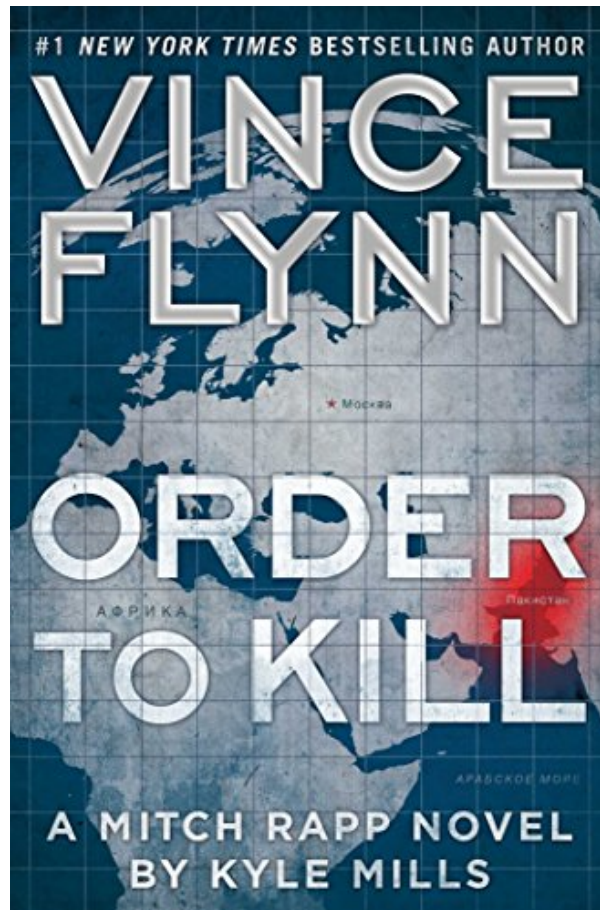
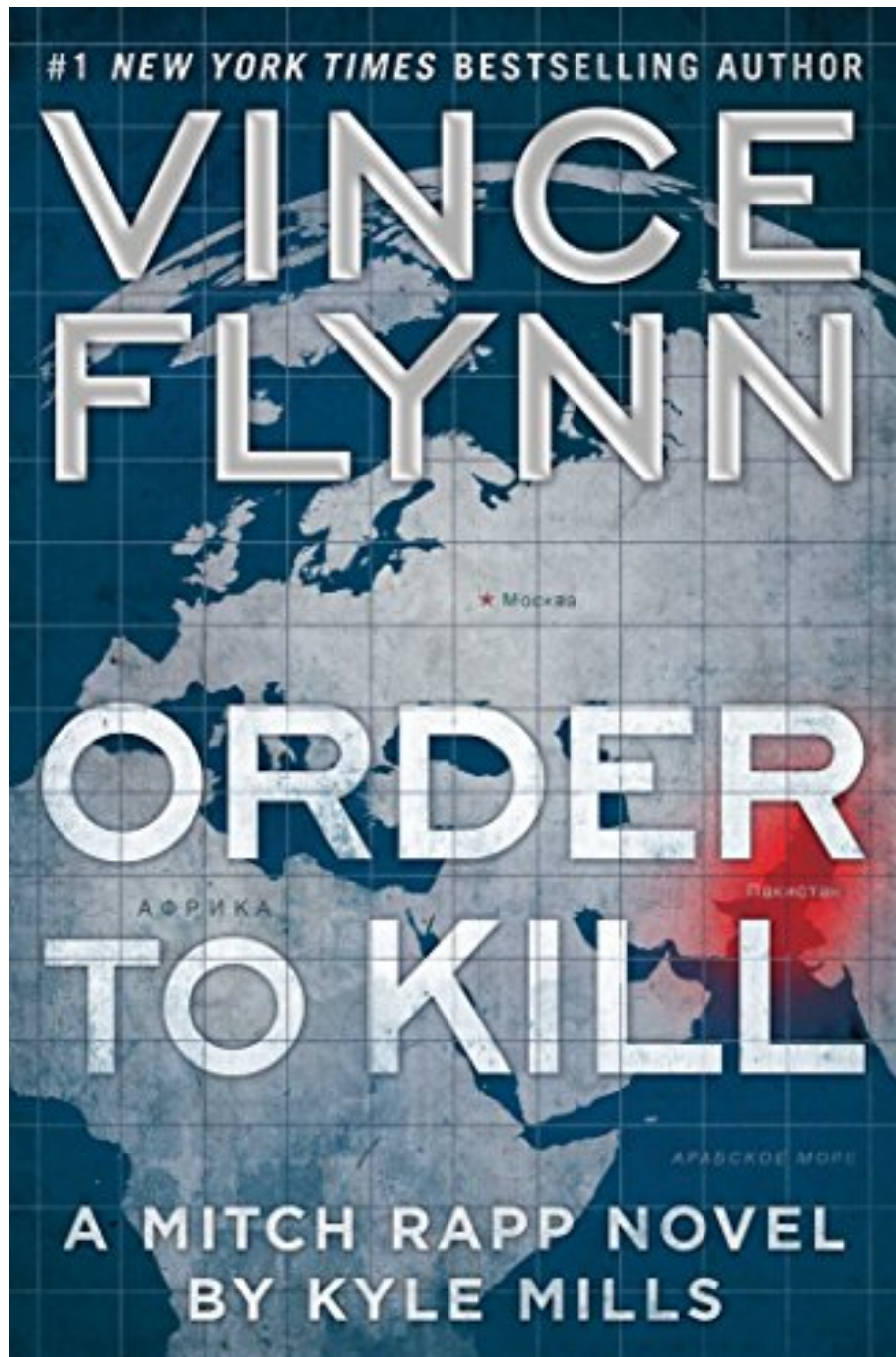


