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The lion's den katherine st john

Imagine: a yacht. Mediterranean. Six friends. All expenses paid. It sounds like, well, an impossible dream at the moment. But it's the location for Katherine St. John's debut novel, The Lion's Lair, a thriller after Belle's main character, as she joins her best friend, Summer, for a getaway courtesy of billionaire boyfriend Summer - and quickly realizes that they are in captivity on a yacht, and that the trip is not at all what she bargained for. Below, read an excerpt from a fascinating first chapter before the book hits shelves on June 30. Saturday afternoon-Los Angeles I always thought I was immune to the dizzying effects of fabulous wealth, but the sight of a sleek jet lined up on the tarmac ignited unexpected vertigo in me. As free to be able to travel the world so easily, without the inconvenience of public transport. No queues at the ticket desk, no swiping shoes and disassembling carry-on luggage, no body scanning, no cramped legroom or short joints, no seat belts or lost bags. Yes, I can get used to it. Summer certainly has. I think back to when I first met caviar at a posh dinner party many years ago. My date was a pretentious hole, but I'll never forget his voice in his ear as I watched with surprise (and perhaps a tinge of apprehension) in a small glass bowl of tiny black eggs carefully balanced on the ice bed in front of me. It's easy not to crave caviar if you haven't tried it, he said. He kept warning me as I put the opal spoons to my lips that after the sample, the subtle taste was not so easy to forget. He was right. I could see as if there was an opportunity to make it a regular part of my diet, I could come to demand it. I suppose the trappings of wealth that seem condescending at first will soon become a necessity. But I'm just a guest in this world, and I think a week isn't enough to develop an addiction to greatness, so: I won't give up caviar. I also don't turn off bread, cheese, butter, chocolate or ice cream. Or, for that matter, any of the other delicious foods that I denied myself all month. I kicked and punched and crunched and starved myself in the best shape of my life while waiting for a full week in a bikini and I'm ready to practice. I rip my eyes off the spectacle on the runway rummaging through my bag for the last time. Passport, check it. Wallet, check it out. Phone, check it out. Watch, S-T. What's it? My sister asks how I dump the contents of my purse in my lap. My watch, I moan. Do you really need hours on a yacht trip to the Riviera? Just help me find it, I implore. Lauren spits the image mother, small and blonde, while I am our father, father, And a brunette. Yet our faces are similar enough that she could always leave with my ID card for four years before she turned twenty-one. Not that she needed it - my little sister spent even more time in the college library than I did. Finally, I unpack the side pocket of a small round cross Gucci signs the bag Summer gifted me and wrap my arm around the watch, right where it should be. A. I breathed a sigh of relief. Got it. Lauren's studying me. You're kinda wired this morning. Do you have too much coffee? I'm fixing the watch on my wrist. I think I'm just a little nervous about this trip, I confess. I'm not quite sure why I'm still invited. I hardly saw Summer lately. But you guys have been BFFs forever, she says, surprised. Didn't she just give you that ridiculously expensive bag a few weeks ago? I nodded, fingers red-green stripe in the middle. It's the most expensive bag I've ever owned, and despite myself, I love it. What happened? She asked. I do not know. But I do. I unload my roller suitcase from the trunk of my beat Prius and give Lauren a hug through the open window. Thank you for letting me borrow your car, she says with a smile. Fun. And please don't go back with a guy twice your age. Haha, I'm coming back. I'm not Summer. She gives me a wry smile. I never understood what you saw in her. But the most exotic place a friend has ever taken me to Lake Michigan, so I think you'll win. Okay, now get out of here before someone sees me with this harvester. I'm slapping the roof of the car for an accent. Oh! I'm pulling my hand from the flaming metal. Keep me in post! She kissed me. Give my grandmother my love! I'm yelling at her. As she drives away, I feel a twinge of regret I won't be road-tripping with her to see Grannie perform a title role in Mame for a community theater at her new retirement condo in Lake Havasu. I blame Grandma for passing me on the acting bug and always enjoy the opportunity to see her in her element. But as sad as I am to miss her in the way she was born to play, sometimes life requires you to sacrifice senior playwrights for a week on a yacht in the Mediterranean. I roll my bag past rows of expensive car baking in the summer sun in a two-story plaster building that serves as a waiting room for a small private airport and a ring buzzer. At the other end, a woman politely informs me that the crew of my plane has not yet