

MALICIOUS

**In Her Heart,
Cheaters Must Die**

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BY

JAMES PAUL ELLISON



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CHAPTER ONE

Rafael Torres was daydreaming about his first homicide case. Five months ago while on patrol with the Atlanta Police Department, he was instructed by his day shift patrol commander to go to the chief's office right away. His commander would not give Torres a reason why.

Rafael Torres is 26 years old, has brown eyes and dark brown hair. He stands 6 feet 3 inches, weighs 195 pounds and runs 3 miles every day after his day shift. He is single, polite with everyone, and a gentleman. He opens doors when around the ladies. The women love his warm smile.

Torres arrived at the chief's office and was instructed by the chief's secretary to have a seat. The chief exited his office 10 minutes later. Torres stood up at attention. The chief walked up and shook the officer's hand with a firm grip.

"Come with me."

The chief walked back into his office and closed his door behind the patrolman. In the chief's office was a cameraman and the police liaison officer.

"I bet you are wondering why I asked for you."

"Yes Chief, I am. Have I done something wrong?"

"No, just the opposite."

The chief opened his desk drawer, removed a small gold box, and handed a gold detective's

shield to Torres. The cameraman started taking pictures.

"You are being promoted to detective."

"You are joking? Right, Chief?"

The chief laughed.

"No, Detective, I am very serious."

"Why me? Why am I being issued a gold shield?"

"Because you are a hero to our community and in my eyes as well. The City of Atlanta wants to reward you for your bravery. Last month you saved an elderly couple from a house fire. If you had waited for the fire department to arrive, they would have died.

Then, 2 weeks ago, you walked every floor and went into every room of an abandoned 9 story building. You found a 6 month old baby, sitting silently on the top floor, all alone, covered in roach and ant bites.

Yesterday, you talked a 30 year old despondent man from jumping off a very high road sign, located above one of our speeding expressways."

"Just doing my job, Chief."

"Well I am doing mine. As of this very minute, you are a detective in our homicide division. Report to the homicide unit when you leave here. Your new commander is waiting for you."

"I do not know what to say."

"Say nothing, just smile for the camera."

Torres left the chief's office with his gold detective shield, number 44. The chief's secretary, in her 60's, gave him a hug and a big kiss on the cheek before he left. The cameraman took those photos as well.

The first thing the new detective did was go to the restroom. He clipped the gold badge to his

uniform gun belt and stepped back. Torres was admiring the badge in the mirror when a civilian walked in.

"Morning, Officer."

"Morning."

Torres then left the restroom.

A short while later he was standing in the office of his new commander in the busy homicide unit.

"You are a lucky man. I saved a few people while on patrol, and it still took me 20 years to make detective. You, it only took 7. Well welcome to The Homicide Unit. We work 4 months per shift. We are about to go to the afternoon shift, which is 3 to 11. Let me show you around and introduce you to your partner."

The commander introduced Torres to over 2 dozen detectives. They all were busy but found time to laugh and exchange jokes. The commander stopped in front of detective Aaron Dahl's desk. He was not at his desk, which was full of stacked files and messages.

"He is in the supply room, Commander," said one of the nearby detectives.

Dahl walks up with a box of ink pens in his right hand.

"Morning, Commander."

"Good morning, Dahl, this is Detective Rafael Torres. He is your new partner. Show him the ropes."

The commander left the 2 detectives alone.

"Did you transfer from burglary or auto theft? And for how long were you in that unit?"

"Neither. I have been a detective for 30 minutes now."

"Bullshit. Really? How long have you worn the gold shield? Which unit did you really transfer from, Torres?"

"I am not joking. The chief called me into his office just 30 minutes ago and made me a homicide detective."

"No crap? Really?"

Torres laughed.

"Yep. Just 30 minutes ago I was on patrol. This is why I am still in uniform. How long have you been in homicide?"

"I am on my 11th year. I retire in 10 months."

"What are your plans? Buy a log cabin in the hills of North Carolina like so many others do around here?"

"Well, I am single. I was married for 9 years with no kids. I would like to find a lady to settle down with. I have to lose about 30 pounds and fast. I have been without a good woman for a long time. I miss it, you know, the companionship. Are you married?"

"No, not yet. I have too many women to pick and choose from to get hooked on just one."

"I said the same thing years ago but when love hits, it hits."

"So why didn't your 9 year marriage last?"

"When I first got married I was in law school."

"Law school really?"

"I wanted to be a lawyer, but my heart was into being a policeman and later a detective. So I became a patrolman here some 20 years ago next month. My old lady just walked out one day and divorced me."

"Why after 9 years?"

"I found out later from her brother she always wanted to marry a lawyer and be a stay at home wife. She told her brother she couldn't do it on a cop's salary. Funny, she got her wish. She is married to some old fart in Dallas. She stays at home and is very happy."

"Your ex is right. You have to work a moonlight job to pay the bills if you want a nice house and a new car to drive. I work one night a week at Memorial Hospital, keeping family members from bothering the doctors trying to save their loved ones."

Dahl's desk phone rings. He gets an ink pen out.

