

Richard Diamond is on vacation in Cancun, the beaches are white and the water is azure blue, life is great. Then Richard receives a distress call on his home phone. He is soon whisked away deep into the emerging conflict in the Ukraine.

Richard Diamond, CIA

By Edward F. Koehler PhD

Order the book from the publisher BookLocker.com

<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/11839.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**

EDWARD F. KOEHLER, PHD

RICHARD DIAMOND CIA



Copyright © 2018-2021 Edward F. Koehler, PhD

ISBN: 978-1-64719-271-6

All Rights Reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without the written permission of the author.

Richard Diamond CIA is a work of fiction. Although based on real-world events, the characters, dialogue, relationships, and incidents depicted are drawn from the author's imagination and are not to be construed as real. The references to events, organizations, and locations are intended to provide a sense of reality, are used to provide authenticity, and should also not be construed as real. It could be said that Richard Diamond and the other protagonist portrayed in Richard Diamond CIA place their lives, fortunes, and sacred honor on the line every day to defend freedom and the United States in the far-reaching corners of the globe.

Printed on acid-free paper.

BookLocker.com, Inc.
2021

Second Edition

Table of Contents

Prologue	The Ukraine	
Chapter 1	Offices at Langley	1
Chapter 2	Cancun, Mexico	8
Chapter 3	The Ruins at Chichen Itza	25
Chapter 4	Club Med Sunset Barbecue	36
Chapter 5	A Deserted Beach, Day Four	42
Chapter 6	Metropolitan Correctional Center, New York City	56
Chapter 7	Miami, Florida	71
Chapter 8	The Casino, Day Seven	80
Chapter 9	San Juan, Puerto Rico	97
Chapter 10	The Flight to Kiev, Ukraine	110
Chapter 11	The Ukraine.....	122
Chapter 12	The Black Sea Harbor	134
Chapter 13	On the Run	142
Chapter 14	Sinferopol International Airport.....	156

Chapter 15	Ben Gurion Airport, Tel Aviv, Israel	167
Chapter 16	Reagan Airport, Washington, DC ...	176
Chapter 17	J. Willard Whyte Hotel, Washington. DC	184
Chapter 18	The Offices of the Clifton Global Initiative Foundation	200
Chapter 19	The Senate Oyster Bar & Grill, Washington, DC	206
Chapter 20	CIA Headquarters, Langley, Virginia	217
Epilogue	Margie Jordan's Townhouse, Virginia	232

Offices at Langley

Catherine Ang stands looking out the window of her fourth-floor office at Langley, Central Intelligence Agency headquarters. Catherine's navy-blue pinstripe skirt with matching jacket is impeccably tailored. The fit is business-like while being enticing at the same time. Her long black hair is braided into a single braid that falls down her back. Catherine is an attractive thirty-one-year-old Chinese American with a pleasant smile. She has been at the agency since graduating from UC Berkeley. There is a three-ring binder in her hands, open to approximately the middle. On her desk to the right are several matching three-ring binders stacked neatly.

A tap on the glass door behind her disturbs her concentration. She turns. At the door is a young red-haired gentleman in a tan suit. He is wearing a white shirt with the collar unbuttoned, and his blue-and-white-striped tie is very loose. Catherine closes the three-ring binder and sets it on her desk, waving at the young gentleman to come in. He opens the door and takes one step inside Catherine's office. "Boss, I just got a phone call over the secure line—along with additional

video information on the encrypted computer link—from our man in the Ukraine. I've put the data in the electronic file for you to review. As best as we can tell, it looks like the Russians, or at least the Russian militia in the Ukraine, have started to round up foreign businessmen. The two British that run Universal Exports and have offices across the street from us in Sevastopol were just picked up this morning."

Catherine waves the young gentleman in farther to her office as she says, "Charlie, you've been tracking the communications from the Ukraine, including the intercepts between Universal Exports and the Russian mob. What do you have, and what conclusions can you draw?"

