

This dramatic, action-packed thriller is based on the incredible power of an alien diamond. It hooks international intelligences who fight for its ultimate capture. Ex-CIA Jake Dent and his London diamond team quickly get themselves into serious political trouble as they enact dangerous missions for love, loyalty and greed to secure the diamond, ultimately for 'a new world.' Ever closer political powers have to be constantly out-witted in order to secure man's new destiny.

To Chase a Blooded Diamond

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To Chase a Blooded Diamond

"the very gravity of the world just might
not be enough"



Peter Stone

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Chapter Ten

TO CHASE A BLOODED DIAMOND

Two very different characters had been thrown together to face the enemy. Andreus had made a very wise move.

In full vigor Dent had chased Blond. Now together they were however chasing something far bigger. This would be in a far colder climate of greater hostilities.

They were a couple who were just tourists in the very capital of Russia. They were acting as if they were husband and wife. They had studied the plans and maps and had made notes, which were concealed in tourist guides. They both knew they would have to be very careful of the authorities. There was no structured plan to capture the diamond. That was a serious danger that was keeping them vigilant in all they did. Risks existed in a country that Blond had never even visited before.

The plane was full of Russian passengers. They however were not ordinary passengers. They had come to Russia for a very specific purpose. They had *'to chase a blooded diamond'*. They had no proper plan in the very heart of one of the most dangerous capitals in the world. Jake was a little overwhelmed. Death, money and power had reared its ugly head once more. It had been a long time since he had seen active service. This was certainly a serious mission.

They kept their conversation to a minimum on the plane.

Modern Moscow was now full of high buildings that capitalistic commerce had built up. Late at night there was full street activity. The wide streets were heavily patrolled as if there had been a bomb scare or something. The cab-driver took them in a black shiny Mercedes to their hotel. They had been in the plane for hours. After finally passing through passport control and the long drive to their hotel; they both needed to desperately stretch their legs.

They went for their first walk together. It felt a little strange to be lone, walking in the very heart of Moscow. Now outside the grand yellow and blue lit hotel, Jake decided to boldly break the ice between them. He took her arm in confidence as they walked away from the hotel. Slow headlamps came and went in the frosty Moscow night. They walked by a huge open park where they saw energetic groups dancing and skating to classical high musical tunes of some romantic booming melody. Colorful bright lights instilled romantic thoughts in them both. They could have so easily swung into each other's arms. Jake said softly coming close,

"I am ex-CIA Sarah. I left America and came to London in the early 1990's." His confident smooth intelligent American accent was something she knew she could get used to.

"Why did you leave?" asked Sarah frowning.

"I decided I had enough of being a brave spy who only carried out orders with no questions ever asked."

"Did you not miss the excitement?"

They heard someone fall over in the park on the ice and then saw a pink balloon ascend into the air. Sarah saw ice hanging on the tall fir trees. It seemed to hang in great defiance. The balloon went ever higher and then into final darkness.

Jake shook his head as he replied, "There was a time, when all I wanted to do was jump into danger and be the hero for *the American flag*. It was a great feeling to act as an enforcer for the government. I was young and could not get enough action. It did not matter where they sent us or how hard they pushed for mission success."

"What changed then?" He picked-up on the negative stance in her voice.

"You are asking a lot of questions. The truth is, I saw a lot of the team change over time. Close agents got killed or ended up in a wheel chair. I found it difficult to let go of the loyalties of those people. Slowly but surely as one mission led to another, I became totally disillusioned and demoralized by it all. What was the point in fighting for something that only seemed to cause misery and suffering?"

"So what happened then when you didn't really see the point of it anymore?"

"On my last mission we lost three of the crew early on. They were really good men. I was somehow taking over as if death could come to me and I would walk freely to its gates."

Sarah wanted to hear more from his more serious side. She was now intrigued as to what was making him tick. She wanted to reassure herself he still had the balls to do what had to be done. This was in a country where they could be in serious danger, even out of their depth.

Sarah dragged him away from his thoughts and asked him, "What did you do then?"

"We were in Pakistan high in the mountains, covered by trees. We had been flown-in late at night. The next morning we had orders to take a village over and capture a known terrorist, who was apparently taking refuge there. I remember taking the lead while radio orders were telling us what to do once he had been captured. The village was not hostile but we had killed four men on approach. We came finally among the dead and the man we had been looking for was not

even there. He had in fact left several days ago. It was a bungled operation and it was not the first time. Innocent people had died again and this time it had been for nothing. That was the last straw. I had enough. I started to finally realize that this type of work was meaningless to me. I could not see myself fitting in anymore. So just left and got on a plane to London.

"That is some story Jake. We better start getting back to the hotel."

Slowly they turned round and headed back the four or five miles they had walked. The snow had stopped falling but it was very cold. The walk had actually made them quite warm in their fur hats and heavy coats. Their hotel provided such garments for guests who had to travel light. Five star comforts were a blessing in such harsh Russian winters.

Crowds could be seen walking into the park. Shooting fireworks were cascaded high in bright colors. The high colorful display was watched briefly and then they looked at each other.

Jake then said romantically, totally out of the blue in American smooth tones she was warming to, "Those colors are playing with your amazing eyes."

Sarah smiled slightly, not wanting to show how she felt.

She said changing the subject, "I am hungry. I want a huge piece of strawberry cake and ice-cream. Are you hungry Jake?"

She did not get a reply. She had cut him off when he was in some display of emotion. He wanted to forget the moment. Suddenly two types of cold had him in quick movement. One leg could easily kick snow while the other could carry his heavy sad feelings of the past.

Jake was moving her faster then. They were soon in the lobby of the hotel. Sudden warm air made light heels stride effortlessly to the busy restaurant. Their coats were swiftly collected. They ordered coffee and cake with ice-cream. Later that night they both slept very well.

