

Karpov started typing furiously into his laptop, apparently thinking that his office was bugged.

After Karpov finished, Eduard leaned forward to read the message. *It wasn't me. This is Kuznetsov's project.*

Karpov then deleted everything on the screen.

In seconds, Karpov had gone from being arrogant to submissive, and he even selected some of the more important documents from Ivan's file for Eduard to copy.

Eduard wasn't sure what to make of this turn of events, but he wasn't going to miss this opportunity to get the documents for Ivan. He furiously hand-copied the papers, but then had to stop when Karpov announced he had to leave for another meeting. Karpov took the unusual step of escorting Eduard to the front door of the building and even continued walking with him to his car. Karpov seemed to be hoping that Eduard would say something more about what we knew as they walked.

Once Eduard got into his car, he realized that he had just made a big mistake. We hadn't authorized him to talk about our discoveries with anybody. By losing his cool, he'd let the bad guys know that we were onto them.

After regaining his composure, Eduard called London to tell us what happened. It was definitely a mistake, but given how obstinate Karpov had been, I could hardly be angry with Eduard. After apologizing, Eduard advised us that we needed to file our complaints as

Igor Sagiryan called for you. Would you like me to get him on the line now?"

"Sagiryan?" I searched my memory. I knew that name. As I looked through my contacts in my BlackBerry, I remembered that he was **one of the main guys at Renaissance Capital**, the same firm that Boris Jordan ran when I was fighting Sidanco. I'd met Sagiryan once, at an investment conference a few years earlier, so I wondered why he was trying to reach me.

"Sure. I'll talk to him."

She called him up and put him through. "Igor. Bill Browder here. How are you?"

"I'm okay, as much as one could be okay these days. Listen, where are you going to be in London? I want to see you and have a short meeting, preferably face-to-face rather than over the phone."

This was a strange request. I barely knew the guy and he was proposing to fly from Moscow to meet with me. "Sure. What's up?"

"Not much, but as you know, everybody is under certain pressures, so I just wanted to discuss with you what other steps we can take because we are working a lot with you, so I mean we're not having some small difficulties, but it's better to have none."

His answer made no sense. I had no idea what "pressures" and "small difficulties" he was referring to and began to suspect this had something to do with Eduard's meeting with Karpov.

"Is there anything specific you want to talk about right now?"