperly cured

batch of powder had accidentally detonated. The neighbour directly across Chapel Street had threatened legal action until Brisbane had smoothed his ruffled feathers with a case of rather excellent Bordeaux.

Plum gave a sigh, puffing out the handkerchief. "What precisely are you attempting this time?"

I hesitated. Plum and I had both taken a role in Brisbane's professional affairs, but there were matters we did not discuss by tacit arrangement, and the villain we had encountered in the Himalayas was seldom spoken of. I had watched the fellow disappear in a puff of smoke and the experience had been singularly astonishing. I had been impressed enough to want some of the stuff for myself, but despite numerous enquiries, I had been unsuccessful in locating a source for it. Thwarted, I had decided to make my own.

"I am attempting to replicate a powder I saw in India," I temporised. "If I am successful, the powder will require no flame. It will be sensitive enough to ignite itself upon impact." Plum's eyes widened in horror.

"Damnation, Julia, you will blow up the building! And Mrs. Lawson dislikes you quite enough already," he added, a trifle nastily, I thought.

I bent to my work. "Mrs. Lawson would dislike any wife of Brisbane's. She had too many years of keeping house for him and preparing his puddings and starching his shirts. Her dislike of me is simple feminine jealousy."

"Never mind the fact that you have created a thoroughly mephitic atmosphere here," Plum argued. "Or perhaps it is the fact that you keep blowing out the windows of her house."

"How you exaggerate! I only cracked the first lot and the smoke damage is scarcely noticeable since the painters have been in. As far as the south window, it is due to arrive tomorrow. Besides, that explosion was hardly my fault. Brisbane did not explain to me that sulphur is quite so volatile."

"He is a madman," Plum muttered.

I pierced him with a glance. "Then we are both of us mad, as well. We work with him," I reminded him. "Why are you here?"

Plum snorted. "A happy welcome from my own sister."

"We are a family of ten, Plum. A visit from a sibling is hardly a state occasion."

"You are in a vile mood today. Perhaps I should go and come again when you have sweetened your tongue."

I carefully measured out a few grains of my newly formulated black powder. "Or perhaps you should simply tell me why you are here."

He gave another sigh. "I need to consult with your lord and master about the case he has set me. He wants me to woo the Earl of Mortlake's daughter with an eye to discovering if she is the culprit in the theft of Lady Mortlake's emeralds."

I straightened, intrigued in spite of myself. "That is absurd. Felicity Mortlake is a thoroughly nice girl with no possible motive to stealing her stepmother's emeralds. I am sure she will be vindicated by your efforts."

"That may be, but in the meantime, I have to secure for myself an invitation to their country seat to make a pretense of an ardent suitor. This would have been far easier during the season," he complained.

"Can you put the thing off?" I asked, wiping the powder from my hands with a dampened rag.

"Not likely. The emeralds are still missing, and Brisbane said Mortlake is getting impatient. Nothing has been proved of Felicity, but until his lordship knows something for certain, he cannot be assured of her innocence or guilt. One feels rather sorry for him. Of course, one ought rather to feel sorry for me. Felicity Mortlake detests me," he said, pulling a woeful face.

I felt a smile tugging at my lips. "Yes, I know." I remembered well the time she upended a bowl of punch over Plum's head in a Mayfair ballroom. Not his finest moment, but very possibly hers.

I bent again to my experiment. "The French now have a smokeless gunpowder," I mused, sulking a little, "and yet I still cannot manage to perfect this wretched stuff."

Plum edged towards the door. "You do not mean to light that," he said as I took up a match.

"Naturally. How else will I know if I am successful? You needn't worry," I soothed. "I have taken precautions this time," I added, gesturing towards the heavy apron I had tied over my oldest gown. I had already ruined three rather expensive ensembles with my experiments and had finally accepted the fact that fashion must give way to practicality when scientific method was employed.

"I am not thinking of your clothes," he protested, his voice rising a little as I struck the match and the phosphorus at the tip flared into life.

"If you are nervous, then wait outside. Brisbane will return shortly," I said.

"Brisbane has returned now," came the familiar deep voice from the doorway.

I looked up. "Brisbane!" I cried happily. And dropped the match.

The fact that the resulting explosion broke only one window did nothing to ameliorate my disgrace. Brisbane put out the fire wordlessly—or at least I think it was wordlessly. The explosion had left a distinct ringing in my ears. His mouth may have moved, but I heard nothing of what he might have said until we returned to our home in Brook Street that evening. Brisbane had ordered dinner served upon trays in our bedchamber, and I was glad of it. A long and fragrantly steamy bath had removed most of the traces of soot from my person, and as I approached the table, I realised I was voraciously hungry.

