

A thriller involving money laundering, drug cartels, government raids and assassination plots, a real estate market collapse, courtroom trial maneuvers, media ethics, a viscous murder, and a devious heir that upends the development company.

The Kellogg Legacy: The Final Story

By Stephen P. Bye

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THE KELLOGG LEGACY...

THE FINAL STORY



Stephen P. Bye

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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.

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Chapter One

The shrill telephone ring startled Sam Spykstra. He groped for the phone receiver in the pitch-black bedroom and knocked the handset on the floor. He rolled over, flicking the lamp knob to lighten the room before snagging the knotted cord, finally placing the receiver next to his left ear.

“Hello, this is Sam speaking.” Hearing no response, he elevated his voice. “Hello...is there someone on the line?”

“Estas Sam Spykstra?” The man’s voice seemed muffled as if the caller was holding a towel over his mouth.

“Yes, who is this?”

“Es tu esposa, Chanelle Donaldson...your wife?”

“Yes...who is this?”

“We kill tu esposa, Chanelle...her madre, Maggie Donaldson, too. You pay \$250 million by Friday, or we kill you next.”

Sam felt a rush of blood to his head, knowing the caller was from the Bolivian drug cartel. “You killed Chanelle? What do you mean...she died in an airline crash in Switzerland.” Sam rubbed his blurry eyes and wiped the sweat from his brow. “I don’t have your money...I wired it to Kellogg Development Company.”

“We mail money instructions to you...no call police!” The man coughed. “No call anyone!”

Sam stuttered. “D...did you hear what I just said?” He shouted. “I don’t have your money...it’s in a Kellogg Development Company bank account! You need to deal with Robert Kellogg.”

Hearing the phone click off, Sam turned to read the digits on the alarm clock...4:17 AM. He covered his head with a pillow and murmured...

"Was this simply a bad dream? The Narcos were chasing \$9 million in stolen money...why did they now want \$250 million?"

His mind began racing, reconstructing the events that had disrupted his life four months earlier...

"A Bolivian drug cartel's sicarios savagely killed my mother-in-law, Maggie Donaldson, in Zurich, Switzerland after she absconded with \$81 million of Kellogg Development Company funds including \$9 million from the Bolivian's aSpire Tower partnership account."

He rubbed his eyes again, recalling the brief conversation with the caller...

"The cartel now claims that they murdered Chanelle...had they planted a bomb on my wife's airliner that crashed near Geneva, Switzerland?"

Sam was shocked, his heart racing. He checked the time again...it was too early to call Robert Kellogg. Also, per the warning, Sam was reluctant to contact Detective Donny Allison at the Denver Police Department...Allison had been intimately involved in the investigation of Maggie Donaldson's disappearance and Chanelle's tragic death in the airplane accident. He closed his eyes, trying desperately to sleep. He tossed and turned in his bed until 7:15, when he finally called Robert Kellogg's residence.

The constant monotone ringing sound of the phone induced Sam into a trance causing him to flinch when Robert finally answered the call.

"Hello..."

“Oh...Robert, this is Sam...Sam Spykstra. I’m sorry to call you so early.”

“No problem...I was up early reading the lead newspaper article about the arrest of Congressman Casper Walsh for Xander Kellogg’s murder. In the story, Steve Nelson, Xander’s attorney, also discusses the feud between my brother and Walsh that extended over five years.”

“Does the article mention Casper Walsh’s order to kill Steve Nelson?”

“There was no mention of that attack...either Nelson didn’t disclose it, or the reporter deleted his story. After all, there was never proof that Walsh ordered the hit on Nelson...just Xander’s speculation. Regardless, you need to read the front-page article when you have five minutes.”

“I sure will.”

“It’s early, Sam...what’s up?”

“Robert...three hours ago, I received a call from the Bolivian drug cartel. They want \$250 million by Friday or said that they would kill me...they’re supposedly mailing the money transfer instructions to me.”

“Damn...they must believe you still hold their money that you inherited after Chanelle’s death. I’ll check our Wall Street investment bank accounts this morning to see if the \$81 million has arrived. I was waiting to call GCI Global Capital in the Grand Caymen Islands to negotiate a settlement until I knew the funds landed in our accounts.”

“Please call GCI immediately...my life is in danger!”

“Did you just say they were demanding a payment of \$250 million?”

“Yes.”

