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Angela Howard was the toast of London -- a breathtaking vision every woman envied and every man longed to possess. Few would have dreamed this violet-eyed beauty was the precocious child of a country schoolmaster... the feisty girl who had spurned Lord Clinton Meredith, the "fairy tale prince", to surrender her innocence to Hugh Bradford, his illegitimate brother... the young woman who had come to London with nothing but a broken heart -- and a fierce determination to survive.

Now she was a celebrated actress; immortalized on canvas by Gainsborough; adored by Jamie Lambert, the playwright who made her his star; desired by the golden-haired lord obsessed with making her his lady... and still tormented with longing for the man who had branded her very soul with his passion, and who has now returned to reawaken past splendors of a love he means to reclaim....

Angel in Scarlet Details

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Author : Jennifer Wilde , T.E. Huff

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From Reader Review Angel in Scarlet for online ebook

Lysti Cannon says

My first steamy romance at 13 and still have it tucked up on a shelf for future enjoyment.

Lisa says

Surprisingly great, for Old Skool. Reminiscent of Skye O'Malley, in that she had more than one lover over the course of the book and handled her own shit, but without the side of rape. I kept expecting bad stuff to happen, but it didn't go at all the way I expected. Angel (Angela "Angie" Howard) keeps a firm grip on her sensibilities, owns her choices and feelings, and grows as a character. Also, as a theater-adjacent nerd, I thoroughly enjoyed all of the drama and backstage action with the actors.

carol says

Beautiful Angel.

The thing I loved most was showing you can love more than one person. First love is not always the lasting love.

FeliciaKaren says

Her liaison with heros ended badly

heros?

first 1.hugh

2.Jamie

3.a second chance with Hugh

4.Clinton Meredith

and 5.a second chance with Jamie

While many readers gave this book a high rating, I kept asking myself where's the romance?

Vellini says

Well, I never read Jennifer Wilde's books before because I always thought that his BRs were Rosemary Rogers style, I see it's not (at least this one isn't).

I liked it, even though the book wasn't a typical BR. None of the male characters was mean (in BR style anyway), the hero had some brain, and the ending was different from the usual HEA, serves to us in a hurry in BRs after 500+ pages.

The author succeeded in making me wonder who the hero of the story really was. I'll just say I was team Clinton!

I had to skim some passages, there was too much detail and I was bored!

I'll definitely be reading this author's more conventional BRs

Sukanya Bhattacharya says

Well. My review might be a little (read, very) partial owing to the fact that I absolutely love Jennifer Wilde (Tom E. Huff, actually) but *Angel In Scarlet* was such a disappointing book in terms of the plot that it made me a little cold.

The narrative was not bad but the heroine was quite similar as that of *Once More, Miranda* or *They Call Her Dana*. Also, it was annoying how Angie thought she wasn't beautiful AT ALL.

Next came the heroes. One thing I never liked about Wilde's books is multiple heroes with the heroine ending up with the man I hated the most. Keeping true to the tradition, here too Angie ends up with the biggest clout and the most idiot of them all. Not quite the ending you want to see after going through around 300 pages. The writing and the description was usual Wilde which was wonderful!

So all in all, this was a good read but not a satisfying one. I also would like to know, why, oh why, does the author have such an obsession with volatile, artistic men?

Beverly says

I didn't think I would but I loved this book! It was sitting on my "hmm maybe" shelf but was inadvertently uploaded to my tablet with some other books. I was sucked in right from the beginning and only put it down for bathroom and snack breaks.

Julie Dickerson says

This was one of my first trashy romance novels back in the day. I must've been 13 or so when I read it, and I still remember the story almost 20 yrs later! Found it at a garage sale and re-read it, enjoying the trashiness all over again. Sure, it's not going to win any literary awards, but sometimes you just need a guilty pleasure :)

Cecilia says

I read this when I was thirteen. It was one of the first large novels I'd ever read and I have to say, eighteen years later I still appreciate the story and how the author didn't make it your standard romance novel where boy meets girl, boy and girl fall in love, boy and girl live happily ever after. There is love, heartbreak and a woman learning to live for herself and not just for the love of a guy. I want to read it again actually. Definitely a good read!

