

# Spymaster: A Thriller (17) (The Scot Harvath Series)

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Scot Harvath must do whatever it takes to prevent the United States from being dragged into a deadly war in this heart-pounding thriller that is "timely, raw, and filled with enough action for two books" (The Real Book Spy) from the #1 New York Times bestselling author Brad Thor.

Across Europe, a secret organization has begun attacking diplomats. Back in the United States, a foreign ally demands the identity of a highly placed covert asset. Between the two, all the ingredients are there for an all-out war.

With his mentor out of the game, counterterrorism operative Scot Harvath must take on the role he has spent his career avoiding. But, as with everything else he does, he intends to rewrite the rules—all of them.

In Spymaster, Scot Harvath is more cunning, more dangerous, and deadlier than ever before.

Brad Thor is the #1 New York Times bestselling author of nineteen thrillers, including Spymaster, Use of Force, The Last Patriot (nominated best thriller of the year by the International Thriller Writers Association), Blowback (recognized as one of the "Top 100 Killer Thrillers of All Time" by NPR), The Athena Project, and Foreign Influence (one of Suspense Magazine's best political thrillers of the year). Visit his website at BradThor.com and follow Brad on Facebook at Facebook.com/BradThorOfficial and on Twitter @BradThor.Spymaster CHAPTER 1

S? R-TR? NDELAG, NORWAY

WEDNESDAY

The limbs of the tall pines hung heavy with ice. When they snapped, they gave off cracks that echoed through the forest like gunfire.

With each one, the small counterterrorism team from Norway's Police Security Service, known as the PST, halted its advance and froze in place.

Seconds—sometimes even entire minutes—passed before they felt comfortable enough to begin moving again.

No one had expected the storm to be this bad. Ice covered everything and made the sloped ground almost impossible to walk on.

Several of the team members had wanted to wait. Their leader, though, had ordered them forward. The assault had to take place tonight.

Backing them up was a contingent of Norwegian Forsvarets Spesialkommandos, or FSK for short. Their commander wasn't crazy about hitting a target under these conditions either, but he had reviewed the intelligence and had come to the same conclusion.

The two outsiders, sent up from North Atlantic Treaty Organization headquarters at the last minute and forced onto the team by the Norwegian government, didn't get a vote. Though the American looked as if he could handle himself, and probably had on multiple occasions, they knew nothing about his background or the woman he was with. Therefore, the pair from NATO HQ also didn't get any weapons. None of the Norwegians wanted to get shot in the back.

Encrypted radios, outfitted with bone conduction headsets, kept them connected to each other and to the PST operations center. They wore the latest panoramic night-vision goggles and carried a range of firearms from H&K 416s and MP5s to next generation Glock 17s and USP Tactical pistols. Theirs was one of the best-equipped, best-trained teams the country had ever fielded for a domestic counterterrorism operation.

Their target was a weathered cabin in a remote, heavily wooded area. It had a long, grass-covered roof pierced by a dented black stovepipe. A season's worth of firewood had been chopped and stacked outside.

Even if the weather hadn't gone bad, conventional unmanned aerial vehicle surveillance was worthless. The density of the trees, combined with the shrieking, bitterly cold winds, also meant that the Nano drone the FSK carried was impossible to fly. They had been left with no other option than to go in "blind."

As the teams slowly picked their way through the forest, sheets of snow and ice blew at them like shards of broken glass.

The last five hundred meters were the worst. The cabin was built in a wide ravine. Maneuvering down, several team members lost their footing—some more than once.

Because of the trees, the FSK's snipers couldn't find anywhere to set up. There were no clean lines of fire, and they were forced to move closer to the cabin than they would have liked. The operation was feeling more and more like a mistake.

Ignoring the trepidation sweeping through the ranks, the PST leader pushed on.

Three hundred meters from the cabin, they could make out light from behind the shuttered windows.

Two hundred meters away, they could smell the wood smoke pouring from the stovepipe.

With one hundred meters left to go, the signal was given to halt. No one moved.

Something was wrong. Everyone felt it. Heart rates increased. Grips tightened on weapons.

And then, all hell broke loose.

Other Books

Darah Seni: Petualangan Sherlock Holmes (Art in the Blood), London. December, 1888. Sherlock Holmes, 34 tahun, terpuruk dan kembali kecanduan kokain setelah penyelidikan kasus The Ripper. Watson tak bisa menenangkan ataupun menyadarkan temannya—sampai sebuah surat bersandi datang dari Paris. Mlle La Victoire, bintang kabaret Prancis yang cantik menuliskan bahwa putra termudanya menghilang, dan ia telah diserang di jalanan Montmartre. Sherlock Holmes bergegas ke Paris bersama Watson. Mereka menemukan bahwa anak yang hilang itu hanya awal dari masalah yang lebih besar lagi. Patung yang paling berharga setelah patung Winged Victory telah dicuri dari Marseilles, dan beberapa anak di Lancashire telah dibunuh. Semua petunjuk dari ketiga kasus itu mengarah pada satu pria pengoleksi barang seni, yang tampaknya tak tersentuh oleh hukum. Akankah Sherlock berhasil menemukan anak yang hilang itu tepat waktu dan menghentikan rangkaian pembunuhan tersebut? Tetapi, untuk melakukan hal itu ia harus selalu selangkah lebih maju dibandingkan rivalnya, dan menghadapi ancaman ikut campur sang kakak, Mycroft.

❓ ❓ ❓ ❓ ❓ . London. December, 1888."