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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 59

Thursday Late Afternoon – Office of Jon Parks – Private Investigator – 20 February 2003

Dr. Joshua Goldsmith confirmed his meeting with Jon Parks hours before he arrived at the small, dingy, and dirty two room office. Just as before, the receptionist's desk was not manned and it still looked as if it hadn't been for years. The door to Jon's office was open and when he saw Dr. Goldsmith enter the outer office he waved him into his.

Jon Parks stood, offered his hand to Joshua, and said, "Good evening, Doctor. I hope your day has been better than what you'll see here tonight."

Joshua took the proffered hand, shook it, and replied, "Are you telling me that since we met earlier in the week, you have already gathered enough data to give me what I need? Or, is this just an update?"

"Believe me, Dr. Goldsmith, what I have for you will be more than enough. Please sit and we can begin our review," said Jon.

Joshua noticed that Mr. Parks was very self-assured and confident about what he had learned in a very short period of time. He took the chair that sat in front of the desk, picked it up, and gently bounced two of the four legs on the floor to remove the bits of dirt and dust that lay on the seat. After he replaced the chair, Joshua removed his top coat and laid it across the back of the chair as he did not see a place to hang it or was offered a place by Mr. Parks.

"Ok, Parks, where do we begin?" asked Joshua.

Jon Parks stared into his client's eyes trying to determine if his client was strong enough to assimilate the information he had garnered at the No Tell Motel. He could see a steely cold determination in Joshua's eyes and realized that a heart surgeon had to have nerves of steel considering the delicate work he performed within the human body. Parks opened the bottom right drawer of his old gun metal gray desk and withdrew two manila envelopes. He placed one in front of him and gently tossed the other towards Joshua.

"I think we should begin with the pictures. They are in order starting with Tuesday and finishing with, believe it or not, today," said Parks as he leaned back into his chair. He kept an eye on his client to again gauge his reaction.

"Doesn't seem like a lot of pictures, Mr. Parks," said Joshua as he began to remove the small piece of tape that held the closure flap against the body of the envelope.

"There are more, but the quality is most important now, Doc, not quantity," said Parks.

Joshua realized that Parks felt comfortable because he addressed him as Doc and not by his first or last name. He felt his coat press into his back as he reclined and began leafing through the pictures of his wife having carnal relations with an older black man and what appeared to be a boy of no more than twelve. The sight of his wife kneeling, lying on her back, or on her hands and knees being used like a common whore brought his blood to a boil. As he went through the pictures a second time, he thought about the size of his penis and his wife's moaning as they copulated or performed mutual oral sex on each other.

As he looked up from the pictures, he tossed them on the desk, and said, "Fuckin' cunt!!! How old is the boy?"

Parks leaned forward, gathered the pictures, and placed them face down on the desktop. He did not see pain on the doctor's face. Instead, he saw unbridled anger. He waited a moment before he responded. Still leaning forward with his hands flat on the desktop he answered the question. "The boy is twelve."

"Fuck..." responded Joshua. "How many niggers besides the boy are fuckin' her?"

"Four."

"Jesus fuckin' Christ!!!” Joshua placed his hands to his forehead as if he was blocking the sun from his eyes whereupon he used the edges of his index fingers to massage his closed eyes. While trying to relieve a modicum of stress he asked, "How much do you know about them?"

"Simply put, I know everything," responded Parks.

Joshua removed his hands from his face and gave a hard stare into Jon Parks' eyes. "Do you know where each and every one of them lives?"

"And where they work and where the boy attends school," replied Parks offering nothing more.

"Ok, here's the deal. Do you have the resources to go out tonight and gather them together?"

"To what purpose?"

Smiling as he spoke, Joshua said, "The purpose is mine, but it totally depends on whether or not you have the ability to secure each and every one of the niggers that used my wife as their fuck toy."

Jon leaned back into his chair and assumed a more relaxed attitude. "If were able to gather these individuals, where would you want me to bring them? And, for what purpose?"

Now Joshua leaned into the desk placing his hands not on the top, but on the edge as he calmly stated his response to Jon's questions, "There is an abandoned hospital in the East Tremont section of the Bronx. It is located at the corner of Third Avenue and East Tremont Avenue. I own the building. I am in process of putting together with other doctors a company to restore and reopen the hospital. That is where I want you to bring them."

Amazed, Jon Parks responded, "To an abandoned hospital in the East Tremont section of the Bronx... That is where you want me to bring four rather large black men and one boy... And, Doc, how do you expect me to make sure they'll co-operate?"

"That's fuckin' easy, Parks. I will supply you with enough sedative to put a fuckin' elephant to sleep. You do as I say, dose each individual per my instructions and if you have the manpower, getting the niggers to the building will not be a problem."

"What you want me to do is illegal, doc."

At the top of his lungs, "FUCKIN' ILLEGAL!!! PLEASE, YOU FUCKIN' DUMB ASS!!! LIKE WHAT YOU DID IN BUGGING THE MOTEL ISN'T ILLEGAL!!!" Joshua was over the desk and nose-to-nose with the private investigator. Jon Parks could see the total lack of fear in his client. He knew better than to provoke the doctor.

"Ok, ok, doc, you got me," he said in a clam voice. "Sit back down and let's work this out. Ok?"

Joshua did as he asked. "I'm willing to pay you an exorbitant amount of money. How does five hundred thousand sound? You get the niggers to the corner of Third Avenue and East Tremont Avenues and I promise you you'll never have to work again the rest of your life. In fact, I can provide more legal and satisfying work if you'd care to become part of a group of men that want to help save the medically downtrodden of the world."

Eyes wide, hands rubbing the tops of his thighs through his two hundred dollar suit, "Five hundred large???"

"Yeah," was all Joshua said.

"Fuck... Five hundred large... Ok, tell me what I need to do and where do deliver the goods. We'll talk about the Good Samaritan stuff later. Fuck... Five hundred large..."

Dr. Joshua Goldsmith without asking grabbed a yellow legal pad that lay on the desktop where upon he wrote the address of the abandoned hospital. He flipped the pad onto the desk in front of the still amazed private investigator and said, "I will be back in one hour with five syringes. The smallest syringe is for the boy, remember that, because you give the dose in one of the other syringes to him, he's dead. I'm figuring you're going to need to make five trips to collect the niggers. I need to have all of them in the building by midnight tonight. I expect that will not pose any problems. The last thing you need to do after delivering the niggers to me is leave the pictures and video of my whore wife with them."

Dr. Joshua Goldsmith stood without saying good-bye, turned, and walked out of Jon Parks' office. As he made his way out of the building, he called his wife to advise her he would not be home until sometime late tomorrow. When he finished with Elizabeth, he called his good friend who happened to be a surgeon like himself to inquire about certain surgical procedures he'd never had to perform, but knew of their existence.