



Silver Storm

Cynthia Wright

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This is an alternate cover edition for ASIN B005DJ93EW.

Set in 1781, during the Revolutionary War, SILVER STORM is the passionate tale of Andre Raveneau and Devon Lindsay who are thrown together when she stows away on his privateer after the British burn her home in New London, CT. The irresistible Captain Raveneau agrees to take her to Virginia to find her childhood sweetheart, but fate has other plans. Through intrigue, misunderstandings, and swashbuckling sea battles, Devon and Andre are swept away by a love that won't be denied.

Silver Storm Details

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Author : Cynthia Wright

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From Reader Review Silver Storm for online ebook

Sharon says

Rating 4.75

Revolutionary War Era

Some tones of BR situations between H and h

Currently listed FREE on Amazon Kindle as is 2nd in this series CAROLYN

Great writing. This story kept me thoroughly entertained the night I started it until 4:00 a.m. I chuckled and at times laughed out loud thru every chapter in the first 3/4's of this book.

The feisty little wild child heroine was wonderful. There's a scene when she is overcome with her outrage at the Hero and quickly jumps up on a chair so she can get right in his face and yell at this overwhelming sexy, dark and dangerous Privateer Captain eye ball to eye ball. That did it for me. Makes me laugh now while I think of it. What a ferocious little stinker. I couldn't help but love her character. During much of the story she is Out of Control...with her mouth, her emotions, and her behavior. Which inevitably comes back to bite her when she is confronted with the consequences of her antics. Usually when this happens in a story I cringe. because I know I'm going to get uncomfortable when the s--t hits the fan. But this author displayed a talent to pull off this type of situation without that cringe factor, every time.

And the Captain ... cross between a sophisticated gentleman and a dangerous French Privateer Sea Captain who was way too masculine and sexy for me to allow common sense to kick in so I could go to bed at a decent hour. This man could only live within the pages of a woman's romance fantasy novel. This woman's anyway.

The darkness in his character slowly develops and doesn't really relieve the light of clarity til near the end of the story. Until that occurs, his dominate ultra self control starts to crack. Thanks to the effect of his little spitfire.

Towards the end she grows a bit more mature which I appreciated. I say appreciated because at times there seemed such a gulf between these two in their maturity levels that it made the man/woman relationship feel a bit off.

Action packed and never a dull moment, I was thoroughly entertained the entire time. I plan to read CAROLYN, the next book in this series. If that one is as fun I'll pick up the rest in the series. I do like the way this author weaves a story.

Wendy, Lady Evelyn Quince says

So I started reading Silver Storm, and then putting it down; it was sweet, but sometimes too sweet and I have enough cavities. Then halfway through it changes in tone. Our previously gentleman hero does a 180 and turns into a lecherous jerk. It was great and I wanted more!

The first half involves a sensuous French privateer Andre Raveneau escorting orphaned Devon Lindsay to

her fiancé in Virginia at the end of the American Revolution. The girl is obviously not in love with her missing man, but devoted to him out of a weird sense of commitment. All the while this tall, gorgeous gray-eyed Frenchman plays nice and Devon stomps her foot and plays hard to get. André was such a gentleman, I wondered where this was going. But oh, he has a plan--a cunning plan--to trap his strawberry-haired prey and when he finally gets what he wants, he plans just as cruelly to be rid of her, eagerly awaiting his next new lay.

In one scene André attempts to seduce his ex-mistress while her brother and new husband play cards downstairs and Devon, his current mistress, naps. But poor Devon wakes up, and witnesses the dog's hounding:

"It had been so long. He pulled her gown open and her breast spilled out like ripe, round melons..."

He's jerk all right, but he's French, so it evens out. I enjoyed the break from the English heroes that dominate Historical Romancelandia. There's something about a Frenchman that's so sexy. I can listen to Eric Ripert recite recipes all day...

Years ago I read a book that designated romance novels, specifically bodice rippers into two genres: "Sweet" or "Savage". (Even though it was Kathleen Woodiwiss who started the bodice ripper genre it was Rosemary Rogers that gave it a name.) Sweet defined a story with a hero who may be a cruel, callous, forceful or cheat, but he is the heroine's one and only. In a "Savage" styled-romance anything and everything goes. In Silver Storm's case although we have the heroine almost-raped, her bodice ripped, she is abandoned and cheated on, it's still sweet. But it's very spicy too!

