



Falling Immortality

Robert Downs

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Debut, hard-boiled mystery fiction for men. Stephen King's son describes a fitting genre as MANfiction (the opposite of Chick lit).

Casey Holden, former cop, current PI in Virginia Beach, VA, screens his clients the way he screens his women, based on whichever drop-dead gorgeous woman happens to waltz through his door first and manages to hold his attention. So when Felicity Farren, widow-at-large, struts into his office asking him to solve the two-year-old murder of her husband Artis, she intrigues him. When Casey starts digging, he learns the murder isn't what it seems to be and he doesn't have a big enough shovel to unearth the truth. And to top it all off, his former rival at the police department, Greg Gilman, is determined to disrupt his investigation. Casey's challenge is to learn what really happened to Artis, and why Gilman can't seem to remove his head from his butt. And he'll need all of his wits to complete the task.

Falling Immortality Details

Date : Published August 1st 2011 by Rainbow Books, Inc. (first published July 28th 2011)

ISBN : 9781568251264

Author : Robert Downs

Format : Paperback 231 pages

Genre : Mystery, Fiction, Thriller, Mystery Thriller, Suspense

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From Reader Review Falling Immortality for online ebook

Cats of Ulthar says

Review of Falling Immortality by Robert Downs

I sense in this novel, an ebullience, a buoyancy, which is not present in the 1930's-1950's hardboiled detective fiction which it at first resembles. Gone is the dark cloud of cynicism predicting trouble on the horizon of Ross McDonald's Lew Archer, and other famous fictional investigators. I think Humphrey Bogart, so excellent as Sam Spade in "The Maltese Falcon," might find it difficult trying to portray Casey Holden, the private investigator protagonist of "Falling Immortality," because Casey is just-irrepressibly buoyant! Instead of a hard-boiled egg, Casey is more like a hard-shelled egg with a chick embryo inside. He is light-hearted often (though he exhibits a dark side, as do we all-or most of us; he's not immune to personal violence), his job devotion is intermittent, and he surfs! Yes, he's a skirt-chaser, yes, he gets clients who are suspiciously secretive, yes, he has periods of utter dedication to a case; but that's just one side of Casey-he has his soft-boiled side too.

That's what I enjoy so much about this novel: what could have been simple mimicry of a long-standing tradition has instead been wrought into a fully-rounded, three-dimensional character, whom the author understands very clearly. Even the "characters in passing," those who show up on the backstage or who are met and then depart, are rounded characters, and the author demonstrates surprising insight into their individuality as well.

There's a light tongue-in-cheek thread of humour running through this private investigator novel, too, and perhaps Robert Downs has now spoiled me for the usual "hard-boiled" fiction, with its down-hearted, eyes on the ground, no hope ever, investigators and police detectives. I probably cannot recommend this novel highly enough; believe this reviewer, it is much more than meets the eye at first glance. Don't miss it.

Julie says

The author sent me a copy of this book, along with a request for review.

When I read the description, I was hoping for something along the lines of Lawrence Sanders' McNally. The description outstrips the reality, unfortunately.

If you like a detective who is immature, shallow and narcissistic, you'll love Casey Holden. If you like reading paragraph after paragraph of dialogue and description that have no apparent connection to the story, you'll love this book. If you're looking for a well-developed character and a zippy plot, don't bother spending your money.

I was only 6% into the book the first time I checked to see if I'd read enough to say I'd given it a good effort. I checked several more times before finally giving up right about halfway through. I kept waiting for it to improve, but it didn't. The murder mystery wasn't interesting enough to entice me to slog through what the author thinks is witty repartee in order to find out who did it or how it was solved. I found the character of Casey Holden to be shallow and unlikeable. The story moves slowly because the author places more

emphasis on showing the reader that Holden is a wise-cracking womanizer than actually moving the story along. Comparing this character to Mike Hammer or James Bond and the plot to one worthy of Mickey Spillane is more laughable than the alleged wise-cracking itself, but certainly in keeping with the narcissistic character of the book.