“Sam, I would consider paying them the \$9 million of the Bolivian partnership funds stolen by Xander and his wife, Maggie Donaldson,

but \$250 million?” Robert paused for ten seconds. “Sam...perhaps they’re demanding the reimbursement of 100% of the funds, around \$250 million, used to build the Kellogg aSpire project.”

“Robert...the tower isn’t even worth a tenth of what they’ve invested in the high-rise, given the depression that’s crippling the Denver economy. The cataclysmic drop in the price of oil since 1985 has devastated the office building sector, particularly the downtown Denver submarket. The aSpire building has been completely shuttered to save operating costs...no leases were ever signed on the 1.5 million square foot monstrosity.”

“I agree, Sam...it’s a total disaster. The project was recently highlighted on a national news broadcast as an example of the office collapse that has impacted cities located in the energy belt. The local press, especially Elizabeth Cummings at Channel 3, has badgered me to reveal the real owner of the aSpire Tower. My life would certainly be in danger from the GCI Global Capital money launderers and the Bolivian Narcos if I disclosed the source of the investment capital was from a drug cartel...I’m sure there are other projects in the U.S. that were also funded by the same criminal money sources.” Robert paused. “Thank God, we’re totally out of the ownership position...months ago, Angelo Caccio, the principal of GCI, accepted a transfer of our 20% interest in the project to their partnership entity, Deep Well, Inc.”

“Robert, how did your brother, Xander, ever get involved with a drug cartel?”

In 1979, Xander met a fellow named Sal Parzinni at a California golf resort. Parzinni, who became interested in providing equity capital for our Kellogg Tower project, was the president of a Chicago based investment advisor called Illinois Gold Coast Capital. I was suspicious of the source of their funds after I met with Parzinni and his associate, Angelo Caccio. Ironically, the next day, the Chicago pair was arrested

in Denver by the FBI for money laundering and racketeering. After his conviction, Parzinni did time at Leavenworth Federal Penitentiary for eight years although Caccio received a lighter sentence for cooperating with the Justice Department. After moving the company to the Grand Cayman Islands, Caccio renamed the firm GCI Global Capital. Xander was so desperate to develop the tallest office tower in Denver that he reconnected with Caccio and partnered with GCI, who laundered drug money from South American cartels into the United States.”

“Did Xander know the funds were dirty?”

“I have no idea. As you recall, Xander and I had ceased to be partners in 1984...I wasn’t aware of the details of his projects other than what I heard through the scuttlebutt from the real estate community. To be honest, Sam, I don’t think Xander would have cared if he knew in advance that the funds came from a criminal element.”

“Robert, the Bolivian cartels are ruthless...they now claim responsibility for Chanelle’s death too.”

“What...she died in the airline crash!”

“Yes, they must have planted a bomb on the aircraft. Robert, I don’t want to be their next target...please tell GCI that Kellogg Development Company now controls the funds. Don’t contact the FBI or the local police...the caller made that very clear.”

“I’m not going to be intimidated, Sam.”

Robert found Xander’s contact directory that listed the telephone number for GCI Capital’s office in the Grand Cayman Islands. He studied the multiple-digit phone number and dialed a long-distance operator.

Fifteen seconds passed before Robert heard a repeated buzzing noise. After ten seconds, a woman answered, reciting a Spanish greeting. “Hola...Buenas dias!”

Robert replied. “Buenas días...inglés por favor.”

“Sí...how can I assist, señor.”

“I wish to speak with Angelo Caccio, please.”

“Who is calling?”

“Robert Kellogg...from the United States.”

“Un momento, señor Roberto.”

Seconds passed before Robert heard a response. “Mr. Kellogg, this is Sal Parzinni speaking. I trust that you’re calling about the money you owe us.”

“You’re wrong, Mr. Parzinni...I’m calling about the death threats you’ve made to Sam Spykstra.”

“We’ve never threatened anyone.”

“No...you simply murder them.”

Parzinni laughed loudly. “That’s an outrageous accusation, Mr. Kellogg.”

“OK...you simply employ your Bolivian drug cartel hitmen to execute the killings.”

“GCI is not associated with any drug cartels.”

“Your hitman, Luis Lopez, named Angelo Caccio as the person who hired him to blow up my brother’s garage with dynamite. Lopez is currently serving time in the Denver jail for the crime...the authorities linked him to a Bolivian drug cartel.”

“Lopez was a maverick airplane pilot who worked for Caccio years ago. Angelo fired him after discovering that he smuggled drugs for a Mexican gang into Texas. Lopez was angry at Caccio about his dismissal and as revenge, named Angelo, who ordered the dynamiting of Xander Kellogg’s garage.”