ORDER TO KILL: A NOVEL (A MITCH RAPP NOVEL) BY VINCE FLYNN, KYLE MILLS



DOWNLOAD EBOOK : ORDER TO KILL: A NOVEL (A MITCH RAPP NOVEL)
BY VINCE FLYNN, KYLE MILLS PDF





Click link bellow and free register to download ebook:

ORDER TO KILL: A NOVEL (A MITCH RAPP NOVEL) BY VINCE FLYNN, KYLE MILLS

[DOWNLOAD FROM OUR ONLINE LIBRARY](#)

ORDER TO KILL: A NOVEL (A MITCH RAPP NOVEL) BY VINCE FLYNN, KYLE MILLS PDF

For everybody, if you intend to begin accompanying others to read a book, this *Order To Kill: A Novel (A Mitch Rapp Novel) By Vince Flynn, Kyle Mills* is much suggested. And you should get the book *Order To Kill: A Novel (A Mitch Rapp Novel) By Vince Flynn, Kyle Mills* right here, in the web link download that we provide. Why should be right here? If you really want other sort of books, you will constantly find them and also *Order To Kill: A Novel (A Mitch Rapp Novel) By Vince Flynn, Kyle Mills* Economics, politics, social, sciences, faiths, Fictions, as well as more publications are provided. These readily available publications remain in the soft documents.

Review

"This series continues to be the best of the best in the high-adventure, action-heavy thriller field . . . Flynn's name, Flynn's characters, and Mills' skill will take this one to the top of the charts, territory already familiar to Mitch Rapp." (Booklist (starred review))

"Just as compelling as when Flynn was doing the writing . . . Satisfied fans will hope that Mills will fulfill their continuing Mitch Rapp needs far into the future." (Publishers Weekly (starred review))

"Flynn is a master--maybe the master--of thrillers in which the pages seem to turn themselves." (Book Reporter)

"What thriller readers live for: tense and dramatic with a nice twist." (Kirkus Reviews)

"Flynn has never been better." (Providence Journal)

About the Author

#1 New York Times bestselling author Vince Flynn (1966–2013) created one of contemporary fiction's most popular heroes: CIA counterterrorist agent Mitch Rapp, featured in thirteen of Flynn's acclaimed political thrillers. All of his novels are New York Times bestsellers, including his stand-alone debut novel, *Term Limits*. The Mitch Rapp story begins with *American Assassin*, followed by *Kill Shot*, *Transfer of Power*, *The Third Option*, *Separation of Power*, *Executive Power*, *Memorial Day*, *Consent to Kill*, *Act of Treason*, *Protect and Defend*, *Extreme Measures*, *Pursuit of Honor*, *The Last Man*, and *The Survivor*.

Kyle Mills is the #1 New York Times bestselling author of fifteen political thrillers, including the *The Survivor* for Vince Flynn and *The Patriot Attack* for Robert Ludlum. He initially found inspiration from his father, the former director of Interpol, and still draws on his contacts in the intelligence community to give his books such realism. Avid outdoor athlete, he and his wife have lived in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, for over twenty years. Visit his website at KyleMills.com.

Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.

Order to Kill CHAPTER 1
NEAR FRANSCHHOEK
SOUTH AFRICA

MITCH Rapp eased his rental car onto a quiet rural road and began winding his way through vineyards. The sun had just hit the horizon, turning the craggy mountains orange against a clear sky.

The scene couldn't have been more different from the smoggy, traffic-choked Pakistani cities he'd spent the last two months in. Swapping the stench of diesel and sweat for the idyllic setting of South Africa's wine country should have been a pleasant change. If anything, though, it had tightened the knot in his gut.