Nenia ? Queen of Literary Trash, Protector of Out-of-Print Gems, Khaleesi of Bodice Rippers, Mother of Smut, the Unrepentant, Breaker of Convention ? Campbell says

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09/09/17: ANGEL IN SCARLET is on sale again for \$1.99 today!

ANGEL IN SCARLET went on sale recently for \$1.99 and I figured what better occasion than to do a buddy-read with my dear Goodreads friends, Korey and Vellini. Jennifer Wilde is the pen name of a male author, T.E. Huff, and he's rather infamous for his smutty, purple prose and sex-pot heroines. We're talking trashy fiction of the V.C. Andrews caliber. The only book of his I read before this was LOVE'S TENDER FURY, which is very much a traditional bodice ripper with its themes of slavery, rape, and general wtfery that boggle the rational mind.

ANGEL IN SCARLET is not a bodice ripper. There is no rape (although there are some unconsummated attempts at forced-seduction). Our heroine is named Angel, and she's the daughter of a teacher, and has two step-sisters and a step-mother. The step-mother ends up being a villain later on (madam of a whorehouse), but the two step-sisters are actually pretty chill and one of them, Solonge, intrigued me far more than the heroine did.

Angel is an okay heroine as far as heroines go. She has a lot of moxie. She punches people, bashes would-be rapists over the head with their seduction champagne, flips people the finger, kicks bad men in the testicles, and tells anyone she cares to (namely everyone): "SOD OFF!" It's basically her catchphrase. A woman like Angel is obviously too much for one man, and she sleeps with several over the course of the book - something she shares in common with Marietta Danvers from LOVE'S TENDER FURY. Unlike LOVE'S TENDER FURY, however, these relationships are all basically consensual. There's her childhood love, the bastard son of nobility: Hugh. Then there's the temperamental playwright who sees her as his muse, James ("Jamie"). And lastly, there's Lord Meredith (Clinton), Hugh's half-brother: an entitled, spoiled, selfish, womanizing lord. On top of all this, Angel goes from being lower middle class to working in a gambling

den, to becoming an artist's "Gibson Girl", to becoming an accomplished actress, to becoming a lady of the nobility herself.

I wanted to like this book and at first I did, because it was refreshing to read a vintage novel where the heroine wasn't a victim: who was actually quite empowered when it came to seizing life by the balls and doing whatever the hell she wanted. Unfortunately, there were several setbacks that made this book incredibly difficult to get into and really dampened my enjoyment of it.

-: The writing is incredibly repetitive. Wilde repeats the same phrases over and over. All gowns are cut "provocatively low" or "dangerously low" to the point that you can almost see one's "bright pink" nipples. Angel's "chestnut waves" are always dangling into her "violet-gray eyes." There are paragraphs and paragraphs of costume pr0n that are basically cut and pasted reprises of prior descriptions. Hint: embroidered waistcoats, lacy jabots, lace spilling from the sleeves. There are also paragraphs and paragraphs of food pr0n, and while I liked these better, they weren't necessary to the plot. I could really feel the 600 pages of this novel - especially towards the middle, where it began to slog. I think about 200 pages of this could have been cut while still preserving the overall novel.

-: The sex scenes are absolutely awful, some of the worst I've read (and I've read countless ones that have the H/h "soaring off into the heights of ecstasy to romp with an orgy of angels*." These were worse. They honestly read like teen-age fan-fiction. Allow me to provide you with some samples:

And he pounced upon me and we wrestled vigorously and it was joyous and he pinioned me and the match continued and it was delightful and he entered me and I writhed and he bucked and I thrashed and he plunged and it was glorious, glorious, sensations shimmering, soaring, and I fought and he retaliated and I gave and he took and he gave and sensations swelled and shattered... (48%)

...onto me he crawled and into me he plunged, filling me fully, strong, straining. I wrapped my legs around him and he reached out, groping, and got one of the cushions and positioned it under my hips and pulled back and plunged and pounded and repeated and I raised and reared and our movements matched and magic and marvelous sensations besieged us both (55%).

