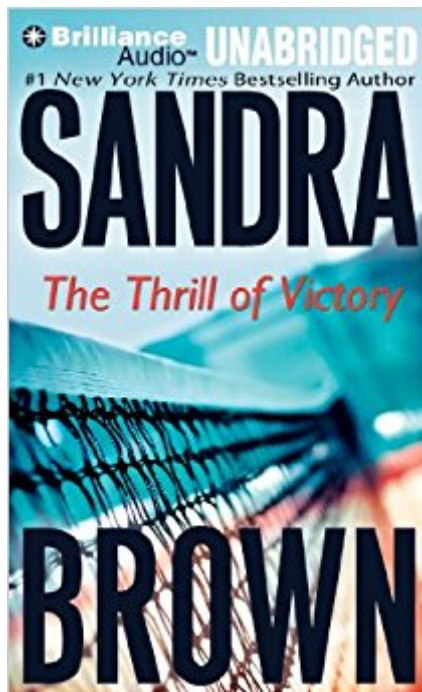


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The Thrill Of Victory



Synopsis

Stevie Corbett is in jeopardy of losing everything she's sacrificed and worked so hard for—her career, her future. Her life. She has just two weeks to make a monumental decision, but her fate rides on keeping the truth a secret. It's Judd Mackie's job to uncover secrets. And he's spent the last few years dogging Stevie, exposing her for the spoiled glamour girl he believes her to be. Now he has the chance to scoop the story of the year and let the whole world know the truth about Stevie. All he has to do is betray her trust....

Book Information

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Customer Reviews

Sandra Brown is the author of numerous New York Times bestsellers - including most recently *Smash Cut*, *Smoke Screen*, *Play Dirty*, *Ricochet*, *Chill Factor*, *White Hot*, *Hello, Darkness*, *The Crush*, and *Envy*. She is the recipient of the 2008 Thriller Master Award from International Thriller Writers, Inc. She and her husband live in Arlington, Texas.

Prologue "Ramsey is out for your butt, Mackie." The gopher, who had met the star sports-writer of the Dallas Tribune at the elevator, fell into step behind him as he walked toward the city room of Dallas' largest newspaper. Judd Mackie was unfazed by the threat of being out of favor with the Tribune's managing editor. He made a beeline for the coffee machine. Its brew was so vicious, so black, he'd often joked that they used the leftovers to fill in the cracks on North Central Expressway. "Mackie, did you hear me?" "I heard you, I heard you, Addison. Got a quarter?" The pockets of his slacks -- expensive, but hopelessly wrinkled -- hadn't produced the correct amount of change for

the vending machine. He was notorious for never carrying money. It was ludicrous that he was bumming from a guy whose age and income were a fraction of his. "Ramsey's fit to be tied," the gopher said in an ominous undertone as he passed his idol a handful of coins. "He usually is." Mackie watched a Styrofoam cup fill with coffee whose only virtue was that it was scalding and as darkly opaque as the sunglasses he still had on, though he'd been inside the building a full five minutes. As he sipped barely diluted caffeine from the disposable cup, the lenses of his glasses fogged over, reminding him they were there. He took them off and dropped them into the breast pocket of his jacket, which wasn't any more dapper than his slacks. His eyelids were puffy; the whites of his eyes were rivered with red. "He told me to catch you at the elevator and personally escort you to his office." "He must really be steamed. What'd I do this time?" Judd asked with disinterest. Michael Ramsey was perpetually steamed at him. From one day to the next the extent of his wrath was only a matter of degree. "I'll let him tell you. You coming peaceably?" the gopher asked worriedly. Judd took pity on him. "Lead on." Addison

Somethingorother was an intern who worked part-time between his journalism classes at Southern Methodist University. During the boy's first day on the job, Judd had passed him a rumpled handkerchief he'd fished from an even more rumpled pocket and jokingly suggested that the eager student use it to dry behind his ears. But when Addison had looked wounded, Judd had slapped him on the back, said he'd meant no offense, and offered the best advice he could give someone who aspired to a journalistic career, which was to reconsider. "The hours are long, the pay lousy, the working conditions abysmal and the best you can hope for is that whatever you've written gets read before the dog chews it up or the bird craps on it or the housewife wraps chicken guts in it." Addison was still around, so apparently he hadn't taken the jaded sports reporter's words to heart. Judd would have continued to rebuke Addison's idealism if he hadn't remembered a time when he himself had had stars in his eyes about a career. The stars had gone out long ago, but on occasion, usually when he was deep into his cups, he remembered what it felt like to have a burning ambition for greatness. So he let the cub go on dreaming his dreams. He'd find out for himself that life played dirty tricks. It was midmorning and the city room was a beehive of activity. Reporters at word-processing terminals clicked away on their keyboards. Some had telephone receivers tucked beneath their chins. Messengers hustled among the desks, which were already stacked with packages and mail as yet unopened. Then there were those individuals simply hanging out, smoking, sipping canned drinks or coffee, waiting for something newsworthy to happen or, short of that, divine inspiration. ". . . the Arabs. But then Israel -- hi, Judd -- wouldn't do . . ." "So I said to her, 'Look I want my keys back.' Hi, Judd. To which she said . . ." ". . . me a quote. Hi,

Judd. Somebody's got to stick his neck out and go on the record about this thing." "Popular with his cohorts, he nodded greetings as he followed Addison through the maze of desks, then down a carpeted hallway toward the managing editor's office. "There you are," his secretary said in exasperation. "Since we don't have a militia, he was about to send me in search of you. Thanks, Addison. You can get back to whatever you were doing before Mr. Ramsey summoned you." The gopher seemed reluctant to leave just when the fireworks were about to start. But Ramsey's secretary was almost as indomitable as the boss himself. He ambled away. "Hi, doll. What's up?" Judd tossed his empty cup into the nearest wastepaper basket. "Pour me a cup of the real stuff, will you?" Propping her fists on her hips, the secretary asked, "Do I look like a waitress?" Judd winked and gave her the leisurely, miss-nothing once-over that rarely failed to make points toward a big score. "You look like a million bucks." He sauntered through the connecting door before she could retaliate against either his blatant sexism or ingratiating compliment. Inside the door, Judd was greeted by the noxious fumes left by the first two of the four packs of cigarettes Michael Ramsey would smoke that day. He had one cigarette smoldering in an ashtray and another in his mouth when Judd strolled in. "It's about time." His face was florid with rage. Judd flopped into a leather chair and crossed his ankles in front of him. "For what?" "Don't get cute with me, Mackie. You've really blown it this time." Ramsey's secretary came in bearing the requested cup of coffee, brewed in her personal coffee, maker. Judd thanked her with a smile and another suggestive glance that she knew, and regretted, was meaningless. Copyright © 2003 Sandra Brown --This text refers to an out of print or unavailable edition of this title.

Well this is a first... I have read many Sandra Brown novels in the past and have always enjoyed them... This one is a huge exception to the rule. All I can think is that perhaps this is one of her early works (in fact will have to check that)... I found the storyline thin to say the least and the male character a complete Neanderthal- he had me rolling my eyes in disgust on several occasions due to the multitude of sexist remarks. For fans of Sandra Brown who actually enjoy a good plot and a bit of suspense- this novel is not for you.

ok

Good story line

Great Read

Enjoyed listening to it

Good cd.

Too much explicit sex.

The Thrill of Victory is a great read. Sandra Brown is a very good author I have most of her books.

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