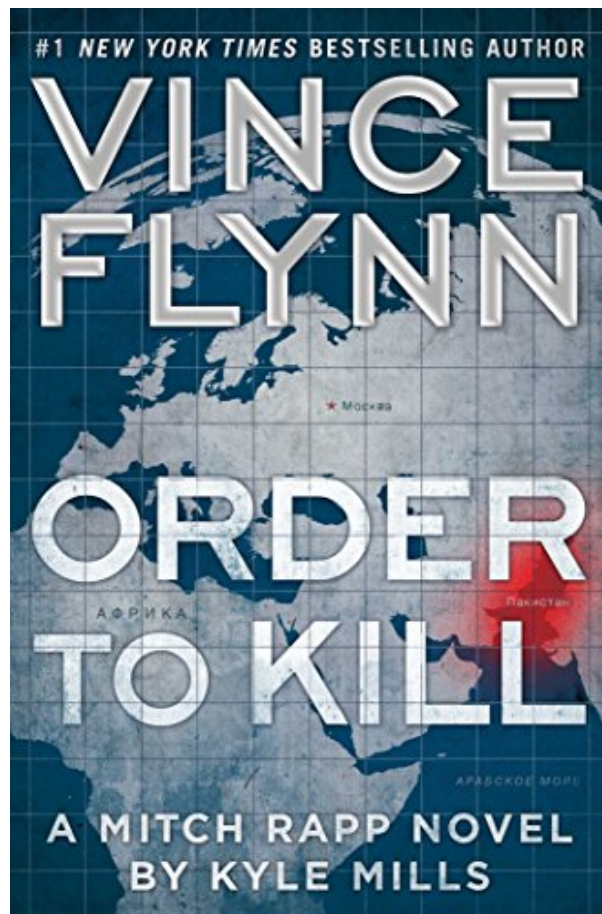
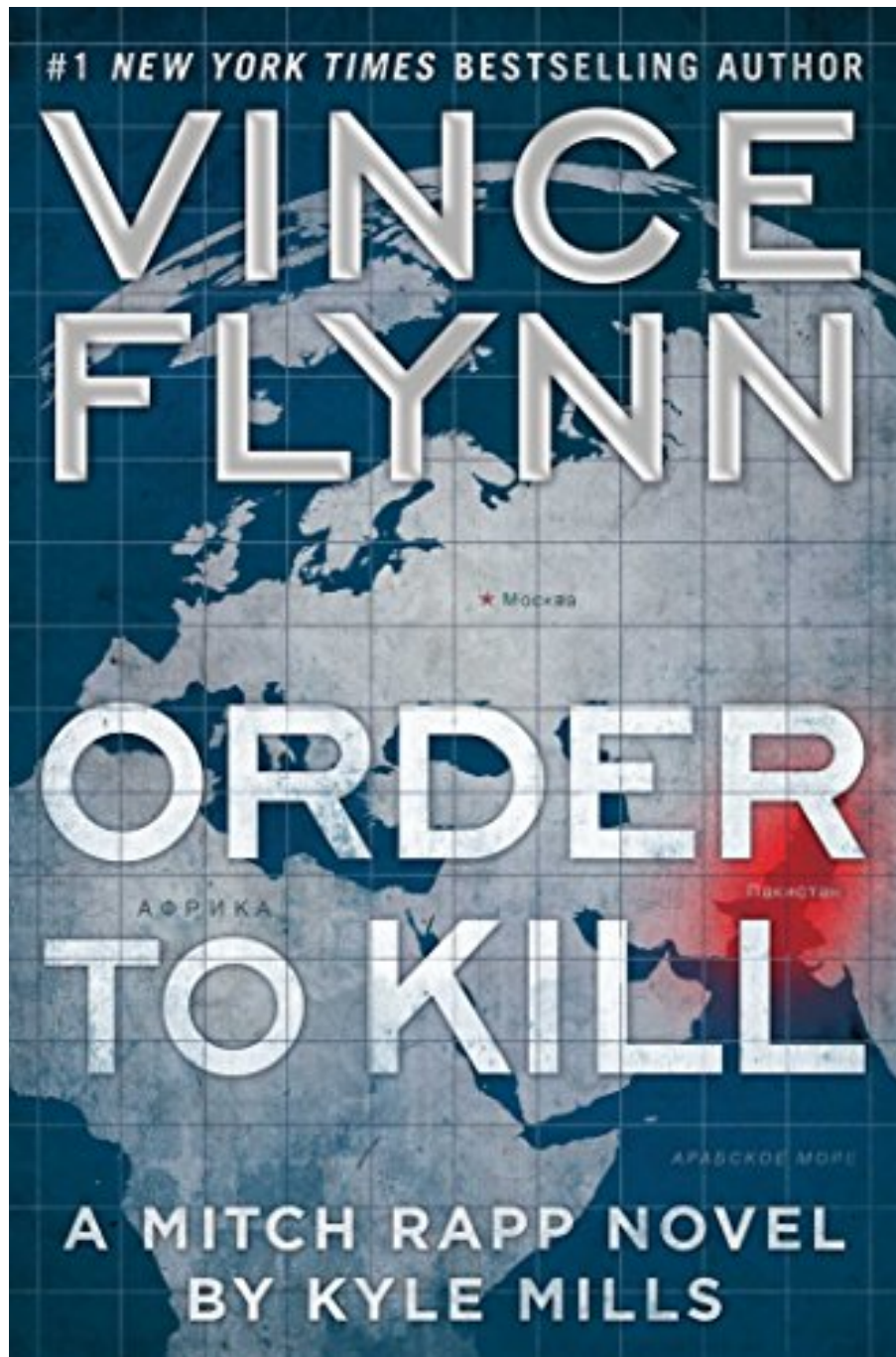


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In a pulse-pounding race to save America, covert operative Mitch Rapp confronts a mortal threat. But this time he might have met his match.

