

Chapter 13

Amsterdam, The Netherlands

Schiphol Airport

Davis studied the badge the Interpol Agent held in front of him, and realized he had been chosen for the one thing he had hoped against. *I'm screwed.*

“Are you Mr. Chad Davis?”

“Yes,” he replied in a defeated tone.

“What’s the problem? I’m about to board, I had no problems with security.”

“Sir, I need to ask you a few questions. Please come with me.”

Davis could not believe it. *I was right there! There’s the damn gate! Now what!?*

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The tall, weathered man led Davis to a private room past the smoker's lounge. He unlocked the door and showed Davis in. Plain walls with a table and a few chairs decorated the room. *Just like in the movies*, Davis thought.

"Have a seat Mr. Davis. This will not take long."

Davis checked his watch. The room was silent. He would not be able to hear the boarding call for his flight. He started to get nervous, angry, frustrated.

"I have five minutes to board. Please make this quick," begged Davis.

"Do you know this man?" The agent produced three photos and laid them on the table.

Davis took a good look. At first he was not sure what he was looking at. But after a few seconds he realized the gruesome scene he was studying. It was a murder scene, Baff's murder scene. *Holy shit.*

"Yeah," replied Davis, trying to maintain his composure, "He spoke to me after my speech at the RSA conference."

Davis was scared. And, not just scared that he would miss his flight. *Interpol was following Baff? What did he know? Who killed him? How did they find me? I want to go home.*

"How did you know he was at the Conference?" asked Davis.

"We had surveillance Mr. Davis. Interpol is everywhere nowadays. Was there anything he may have said? Did he give you anything?"

Davis continued, "No, nothing out of the ordinary. Just how he enjoyed the talk I gave."

The Agent asked, "Was there anything or anyone that seemed strange at the Conference?"

"There were a lot of people attending, sir, and I cannot remember any that stood out, except for an Asian man asking me about buffer overflows. Did you attend the speech?"

"No, I was not there personally Mr. Davis."

He started to get sick from looking at the pictures. He turned them upside down and slid them towards the Agent.

"Is there anything else I can help you with, sir?"

"Yes, can you please state your itinerary starting with your arrival here and your final destination? Please be as specific as possible regarding your arrival and departure times."

What the? Davis was confused. *What have I done?* He gave the agent the information he needed and hoped there was nothing more than a thank you, but there was more.

“Mr. Davis, where were you last night around 10:30 P.M.?” asked the Agent in an accusing tone.

“Do you think I killed him?”

“It is routine that we ask Mr. Davis. Please do not take offense.”

Shamefully Davis replied, “I was at the casino. I got home around one.”

“Is there anyone that can verify your whereabouts Mr. Davis?”

“I’m sure the blackjack dealer could...and the cage attendant.”

“Ok, Mr. Davis, thank you for your cooperation. You must understand that security is much stricter now in airports.”

“Yes I do,” said Davis, “You have an interesting accent sir, where are you from?”

“Northern Amsterdam,” replied the Agent, “We have a distinct dialect that still escapes me now and then. Have a safe trip.”

Davis got up and hastily made his way to the door. Walking out he checked his watch. *10:19. Fuck!*

Danko watched him leave, he had gotten little information from Davis, hardly enough to justify his paying the inside connections that had allowed him to conduct the interview in this security office. But, that was the way of the world. Though, it was amazing how little money could convince *dedicated* airline personnel to look the other way and allow him a little leeway, especially in this day and age. Of course, not that they believed they had any reason to doubt he had authority to do it, his job was to impersonate and infiltrate.

Danko picked up his cell phone, punched in a couple of buttons and waited for the other side to pick-up.

“He claims to not know anything,” he said when he heard the man answer.

“I am not surprised. Follow him closely. We cannot take any chances.”

