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## Feel the Heat (Black Ops Book 4)

By Cindy Gerard



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In *New York Times* bestselling author Cindy Gerard's sizzling new novel, a ruthless international conspiracy is no match for the irresistible alpha heroes of Black Ops, Inc.

#### *A RACE FOR SURVIVAL...*

Bold, blonde Defense Intelligence officer B. J. Chase isn't exactly thrilled when she's summoned from personal leave to investigate an alarming national security breach -- until the suspicious death of a government official blows her covert mission sky-high.

#### *TURNS INTO A PULSE-POUNDING ADVENTURE...*

Gorgeous Black Ops bad boy Raphael Mendoza always feared his family's dark history would haunt him. But he never expected it might hold the key to dismantling a rogue weapons system. Now with cool B. J. Chase posing as his hot babe fiancée, he returns to his uncle in Colombia to convince him he can be trusted with the family's dirtiest business secrets.

#### *...AND IGNITES A PASSIONATE FIRE.*

Carrying out a deception among ruthless killers brings Rafe and B.J. too close to ignore the smoldering heat between them. Now, they must work together as the closest of partners as the countdown to international catastrophe closes in....



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## Editorial Review

About the Author

No Bio

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1

B. J. Chase had worn her black tank top and khaki shorts for too many hours to count in the Venezuelan climate, where the heat and humidity were often measured in terms of ripe, riper, and "for God's sake, take a shower."

Restless and on edge, she tapped her thumbs on the steering wheel of a rusted-out red Jeep Cherokee, circa 1990. She felt a trail of perspiration trickle down her back. No time to worry about her deodorant letting her down now. Weeks of surveillance, back alley connections, and righteous fieldwork were finally going to pay off. The deal was going down and it was going down tonight, right here in this dark, garbage-littered back alley in Caracas.

"Provided Eduardo actually shows up," B.J. reminded herself under her breath.

Oh, yeah...and she had to get out of here alive once he did.

Somewhere in the distance, the feral snarls of a catfight rose above the rough idle of the Jeep's motor. The driver's seat creaked and groaned when she shifted behind the wheel. She'd bought the Jeep at a used car lot three weeks ago when she and three other DIA agents had first arrived in Caracas. The seat was sprung; the fenders were rusted out. Some genius had hacked off the top at some point and done a sloppy job of welding a roll bar to the frame. A spiderweb of cracks burst away from a bullet hole on the passenger-side windshield. Beneath the pitted hood, the engine knocked like a Jehovah's Witness rapping on a front door but the guys in the motor pool at the U.S. embassy had done a little tinkering and pronounced it sound. A luxury ride it was not. B.J. didn't need luxury. She needed speed and reliability and that's what the Jeep would give her if this meet went sour and she had to burn rubber out of here.

She checked her watch and frowned. It was nearly three a.m. Eduardo was late.

"Where the hell is he?" she muttered into the commo mike hidden in the center of the Celtic cross that nestled between her breasts.

"Cool your jets," Maynard's voice whispered sharply in her earpiece.

Like Hogan and Collins, Maynard wasn't exactly thrilled that this was her show. They were older, had more seniority, and were openly unimpressed with her military background, her education, and the fact that she'd spearheaded this DIA operation from its inception back in D.C. nearly six months ago.

Nope, the boys didn't like that she'd drawn team leader assignment. That was fine. They didn't have to like it, just like they didn't have to be impressed. They just had to do their job, which was guard her back. And

regardless of the crude message implied by the set of brass balls that had mysteriously appeared on her desk the day after her immediate supervisor, Dale Sherwood, had put her in charge, she knew they would do it.

She tamped down her impatience, then made herself draw a settling breath. She wished she had a piece of chocolate. It always calmed her but in this heat, chocolate was off the table. So was breathing easy.

She felt more jumpy by the minute. Eduardo had set up the time and place. He'd told her to come alone. Yeah, right. The three other DIA officers lurked in the shadows with a little insurance in the form of M-4s with night scopes. She had, however, followed Eduardo's instructions to park, flick the headlights three times, then kill them. Now she waited in the dark, heat pulsing from the potholed alley, sweat trickling between her shoulder blades and her breasts and soaking her shirt while her heart tripped at double time.

She had to believe he would show. Men like him -- parasites without conscience or scruples -- would sell out their own mothers for a helluva lot less than the twenty thousand dollars she'd already paid him for partial information. No way was Eduardo going to miss out on the other half of his forty grand, which she would trade him tonight for the rest of the info he'd promised to deliver.

Yet when she searched the darkness ahead of her all she saw were shadows. The alley was narrow and winding, flanked on both sides by an endless row of three- and four-story adobe and brick buildings. Some, she assumed, housed businesses, some residences. All but one were dark. A pale light spilled out of a firststory window several yards ahead of her. It was the only light other than the dim, pale green glow of the gauges on the Jeep's dashboard.

She lifted damp blond hair off her neck and swiped at the perspiration coating her nape. Her hair and humidity were not friends. Even though she'd used a scrunchie to wrestle the unruly mass of it into a tail, some of the thick, springy curls had escaped around her face.

"Heads up." Hogan's voice sounded in her earpiece. "There's movement, your twelve o'clock."