"Ooh! Oysters—and grouse!" I exclaimed, taking a plate from Brisbane. I settled myself happily, and it was some minutes before I noticed Brisbane was not eating.

"Aren't you hungry, dearest?"

"I had a late luncheon at the club," he said, but I was not deceived. He plucked a bit of meat from one of the birds and tossed it towards his devoted white lurcher, Rook. For so enormous a dog, he ate daintily, licking every bit of grease from his lips when he was finished with the morsel.

I laid down my fork. "I know you are not angry or you would be shouting still. What troubles you?"

He passed a hand over his eyes, and I felt a flicker of alarm lest one of his terrible migraines be upon him. But when he opened his eyes, they were clear and fathomlessly black and focused intently upon me.

"I simply do not know what to do with you," he said. For an instant, I felt sorry for him.

"Four explosions in a month's time are a bit excessive," I conceded.

"Five," he corrected. "You forgot the house party at Lord Riverton's estate."

"Oh, would you call that an explosion? I should have called it a detonation." I picked up my fork again. If we were going to retread the same ground in this argument, I might as well enjoy my meal. "The oysters are most excellent. Pity about Cook giving notice in order to live in the country. We shall never find another half so skilled with shellfish."

Brisbane was not distracted by my domestic chatter. "Regardless. We must do something about your penchant for blowing things up, my lady."

The fact that Brisbane used my title was an indication of his agitated state of mind. He never used it in conversation, preferring instead to employ little endearments, some of which were calculated to bring a blush to my cheek.

He poured out the wine and took a deep draught of it, then loosened his neckcloth, an act of dinner table impropriety that would have affronted most other wives, but which I strongly encouraged. Brisbane had a very handsome throat.

I applied myself to the grouse again. "It is the same dilemma that always afflicts us," I pointed out. "I want to be involved in your work. You permit it—against your better judgement—and somehow it all becomes vastly more complicated than you expected. Really, I do not know why it should surprise you anymore." After four cases together, including unmasking the murderer of my first husband, it seemed ludicrous that Brisbane could ever think our association would be simple.

He sighed deeply. "The difficulty is that I seem entirely unable to persuade you that dangers exist in the world. You are more careless of your personal safety than any woman I have ever met."

Considering how many times I had directly approached murderers with accusations of their crimes, I could hardly fault Brisbane for thinking me feckless.

I put a hand to his arm. "You understand I do not mean to be difficult, dearest. It is simply a problem of enthusiasm. I find myself caught up in the moment and lose sight of the consequences."

His witch-black eyes narrowed dangerously. "Then we must find you another enthusiasm."

I knew that half-lidded look of old, and I crossed my arms over my chest, determined not to permit myself to be seduced from the discussion at hand. Brisbane was adept at luring me out of difficult moods with a demonstration of his marital affections. Afterward, I seldom remembered what we had been discussing, a neat trick which often provided him a tidy way out of a thorny situation. But not this time, I promised myself.

I tore my glance from the expanse of olive-brown throat and met his gaze with my own unyielding one.

"We cannot spend the whole of our marriage having the same argument, although I realise there are one or two issues which remain to be settled," I conceded.

We had been married some fifteen months, but our honeymoon had been one of long duration. We had returned to London several weeks past. Since then, we had found a house to let and moved many of his possessions from his bachelor rooms in Chapel Street and mine from the tiny country house on my father's estate in Sussex. We had hired staff, ordered wallpaper, purchased furniture and bored ourselves silly in the process. We wanted *work*, worthwhile occupation, cases to solve, puzzles to unravel. He had retained his flat in Chapel Street as consulting rooms and space for experiments with an eye to keeping our professional endeavours separate from our private lives, but I was growing restless. He had already tidied away three major cases since our return, and I had been given nothing more engaging to solve than the mystery of why the laundress applied sufficient starch to only five of the seven shirts he sent out.

"But you promised to let me take part in your work," I reminded him. "I am doing my best to learn as much as I can to make you a good partner." I hated the pleading note that had crept into my voice. I stifled it with a bit of bread roll as he considered my words.

"I know you have," he said at length. "No one could have worked harder or with greater enthusiasm," he conceded, his lips twitching slightly as he held back a smile.

"And that is why I think it is time you embarked upon your first investigation."