They met up early for breakfast in his hotel room. Sarah said she wanted to hear the rest of the story he was telling her from the night before. He paused as he went through his mind as to what had been said. He then carried the story on as if they had still been walking at night together arm in arm. A brigade of never ending fireworks had them deep inside. His eyes had been different then and romantic somehow. He started biting his jam toast and then in the mid-flow of swallowing said, "Let me see, where was I? Yes, now I remember. I was moving around London. For one reason or another I started hanging around people who traded in diamonds."

Sarah could see in his general manner that this was a decisive individual who could think on his feet. He carried on as she studied his face.

"That is where I came across our Boss Andreus. Since then we have been making a good living trading diamonds with other associates."

Sarah then asked bringing him directly to the present, "What did you think when you saw all those innocent people dead in Dulwich?"

Jake nodded, gulping his coffee down as if the train was leaving any minute.

"I have seen murders in my time. I know we in the military can kill very easily. However it was an extremely evil premeditated crime. Happy, totally defenseless people died. I am shocked that such a thing has happened in London. Maybe I have become a little soft but it is the last thing you would expect, you know?"

Sarah swallowed hard. Flashes of fallen limp bodies swept through her mind. Above the scene of carnage a red thin engulfing medieval demon seemed to be hovering in slow satisfied waves. She had fallen into a void and had not even noticed it. *The pulling of powerless victims to a darker dimension seemed to be very real.* Her complete stillness in this hypnotic vacuum had made her feel extremely dizzy. Her head then simply fell to the left, on to the supporting torso of Jake's warm beating chest. She was gone. She had fainted and Jake responded affectionately.

He brought her round and ordered hot Coco with a lot of sugar. Sarah suddenly then remembered his answer. She was back and Jake had her fully awake again, feeling far better. He made her feel safe.

She was pleased to hear compassion in his tone for the victims. Sarah was also secretly hoping he hadn't lost his aggressive edge. Here so much nearer such evil, she knew she would need his sharply trained killer instincts. They had to steal the diamond which belonged in all honesty, to Barry Singleton. She knew it had to be brought back into British hands. Blond's all too efficient fatal delivery had placed the doomed magical case in his hands. The guilt ran through her making her feel rather squeamish. Blond knew all too well that it was her who sealed his fate. She was there momentarily again, where she felt a cold air surrounding Mr. Singleton's opened hand. Was Jake a natural protector against such things? How many times had he defied death? How had he just left his American patriotism on the shelf and simply flown away? The man seemed to have little fear. She felt she needed him. She certainly was out of her depth. Nothing felt safe. However he was strong *and now very near.*

She remembered reading the notes on the plane which had been destroyed afterwards. There was information about the diamond, where it was originally from, right up to what its function was. That had been the first time she had felt this coldness streaming through her veins. She felt that they were all going to be

in for a big surprise if the '*diamond code*' was utilized. The feeling was as if she were tipping on a cliff's edge.

Sarah noticed Jake did not ask questions. He would study the situation instead and make an informed opinion on what he heard. His silence to her was an obvious indication that he was thinking his next move, weighing up all the possibilities before leaping into action.

They had been told to meet their contact Joe. This was at a certain Moscow location. A GPS device took the strain of mapping their course as they walked towards the east-side of Moscow, just after midday. High heaped snow lay everywhere. Were the formidable white walls the colder parts of the Kremlin's more dangerous arm? The sun certainly made snow crystals sparkle in different instant colors. These sparkles of shooting freedom could not be contained.

As they walked briskly, certain described buildings in the notes were recognized. They were significant to their mission. They would nod to one another as they identified some of them. However it soon apparent that they were no longer in the plush areas of Moscow. Their location of a disused petrol station had been found. A half-broken bench was sat on as they waited for their contact to arrive.

Jake then said in a low voice as if he were a spy giving crucial information that could be the difference between life and death, "Remember you are now 'Blond'."

"I will remember because we are under-cover and I do not want to die as my hair color gets all the glory for espionage."

Jake shook his head trying not to smile.

He replied, "If your hair stays blond I will keep you alive."

"This is serious Jake. Your colorful jokes are the mark of a real hero though. Let's just hope it does not come to that. I'm in Moscow and somehow I can't believe it."

At that point a car of Russian description pulled up. Their contact got out of the car and shook hands with them both. Joe greeted them in an American accent. He was a stocky man with plenty of hair who looked like a jogger. He wore trainers and a tracksuit. He had a small trimmed beard. He seemed to be in a hurry.

He looked very energetic and ran round the car to open the doors which gave way after a little persuasion. His friendly round face beckoned them into the car, where half-ripped leather seats made for a somewhat uncomfortable journey along industrial waste land and farms. Then there were some dotted out-buildings. The car was quite loud so there was little conversation until they reached a dust road, along the side of a thin running river.

There were evenly distanced faint-painted yellow and red bungalows. Small bare grass front gardens showed signs of wood being chopped. There were some wood stumps and scattered logs while others were heaped in an orderly fashion. It felt like Christmas as the wood represented 'a glowing fire to be'. Blond liked the fresh wood smell and breathed it in deeply as the car moved far more slowly down a white lane of trees and bushes. Moscow seemed far behind them as nature's green still pushed itself through melting snow. The sun was shining very brightly.

Joe explained the dwellings were used mainly as weekend holiday shacks. They could stay here and not be bothered. Inside the functionality was kept to a bare minimum. At least it could be made warm. From here plans could be made.

Joe had kitted them out with suitable warm clothes, bedding, food and gas. They would only have to chop wood to keep warm. There was a long locked trunk by the first bunk bed with guns and axes inside. More maps were on the shelves with some English novels. It certainly was claustrophobic and the two visitors wished they were back in the hotel. However this was home for now.

"You have everything you need here. There is a shed to the back which is secluded if you should need it. It is secure enough to lock someone up."

The three of them sat round the table and Joe pulled out drawings while black coffee was sipped.

