

Chapter Fifteen

All clandestine meetings were to have the code name **Gus's Place**. Any scheduled appointments or verbal conversations to flush out the mole would hypothetically be about how to get Gus moved out of his on-site apartment. The ultimate plan was to trap the Trask corporate lawyer feeding Mr. Hung Meng with information. The first Gus's Place meeting was intentionally scheduled for Friday before noon in Mr. Trask's office.

Robert Trask started, "We need to finish this meeting before the lunch whistle. I don't want to arouse any suspicion from Sam or Mike with irregular meeting times during or after business hours."

"That shouldn't be a problem." Kevin injected. "I think Patty's plan to flush the mole out will work."

"Remember no note taking," Robert looked directly at Patty. "Condi is going to doctor up the minutes of this meeting. Duplicate notes could come back on us at a later date."

"No problem, Mr. Trask." Patty set her yellow note pad on the floor between her and Condi's chair and folded her hands on her skirt.

"Okay, so at this Monday's meeting if Mr. Meng's team doesn't talk amongst themselves in Chinese we'll know that Sam or Mike let them know that Ms. Kelly understands Chinese," Robert Trask said.

"I've got a couple of terms in the land sale contract that I will bring up, I'm sure that they will want to discuss them in Chinese." Kevin added to the plan.

"Patty, are you sure that it was just Kevin, yourself and our two attorneys in the conference room when you stated that you knew Chinese?" Robert Trask asked.

"Yes sir, you should never let an adversary know what you know." Patty wittily replied.

"That's a good rule to live by. Did you learn that in a business class?" Robert Trask asked.

"No sir, from my grandmother."

Condi was getting annoyed with all the attention that Patty had been getting since the fact that she knew Chinese. "They do teach that in business class 101. Basically the rule is not to share more information than necessary; always keep to the essentials."

"Thanks for that Condi," Robert Trask curtly replied.

"Your plan to draw out the snitch is flawed." Condi replied in her own curt tone.

"I'm listening," replied Robert Trask.

"What I should do, is right after Kevin asked his questions is create a distraction that causes Patty to leave the room. If they start talking Chinese when she leaves the room, you will know for sure that they have been tipped off."

"Wow, that's brilliant Condi," replied Mr. Trask. "What would the distraction be?"

"Let me handle that," replied Condi. "Remember we don't want to share too much information even amongst ourselves."

"That's true. I'm glad that you are not one of my adversaries." Robert smiled at Condi; her resentment faded.

"Okay then, I'll find something in the land sale contract that will start a heated discussion. Condi will create a distraction that causes Patty to leave the room and by Monday noon we should have our mole." Kevin rushed over the plan.

"Are you in hurry or something?" Mr. Trask asked.

"Yeah, I want to get up to Oregon this weekend and get my car out of the parking lot at PDX. I also hope to stop by the resort at Shasta Lake on my way back."

"Sounds good. This Gus's place meeting is adjourned," Robert Trask said.

Not wanting to get stuck in Interstate 405 traffic Kevin rushed out of the office, up the stairs and grabbed the airplane tickets off of his desk.

"Patty, could you stop by my desk before you go home?" Condi asked as she gathered up her notes.

"Sure, no problem." The two women walked out of the office together.

"Leave the door open, I'm just about to leave," Mr. Trask said.

Condi walked behind the half circle counter and picked up a purchase order that had a phone number paper clipped to it. "Here is the PO for Gus's three-wheeler and the phone number is for my cousin CP. He has a truck and said he'd be happy to pick up and deliver Gus a new trike."

"Great and thanks for letting me know what color Gus's old trike was. But like we have been talking, he might not even accept this new one; if there's not a good reason for him to have it."

"I know," replied Condi in a concerned tone. "His birthday isn't until December, so an

early party would just confuse Gus."

Mr. Trask was just leaving and overheard part of the conversation. "Remember it's now against company policy to have birthday parties since we got sued."

"I know," replied Condi. "It's just that Kevin is getting a new three-wheeler for Gus and we want to make sure he feels okay with why he is getting it."

"What happened to that old red adult trike of his?"

"It got stolen about two years ago," Condi answered.

"You're kidding." Mr. Trask said, somewhat ashamed.

"No, that's true, I feel bad that we didn't do something sooner," answered Condi.

"It's not your fault Condi," Mr. Trask replied.

"Patty was the one that found that hew inspection mirror for Gus," Condi replied.

Mr. Trask looked directly at Patty. "Gus loves that inspection mirror. I think he calls it the eye-2-K or something."

"Y2K," Patty replied.

"Anyway, if Kevin said get a bike then do it" Mr. Trask turned to Condi sitting at her desk. "Order a cake and schedule it as a training meeting. I'd like to be there to see Gus get his new parking lot inspection vehicle. Make sure you get it equipped to hold that Y2K inspector mirror."

