

# Heavenly Chat

By

Gary Whitmore

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# *Chapter 1*

Bob Grove looked surprised with what he found on his company's computer server. "I've never seen this database before," he said while he looked at the link for the Special Security Consultants Project database.

Bob had worked for United Alliance Security (UAS) in San Bernardino, California, for ten years now. He was a thirty-year old computer software engineer and knew the company's server like the back of his hand. He was your typical skinny computer geek.

Bob was always the curious type. "Where did this database come from?" he said while he brought her cursor over the database link. He couldn't resist the temptation.

The UAS Corporation provided numerous security services for major corporations and countless filthy wealthy individuals all around the world. These included computer and physical security and even offered bodyguards for hire that various movie stars utilized for special occasions.

Bob stood up in his cubicle. He discreetly glanced over the top of the cubicle at the other cubicles. The coast is clear. He thought while nobody was in sight to watch what he was doing.

Bob sat back down at this desk. He clicked on that link. A small window immediately popped up that required a password. This was a challenge that Bob couldn't resist.

Bob opened up his briefcase and removed a disk that contained his Hydra password cracking software. He inserted the disk and started hacking away. If Bob wasn't so honest, he could be a successful computer hacker creating havoc on businesses and governments.

Within minutes, Bob was inside the Special Security Consultants Project database. Doing so would now change his life forever.

He navigated through the database and viewed a list of specialized consultants. Every consultant had a codename like Scorpion, Cobra, Viper, Gila, Tiger, Eagle, etc.

His eyes widened in shock after he read the completed assignment for Scorpion.

He read the completed assignment for Cobra, and his eyes widened more.

He read the completed assignment for Viper, and his eyes widened even more.

He read the completed assignment for Eagle, and his eyes widened in complete shock. "I don't believe it! They're all assassins," he quietly said while he stared at Eagle's completed assignments.

Bob checked out the upcoming assignments list.

Bob's eyes suddenly widened in shock when he saw the first upcoming assignment that didn't have a consultant identified. He looked bothered. "No way," he said while he quickly jotted down the password his software found on a note pad. He quickly jotted down the URL address for the database on the pad.

Someone entered his cubicle, and Bob jumped a mile startled.

"Hey Bob, Kirby wants a staff meeting in a few minutes. And he wants your status on fixing the server issues," Harry Stinson, a fellow coworker said the second he entered Bob's cubicle.

Bob quickly closed the database he hacked into before Harry had the opportunity to sneak a peek.

Bob discreetly shoved the note pad into a desk drawer and locked it.

He got up and followed Harry out of his cubicle and the aisle.

During the walk down the aisle, the upcoming assignment filled his mind. This really bothered him. He saw movies about hired assassins, but now he found this in real life.

Bob and Harry entered the conference, and the staff meeting commenced.

Bob provided status that he'll have the server issues fixed in an hour. He also didn't mention his discovery of that database.

After the staff meeting, Bob fixed the server issues.

So he spent the rest of the day at his desk pondering what he should do with his discovery. All he could think about was that list of assassins and the unassigned next assignment. He wondered how he should handle it. His eyes widened with an idea. It was risky but had to be done.

Way up high in the blue skies over the Pacific Ocean, a United Airlines jet flew toward the Hawaiian Islands.

The airliner descended and flew past the island of Maui.

The airliner continued to descend and flew past the islands of Lanai and Molokai.

Inside the United Airlines flight, Ginger Taylor, a very sexy blonde female in her early thirties, sat by the window. In the seat next to her was her handsome husband, Albert. They've been married for five years. Albert's in his early thirties.

Ginger had a job as an accountant while Albert worked at a successful architect with a firm in Los Angeles.

"This is going to be a beautiful vacation with my beautiful wife," Albert said while he held Ginger's hand.

"I really need some relaxation before I dive into the firm's taxes. I hate tax time," she replied while she looked out the window and saw the beautiful blue Pacific Ocean down below.

"Will this require some more travel?" Albert asked and looked a little afraid of the answer.

"Of course, it's part of my job," she replied while she stared out her window and saw the islands below.

Albert frowned, as he hated that part of Ginger's job that required traveling since each trip usually lasted three weeks on the average.

"Oh, I bought a sexy bikini for our vacation," she told him with a sexy smile and eyes that indicated Albert would have a great time between the sheets.

"I'm going to have to beat the guys off with a stick, once they see you at the beach," he said, but the thoughts of her in a bikini started to excite him.