"Have you come to any ones' attention?"

"No, all went fine. We are simply tourists," said Jake as he held up his map.

Joe said seriously then, "Blond remember, I do not exist if you get picked-up. I am fed information from many sources in Western Europe from a secret location that does not exist. My second identity is not known to the Russian authorities and I want it to stay that way. I am just registered as another Russian citizen and my American history is unknown. At night I use a couple of tramps as runners for all my dealings. With such situations we now find ourselves in I must tell you that I want it to stay that way. Others are relying on me.

Blond knew it was all so real then. *This was a serious mission in Russia.* She was going to change things. She heard Joe carry on then, "As a team we must protect each other to the best of our abilities. Once word is out that someone foreign is snooping around asking awkward questions, we will be in a lot of danger. 'The powers that be' have stolen something very precious from another country with little regard for human life. The last thing they are going to tolerate after having achieved 'the almost impossible', is *our* interference. We will be signing our own death warrants if our cover is blown. You must believe me. I know the mentality surrounding these secretive political actors."

Blond asked as she finally removed her hat revealing her beauty to the two of them.

"How will you communicate with us?"

Joe replied, "Any messages from Andreus or me will be under the second tree-stump. Burn them once they are read."

No one from the other side of the river takes any notice of these huts. It would be better to use surveillance first at night before retrieving information though.

Jake asked, "Has there been any messages?"

"Yes here, I wrote it out before I came. Now you have new identities. From now on Jake your name is 'Doctor Kittle'. Blond is your assistant. Your name is 'Miss Leveridge'. These people actually don't exist. Your identities are superficially recognized in the UK, with addresses should you be checked out."

"So, here are your papers. You are registered with a three month visiting permit. You are attached to the Radiology laboratory as observers, to assist in information for British universities you have an affiliation with. I have your second passports should the first set be confiscated by the authorities. Any messages for Andreus just leave them under the second stump."

"The most important thing is not to get followed. If you pick-up a tail, shift it before you come anywhere near this place. Jake, Andreus told me you would fill me in as to why this diamond is so important to the Russians."

Jake tapped the shoulder of Blond and she started speaking while he checked out the ammunition in the chest.

"I read in the notes that a rich Londoner called Barry Singleton went with his wife to the Congo. She wanted an exotic holiday and he wanted to secretly buy her a very expensive present for her birthday. He loved his wife so much he contracted a diamond worth in the region of 4.2 million to be transported to a well-known diamond dealer in London. Eventually the diamond was delivered by me. I, being the courier, eventually handed it over to Mr. Singleton. Jake tried to stop me but that's another story."

She stopped there and went over to a small stove where she poured more coffee for herself. Sitting back down she ignored Jake who was polishing a rifle as she carried on.

"In reality unknown to him, he was not buying just an amazing sought after jewel of some size. He had instead bought a weapon which effectively destroys national and international computer systems' secrecy. The diamond is only activated by industrial lasers which in turn activates a 'coded key'.

Jake slammed the chest shut and wrapped a leg over a chair as he came to sit down again at the table. He effectively took over the story as Blond went to get more coffee.

"It turns out," Jake started, "there was a huge birthday party at the Singleton's house the same night they were all killed. We were the first on the scene but were too late. They were all dead. The diamond was gone. I collected some bullets and we got out of there."

Joe shook his head in shock. "Wow. That's pretty heavy. That's enough media attention to get us all blown out of the water Jake. What else did you find out?"

Jake replied, rubbing his hands to get a little warmer after touching cold metal, "Andreas found out the diamond had been flown into Russia. I saw on the internet just this morning, the horrific London media story. The family and press and the people of Dulwich are in uproar. They are demanding the killers are found. The diamond is hot property. As crazy as we are, that is why we are here. First there are dangerous diamond chases in London and now I have to come all the way here to do it all over again. I think it's about time I actually got to see the thing."

Joe nodded as he could not agree more. He handed over a picture of a man smiling sitting under a palm tree in a sandy background. He looked as if he was from Turkey or some other country, which had such 'facial features' of that region.

Joe handed the picture over as the wood fire started licking better flames in the corner. "Take a look at this picture. Jazera sent it through to me this morning. This man is called 'Alsten'. He's our man Jake. He flew into Moscow a week ago. He has not been here long enough to even realize how cold it is. I have managed to find out where he is staying. It seems the Russian authorities are looking after him. He must be hot property. He has a luxury flat in the very heart of Moscow and is chauffeured around in a limousine. He must have made *a whole load of promises to get his feet so warm*. I've written down the address but at the moment he is not there. He's meant to be at the laboratory but no one has seen him today."

Jake took the photo. This is the sort of information that could get us killed but you did us proud Joe. Do we know what official reason has been given as to why he is here?"

"Yes. He is a representative of Iranian petroleum companies. They wish to access western technology abroad. There is an interesting link here. The stone Alsten had sold through the Congo agent is now in the hands of Russian scientists. The diamond has been registered at the Moscow laboratory. This only happened the other day. It must be the diamond you are seeking."

Jake said justifiably, "It looks like we have found our target."

Joe warned them, "One thing though. According to our informant at the lab, no one knows where the diamond came from. When not in use of course it is held in a secure area. The scientist from Iran has not turned up for work. There are whispers that he has been arrested."

Jake then had a theory. He put the final jigsaw together as he spoke slowly.

"The diamond might have been secretly encoded by the Iranians. Maybe they have ideas about damaging western countries?"

Joe replied, "If that is the case and few know what the code is, then they would be in a very advantageous position indeed."

Blond was then handed the picture by Jake. Pointing to the picture Blond then asked, "Why would they arrest Scientist Alsten if he is representing a set of Iranian companies?"

