

*Office developer, Xander Kellogg, is killed in a home explosion. His wife, who has stolen millions from his firm, a drug cartel; a bookmaker; and a congressman are suspects. Robert Kellogg deals with a myriad of challenges to save the firm.*

## **Who Killed Alexander Kellogg? The Developer Epilogue**

By Stephen P. Bye

**Order the book from the publisher [Booklocker.com](https://www.booklocker.com)**

**<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/13449.html?s=pdf>**

**or from your favorite neighborhood  
or online bookstore.**

# WHO KILLED ALEXANDER KELLOGG?

THE DEVELOPER EPILOGUE



Stephen P. Bye

Copyright @ 2024 Stephen P. Bye

Hardcover ISBN: 978-1-959620-06-8

Paperback ISBN: 978-1-959620-05-1

Ebook ISBN: 979-8-88531-760-3

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without permission of the author and publisher.

Published by Booklocker.com, Inc.

This is a work of fiction, based on actual people and events. The author has taken the liberty with details to enhance the reader's experience. The characters are purely fictional.

Library of Congress Cataloguing in Publication Data  
Bye, Stephen P.

“Who Killed Alexander Kellogg?” by Stephen P. Bye

Library of Congress Control Number: 2024911602

Booklocker.Com. Inc.

2024

First Edition

## Chapter One

Robert Kellogg couldn't get it out of his head...how could \$30 million in the Kellogg Development Company bank accounts suddenly disappear? He pored over the building plans for a warehouse project he was bidding on...it seemed like a simple structure for his construction company to build but he couldn't concentrate, distracted from the report of the missing funds. As he turned a page on the engineering drawings, his phone rang.

"Mr. Kellogg...this is Brenda Dunston, Xander Kellogg's personal assistant." Her voice trembled. "I'm at your brother's residence...it's gone! She began to sob uncontrollably. "The debris is everywhere."

"Brenda, please calm down...are you saying Xander's house blew up?"

She stammered. "Yes...it's gone...there's nothing left standing! The garage appears to have been destroyed too."

"Where's Xander?"

"I don't know...I just returned to the house after running errands."

"I'm coming there right now, Brenda." Robert slammed the receiver on the telephone cradle. He sprinted to his pick-up truck and raced to Xander's residence, seeing grey smoke rising from the rubble as he approached the scene. He saw Brenda speaking with the Cherry Hills Village police chief, Woody Woodward, and hurried toward the pair.

"Officer, I'm Robert Kellogg...my brother, Xander, lives here. I know that he's been under house arrest for two days. Where is he?"

Woodward calmly replied. "He used to live there." The police officer pointed toward the ruins. "The rubble must be spread across at least a

hundred square yards and the intensity of the fire burned nearly everything.”

“I need to find Xander...he’s my only sibling.” Robert took a step toward the rubble.

Woodward instinctively reached out to grab Robert’s arm, stopping him instantly.

“Robert, this will likely be a crime scene...I can’t allow anyone except the fire rescue crew to search the site.”

Robert turned to study the debris on the other side of the property. “Chief, the garage exploded too?”

“Yes...that blast occurred earlier this morning. Xander called the fire department to report the explosion and they arrived three minutes later. I got here shortly thereafter and spoke to Xander...he was studying the garage damage from the back door of his house. He seemed fine...a little shaken up, although may have been drunk.”

“Yeah, my brother is known to have a few scotches anytime of the day. Chief, how do you know my brother was inside when the home explosion occurred?”

“If Xander had even travelled ten feet outside the dwelling, his electronic ankle monitor device would have given a signal to the authorities...even then, he would have probably been killed by the tremendous force of the blast from what the investigators have surmised so far.”

“Xander is so devious, maybe he removed the device and left the residence before the explosion.” He said hopefully.

“Yes, that’s a remote possibility...I’ll put out a bulletin shortly to alert all police departments in the Denver area.”