"Where is the location? An underground tunnel collapsed. Two bodies found. Let's go, Rookie."

Torres was still daydreaming about becoming a detective and working his 1st homicide, when Dahl snapped his fingers.

"Rookie, you have been in homicide 5 months and you still are daydreaming. What are you daydreaming about this time?"

"I was thinking of that college girl killed and found off the jogging path over at East Lake Park. That was my 1st homicide."

"Your 1st solved homicide too."

"Love is a strong motive to kill. Her roommate killed her over her lover, a 2nd string quarterback on the football team."

"Yes, Torres, jealousy. It happens way too often. While you were daydreaming just now, a new assignment came in. An underground tunnel collapsed. Two bodies found."

Dahl grabs his jacket and tosses his partner the car keys.

"You drive. It is in the downtown area. Do you have a raincoat?"

"Yes, I am always prepared."

"Well, I am not. Let's stop first at Wal Mart so I can purchase one."

Torres laughs as they enter the elevator on the 3rd floor.

"I can tell you have been a bachelor way too long, Dahl. The other day you walked in our office in slippers. You forgot your shoes."

"Just keep those thoughts to yourself."

"What type of woman are you looking for, Dahl?"

"A woman that already has a career and a life. I want a woman that looks good, dresses pretty and smells nice."

"You forgot to add to your list one important thing."

"What is that?"

Torres looks down at his partner's large gut.

"A woman that loves to cook cause you love to eat."

Detective Aaron Dahl is 50 years old, has short white hair with a matching white mustache, and a pot belly. He wears dark rimmed glasses and smokes a pack a day- but is trying to quit.

Torres stopped at Wal Mart and waited for his partner to purchase a raincoat. On the way over to the crime scene, Dahl asked his yawning partner a question.

"How do you like working the midnight shift?"

"I don't. I worked the day shift the 7 years I was in patrol. I worked the last 4 months on afternoons with you, which wasn't too bad, but I can't get to sleep when our night shift ends."

"Do what I do and have a beer. It will help get you to sleep."

Torres just laughs at that suggestion.

They arrive in a rainstorm at 3:20 in the morning at their new assignment, just 20 minutes after the underground heist tunnel collapsed.

This was the rainiest night the City of Atlanta has seen in 30 years. The thieves were digging their way into a small jewelry store called H and L in the heart of downtown Atlanta.

A few minutes earlier, a heavy duty Pepsi delivery truck drove slowly down that alley and over the underground tunnel location. The weight of that truck helped the tunnel to collapse. The two thieves were almost at the store when the collapse happened.

Two young lovers wearing matching red t-shirts heard a man screaming for help and dialed 9-11. The police arrived quickly, but the screaming had stopped.

Angel Weise, age 24, a plain looking woman, with natural, short, brunette hair, watched the fire department knock down a door to enter the vacant store where the underground tunnel started.

Angel watched all of this unfold from her vantage spot, a top floor office window in a closed business across the street called Henry's Department Store. She wore a long haired blonde wig over her short brunette hair to the department store. Angel was the look-out for the 2 men in the tunnel.

One man was named Rickie Jones, age 30 and a career criminal. Rickie was handsome, physically fit and Angel's lover of 4 months. The other man was Jake Moody. He was an informant for a detective back in New Orleans. Jake was just 20 years old.

A week before the underground tunnel collapsed, Angel found out from a loyal co-worker named Pam, back in New Orleans, that Jake was an

informant for a detective named Bobby Black with the Burglary Division.

Angel turned off her walkie talkie and placed the radio into her brown purse. She opened the office door and walked down the 6 flights of stairs to the dark lobby below. She exited the closed department store, and had to pretend to lock the front door because she mistakenly forgot the front door key upstairs on the personnel manager's desk.

The rain was still falling.

A policeman named Naughton, standing across the street with the young couple next to him, instructed Angel to keep walking once she exited the front entrance of Henry's Department Store.

Around the next corner was parked the getaway vehicle they all planned to use. Angel strolled past the white van with 'Badger Construction' painted on the sides and kept walking out of the area.

The fire department recovered 2 bodies hidden under water in the collapsed tunnel. They also discovered 2 flashlights, digging tools, 2 wallets with identification, a safety deposit box key, and a walkie talkie radio. Detective Dahl was informed of the found items.

Dahl turned to his rookie partner of 5 months and said, "Hey Torres, they found a walkie talkie in the tunnel, so we just need to find a person with that walkie and we have our look-out."

Detective Torres responded, "I will check with all the patrolmen on the scene to see if they noticed anyone walking in the area."

Torres then walked off quickly holding his notepad in one hand and his cell phone in the other.

Angel ditched the walkie talkie radio, the binoculars, the large brown purse, and the van keys 3 blocks away, in an almost empty trash bin behind

Burger King. She then walked 2 more blocks in the rain to the apartment she shared with Rickie.

Angel turned on the television. The news cast was showing the building Rickie had been digging in. The fire marshal was discussing with a female reporter that the tunnel appeared to be built of very low quality cement with a flimsy wood frame.