Joe responded in defense, "He *may* have been arrested. He may be back at work tomorrow. One thing is for sure. They are keeping a close eye on him. I will try and get some more information. Maybe someone high up who ordered the killings in London is now very interested in Alsten. They certainly need to use him to expose the diamond's capabilities. There will be certain pressures for precise information."

Blond replied, "That would make sense after all the trouble they have gone to. Joe came back, "I would do the same if I had taken such a huge risk in stealing it, the way they did. Now they want to make sure that Scientist Alsten uses the stone for its real dangerous purpose."

"I understand as well that the Iranians do not have the technology to fully activate the code."

"But the Russians certainly do," said Jake sitting at the small table looking intently at Joe.

Joe replied, "That is what Andreus thinks and I am inclined to go along with him. It is also well-known that Russia has good trade links with Iran. This common ground of Russian technology and Iranian programmers has all the hallmarks of serious danger. This is especially since they are functioning outside western democracies."

Jake agreed. "The Iranian is certainly playing a dangerous calculating game with his life. The Russians and Iranians will all want results. They will want proof after having gone to so much trouble."

Blond asked worryingly, "Is it politically motivated to undermine western computer powers? It could cause absolute chaos. I mean, it is madness isn't it?" Jake had to agree.

"It is certainly a dangerous threat, especially with nuclear programs that can be manipulated."

Joe was concerned. He had told Andreus his reservations. Would he see these people alive in a weeks' time? He had seen it all go so tragically wrong before. He felt even less confident knowing Blond had not even been to Russia before. He would have to keep these extra thoughts to himself. After all, Jake had certain capabilities of an ex-agent.

It was getting late. He left them knowing his new arrivals would be keen to press on and probably hatch-up a plan, of what to do first. They would confide in him, but for now he would let them decide which way they wanted to handle the situation.

Jake and Blond were now tired. It was getting late. They took quilts and cushions out of the insulated cupboard and went to bed. Joe threw another log on the red burning fire and soon left. The Russian air made them both sleep right through the night.

As Jake and Sarah rose early, the floor boards of the small intimidating bungalow creaked. Jake made burnt scrambled eggs and Sarah made filtered coffee. The coffee was so strong they had enough energy to work on a formidable plan.

Jake went outside and hammered some flat pieces of wood together. He then brought the flat structure inside and placed it by the small table. It was to serve as a notice board of sorts. Sarah seemed to have no trouble with wood-chopping and soon had a blazing fire going. Wearing jeans and jumpers they made home as if it were another objective of the day. There seemed to be a certain ease between them. In a short time they found they could laugh and be serious together. However Jake and Sarah were still strangers in many ways.

They sat with coffee, pencils, paper and a warm fire in quietness. Only meters away the freezing narrow river flowed gently over large rounded stones. Jake wrote a question and pinned it up on the board. He read the question out loud.

"Who is behind the diamond's capture?"

After thinking for a few moments, Blond answered and Jake started writing again.

"Well, we have militia Bullets. So we know it is someone who gave the order to send a team to Britain."

Jake nodded in agreement and wrote another question. It read, 'Who ordered the operation in Dulwich?'

"It's my turn," he said. He went into deep thought and struggled. He put his head on the table, thinking hard.

"We only know they were killed by Militia bullets. I believe that Alsten holds the key here."

"How would that be?" asked Blond.

"He would know exactly where the diamond is because he is in communication with the source that captured it. The Russians he works with will want results. The sort of people that can command results will be in charge. They would definitely know the killers that brought the stone back."

Blond shook her head. To find out such information would be impossible.

"That's a tall order Jake. If we get that far, we will have all the information on who set this situation up and who the killers are. Scientist Alsten is certainly the key to the whole operation in Dulwich. The problem for everyone now is that he is far more protected."

"OK, I will write that down. 'The Iranian is working for the 'KGB'. They have the stone. They are the killers of the innocent people in London.'"

Blond replied "He can help us steal it back as he must have access. Jake, that has got to be our way in. It is the only way we are going to get the diamond. The Scientist has access so he can get us close enough to steal it back."

Jake simply nodded. They then smiled at each other at the simple but effective progress that had been made. They made more coffee and wrote more necessary questions on the board.

Jake asked another question, pacing the small cabin. Blond wrote the question down as he said it out loud. "How are we going to question those responsible? It is not impossible. We do not have the facilities. We are hardly policemen and certainly have no authority here. We are not even spies working for another government. I feel so weak in this situation. When I was an agent things were so different. I had full back up in foreign lands. We have to be very careful here Sarah. Jo has warned us of the greatest of dangers. I am no longer a spy for a powerful government. Those days are gone."

Blond agreed saying, "Even if we could capture and interrogate, what incentive or threats can we give to ensure reasonable answers? We could so easily get our own heads chopped off. These people are ruthless."

She then wrote two more questions. They read, "How are we going to get the names of the killers?" How are we going to get confessions once we know the names?"

They had reached a dead end. They knew now what was to be achieved. How it was going to be achieved was another question. Blond then asked the impossible question.

"How are we meant to steal the diamond?"

Jake did not have the answer. He knew he didn't. Finally he said, "I need some fresh air. I have an idea which might help us in some way. Who knows, I have to try."

They walked a while until a cab was in sight on the main road. They took a drive into Moscow where the weather was dry but freezing cold. They had passed their wonderful hotel but the mission was all that was on their minds. Jake went near the American Embassy and hanged around with Blond. They behaved a little awkwardly as if they were lost tourists. It was so important to keep up a certain pretense. Jake was looking for a certain type of individual who would look like an American serviceman coming off duty. He hoped he could catch such a person leaving the American building. He did not have to wait long. He suddenly saw his ideal target. He was trained to look for a certain face. A person's expression and body language could give so much away, if you knew what to look for.

He saw his ideal target and homed in with all smiles. Within minutes he had the soldier listening to him. The two men strolled casually into a busy cafe. They sat down by the huge flowered decorated window and Jake ordered coffee. He quickly had the man in his confidences. Blond took a bar stool and watched in the glass mirror, that was behind the bar. She smiled to herself. Jake could easily handle himself. That was important to her. He was also taking definite steps forward.