“Parzinni, do you expect me to believe that story? Caccio even called our CFO, Mike Peavy, after the explosion and asked him if he got the message about refunding the \$9 million that Xander Kellogg stole.”

Parzinni chuckled. “That’s a funny story.”

“Sal, the Swiss police arrested two Bolivian hitmen...I believe they’re called sicarios. They killed Maggie Donaldson and our private investigator, Jonas Wellington, in Zurich. Don’t give me any shit about your connections to the Bolivian drug cartels.”

“Mr. Kellogg...let’s discuss the Kellogg aSpire Tower deal. Your company provided fraudulent documentation that enticed us to invest in a worthless real estate deal. GCI has funded \$250 million on that zombie project...we want our funds returned at once.”

“This was not a money-back guaranteed deal...not even the \$9 million that Xander Kellogg took from the partnership account. Angelo Caccio even approved that \$9 million as a developer fee draw...check with him about the details.”

“Perhaps you didn’t hear that Angelo hung himself with a lamp cord in his jail cell. He was being held in Grand Cayman by the local authorities after his arrest warrant was issued in Denver following Luis Lopez’s confession. Refund our \$250 million by Friday!”

“Or what, Parzinni?”

“To use an old Sicilian phrase...you may soon be sleeping with the fishes.”

Robert heard the phone click off.

Robert Kellogg would not be frightened, even by a ruthless criminal organization and a barbaric drug cartel...he had battled with dozens of tough subcontractors and demanding property owners since establishing his construction company in 1962. Without hesitation, he called Detective Donny Allison at the Denver Police station.

“Good morning, Detective...this is Robert Kellogg.”

“What can I do for you, Mr. Kellogg?”

“A member of the Bolivian drug cartel called Sam Spykstra early this morning demanding \$250 million or promised to kill him by Friday. I was also threatened.”

“I recall the cartel was chasing after \$9 million that Xander Kellogg and his wife, Maggie, stole from the partnership account.”

“You’re correct, but it’s more complicated...as you recall, my brother, Xander, contacted Angelo Caccio at GCI Capital Associates in the Grand Cayman Islands seeking an equity partner to build his 65-story office project, Kellogg aSpire Tower. GCI laundered \$250 million of the cartel’s drug money to build the project and are now upset with the massive economic loss of the investment. You may have read where the tower was shuttered because of the office market collapse. GCI Capital is now demanding \$250 million to recoup their entire investment.”

“What do you want me to do?”

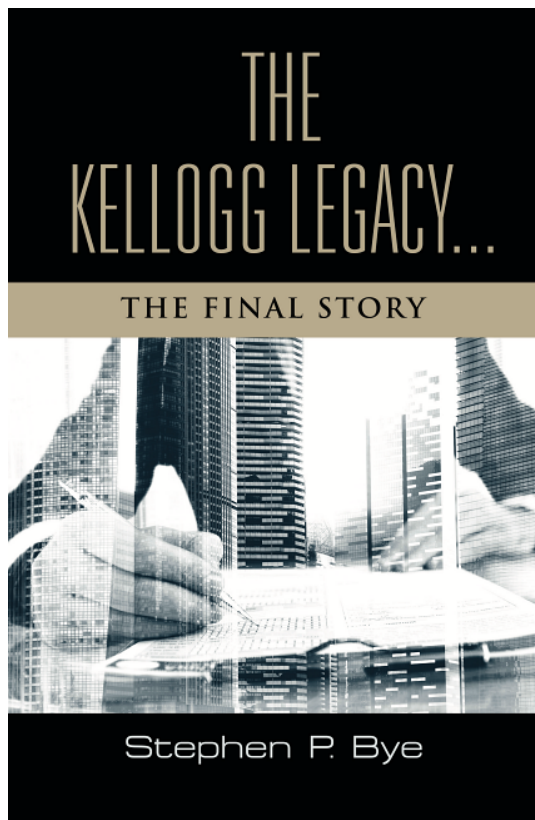
“Please contact the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration and the FBI. I’ll be happy to share the entire story with them too.”

“Do you need police protection?”

“Probably...Sal Parzinni, the executive at GCI, threatened to kill me if he didn’t receive the money by Friday. I think Sam Spykstra needs protection as well. Parzinni is like my brother, Xander...he’s not interested in the details...only the money.”

“Robert, I’ll call the police chief to see if he can assign a unit to your office and residence.”

“Thanks, Detective Allison.”



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