When he'd killed the fundamentalist director of Pakistan's intelligence apparatus a few weeks ago, blowback had been inevitable. But now it had grown beyond even his and Irene Kennedy's worst-case scenario.

There was still no question that Ahmed Taj's elimination had been necessary in order to keep Pakistan's nuclear arsenal out of the hands of Islamic hardliners. Unfortunately, his death had left a power vacuum that was pushing the already unstable country to the brink. Umar Shirani, the head of the army, was using the growing chaos to continue Taj's effort to oust the country's relatively moderate president.

One of the keys to his plan was to gain control of Pakistan's nuclear arsenal, confident that the world would be forced to back anyone with the means and will to incinerate a large swath of the region. Or, if not back, at least not oppose.

To that end, General Shirani had taken the country's nukes from their secure locations and was moving them around Pakistan in order to keep the civilian government from extending its authority over them. Of course, he said that his actions were to keep the weapons safe in the increasingly unstable environment, but no one actually believed him. He was forcing a showdown—making Pakistan's politicians and power elite choose sides.

Rapp and his teams had been charged with trying to track the weapons' movements and to make sure that none of Pakistan's terrorist groups got hold of one. It was a virtually impossible task. They were being asked to follow the constantly moving individual components of the world's seventh-largest nuclear arsenal while being actively opposed by its sixth-largest army. It was a little like the old cup and ball magic trick, but with a hundred balls—each one of which had the potential to explode and take out a major city.

Rapp rolled down the window and accelerated the vehicle, navigating by his memory of a map he'd glanced at months ago. He'd never actually been to the area, instead relying on a CIA team that specialized in selecting these types of locations.

And that's exactly what Irene Kennedy had tried to get him to continue to do: rely on specialists. Despite everything that was happening in Pakistan, though, he couldn't bring himself to pass this one off. So he'd put Scott Coleman in charge and boarded the CIA's Gulfstream G550 for South Africa.

A mistake? Most likely. Dereliction of duty? Maybe. But better to deal with this situation personally over the next twenty-four hours than to spend the next week trying to micromanage it from Islamabad.

The phone on the passenger seat chimed and he grimaced when he saw it was another text from Monica Estridge. The subject was the same as the last twenty unanswered messages from her. Granite.

He'd given the surprisingly relentless interior designer complete dominion over finishing the construction of the house he'd started before his wife was killed. Unfortunately, she didn't seem to understand the simple concept of "complete dominion." He had no idea how many swatches, paint colors, and wood finishes there were on the planet, but he was pretty sure she wasn't going to rest until he'd looked at every one.

The dirt road began to climb toward a mountain striped with cliff bands and Rapp made sure he kept the vehicle's speed at a level that wouldn't attract attention. When he reached the top of the first rise, he spotted the gray roof of the home he was looking for.

A ten-foot-tall wall topped with colorful shards of broken glass ringed the property and the trees had been cut back almost to a neighboring farmer's vines, leaving an open perimeter with an unobstructed view.

The scene probably wasn't appreciably different than it would have been if he'd been riding in on horseback at the turn of the twentieth century. Just beneath the surface, though, was a state-of-the-art security system that was not only connected to local police and a private security response team but to the CIA's top people in the country.

At his direction, Claudia Gould—now Dufort—and her daughter had moved in recently. Despite a long, painful history and the death of her husband at the hands of Stan Hurley, Rapp couldn't get her out of his mind. They seemed to be tangled together in a way that no amount of effort could reverse.

It was hard to reflect on his relationships with women without using the words "disaster" and "catastrophe." On particularly bad days, "cataclysm" also sprang to mind. His first love had died in the terrorist attack on Pan Am 103 when he was still young. Years later, his wife and unborn child had been murdered by Louis Gould, the late husband of the woman living in the spotless Cape Dutch house he was passing.

Since then, Rapp had tried futilely to find someone he could fit into his life. His wife, Anna, had been an idealist and in some ways that was why he'd loved her so intensely. While he was constantly mired in the dark, she saw the world with unflagging optimism and hope. Being with her helped him regain the humanity that sometimes seemed to be slipping irretrievably away.

In retrospect, though, their relationship hadn't been all sunshine and flowers. Anna had struggled constantly with what he did for a living. Intellectually, she understood that men like him were necessary, but he'd come to believe that on a deeper level she thought he might be part of the problem. Just another violent man who kept the world from becoming the utopia she thought it could be.

So, another Anna Reilly was out.

He tried going in the opposite direction and took up with a talented Italian private contractor, but the relationship was doomed from the start. On the bright side, she was beautiful, exciting, and completely unconcerned with his lifestyle. On the other hand, he'd never been able to shake the feeling that for the right price, she'd start chasing him around the bedroom with an ice pick.