If this is what men want to read, then I despair for single women everywhere, while being grateful I'm not in the dating game.

This review is posted at my blog.

Sherry Fundin says

Casey Holden was a Private Investigator. His office was located in a warehouse in Norfolk, Virginia. His parents had died and left him wealthy, so money was never an object for him. He played as hard as he worked and took jobs by referral only.

Casey was sitting in his office when Felicity, the femme fatale, walked in. She said her husband died two years ago and the police had never found the murderer. She told me it was a freak thing, of course it was. Artis Farren, her husband, was at his local hangout when a guy walked in, shot him and walked back out. No one had seen anything. I could tell she was hiding something, but that usually goes without saying. She was chain smoking while she was telling me this, but all of sudden she abruptly got up and walked out without saying anything.

It had been two years and the police had gotten nowhere. I love cases that aren't supposed to be solved, so I picked up the phone and called Ian Jackard, my best friend who is a cop. As always, he's happy to hear from me. I had to smile to myself as I said that.

Ian called back and said it had been Greg Gilman's case, but I could come down and see the file. Me and Greg didn't get along so well. I punched him out once and he wouldn't forgive me for making him look like the fool that he is.

When Ian said I had more lives than a Siamese cat, I thought it was true, it had been the same for my parents.

I was in my office going over the file, what little there was. The autopsy report was missing which immediately raised questions in my mind.

I jumped in my car and headed over to the Hotspot to see if I could find out anything about Artis' murder. I struck out, but when I left someone was waiting to follow me. I figured Tiny Watson, who was the bar owner, had put them up to it. I knew he was doing more than just running the bar. There had been an incident 3 years ago when 2 college kids ended up in the hospital and 2 bouncers in jail. That doesn't sound like the type of place someone like Artis would hang out at.

I was going to check out the other witnesses, shake them up and see what happens. I had a pretty loose way of running an investigation. An investigation was like a puzzle, you put it together one piece at a time. I came up with zilch. I asked Ian to do a background check on Tiny Watson.

I had run into Gilman at the station when I went to pick up the file. I just couldn't leave well enough alone

and had to pick at him. I should have known Gilman wouldn't take our run in at the station lying down. I was pretty sure the cop had been following me around for a while before he pulled me over and took me straight to Gilman's office. When I told him to hand over the autopsy report and I'd be gone, he told me I was messing with the wrong dead guy.

Felicity had called and wanted to meet for dinner. Maybe she was ready to give me some necessary information. She proceeded to tell me her husband was a greedy criminal in love with the almighty dollar. Even if he was a criminal, his murderer still needed to pay. When she went to the restroom, she never came back.

I was awakened at 4am to a threatening phone call, telling me to back off or else. Or else what, was my question.

After my coffee and run, I showered and grabbed my gun on my way out the door. Best to be prepared. Something was wrong about this whole mess and I wasn't giving up until I had the answers.

3 STARS - Would recommend to Others

Won on Goodreads First Read Giveaway. I would like to thank Robert who was gracious enough to autograph my copy. I was first attracted to the cover, red always seems to catch my eye. Then the title, Falling Immortality, how could you not want to look a little further to find out what the book is about? The blurb made me immediately think of Tom Selleck as Magnum P.I. and Humphrey Bogart as Sam Spade. The femme fatale genre. Light airy. Whimsical.

I love this kind of light mystery mixed with humor. Makes me laugh all the way through. I can just picture him as he walks into a world of hurt. The characters were what I expected and I was happy to visit with them.

I liked when he talked about internet surfing and Cox cable, I thought cool. I could really relate because I also surf the internet on Cox cable. How small a world is it?

2005 Dodge Viper SRT-10. Made me think of Magnum P.I. with his lackadaisical way of running his investigations and the juggling of all the luscious women all the while tooling around in a way hot car. I love cars with lots of power, who doesn't?

