



DIANN MILLS

**HIGH
TREASON**

AN FBI
TASK FORCE
NOVEL

PRAISE FOR DIANN MILLS

DEEP EXTRACTION

“A harrowing police procedural [that] . . . Mills’s many fans will devour.”

LIBRARY JOURNAL

“Few characters in Mills’s latest novel are who they appear to be at first glance. . . . Combined with intense action and stunning twists, this search for the truth keeps readers on the edges of their favorite reading chairs. . . . The crime is tightly plotted, and the message of faith is authentic and sincere.”

ROMANTIC TIMES, 4½ STAR REVIEW, TOP PICK

DEADLY ENCOUNTER

“Crackling dialogue and heart-stopping plotlines are the hallmarks of Mills’s thrillers, and this series launch won’t disappoint her many fans. Dealing with issues of murder, domestic terrorism, and airport security, it eerily echoes current events.”

LIBRARY JOURNAL

“[Mills] has the ability to sweep you off your feet and into the middle of an adventure in a matter of paragraphs. . . . If you are looking for a little bit of action, romance, intrigue, and domestic terrorism (and a happily ever after!), then this is the book for you.”

RADIANT LIT

“Fans of clean romantic suspense will enjoy this well-plotted winner.”

PUBLISHERS WEEKLY

“From the first paragraph until the last, this story is a nail-biter, promising to delight readers who enjoy a well-written adventure.”

CHRISTIAN MARKET MAGAZINE

“Steady pacing and solid characterization make this latest from DiAnn Mills a sure favorite among FBI procedural fans. . . . The well-crafted case takes several twists and turns along the way and keeps the pace and tension high.”

ROMANTIC TIMES

“*Deadly Encounter* is a winner . . . an amazing inspirational thriller about relationships, forgiveness, and trust. The story line incorporates domestic terrorism, infectious diseases, shell corporations, and sinister plots, winding its way to an intense conclusion.”

FRESH FICTION

DEADLOCK

“DiAnn Mills brings us another magnificent, inspirational thriller in her FBI: Houston series. *Deadlock* is a riveting, fast-paced adventure that will hold you captive from the opening pages to the closing epilogue.”

FRESH FICTION

“Mills’s newest installment in the FBI: Houston series will keep readers on the edge of their seats. For those who love a good ‘who-done-it,’ *Deadlock* delivers.”

CBA RETAILERS + RESOURCES

“Mills does a superb job building the relationship between the two polar opposite detectives. With some faith overtones, *Deadlock* is an excellent police drama that even mainstream readers would enjoy.”

ROMANTIC TIMES

DOUBLE CROSS

“DiAnn Mills always gives us a good thriller, filled with inspirational thoughts, and *Double Cross* is another great one!”

FRESH FICTION

“Tension explodes at every corner within these pages. . . . Mills’s writing is transparently crisp, backed up with solid research, filled with believable characters and sparks of romantic chemistry.”

NOVELCROSSING.COM

“For the romantic suspense fan, there is plenty of action and twists present. For the inspirational reader, the faith elements fit nicely into the context of the story. . . . The romance is tenderly beautiful, and the ending bittersweet.”

ROMANTIC TIMES

FIREWALL

“Mills takes readers on an explosive ride. . . . A story as romantic as it is exciting, *Firewall* will appeal to fans of Dee Henderson’s romantic suspense stories.”

BOOKLIST

“With an intricate plot involving domestic terrorism that could have been ripped from the headlines, Mills’s romantic thriller makes for compelling reading.”

LIBRARY JOURNAL

“A fast-moving, intricately plotted thriller.”

PUBLISHERS WEEKLY

“Mills once again demonstrates her spectacular writing skills in her latest action-packed work. . . . The story moves at a fast pace that will keep readers riveted until the climactic end.”

ROMANTIC TIMES

“This book was so fast-paced that I almost got whiplash. . . . Heart-pounding action from the first page . . . didn’t stop until nearly the end of the book. If you like romantic suspense, I highly recommend this one.”

RADIANT LIT

“*Firewall* is exciting, thrilling. . . . DiAnn Mills draws her readers in, holding them breathlessly hostage until the very last page. She is a master at her craft and her genre.”

BOOKFUN.ORG

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High Treason

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High Treason is a work of fiction. Where real people, events, establishments, organizations, or locales appear, they are used fictitiously. All other elements of the novel are drawn from the author's imagination.