After Donatella, his relationships could be categorized as brief encounters that barely rose above the level of one-night stands. A former Secret Service agent. A hedge fund manager his brother had introduced him to. A redheaded air force pilot who flew support on a few of his ops.

But Claudia felt different for some reason. They'd first met years ago when he'd come to settle a score with her husband. He'd put a gun against her head, and to say the look in her eyes haunted him would be an

overstatement. But he sure as hell hadn't forgotten it.

Claudia's background wasn't spotless like Anna's, but neither was it drenched in blood like Donatella's. She had a beautiful daughter and a soul that was just damaged enough for her to consider allowing someone like him into her life.

That sense of possibility was why he'd gotten personally involved with relocating Claudia and providing her with an immaculate new identity. Or at least an identity that he'd been assured was immaculate. Now, a reliable informant had told him, someone was looking to snatch her. Precisely who or why, no one seemed to know.

The likely bet was that one of her late husband's enemies had come crawling out from under a rock for some petty revenge. It was the kind of amateur bullshit that really pissed Rapp off and he was there to set an example that would discourage the next asshole.

It was another reason not to get Irene Kennedy's people involved. As the director of the CIA, there were lines she shouldn't cross. And his plan to identify the people stalking Claudia and then mail them back to their employer in FedEx envelopes was probably one of them.

ORDER TO KILL: A NOVEL (A MITCH RAPP NOVEL) BY VINCE FLYNN, KYLE MILLS PDF

[Download: ORDER TO KILL: A NOVEL \(A MITCH RAPP NOVEL\) BY VINCE FLYNN, KYLE MILLS PDF](#)

Just for you today! Discover your preferred book here by downloading and install and also getting the soft documents of guide **Order To Kill: A Novel (A Mitch Rapp Novel) By Vince Flynn, Kyle Mills** This is not your time to typically go to the book stores to buy a book. Right here, varieties of e-book Order To Kill: A Novel (A Mitch Rapp Novel) By Vince Flynn, Kyle Mills and also collections are offered to download. One of them is this Order To Kill: A Novel (A Mitch Rapp Novel) By Vince Flynn, Kyle Mills as your favored publication. Getting this book Order To Kill: A Novel (A Mitch Rapp Novel) By Vince Flynn, Kyle Mills by online in this website can be understood now by seeing the web link page to download and install. It will certainly be easy. Why should be here?

As one of the home window to open the new globe, this *Order To Kill: A Novel (A Mitch Rapp Novel) By Vince Flynn, Kyle Mills* provides its amazing writing from the author. Released in among the prominent publishers, this book Order To Kill: A Novel (A Mitch Rapp Novel) By Vince Flynn, Kyle Mills becomes one of one of the most wanted publications recently. In fact, the book will certainly not matter if that Order To Kill: A Novel (A Mitch Rapp Novel) By Vince Flynn, Kyle Mills is a best seller or otherwise. Every book will certainly always provide best resources to get the viewers all finest.

Nevertheless, some people will seek for the best seller publication to read as the initial referral. This is why; this Order To Kill: A Novel (A Mitch Rapp Novel) By Vince Flynn, Kyle Mills is presented to satisfy your necessity. Some individuals like reading this book Order To Kill: A Novel (A Mitch Rapp Novel) By Vince Flynn, Kyle Mills due to this preferred publication, yet some love this because of preferred author. Or, numerous additionally like reading this book Order To Kill: A Novel (A Mitch Rapp Novel) By Vince Flynn, Kyle Mills due to the fact that they actually have to read this publication. It can be the one that really love reading.

ORDER TO KILL: A NOVEL (A MITCH RAPP NOVEL) BY VINCE FLYNN, KYLE MILLS PDF

In the next thrilling novel in the #1 New York Times bestselling Mitch Rapp series, the anti-terrorism operative heads to Pakistan to confront a mortal threat he may not be prepared for. In fact, this time he might have met his match.

Mitch Rapp is used to winning.

But in this follow-up to #1 New York Times bestselling *The Survivor*, the CIA operative finds himself chasing false leads from continent to continent in an effort to keep Pakistani nukes from falling into the hands of terrorists. Together with friend and colleague Scott Coleman, Rapp struggles to prevent the loss of these lethal weapons, particularly because Russia is also interested in the nukes, though not for the same reason as Rapp and Coleman.

Soon, it becomes alarmingly clear that the forces in Moscow are bent on fomenting even more chaos and turmoil in the Middle East, and Rapp must go deep into Russian territory, posing as an American ISIS recruit. There, he uncovers a plan much more dangerous and insidious than he ever expected, one that could have far-reaching and catastrophic consequences.