She thought to herself, 'Nice work Jake. Now we're getting somewhere'.

The soldier liked the idea that he was speaking to someone who was *undercover* for 'CIA intelligence'; who had luckily found him first, after his long flight from Washington. He had his orders. Soldier Steve Hunningham would obey. The American government needed help in the very depths of Russia. Foreigners had to stick together. Also, government assistance was usually highly rewarded, when you were singled out by institutional powers. Papers from above were to be acted upon, in the name of 'American Patriotism'. The man was more than secretively willing to oblige another American citizen, on higher orders.

Of course Soldier Hunningham was a true-blooded patriot to his country. He would surely waste no time in taking on his covert 'undercover role'. The CIA agent had orders to empower him to act. The fake identification and the inside slang knowledge was enough for the patriot to swear allegiance. He would probably get himself killed, but he was not to know that was he?

Hunningham was instructed by Jake who hadn't even named himself, to access secretly all listed addresses of Iranians, who had come within the last year or so to the Soviet Union. In addition, he would access their official purpose, which would be stated on the permit papers automatically logged on the central

security systems, within KGB headquarters. The soldier had access. His girlfriend, a Russian, worked inside the Moscow military establishment. Jake had struck gold. He saw that as a good omen. He could have been running around for weeks for such vital information. He had simply selected the right man at the right time. Who had such luck?

The two tourists soon met back up by the river. Huge building blocks were dominating the scenery. Once they were sure they were not being followed or overheard, they spoke looking over the Volga River.

Jake was very pleased with what he had accomplished. He watched the crowds of people passing by. He breathed in cold air into his masculine lungs. He had found his way in and on top of that, a British beauty was right there to witness it all. Humor was rising up inside him in the face of present dangers. A large step forward had been accomplished. The couple felt quite satisfied to be alone in the very heart of the capital of Russia. The good plan was progressing. Jake could not help himself, although he should have stayed on the straight and narrow. Blond was too sexy on Russian soil and he had secured a vital informant.

He spoke with a posh English accent, which he had perfected over the years while living in London. It took the edge off the excitement he was feeling. He spoke softly to her. He wanted to show her more of his affections. Without a doubt Jake was very fond of Blond.

"The first hurdle has been accomplished Miss Leveridge. All we have to do now is sit tight until we get the call from the man in the bar. We have kept away from immediate danger so far." Sarah responded to him then. She swung around to face him directly. Did such humor exist under such circumstances? Was he really that sexy even in the coldest of climates? *What was he trying to do to her?* His mysterious outburst however had caught her unaware. He was being passionate. She instantly loved it. Just then, the deepest of cold Moscow snow was melting inside her. Inner leaping passions were suddenly warming her heart anew. Jake had evidently hit the soft spot within her.

Through their thick coats they hugged each other tightly. It allowed necessary body heat to rise. She decided to rise to his sexy humor. The moment could not be lost. He had opened the *well* and all she wanted to do was dive right in. It was the last thing she had expected under the circumstances. Jake really was *'something'* she thought to herself.

In a posh tone, which made her blond ponytail bounce all the more in femininity, she replied, "What shall we do for the rest of the day Hero Kittle?"

He replied, "Yes, Hero Kittle will fly you to the moon in a passion of happiness as you are a very sexy princess."

She came back swiftly, "You are my rocket."

They both giggled like teenagers as greater passions grew. Two guards on the other side of the wide street looked away. Tourists had such an easy time of it. Sarah leaned against him in that moment quite intently. The tough shameless stranger was good enough. He was so human and so gentle in the way he spoke that she was sure she had to have more.

Two Militia with standard issue machine guns approached slowly walking through the crowds in a straight line. They both saw them and knew they could not afford to be seen. The first time he would kiss her would be now she thought. Sarah peered at the uniformed men. She then flicked her eyes back into his. A delighted soul was on full show. Nearly full fright and excitement had her heart tipping. She could have so easily ran there and then. Jake had her so close. It was all that had stopped her.

She said, "Oh Jake please dent me!"

He then grinned and said spontaneously, "With my rocket I the charmingly dent."

Kissing her gently they became physically and emotionally shielded, against the world, among the crowds, deep in the middle of cold Moscow. After the kiss she wanted confirmation as she smiled at him.

"Two tourists more interested in love than Moscow. Two people who have left the drab world of espionage, into a whole world of emotional colors."

He heard her then as if a wonderful angel's voice had come into play. *It was as if she had finally thawed out.* He couldn't resist then.

"I will dent your heart, thumping it with mine as we will stay entwined."

Without anyone seeing they squeezed hands. Their coats were so thick and large. Even Joe though bears were coming to make a mission come true. It was alright. Others wore such coats too. It was as if the 1950's had to be re-enacted as the snow fell on the darkest of materials. They then suddenly walked off to the cinema. They bought tickets to a film which they had seen advertised earlier, when in more practical resolved states of mind.

Jake carried on, "We will watch the film together and become lovers forever in a dented world, where Miss Leveridge has made Doctor Kittle feel like a gentleman all over again." He was not wrong. He felt like a different person.

The cinema screen was in full view now and so was he. Never did she herself feel like this before. She was far away from home and falling in love with an ex-CIA agent more handsome than life itself. He was moving her somewhere she had not been before. The whole episode by the wideness of the Volga River had started her to be slightly dizzy from the chest downwards. Happy sensations were all new, all encompassing. Blond loved every second of it. Later they were back

in the cold and among more crowds. Their coats rubbed against other coats as they were sucked into streams of bustling moving crowds.

The underground was magnificent and the long walk home afterwards was interrupted by gentle kisses. Tall fir trees and high walls witnessed a passion that just would not cease. They were soon so near the cabin again in full fresh feelings of love. It had happened quite fast but nothing could stop them now.