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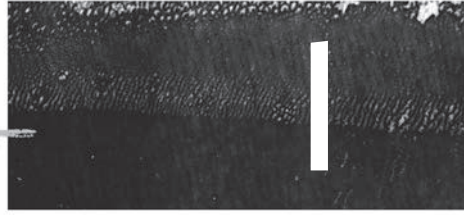
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FBI SPECIAL AGENT KORD DAVIDSON had survived missions in the Middle East, been detained in Iran, escaped an ISIS death trap, and still walked and talked. His past kept him fueled for the future while adrenaline flowed whenever he recalled the danger—and the victories of working Houston’s terrorist division.

Early Tuesday morning, Kord sat in a Mercedes limo with Saudi Prince Omar bin Talal, his longtime friend and a grandson of the royal Saud family, en route to the Saud mansion in River Oaks. The prince’s mother, Princess Gharam, and his two sisters rode in a limo behind them. Prince Omar had requested Kord for protection detail as an olive branch to the Americans. Smart move, in Kord’s opinion. The strained relations between Saudi Arabia and the US resulting from falling oil prices and the US having less dependency on foreign oil was only part of the problem. Despite being a strong ally to the West in the fight against terrorism, the Saudis disapproved of how the US was handling the ongoing tension in Iran, Syria, and Yemen, and the list went on.

Kord shook off those bleak thoughts and turned his attention to the security detail. "I'm looking forward to catching up with your family," he said to the prince. "I appreciate the e-mails with your sons' photos, but I want to know all about them from their father."

Prince Omar grinned like a boy himself. "They study hard and work even harder at mischief. You and I will have hours of coffee and conversation." His expression shifted to lines that aged him. "I wish the circumstances regarding my mother were more pleasant."

"MD Anderson is the best medical center in the world to help her."

"And Houston has the only facility conducting a clinical trial for her type of cancer. I keep telling myself she'll be fine, trying to be hopeful. I have an appointment with her team of doctors after she's admitted to the hospital this afternoon. They want to review the testing from her doctor in Riyadh and explain their proposed method of treatment." He paused. "I'm glad you're with me. In case Mother's treatments aren't successful, I'll need a friend."

"Princess Gharam's a strong woman."

"She's determined to fight the cancer."

"I see your business plans aren't on the schedule."

Prince Omar turned to him. "I'll give you that once I know about Mother's treatment."

"My job is to ensure your safety."

"We'll discuss it later. On Wednesday week, I'd like for you to accompany me to Saudi Aramco."

He responded respectfully. How many of those at the family business were supportive of Prince Omar's plans to lease ownership in Saudi oil reserves to Americans?

Prince Omar tapped his driver on the shoulder. "Wasi, don't forget we're stopping at the Frozen Rock."

"A little early for ice cream," Kord said.

“Not on Riyadh time.”

The prince’s press secretary, Malik, laughed. “Prince Omar, I reserved the shop for 9 a.m. before we left home.”

The moment the limos pulled off Westheimer into the busy shopping strip housing the Frozen Rock, uneasiness crept over Kord. A sensation he couldn’t shake and one he’d learned to trust. He scoured the area looking for potential danger. “Prince Omar, I don’t think we should do this.”

“This is one of Mother’s favorite excursions, and my sisters enjoy it too.”

He glanced at his friend. “Zain and I can take orders and deliver them. My gut tells me this isn’t safe, and I can’t give you a solid reason why.”

“I know your gut talk,” Zain, the head Saudi bodyguard, said. “Kept us from getting killed a couple of times.”

Prince Omar sighed heavily. “We have eight armed men. This is a go.”

Wasi drove the limo to a far corner beneath an oak where both limos had room to park. The Frozen Rock sat midway in the retail center.

Zain turned to the prince. “Kord and I will make the initial trip and ensure the area is secure. After I talk to the owner and pay him per the conversation Malik had yesterday, I’ll call you. If I detect anything risky, we can cancel.”

The prince lifted his phone and frowned. “My battery is dead. Must have used it up at the airport. Call Malik if there’s a problem.”