Written with breathless tension and heart-pounding action, Mitch Rapp's latest adventure is as timely and provocative as ever.

- Sales Rank: #208 in Books
- Published on: 2016-10-11
- Released on: 2016-10-11
- Original language: English
- Number of items: 1
- Dimensions: 9.25" h x 1.20" w x 6.12" l, .0 pounds
- Binding: Hardcover
- 384 pages

Review

"This series continues to be the best of the best in the high-adventure, action-heavy thriller field . . . Flynn's name, Flynn's characters, and Mills' skill will take this one to the top of the charts, territory already familiar to Mitch Rapp." (Booklist (starred review))

"Just as compelling as when Flynn was doing the writing . . . Satisfied fans will hope that Mills will fulfill their continuing Mitch Rapp needs far into the future." (Publishers Weekly (starred review))

"Flynn is a master--maybe the master--of thrillers in which the pages seem to turn themselves." (Book Reporter)

“What thriller readers live for: tense and dramatic with a nice twist.” (Kirkus Reviews)

"Flynn has never been better." (Providence Journal)

About the Author

#1 New York Times bestselling author Vince Flynn (1966–2013) created one of contemporary fiction's most popular heroes: CIA counterterrorist agent Mitch Rapp, featured in thirteen of Flynn's acclaimed political thrillers. All of his novels are New York Times bestsellers, including his stand-alone debut novel, *Term Limits*. The Mitch Rapp story begins with *American Assassin*, followed by *Kill Shot*, *Transfer of Power*, *The Third Option*, *Separation of Power*, *Executive Power*, *Memorial Day*, *Consent to Kill*, *Act of Treason*, *Protect and Defend*, *Extreme Measures*, *Pursuit of Honor*, *The Last Man*, and *The Survivor*.

Kyle Mills is the #1 New York Times bestselling author of fifteen political thrillers, including *The Survivor* for Vince Flynn and *The Patriot Attack* for Robert Ludlum. He initially found inspiration from his father, the former director of Interpol, and still draws on his contacts in the intelligence community to give his books such realism. Avid outdoor athlete, he and his wife have lived in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, for over twenty years. Visit his website at KyleMills.com.

Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.

Order to Kill CHAPTER 1

NEAR FRANSCHHOEK

SOUTH AFRICA

MITCH Rapp eased his rental car onto a quiet rural road and began winding his way through vineyards. The sun had just hit the horizon, turning the craggy mountains orange against a clear sky.

The scene couldn't have been more different from the smoggy, traffic-choked Pakistani cities he'd spent the last two months in. Swapping the stench of diesel and sweat for the idyllic setting of South Africa's wine country should have been a pleasant change. If anything, though, it had tightened the knot in his gut.

When he'd killed the fundamentalist director of Pakistan's intelligence apparatus a few weeks ago, blowback had been inevitable. But now it had grown beyond even his and Irene Kennedy's worst-case scenario.

There was still no question that Ahmed Taj's elimination had been necessary in order to keep Pakistan's nuclear arsenal out of the hands of Islamic hardliners. Unfortunately, his death had left a power vacuum that was pushing the already unstable country to the brink. Umar Shirani, the head of the army, was using the growing chaos to continue Taj's effort to oust the country's relatively moderate president.

One of the keys to his plan was to gain control of Pakistan's nuclear arsenal, confident that the world would be forced to back anyone with the means and will to incinerate a large swath of the region. Or, if not back, at least not oppose.

To that end, General Shirani had taken the country's nukes from their secure locations and was moving them around Pakistan in order to keep the civilian government from extending its authority over them. Of course, he said that his actions were to keep the weapons safe in the increasingly unstable environment, but no one actually believed him. He was forcing a showdown—making Pakistan's politicians and power elite choose sides.

Rapp and his teams had been charged with trying to track the weapons' movements and to make sure that none of Pakistan's terrorist groups got hold of one. It was a virtually impossible task. They were being asked

to follow the constantly moving individual components of the world's seventh-largest nuclear arsenal while being actively opposed by its sixth-largest army. It was a little like the old cup and ball magic trick, but with a hundred balls—each one of which had the potential to explode and take out a major city.

Rapp rolled down the window and accelerated the vehicle, navigating by his memory of a map he'd glanced at months ago. He'd never actually been to the area, instead relying on a CIA team that specialized in selecting these types of locations.

And that's exactly what Irene Kennedy had tried to get him to continue to do: rely on specialists. Despite everything that was happening in Pakistan, though, he couldn't bring himself to pass this one off. So he'd put Scott Coleman in charge and boarded the CIA's Gulfstream G550 for South Africa.

A mistake? Most likely. Dereliction of duty? Maybe. But better to deal with this situation personally over the next twenty-four hours than to spend the next week trying to micromanage it from Islamabad.