Blond said in devilish low posh tones, "I'm a couple of mauve petals who can't wait to be pulled apart."

Smiling, he carried her into the cabin and a rough exchange of passion took over in the creaking darkness. He was pulled by her now, deliberately falling on the creaking bed. In full confidence she hit him over and over as he skillfully took measured blows, sending them into gentle winds. The lowing Volga forced snow and water to mix ultimately, sliding the deepest of freezing weather. Right here, Jake was showing her his heated inner passions.

Now she could do anything to him and he would respond effortlessly, in pacifying her fully aggressive needs. Her fight then started to subside though. He then allowed himself all that he wanted to her moans of pure gratification.

They finally fell asleep fully entwined. Hours later the morning came up abruptly with a high pitched tone coming from Jake's phone. As he answered he fell out of the small cabin bed. A sleeping blond woman let her arm fall where he had laid. He jumped up naked and grabbed a pencil. He scribbled on the floorboard, *'meeting at 11a.m. in the cafe'*. That was all the message had said. It was all he needed.

He looked at his watch. It was 9.40a.m. He pulled on cold clothes and woke Sarah up gently. He kissed the inside of her thighs and she started to pull him on top. He protested, instead blowing on her smooth skin. He whispered in her ear, telling her they had an appointment with the American. Blond soon had her clothes on. They left the warm cabin and went directly out into the cold air. She kicked snow as she tried to shake off a sleepy head.

Higher heaped snow and a frozen breeze greeted them as they finally reached the upper river. Just before eleven they had reached their destination. Once inside the warm cafe he saw his contact and he went over to him. Some papers were passed over in secret. After a short conversation the soldier left a little richer.

Five minutes later Jake, keeping his head down, pulled Blond towards a taxi. He felt they were showing their faces far too much in public. He was suddenly frightfully aware just how easily they could be arrested. Their movements and the contact with the American soldier was every reason to make watchful eyes suspicious.

A far lower public profile would be needed for their safety. Blond was taken back to the cabin. They used a different route, just in case. Jake knew he had to watch his back. He could not afford to be tailed. From now on he would take every precaution available to him. He also had to protect her. She was a great distraction from realistic dangers and his heart was now on fire. In euphoria, one thing was for sure. He had the list and he had Blond.

Blond read the list of names as they walked through a certain path in the park. The combination of perfume and the secretly acquired list made for triumphant impatience. He was thrilling with excitement. His highly stimulated manhood was not lost on his beauty.

Soon the cabin was in sight. In some excitement snow flipped high into the air. Long happy strides in quick thudding enthusiasms was no less than running love. They finally reached the cabin door and stopped. They looked around standing very still, holding hands. Heavy fresh snow had fallen to cleanse the soul. Great silence was everywhere. Was Russia's freezing cold so vast? Moscow had been covered easily within one hour. It was a wonderful blissful moment in pure stillness.

Near and far it was all the same. A real happiness had them in that pure loving witnessed moment. It would stay with them for the rest of their lives. A vast sweeping blanket of white snow could freeze you in seconds, if you fell into deeper freezing dangers. Beauty and death were ever so close. There could be no harm when you stood so still. Little did the couple know that the ghosts of Dulwich had followed their trail. Love had opened the door as perfect isolation had them once more.

Claimed spirits of Dulwich watched in full hopes of revenge. These spirits made protected spells that flowed over the pair. Growing passion had its reward in goodness. Their merged purity of force was now overwhelmingly fiercely felt. An opposite was now fighting against a hunting evil breed. Blond and the American were in love.

Such a protective power was fighting for them now. Somehow their angels had protected them. This was while they were being followed earlier along the river by ruthless Militia. They had managed to escape with vital information. They were however none the wiser, that they were now being looked for.

Jake had his instincts and training to thank for not being caught. He had felt they were being pursued. However he had seen nothing in particular. He had been in danger many times before in his work. Jake instinctively had sensed the danger, well before physical events manifested themselves. Certain missions had certain feelings. You learned to listen to that. Some unspoken instinctive rules were now protecting him.

In darkness the cabin was damp. Sarah revitalized the hot coals of a small glowing fire with fresh logs. Hats and coats were discarded childishly by the front door. Once again their passions could not be held back. Outside as temperatures dropped even further, snow fell once more.

Together they made their way to a stronger bond. Every kiss and caress would be remembered. They had found their never ending desire. He blew at her hair. She giggled as she pulled his. Afterwards Sarah washed quickly in cold water. He slipped on jeans and went to the table. He now handled the envelope he had been given earlier by his informant in the cafe.

He had to be careful with the sealed envelope. He reached over to the kettle and clicked it on. Five minutes later the envelope was steamed open. Thin tweezers pinched the rough paper which was delicately removed. He shone it under a 12 volt car lamp. There were no bugs. The paperwork was clean.

Jake reached for the file resting on the sideboard which Joe had left. He took out the contents and searched for the information about the Iranian. He checked the names against the two lists. When the Iranian's name was found, Jake checked out the address on the tourist map. He had it. He stood there for a moment and memorized the streets and relevant numbers.

The man named Alsten was his new target. He had a dangerous destiny with Alsten. He grooved his intentions mentally, digging his sharp fingernails into the wood of the table. He could hear faint singing. Immediately he came back to reality with a new determined purpose. He threw the lists and information into the fire. The logs had now all but disintegrated into a smoldering unbearable heat. As the fire started again, vital evidence burned to cinders.

Alsten was certainly in danger now. The ex-American agent *was a highly skilled trained killer*. Jake Dent had all the instincts of a thoroughbred hound. His target would be pursued relentlessly. He knew from this moment on Blond would have to be protected by Joe. His acts would otherwise put her in direct danger.