Falling Immortality: Casey Holden, Private Investigator Robert Downs

Tom Pintong says

I received this book as a giveaway in Goodreads First Reads program. Spoiler alert - do not read further if you don't want anything given away please.

I've been thinking on how I would frame the review for this book for a while. It took me over a month to read this book that usually would take me an afternoon.

Casey Holden is a private investigator living off a trust fund, so basically he does the P.I. thing for kicks, after he left the police force. He gets hired by some hot girl to look into the murder of her husband in a bar.

After this, Casey proceeds to horse around, visit the bar where the murder takes place, get beat up, have sex a bunch of times with other unmemorable girls, basically getting nowhere on this case while talking a mile a minute.

I have to honestly say that if I met Casey Holden in real life, I'd probably punch him in the face, which is how much I disliked his character. It only got worse for me as the book progressed, prompting me to put down the book several times since I couldn't tell Casey himself to just shut up.

When I got to the end, and one of the big clues was dropped, I just thought to myself, "If he had just done a background check on his client, I would've been saved 100 + pages of his non-stop chatter and ego, and personal aggravation."

I'm sure that there are people out there that will identify with this character and enjoy his misadventures. Writing a book and getting it published is no small feat, for which I congratulate Mr. Downs on. But this particularly cup of tea was just not for me.

Deb Novack says

Casey Holden is a P.I. who women like, he is a little immoral, unorthodox in his methods and a very confident man. I liked his persistence in solving his cases. Now he has met the Dragon Lady, a woman perhaps the first woman not to succumb to his charms. I really think as a first novel by Robert Downs it is wonderful. I can't wait for the next one. I really can't wait to see what happens with the Dragon Lady.

Karielle at Books à la Mode says

Before you gasp in horror from the unusually low rating I've given, let me put a few things straight: Robert Downs is not necessarily a bad writer and *Falling Immortality* is not a bad book. Remember my philosophy? There's no such thing as a bad book. However, this book has set off some bombs inside of me that should have been left alone; when a book annoys me that much, I will take it personally, and I will write a review to reflect those feelings. This review may sound highly tempered and slightly pissy. You've been warned.

My biggest issue is that there is almost no substance to this story. I can tell you the entire plot in one sentence: Casey Holden, playboy extraordinaire, solves shady crime involving questionable widow, her impenetrable late husband, and her miserable past. In fact, had this sentence actually been in the pages of *Falling Immortality*, there would be nothing left to read; everything else is virtually fluff. With absolutely no connectable content and dreadful writing flow—no substance, nor style—this book was one I grit my teeth and rubbed my eyes through. I didn't like it at all.

The second biggest problem is Casey, our first-person narrator. He may be a private investigator, but ironically he just can't answer or think of anything straightforwardly. It's clear he knows his job, but has no social awareness, too much confidence, and an ill sense of humor he expects everyone to be amused by. He'll ask a question for the case, flirt and banter exhaustingly for four pages at a time, then come back to the question because, oh yeah, he was supposed to get an answer. There is so much unnecessary fluff, that *Falling Immortality* was close to an impossible read.

Also, in terms of personality, Casey is the about the last person from whom I'd want to hear a story; not only is he foolish, but he's also unreliable, extremely immature, and just can't get to the point! Half the time I wanted to smack a reason out of him, and the other, I wanted to duct tape his mouth shut. His "witty" ramblings are irritating and just too much. Downs should not be trying so hard to create a humorous personality, because Casey as a character fails miserably from making such a huge effort. Another off-key trait is Casey's supposed womanizing; apparently he is successful at it (but nothing from the author shows me how he scores so well... it all seems like ideal make-believe to me), but all he comes off as is highly annoying, smart-alecky, and frankly, pathetic. He has no charm nor wit whatsoever; the ladies' man characterization just doesn't fit. I can't imagine someone like him being so popular with women in real life; for the most part, he just seems like a jerk—a highly oblivious and outrageously aggravating one, at that. He thinks he's clever and gorgeous and charismatic, but is actually just comes off as plain lame.

