

The Hunt for the President's Wife (Excerpt)

From Chapter 35

Presidente Ruiz sat stunned. He couldn't believe what he was hearing. No one talked to the elected Presidente of Mexico that way. Not a man. Not a woman. Not even a crusading Catholic Nun. No one! He opened his mouth to put this loudmouthed bitch in her place.

But before the irate Felipe de Ruiz could utter a word, Agent Camarillo leaned forward and pressed her advantage, her words quick and sharp, her tone sarcastic and argumentative: "Well, Mr. Presidente? In the face of all this evidence, what do you have to say for yourself? Do you think we're all stupid?"

President Ruiz raised an arm with his finger again jabbing the air to make his point. "Take heed, Sister Maria. Consider these words of mine a warning shot across your bow. I'm telling you straight out: Stop the intrusive and unwelcome activities of your investigation. Collect what information is available on the surface, Sister Maria, but stop digging for dirt that doesn't exist. "I want you to clearly understand that your investigation and you, personally, have my undivided attention. Do you understand what I'm saying, Sister Maria?"

Agent Camarillo drew in a deep breath and nodded, adding in a calm and respectful tone, "I understand your words and your intent, sir. Now, let me share two items with you, Mr. Presidente. The first item is that I am what you see me as: A committed and gentle worker for God in Satan's corrupt world. The second item is that with God as my backbone, I'm stronger and tougher than any woman you've ever met. Nomatter what kind of gristle you throw at me, I'm gonna chew it up and call it a fine meal."