Charlie take several steps in, standing opposite Catherine. "What we have are a bunch of bits and pieces. For sure, we suspect that Universal Exports is a cover for MI6, maybe a deep cover, or possibly they are a freelance operation that the British have hired. We've intercepted communications between Universal Exports and a figure in the Russian mob named Vladimir Ushanko. Most of the data from Ushanko and Universal Exports has to do with oil and gas production and pricing. You know—how much Russia is going to charge for gas this coming winter. But then we got a spike in information that the Russian mob has

hacked the emails of Secretary of State Harriet Clifton. Contained in the hacked emails are payoffs from the Russians to Harriet Clifton through her husband's charity, the Clifton Global Initiative Foundation. Millions and millions of dollars, maybe as much as \$580 million, has been paid to the Clifton Global Initiative Foundation. And we know for sure that the Cliftons are skimming between \$3 million and \$6 million per year out of the foundation by paying the money to family members. It's the usual union-style no-show job, but with much, much higher pay." Charlie says all of this with only a minor amount of youthful enthusiasm. Charlie is in his mid-twenties, with a sheepish smile and dimples. He has a scattering of freckles on his nose and cheeks.

Catherine sits down behind her desk and taps a few keys on her computer as she points to one of the two guest chairs. "So the Russians have a charitable streak?" Catherine poses this as a query to Charlie.

Charlie walks over to the chair Catherine has indicated, sinks down in the dark-red leather chair, and smiles. "I don't think so. Neither the Russians nor the Russian mob is going to give away \$580 million without expecting something for it. And this is where it gets interesting. We can't tie it directly; it's not a direct line. But it looks like this money—and maybe more that we

can't put our finger on—is going to pay off Secretary of State Harriet Clifton and maybe even higher up, in exchange for the US looking the other way as Russia expands its influence back to the days of the old Soviet Union.”

“Charlie, when you say ‘higher up,’ how high up are you going?” Catherine says as she points upward. Her long, slender index finger with a torch-red polished manicure pointed toward the ceiling.

“It’s hard to say. The data doesn’t support any direct conclusions. But if I had to guess, it could go all the way to the presidency.” Charlie folds his arms across his chest and shrugs his shoulders.

“Okay, Charlie, gather up all the data you can and connect the dots. But don’t put it in the official file just yet. Write it up and hand-deliver it to me. If the Russians are paying off the Secretary of State and even higher-ups, I’m not sure we can send this up to the top floor. Get it to me as soon as you can. Keep this under your hat. Complete compartment isolation—don’t tell anyone else what we found. And while you’re at it, search the files for anything else we may have on Universal Exports. Put it in as background information: who’s in charge, where they get their money, and what they spend their money on. Go back four years and see what you can find. Oh, and while you’re at it, run a

meta-data search on their phones. Let's see who they're talking to." Catherine turns away from Charlie and looks back out the window. The people below her are exiting the building and walking to their cars as if this was a normal work day. But on the fourth floor, it's not a normal work day, something big is beginning to crack.

Charlie gets up out of his chair and starts toward the door. He turns and asks Catherine, "But what if the dots don't connect?"

"Then find more dots, Charlie," Catherine responds instantly. "Charlie, who do we have in the field that we could use to get you more dots?"

"You just cut Diamond loose after his last mission, back to the Marine Corps Reserves. He's on vacation starting today, then back to Quantico in two weeks."

"No, not Diamond. We don't need the sharp end of the spear. Do we have any forensic accountants, shady ex-Internal Revenue Agents, or any computer hackers on the outside that we can call on?"

"I'll check and see who we might be able to call on," says Charlie.

Catherine snaps her fingers, "Oh, Charlie, about six months ago the FBI arrested a computer hacker from Russia. They picked him up in Prague, in the Czech

Republic, on an Interpol warrant. Check and see where he is being held and what law firm is representing him."

"Will do, but why?" Charlie asks.

"And also check and see if that firm has any job openings. Also check and see if the prison has any job openings."

"Ahhh, okay, will do," Charlie responds incredulously, with skepticism as to where this is going.

"You have a law degree from Princeton University, don't you, Charlie? And you passed the bar, as I remember, on your first try. You are about to go into private practice," says Catherine.

"Boss, I'm not a field agent. I'm an analyst."