...the room in darkness now, now the warm hardness of him entering slowly, slowly, plunging then to fill, holding for a moment and then slowly withdrawing, so slowly, plunging again, flesh filling flesh, his hard and strong as steel and soft as velvet, my own clutching, clinging, my body arching to meet him, to bring him closer still... (68%)

-: I also couldn't quite pinpoint the exact time period because the author uses some very anachronistic language like "yeah" and "bitchy affection." I think it's mid-Georgian because the author makes several references to plays like *She Stoops to Conquer* and *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and if it was Victorian, I'm certain the author would have referred to Oscar Wilde or George Bernard Shaw.

Something that confused me, though (regarding the time period) was the way Angel's acting career was treated by others. She rubs elbows with royalty and is generally well-respected by the town, but in Regency England, acting - *especially* for women - was seen as an ignoble profession that was pretty much regarded as being as base and derided as a prostitute. Public opinion on that didn't really start to shift until the late 19th century, from what I understand.

I did like the ending, which was unexpectedly bittersweet, and Angel was an interesting character, so I'm rounding this up to 1.5 stars. But this is by no means one of Jennifer Wilde's better efforts, and if you're a first-timer hoping to get in on the bodice ripper craze, I'd urge you to pick up LOVE'S TENDER FURY instead.

* Obviously a slight exaggeration

1.5 stars

Sandi *~The Pirate Wench~* says

Re-Read 4 1/2 Stars this time...but still enjoyed

There's not many Historical Romance books from the 70's-80's where the main character really stands out & grabs & draws me right away into their story, most times it takes some warming up for me.

But our "heroine Angie Howard (Angel) sure did for me.

She had me laughing out loud from beginning to the end.

Her story is told in the 1st person so you really get to know not only Angie herself but her thoughts & views on things and how she looks at life, which makes it all the more entertaining.

Angie is a "backwoods village girl" who's feisty, humorous, and a down right blunt spoken girl.

She wants more out of life than to end up married & staying in her village.

Angie has dreams of being someone someday, of seeing what the world has to offer.

As we read & watch this feisty girl grow up and go through the changes in her life and the relationships with 3 very different men.

Hugh Bradford: "the bastard" Lord Meredith's son rightfully the real heir but disowned by his own father.

Hugh is Angie's first love, he took her innocence and left her wit a broken heart, but with a fierce will to carry on.

Clinton Meredith: nephew to Lord Meredith who inherits his title, a rake, womaniser, gambler, and a scandal to the family.

Clinton is obsessed with Angie and will do anything to have her.

James Lambert: he took her from the backroom of the theatre as a seamstress and made her into the famous actress of London..would he be able to also heal the hurt in her heart?

Throughout the story we meet actual personages and the historical "tid-bits" were well done.

A bawdy, romp-page turning tale!

Lots of excitement, great characters, beautiful love scenes (as well as funny ones)

A non stop read that never lagged and when I thought I had it figured out a new twist was added.

A very surprising ending, not one I expected but was pleased it ended that way.

Still going to hang on to my copy :)

I would also highly recommend this authors other book

which I enjoyed just as much.

Sarah Mac says

Though slightly better than Wilde/Huff's *Dare to Love*, this isn't to my taste. At all. I yield after 200 pages of plodding plot that left me caring more about the slutty stepsister than the primary heroine & her yawn-worthy narrative. Boring, boring, BORING.

Important safety tip: If you're determined to write a 600-page bodice ripper, *stuff needs to happen*. And by "stuff" I'm referring to emotional highs & lows.

Not every ripper needs to be *Pleasure's Daughter* in terms of plotting WTFery -- I daresay the universe would implode if that was the norm :P -- but repeating the same fill-in-the-blank descriptions of clothes in every scene doesn't make a legitimate plot, nor does picking over every mundane moment of your equally mundane emotional development. This heroine (Angie) had a bit more individuality than Whatshername in DTL, but the voice was still flat & meandering. For 200 pages I slogged through '*I love my father, I hate Hugh Bradford, I love my father, I love Hugh Bradford, I don't hate my stepmother, I love my father, I love Hugh Bradford, I might hate my stepmother*' in hopes that my attention would be hooked. Such was not the case.