Per the State Department and HPD, the bodyguards, all dressed in suits, were permitted to carry weapons in case of an attack. But Kord couldn’t shake off the wariness. Only Zain and Prince Omar wore white cotton pants and shirts under their *thobe* and *ghutra* with a black *mishlah*. The men shared a remarkable resemblance,

but having Zain disguised as the prince gave Kord little relief. He surveyed the area, noting teens from the high school across the street, two women in workout clothes, and others who gave no apparent reason for the hesitancy in his spirit. “Would you like for Wasi and Malik to join us?”

Zain laughed. “You and I have faced a lot worse than a store owner forgetting to open early.”

“True.” No talking down a stubborn Saudi when he’d made up his mind.

Wasi placed the limo in park.

Kord exited the limo and walked around the front, his attention focused on every conceivable point where danger could be lurking. Finding nothing, he opened the door on Prince Omar’s side, and Zain stepped out, his slender body wrapped in centuries-old culture and tradition.

The two strode across the parking lot toward the window-walled Frozen Rock, painted in vivid orange and neon green. A Closed sign on the door met them, but lights were on inside the shop. Good. The reservations were intact. Now to get the prince and his guests fed and out of there. Was Kord crazy to be so apprehensive?

He knew Zain had his eyes and ears on what was happening around him while his fingers were inches from his weapon. A few feet from the glass door of the ice cream shop, Zain broke his stride.

He fell against the glass door.

The pop of a rifle sounded.

Kord grabbed him, pulling out his Glock with his other hand. Shouts in Arabic alerted him to bodyguards emerging from the limos close behind him. Time hung suspended. Zain’s body slid to the sidewalk facedown, the *ghutra* soaked in red.

Kord bent to his friend and felt for a pulse. “Zain,” he whispered, “this isn’t the way it’s supposed to happen.” No response or

faint heartbeat. Blood oozed from the back of his skull, draining a Saudi life onto US concrete.

Screams rose from nearby women and children.

The man who'd shared Middle Eastern danger and saved Kord's life was dead. No doubt mistaken for Prince Omar. How did the sniper know about the stop at the Frozen Rock?



Monica poured a large cup of the Arabic blend for a regular customer. "Chicken-bacon wrap too?"

"You bet. Add a bag of chips and a banana."

She peeled off a label containing a quote, sealed it onto the side of the cup, and handed it to him before bagging his lunch order to-go. "Been to the rodeo yet?"

"Taking the family on Saturday. The crowds will be crazy, but that's part of it. What about you?" He gave her a polished smile, one he used for her and every person he met there. Dressed in a dark suit and a two-hundred-dollar tie, he looked every bit the successful lawyer.

"Sunday afternoon."

He turned the cup to read the quote. "'Be sure you put your feet in the right place, then stand firm.' Abraham Lincoln. Good one. I'll remember it in court this afternoon."

"May you win all your cases." She laughed and pointed outside to dark, gathering clouds behind him. "Don't forget your umbrella."

He left the café and dashed down the sidewalk. She continued to serve coffee, specialty drinks, and deli sandwiches to the remaining patrons in line. An easy part of her life, but not her mission, her calling. Passing on smiles and encouragement provided optimism for her day and hopefully for the recipient.

A black man in his mid- to late thirties sat at a small table in the

corner and sipped a double dry short. He'd spoken in a Nigerian accent, piquing her interest. The man's cell phone rang, and he snatched it. Frowning, he spoke low. She scanned him for recognition while reading his lips.

"I have no idea when he's arriving, but he'll have the rest of the money." The man listened. "We have to be careful." A tall black woman entered the café and seated herself beside him. He nodded and smiled. "I have to go. She's with me now, and we'll figure out how to surprise Father with a birthday party even if our brother doesn't get here in time."

Monica's cell phone vibrated twice, paused, then three more times, signifying a notification from her handler.

"Lori, can you take over?"

Her friend gave a quick nod. Without a word, she moved to the register. No questions asked. Monica had told Lori months ago when she was hired that personal family issues could demand her attention at any time. Yet Lori kept her employed at the coffee shop. With Monica's commitment to the CIA, she was forced to lie to her family and friends, but the cover kept them safe. If the truth ever surfaced, the betrayal might destroy the relationships she treasured. Would they ever understand her commitment to keep their country safe?

With no time to waste, she locked herself inside the restroom, knowing she had less than two minutes to read and respond. Her mental clock counted down to thirty seconds remaining. If she missed confirming the secure notice, it would repeat until she responded. A nagging headache didn't help the urgency.

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