"Mmmm, I love a man that will fight for his woman," she replied then leaned over and kissed Albert on his cheek. She turned and looked out her window.

She watched while the jet descended for a landing at the Honolulu airport.

The United Airlines jet landed on runway 4L and soon headed down the taxiways to the terminal.

Twenty minutes later, Albert and Ginger held hands while they walked through the terminal to baggage claim.

As soon as they reached the baggage claim area and walked up to their carousel for their flight, Albert spotted a Hawaiian Limo driver who held up a "GINGER AND ALBERT TAYLOR" sign.

"Did you got us a limo?" Albert asked her.

"Of course, I love riding in style with my man," she replied with a smile.

"Are you sure we can afford this?"

"Don't worry. I got it covered. I'm expecting a huge bonus after my next trip," she replied.

Albert looked pleased with riding in style while they walked to the Limo driver.

"We're the Taylor's," Ginger responded to the driver while she walked up to the driver.

"Aloha," the Limo driver responded then immediately placed Lei around Albert and Ginger's neck. "I'll get your bags," the driver said while he glanced at the carousel for their flight.

They walked up to the carousel.

An old lady around eighty years old saw Ginger from a neighboring carousel. Her eyes lit up with joy and rushed over to Ginger.

"Gina Watson? Is that you?" the old lady asked with a huge grin happy to see Ginger like they were old friends.

Ginger was extremely uncomfortable while the old lady stared at her with a warm smile.

"I'm sorry Ma'am, but I'm Ginger Taylor. You must be confusing me for someone else," Ginger said then stepped away from the lady like she had some contagious disease.

The old lady looked a little confused. "I'm sure you're Gina Watson. I met you at a restaurant in Paris last June. I had trouble with ordering in French, and you helped me," the old lady replied sure of herself and rushed over to make eye contact with Ginger.

"I'm so sorry, Ma-am, but I'm not Gina Watson. I can't even speak French. My name is Ginger Taylor," Ginger replied and walked away down their carousel.

Albert and the Limo driver followed Ginger.

The old lady watched. "She still looks like Gina Watson," the old lady said to herself while she walked away to her carousel.

"What was that all about?" Albert asked curiously while he stared at the old lady.

"The poor old lady must be senile. I was auditing our Munich's office last June. I wasn't anywhere near Paris," she replied.

"Yeah, she must be a little senile," said Albert while he looked at the luggage that started to come around the carousel.

Ginger looked bothered by that old lady and took a quick glance at the other carousel. She looked relieved when she saw the old lady leave wheeling her luggage behind her.

The Limo driver assisted Albert and removed their luggage off the carousel.

They walked out of the baggage claim area and went outside to where a black Lincoln Limousine was parked.

After putting their luggage in the back, the Limo driver opened the rear door for them.

Albert and Ginger got in the back of the limo.

"This is so cool," Albert said while he looked around the plush limo and felt like a movie star.

"I love living the good life," Ginger said while she looked around the limo.

The driver got inside behind the wheel and drove away.

Albert and Ginger enjoyed the view of Hawaii while the driver drove to the Royal Hawaiian Hotel.

Inside the hotel, Albert, Ginger followed the bellboy down the hallway to their room after they finished checking in at the front desk.

The bellboy opened their room door. They all went inside.

The room was gorgeous and equipped with all the luxuries to make you feel like you are in paradise.

"This is so beautiful. I don't want to go back to my boring job. I want to live here for the rest of my life," Ginger said while he looked around the room.

"Thank you, my good man," Albert said, then handed the bellboy a twenty-dollar bill.

"Thank you, sir. I hope you have a pleasant stay in Honolulu," the bellboy replied while he shoved the tip in his pocket.

The bellboy left the room, closing the door behind him.

Albert and Ginger walked over to the sliding glass door.

Albert opened it, and they stepped out on the balcony.

They hugged after they stared out at the Pacific Ocean for a few minutes.

"You're right. I could live here for the rest of my life. But only if you're with me to share this paradise," he said then kissed her neck.

"It's you and me forever and ever," she replied then they embraced in a passionate kiss.

"Come on stud muffin. Let's go enjoy this heaven on Earth," she said while she grabbed Albert's hand and walked him out of their room.

An hour later, they came back after a nice romantic walk on the beach.

After some dinner at the hotel restaurant, they retired back to their room and had a passionate thirty minutes of sex.



It was later that night around two in the morning in the San Bernardino area.

