

Chapter Nineteen

Kang Chan had listened in on the conversation between Kevin and Tina. Her words, 'I want to show you a weekend that you'll never forget', were recorded on cassette tape and would be shared in less than six hours to Tim Baylor. The long drive from Long Beach to San Jose was worth it—Kang Chan had material on cassette tape that he could trade for child porn.

Mr. Hung Meng had approved Tim Baylor's six figure salary and paid the lease on expensive office space in the heart of Silicon Valley. He needed another understudy and Tim Baylor more than filled his expectations. It took almost three years to get Kang Chan under his complete control but Mr. Meng didn't have this amount of time to spend on Tim Baylor. The bios-clock virus attack on computer systems had to be released on January 1, 2000. The code name was Y2K. The greedy business plan of a few computer hardware companies not to let the calendar on a motherboard to advance into the 21st century was all about generating sales of new computers. Greed comes with a price and that expense is always passed down to the working class.

Part one of the plan was that Tim Baylor would have to learn to conquer and kill. Hung Meng knew that Americans always set a high bench mark on human life. Unlike Kang Chan, who was born in North Korea; tampering with brakes on cars so to cause an accident or death was no big deal. Death, starvation and torture are everyday life in the Yodok concentration camp back home. Holding a can of fiberglass up to a child's face was similar to the forced water ingestions that Kang Chan took part in as a prison guard. The feeling of ultimate power when a body twitched for the last breath of life was addicting. Kang had never watched child-porn until Tim showed him the dark side of the internet—it was equally addicting.

Hung Meng knew how to use addiction as a tool... But, too often the addiction would take over his understudy and he'd have to start all over again. Child-porn was already taking over his student, Kang Chan! The words to gouge out an eye or to cut off a hand were instructions Hung Meng studied in depth—words about saving one's soul. Parables about soul saving were punishable by death in North Korea. Words that were being scanned and filtered out in Communist China—the fundamental reason the internet needed to be shut down with the Y2K virus.

After a six-hour drive through the middle of the night, Kang was pacing in front of a door that had **Baylor Anti-Virus & Maintenance** stenciled on the glass. The cassette tape was being clutched tight. Maybe it was nerves or lack of sleep causing the sweat and anxiety but Kang had noteworthy information, hopefully to barter with.

Tim Baylor strutted down the open hallway to the door. "What are you doing here?"

"I got something on tape that you might want to listen to." Kang held up the cassette

like it was gold.

"A cassette tape! Who uses those anymore?" Tim asked as he unlocked the door.

"I do, when I need to record a private phone conversation," Kang followed Tim into the two room office suite.

"That's so old school. I don't have anything to even listen to a cassette tape on." Tim tossed his keys on the front reception desk; next to his new business cards.

"The tape is between a Tina Williams and Kevin Trask. I recorded it last night."

Tim spun around and said. "Last night Tina was out with her girlfriends!"

"Maybe so, but I recorded her on a mobile car phone with Kevin Trask from..." Kang Chan turned the tape sideways to read the label that he had put on the cassette. "She was on the phone with Kevin Trask, from 8:35 until 9:28pm."

Tim snatched the cassette tape from Kang Chan. "Do you have a tape player?"

"I do in my car. I'll go get it if you show me how to connect to those pornography sites on the internet. I need to do research."

"I'll get you connected while you go get the tape player." Tim replied.

Kang left the office and Tim went into the dimly lit back lab room. There was a private server in the center of the room with five separate workstations plugged into it. After a few keystrokes Kevin was connected to the dark side of the internet—to a site that had more gravitational pull than a black hole.

Kang came into the darkened backroom and handed the cassette player to Kevin. "You might have to rewind the tape."

Kevin took the tape player. "Just type in what you're searching for on the red blinking line."

"Mr. Hung Meng wants me to find stuff to blackmail people with. He wants X rated material so shocking that CEO's and college professors will pay any amount of ransom we ask."

"Sounds good to me," Tim replied. "I'm going out to the reception area to listen to this tape."

Kang sat down in front of the oversized monitor and type **children being raped** on the blinking red line.

Out front at the reception desk Tim listened to the entire tape. The sensual way Tina's voice sounded and the couple different times she hinted or directly stated that Kevin could ravage her sent Tim to the edge. The second time Tim listened to the tape he jotted down **Hyatt Regency at Mission Bay**.

Kang was sexually gratifying himself when Tim walked into the dimly lit computer

lab. He stood outside the door until Kang quit moaning. This primal act added to what Tim was feeling; he needed to hurt Tina in the worst way. She needed to be punished for her yearning for Kevin. Kang Chan would make a good cohort; someone that could inflect both physical and emotional pain into and onto Tina...

Unbeknownst to Tim or Kang—Mr. Hung Meng was grooming them as a team. Mixing a sadomasochist with a budding pedophile was something he was proud of. Good people do good things for the good of all in this world. Evil people only do things to benefit themselves—regardless of whom it might hurt. On the other side of eternity is a real place where no good exists. This dark hole with all its smothering force will have no end—not even a glimpse of light. In the darkness pride will be extinguished and solitude without love becomes the new existence, forever.

Tim shuffle his feet to make noise and then entered the dark room. "Kang come over to this workstation."

Kang came around and looked over Tim's shoulder. "You might like this. I got videos of some different Duke Rally girls giving the, 'Give it to me' cheer..."

Kevin played six videos; it was oblivious that the girls were drugged and the camera was positioned so not to show perpetrators face.

"That's you giving it to them!" Kung Chang couldn't take his eyes off the screen. "You did tell me that you were a Blue Devil and an all-star at Duke."

"Actually, on these videos, you might want to refer to me as a Red Devil. I made a couple of the girls bleed. I think they were virgins!"

"Wow," Kang replied and not able to take his eyes off the screen. "Did you ever choke any of them out?"

"What do you mean," Tim asked in an excited tone.

"You know put your hands around their neck and squeeze until they pass out." Kang was so fixated on the children he just kept talking while staring at the screen. "But it would be better to turn them over so that you could see the fear in their eyes. It makes you feel so powerful. The ultimate would be not to quit squeezing!"

"That would be one way never to get caught, by putting the victim down. I like your plan..." Tim replied

Tim and Kang were now feeding off of each other; exactly what Mr. Hung Meng planned. Tim could kill—now that he was standing at the gates of hell.