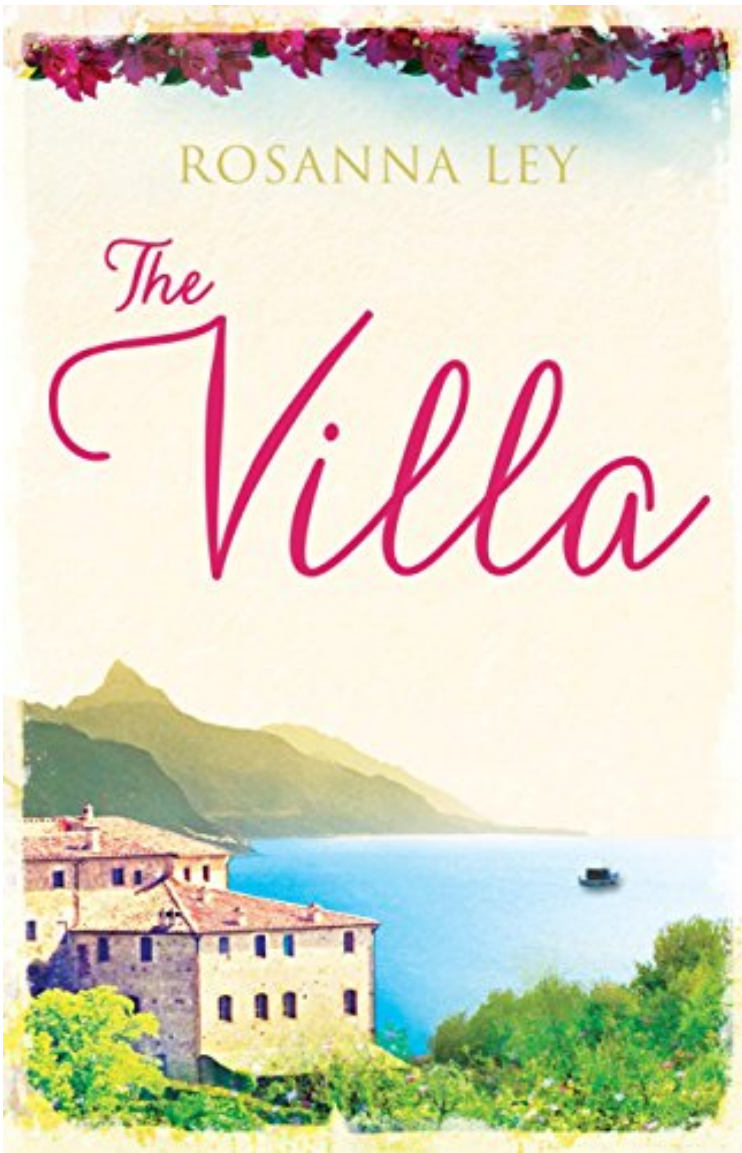


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The Villa: Escape to Sicily with the Number One Bestseller (English Edition)



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Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurTHE #1 KINDLE BESTSELLER. An unforgettable story set off the sun-soaked coast of Sicily for fans of Dinah Jefferies, Victoria Hislop and Santa Montefiore.'The perfect holiday companion' - Heat'The ultimate feel-good read' - Candis'Sun-soaked escapism' - Best*****When Tess Angel receives a solicitor's letter inviting her to claim her inheritance - the Villa Sirena, perched on a clifftop in Sicily - she is stunned. Her only link to the island is through her mother, Flavia, who left Sicily during World War II and cut all contact with her family. When Tess goes to Sicily, Flavia realises the secrets from