The rest of the cast isn't much more impressive. The victims are shallow and unprobed, and even the antagonist isn't that bad—mostly, he's unmemorable and adds no suspense nor issues to the development of the story. This is supposed to be a work of detective fiction; where's my suspense and where's my crime??

Pros: The occasional funny, quirky line from Casey // Clean writing; well-edited

Cons: Poor flow // Difficult, dense writing // Dispensable diction // Every character is unlikable // Casey, who, unfortunately is our protagonist, is the most unlikable (and pathetic) out of all of them // Mystery is very weak // No suspense or speculation // Very inadequate in almost every aspect: story, style, characterization, structure, and technique

Love: I thought about dropping my head in my bowl of minestrone soup, but I had a feeling someone might notice, or in a big blow to my ego, they might not.

Verdict: My dislike for the protagonist (an immediate disadvantage towards my opinion any book), the thick, unnavigable writing style, and the lack of meaningful story structure throughout Falling Immortality make it an exasperating, unfulfilling read. This novel has a couple light chuckle-worthy moments, but is generally unpromising, and after reading, my patience had reached its lowest low. Highly insubstantial in content and wretchedly unsuccessful in style (and storytelling!), Downs's debut is not something I would recommend

Rating: 3/10—Not a fan; I don't recommend this book

Source: Complimentary copy provided by author in exchange for an honest and unbiased review (thank you!)

Darian Wilk says

Casey Holden is sarcastic, rubs a person the wrong way - and doesn't care. Except for in matters between the sheets; then he's all sorts of the right way. He's a former cop, and in-between vacations he's a Dodge Viper driving PI. Life is easy, and that's the way he likes it. But then Felicity Farren walks into his office, seeking help to solve the two-year old, unsolved case of her husband's murder. Felicity comes and goes like the wind, drawing more questions than answers; but Casey likes a puzzle, and he's determined to solve this one – if of course, he doesn't find himself a murder victim from poking his nose into where it doesn't belong first.

Now I know what some of you women out there might be thinking – guy sounds like a womanizing jerk, why would I waste 220 pages reading that? And, well, he is. But, he's witty, quick on his feet with a response to everything, and you really can't help appreciating it. Casey Holden is like the bad boy we're secretly drawn to, yet he has enough good boy in him to justify the unstated attraction. If I were a man, I'd be jealous of Mr. Holden.

Some of my favorite scenes were between Casey and his best friend, Ian (who is still on the police force). For every witty remark Casey blurts out, Ian has one to throw back at him. I couldn't help chuckling as they went back and forth, tit for tat, trying to one-up the other. Yet throughout it all, you sense their deep friendship and that at the end of the day, they really would be lost without the other. And I think in his odd way of showing it, Casey knows this. But of course his ego is too big to let him verbalize it. I equate their conversations to the man-version of Friends, and I loved it. Without the banter between them, I think the book would have been missing something.

I'm a mystery/detective novel buff, so I jumped at the chance to read this, but with every read in this genre comes a grain of salt – you don't have the flexibility with plot like you might with other genres. That being said, I was rather pleased with the plot twists in this book. Granted they all might not have surprised me, but that's of no fault to the author, only the genre. The ride through the twists was enjoyable, the hovering mystery of who Felicity really is, and why (if she's trying to solve her husband's murder) is she so darn elusive! And this is where the author really shined, he pulls you into the puzzle – you suddenly become like House, on a mission to solve the mystery at any cost.

The ending was climactic enough for my taste, wrapping up the story, yet leaving a bit to the reader's imagination. That aspect, I thought, was done very well. The author did a fine job at resolving it to satisfaction, but giving the reader room to still ponder, still have a hint of mystery to solve – which only makes us want to jump on board for the next adventure. Which I would do.