Mitch Rapp is used to winning. But thanks to several scheming and unscrupulous members of the Pakistani secret service, he finds himself chasing false leads from continent to continent in an effort to 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. 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 Iraqi 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 the same breathless tension and relentless action as Vince Flynn's greatest novels, Mitch Rapp's latest adventure is as timely and provocative as ever.

- Sales Rank: #1450 in eBooks
- Published on: 2016-10-11
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Most helpful customer reviews

90 of 96 people found the following review helpful.

One of the Best and Most Satisfying Mitch Rapp Novels

By Michael Hicks

When Mitch Rapp returned last year with the help of a new author following the death of his creator, Vince Flynn, I was initially skeptical. Kyle Mills proved to be an adept writer fully capable of handling Flynn's characters though, and *The Survivor* won me over pretty quickly. *Order to Kill* proves that Mill's prior effort was hardly a fluke or one-off. Mills is not only capable of taking on Flynn's rough-and-ready CIA assassin, but shows he's the natural heir apparent to continue this series for the foreseeable future.

This fifteenth installment, which picks up mere weeks after the finale of *The Survivor*, finds Mitch Rapp squaring off against a Russian assassin who is not only Rapp's equal, but may be even better. This is framed within a story of rogue Pakistani nukes and ISIS idiots, and a particularly violent, and personal, attack that strikes close to Rapp's heart when a mission goes awry.

The most important element here for me, and one that I think Mills did a superb job with, was making Rapp a bit more three dimensional and human. In his latter books, Flynn was turning Rapp into very nearly a caricature of his former self, with his with-me-or-against-me attitude and desire to kill anybody who dared to disagree with him. Mills, thankfully, has dialed that way back and we see a Mitch Rapp who may finally be emerging from the darkness brought on by his wife's death and who isn't afraid to feel. While this certainly is not a guy who will soon be crying into his cup o' tea anytime soon, there are certain events that occur here to remind Rapp that he is at least human and we see a man now seeking to reconnect with the people around him after so many devastating losses.

It's these losses that I feel also highlight Mills work over these last two books. The operators and assassins of these novels are certainly men and women who fit into the Hero Worship mold pretty easily, and there's a lot of extrajudicial fantasy stuff that goes into them (somebody says something about the Constitution you don't like? Well, just snap their neck and grab a can of Coke afterward! And while we're on the fantasy aspect, the next time one of these jihadist morons refers to our Christian Constitution, could we please have Rapp correct that erroneous, much too-widespread misunderstanding of this secular document before cracking their skull apart?), but too often they feel like larger-than-life superheroes. Mills has been working hard to make these people human, and while the characters are unquestionably adept and skilled at their jobs, they can still be hurt (and quite badly, at that) and killed. The Survivor presented a big shake-up to the status quo, and Order to Kill packs a certain punch of its own kind with a long-time series regular in serious danger.

Thanks to Kyle Mills, Order to Kill is one of the best, and certainly most satisfying, Mitch Rapp novels in quite some time. With high-stakes action and some much-needed emotional development, and perhaps even a hint of romance to come, for our series hero, fans of Vince Flynn can rest easy with Mills at the helm.

[Note: I received an advanced copy of this title for review from the publisher, as part of their #MitchRappAmbassador Program.]

8 of 8 people found the following review helpful.

Awesome

By Richard L. Cooper

Kyle Mills once again has done a fabulous job of writing the next Mitch Rapp installment. Rapp is more human and that sense he could die at any moment is portrayed throughout the book. The introduction of a super assassin who is younger and better than Mitch lays the groundwork for the next book. Too bad we'll have to wait another year for it. Great book!

3 of 3 people found the following review helpful.

Lacks Flynn's depth of detail and the plot could have been better

By NVS

I am a huge fan of Vince Flynn and the Mitch Rapp series. Loved all of them. Like many others noted in their reviews, this one definitely felt different, and a bit disappointing. I get that Mills is a different writer with a different style. And you could make comparisons of the different Bond films (same character, different directors/cast etc) or Nolan's Batman trilogy vs older Batman movies, etc and how you could have a different take from different writers on the same character. I appreciate that. However, I was expecting a continuation of Mitch Rapp in Flynn's style, but it wasn't. To me, the biggest issues in this particular book are a) relatively weak and uninteresting plot, b) Mills is light on details vs Flynn (i.e. Flynn would describe every gadget and weapon like he actually used it and every scene with vivid details like you were there), and c) I thought there was surprisingly little action for a Mitch Rapp book.

Also, I was binge reading the first ten books. At first, I found it annoying that Flynn would re-introduce (or remind the reader of) every main character with a paragraph or two in each book (i.e. Scott Coleman, Marcus

Dumond, etc.) On the 3rd or 4th book I would just skip those paragraphs because they were basically the same (and I would think "yes, I know that already..."). However, I haven't read a Mitch Rapp book in about a year since the last one came out. And although I remember every character I sort of missed those background details on each character and actually would have been nice to have those details. It worked for Flynn. I wouldn't change that.

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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*, *The Survivor*, *Order to Kill*, and *Enemy of the State*. *American Assassin* will be released as a major film in 2017.

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.

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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'd once tried going in the opposite direction with a talented Italian private contractor, but the relationship had been doomed from the start. On the bright side, she'd been 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 Anna, 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 occasionally 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.

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