her past are about to be revealed and decides to try to explain her actions. Meanwhile, Tess' teenage daughter Ginny is stressed by college, by her blooming sexuality and filled with questions that she longs to ask her father, if only she knew where he was...*****SEE WHAT EVERYONE IS SAYING ABOUT ROSANNA LEY:'An impeccably researched and deftly written narrative that kept me hooked until the end' - Kathryn Hughes, bestselling author of *The Letter* 'Loved it from start to finish. A brilliant holiday read' - reviewer'Perfect for fans of Santa Montefiore, Victoria Hislop and Leah Fleming' - Candis 'On so many levels a fantastic read' - reviewer'A fascinating story with engaging themes' - Dinah Jefferies, bestselling author of *The Tea Planter's Wife* 'Warm, enthralling, one of my favourite authors' - reviewerExtraitTess didnt open the letter until later, when she was sitting on the beach.In a hurry to get to work that morning, shed barely glanced at the envelope, just grabbing it from the mat before kissing her daughter Ginny goodbye.Now, Tess plucked the letter from her bag. Read her nameMs Teresa Angel, and her address in bold confident typescript. Franked and postmarked London.Ginny had left for college an unruly streak of long legs, jeans, red shirt, dark hair and eyes while Tess had set off for the water company, where she worked in customer information. A euphemism for Complaints, since who really needed information about water? (Turn on the tap, out it comes; better still drink the bottled variety.)This was her lunch break and shed come as she often did to Pride Bay, five minutes away by car, to eat her sandwiches by the sea. It was an early spring day, and breezy, so she too was sandwiched between a row of pastel-painted beach huts and the high mound of tiny ginger pebbles of west Dorsets Chesil Beach. This gave Tess some shelter and she could still just see the waves. She didnt have to be back inthe office till half two. She stretched out her legs. Flexitime. What a wonderful invention.Tess eased her thumb under the seal of the envelope and tore it open, sliding out a single sheet of white paper. It was so thick and creamy she almost felt she could eat it. Dear Ms Angel, she read.We are writing to inform you her eyes scanned over the text following the sad passing of Edward Westerman. Edward Westerman? Tess frowned as she tried to make sense of it. Did she know an Edward Westerman? She was pretty sure she didnt. Did she even know anyone who had just died? Again, no. Could they have got the wrong Teresa Angel ? Unlikely. She read on.Concerning the bequest Bequest?On the condition that Tesss mind raced Hang on a minute.Sicily ?Tess finished reading the letter, then immediately read it again. She felt a kind of nervous fluttering like moths wings, followed by a rush of pure adrenalin It couldnt be true. Could it ? She stared out at the sea. The breeze had picked up and was ruffling the waves into olive-grey rollers. She must be dreaming, she thought. She picked up the letter and read it through once more as she finished her sandwich.Well. What on earth would her mother say ? Tess shook her head. There was no point thinking about it. It was a mistake. Surely it had to be a mistake.It was clouding over now and Tess felt chilly despite the woollen wrap she had slung over her work jacket when she left the car by the harbour. She checked her watch, she shouldgo. But if it were true If this wasnt some sort of joke, then SicilyTess tucked the letter back into her bag and began to put the jigsaw pieces together in her mind. Her fierce and diminutive mother Flavia was Sicilian though she had left her home and her family when she was in her early twenties. Tess just wished she knew why. She had tried often enough to find out the full story. But Muma had never wanted to talk of her life in Sicily. Tess smiled as she got to her feet and picked up her bag. She loved her dearly, but Muma was stubborn and Sicily was out of bounds.Tess thought back to the few details shed managed to glean over the years. Her mothers family had lived in a small cottage, shed once said, in the grounds of a place called the Grand Villa. That had been owned by an Englishman, hadnt it? Could that be the Edward Westerman mentioned in her letter? She did the sums. Edward Westerman if he was that man had lived to a ripe old age.But why would he ? She paused to empty her shoes of tiny pebbles; it wasnt easy to negotiate Chesil Beach in heels, even though Tess was used to it. She headed back to the harbour, past the bright, tacky kiosks selling fish n chips, candy floss and ice cream, and past the fishing boats with their nets hanging out to dry, the scent of the gutted fish ripe and heady in the air. Pride Bay, despite its name, had little to show off about. But it was part of her childhood, and it was home. Best of all for Tess, it was by the sea. And the sea was in her blood she was addicted to it.She mentally replayed the contents of the letter on the way back to the car, and as soon as she was sitting in the drivers seat of her Fiat 500, she retrieved it, smoothed it open and reached for her mobile. One way to find out."This is Teresa Angel," she said to the woman who answered. "You wrote to me." Tess drove back to work on autopilot, the still-fresh phone conversation running through her mind. This was the kind of thing that could change your life, wasnt it? But She paused. She was thirty-nine years old; she wasnt sure she even wanted change. Change could be scary. Her daughters life was changing fast and she found that hard enough to handle after all, what if Ginny went to university hundreds of miles away and then emigrated to

Kathmandu? But on the other hand What would happen if her life stayed the same? What if her lover Robin never left his cold and fragile wife Helen, as he kept promising to? What if she had to work for the rest of her life dealing with complaints at the water company. It was inconceivable. Revue de presse "Beautifully written, warm and romantic . . . The perfect holiday read." --Rachel Hore, author of *A Gathering Storm* "The Villa will stay with you long after you've devoured this tale of family feuds, secrets and passion, Sicilian-style . . . Romantic, escapist and mouthwatering, it has everything you could wish for in a summer read. Delicious." --Veronica Henry, author of *The Beach Hut* "A warm and passionate story that is as beguiling as the aromatic tastes and scents of Sicily itself . . . Richly written, always engrossing. The perfect summer read." --Kate Furnivall, author of *The White Pearl*