

Beckham 101: The Kate and Robert Chronicles

Suzanne Eglington

Xlibris (May 21, 2016)

Softcover \$19.99 (294pp)

978-1-5245-0223-2

This erotica reads like a naughty tell-all, written to be shared over a few rounds of cocktails with the girls.

The third book in Suzanne Eglington's Kate And Robert Chronicles, *Beckham 101* is a breathless, racy romance that pushes the envelope.

After knowing each other for only a week, Kate and Robert decide to tie the knot, in more ways than one. "Yes, my very own bad boy / superhero of a husband flew right in and showed me he was the best man for me," gushes Kate. This volume further divulges the kinky details of what seems to be a never-ending honeymoon.

Following the well-trodden path of *Fifty Shades of Grey*, the prose here is blunt. Kate and Robert's romance is hard, fast, and explicit—not for the faint of heart or tender of stomach. Robert, a hard-hitting cop with a penchant for guns, knives, trucks, hunting, and martial arts, somehow becomes more aggressive as the novel progresses. Kate, sassy and highly sexed, can't get enough. She's scooped up, stuffed, slung around, and generally manhandled throughout, and in increasingly variant positions. The couple's relationship has a dark streak that is, in places, pure S&M. The plot itself completely centers on their sex life, which is splashed in often pornographic detail across every page.

**Beckham 101*'s appeal is in its aggressive pacing. Nothing is off limits for this couple. Their sexual games seem to reveal little about their characters, aside from their intense attraction to one another. Kate is a kitten, a fox, a nymph; Robert is increasingly dominant, pushing Kate into fantasies that are off-limits in more vanilla romances. Still, not much is done in the way of character development. Although Kate and Robert have a few friends—rock stars and hunters—they feel two-dimensional. Characters here are most notable for their matter-of-fact attitudes about the sex that they're having: "Two orgasms and an hour later, we showered, dressed, ate breakfast, and poured coffee to go." The intimacy that supports a romance, not to mention a marriage, seems to go by the wayside. There's plenty of connection in Kate and Robert's relationship, though it wants for meaningful communication.

"I married a god!" Kate exclaims, certain that her marriage is built to last, though it runs on pure testosterone, crazy mutual attraction, and the kind of creativity that would make a stripper blush. Juxtaposed against the boring moments of marriage—the omelets scraped from a pan, guns cleaned, commitments scheduled on the family calendar—that kind of lust is dragged back down to earth. Is it real? Kate seems to think so, and after the first chapter, it's apparent that, whether it has been given much thought by its participants or not, the relationship will go on.

The prose in this erotica is light, frisky, and, intentionally or not, even sometimes funny. *Beckham 101* reads like a naughty tell-all, written to be shared over a few rounds of cocktails with the girls. Three books into this series, Suzanne Eglington has clearly hit her stride.

CLAIRE FOSTER (July 18, 2016)

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