One nit to pick: a reference to "Empire"-styled gowns in the early 1780's when Napoleon wasn't crowned Emperor until 20 years later.

This book would have excellent if not for the slow start. But once it gets there...oh my.

4 stars/B-

Dawn says

I have a few problems with this book. First of all the justifications for the actions the characters make are weak. There is no logical reason why either of these characters would act or speak in the manner they do. The writer also does not get into the head of the male character enough which leaves his character flat and shallow. The female is stupid and childish, I cared little for her. I gave it two stars because I was interested in knowing the outcome, so I suppose that means something. I would not recommend this one to any serious Historical Romance reader.

Debby "Piene Raven" says

Don't believe I've ever read anything about this author so it would be my first time. I thought the story started off a bit slow detailing her adolescent years and first coming face to face with Raveneau. There, at 13 years she is captivated by a man nearly 30 years of age. Hmmm go figure. Then the story moves on and now she is

18 years to his what???not sure. They eventually share a kiss and when she turns 19 years they start a relationship.

Not sure about his fascination for her but it is understandably that her fascination with him is because he loves the sea just as her father did. So some blood runs through her veins from parentage. As I got further on in the story, it became a little dry and I tired of reading but I can say close to the end it picked up which pushed me to completion.

Was not fond of this particular read, but others may like it. I am modestly giving this 3-Stars and thats only because I like the cover.

3-Stars

LuvGirl says

This was an interesting read with a few problems. The book started off with a bang. Andre our hero is simple delicious. His sex appeal is potent. After all, it's rare that you find a book with two friends genuinely in love with the hero. I was eating it up! The story started to become a bit too predictably after a while though, and although the heroine's fiancé made things entertaining, he wasn't nearly a good enough rival for Andre. It would have been more interesting if he had giving Andre a run for his money. This was definitely not a hard core bodice ripper but a bodice ripper nonetheless. The hero does get a little more wicked as the story moves along and that's when the book started to get really good IMO. There is cheating from the hero and also a slap that maybe the faint of heart would rather not read.

Katrina Passick Lumsden says

Well, my stars....what the *hell* is this?

I suppose it's an eye-opener in terms of women's lib, but that doesn't exactly make for a compelling, enjoyable read. Our heroine, Devon Lindsay, is a simpering 18-year-old woman-child with a crush on the ~~overbearing misogynist~~ "dashing" french privateer, Andre Raveneau. To say I didn't like either character would be a tragic understatement. Devon is the cliché; pouting, stomping her feet in indignation, crossing her arms, putting her nose in the air, etc. anytime something doesn't go exactly her way. I don't think she knows how to tell the truth, and she has the intelligence of a garden rake. Andre is a tool. He date rapes Devon, but it's all her fault. Of course.

Spare me. This story wasn't romantic, it was irritating. There wasn't really any "romance" just two emotionally void and immature assholes who couldn't keep their hands off each other. There's a Happily-Ever-After ending, of course, but I couldn't help imagining that wasn't the end. I like to imagine the two of them sailing right into the middle a fleet of British warships and having their limbs blown off.

Carol Storm says

Cute colonial romance -- Andre Raveneau is one sexy pirate, and Devon Lindsay is an adorable heroine!

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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I got my friend Minerva to buddy-read this with me, because the only thing better than bodice-rippers are bodice-rippers with friends. Also, the covers. Can we all take a moment to appreciate that cover? The original artwork, the banner font, the *colors* - I'm not sure who started the bizarre trend of replacing the original artwork with badly photoshopped covers for the Kindle edition, but they suck.

I originally tried reading SILVER STORM a couple years ago but ended up shelving it due to boredom. During this reread, I felt the same urge once more. For about 70% of this book, the story is dull as dirt. Maybe duller than dirt, because at least dirt has some action (worms, woodlice, interesting rocks). This book did not have that.