arrived, and the passenger list has not yet been published, so she can't let me in yet. New security measures. Check back soon. Fantastic. three minutes early and obviously the first to arrive, already sweating in an impractical vintage sundress I was so excited to find in a garage sale in Beverly Beverly Last week. The fabric is too thick for this weather, the bodice is too tight. I wanted to wear something loose and cotton, but I was doing my best approaching stylish on a meagre budget, so we're here. At least I have a purse. Desperate for shade, I dragged my suitcase to the side of the road and stood in a strip of shadow thrown by a lonely palm tree, watching the activity at the airfield through the chain fence. Twinkling heat waves rise from the asphalt, distorting the horizon. A yellow twin-engine Cessna takes off past the jet line. Helicopters come and go from several helipads in the distance. On the runway, I find twelve people in suits going down the steps of one of the jets, keeping their jackets shut from the wind, and watching an NBA player I admit to, but can't name the board of another with what must be his wife, three children, two people who look like assistants, and four big dogs. I wonder if this woman is happy. She certainly should be comfortable. Certainly more comfortable than me, melting here in my silly dress. Money has never been part of the dating equation for me, but suddenly I have to wonder: What if I'm wrong? What if love doesn't win everything and money can actually solve all your problems? Summer has clearly put all his chips on this bet. Excerpts from The Lion's Lair, by Catherine St. John. Image copyright © in 2020 by Catherine St. John, Inc. Reprinted with permission from Grand Central Publishing. All rights are reserved. 20 books to read in June Get a first look at Ryan La Sala being dazzled by Catherine St. John TW: Rape I really would love to write a full review of The Lion's Lair and how utterly fantastic it is, but doing so will require spoiling a lot of books and I want readers to go fresh. When I took this thriller I thought it would be a locked mystery room set on a yacht with quirky people killing each other, which sounded good. It's not like that at all. Despite the hilariously illustrated cover, this is a psychological thriller that unraveled in a completely unexpected and absolutely delightful way. I want to warn readers what is: Content triggers and some easy spoilers content ... graphic depiction of a rape attempt that can be frustrating. Beyond that, the book is easy in terms of on-screen violence. There is a lot of emotional manipulation and gaslighting, however. Belle is a struggling actress in Los Angeles. Her friend, Summer, recently started dating the billionaire 36 years her senior, and invites all her friends to a party on his yacht to celebrate his birthday. It all seems very brilliant, but it's immediately obvious things are wrong. Said billionaire, John, is extremely controlling, down to where everyone sits for food and what will be discussed. There is no Wi-Fi on the yacht. Cabin doors locked outside And even more disturbing, Belle catches Summer in lies and manipulations that make her question what's really going on with her friend. Despite the fact that the atmosphere is saturated with the sun, the underwater currents of this book are dark and winding. This contrast evokes a wonderful sense of tension and anxiety. This book is really two mysteries in one, and when they encounter it's a lovely ah-ha moment. I would say more than that, but I don't want to ruin one thing for another reader. Justice comes in a way that's so satisfying I wanted a cigarette when I did. If you want a thriller that spins in the best and most unexpected way, pick up The Lion's Lair. - Alice's dream vacation on a luxury yacht turns deadly in this pulse-pounding beach read and the perfect book club to choose about glamour, friendship, romance and betrayal on the Riviera. Belle likes to think that she is immune to the dizzying consequences of fabulous wealth. But when her best friend, Summer, invites her on a glamorous girls vacation in the Mediterranean aboard her billionaire boyfriend's yacht, the only reasonable answer is yes. Belle hopes the trip will be a much-needed break from her stalled acting career and uniquely humiliating waitressing job, but once aboard the luxurious Lion's Den, it becomes clear that things aren't as it seem. The dream vacation quickly turns into a nightmare as Belle and a handful of other girlfriends Summer invited are treated more like prisoners than guests by their controlling host, and Belle comes to see Summer for what she really is: a vicious gold digger who will stop at nothing to get what she wants. Belle soon realizes that she will have to keep her mind about her - and her own big secret close to her chest - if she wants to make it with the yacht alive. Mystery/Thriller As Amazon Associate we earn from qualifying purchases. We can also use affiliate links in our posts as well. Thank you! Thank you!

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