"Alsten, Alsten, you are all mine." He whispered in crucial determination as if the Scientist was able to hear him.

He then pinned Alsten's photo on the edge of the table, where he could easily see his mark. He went into the bedroom and opened the trunk. He took out the guns for inspection. All the while he kept one eye on the photo. Dent was sure of one thing now his mark was in sight. Blond had to be removed to safety. He could not afford to be distracted. A spy needed to be alone in order to focus. Even so he would be put her to good use.

Blond stoked the fire and saw Jake smiling at her. She jumped up and he grabbed her tight. Happiness had built a bridge and they were both suddenly standing on it. All the troubles of the world flowed under them in that moment.

Jake said as he squeezed her even more, "I like you a lot." She replied, trying not to show how happy she was on hearing those words, "The way you squeeze it is just as well."

Jake asked her to sit down. As she sat on the thick wooded chair he brushed a finger across her face. She was too good to get hurt in all that Alsten had done. He had to protect her as much as he could.

"Tomorrow I want you to go with Joe. I will speak with him tonight. I followed him when he left, when you went to sleep. He is not far from here. I have to go after the Iranian and you must help me from the outside. That is the best way forward Sarah."

Her disappointed face said it all.

"I want us to stay together. Come on Jake, this is our mission for all the adventure one could ever want. I like seeing you in the thick of danger. You're so different than you appeared to be in London. I like your more serious side. It is very sexy."

He answered shaking his head slowly, "I want that too, you know that. However the plan I have in mind means you need to be on the *outside*. I might get myself arrested or in some other serious trouble.

"Here it is no game Sarah. People die all the time.

"One sniff of our plans and they will put a bullet in your head so easily.

"You have to stay safe on the outside while I concentrate on my target. I do not want you to come to any harm.

"You're so beautiful and need to be loved for a very long time."

Sarah was shaking her head.

"I get the easy part while you sail as close as can be?"

"It will get dangerous enough later on believe me."

"Please just be careful Jake." Joe was contacted now she had agreed.

Sarah begrudgingly understood. He would be far more protected this way. They hugged and then put their warm coats on. She locked up and hid the key. *They had now found each other.* Their new found loving feelings meant safety was now even more paramount.

Joe picked up Blond within the hour. As he saw her leave Jake felt he had lost something precious. Now he was on his own. He had a job to do. A different side of him took over. He concentrated on his next move. He felt more in control, now that his amazingly attractive blond was safely out of the way. She was on his mind as he walked alone. While he had fallen in love, he had serious priorities to consider. He now had to get the job done. It had to be tonight.

Jake went back to the cabin. He cleaned the whole place from top to bottom with disinfectant. He also washed out the fireplace. Sheets and bedding were put

into a plastic bag. All surfaces were wiped, including handles, doors and windows. Once satisfied no one would be able to tell who had stayed here last, he locked up and put the key in the safety hole in the stump outside. He looked around for any peering eyes. Then he casually looked deeper inside the stump. On doing so he found a message from his Boss. Andreus had also sent more cash.

The message was short and to the point. It read, *'I heard you are progressing. "Iran" family kidnapped; A wife 27 and two daughters, 8 and 5, by "Long Ears. Get our man. You are the best'.*

Jake could see that Andreus and Ostla had been busy. He destroyed the note, tearing it up and then swallowing it. Jake had eaten a lot of messages in his time. The pulp paper went down like easy slime.

The kidnap of the Iranian family in Iran by Ostla, meant Jake could now easily blackmail the Iranian. He just had to get close enough. He walked by a certain building just north of the city, which in the notes had been described as the particular 'technological facility'. He scanned the area casually smoking a cigarette. He looked as if he was not interested in the comings and goings from the various entrances.

Then by chance two men had finished their shift and were walking away from the facility. Jake ran over to them in a friendly manner and simply showed them the photo of Alsten. One of the uniformed men pointed to the building, confirming straight away that Alsten was known as another scientist.

Jake was now in a far better position. He had located Alsten's place of work for sure. He knew that the diamond had to be within this facility. He was so close to it and felt his heart pumping in his chest. He started walking into central Moscow and phoned the American Embassy. A certain plan had formed in his mind. He would definitely need outside help. The Embassy had invited him in for a chat.

Colonel Hastperry came to the front desk and greeted him. They went to a side room where another military figure stood by. Jake felt in his element. He simply took the guard in a torso lock and gingerly swung him to the floor. He removed his weapon and with the other fist was ready to punch hard. Hastperry smiled.

Then he said, "Yea, we had you clocked the moment the voice recognition told us who you were. For one thing Mr. ex-CIA, you are a long way from home. If I am not mistaken you left us a long time ago. What may I ask are you doing in Moscow?"

Jake replied smiling, "Got any gum Colonel?" The Colonel came back a little annoyed as he wanted a real answer.

"No gum, but we got rice pudding with a strawberry middle. You know you can forget it. You're nothing but a tourist with a bad memory. Your records say that you quit due to amnesia. If you do not answer my questions you are wasting my time."

Jake replied to the shock of the Colonel, "Sir, I am reporting for duty."

Hastperry came back shouting, "What?? Have you lost your mind? Not accepted, period."

"Colonel Hastperry Sir, we have a problem. I am therefore reporting for duty Sir."

Hastperry sneered leaning across his desk. "Give me the facts."

"Number one Colonel. On the first of October this year, 41 people died in Pelsam close, South London, Dulwich, London."

Hastperry's ears pricked up. "I'm listening."

Hastperry had seen the reports on BBC World News. He was shocked as to just how many had died. Hastperry knew that Russian standard hardware had been used. There had been evidential reports, that certain military boot prints of standard KGB issue had been found. The serious incident was being investigated by MI6. This could only mean one thing for Hastperry. The Russians at some level were seriously involved. That much he was definitely sure of.