The phone on the passenger seat chimed and he grimaced when he saw it was another text from Monica Estridge. The subject was the same as the last twenty unanswered messages from her. Granite.

He'd given the surprisingly relentless interior designer complete dominion over finishing the construction of the house he'd started before his wife was killed. Unfortunately, she didn't seem to understand the simple concept of "complete dominion." He had no idea how many swatches, paint colors, and wood finishes there were on the planet, but he was pretty sure she wasn't going to rest until he'd looked at every one.

The dirt road began to climb toward a mountain striped with cliff bands and Rapp made sure he kept the vehicle's speed at a level that wouldn't attract attention. When he reached the top of the first rise, he spotted the gray roof of the home he was looking for.

A ten-foot-tall wall topped with colorful shards of broken glass ringed the property and the trees had been cut back almost to a neighboring farmer's vines, leaving an open perimeter with an unobstructed view.

The scene probably wasn't appreciably different than it would have been if he'd been riding in on horseback at the turn of the twentieth century. Just beneath the surface, though, was a state-of-the-art security system that was not only connected to local police and a private security response team but to the CIA's top people in the country.

At his direction, Claudia Gould—now Dufort—and her daughter had moved in recently. Despite a long, painful history and the death of her husband at the hands of Stan Hurley, Rapp couldn't get her out of his mind. They seemed to be tangled together in a way that no amount of effort could reverse.

It was hard to reflect on his relationships with women without using the words "disaster" and "catastrophe." On particularly bad days, "cataclysm" also sprang to mind. His first love had died in the terrorist attack on Pan Am 103 when he was still young. Years later, his wife and unborn child had been murdered by Louis Gould, the late husband of the woman living in the spotless Cape Dutch house he was passing.

Since then, Rapp had tried futilely to find someone he could fit into his life. His wife, Anna, had been an idealist and in some ways that was why he'd loved her so intensely. While he was constantly mired in the dark, she saw the world with unflagging optimism and hope. Being with her helped him regain the humanity that sometimes seemed to be slipping irretrievably away.

In retrospect, though, their relationship hadn't been all sunshine and flowers. Anna had struggled constantly with what he did for a living. Intellectually, she understood that men like him were necessary, but he'd come to believe that on a deeper level she thought he might be part of the problem. Just another violent man who kept the world from becoming the utopia she thought it could be.

So, another Anna Reilly was out.

He tried going in the opposite direction and took up with a talented Italian private contractor, but the relationship was doomed from the start. On the bright side, she was beautiful, exciting, and completely unconcerned with his lifestyle. On the other hand, he'd never been able to shake the feeling that for the right price, she'd start chasing him around the bedroom with an ice pick.

After Donatella, his relationships could be categorized as brief encounters that barely rose above the level of one-night stands. A former Secret Service agent. A hedge fund manager his brother had introduced him to. A redheaded air force pilot who flew support on a few of his ops.

But Claudia felt different for some reason. They'd first met years ago when he'd come to settle a score with her husband. He'd put a gun against her head, and to say the look in her eyes haunted him would be an overstatement. But he sure as hell hadn't forgotten it.

Claudia's background wasn't spotless like Anna's, but neither was it drenched in blood like Donatella's. She had a beautiful daughter and a soul that was just damaged enough for her to consider allowing someone like him into her life.

That sense of possibility was why he'd gotten personally involved with relocating Claudia and providing her with an immaculate new identity. Or at least an identity that he'd been assured was immaculate. Now, a reliable informant had told him, someone was looking to snatch her. Precisely who or why, no one seemed to know.

The likely bet was that one of her late husband's enemies had come crawling out from under a rock for some petty revenge. It was the kind of amateur bullshit that really pissed Rapp off and he was there to set an example that would discourage the next asshole.

It was another reason not to get Irene Kennedy's people involved. As the director of the CIA, there were lines she shouldn't cross. And his plan to identify the people stalking Claudia and then mail them back to their employer in FedEx envelopes was probably one of them.

Most helpful customer reviews

[See all customer reviews...](#)

ORDER TO KILL: A NOVEL (A MITCH RAPP NOVEL) BY VINCE FLYNN, KYLE MILLS PDF

In getting this **Order To Kill: A Novel (A Mitch Rapp Novel) By Vince Flynn, Kyle Mills**, you might not always pass walking or using your motors to guide stores. Obtain the queuing, under the rain or warm light, and still search for the unidentified publication to be because book store. By seeing this web page, you could just look for the Order To Kill: A Novel (A Mitch Rapp Novel) By Vince Flynn, Kyle Mills and also you could find it. So currently, this time around is for you to go for the download web link and acquisition Order To Kill: A Novel (A Mitch Rapp Novel) By Vince Flynn, Kyle Mills as your own soft file publication. You can read this book Order To Kill: A Novel (A Mitch Rapp Novel) By Vince Flynn, Kyle Mills in soft file only as well as wait as yours. So, you don't should hurriedly put guide Order To Kill: A Novel (A Mitch Rapp Novel) By Vince Flynn, Kyle Mills right into your bag almost everywhere.