As if the flat voice & saccharine purple sexOrs wasn't enough, Wilde/Huff insisted on using the same formulaic costume porn at every opportunity. The ever-popular *waistcoat with [__color__] embroidery + [__color__] silk neckcloth* was a holdover from DTL. Another old fave: *off-the-shoulder sleeves (or) puffed sleeves + low-cut bodice*, though some ladies were blessed with *snug waists + low necklines* (either *modestly low* or *so low her/my nipples were almost visible*) in a variety of shades & fabrics. Thankfully we were spared the omnipresent *French roll* of DTL, but this was happily replaced with *glossy chestnut waves* on the heroine & *[__number__] of ringlets* arranged down the back...and that's not to mention endless discussions

of Angie's oh-so-fugly *wide mouth + high cheekbones* that every male wants to hump like a fiend, despite her being *plain as a mud fence* compared to other female specimens.

(Are your eyes glazing over? Yeah, I don't blame you.)

The final nail in the coffin was a scene that was virtually lifted from Wilde/Huff's earlier gothic *Come to Castlemoor* (1970), which I recently read. Seeing as how *Angel in Scarlet* was published in 1986, I can only assume the author forgot he'd already used this brilliant emotive Harlequin-esque scene of the alpha asshat stealing the heroine's food from her plate/lunch bag, eating it himself, & staring at her while she chewed the remainder under his supervision...because surely he didn't assume a change of pseudo would erase *Castlemoor* from existence.

...Or maybe it was such a brilliant emotive brilliantly emotive scene that it deserved to be repeated. Right?

Nope, he's not. And neither am I.

Since I enjoyed *Castlemoor*, I'll not dismiss this author's pulp backlist out of hand. But anything longer than 200 pages...nope. I'm done.

Melissa says

I loved this book. Very racy though and sexually graphic. Not what I expected when I bought it, because it did not have a cover. It was still really good though and kept me on the edge of my seat.

Nikki Golden says

A wonderful trashy novel I picked up for 50 cents at the local used bookstore when I was a teen. What a great plot but even better, it has great descriptions of clothing, food and locale. I read EVERY book Jennifer Wilde wrote; then I found out it was a man writing under a pseudonym. Doesn't ruin it at all for me, though. He's still a great romance novelist.

Karla says

After a second DNF by Wilde, I think he's simply not an author for me. Like Johanna Lindsey, Wilde's one of the classic authors of the old ripper romances and I've held them to a high standard because of that. They've both fallen short.

Wilde's somewhat of a better author than Lindsey. He can describe a scene better, even though it veers more towards a bland checklist of what's in the picture than a real evocation of it. His characters are a bit deeper and less annoying, but not by much. Whereas Lindsey has her heroes and heroines flail around like schizophrenics, Wilde keeps his characters on an even keel, not really varying the tone of his scenes (except

the sex, where the prose sails into the purple stratosphere). Their inner thoughts might be explored more (thanks to his use of the 1st person POV), but despite all the pages upon pages to produce a growing character, the heroines have remained remarkable static and monochrome. Angie Howard started out strong, but she didn't grow at all - even though she went through significant emotional turmoil in those first 200 pages.

I did like the #1 hero Hugh - a broody bastard with a chip on his shoulder - but it simply wasn't enough to keep me hooked to stay with it over the long haul. I lost patience with the lack of plot, the lack of character development, and the **damn run-on sentences**. When Wilde wants to convey action, he forgets about that thing called "the period" and just throws in a bunch of "and"s and commas. You could pass out if you read them aloud. It'd be one thing if the sentences were interesting and ornate, but it's more along the lines of "and then he grabbed me and I felt faint and he kissed me, his lips hard against mine, and I felt the blood rush to my head and then..." Arrgh. Shoot me. D:

Wilde also writes to a template: multiple heroes, no real plot, a meandering linear path of the heroine, name-dropping, and a fill-in-the-blanks form for hair and costume that gets trotted out whenever someone shows up in a scene. The repetition was noticeable in *Dare To Love* and drove me nuts. I was hoping that it was an early book and therefore kind of rough in the writing department.

Nope. It's still here. And just as obnoxious.