The heroine, Devon, is one of those spunky Catherine Coulter rejects who says "Ooooh!" when she's angry and probably stomps her foot. When the British attack her town and kill'n'rape her family, she ends up at the mercy of French privateer, Raveneau, who also happens to be the man she's had a crush on since she was a kid - not that he looked her way, then. Now, though? Now, she isn't just HOT. She is bodice ripper HOT, which is like being Helen of Troy HOT.

The plot is difficult to explain but it's basically Devon and Raveneau arguing constantly, with her thwarted ex, Morgan, occasionally popping in to remind everyone that he exists and Was There First. Much to Devon's dismay, she's much more attracted to Raveneau and even though they were engaged, she let Raveneau pop her cherry and the thought of Morgan physically repulses her. Raveneau knows that he's the one she wants, so he's generous enough to officiate her marriage to Morgan himself - only to reveal later that it was a fake wedding(!), before spiriting her away.

Around 68%, Raveneau remembers that he's in a bodice ripper and starts to act less charming and more jerk. And around 75% in, Raveneau remembers that mere caddery doesn't really cut it in a bodice-ripper and starts to be abusive and rapey. Because I'm twisted, I actually liked that part better - BECAUSE I WAS SO BORED, it was nice to have some action finally happening. Ditto when he dumps her off at an island with a resentful servant and the aura of death (his father allegedly killed his money-grubbing mistress there and they screw mere feet away from where the corpse was buried). There's some OW drama that peters out to nothing (not even a cat fight? come on), and Devon becomes pregnant and immediately transforms into a rosy Madonna, because gag.

In many ways, SILVER STORM reminded me of a less WTF version of THE FLAME AND THE FLOWER, another book I didn't really like all that much, although I could appreciate the sheer scale of OTT nobody-gives-a-damn infused into the plot. They were published just a few years apart, so this isn't really surprising. Honestly, of the early bodice ripper canon, so far my favorite is SWEET SAVAGE LOVE which balances OTT with interesting characters and good story-telling.

If you're interested in this book, it is free, although it is my understanding that like many republished bodice-rippers, SILVER STORM has been edited (read: censored) to be more compatible with the sensibilities of modern audiences. Which, okay, I get. But also, at the same time this makes me sad because part of what I love about bodice-rippers is that unapologetic grittiness. I wish that publishers and authors made both editions available on Kindle - then at least the reader could choose whether they wanted that kidskin gloves to stay on.

1 to 1.5 stars

Kristen says

Solid 4 Stars

If you're in the mood for a good Bodice Ripper, you can't get much better than *Silver Storm*. It's an oldie but goodie.

Cat says

The main character can be completely frustrating: she is naive and believes she knows everything. As the story progresses, one would believe that she is maturing and learning, but no. Both of the main characters are true to their personalities until the end, with Andre bending slightly to his new life.

I was relieved at the way some of the plot lines ended (very little death/bloodshed) and happy to hear how some things were wrapped up so nicely, it was like the author tied a bow on it.

This book does not get more stars because frankly I think some of it was too obvious (I can't say much or it will give the book away, but seriously Blue Jay?). I am also annoyed that, in the end, Devon gets everything she wants on a silver platter and hasn't learned a thing.

If you have spare time and don't mind a drawn out love story this is good. If you like male leads who are hard to get and will sleep with anything with a vagina, then this is for you!

Misfit says

Check out the cover for this and compare to this,

The story begins in New London, Connecticut in 1775. Devon Lindsay and her childhood sweetheart have their lives mapped out, but all that is swept into the dust when she meets dashing French privateer Andre Raveneau. After the town is sacked by the Red Coats, she's *rescued* by one of Andre's crew members who dresses her as a boy and stows her away on ship (he's in it for the sex). Andre discovers her in the nick of time and...

You can pretty much guess the rest. A few battles at sea, a few misunderstandings since neither one can admit they're in love. A few too many mentions of Devon's "impudent breasts". Lots of steamy kisses and rolls in the hay (although not overly explicit), plus plots from the sidelines trying to keep our pair apart. Very typical of what you will find in the older 80s bodice rippers, and entertaining enough to keep me reading, although Devon is one of those foot-stomping, go anywhere she darned well pleases no matter what the men folk tell her to do kind of Miss. I confess to having a lower tolerance level for heroines like Devon, hence a somewhat lower rating than the other reviewers. Hats off to the author getting her books reissued in e-book format. Would like to see a lot more of these oldies brought back to life.