Review

"This series continues to be the best of the best in the high-adventure, action-heavy thriller field . . . Flynn's name, Flynn's characters, and Mills' skill will take this one to the top of the charts, territory already familiar to Mitch Rapp." (Booklist (starred review))

"Just as compelling as when Flynn was doing the writing . . . Satisfied fans will hope that Mills will fulfill their continuing Mitch Rapp needs far into the future." (Publishers Weekly (starred review))

"Flynn is a master--maybe the master--of thrillers in which the pages seem to turn themselves." (Book Reporter)

"What thriller readers live for: tense and dramatic with a nice twist." (Kirkus Reviews)

"Flynn has never been better." (Providence Journal)

About the Author

#1 New York Times bestselling author Vince Flynn (1966–2013) created one of contemporary fiction's most popular heroes: CIA counterterrorist agent Mitch Rapp, featured in thirteen of Flynn's acclaimed political thrillers. All of his novels are New York Times bestsellers, including his stand-alone debut novel, *Term Limits*. The Mitch Rapp story begins with *American Assassin*, followed by *Kill Shot*, *Transfer of Power*, *The Third Option*, *Separation of Power*, *Executive Power*, *Memorial Day*, *Consent to Kill*, *Act of Treason*, *Protect and Defend*, *Extreme Measures*, *Pursuit of Honor*, *The Last Man*, and *The Survivor*.

Kyle Mills is the #1 New York Times bestselling author of fifteen political thrillers, including the *The Survivor* for Vince Flynn and *The Patriot Attack* for Robert Ludlum. He initially found inspiration from his father, the former director of Interpol, and still draws on his contacts in the intelligence community to give his books such realism. Avid outdoor athletes, he and his wife have lived in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, for over twenty years. Visit his website at KyleMills.com.

Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.

Order to Kill CHAPTER 1
NEAR FRANSCHHOEK

SOUTH AFRICA

MITCH Rapp eased his rental car onto a quiet rural road and began winding his way through vineyards. The sun had just hit the horizon, turning the craggy mountains orange against a clear sky.

The scene couldn't have been more different from the smoggy, traffic-choked Pakistani cities he'd spent the last two months in. Swapping the stench of diesel and sweat for the idyllic setting of South Africa's wine country should have been a pleasant change. If anything, though, it had tightened the knot in his gut.

When he'd killed the fundamentalist director of Pakistan's intelligence apparatus a few weeks ago, blowback had been inevitable. But now it had grown beyond even his and Irene Kennedy's worst-case scenario.

There was still no question that Ahmed Taj's elimination had been necessary in order to keep Pakistan's nuclear arsenal out of the hands of Islamic hardliners. Unfortunately, his death had left a power vacuum that was pushing the already unstable country to the brink. Umar Shirani, the head of the army, was using the growing chaos to continue Taj's effort to oust the country's relatively moderate president.

One of the keys to his plan was to gain control of Pakistan's nuclear arsenal, confident that the world would be forced to back anyone with the means and will to incinerate a large swath of the region. Or, if not back, at least not oppose.

To that end, General Shirani had taken the country's nukes from their secure locations and was moving them around Pakistan in order to keep the civilian government from extending its authority over them. Of course, he said that his actions were to keep the weapons safe in the increasingly unstable environment, but no one actually believed him. He was forcing a showdown—making Pakistan's politicians and power elite choose sides.

Rapp and his teams had been charged with trying to track the weapons' movements and to make sure that none of Pakistan's terrorist groups got hold of one. It was a virtually impossible task. They were being asked to follow the constantly moving individual components of the world's seventh-largest nuclear arsenal while being actively opposed by its sixth-largest army. It was a little like the old cup and ball magic trick, but with a hundred balls—each one of which had the potential to explode and take out a major city.

Rapp rolled down the window and accelerated the vehicle, navigating by his memory of a map he'd glanced at months ago. He'd never actually been to the area, instead relying on a CIA team that specialized in selecting these types of locations.

And that's exactly what Irene Kennedy had tried to get him to continue to do: rely on specialists. Despite everything that was happening in Pakistan, though, he couldn't bring himself to pass this one off. So he'd put Scott Coleman in charge and boarded the CIA's Gulfstream G550 for South Africa.

