

*Nora Roberts is the #1 New York Times bestselling author of more than novels, including Come Sundown, The Obsession, The Liar, and coming in December , Year One -- the first book in The Chronicles of The One.*

Publication[ edit ] In , Nora Roberts was a stay-at-home mother with two small children. Stranded during a blizzard with nothing to read, Roberts amused herself by writing down one of the stories in her head. After developing her idea into a novel-length contemporary romance , she continued writing and soon finished six more manuscripts. Nancy Jackson, the acquiring editor at Silhouette, pulled the manuscript from the slush pile and was impressed. She offered Roberts a contract, [2] leaving the writer "awestruck". As the story begins, the young and penniless Dee emigrates to the United States to live with her uncle, Paddy, who works on a large horse farm. Dee has a fiery temper and often argues with Travis, the wealthy farm owner; many of their arguments lead to passionate embraces. Travis later rescues Dee from an attempted rape. He becomes overwrought and insists that Travis take care of Dee. As the story progresses, the protagonists become increasingly unhappy, with neither willing to admit their love for the other. Although still unwilling to vocalize their feelings, Dee and Travis appear more confident in their relationship after they finally consummate their marriage. Travis follows, and the two confess their love and resolve to make their marriage work. Genre[ edit ] Irish Thoroughbred was initially published as a category romance novel. Although each category romance novel is unique, it is required to conform to the general parameters that define its line. Although these novels often describe sexual tension between the main characters, sexual intercourse is only described within the bounds of marriage. Snodgrass cites many predictable elements, including the core "confrontation between an overconfident male and an assertive girl-woman". The hero often was very rich and powerful, while the heroine worked in traditional, subordinate, female roles, such as governess or secretary. As Roberts explains, "My heroine may have problems, she may be vulnerable, but she has to be strong, she has to be intelligent. The arranged marriage and ensuing events, including the misunderstanding and her running away, were common plot elements for romance novels at that time. Her retorts brought to mind the "quippy one-upmanship of feminist literature". Roberts reused this plot point in other novels, including Song of the West.

**Chapter 2 : Series and Connected Books | Nora Roberts**

*Irish Rose: Irish Legacy (Irish Legacy Trilogy Nora Roberts. It was a pleasure to read this book and follow the progress of the characters in their daily lives. Loved the horses and racing being included.*

And like her country, she was a maze of contradictions—rebellion and poetry, passion and moodiness. She was strong enough to fight for her beliefs, stubborn enough to fight on after a cause was lost, and generous enough to give whatever she had. She was a woman with soft skin and a tough mind. She had sweet dreams and towering ambitions. Her name was Erin, Erin McKinnon, and she was nervous as a cat. Or any airport, for that matter. The fact was, she liked hearing the announcements of planes coming and going. She liked thinking about all the people going places. London, New York, Paris. Through the thick glass she could watch the big sleek planes rise up, nose first, and imagine their destinations. She shook her head. And it was due any minute. Erin caught herself before she dragged a hand through her hair. After thirty seconds more, she shifted her bag from hand to hand, then tugged at her jacket. Thank God her mother was so clever with a needle. The deep blue of the skirt and matching jacket was flattering to her pale complexion. She wanted to look competent, capable, and had even managed to tame her unruly hair into a tidy coil of dark red. The style made her look older, she thought. She hoped it made her look sophisticated, too. The last thing she wanted was to look plain and dowdy. Even the echo of the phrase in her head caused her teeth to clench. Pity, even sympathy, were emotions she wanted none of. Here they were, she thought, and had to swallow a ball of nerves in her throat. Erin watched the plane that had brought them from Curragh taxi toward the gate—the small, sleek plane people of wealth and power could afford to charter. She could imagine what it would be like to sit inside, to drink champagne or nibble on something exotic. Imagination had always been hers in quantity. An elderly woman stepped off the plane first, leading a small girl by the hand. The woman had cloud-white hair and a solid, sturdy build. Beside her, the little girl looked like a pixie, carrot-topped and compact. She snatched his hand with her free one, and he flashed her a wicked grin. Erin felt immediate kinship. The man came next, the man Erin recognized as Travis Grant. He was tall and broad-shouldered and was laughing down at his son, who waited impatiently on the tarmac. The smile was nice, she thought, the kind that made a woman look twice without being sure whether to relax or brace herself. The kind of man a woman could depend on, as long as she could stand toe-to-toe with him. He was grinning, too, but not down at his brother and sister. Travis handed him down, then turned and held out a hand. As Adelia stepped through the opening, the sun struck her hair with arrows of light. The rich chestnut shone around her face and shoulders. She, too, was laughing. Even with the distance, Erin could see the glow. She was a small woman. He kept his arm around her, Erin noticed, not so much possessive as protective of her and perhaps of the child that was growing inside her. Not like a long-time wife, Erin thought, but like a lover. A little ripple of envy moved through her. She never attempted to avoid any of her feelings, but let them come, let them race to the limit, whatever the consequences. Adelia Cunnane, the little orphan from Skibbereen, had not only pulled herself up by the bootstraps but had tugged hard enough to land on top of the pile. More power to her, Erin thought. She intended to do the same herself. Erin squared her shoulders and started to step forward as another figure emerged from the plane. Another servant, she thought, then took a long, thorough look. No, this man would serve no one. He leaped lightly to the ground with a slim, unlit cigar clamped between his teeth. Slowly, even warily, he looked around. As a cat might, she thought, a cat that had just leaped from cliff to cliff. He was as tall as Travis but leaner, sparer. The adjective came to her as she pursed her lips and continued to stare. He bent down to speak to one of the children, and the move was lazy but not careless. His dark hair was straight and long enough to hang over the collar of his denim shirt. He wore boots and faded jeans, but she rejected the idea that he was a farmer. Erin checked the pins in her hair, found two loose, and shoved them into place. The coloring might be similar, but any resemblance ended there. The stranger had a raw-boned, sharp-edged look to him. She remembered the picture books in catechism class, and the drawings of Satan. Taking a deep breath, Erin moved forward to greet her family. The boy Brendon came first, barreling through the doorway with one shoe untied and eyes alight with curiosity. The white-haired women came in behind him, moving with surprising speed. No need to