KatieV says

Listening to audio, which was ok if a bit monotone. It was cheaper than a usual audio, so I wasn't complaining. Heroine is the old school foot-stompy spitfire always running blindly into trouble. I was still enjoying it though. Good, cheesy nostalgia.

DNFd because apparently this is a neutered version of the original. Nope, nope, nope. I understand authors likely feel pressure to do this, but still drives me batty, especially when it's not explicitly stated that the book has been neutered. I can't enjoy flashing sapphire eyes and stompy feet unless a few bodices are actually ripped.

Kate says

I give this book 2 stars because I at least finished it. It is not well written. I am just perplexed by the reviews given this book stating how well written it is! Yes, the plot had promise, but the dialogue is stilted and...juvenile, for lack of a better word. I think a 7th grade creative writing assignment could potentially contain better dialogue. The formulaic plot was easy to predict, but could have made for a really great book nonetheless with better dialogue, MUCH stronger character development, and by working the period attitudes and customs more strongly into the characters' actions and opinions (and there are mistakes in regards to the period--ugh). Every other period romance I've read just about beats this one. Whole parts of this book could have been cut without damaging the story line at all. The lack of character development left me wondering why they said or did a lot of what they said or did--definitely not enough consistency. All these little flip-flops in the characters' personas could have gone unquestioned if the author worked harder at laying the groundwork. Even the love scenes were just okay, and once I got into this book a good bit, I figured that they must be the reason this romance novel was published, and that's a stretch. If you want to read about a bratty, whiny heroine and a complete and utter jerk of a hero, who have a few mediocre rolls in the hay, then this book is for you.

Heather *Awkward Queen and Unicorn Twin* says

SPOILERS EVERYWHERE!!!

I'm not sure where to start with this. The beginning was fairly innocuous, detailing a couple years of Devon's adolescence and her fascination with André Raveneau, a privateer she sees around from time to time. Then when she's eighteen, they share a kiss in a carriage because... well, because she's innocent and tempting, that's why. And it was annoying when Raveneau was just so affected by this kiss even though he's been with several ladies before.

Shortly after this is when the leads got together, and I hated the middle part of the book for reasons I'll explain. The last 15% of the book wasn't terrible, however, so by the time I finished I'd lost much of my ire. Hence me not knowing where to start my review.

But no, I can't overlook the craptastic events of the middle. I have a duty to report them.

First, I don't understand why Devon and Raveneau are attracted to each other. She's nineteen when their relationship begins, but she's pretty immature and unworldly. He's thirty-two, I believe, and quite an aloof character. (Which I like, but not when there's ZERO personality to back it up.) He's a complete ass to Devon, except when he wants to sex her. Then he blames her for the initial sexing, by the way, since she was drunk, and even though he knew she was engaged. He literally told her it was her fault that they were doing it. Again, I don't know where the attraction lies, except they're both super hot, so... yeah.

Speaking of Devon's engagement, she agreed to marry her childhood friend Morgan, who sadly didn't grow out of his skinny awkward stage into the strapping man she'd hoped. But she goes to find him after her hometown is destroyed by British soldiers (which is when she gets "acquainted" with Raveneau in his ship's cabin). Raveneau does the annoying thing of constantly getting Morgan's name wrong when speaking to Devon, referring to him as "Merlin" or some other name he comes up with. SO STUPID.

THEN when Devon and Morgan are reunited, Raveneau takes it upon himself to arrange the wedding. Because he's so chill and paternal like that. But wait... he pays Morgan to go away so the wedding ceremony is actually a sham, and Raveneau comes to Devon's bed that night, initiating sex in the dark without even telling her what happened until after.

What the freaking HELL?

(For the record, I shipped Devon with almost every single character except Raveneau, despite knowing these other pairings would never happen. I shipped her with Morgan despite the author's attempt to make him as repulsive as possible, with Minter the steward, with the man who helps her by smuggling her onto Raveneau's ship, with Mr. Lane who was always disgusted at her presence and yet stared at her through his telescope, and probably someone else I forgot. But NOT Raveneau!)