A mistake? Most likely. Dereliction of duty? Maybe. But better to deal with this situation personally over the next twenty-four hours than to spend the next week trying to micromanage it from Islamabad.

The phone on the passenger seat chimed and he grimaced when he saw it was another text from Monica Estridge. The subject was the same as the last twenty unanswered messages from her. Granite.

He'd given the surprisingly relentless interior designer complete dominion over finishing the construction of the house he'd started before his wife was killed. Unfortunately, she didn't seem to understand the simple

concept of “complete dominion.” He had no idea how many swatches, paint colors, and wood finishes there were on the planet, but he was pretty sure she wasn’t going to rest until he’d looked at every one.

The dirt road began to climb toward a mountain striped with cliff bands and Rapp made sure he kept the vehicle’s speed at a level that wouldn’t attract attention. When he reached the top of the first rise, he spotted the gray roof of the home he was looking for.

A ten-foot-tall wall topped with colorful shards of broken glass ringed the property and the trees had been cut back almost to a neighboring farmer’s vines, leaving an open perimeter with an unobstructed view.

The scene probably wasn’t appreciably different than it would have been if he’d been riding in on horseback at the turn of the twentieth century. Just beneath the surface, though, was a state-of-the-art security system that was not only connected to local police and a private security response team but to the CIA’s top people in the country.

At his direction, Claudia Gould—now Dufort—and her daughter had moved in recently. Despite a long, painful history and the death of her husband at the hands of Stan Hurley, Rapp couldn’t get her out of his mind. They seemed to be tangled together in a way that no amount of effort could reverse.

It was hard to reflect on his relationships with women without using the words “disaster” and “catastrophe.” On particularly bad days, “cataclysm” also sprang to mind. His first love had died in the terrorist attack on Pan Am 103 when he was still young. Years later, his wife and unborn child had been murdered by Louis Gould, the late husband of the woman living in the spotless Cape Dutch house he was passing.

Since then, Rapp had tried futilely to find someone he could fit into his life. His wife, Anna, had been an idealist and in some ways that was why he’d loved her so intensely. While he was constantly mired in the dark, she saw the world with unflagging optimism and hope. Being with her helped him regain the humanity that sometimes seemed to be slipping irretrievably away.

In retrospect, though, their relationship hadn’t been all sunshine and flowers. Anna had struggled constantly with what he did for a living. Intellectually, she understood that men like him were necessary, but he’d come to believe that on a deeper level she thought he might be part of the problem. Just another violent man who kept the world from becoming the utopia she thought it could be.

So, another Anna Reilly was out.

He tried going in the opposite direction and took up with a talented Italian private contractor, but the relationship was doomed from the start. On the bright side, she was beautiful, exciting, and completely unconcerned with his lifestyle. On the other hand, he’d never been able to shake the feeling that for the right price, she’d start chasing him around the bedroom with an ice pick.

After Donatella, his relationships could be categorized as brief encounters that barely rose above the level of one-night stands. A former Secret Service agent. A hedge fund manager his brother had introduced him to. A redheaded air force pilot who flew support on a few of his ops.

But Claudia felt different for some reason. They’d first met years ago when he’d come to settle a score with her husband. He’d put a gun against her head, and to say the look in her eyes haunted him would be an overstatement. But he sure as hell hadn’t forgotten it.

Claudia's background wasn't spotless like Anna's, but neither was it drenched in blood like Donatella's. She had a beautiful daughter and a soul that was just damaged enough for her to consider allowing someone like him into her life.

That sense of possibility was why he'd gotten personally involved with relocating Claudia and providing her with an immaculate new identity. Or at least an identity that he'd been assured was immaculate. Now, a reliable informant had told him, someone was looking to snatch her. Precisely who or why, no one seemed to know.

The likely bet was that one of her late husband's enemies had come crawling out from under a rock for some petty revenge. It was the kind of amateur bullshit that really pissed Rapp off and he was there to set an example that would discourage the next asshole.

It was another reason not to get Irene Kennedy's people involved. As the director of the CIA, there were lines she shouldn't cross. And his plan to identify the people stalking Claudia and then mail them back to their employer in FedEx envelopes was probably one of them.

For everybody, if you intend to begin accompanying others to read a book, this *Order To Kill: A Novel (A Mitch Rapp Novel) By Vince Flynn, Kyle Mills* is much suggested. And you should get the book *Order To Kill: A Novel (A Mitch Rapp Novel) By Vince Flynn, Kyle Mills* right here, in the web link download that we provide. Why should be right here? If you really want other sort of books, you will constantly find them and also *Order To Kill: A Novel (A Mitch Rapp Novel) By Vince Flynn, Kyle Mills* Economics, politics, social, sciences, faiths, Fictions, as well as more publications are provided. These readily available publications remain in the soft documents.