Overall this was a decent read for me, and I would give it two thumbs up. I can see how Casey's character might not be for all women, but I enjoy sarcasm, I enjoy 'hangin with the boys', and I think most women are entirely too complicated to try and figure out. But, I'm a girly girl too, a chic flick lover at heart, I cry, like sappy stuff, and probably entirely too complicated myself. So bravo to the author for that, being able to take your average woman, and make her relate to this kind of character on all levels. But not just relate, he made me like this character. I loved all the characters actually, major and minor, the plot pace was spot on, and the twists enough to keep me reading. I would add this to my list of recommended books to fans of mystery/detective novels.

**My review copied from my blog, <http://crazyladywithapen.blogspot.com/>

Amy Lignor says

For any crime aficionado, I can honestly tell you that you are about to receive a brand new "Stone Barrington" to get involved with over the next few years. Why is that? Because when it comes to Casey Golden, he has all the aspects that Stuart Woods made a fortune on when he introduced his character, Stone Barrington, to the masses.

When readers meet this new P.I., they soon find out that Casey is actually retired from the police force, and he certainly doesn't need a great deal of money to live on. In fact, he supports himself with a trust fund that

his parents left behind when they died in a boating accident at far too young of an age. The reason why Casey loves being a P.I. is simply because he likes to solve problems and see justice be done. It's truly exciting for him, and when Felicity Farren walks into his office and hires him to find her husband's killer because the police have made it a cold-case, Casey becomes extremely interested in what exactly happened to the man in the bar that night. Was it far more sinister than just a random shooting? Casey will find out!

Felicity visits every once in a while, playing a game of cat-and mouse with the detective, as she offers up 'scraps of information here and there regarding her husband's slightly-shady background. But with the help of Casey's best friend, Detective Ian Jackard, Casey refuses to let the case go until it's solved.

The dialogue between the characters is a back-and-forth banter that involves everything from seductive innuendos to 'guy' talk, to humor - showing readers that although Casey is determined and likes his job, he's also a man who can't seem to give 100% to anything but solving the crime. With two steady girlfriends, a Viper in mint condition, and an ego that may even put Stone Barrington's to shame - Casey is a character that will soon grow on you...even if you don't want him to. J

Readers will enjoy the sarcastic banter and, most especially, the friendship between Casey and Ian, that truly shows two men who know the absolute worst about each other that neither wants revealed to the world. A good beginning to what, I'm sure, will be a series that will go on for a good, long time.

Until Next Time, Everybody.

Amy

Angela says

Kindle version free via author for honest review

I must say, if there is a mystery series written for men, this is very much it! I read bits and pieces to my hubby while I was reading it while he was home and he said that it was a book he may have to read himself. Now my hubby is not a book reading kind of guy, but this book definitely peaked even his interest from the parts he heard me read to him.

Casey Holden is a private investigator in Virginia and an ex cop. He also is very much a ladies man and knows it too. He is constantly on the lookout for a PI job and for a new woman to add to his "between the sheets" life. All of this is why Casey can't possibly turn away Felicity's request for him to find out who killed her husband, Artis, over two years ago. She never turned to any PI before because she thought the police were still looking into it somehow. Artis was in a bar, but mind you he never drank, and was shot and killed while there. The real mystery comes in when no one seems to have seen a thing or any suspects when Artis was killed. Casey is always up for a challenging case and to help a woman, so he takes on the case and starts digging. With the help of his friend and former co-worker he digs into the past files to see what the case entailed and what was investigated at the time it happened. Along the way to trying to find the answer though, Greg Gilman, his former enemy from the police force, is all about telling him to stop investigating his past case because he did his job and it just is unsolvable. Casey runs into lots of trouble when he ignores Greg's advice to let the case be. Before he knows it he has goons after him trying to force him to step away from the case and has put his life in a bit of a risky spot. Between the case, the mystery of the woman who asked him to look into the case, his two girlfriends, and his very colorful bedroom life Casey is a busy man

with lots on his plate to deal with. The question comes of what kind of case is this really and will it cost Casey his much loved life? Can Casey really make any headway in a case when he can't tell what to make of it? And why is everyone he talks to about the case so determined to make him stop looking into the unsolved murder of Artis? If Artis never drank, what exactly was he doing in a bar anyway?