At this moment, even his respect seemed beyond her grasp.

And this is the unintended theme of the novel.

They separate for a while (I forget the reason), and this is where the Blue Jay, a spy of some sort, comes in. This is also where the lamest flirting I've ever read comes in.

"What are you doing here?" Blue Jay asked in a husky, French-accented voice.

"Azalea hurt her ankle. I discovered her, so she asked me to do her—errand."

"What is your name?" His eyes glittered as he loomed over her.

"Devon."

"You are very beautiful, Devon." One side of his mouth curved upward.

She blushed for the first time in a week. "Me?"

"Do you wish me to insist?"

He goes on like this for a while ("I don't know you!" "Do you wish to?"), even though this is the first time they've met, and she's delivering an important message having to do with the Revolutionary War. GET YOUR PRIORITIES STRAIGHT, BIRD MAN. It was just so random and painful to read.

In case you didn't guess, Blue Jay is Raveneau. He tells her this at the end of the book, but this particular plot line never went anywhere.

Now they're having sex in his cabin every night (no detailed scenes, by the way) on the way to his house and Raveneau basically ignores her during the day. ANYWAY, this is all terrible, and there's more, but this review is already really long so I'll skip to the end. After a separation, during which Devon has Raveneau's baby at his house, they reunite when she tries to go home with Morgan and Raveneau comes upon them on his ship. Somehow Raveneau has done a complete turnaround and wants to settle down with Devon. Which would have been cute, but he didn't even grovel for his asshole-ness. They argue over the timeline of her pregnancy (he's got issues because of his father's cheating mistress), and Devon is upset because he doesn't seem to believe the baby is his. The author throws this adorable gem out:

"Do you hear what you are saying? Even we fools know how much time elapses between conception and birth. Are you asking me to believe you over simple mathematics?"

"Yes!" Tears sparkled in her eyes.

"All right," he whispered. "I believe you."

This would have been SO CUTE if not for the entire rest of the book.

After this, everything was all lovey dovey, and I was so confused. Their relationship did a one-eighty with no good reason for it. If you're looking to read a romance about a dashing privateer and a spirited heroine, I recommend Captain of My Heart instead.

Bambi Unbridled says

I was stoked to find this old bodice ripper for free on Amazon with audible narration available for a discount rate. Unfortunately, I wish I hadn't spent my money on this one. The writing was extremely juvenile to me and wholly lacking the maturity I would expect from a 38 y/o hero and a historical heroine over the age of 18. Set during the time of the Revolutionary War, there is a lot of room for action and world building... but both were severely lacking in this story. When you think you are about to get some fast-paced action, it halts abruptly and goes in another direction.

The heroine, Devon, hit all of my annoying heroine traits. She acted childish, had no common sense, and was always yelling at the hero. She acted entitled and threw a temper tantrum at every turn. She was fickle and seemed to fall in like/lust/love with men at the drop of a hat. Or she is passionately kissing the hero, then slapping him. Or begging him to take her virginity, then yelling that he took advantage. I don't think I have ever wanted to shake a character quite so much.

I can't really say much about the hero, Andre Raveneau, other than that he is a French privateer. His personality was flat and aloof, and I didn't really understand his attraction to Devon. If I was him, I would have thrown her overboard after the first or second temper tantrum. However after reading some of the other reviews, Andre turns into a big ol' douche canoe sleeping with the heroine's best friend, sneaking into the marriage bed, and all kinds of other creeptastic behavior.

The narration of this story was way off for me as well. These old bodice rippers tend to have a darker theme so I think you need a somber, or at least serious, narrative tone. This narrator was way too animated and brought out the immaturity of all the characters. It was odd - I am not used to these books sounding so upbeat. It didn't match the story at all. And why do half the characters sound like Ellie Mae and Jethro Clampett with even some Opie Taylor thrown in? Seriously - they are in Connecticut, not the deep south. And our French privateer hero had no French accent at all (unless he was calling her "mon petit chat"). Not only were the accents off, but the whole manner of speech seemed wrong for the time period. It was weird.

I'm sad to say that this insipid book gives good ol' bodice rippers a bad name. DNF at Chapter 13 - approximately 60% I think. Hard to tell w/ the audible version.