worry your mother to death. Keeley, you stay close now. Then she spotted Erin. Just like the picture. Nerves vanished into genuine pleasure. She talks just like Momma. Even heavy with child she moved lightly. And when she wound her arms around Erin, there was strength in them. The recognition came stronglyâ€”family to family, roots to roots. Let me look at you. Adelia would be nearly thirty now, but she looked years younger. Her complexion was smooth and flawless, glowing against the glossy mane of hair she still wore long and loose. The pleasure in her face was so real, so vital, that Erin felt it seeping through her own reserve. Logan," Erin said with a slight nod, determined not to flinch at her own reflection in his mirrored glasses. He preferred it that way, the better to observe and figure angles. Just now, he was figuring Erin McKinnon. A tidy little package, he mused, watching the way her long, athletic legs moved beneath her conservative skirt. Neat as a pin and nervous as a filly at the starting gate. Just what kind of race did she intend to run? He knew snatches of the background from conversations on the trip from the States and from Curragh to this little spot on the map. Burke smiled as Erin looked uneasily over her shoulder in his direction. For himself, he spent more time avoiding family connections than searching them out. The luggage was loaded, the children chattering, and she had to keep her wits about her to navigate out of the airport. She could see him in the rearview mirror, legs spread out in the narrow aisle, one arm tossed over the worn seatâ€”and his eyes on her. As she wound the van onto the road, she listened with half an ear and gave her cousin the best answers she could. The farm was doing well enough. As she began to relax behind the wheel, she dug deep for bits and pieces of gossip. Still, he kept staring at her. Let him, then, she decided. The man obviously had the manners of a plow mule and was no concern of hers. Stubbornly avoiding another glance in the rearview mirror, she jabbed another loose pin back in her hair. She had questions of her own.

**Chapter 3 : Irish Rose (Irish Hearts #2) by Nora Roberts**

*From #1 New York Times and USA Today bestselling author Nora Roberts comes a pair of beloved stories about seeking your destiny and finding love along the way. Irish Thoroughbred Irish lass Adelia Cunnane has entered a fairy tale.*

