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## The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

### Chapter 110

Monday – Jon Parks – 3 March 2003

The day started as any other day for the private investigator. He awoke in his small one bedroom apartment, reached for the remaining fifth of scotch that lay beside his bed, and finished it in one big gulp. The return of alcohol to his system mitigated the hangover headache that pounded in his head the minute he opened his eyes. Luckily for Parks he always had the ability to keep his clients from finding out his fondness for drinking scotch because he limited it to the time he spent alone in his ratty apartment. His time on the job for the New York City Police Department felled three attempts at marriage. The longest marriage lasted just eighteen months. His love of his job and a bottle of scotch always came between his woman and maintaining his relationship.

The mattress and box spring he slept on were on the floor in a corner that kept the morning light as far as possible from his face. He rested for a moment as the alcohol mixed with his blood and brought him to his senses. Jon absentmindedly reached between his legs and grabbed his cock and balls. He chuckled when it hit him that he hadn't been able to get an erection for years and hadn't attempted to masturbate in as much time. Oh, he would love to spend a night between the legs of a woman like Apollonia Moretti, but he knew he'd fail miserably because of his love a scotch and his advancing age.

He released his genitals, rolled to the side away from the wall, placed his bare feet on the floor, and stood up to start his day. He padded to the small bathroom where he entered the shower, turned on the water, and reveled under the water as he felt it turn from freezing cold to hot. The soap lay on the floor of the tub and not in the small tray on the wall to his right. He bent over and immediately realized that doing so was a mistake. Even though he was coming off a multiple bottle scotch bender, he had enough wherewithal to stop himself from falling flat on his face in the white porcelain bathtub. He used the wall in front to steady himself and when he was ready he knelt to pick of the bar of soap. For the second time that morning he wrapped his hand around his cock, attempted to stroke it to hardness, and gave up frustrated that he was a self-inflicted alcohol induced impotent man.

His morning routine took a thirty minutes to complete. Jon decided to stop at his favorite luncheonette for a breakfast of eggs over easy, home fried potatoes, link sausage, rye bread, and a bottomless cup of black coffee. The local news reported that the temperature was going to remain in the high twenties with a possibility of going as high as thirty-nine degrees. Jon found his well-worn top coat lying on the floor just inside the door to his apartment. He surveyed his domain for a moment, thought to himself that maybe he'd hire a cleaning service, tossed the thought in the garbage, and left to begin his day.

Gus' Luncheonette survived all sorts of neighborhood changes for the sixty years since it opened business just before the end of World War II. It was a family owned business that had been handed down from father to son. Jon Parks found the place one afternoon when he stumbled in after handling his first homicide. He made his way immediately to the men's room where he fell to his knees and threw up. His pride kept him from regurgitating in front of his peers. The scene was forever impressed on his brain. The psychotic mother of three young children thought she had heard the word of God and performed abdominal surgery to rid them of their evil spirits. After he exited the bathroom, he sat on one of the stools at the counter pale as a ghost. Although it was as illegal as hell, Gus poured a shot of Irish whiskey into the mug of hot black coffee he served to the policeman at the counter and that began a friendship that lasted the test of time.

The walk to his office was uneventful. Jon usually identified at least four to six criminal acts that he categorized from petty to misdemeanor. He never reported them. Although he knew he should, he kept his blinders on to make sure he wasn't perceived as a man who never really wanted to retire. His small private investigation business kept him out of trouble and away from any of the major crimes that occurred on a daily basis in the city. Jon Parks was intuitive enough to know that his budding relationship with the Moretti family could add a tidy sum of money to his annual income. Today he was going to begin his second assignment and he knew it was a make or break situation.

Jon Parks Special Investigations was the sign gold leafed on the door to his small two room office suite. Upon entering, he looked around, and laughed at the mess that mimicked his apartment across town. He shook his head wondering why anyone would do business with him after spending time in his ratty office space. Jon knew why they did and he prided himself on his ability to collect and analyze data for his clients. To make sure he stayed focused on Apollonia Moretti's request, he took all the old ratty newspapers, notes, and unpaid invoices and pushed them off his desk onto the floor. He looked around his feet and found a yellow legal pad which he picked up and placed in front of him on his small metal desk.

Jon Parks started making notes as he began to think about how he was going to get as much information on Melanie Margolis the District Attorney of Nassau County. He knew he'd have to spend some time on the Internet to retrieve and sequence her life from her birth to the present. Nothing was off limits. He would investigate her family, her friends, her legal ideology, and her political friends. Jon Parks knew that his new employer would have no compunction against keeping whatever dirt she found private. He expected Apollonia to publish the dirt on the DA without first showing it to her. Jon Parks knew from the bottom of his soul Apollonia Moretti would do whatever she needed to make DA Margolis back off her intention to indict Mario Moretti with felony murder.

His laptop was not the fastest computer in the world. It took several minutes to power up and boot before he could open an Internet browser to begin his search. The one thing he faithfully maintained was his subscription to LexisNexis which gave him the ability to keep current on law and legal opinions. He also maintained memberships to the best of breed websites that accumulated public data from the federal, state, and local governmental entities. Certain long term relationships within the NYC Police Department gave him access to confidential sources such as the National Crime Information Center database and the growing Federal DNA Database.

As he waited for his laptop to boot, Jon began to make notes of the yellow legal pad concerning the person of interest in his investigation. He knew she was married, but did not know if she had produced any heirs. Her husband's background was unknown to him. Jon made a note to find out all he could about Melanie and Michael Margolis. The foundation of their relationship would give him avenues to investigate their personal relationship, investments, political affiliations, and most importantly family and friends. This grew as he thought about areas where he could search without having to perform illegal activities, but he knew that if needed to, he would use all the tricks-of-the-trade to garner as much dirt on the DA as possible.

The only thing that bothered him about his ratty office suite was the lack of a really good coffeemaker. Jon Parks leaned back in his chair, stretched, and decided after only twenty-minutes he needed to satisfy his need for coffee. Rather than call the local luncheonette he ate at, he departed the office to save the money he'd have to tip the delivery person. The trip took a total of fifteen minutes and when he returned his computer was booted up and ready for him to begin his search for dirt on one Melanie Margolis, Esquire.

By eleven-thirty, Jon Parks knew everything he needed to know about Melanie and Michael Margolis. The one thing that surprised him was the fact that she married a man with the same surname. According to the family histories they were not related, but Jon Parks made a note to do an in depth search on the possibility that she did marry a member of her family tree. Her parents were still alive, retired, and living in Naples, Florida. Her older sister lived in Sea Cliff and her younger brother lived in Long Beach. Both were married and gainfully employed. Michael Margolis' parents lived in Manhattan as did his younger sister. Jon knew from the age difference between Michael Margolis and his sister, she could be nothing but a change-of-life baby or the product of his father's dalliance with sex as a younger man.

Jon's cell phone rang interrupting his search. The displayed number was that of a colleague who worked in the medical examiner's office. He answered the call, spoke to his friend, and decided that it would be beneficial if they met. He invited her to his office, but she declined. Instead, he agreed to meet her at an East Side bistro where they could sit quietly, eat, have a drink, and discuss their business, social, and sexual needs. Jon saved to his hard drive the last bit of information he had retrieved concerning Melanie Margolis, shut down the computer, and made his way out of his office to rendezvous with what he hoped would be an attempt at fornication or a nice slow blowjob. Either way he knew the meeting would be beneficial to both parties. He would return to his office refreshed and ready to continue his investigation of the Nassau County DA for Apollonia Moretti.