This book was very interesting and had a great plot and moved right along. I must say Casey is quite the investigator and quite the ladies man. He has a very exciting love life/bedroom life that most men would probably drool over and think him a God for. I enjoyed this book and found myself thinking through reading it how much more a man would probably love this book, even if they aren't a real reader. Lol. What's not to love in a book with murder, women, fast cars, mystery, and sex? Casey may have come off a bit cocky and shouvenistic, but I came to like his character anyway. He reminded me of a "typical" bachaleor who has no intention of ever getting married because he likes fun and women too much. The mystery and Casey's personal life are a great combo and make a great read. As far as the mystery part of the book, I found that I thought I had it in the bag so to speak for figuring it all out, but then discovered I may not have had it in the bag at all. This book is very well written and has a great pace to it that never makes you wonder if you should skim to get to the good part. Great book for anyone to read, but if you are a woman who is particularly sensitive to how Casey "plays the field" it may not be a book you want to pick up and read. I was open minded throughout this book and found Casey's way of thinking and lifestyle more amusing than offensive in any way. He just is a guy on a mission to have as much fun and women as he can while he can enjoy it all. Guys, this is VERY much a book for you to read! Casey will be a guy to be admired perhaps. :-) Must read book and a must gift kind of book to any guy friend you have or hubby/boyfriend.

5/5 Stars!

Gerald Griffin says

FALLING IMMORTALITY is a PI (private investigator) tale, and my rating for it is really 3.5. By the very nature of its genre, the novel's scope has to be somewhat limited, its focus more predictable, its unfolding plot moving toward one goal --- solving the case, and the expectancies of the protagonist usually set beforehand.

In any event, I liked the story: it has well-crafted characters, its own originality, is well-written, has an easy to read style, and I suspect PI buffs will become quite engrossed in it. So my tip of the hat to Robert Downs, the book's author.

The problem is, not being a PI buff, I had difficulty rating the novel, concerned about doing it justice. But in the end I had to go with the book's overall impact compared to the scope and incredible stories of books I have read.

The protagonist, Casey Holden, a stubborn, beer-drinking PI with spunk and a short fuse, great physical shape, has the reputation of finding out the truth no matter what chaos it causes others, including himself. He operates on instinct, fueled by an overemphasized bravado about his own masculinity. Part of this perceived masculinity is his insatiable sexual appetite. Often fantasizing about beautiful young women in the nude, Casey regards women as a source of recreation. His non-committal affairs with his two closest lady friends --- when he's not on the investigative fly --- is reduced to the basic animal instinct of fulfilling raw sexual urges as a manner of sport. These two ladies love it, but are peeved at his otherwise emotionally distancing himself

from them.

But on to the main story. Operating from a sparsely furnished office in an old warehouse, Casey takes on a case presented to him by a peculiar woman involving her dead husband. Two years past the widow's spouse was in a bar when out of nowhere pops an unknown assailant who promptly shoots her husband in the back of the head then quickly vanishes; the murder still unsolved. The client wants Casey to finally solve the murder, bringing her closure.

So far, simple enough, and not overly exciting. But you want to keep on reading; so easy to do so. As it is throughout the story, you're drawn in by the wit of Casey's thoughts and reflections, and his wise-cracking comments and snappy comebacks. But these can only carry a story so far --- except for PI buffs who supposedly eat this sort of stuff up right to the end. One thing affected is the dialogue. For the most part, the dialogue is effective and to the point, fitting the situation. But on occasion, too often, when the wit and wise-cracking and snappy comebacks wane and become thin, not working, the dialogue seems to deteriorate; becoming simplistic or trite, even silly; a drag on the characters resonating with the plot. At times, I asked myself: "In such a situation, would real people actually speak to each other like this?"

