

From the Baroness's Diary

At the tender age of eighteen, Lady Chloé de La Fleur was married off to forty-year-old Baron Beardley, a wealthy English peer, and taken away from the whirlwind of Paris and London societies to live in a forsaken manor way out of Warwickshire.

Young, beautiful, and voluptuous, the baroness finds that in Beardley Manor innocent flirtations can become erotic sex escapades.

And soon Lady Chloe's diary pages are filled with her adventures!

From the Baroness's Diary: The erotic escapades of Baron Beardley's wife is the first installment of The Diary Series.

From the Baroness's Diary

EXCERPT

The diary pages which you are about to read—and those of a few other volumes which are due to be published soon—fell into the hands of X, who was an employee at Beardley Manor.

This candid record of a young woman's love-life, Lady Chloé's memoirs illuminate far beyond the usual run of erotic literature. These diary pages reveal how a young woman, even secluded in a lost manor in the middle of nowhere by a much older and autocratic husband, discovered pleasures she never would have thought could be wrought from her body and soul. It is a woman's search for answers to the world's most questioned topic, the riddle that plagues the universe: the pleasures of sex.

Last year, while visiting a world-renown art gallery in London I met with X and she told me she had done the paintings for *The Baroness's Series* using Lady Chloé's tales, and gifted me the salvaged diaries with the condition that I translate and publish them.

With great attention, I perused page after page—I must confess I couldn't put them down until I read the last one! I knew I had an extraordinary tale of lust and love in my hands.

Lady Chloé de la Fleur Beardley, no doubt, never dreamed that her memories would someday be put before others' eyes, but X and this author are completely sure she would be very happy to have you reading about her adventures—and misadventures.

So know, readers, that all this author had to do was to select the diary's entries, translate them into English, and, *voilà*, with a bit of adaptation, bring Lady Chloé's confessions to your hands. I do that with no guilty conscience as Baron Beardley passed away a month ago with no direct heirs, but a pompous nephew who is serving time in jail now because of . . . well, that is a whole other story.

Welcome to Lady Chloé's world!

Ready for some adventures?
Get Lady Chloé's secret diary on
AMAZON, iTUNES, or KOBO

Scroll down for some fun and a recipe inspired by *From the Baroness's Diary*.

Beardley Manor Afternoon Tea Heavenly Scones

INGREDIENTS

- 7/8 cup dried fruit, such as sour cherries, raisins, sultanas, apricots, blueberries
- orange juice, for soaking
- 2/3 cup cold unsalted butter
- 4-1/2 cups self-rising flour, plus a little extra for dusting
- 2 level teaspoons baking powder
- 2 heaping teaspoons golden caster sugar
- Sea salt
- 2 large eggs
- 1/4 cup milk, plus a little extra for brushing

DIRECTIONS

- 1 Put the dried fruit into a bowl and pour over just enough orange juice to cover. Leave it for a couple of hours.
- 2 Preheat the oven to 400 degrees.



- 3 Put the butter, flour, baking powder, sugar, and a good pinch of sea salt into a mixing bowl. Use your thumbs and forefingers to break up the butter and rub it into the flour so you get little cornflake-sized pieces. Make a well in the middle of the dough, add the eggs and milk, and stir it with a spatula.
- 4 Drain your soaked fruit and add that to the mixture. Add a tiny splash of milk, if needed, until you have a soft, dry dough. Move it around as little as possible to get it looking like a scruffy mass.
- 5 Sprinkle over some flour, cover the bowl with plastic wrap, and pop it into the fridge for 15 minutes.
- 6 Roll the dough out on a lightly floured surface until it's about 3/4-inch to 1-1/4-inches thick. With a 2-1/2-inch round cutter or the rim of a glass, cut out circles from the dough and place them upside down on a baking sheet—they will rise better that way. Re-roll any remaining dough and cut as many more pieces as possible until dough is used up.

- 7 Brush the top of each scone with the extra milk or some melted butter and bake in the oven for 12 to 15 minutes, or until risen and golden.

Some Tips from Lady Chloé

- Scones are all about having the confidence to do as little as possible. Remember: the less you touch the dough, the crumblier your scones will be.
- This is a freeze-friendly recipe, so if you wish to have scones all month long, after you've cut them out, freeze them. That way you can pop the little rounds of frozen dough into the oven and cook them at 350 degrees for 25 minutes—or until golden and lovely—anytime you want.
- Serve with clotted cream and/or jam.

To take your afternoon tea as a *connoisseur*, follow Lady Chloé's advice:

- Do not stir your tea with your teaspoon. Back and forth motions (6-12, 6-12, imagining it as a clock face) are the correct way.
- Milk is added last. Always! You do not know how strong the tea is before pouring it into the cup.
- Tea is served with milk, never with cream. Cream is too heavy and masks the taste of the tea.
- Never add lemon with milk since the lemon's citric acid will cause the proteins in the milk to curdle.
- Scones are broken with hands, not cut with cutlery.
- Tea sandwiches must have their crusts cut off, and presented either in the shape of triangles, rectangles or—as the royal household prefers!—in small squares.

Curiosities:

- Scones are pronounced as skon, never skone.
- Sandwiches are named for the 4th Earl of Sandwich. In the 1800s, Lord Sandwich had had the idea of covering his meat with bread slices so he could continue playing cards and eat, without using silverware, and, of course, more important to Lord Sandwich, without using getting his cards greasy from eating meat with his bare hands.
- Afternoon tea is not the same as high tea. High tea was what servants of a large house ate at around 6pm, after the upstairs had been given their (afternoon) tea.

Bon, there should be more pressing things in life than ensuring the correct size of a tea napkin (12 inches square), *n'est-ce-pas*?