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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 39

Monday Afternoon – Office of Jon Parks, Private Investigator – 17 February 2003

Dr. Joshua Goldsmith entered the offices of Jon Parks, Private Investigator and was not surprised when he found the place to be dingy, dirty, and rather small. The receptionist's desk was not manned and it looked as if it hadn't been in a number of years. He saw Jon Parks sitting behind his desk. Without any acknowledgement walked in and sat down in the only other chair.

"You must be Dr. Goldsmith," said Parks.

"Call me Joshua," he replied.

"Ok, Doc, what gives?" asked Parks.

"I believe my wife is having an affair. I need you to get stills and videos of her in action with her nigger lover. I need to know how many days a week she's fuckin' him. The proof has to be incontrovertible. I'm willing to pay you a handsome sum, especially if you can capture them in flagrante delicto ASAP."

Jon Parks nodded his head. He retired from the NYPD at forty-two. He rose to the rank of Detective Lieutenant in the Homicide Division. His own wife left him some fifteen years earlier taking their children and moving to Florida. Years of working sixteen hour days, sleeping in the detective crib in his precinct, and being dedicated to his job ended his marriage. "So, she's fuckin' a black man. I'm not partial to calling them niggers, unless they're shuckin' and jivin' on the street selling drugs or pimping young girls. Are you prepared for the truth, Doc?"

Joshua noticed he had not used his first name. "Yes, I'm prepared. If she is finding sexual pleasure with him, then she can have him. When I'm done, she'll be whoring herself out to make a living or kneeling at my feet begging me to give her another chance. What I need Jon, is proof in pictures and videos."

"Not going to be cheap. I have my daily rate and expenses. If you want me exclusively, then..."

Joshua smiled, "Like you're busy... Please, don't insult my intelligence."

Parks held up his hands palms out, "Ok, ok, got me... What I'll need is a starting point to track her movements. See where she is meeting her lover. If it is a no-tell motel, then I'll need to grease the palm of the day

manager to make sure they're always in the same room. Naturally, that will be the room I will have set up the video and still camera equipment in. So, I'm thinking..."

Joshua noticed a legal pad and pencils on the cluttered desk. He stood, leaned over the desk, and wrote his address and cell phone number down. He reached into his left inside jacket pocket and pulled out two thick business sized envelopes. He unceremoniously dropped the envelopes onto the desk. "Inside is fifty thousand dollars in one hundred dollar bills. I don't need an accounting of how you spend it and I don't need an invoice for your services. What I need, Mr. Parks is for you to get or not get the goods on my wife. Inside the envelope is a recent picture of her. By the look on your face, I can see we have a deal."

Dr. Goldsmith did not wait for an answer or a parting handshake. He turned, walked out of the office, and headed home to Westchester.