All of her senses slammed into overdrive. It was showtime. They were finally going to get what they'd come for. Last March a cache of controversial computer files had been recovered in Colombia tying Venezuela's president Hugo Chavez to FARC -- the communist rebel group intent on ousting the U.S.-friendly Colombian government from power. The treasure trove -- found on a dead guerrilla leader's laptop during a military raid -- had been just the tip of the iceberg. Since then, B.J. had been setting things in motion, ferreting out contacts, paring down informants, and finally scoring tonight's meet with Eduardo of no last name. He was supposed to provide enough additional intel to make it possible for the U.S. to ratchet up the pressure on Venezuela to stop aiding FARC without having to impose sanctions on one of America's most important oil suppliers.

"Come on, come on," she muttered under her breath, then damn near jumped out of her skin when she heard the sound of footsteps on the gritty pavement.

A man appeared out of the shadows: Eduardo. Short, swarthy, black hair hanging in a long braid down the middle of his back, a gold hoop in his left ear. If he had a conscience, or if a heart beat within his chest, both were buried so deep neither had seen the light of day in a very long while.

Now it would get dicey. This is what she got paid the little bucks to do.

Her Glock 19 pressed against her right kidney where she'd tucked it into the waistband of her khaki shorts. The weight and pressure were both comforting and reassuring. So was the sawed-off 12-gauge shotgun lying lengthwise at her feet on the floor of the Jeep, stock facing the driver's door.

She pulled up on the door handle, put her shoulder into it, and pushed. The rusted hinges squawked but finally swung open. Her sandaled foot hit the pocked pavement. Mindful of both the position of the shotgun and her distance from it, she left the door open. "I was beginning to think you weren't going to sho -- "

*Snick-click.*

The distinctive metallic click of a safety on an AK-47 assault rifle had her freezing mid-sentence. Her heart rate ratcheted up to triple time as Eduardo stopped abruptly about three yards in front of her, slowly lifting his hands above his head.

A man dressed in a black wife-beater and dark camo cargo pants and wielding the AK stepped out from behind him. He gestured with the business end of the rifle for her to raise her hands, too. "Up high. Let's see 'em, *cara*."

The look on Eduardo's face told her that he was as surprised as she was. And that they were both as good as dead if she didn't do what she was told.

*Stall*, she thought, as adrenaline zipped through her blood like rocket fuel. She needed to make something happen until her backup took charge of the situation.

Very slowly, she lifted her hands, all the while inching closer to the open door of the Jeep and the shotgun that lay just out of reach on the floor.

*Where were they -- ?*

Oh God. Her runaway heart rate plummeted when she saw Maynard, Hogan, and Collins suddenly illuminated by the beams of three powerful Maglites, marching slowly toward her.

Their hands were linked on top of their heads. Three men walking behind them pointed assault rifles at their backs, prodding them forward. The lot of them looked ready to chew nails. They were pissed and embarrassed that they'd been caught with their pants down. Join the club.

What kind of men were they dealing with that they could get the drop on experienced DIA field officers? She quickly decided the men either had known they were coming or had skills the DIA officers lacked.

She cut a cautious glance toward the Jeep. Knew that if she was going to make a move, it had to be now.

She dove toward the 12-gauge.

The man with the AK struck like a viper. He grabbed her arm, yanked her away from the door, then slammed her up against the vehicle.

"Not smart." He pinned her against the Jeep with the weight of his body. "Now I'll tell you again. Keep your hands where I can see them. That way no one gets hurt."

He could hurt her, she had no doubt about that. Hell, he could have killed her by now, she thought as he turned Eduardo over to one of his men. One bullet. Close range. Clean and simple.

For whatever reason, she was still fit and fine. The others were fine, too, which gave her reason to hope that they still had a prayer of getting out of this alive. To do that, she had to play heads-up ball, which meant she had to work through the adrenaline rush that mixed with fear and made her shaky, and quickly assess her adversary.

This close, it wasn't that difficult. The face that was mere inches away from hers was not a face she would expect to meet in a dark alley on the wrong side of a mission that was rapidly heading south. *Wholesome* was the word that came to mind. Altar-boy angelic -- providing she overlooked the assault rifle.

She'd caught a glimpse of a tattoo on his upper arm that appeared to be a cross of some sort. It did not, however, put her in mind of altars or boys. Neither did the gold crucifix that hung from his neck and lay against a broad chest so smooth it could have been waxed.

The bright beams of the Maglites lit up the alley. She could see that his eyes were dark, almost black, like the hair that he ...

## **Users Review**

### **From reader reviews:**

#### **Shellie Toy:**

Often the book *Feel the Heat* (Black Ops Book 4) has a lot info on it. So when you check out this book you can get a lot of advantage. The book was authored by the very famous author. Mcdougal makes some research previous to write this book. This book very easy to read you will get the point easily after reading this book.

#### **Deborah Knight:**

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#### **Ann Foley:**

That book can make you to feel relax. That book *Feel the Heat* (Black Ops Book 4) was colourful and of course has pictures around. As we know that book *Feel the Heat* (Black Ops Book 4) has many kinds or style. Start from kids until youngsters. For example *Naruto* or *Private eye Conan* you can read and believe you are the character on there. Therefore , not at all of book usually are make you bored, any it offers you feel happy, fun and rest. Try to choose the best book to suit your needs and try to like reading in which.

#### **Tony Hogan:**

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