*Who Killed Alexander Kellogg?*

As Robert surveyed the ruins, he began tearing up, dabbing his eyes with a handkerchief. “I can’t believe this.” His voice quivered as he turned to Brenda. “Ms. Dunston, what were you doing here?”

“After Mr. Kellogg was remanded to his residence following the arraignment yesterday, he asked me to move in with him...he needed a cook and a housekeeper to help him while he was detained. I was shopping and running errands when both explosions occurred.”

“Brenda...where is Maggie?”

“She wasn’t at home. Last week, I overheard Xander say that she took a short trip to Europe. He flew out to join Maggie but was arrested in Dublin three days ago.”

“How can I contact her?”

Brenda shook her head. “I don’t know, although early this morning, I eavesdropped on a conversation Xander had with a private investigator, Barney Perkins, who mentioned something about Maggie’s travels from Paris to Geneva.”

“A private investigator? Why would Xander contact a private investigator?”

“I don’t know, but he’s the man who I called to make an appointment for Xander last week...his name is Barney Perkins.”

An approaching car bypassed the police barricade set up at the base of the long driveway and sped toward the group. A man hurriedly exited the vehicle and addressed Chief Woodward.

“Officer, my name is Steve Nelson, Xander Kellogg’s attorney.” He cast his eyes toward the debris. “My God...where’s Xander?”

Woodward pointed at the ruins. “We fear he’s dead...amongst all that rubble. The firemen are searching for traces of his body.”

Nelson collapsed on a nearby brick retaining wall and covered his eyes. “Twenty minutes ago, I was speaking to Mr. Kellogg on his mobile phone when the line went dead. I redialed twice and could not make a connection...I assumed his device lost power. I then called his home number four times without hearing it ring. I feared the worst and decided to drive over.”

“What were you and Mr. Kellogg chatting about before the call ended?”

“At first, he seemed upset, telling me he had received threats from an equity partner. He then mentioned that his garage had just exploded, realizing the threats were serious.”

“What equity partner?”

“He didn’t say.”

“Did your call continue?”

“Yes...Xander was also excited, having just read the newspaper story about the investigation of Congressman Casper Walsh by the House of Representatives’ Ethics Committee.”

Woodward narrowed his eyes in curiosity. “Why was he excited about that?”

“Kellogg and Walsh have had a tumultuous relationship ever since Xander filmed the congressman accepting a \$50,000 bribe in a Washington DC hotel room...he’s been trying to expose Walsh ever since. Xander believes Walsh hired thieves to burglarize his home to steal the video tape years ago. Chief Woodward, you should remember the break-in at Xander’s house when it was completely ransacked.”

“Yes, I do...that was at least four years ago. However, there was no evidence of who did it, Mr. Nelson.”

Nelson continued. “Just before the line went dead, Xander muttered Casper Walsh’s name, perhaps suspecting his involvement in the explosion that leveled his garage.”

“Was Walsh the investor who made the threats?”

“I don’t think so...Xander never mentioned Walsh as an investor in any of his projects, but Xander knew that the congressman was ruthless. He presumed that Walsh hired three guys, pretending to be FBI agents, who came to my home after I released still photos of the hotel video to the press. The men tried to kill me with an overdose of quaaludes mixed with alcohol...they also robbed my safe where I stored the Walsh video tape.”

Woodward seemed surprised. “I never heard about that incident.”

Nelson turned to address Woodward. “We believe that Casper Walsh quashed the story.” Nelson dabbed his eyes with his handkerchief. “In my brief conversation with Xander, he was also ecstatic about the arrest of Chubby Morrison and his bodyguard, Rocko Testa, related to the attempted shooting in his driveway.” He pointed left down the long roadway. “Xander was in his limo right there near the trees when Testa fired the shots.”

“Yes, Xander gave me the details about their involvement in that attempted assassination five years ago...he believes Morrison and Testa were behind Buster’s murder too.”