It was a quiet night with minimal traffic on the streets.

There was a lone Toyota Corolla parked backward in a parking slot in the parking lot of the UAS building.

Inside the Corolla, Bob Grove talked into his cell phone while he eyed the front entrance of the building. He looked nervous and scared.

"I'm telling you the truth, Wendy. They're going to kill him. They have a plan in work, but they haven't assigned an assassin yet," Bob told his sister, Wendy Harper, who lived in San Francisco.

"This is really serious, Bob. How did you find out?" Wendy replied from his cell phone.

"I was fixing an issue with our computer server and ran across a database that was password protected. I've never seen this database before. So I think the server issue must have brought it into view. So curiosity got the best of me, and I hacked into it," he told her.

"I remember you getting kicked out of your first college for doing stupid stuff like that," Wendy scolded him like she's done thousands of times while they were younger.

"Those assholes deserved flunking for making me the brunt of their cruel jokes. Plus I don't feel bad this time because this database shows UAS having connections with paid assassins. It appears UAS contracts out these assassins from a company called The American Corporation. And this database documents previous and future assassinations. Remember that drug czar in Columbia that got shot three years ago? It was a UAS plan. Plus there was a government official from France that got shot last year from a UAS contract. This database only has the code name for the assassins with a history of their assignments. But no pictures of these killers," Bob replied.

"What are you going to do?"

"It's two in the morning, so the place should be empty except for that old guard. I'm going back to make a copy of the database then I'll drive up to see you. I was hoping you

could contact Britney. Maybe she can help stop this," he told her.

"Are you sure this is a good idea? I mean you could get yourself killed," Wendy replied, extremely worried.

"Don't worry, there's nobody in the building but some old geezer for a security guard. He pretty much sleeps during his entire shift," Bob said with an air of confidence.

"I still don't think this is a good idea," she said.

"I have to do this, Wendy. I'd feel it would be partly my fault if he gets assassinated. And I don't want to have this on my conscience for the rest of my life," Bob replied.

There were a few minutes of silence from her end of the call. "Be careful little brother, and you can never return back there," she said.

"I know."

"Okay, I'll see you in the morning," Wendy replied.

"I should be there by seven. And make sure you don't tell Britney anything until I get up there with the evidence," Bob said.

"I won't and call me as soon as you get into town," Wendy said, then disconnected their call.

Bob shoved his cell phone into his pocket.

He looked at the front of the building and hesitated for a second. Should I risk this? He thought to himself while he stared at the building.

He decided he would never forgive himself if he didn't try and the assassination took place. "They would probably arrest me if they knew I knew and didn't tell anybody," Bob said quietly then he decided he didn't have a choice. He quickly put his baseball cap snug on his head then wore his sunglasses. It was overkill he wore his sunglasses at night but figured it would help conceal his identity.

He got out of his car.

This was a long walk for Bob while he made a beeline through the parking lot to the side of the building.

He decided to use the side door so the old guard wouldn't see him. He knew there were security cameras around the building. He silently prayed that the baseball cap

and sunglasses would prevent them from recognizing him. Plus he covered up his license plate on his car. He wasn't worried about a Corolla being spotted since numerous employees owned that car because of its excellent gas mileage.

Bob finally got to the side entrance door and punched in the security code. The same code that the vast majority of the UAS employees used for accessing the building without going through the main entrance. He could have used his badge, but that left his name and time he entered the building in their security program.

He entered the building.

Bob quietly walked down the hallway and used the stairs to avoid the guard hearing the dings of the elevator.

Bob huffed and puffed while he walked up the stairs to the fourth floor.

He opened up the stairwell door and peeked down the hallway. It was dark and quiet.

He stepped out of the stairwell and tiptoed down the hallway.

Meanwhile, at the guard station in the front lobby was Rusty Bryant, the seventy-five-year-old night-shift security guard. It was late at night, so Rusty dozed off at this station. This job was incredibly tedious, as nothing ever happened. But Rusty needed the job for the medical insurance it provided since his wife was going through cancer treatments.

Bob rushed over, sat down at his desk, and powered up his computer once he got inside the computer mainframe room. It seemed like an eternity for his Dell to boot up.

After a few minutes, his computer was ready. He inserted a thumb drive and opened up his desk drawer. He removed his note pad and looked at the information he jotted down earlier.

He typed in the URL address for the database.

When the password block appeared, he quickly typed in the password.

The database appeared.