Whether they would or not, as the story moves on toward the end, the dialogue takes on strength; becoming more appropriate, with the added emphasis needed and required.

But back to Casey. With the help of his best male friend, a steady member of the local police department who regards Casey as having wild theories in his approach to solving this case, and while not losing a chance to size up every beautiful woman he happens to lay eyes upon, Casey sets out with misgivings to solve the baffling murder of his client's husband. But in spite of all his hectic and life-threatening efforts, Casey's quest ends up as a joke on himself. He is blindsided, wise-cracks and all.

The story's evolvement is so unusual that I will not dwell further into overview detail, not wishing to risk giving away the story's complex surprise ending. That I'll leave for you to discover.

Falling Immortality is a book worth reading. As with me, if you like an interesting, quick easy read, you should like this novel. If you're a PI buff, you should love it!

Sandra says

This book about a wise-cracking, irreverent, sort of monogamous PI trying to solve a cold case murder had me grinning on occasion, but also wanting some kind of action and a bit more forward movement. It's an interesting book, to be sure, but oh, my goodness, Casey just doesn't ever shut up. Not that it's a bad thing, but his never-serious manner got a wee bit on my nerves about half-way through. I stuck with it, and the ending, while perhaps predictable, was satisfying.

Not exactly my book, but if you like a bit of a murder mystery coupled with a smart a\$\$ MC - this is the book for you.

3 solid stars.

I received a free e-copy of this book directly from the author in exchange for an honest review.

Heather Boustead says

Falling Immortality:
Casey Holden, Private Investigator
By Robert Downs

Former cop Casey Holden now works as a PI in Virginia Beach where he makes his own hours and takes on only the cases he wants. When a gorgeous chain smoking woman walks through his door and requests that he solve a two year old murder Casey begins to dig. What he uncovers is buried under one lie after another; will he be able to solve a case that the police department wasn't able to?

Casey Holden is a “Man’s Man” fast car and even faster women make up the extent of his personal life. With sarcasm and wit he manages to unravel a mystery that is sure to surprise the reader. I had a lot of fun reading this one, I am a girly girl but Casey Holden is one of those characters you can’t help but like. Add in the case that Holden is working on and the author has created a truly fun book full of scandalous behavior and not just by his clients. I truly hope that Robert Downs has more in store for Holden and his escapades. I hate comparing authors but the main character reminds me of the Iron Druid series. Maybe that is just part of the “MANfiction” the author warned me about but either way I Love It!

For More Reviews be sure to visit my blogs at:
<http://reflectionsfabookworm.wordpress.com/>
<http://bookwormreflects8.blogspot.com/>

Joke says

Former cop, PI Casey Holden is investigating a two year old Murder.

This was by far the most annoying protagonist I ever met, god he never shuts up! His inner dialogues, were not that funny but obnoxious....too bad coz the mystery wasn't that bad even though it left me with more questions.

It was really hard to keep my mind from wandering away, I was struggling with his big ego, god he was narcissistic and shallow, so from time to time I started skipping through the dialogues, to get some action and pace into the story... I was really hoping for some action and it just didn't come.

this book wasn't a satisfying read, maybe it was just not something for me...

Conclusion: too much blah blah not enough action....

Lisa Cox says

Ok, I really hate doing this, but I did not like this book at all.

I hope that making Casey so unlikable was the author's intent. It took all I had to actually finish this book. Casey was a pig, for lack of a better word.

The plot itself may have been alright, but Casey and his constant inner dialog with himself about women was too distracting. His treatment of women, and pretty much everyone around him was horrible. I just couldn't get past my dislike of Casey to even try to enjoy this book.

I can usually finish a book like this in a day or two, but it actually took me close to a week to get through it.

Betsy says

This is a new author to watch! Manfiction that's a good, fast read. I want more of Casey Holden.