Woodward rubbed his chin. “I’ve heard rumors that the Denver detectives are close to assembling more incriminating evidence to charge the pair with that crime too. Xander always suspected they were involved with his son’s murder.”



A car gunned its engine, speeding past the police blockade and up the driveway. Mitch Johnson, the recent President of Kellogg Development Company, and former Denver Police Chief and Mayor, jumped out of his vehicle and trotted to the group.

“Robert, I just heard a Denver police bulletin about an explosion at an address in Cherry Hills Village and connected it with Xander’s residence.”

Robert pointed to the debris. “Mitch, Xander may have died in the blast. Chief Woodward is compiling a list of anyone who would have wanted to harm my brother. Casper Walsh and Chubby Morrison are the most likely suspects, but Xander made enemies with scores of business executives and former friends.”

Johnson responded. “I remember a conversation with Xander two years ago about the video tape he recorded showing Walsh accepting a large cash bribe. He told me about the saga fearing he could be a victim of a sudden and mysterious death.” He motioned toward Steve Nelson. “He also spoke to me about Mr. Nelson’s attack from three men who identified themselves as FBI agents...Xander wanted me to check out one of their names with their local office, which proved to be inconclusive.”

Chief Woodward stepped forward. “Mayor Johnson, do you know anything about a private investigator that Xander hired?”

“When I tendered my resignation letter to Xander last week, he asked if I knew a private investigator...I recommended Barney Perkins, a former Denver police officer.”

Woodward responded. “Xander’s secretary, Brenda, just mentioned Perkin’s name...I’ll contact him to see what he knows. Mr. Johnson, do you know where Maggie is?”

Mitch answered. “Chief Woodward...I believe Xander’s wife suddenly went to Europe last week. When Xander couldn’t use his private jet, he booked plane trips through Plan-It Travel. Contact the agency to check on flights that Maggie may have booked.”

Robert interrupted. “The Kellogg Development Company’s chief financial officer, Mike Peavy, has also disappeared and there’s about \$30 million in funds missing from the Kellogg Development Company bank accounts. I can’t believe Peavy could be involved in a caper to abscond with the funds...Mike has always been an honest and dedicated employee. He’s so timid, he wouldn’t even break the speed limit driving his car.”

The Cherry Hills Village fire chief sauntered over to the group, kicking ashes from his boots. “This is no longer a search and rescue mission...I’ve classified this as a recovery exercise. The emergency crews are scouring the debris for traces of body parts, but I’ve requested help from the Denver police for human remains detector dogs. Based upon our initial tests of the chemical compounds, our belief is that nitroglycerin was used to explode the dwelling...that’s why the debris field is so scattered. However, the earlier garage explosion was caused by dynamite with gasoline containers planted throughout the building to accelerate the damage...we also found several blasting caps and a timer.”

Chief Woodward addressed the group. “I’m tagging this as a crime scene. My office will take the lead on the investigation along with the Denver police department. I’ll also call the FBI and ATF to see if they have an interest in getting involved. Please call me if you recall anything else or learn more about Maggie’s whereabouts or where we can find Mike Peavy.”

Robert responded. “Thank you, Chief Woodward. When Xander married Maggie months ago, she kept her given name of Donaldson. Maggie has a daughter, Chanelle, who lives in Denver and recently married Sam Spykstra. Chanelle must know where Maggie is. Also, I may need your help in locating Xander’s limo driver, Diego Vega.”

Chief Woodward interjected. “When I spoke to Xander after the garage blast, he mentioned that Vega had lived above the garage but had recently moved to a safe house.

Robert seemed confused. “Why a safe house?”

“Vega feared retaliation from Chubby Morrison after confessing to the police that he was involved in Xander’s assassination attempt. Morrison ordered Vega to steal a car and drive Rocko Testa to the backyard of Xander’s home, where the bookie’s bodyguard shot at Kellogg’s limousine multiple times. Diego Vega may provide insight on the house bombing investigation if we can find him.”