Bob proceeded to download a copy of the entire database onto his thumb drive.

Upon the sixth floor, unbeknownst to Bob, Kirby James, a fifty-year-old executive with UAS was working late in his office. In fact, Kirby was a workaholic and lived in his office a few days during the week. That was easy since his office came equipped with a bathroom that also had a small shower.

He sat at his desk were on the wall behind him, hung a picture of James and Grant with five other men at a golf course. Golf was the sport where James would make a lot of business deals. Some were honest deals, and but a lot were evil deals.

All of a sudden, an alarm beeped on James' computer monitor.

A window popped up with the "Unauthorized Copying of Special Security Consultants Project Database. Location: Main computer mainframe" message flashed in large red font.

James looked pissed when he saw the message.

He jumped up from his desk and opened up his cell phone. He punched in a phone number.

"We have a serious security breach. It's a code red. I repeat, code red! Meet me outside the computer mainframe room on the fourth floor," he said into his cell phone while he rushed to his office door.

Five minutes later, Bob impatiently waited at his desk while the last file on Scorpion was being copied to his thumb drive.

The door to the room suddenly slammed open with a loud bang.

Bob jumped up startled and was scared shitless when he saw Kirby rush inside with two big brutes behind him, and both wore expensive Italian suits.

One was named Sal, and the other Gino of Italian decent and each was about six-foot-five and three hundred pounds of solid muscle. These two thugs at one time were hired assassins used by UAS. Bob heard about the brutes

but never laid eyes on them until now, and their size was intimidating.

"Copying a database without permission Mister Grove? Shame on you! That's a violation of company policy," Kirby yelled the second he saw the secret database on Bob's monitor.

Bob looked scared to death while the brutes rushed over to him and snatched him up from his chair by his arms.

Kirby yanked out the thumb drive and closed the website. He slid the thumb drive into his pants pocket.

"Take the turd up to the roof," Kirby told the brutes.

"Please let me go!" Bob yelled out and squirmed to get free from the brutes' grip. They just squeezed harder on his arms and caused Bob to cringe in pain.

The two brutes escorted Bob out of the room.

Kirby saw Bob's note pad with the password and database URL jotted down. He ripped off that piece of paper, shoved it in his pants pocket then left the room.

Upon the roof of UAS, the door from the access hatch slammed open.

Kirby and the brutes escorted Bob out to the roof.

"Please let me go. I'll resign and leave the area. You'll never hear from me again. I won't tell a soul. I promise!" Bob pleaded with them with fear in his eyes.

Bob dragged his feet across the gravel rooftop while the two brutes walked him to the edge of the roof.

They stopped a foot from the edge.

"Who have you been talking to Bob?" Kirby asked while he got in Bob's face.

"Nobody, Mister Kirby. I swear! Nobody!" Bob pleaded while his eyes welled up.

Bob squirmed to get free. The brutes tightened their grip and almost cut off the blood flow to Bob's arms.

Bob fought hard not to pee his pants.

Kirby got suspicious and reached in one of Bob's front pockets. Nothing. He reached in his other front pocket and removed Bob's cell phone.

Kirby pressed a couple of buttons on Bob's cell phone and saw the name and time of the last person he called. He slid the cell phone into his front pocket.

"So Bob, are you a licensed pilot?" Kirby asked with a smirk.

Bob looked scared to death while he shook his head to indicate "No," and for a second, he didn't know why he would ask such a question. It dawned on him, and he tried to squirm away again. The brutes squeezed harder and left imprints in Bob's skinny arms.

Bob peed his pants as he knew what was going to happen next.

"Well, I won't tell the FAA if you won't that you're flying without a license," Kirby said then nodded at the brutes.

The brutes tossed Bob off the roof.

"Let's go take care of his story, as to why he committed suicide," Kirby told the brutes.

"Yes, Mister James," Gino replied.

They walked back to the door.

Bob screamed all the on the way while he stared at the ground approaching at a fast speed.

There was a splat sound when his head made contact with the concrete sidewalk near the front doors. Blood flowed from the split-opened skull of his lifeless body.

Rusty, the old guard, rushed out of the front door after he heard someone screaming.

He looked around and saw Bob on the sidewalk.

He rushed over and saw Bob with a massive puddle of blood by his head.

"Oh my," he said then turned around and rushed back inside the building.

His hands trembled while he dialed 911. Rusty had never seen this happen while he worked as a security guard. His heart raced while he waited for the 911 operator to respond to his call.

