



RAGE OF ANGELS

When you're a cop, you know your partner is your best friend. But what happens when your partner is a demon? In this gripping new novel, a woman cop discovers that her partner is a demon who has been feeding on her for years. Can she survive the fight to save her soul?

Rage of Angels

Sidney Sheldon

 HarperCollins e-books

*This book is dedicated with love
to Mary
The Eighth Wonder of the World*

“...Tell us of the secret hosts of evil, O Cimon.” “Their names may not be
spake aloud lest they profane mortal lips, for they came out of unholy
darknesses and attacked the heavens, but they were driven away by the rage
of angels...”

—from *Dialogues of Chios*

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Author's Note

The characters and events in this novel are fictional. The background, however, is real, and I am indebted to those who generously helped to fill it in for me. In a few instances I have taken what I believe to be necessary dramatic license. Any legal or factual errors are mine alone.

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—SIDNEY SHELDON

BOOK I

1

New York: September 4, 1969

The hunters were closing in for the kill.

Two thousand years ago in Rome, the contest would have been staged at the Circus Neronis or the Colosseum, where voracious lions would have been stalking the victim in an arena of blood and sand, eager to tear him to pieces. But this was the civilized twentieth century, and the circus was being staged in the Criminal Courts Building of downtown Manhattan, Courtroom Number 16.

In place of Suetonius was a court stenographer, to record the event for posterity, and there were dozens of members of the press and visitors attracted by the daily headlines about the murder trial, who queued up outside the courtroom at seven o'clock in the morning to be assured of a seat.

The quarry, Michael Moretti, sat at the defendant's table, a silent, handsome man in his early thirties. He was tall and lean, with a face formed of converging planes that gave him a rugged, feral look. He had fashionably styled black hair, a prominent chin with an unexpected dimple in it and deeply set olive-black eyes. He wore a tailored gray suit, a light blue shirt with a darker blue silk tie, and polished, custommade shoes. Except for his eyes, which constantly swept over the courtroom, Michael Moretti was still.

The lion attacking him was Robert Di Silva, the fiery District Attorney for the County of New York, representative of The People. If Michael Moretti radiated stillness, Robert Di Silva radiated dynamic movement; he went through life as though he were five minutes late for an appointment. He was in constant motion, shadowboxing with invisible opponents. He was short and powerfully built, with an unfashionable graying crew cut. Di Silva had been a boxer in his youth and his nose and face bore the scars of it. He had once killed a man in the ring and he had never regretted it. In the years since then, he had yet to learn compassion.

Robert Di Silva was a fiercely ambitious man who had fought his way up to his present position with neither money nor connections to help him.