Condi looked at Patty—they smiled at each other.

"You two have a good weekend." Mr. Robert Trask pulled on his suit coat and headed down the stairs for a round of golf at the Pasadena Country Club. Kevin should have followed his Dad; the 405 was at a standstill and he missed his flight to Portland.

Saturday morning was déjà vu for Kevin as he punched in four numbers on the security pad and the ten-by-ten foot iron gate started to move. Tina anxiously watched Kevin slip between the metal before the gate opened a little more than a foot. She hastily opened the car door on her Honda sedan, twisted in the seat and deliberately let the blue dress hike up while extending her shapely legs on to the driveway. Her legs were even more tanned than from a month ago at Shasta Lake.

Tina strolled down the driver's side of the black Honda and positioned herself just so against the trunk. One heel rested on the bumper, the other foot on the ground, she put both her hands behind on the trunk. The wind caught the blue sun dress and exposed most of her thighs. She slightly arched her back and smiled.

Kevin jogged up the cobblestone driveway, his muscular legs flexed with every stride, sweat dripped off his face onto the **Duke** Basketball jersey. A few feet from Tina he stopped, bent over, put his hands on his knees and drew in a few deep breaths. "What are you doing here?"

"Kevin we need to talk," answered Tina.

"Talk about what?" Kevin snapped.

"Like, about us Kevin." Tina moved closer toward Kevin and grabbed his sweaty hands. Remember, I like my men sweaty," Tina said in a low sultry tone.

"Well then I hope Tim sweated a lot on you down in Tijuana." Kevin yanked his hands away.

"Kevin, like I can explain all that." Tina reached out for Kevin's hands again.

"Tina, I don't care. That's between you and Tim. It can be your secret. I don't care."

"That's the problem Kevin, you have all your own secrets and never shared them with me. Just like when your grandfather caught you skinny dipping." Tina drew in a deep breath. "Jesus Christ, Kevin! I thought your sexual hang-ups were because your grandfather molested you or something."

"No Tina, my grandfather was a great influence on me. That summer mowing lawns for unwed mothers was probably the best thing that ever happened to me."

"Okay, I get that Kevin, but you needed to share some of that stuff with me. Like, we've been together for almost three years."

"Tina some things aren't meant to be shared. Maybe if we were married."

The word married sent Tina's mind into a whirlwind. Something she probably wanted but the word sounded so old fashion and outdated. "A... Like yeah, married people would share everything. A... Like, if we were married you could tell me about how you started to come out with your basketball coach your freshman year at Gonzaga."

"What?" Kevin's head jerked up so to look directly into Tina's eyes.

"It's okay Kevin, Like, I get how you were all mixed up sexually your freshman year and wanted to do some experimenting with your coach or whoever up at Gonzaga."

"What the hell are you talking about Tina?"

"Like the reason you had to leave Gonzaga. Coming out with the coach and all... He got fired and you lost your scholarship."

"Tina, you need to get your facts in order. I came out against the coach because he was defending the Jesuit Priest and past president of Gonzaga. Fr. John Leary the

child molester that the church hierarchy moved to another catholic school where he could continue to destroy more boys!"

"A...Like that's not what Tim told me..." Tina replied now shaking her head from side to side in total confusion.

"Tim knew that I came out against the coach. I didn't come out with the coach. Tim twisted a few words and you fell for it. I wonder what he told you about Sue; the mother of his child?"

"Sue wasn't a good fit for Tim," Tina immediately replied. "She quit taking birth control, so to trap Tim and ruin his chance at starting a dot com company."

"I thought Tim was going to go to medical school or play in the NBA."

"Like Tim is still leaving those options open," Tina replied in a defensive tone.

"I'm sure Tim will be famous and give you the things you need!" Kevin pushed away, turned and ran up the outside stairs to the guest house. He made sure that the outside door was locked—in case Tina tried to join him in the shower.

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Almost ten miles away in a neighborhood of track homes, Patty was jogging on the concrete sidewalk. From a block away the spotless white 4WD pickup looked out of place. As did the strong looking man in shorts sitting on the lowered tailgate swinging his burly legs. Patty looked at her sports watch first and then positioned the mace can in her right hand so that her finger was directly on the trigger.

When she was within thirty feet of her parents home the man in gym shorts and a tank top sprang off of the tailgate and moved to the center of the sidewalk. "Good morning Ms. Kelly, I'm here and ready to complete the assignment."

Patty stopped bent over and put her hands on her knees. "You must be CP, Condi's cousin." Patty said between breaths.

"Yes Ma'am. I was instructed to be here by zero eight thirty and that we would complete are mission by thirteen hundred. "

"Patty looked at her sports watch."Oh crap it is almost eight thirty."

"Yes Ma'am. I don't mean to hurry you but I'm meeting up with some friends for a ride today."