"Charlie, you will just be a lawyer for few days, one or two days. Then you'll quit your job and disappear. Do we have a false background active for you, Charlie?"

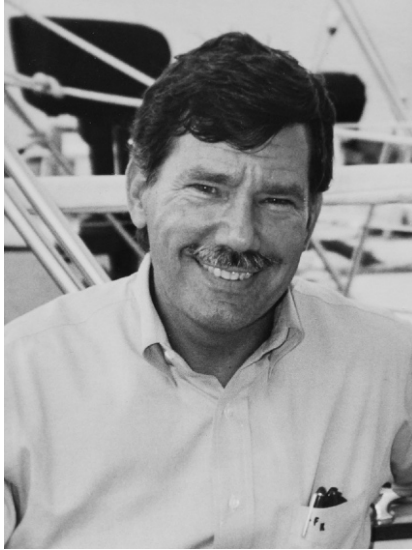
"Yes, boss, but it's light and has never been tested. Under the name of Charlie Dunlap." Charlie face shows concern as his palms begin to sweat.

"Okay, I'm going to authorize an upgrade of your background, with backup phone monitoring. Oh, by the way, are we still monitoring Diamond's home phone?"

"Yes, for two more weeks."

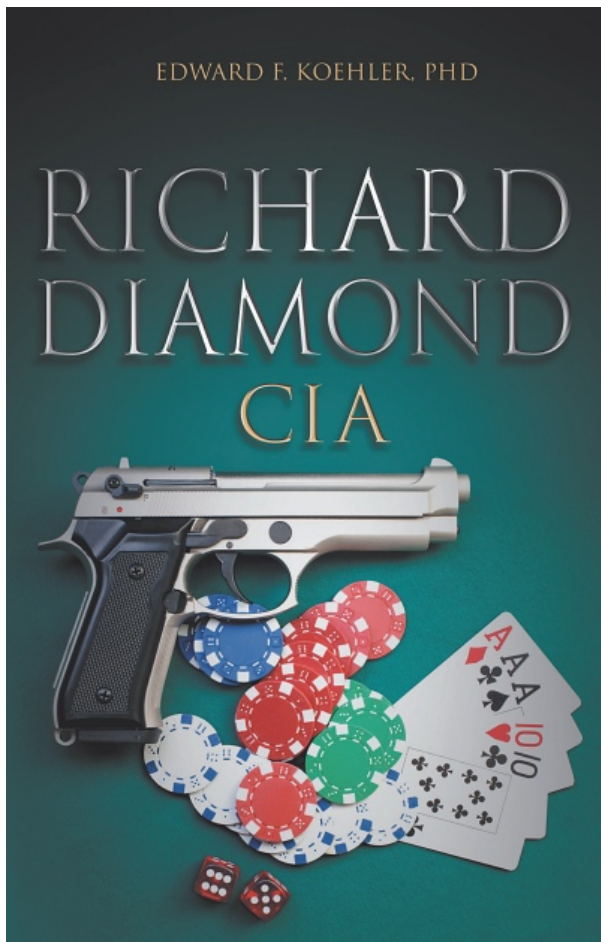
"Okay, thanks, Charlie. You have two days to connect the dots."

Charlie turns and exits Catherine's office, gently pulling the glass door closed behind him. As Charlie walks back to his desk only a few short steps away he can feel the beads of sweat on his forehead. He takes his handkerchief out and wipes his forehead as he sits down.



Before the days of satellite photography and before the days of high-altitude spy planes, men and women roamed the world taking pictures, unnoticed by the everyday traveler. Now we sit in our Adirondack chairs at the beach and type away on our laptops, reminiscing about the good old days.

Look for Richard's next adventure, *Richard Diamond FBI*, coming soon to eBay and Amazon. Or check-out Richard at www.RichardDiamond.net and see what our reluctant hero is up to.



Richard Diamond is on vacation in Cancun, the beaches are white and the water is azure blue, life is great. Then Richard receives a distress call on his home phone. He is soon whisked away deep into the emerging conflict in the Ukraine.

Richard Diamond, CIA

By Edward F. Koehler PhD

Order the book from the publisher [BookLocker.com](https://www.booklocker.com)

<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/11839.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**