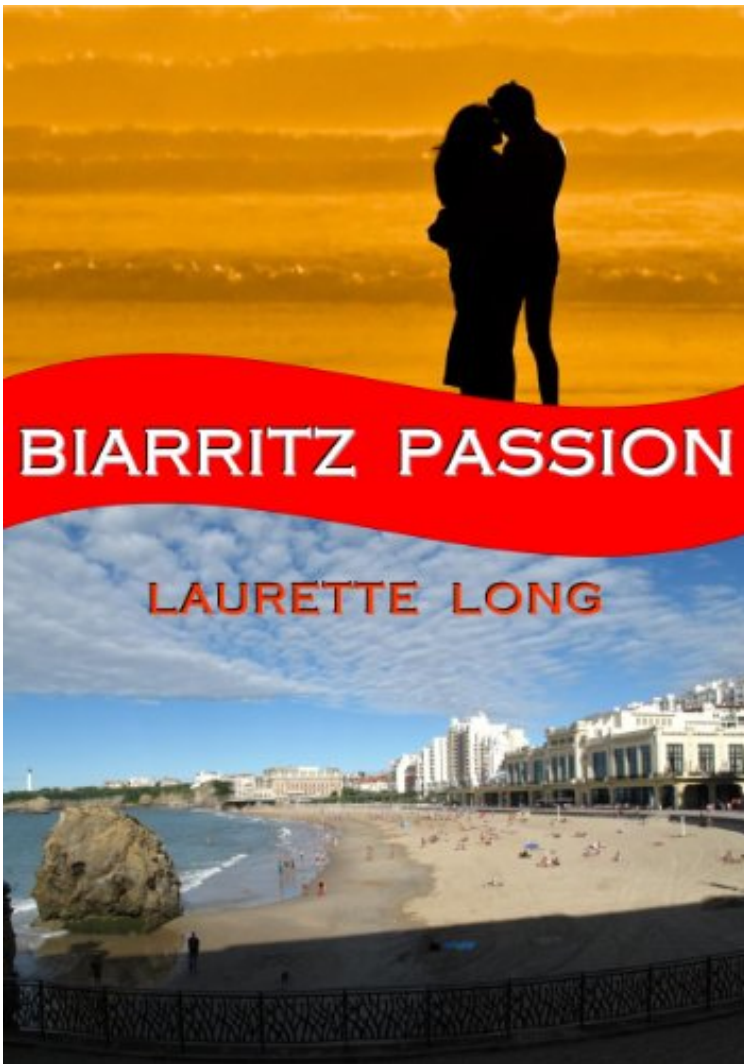


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# Biarritz Passion: A French Summer Novel (English Edition)



*Par Laurette Long*

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**Par Laurette Long : Biarritz Passion: A French Summer Novel (English Edition)** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Biarritz Passion: A French Summer Novel (English Edition):

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## Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurA free holiday in a luxury villa? On the romantic French Basque coast?No thanks.Its an offer thats just too good to be true, especially when it comes from your sister. Your baby sister Annabel, beautiful, charming and utterly manipulative.The last thing Caroline MacDonald needs right now is to be a pawn in one of Annabels devious schemes. With her self-confidence in tatters after a disastrous love affair, Caroline is struggling to take back control of her life.But then she meets the man behind the invitation, Edward Rayburn. Hes rich, hes classy and he is sizzingly sexy. From the erotic shock of their first encounter, Carolines life changes, gathering speed and plunging her into a world where everything is different and full of possibilities.In the stunning setting of the Villa Julia, high on the hills above Biarritz,

she finds her faith in herself returning as she discovers the joy of new friendships and confronts the power of true passion. But while Caroline is learning to love and trust again, her sister has a different agenda. For Annabel, loyalty takes second place to self-interest. Deceit and betrayal are mere tools for getting what she wants. And so, while Caroline's heart is telling her one thing, her instincts warn her a hidden drama is being played out, nothing she can put her finger on, just a chilling feeling in the air...EXTRACT FROM

BIARRITZ PASSION Caroline. Something in the tone of his voice sent chills along her skin. She dimly heard the band begin a soft romantic tune, felt Edwards' heartbeat pick up under her hand, had the sensation of swooning, falling, down down down, like a shooting star. If he hadn't reached out to hold her she would have dropped. Then she was in his arms, enfolded in a warm private world. They moved slowly, circling beneath the plane trees which flung leaf patterns over them like a magic net. She was a prisoner. Her blood tingled, inflamed by the fever coming from that hard body pressing its length against hers. She closed her eyes and danced, seeing nothing, letting herself be guided like a blind woman, Edwards' arms encircling her, protecting her, the infection in her blood mounting as his throbbing flesh pressed against hers. Just the touch of the hairs on his arm, feather-light against her bare skin, was enough to send electric pulses racing through her veins. She gradually became aware that they had stopped. The music was still playing. Opening her eyes she saw that the other dancers continued to revolve around them like figures in a dream. Her eyes sought his face, but it was in shadow, there was only the gleam of his teeth, white against the dark skin. Without a word he led her from the dance floor, beyond the tables, towards the trees. She realised they were going away from the square and into the shadows of the adjoining streets. They stopped beside a low wall which enclosed a public garden. She could make out the vague shapes of benches dotted here and there among the bushes. Edward leaned back against a tree and drew her close. It was uncannily dark and quiet after the bright lights and music. A breeze rustled the leaves overhead. She started to shake. You're cold. His voice came out of the shadows and he held her more tightly against him. No, not cold. Was that her voice? Do you want to go back? His voice sounded different too, low, charged. Her stomach churned. The teasing ambivalence of their former relations had vanished, replaced by something urgent, dangerous, a force she was incapable of resisting. A barrier had broken. Presentation de l'diteur A free holiday in a luxury villa? On the romantic French Basque coast? No thanks. It's an offer that's just too good to be true, especially when it comes from your sister. Your baby sister Annabel, beautiful, charming and utterly manipulative. The last thing Caroline MacDonald needs right now is to be a pawn in one of Annabel's devious schemes. With her self-confidence in tatters after a disastrous love affair, Caroline is struggling to take back control of her life. But then she meets the man behind the invitation, Edward Rayburn. He's rich, he's classy and he is sizzlingly sexy. 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