The sapphire gleamed dark against her skin and the wink of diamonds. We can pick up some things on our honeymoon. After all, this is one of the busiest times of year for you, with the Derby coming up. Could we wait a few months before we go away? And that can change at any time. We can go to parties, and you can join any clubs or committees you like. It only matters what we think. I married you because you were what I wanted. She wanted the night to be special, but that meant more than champagne and white lace. It meant showing him what was in her heart, what she was just beginning to understand for herself. That she loved him unrestrictedly. With her arms around him, her mouth on his, she lowered onto the bed. He had shown her what loving could be. Now she hoped she could give some of that beauty back to him. She had no idea if a man could feel more than need and satisfaction, but she wanted to try to give him some of the sweetness, some of the comfort he had given to her. Hesitant, unsure, she pressed her lips to his throat. His taste was darker there, potent, and she could feel the beat of his pulse beneath her mouth. She smiled against his skin. Yes, she could give him something. She liked the way he felt under her hands, the muscles that bunched and flowed as she moved her fingers over them. Tentatively she parted his robe. When she felt him tense, she retreated immediately, an apology forming on her lips. He was already caught in the innocence and passion of her, in her willingness to be taught, her eagerness to please and be pleased. So they loved slowly, taking time to teach, to learn. There was no shyness on her part when he drew the lace from her shoulders, but rather a wonder that he found her so desirable. In answer, she slipped his robe away and let herself marvel at the strength and beauty that was her husband. But now, along with desire, was the simple joy that the man who held her was the man who would hold her night after night. This was only the beginning, she thought. Laughing, she rolled over him. He felt as though his body was stretched beyond the breaking point. With a soft moan, she took him into her. When the whirlwind started, she could only hold her breath and grip his hands tight. Her body took control now, moving with his instinctively as pleasure built and crested and built again. Her head was thrown back. He thought she looked like a goddess, red hair streaming over white shoulders, her slender body strong and agile as it merged with his. Then the pleasure was so complete that it blinded him. Erin woke on her first day as Mrs. Logan to a gray morning lashed by spring rain. She thought it was beautiful. Smiling, she shifted over to reach for Burke. And found him gone. She laughed at herself and shook her head. Where are you going? You should get some more sleep. It was one of the small and very vital things a wife could do for her husband. She wanted to sit in the kitchen with him, talking of the day to come and remembering the night that had passed. But he was already pulling on his boots. I could go down and start on the books. What are you doing? Hers curved just slightly. Walking over to the mirror, she stared at herself. Married him for his money. Erin pushed away from the mirror. The hell with that. It was past seven and she had work to do. There was no reason for the senora to do that. There was no reason for the senora to do this. Perhaps the senora would like to take a book into the solarium. That was going to change, she decided. She threw herself into her paperwork. Filling a pail with hot water and detergent, she took it and a mop to the atrium. Erin felt a stab of satisfaction at having beaten her to it. This is my house, she told herself as she sloshed out soapy water. Burke strode through the streaming rain, thinking that the horse he had entered at Charles Town that night would have an edge on the muddy track. His second thought was that Erin might get a kick out of taking the trip to West Virginia to see the run. It would give him a chance to show her off a bit. Inside, he shook the rain out of his hair and went to look for her. When he entered the atrium, he stopped. She was on her hands and knees, scrubbing. Even as she heard his steps and glanced up, he was dragging her to her feet. It took a beating yesterday. She knew real anger when she looked it in the face. Just why did you marry me, then? And leave that damn bucket where it is. The heat was like a wall and suited her mood perfectly. Maybe I can handle others thinking I married you because of your money and your fine house, but not you. I

told you yesterday that I loved you. He put his hand on her shoulder. Perhaps she did love him a little. It would take a bigger fool than he to push her away. She was barely forty when she died. I do love you, Burke. Did you take that swim? Chapter 9 Before she had been married a full month, Erin had taken trips to New York and Kentucky and back to Florida. She grew used to the look and feel of the racetracks, whether they were earthy or glamorous. She grew used to, but never less fascinated by, the people who inhabited them, from the young grooms still shiny with ambition to the older hands who lived from race to race and bet to bet. The contrasts were a constant curiosity. From her box she could watch the other owners, their families and friends. Seersucker suits and picture hats. While against the rail, elbow to elbow, were the masses who came for the fun or the money. She learned that wagering had its own scent, often a desperate one, always a little sweaty. Away from the stands were the horses, the scales, the tack and the riders. Only a few who watched knew the thrill and the anxiety of ownership. In Lexington she visited horse farms with Burke and saw stables grander than she had ever thought any house could be. She saw the races of the thoroughbred world, grew to know the people whose lives were tied to them, and she learned. At cocktail parties, dinner parties and small celebrations she listened to discussions on breeding, on training, on strategy. She grew to understand that owners often thought of their horses as possessions, while trainers more often than not thought of a horse in their care as an athlete to be disciplined and pampered in the peculiar way of the sportsman. But above all the horse was the focus, for envy or for pride. After a time she drew together the courage to go as far as the paddocks, where she could watch the horses being examined and saddled for the races.

### Chapter 4 : Irish Rose (Nora Roberts) » Read Online Free Book

*Irish Rose (Irish Hearts Series #2) by Nora Roberts* The second book in the Irish Legacy Trilogy from #1 New York Times bestselling author Nora Roberts. On a horse-buying trip to Ireland, Burke Logan has his head turned from business by small-town Irish lass Erin McKinnon.

### Chapter 5 : Irish Rose (Audiobook) by Nora Roberts | calendrierdelascience.com

*Cabbage Rose: Ambassador of Love. Erin McKinnon had dreams and ambitions - one that included her leaving her small hometown in Ireland. But she's never imagined her dreams would become realities in the arms of Burke Logan, her own American ambassador of love.*

### Chapter 6 : Irish Rose (Irish Hearts, book 2) by Nora Roberts

*An Irish lass comes to America and finds love in the first novel in the Irish Legacy trilogy* "the first book ever published by #1 New York Times bestselling author Nora Roberts. For Adelia "Dee" Cunnane, her uncle's invitation is a dream come true.

### Chapter 7 : Irish Hearts Series by Nora Roberts

*About the author Nora Roberts is the number one New York Times bestseller of more than novels. With over million copies of her books in print, she is indisputably one of the most celebrated and popular writers in the world.*

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