Hastperry whispered into his intercom looking straight at the tall, lean man before him. Jake then said, "Point number two sir; I was trying to capture a particular diamond in London. This stone was stolen later from the address mentioned. The stone is very dangerous Sir. It has a code that potentially could annihilate global interface mainframe computers."

"Point three; the diamond is right here under our noses. The Moscow Facility of Technology has the diamond. I believe they intend to use it Colonel."

"Point number four Sir; I want to go in and steal it. It is my duty to get that diamond back on British soil. It is the mission that must be accomplished. I need your help to do this Colonel."

This is in the name of all western flags under the NATO banner. We have got to act now. That is my military assignment. I definitely need your men to get the job done Sir."

"I want to remove the diamond and the ultimate danger."

Hastperry now had a headache. He had received files from the CIA, MI6 and the British police. Hastperry already had a good idea where the diamond was.

He was thinking about Dent's stated facts with all the entailed criminal and moral implications. The man's dangerous intentions could explode right in his face. He had read the man's file from way back. He knew Dent could deliver.

That was not in question. Hastperry knew however that the risks of getting caught and killed were very high. He rose to his feet and replied,

"Forty-one people die and you're in the thick of it. I cannot and will not get involved. Do you understand me? I have no evidence or authorization as an embassy official. I now have standing before me an ex-CIA agent, who has entered Russia under false pretenses."

Jake came back, pushing his point further, "Sir we have to act in the interests of international security."

Hastperry had questions he definitely wanted answering. "Well what the hell do you want me to do exactly? Do you want me to storm in on a protected Russian guarded laboratory and just wave the American flag? Do you think everyone will just naturally fall into line and cooperate? Where the hell do you think we are? Do you want my embassy to be under even greater scrutiny, just because of allegations you cannot prove? You are shouting your mouth off Dent. You are no longer a spy. Can you not get that into your thick skull? Now I have to respond to your demands. I know your game. You are trying to make me feel guilty. You are trying to push me into a corner. Other senior officials have obligations for this matter. Go home Mr. Dent. Forget that you ever were a spy. It has got you into a very bad place right now. You might not even leave here alive if you carry on with this. The British Government is handling these matters OK?

If they need some sort of outside American interference, I am sure they would be more than happy to bang on our front door. This would be because they all want a day off or something."

Jake was not put off in the slightest. He argued back, "I understand that Colonel however time is of the essence. We are far closer than the British government. I have excellent Moscow intelligence on the ground. I will act on that good intelligence right here inside Moscow. Something very dangerous is going to happen if we don't stop powerful intentions Colonel."

Hastperry was building up a sweat now. Dent had dug his heels in further. He knew Jake was getting the upper hand.

"I'll give you this much Dent. You have got some balls coming in here, trying to put my career on the line."

Jake was totally silent now. He knew if he shut up long enough, the Colonel would probably end up helping him. This was while they both knew time was not on their side. Colonel Hastperry was all too aware of it. He also knew the diamond *existed*. He knew deep down that Dent was right. The ex-spy had followed it all the way to Moscow.

Up till now no one quite knew why so many people had had to die. Why had the stone ended up in London? Was it not owned by the Iranian government?

Why were so many people killed? Why did the Russians need it so badly? They had enough oil, gas and gold, without the problems of such a dangerous political diamond. Certain things just did not add up.

Just what was it about the stone that had everyone prepared to risk everything for its capture? It all went through his mind. The London deaths and soviet intervention was enough evidence for the Colonel to see, that things were only going to get worse. Dent was bolder than brass and knew too much. The ultimate question was starring him right in the face. What would happen if the diamond were to be activated by the Russians? This was a question he just did not want to contemplate. Jake had made it all too clear that the stone was very dangerous. That serious danger was now in Russian hands.

Moments passed until Hastperry finally said, "Jake I will help you. I will give you men, equipment and secretive authorizations. I however want to make one thing absolutely clear. This assistance is totally off the record. These guys are the best. As soon as I release them to you, they will become just simple American civilians under your responsibility. I will give you four men. You have a total of three hours and not a second more. Do you hear me Jake? I then want them back as if nothing had happened. Do I make myself crystal clear?"

"Yes Colonel. Thank you Sir."

Hastperry then made demands Jake knew he would.

"Sit down and shut up!"

"Officially the American Embassy has never been involved. This means no contact. You will never call me. You don't even know what I look like.

"Secondly if you are successful, we will take you back on a military cargo plane. I don't want you here a second longer than you need to be. That's the best I can do."

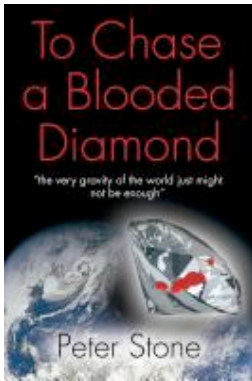
Jake saluted. "I accept those conditions and Colonel?"

"What!"

Thank you Sir. You're one hell of a Colonel Sir."

Hastperry cut Jake dead. He had a final warning. "Dent you just listen to me. I expect you to use my men with respect. Now get the hell out of here before I change my mind."

Jake left the building. The Colonel watched him go. He smiled. He liked Jake's style. He was all *balls and action*. In truth he was a little jealous. Nothing would have thrilled him more than to get a little action against the soviets once in a while. Instead he had to pamper to their country's corrupt regime. He was all too aware that London had experienced the worst of aggressions. The fact that great suffering had been inflicted persuaded him to help Dent. For that he hoped Jake Dent would do some justice, *in the greatest of tragedies*.



This dramatic, action-packed thriller is based on the incredible power of an alien diamond. It hooks international intelligences who fight for its ultimate capture. Ex-CIA Jake Dent and his London diamond team quickly get themselves into serious political trouble as they enact dangerous missions for love, loyalty and greed to secure the diamond, ultimately for 'a new world.' Ever closer political powers have to be constantly out-witted in order to secure man's new destiny.

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