Patty stood straight up and looked directly into CP's dark eyes; there was something

about him that she couldn't put her finger on. "Let me go grab the purchase order... I wrote down some different bike shops for us to check."

"Okay Ma'am." CP said and stepped to the side. "Ma'am please grab a towel or something to sit on!" CP barked out like army sergeant. "I just cleaned my vehicle and you are all sweaty."

Patty ran up the walkway and hurried into the house. She found two beach towels and put her mace along with the purchase order in her purse. Her grandmother followed her out the door to the end of the walkway.

CP took one of the beach towels and spread it out over the passenger seat. "Jump in!" he ordered.

Patty wiped the sweat off her legs and arms and then pulled herself up into the passenger seat. "See you later Grandma," Patty yelled out the passenger window.

CP pulled away from the curb. "Your grandmother is Asian?"

"She's Chinese's," Patty answered.

CP was looking in the rear view mirror and said, "Looks like she writing something down."

"The description and license plate number of your truck."

"Why, she doesn't trust me?" CP asked.

"Grandma grew up in Communist China; she doesn't trust anybody," Patty replied.

Right off the search for a three-wheeler turned into an argument. CP agreed that the color red was important but more importantly was that the three-wheeler was a twist grip- three speed and that the seat height was correct for someone as tall as Gus. Patty wanted to get Gus the trike ASAP but finally give in, as long as the special order would not take longer than two weeks! The only things that they did agree on all Saturday morning were each other's tattoos.

"When CP pulled up to the curb he noticed the curtains part." "Looks like your Grandma is still checking me out."

"Yeah, she will have my back forever." Patty opened the passenger door and pulled the beach towel off the seat. "Thanks for the help today."

"Not a problem. I'll pick you up at zero seven hundred Monday morning."

"What? The three-wheeler won't be ready for ten days!"

"I know," CP replied. "It's too dangerous for a white-girl to be riding a bus in south LA. You're on my way, so I'll pick you up!"

Patty didn't have time to reply; it would not have done any good even if she had. The immaculate white pick-up with custom wheels pulled away from the curb and out of sight.

Monday morning Patty always left the house before six to catch the bus; the third signing meeting was scheduled for nine. She had looked through the curtains at least ten times. Exactly at seven o'clock the white pickup was at curbside. In a spotless new business outfit and high heels, Patty strutted down the sidewalk. CP opened the passenger door and didn't need to ask her to sit on a towel. The ride down to Long Beach was only twenty-five minutes, less than half of what the bus ride was.

Kevin wasn't in the office and Patty needed to know what her cue was to get up and leave the meeting. At Friday's Gus's Place meeting leaving for five minutes had been determined to be long enough to give the men time to start conversing in Chinese—if they had been filled in by one of the lawyers.

The phone on Patty's desk rang; it was Condi. "Patty come into the conference room at just a few minutes past nine. I left a second notepad and pen in the supply room. When I prompt you, leave and go directly to the supply room." Condi hung up.

Patty knew that talking too much over the phone was risky. At nine straight up she went down the stairs and looked at the supply room door on the opposite end of the hall, as the conference room. She noticed a phone cord under the door. She waited one more minute and then headed for the conference room.

"Gentleman, we can get started now that my assistant is here," Kevin said.

Patty pulled up the chair next to Kevin at the far end of the table. Everyone was silent and watched her ready the yellow notepad and pen.

"Kevin, why don't you start on the two main issues that we need to hammer out at this meeting," Robert Trask said from the opposite end of the table. The four Asian men and two Trask lawyers were focused on Patty.

"Gentlemen one problem that will be hard to deal with is moving our security guard off-site. I was surprised that our attorney's didn't catch this." Kevin looked down the long conference table slightly to the right. "Sam and Mike, you both know that Gus is autistic and how something like a move could set him into a rage."

Both attorneys felt the pressure. This stipulation was purposely buried deep into the land sale contract and was what Mr. Hung Meng bribed them for. "I'm sure we can negotiate something," Mike timidly said.

"Yes, I was thinking that a new condominium paid for in full by Mr. Hung Meng and a three year transition period along with a mental health expert to work with getting Gus moved is something we need to negotiate."

“Are you talking about a paying for a mental health councilor for up to three years to assist in getting Gus to move off-site?” Sam asked not looking up from the agenda Kevin had passed out.

“Yes, I’m thinking that it might take up to three years to get Gus to move from here.” Kevin replied. The first item Kevin had on his agenda was working— Mr. Meng’s was about to go off like a Chinese fire cracker.

During the long electrified pause Condi knew it was her play; she swiftly moved her hand and a glass of water spilled all over the conference table. “Oh no, we just had this table refinished.” She hurried over to the coffee serving cart and got some napkins. While lifting things and mopping up the water she pushed the conference button on the phone. “Patty could you go get that special wood wax in the supply room?”

