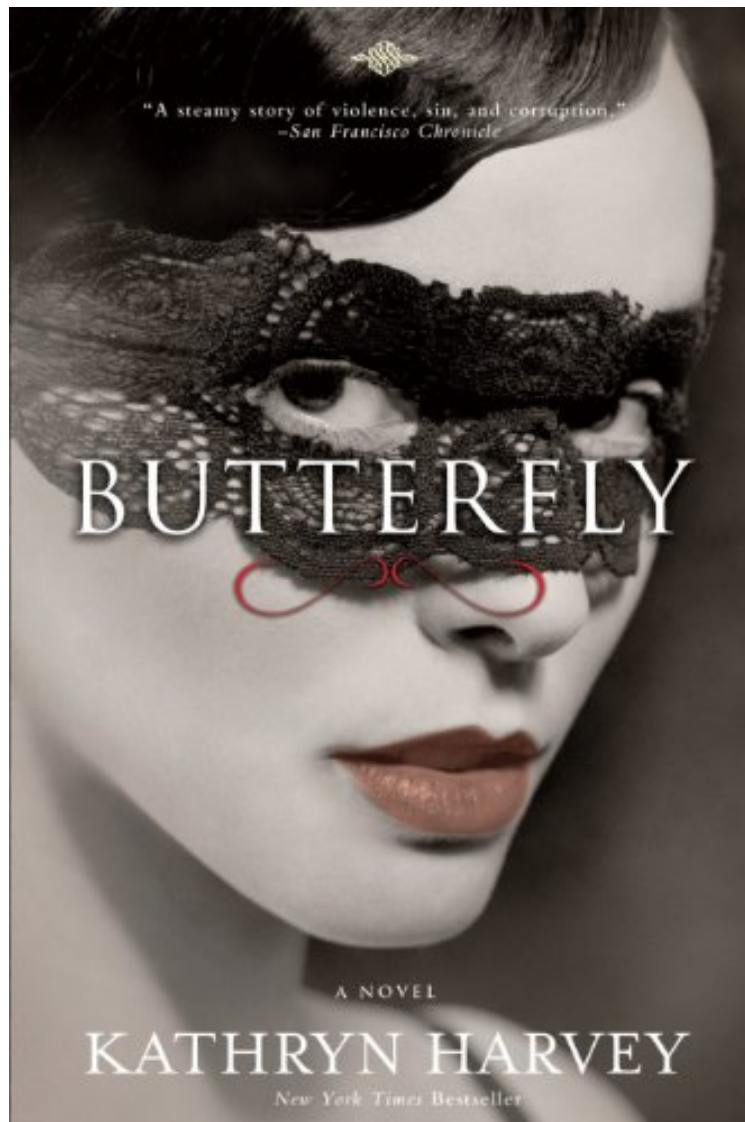


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Von Kathryn Harvey

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Von Kathryn Harvey : Butterfly (The Butterfly Trilogy Book 1) (English Edition) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Butterfly (The Butterfly Trilogy Book 1) (English Edition):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Expected a lot more...Von Book-AddictI bought this book because of all the good reviews it had gotten but I can't really see what everyone seemed to like about it so much. It took me almost 6 months to finish it because after a few pages I always put it down and did not really bother to read any further for a long time.Since there are so many

characters involved in this book you don't really get to know any of them very well apart from the two main figures. The story develops rather slowly and at a steady pace so there is no real tension in this book. You pretty much know what is about to come in the end, although there might be some tiny twists in the end one might not have expected. All in all I really did not enjoy reading it and I probably won't be buying any other books of this author. I am sorry to say that I can not at all recommend buying it!

0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Spannend, fesselnd, ein Buch, das man nicht weglegen kann

Von J. Der Stil der Autorin ist toll, ständig diese zwei parallel laufenden Geschichtsstränge, die dann Hand in Hand gehen obwohl zwischen ihnen rund 40 Jahre liegen. Ich konnte gar nicht aufhören und musste mich zeitweise dazu zwingen das Buch wegzulegen, eine 100%ige Kauf- und Leseempfehlung!!

Kurzbeschreibung **BOOK ONE OF THE BUTTERFLY TRILOGY** From New York Times bestselling author Kathryn Harvey comes an arousing, passionate story of three women's hidden desires and the place called Butterfly, where dreams are kept and where fantasies come to life. Above an exclusive men's store on Rodeo Drive there is a private club called Butterfly, where women are free to act out their secret erotic fantasies. Only the most beautiful and powerful women in Beverly Hills are invited to join: Jessica, a lawyer who longs for the days when men were men, and women dressed to please them; Trudie, a builder who wants a man who will challenge her all of her with no holds barred; and Linda, a surgeon, who uses masks to unmask the desires she hides even from herself. But the most mysterious of them all is the woman who created Butterfly. She has changed her name, her accent, even her face to hide her true identity. And now she is about to reveal everything to realize the dream that has driven her since childhood: the secret obsession that will carry her beyond ecstasy, or destroy her and everyone around her. A steamy story of violence, sin, and corruption. San Francisco Chronicle Glamour, wickedness and passion. Publishers Weekly Sizzling! New York Daily News Immensely readable. Chicago Tribune Excerpt from BUTTERFLY: It could have been any island in any green sea in the world. A white villa stood at the top of a sheer cliff, overlooking aquamarine depths and crashing waves. An eighty-foot yacht rode at anchor, its crew in smart uniforms, keeping the boat ready for the whim of the man and woman up on the cliff. There was an exotic swimming pool behind the white villa; a woman swam in it, reveling in the pure air and silence of her retreat. A feast had been set out under a gently flapping canopy: bowls of iced caviar, chilled lobster and crab, fruit frosted in sugar, cheeses imported from all over the globe, four kinds of wine standing in coolers. No one waited in attendance. The two lovers wanted to be alone. She got out of the marble pool, climbing up the curved white steps and going between two Corinthian pillars to where chaise longues covered in plush velour towels waited in the sun. She moved languidly. She felt hot and sweet and ready for sex. She didn't remove her bathing suit. He would do that for her. Instead she stretched out in the heat and settled her eyes upon the television set that stood in the shade of the striped canopy. It was on. It was always on. She was waiting for something.

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