"Brisbane!" I shot to my feet, upsetting the little table, and in an instant I was on his lap, showering him with kisses. Rook took advantage of the situation to browse amongst the litter of china and food. He dragged away a grouse to gnaw upon, but I did not scold him. I was far too happy as I pressed my lips to Brisbane's cheek. "Do you mean it?"

"I do," he said, somewhat hoarsely. "Plum must pursue the Mortlake girl, and I want you to go with him. You are acquainted with the family. It will seem more natural if you are there. And Lord Mortlake suspects the theft of the emeralds to be a feminine crime. You will be invaluable to Plum as a finder-out of ladies' secrets."

I ought to have been thoroughly annoyed with him that he considered me fit only for winkling out backstairs gossip, but I was too happy to care. At last, Brisbane had accepted me as a partner in the fullest sense of the word.

"You will not regret it," I promised him. "I shall recover the emeralds and unmask the villain for Lord Mortlake."

"I shall hold you to that," he murmured, pressing his mouth to the delicate pulse that fluttered at my neck. Dinner was forgot after that, and some time later, as I drifted off to sleep, Brisbane's heavily muscled arm draped over me, I mused on how successfully we were learning to combine marriage with business. It wanted only a little patience and a little understanding, I told myself smugly. I had proven myself to him, and he had full faith in my abilities to assist in an investigation.

I ought to have known better.

Users Review

From reader reviews:

George Carter:

This The Dark Enquiry (A Lady Julia Grey Novel) is great reserve for you because the content and that is full of information for you who have always deal with world and also have to make decision every minute. This kind of book reveal it facts accurately using great manage word or we can claim no rambling sentences included. So if you are read the item hurriedly you can have whole details in it. Doesn't mean it only provides straight forward sentences but tough core information with attractive delivering sentences. Having The Dark Enquiry (A Lady Julia Grey Novel) in your hand like having the world in your arm, details in it is not ridiculous one particular. We can say that no reserve that offer you world inside ten or fifteen minute right but this e-book already do that. So , this is good reading book. Hello Mr. and Mrs. active do you still doubt that will?

Mary Davis:

In this period globalization it is important to someone to get information. The information will make someone to understand the condition of the world. The health of the world makes the information quicker to share. You can find a lot of references to get information example: internet, magazine, book, and soon. You will see that now, a lot of publisher in which print many kinds of book. Typically the book that recommended to your account is The Dark Enquiry (A Lady Julia Grey Novel) this e-book consist a lot of the information in the condition of this world now. That book was represented so why is the world has grown up. The words styles that writer make usage of to explain it is easy to understand. The particular writer made some investigation when he makes this book. This is why this book suitable all of you.

Jewell Garza:

Is it an individual who having spare time then spend it whole day by watching television programs or just laying on the bed? Do you need something new? This The Dark Enquiry (A Lady Julia Grey Novel) can be the solution, oh how comes? It's a book you know. You are and so out of date, spending your time by reading in this completely new era is common not a nerd activity. So what these ebooks have than the others?

Loretta Yoder:

Some individuals said that they feel bored stiff when they reading a reserve. They are directly felt the idea when they get a half portions of the book. You can choose often the book The Dark Enquiry (A Lady Julia Grey Novel) to make your current reading is interesting. Your own personal skill of reading proficiency is developing when you such as reading. Try to choose simple book to make you enjoy to study it and mingle the impression about book and reading through especially. It is to be initial opinion for you to like to start a book and study it. Beside that the book The Dark Enquiry (A Lady Julia Grey Novel) can to be a newly purchased friend when you're sense alone and confuse in doing what must you're doing of their time.

Download and Read Online The Dark Enquiry (A Lady Julia Grey Novel) By Deanna Raybourn #2C4ATL7P6WV

Read The Dark Enquiry (A Lady Julia Grey Novel) By Deanna Raybourn for online ebook

The Dark Enquiry (A Lady Julia Grey Novel) By Deanna Raybourn Free PDF d0wnl0ad, audio books, books to read, good books to read, cheap books, good books, online books, books online, book reviews epub, read books online, books to read online, online library, greatbooks to read, PDF best books to read, top books to read The Dark Enquiry (A Lady Julia Grey Novel) By Deanna Raybourn books to read online.

Online The Dark Enquiry (A Lady Julia Grey Novel) By Deanna Raybourn ebook PDF download

The Dark Enquiry (A Lady Julia Grey Novel) By Deanna Raybourn Doc

The Dark Enquiry (A Lady Julia Grey Novel) By Deanna Raybourn Mobipocket

The Dark Enquiry (A Lady Julia Grey Novel) By Deanna Raybourn EPub