Patty took her cue; she set the pen on her notepad exited the room and made sure to pull the door shut. By the time she got into the supply room the four Asian men were in a full on discussion in Chinese. Patty was listening on the speaker phone and taking notes as fast as she could. When the heated conversation slowed down, she grabbed the can of wax and rag setting next to the office phone. The moment her hand twisted the conference door knob total silence fell over the conference room...

Condi walked directly to Patty and took the can of wax and polishing rag. “Thanks.” Patty took her seat next to Kevin and put her pen to the notepad again.

“Gentlemen if we don’t have any more to talk about, I’ll assume that Mr. Meng is good with purchasing a new condominium and the three year moving time frame.”

Mr. Hung Meng couldn’t hold back, in Chinese he yelled, “不是有缺陷的人，不是有缺陷的人。” He watched Patty jotting his words down on the notepad then stood and walked to the end of the table to see what she had written. Patty flipped the notepad over. Mr. Hung Meng looked back at the three other Asian men and ordered them to follow him out of the room.

Robert Trask stood. “Gentlemen, it looks like someone supplied Mr. Hung Meng with the knowledge that Ms. Patty Kelly is fluent in Chinese.” I’m going to take my son out to lunch with both of these lovely young ladies. When we get back I would like to know which one of you leaked that information.

Mr. Trask pulled the chair out for Condi and walked toward Kevin and Patty. The four operatives left the conference room with heads held high. There was hardly a word said until the door on the company limo was shut. The early lunch was bitter sweet. Robert Trask was happy that Kevin had found contract conditions that could potentially bankrupt the Trask Empire. Condi felt good that her spilled water ploy worked. Patty knew that she would probably be needed to translate and interpret at

the next signing meeting. Kevin knew that vetting a new corporate attorney could take a couple months—twice as long as he had expected his tenure at Vice President to be.

There would be no early lunch for the Asian lawyers! Mr. Hung Meng threatened deportation to the Yodok concentration camp in North Korea. An unimaginable, horrible, nasty place where the meat from one rat can sustain a life for a week. A place the civilized world tunes out just like when protesters were ran over by tanks in Tiananmen Square, or worse yet—female Infanticide. Meng's ultimate plan is that this type of censorship by atheist governments will slowly become the norm for all countries throughout the world.

The spread of free speech via the budding internet in Communist China was such a threat that Mr. Meng's mission has to be completed within the first three seconds of the start of the year 2000. Nuclear suitcase bombs placed in and around the city of Angles was the distraction. Kang Chan's synchronized mission dubbed Y2K would be far enough North that the nuclear fallout in Disneyland, LAX and the core downtown area would not reach Silicone Valley until two hours later. The computer lab at Stanford University would be the primary injection for the open source LINUX binary code that would infect every computer networked to every college in the entire academician world.

The second Y2K insertion point would be in Silicon Valley at Cisco Systems. The UNIX virus written for closed source code would infect all the business computers networked into any bank, any stock exchange and all backup data centers. The worm virus added the mathematical constant of Pi to the time stamp of 3. Pi being an irrational number can approximate the circumference of a circle but inserted into a computer time statement and any mathematical equation would never be exact. Three seconds into the year 2000 the internal clocks in all infected computers would shift by the factor of Pi. The exact year and time of (1/1/2000-1:03 am) would be shifted to (1/1/2000-1:03.141593652... am) impossible to stop because Pi has no end and never replicates a pattern.

The digital virus unable to spread through the air like nuclear fallout required copper or optical wires and a floppy drive. Silicon Valley and Stanford were within thirty minutes of each other but there was only a three second window to hit the enter key at both locations. Kang Chan was at the early stages of recruiting someone above the law that could get access into even the most secure data center. Pro and All-star college athletics always have and always will have god like statue over alumni and fans.

Tim Baylor would become more than Kang Chan's under study and pawn. After watching Tim Baylor rape and sodomize a female through night vision goggles at Shasta Lake; Tim was on Kang Chan's admiration list. The offer for financial backing for an upstart dot com, anti-virus company was something Tim Baylor wanted. The discussion at their first meeting was how to market software to block porn from

schools and business computers. Kang Chan couldn't believe the triple X rated sites that Tim Baylor searched out and showed him that existed on the dark side of the internet. The one site that they kept returning to and spent over an hour viewing was children being choked unconscious while being raped.

Tim Baylor was happy to prove and show off his internet searching skills to Kang Chan. Many of these sites were loaded with viruses and malware. When an xxx rated video was downloaded the viewer's computer would be infected. The next day the viewer would get an offer to purchase anti-virus software. It was the perfect business model and Tim Baylor knew that by adding blackmail into a business plan, he could get more than money from clients. Someone that needed child porn removed from their hard drive would become Tim's puppet—especially if it was a work or school hard drive that needed to be cleaned.