## *Chapter 2*

In her San Francisco apartment, Wendy Harper nervously paced around her living room. "Where is he?" she asked herself while she walked.

Wendy thirty-two years old with short black hair. She was cute in a nerdy kind of way. She worked as a nurse and had a heart of gold.

And Wendy always worried about her little brother Bob. She was worried sick since it was now nine in the morning. She hadn't heard a word from Bob since his call last night just before he snuck into the UAS building.

After she paced for fifteen additional minutes, then she made another attempt.

Back in the UAS building, Kirby sat at his desk and worked at his computer. He just returned thirty minutes ago from a talk with the police about Bob's suicide.

Gino and Sal entered his office.

"Did you complete your assignment at Grove's apartment?" Kirby asked them.

"Everything is all set. The police will believe your suicide theory," Sal replied.

Kirby smiled then Bob's cell phone rang on Kirby's desk. He curiously opened it up and saw it was Wendy calling.

"Yeah," he whispered in an attempt to sound like Bob while he answered the call.

"Bob, where the hell are you? You said you'll be up here at seven and it's now a little past nine," Wendy said from the cell phone and didn't think anything about the whispered answer.

Kirby disconnected the call.

He opened up Bob's address book on the cell phone.

He looked up Wendy's address. He thought for a few seconds while he pondered how to get rid of her. After a few more seconds, he had an idea.

"I'll call you when I need you again," Kirby told them.

"Yes, sir," Gino replied.

Sal and Gino walked to the door.

Kirby opened up the Special Security Consultants Project website.

He looked at the list of consultants. He smiled when he found one he could use. He picked up his cell phone and opened up one of his numerous consultant's contacts. "It's Eagle, we had a slight problem that developed last night. I need you in San Francisco immediately. More details to follow," Kirby typed into his cell phone.

Back in Wendy's apartment, she nervously paced around her living room and wondered why Bob's call was suddenly disconnected. She suddenly got worried sick and quickly made another phone call.

"Federal Bureau of Investigation, how may I direct your call?" the female receptionist answered.

"Agent Britney Cooper, please."

"One minute," the receptionist replied.

Wendy waited a few minutes.

"I'm sorry, but Agent Cooper is unavailable until tomorrow. May another Agent assist you?" the receptionist said.

"No, thank you. May I have her answering machine?"

"One minute."

"This is Agent Britney Cooper. I'm out on vacation. Please leave a message, and I will return your call as soon as I return to the job," Britney's recorded message stated.

A beep was heard. "Britney, it's Wendy Harper. Please don't worry; I'm not trying to set you up on another date. The reason I'm calling is that my brother Bob was supposed to see me this morning, but he never arrived, and I'm worried sick. Call me when you get back to your office. It's essential!" Wendy said, afraid to leave too much information and thought it would be better to tell her in private.



Wendy closed her cell phone.

She walked to her window and looked out at the city of San Francisco. She wondered if Bob was somewhere out there amongst all that traffic. Maybe he was stuck in traffic. Maybe his cell phone battery died. Those were all possible positive scenarios she thought. "Hurry up, Bob!" she quietly said while she continued to stare out her window and her stomach started getting sick.

Meanwhile, it was a gorgeous day in Hawaii, and the Pacific Ocean looked so beautiful, and the waves were excellent for the surfers.

In the sand, Albert and Ginger soaked up the sunshine while they lay on some blankets, as did numerous other tourists at the beach of the Royal Hawaiian.

A photographer walked up to them with a camera in hand. "Would you like a remembrance of your time in Hawaii?" the photographer asked hoping to make a few extra bucks.

Ginger turned over on her stomach and avoided eye contact with him. "No, thank you," she replied when her face was shielded from the camera.

Albert looked disappointed while the photographer walked away.

Behind Albert stood a young boy named Buck, who was around six years old and dressed in a cowboy outfit. He saw Ginger and gave her the one-eyed evil stare.

He strutted over with a cap pistol.

He aimed his cap pistol at Ginger. He fired it.

Albert jumped startled.

Ginger didn't flinch. She glanced over at the boy and chuckled at the sight of the cap pistol aimed at Albert.

"Reminds me of when you shot one of Daddy's guns at his farm," she said then chuckled.

The boy's mother rushed over. She snatched the cap pistol out of little Buck's hands. He pouted.

"I'm sorry. Buck loves playing old western Sheriff and pretends everybody is an outlaw," the woman said with a southern twang.

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