Mitch Johnson addressed Woodward. “Chief, call Detective Donny Allison at the Denver Police department...he brought Xander back from Dublin for his arraignment after the district attorney refiled the murder charges. Kellogg may have mentioned something to Allison that could be a key to this. Allison has also been the lead detective for the investigation of Buster Kellogg’s murder.”

Steve Nelson interrupted. “I’ll contact my attorney friend, Rudy Jorgenson...he flew in from Washington to represent Xander at the arraignment. He may be able to add something to solve this mystery.”

Mitch Johnson held up his hand. “When I was the Denver police chief, I interacted with Interpol twice. I’ll look up my contact with the National Central Bureau in Washington to see if they can get involved

with Maggie's disappearance...they have a special division that focuses on missing persons."

Woodward nodded. "That would be very helpful, Mitch. This is a complex puzzle...we have a very wealthy real estate executive who may have been murdered, a wife who cannot be found, and \$30 million that has suddenly disappeared."

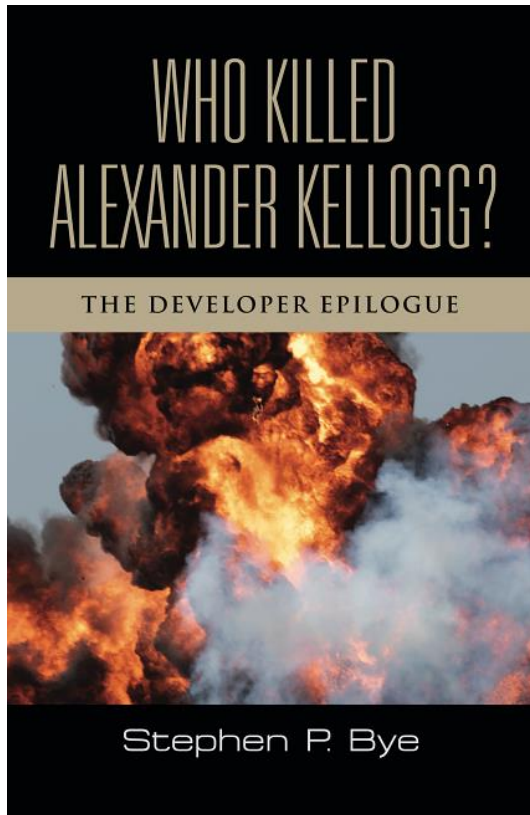
As Woodward turned toward his police car, Robert tugged at his arm. "Wait a second, Chief Woodward...Steve Nelson just told us Xander called him on his mobile phone...not on his home phone."

"So what?"

"Xander could have called Steve from anywhere, assuming he could have removed the electronic monitor. As I said, my brother is devious...perhaps he decided to fake his death to escape the next murder trial and the problems that Kellogg Development Company and Kellogg Savings Bank were facing."

Mitch Johnson chimed in. "Yes, there were many challenges that Xander was confronting...lawsuits too. I was very uncomfortable with the direction the firm was moving in and I felt it necessary to resign last week. However, I don't know anything about the missing company funds."

Woodward seemed irritated. "I find it hard to believe that Xander would orchestrate a devious plan to stage his death...was playing with nitroglycerin his plan to commit suicide? That's not the Xander Kellogg I knew." He shook his head. "Nonetheless, I'll immediately post a photo of Xander and circulate it to all police agencies in Colorado."



*Office developer, Xander Kellogg, is killed in a home explosion. His wife, who has stolen millions from his firm, a drug cartel; a bookmaker; and a congressman are suspects. Robert Kellogg deals with a myriad of challenges to save the firm.*

## **Who Killed Alexander Kellogg? The Developer Epilogue**

By Stephen P. Bye

**Order the book from the publisher [Booklocker.com](https://www.booklocker.com)**

**<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/13449.html?s=pdf>**

**or from your favorite neighborhood  
or online bookstore.**