The fire marshal said the rain storm made the structure weaker but would know more in the coming days after examining the material closer.

Detective Torres returned to his partner after his canvas of all police personnel working the crime scene. The detective pulled out his notepad and said, "The young couple that called 911 mentioned a Pepsi delivery truck was in the alley just prior to the collapse. Patrolman Naughton noticed a long haired blonde woman exiting a department store across the street from his location. The woman made the motion of locking the front door to the business. She was white, plain looking, about 25 years old, was about 5 foot 6 inches in height and maybe weighed 110 pounds. She wore black jeans, a black top and carried a brown colored purse. She walked West on Andrews Avenue.

I checked the department store's front door and it was unlocked. I set the alarm off when the door opened. This unknown woman, pretended to secure the door when exiting the business. She must have been the look-out, don't you agree?"

"I do agree with you, Torres. Are there any security cameras that you noticed?"

"Yes. There were none on the department store, but I did spot a few farther down the street. I will get the video copies when the businesses open."

Angel knew that the construction tunnel cement mix was weak when it was being poured by Rickie and Jake because Angel mixed it herself to be weak. Angel left out of the mix on purpose, the additives

needed to bond the cement and sand together to make the cement strong.

Angel knew from doing research at the library that all the tunnel needed to collapse were more water and the weight of a delivery truck. She checked the weather forecast daily to pick the rainiest night to have Rickie and Jake go into the underground tunnel. H and L Jewelry Store was being remodeled and was due to open in 3 days. It was now or never.

A week prior to the underground tunnel collapsing, Angel discovered that Rickie had a 2nd secret lover named Kathy Bagwell, and a 2nd secret cell phone.

Angel read all the text messages between the two lovers on Rickie's 2nd cell phone. Rickie was going to dump Angel for Kathy, take all their money and run off to New Mexico with his new lover. Rickie said he had plenty of money saved for them to have a good life together.

Her lover also was speaking to some man named Bill about killing Angel in some kind of a hit and run scheme. Some mention was made of a \$200,000 life insurance policy Rickie had out on Angel.

Reading the text messages now made sense to Angel. Rickie kept asking her to go out on errands claiming he was tired. Billy, the hit man must have been waiting outside their apartment.

Rickie controlled the money and he controlled the safety deposit box key too. Angel's lover wanted a new life with this Kathy Bagwell. He had his plans but Angel had her plans too."

On Rickie's secret 2nd phone from text messages, Angel knew in a few days he was going to name Kathy Bagwell his new beneficiary. Rickie had instructed his insurance agent, Tony Johnson of Med Life to make the change and he would come in to sign the forms.

Angel knew she had to act fast for her own plans to work.

'I warned Rickie, if he cheats on me, he won't have anything,' said Angel to herself.

So Angel lied and told Rickie that the last 10 feet of the underground tunnel had to be made of concrete and wood. She explained that concrete will hold the weight of heavy trucks rolling over the underground tunnel being constructed under the alleyway.

"So we will use a quick ready mix cement I bought at Home Depot. I will help you both build the tunnel," said Angel to Rickie and Jake, just standing around listening to their leader.

The first section of the underground tunnel leading to the alley was made of wood. Jake and Angel helped Rickie for 2 days build what they called, 'their tunnel of money.'

The underground tunnel section from the alley to the jewelry store would be constructed of wood and weak cement.

Rickie and Jake dug 1 previous heist tunnel in the city of New Orleans a month ago. That tunnel was made of wood.

This Atlanta tunnel was going to be their first tunnel in a combination of wood and cement. Angel called this underground tunnel, 'The tunnel of death.'

Rickie trusted his lover of 4 months. He quit high school in the 10th grade while Angel just completed her college studies at Florida International University in Miami. He provided the muscle and Angel provided the brains of the operation and the leadership.

So, for a few nights, Angel, Rickie, and Jake worked in the underground tunnel. They each took turns being the look-out on the 6th floor, over at the department store.

On the dangerous last 10 feet section being built under the alley, Angel became the lookout only.

Angel waited several nights for the rain and lightning to arrive.

"Good cover noise for us," said Rickie, giving Angel a kiss as he exited the work van at midnight, with Jake in the rain on their last night alive.

Angel parked the Badger work van down the street, locked it, and walked in the rain to Henry's Department Store.

Rickie and Jake entered the vacant store that Angel had rented and climbed down into the dark underground tunnel with their walkie talkie radio and their flashlights.

Angel pulled out a key for Henry's Department Store, opened the locked front door, turned off the alarm with the code provided by a young store employee named Joey.

The gay employee had a bad crush on Rickie and gladly accepted his 500 dollars for the key and the alarm code. Rickie told Joey a lie. He said that he would sleep with Joey later in the week.

Angel entered office number 633 belonging to a Mary Rodgers. Her office was located in the top right corner on the 6th floor. This spot was perfect. Angel had a clear view from one end of the street to the other.

Angel placed the front door key on the human resource officer's desk, removed a pair of binoculars and a walkie talkie from her brown purse, opened the closed blinds and turned on the walkie.

"Come in, Badger Two, come in."

"Go ahead, Badger One."