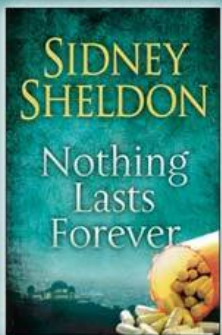
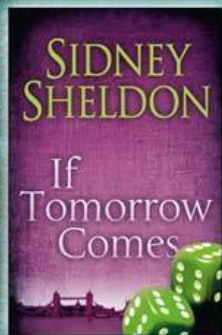


SIDNEY SHELDON



3-BOOK
COLLECTION

Sidney Sheldon
Sidney Sheldon 3-Book Collection:
If Tomorrow Comes, Nothing
Lasts Forever, The Best Laid Plans

*Sidney Sheldon 3-Book Collection: If Tomorrow Comes, Nothing Lasts
Forever, The Best Laid Plans:*
ISBN 978-0-00-758842-8

Аннотация

The master storyteller's legacy continues...

Glamour and suspense in the bestselling Sidney Sheldon novels from the international superstar Tilly Bagshawe.

If Tomorrow Comes

Tracy Whitey is on top of the world. Young, beautiful, intelligent, she is about to marry into wealth and glamour until, betrayed by her own innocence, she finds herself in prison, framed by a ruthless mafia gang and abandoned by the man she loves. Beaten and broken, but surviving with her dazzling ingenuity, Tracy emerges from her savage ordeal determined to avenge those who have destroyed her life.

Nothing Lasts Forever

Dr. Paige Taylor: She swore it was euthanasia, but when Paige inherited a million dollars from a patient, the D.A. called it murder.

Dr. Kat Hunter: She vowed never to let another man too close again-until she accepted the challenge of a deadly bet.

Dr. Honey Taft: To make it in medicine, she knew she'd need something more than the brains God gave her. Racing from the life-and-death decisions of a big major hospital to the tension-packed fireworks of a murder trial, *Nothing Lasts Forever* lays bare the ambitions and fears of healers and killers, lovers and betrayers.

The Best Laid Plans:

The explosive story of the beautiful and ambitious Leslie Stewart, who learns that for some men power is the greatest aphrodisiac; and of Oliver Russell, the handsome governor of a small southern state, who finds out why hell has no fury like a woman scorned.

They both should have known that even the best laid plans can go dangerously astray in a deadly dangerous way.

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Chapter One

New Orleans Thursday, 20 February – 11:00 P.M.

She undressed slowly, dreamily, and when she was naked, she selected a bright red negligee to wear so that the blood would not show. Doris Whitney looked around the bedroom for the last time to make certain that the pleasant room, grown dear over the past thirty years, was neat and tidy. She opened the drawer of the bedside table and carefully removed the gun. It was shiny black, and terrifyingly cold. She placed it next to the telephone and dialled her daughter's number in Philadelphia. She listened to the echo of the distant ringing. And then there was a soft 'Hello?'

'Tracy ... I just felt like hearing the sound of your voice, darling.'

'What a nice surprise, Mother.'

'I hope I didn't wake you up.'

'No. I was reading. Just getting ready to sleep. Charles and I were going out for dinner, but the weather's too nasty. It's snowing hard here. What's it doing there?'

Dear God, we're talking about the weather, Doris Whitney thought, when there's so much I want to tell her. And can't.

'Mother? Are you there?'

Doris Whitney stared out the window. 'It's raining.' And she thought, *How melodramatically appropriate. Like an Alfred Hitchcock movie.*

‘What’s that noise?’ Tracy asked.

Thunder. Too deeply wrapped in her thoughts, Doris had not been aware of it. New Orleans was having a storm. *Continued rain,* the weatherman had said. *Sixty-six degrees in New Orleans. By evening the rain will be turning to thundershowers. Be sure to carry your umbrellas.* She would not need an umbrella.

‘That’s thunder, Tracy.’ She forced a note of cheerfulness into her voice. ‘Tell me what’s happening in Philadelphia.’

‘I feel like a princess in a fairy tale, Mother,’ Tracy said. ‘I never believed anyone could be so happy. Tomorrow night I’m meeting Charles’s parents.’ She deepened her voice as though making a pronouncement. ‘The Stanhopes, of Chestnut Hill,’ she sighed. ‘They’re an institution. I have butterflies the size of dinosaurs.’

‘Don’t worry. They’ll love you, darling.’

‘Charles says it doesn’t matter. *He* loves me. And I adore him. I can’t wait for you to meet him. He’s fantastic.’

‘I’m sure he is.’ She would never meet Charles. She would never hold a grandchild in her lap. *No. I must not think about that.* ‘Does he know how lucky he is to have you, baby?’

‘I keep telling him.’ Tracy laughed. ‘Enough about me. Tell me what’s going on there. How are you feeling?’

You’re in perfect health, Doris, were Dr Rush’s words. *You’ll live to be a hundred.* One of life’s little ironies. ‘I feel wonderful.’ *Talking to you.*

‘Got a boyfriend yet?’ Tracy teased.

Since Tracy's father had died five years earlier, Doris Whitney had not even considered going out with another man, despite Tracy's encouragement.

'No boyfriends.' She changed the subject. 'How is your job? Still enjoying it?'

'I love it. Charles doesn't mind if I keep working after we're married.'

'That's wonderful, baby. He sounds like a very understanding man.'

'He is. You'll see for yourself.'

There was a loud clap of thunder, like an offstage cue. It was time. There was nothing more to say except a final farewell. 'Good-bye, my darling.' She kept her voice carefully steady.

'I'll see you at the wedding, Mother. I'll call you as soon as Charles and I set a date.'

'Yes.' There was one final thing to say, after all. 'I love you very, very much, Tracy.' And Doris Whitney carefully replaced the receiver. She picked up the gun. There was only one way to do it. Quickly. She raised the gun to her temple and squeezed the trigger.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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