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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 157

Saturday – Jon Parks - 15 March 2003

The bed was small and luckily for Jon the woman next to him was a tiny specimen. When he opened his eyes he was a bit taken that she was still in bed with him. Their age difference was measured in decades and not years. Why she decided he would be the one she would sleep with was still a mystery to him. He was a broken down, retired Detective Lieutenant that had nothing to offer her except for a roof over her head, a warm bed to sleep in, ten fingers, and a tongue. He stared at her face and continued to be taken by her beauty and wondered why at the tender age of thirty-two she was divorced. Happily for Jon she did not have any children because he could see himself falling head-over-heels for her.

They met at his local watering hole - a small dark bar that was once known for its Irish home style cooking. Today it was just another small local tavern surviving on the few regulars and the occasional passerby. He was the only patron sitting at the bar and for that matter he was only one of three people in the establishment not including the owner. Renee Gastineau entered, surveyed the interior, and put her small lithe body on a stool one away from where he sat. She opened her purse and put a twenty on the bar. Steve, the owner, carded her because she looked no older than fifteen or sixteen. Renee ordered top shelf vodka on ice and when it was delivered, downed it in two quick gulps. The glass hit the bar and she immediately ordered a second. When it came she picked it up, turned her head to Jon, and patted the bar stool next to her. Surprised, but not stupid enough to deny his needs, Jon Parks moved next to the beauty who just came on to him.

New York statute law deems that all bars must stop serving liquor at four AM. By eleven, the only people in the bar were Jon and Renee. Their conversation was close to non-stop and covered all topics except for religion and politics. He found that she divorced her husband of three years because he was not the man she thought he portrayed himself to be. She pointedly told Jon that their sex life before marriage was wonderful, but once the ring went on her finger, he demanded she perform for him anytime, anywhere without consideration for her feelings. The anywhere was defined as any public place where he could situate themselves and complete oral, anal, or vaginal penetration. Renee bemoaned the fact that she did not fight his desire for public or unconventional sex. As she called him, 'the asshole', he demanded blow jobs, but never once reciprocated by going down on her. When he forcibly took her anally in the middle of a family function she decided she had had enough. That night after he fell asleep, she packed her small gym bag with a minimum of clothing and left. The divorce was acrimonious to say the least, but she found all his dirty laundry and with the help of one of New York's best divorce lawyers, received an eight figure settlement with an agreement that no future alimony was to be paid.

Jon and Renee left the bar at eleven ten. They walked hand-in-hand to his small one bedroom apartment two blocks east of the bar. Once inside, Renee was on him like stink-on-shit. They kissed and before he could react, she was on her knees with his cock in her mouth. He tried unsuccessfully to get her to release her oral hold on his manhood. Renee Gastineau sucked Jon Parks. The only thing that would have stopped her would have been a cock larger than ten inches. Jon Parks was nowhere near that big. Seven minutes after she took the head of his normal sized penis into her mouth, Jon groaned, and filled her oral cavity with his seed. The rest of the night was spent in his bed with his mouth pressed against her bare pussy. He did not care that she would not touch him or let him take a rest. His tongue caressed and his lips sucked on her love button. Renee Gastineau had multiple orgasms before she released her hold on his head and allowed him to come next to her in his own small bed.

Now they lay close, but as far apart as the tiny bed would allow. Jon, having just relived the night, felt his cock rise. He wondered how she would react if he attempted to have coital sex with her. He rolled to his side facing her and gently tried to pull her close to him. Renee opened her eyes, smiled, and rolled onto her back. She opened her legs and beckoned him take her. Jon Parks did not hesitate. He rose and moved between her thin legs. He took his right hand, placed it around the base of his cock, and moved to insert it into her vagina.

Renee smiled and cooed, "Let me. . ." She wrapped her right hand around the shaft just below the head and placed it between her labia.

Jon felt her move his cock to lubricate and relax her vaginal orifice. He let her play for a moment and then he felt a gentle tug. His procreation instincts took over as he pressed his cock into her body. Their pubic bones met. They stared into each other's eyes. Their minds connected.

Renee whispered two words, "Fuck me."

The feeling of her cunt around his cock sent shivers throughout his middle-aged body. It had been quite a long time since he felt the velvety smooth skin of the interior of a woman's vaginal orifice. His recent girlfriend was closer to his age and always needed additional lubrication to help her accept his average sized cock into her body. He was taken with how easy he slipped into Renee. He pressed his hips and felt her respond. Her bodily fluids were bathing his cock as he proceeded to fuck her. Jon wanted to be a gentle lover, but after a few minutes, his need to feel in control took over. He began to fuck her hard.

Renee reacted positively to his taking control. She pulled up her knees and opened her legs giving Jon easier access to her charms. As the copulated, Renee picked her head up to kiss Jon. She reached for his head and pulled it to hers. Their lips met. Their mouths opened. Their tongues began the dance of the French kiss. Together they syncopated the movement of their hips as their copulation took on the greater need to experience an orgasm. As they kissed, Renee released her right hand and slipped it down where they were united. Her fingers began to caress and diddle her clitoris. She masturbated for a moment, stopped to allow Jon to enter and press his pubic bone against hers, and then used her fingers to signal him that she needed to caress her clitoris.

Jon Parks fucked her as if he was thirty years younger. He took and followed her lead. They'd kiss. They caress each other and themselves. They copulated for twenty-two minutes before each felt that he was going to ejaculate.

Renee made it easy for Jon, "Cum in me. Fill my cunt with your seed."

Jon groaned when he heard her tell him to cum insider her. He thrust a couple of times, groaned again, and pressed his hips into hers. His cock exploded. Renee did not stop him from pressing his cock into her vagina with each ejaculation. When he was finished he collapsed on top of her.

Renee did not experience a true gut wrenching orgasm, but the feeling of a man shooting his seed into her body was comfort enough for her to have a small but intense orgasm. She did not force Jon to lift his body from hers. She pressed her feet into the small of his back as she felt his cock shrink and slowly fall out of her body. Her hands went to his head, moved it, and she whispered, "Go down on me. I need to feel your tongue on my cunt."

Jon Parks froze. In all his years he'd never once went down on a woman after he'd had intercourse with her. He moved so straighten his arms and look into her face. He had just ejaculated into her body. His desire for sex was diminished. But, her face was so angelic and her eyes beckoned him in concert with the smell of her just ravaged pussy. He closed his eyes and said, "I've never. . ."

The interruption surprised him, but did not offend him. Renee gently said, "This is me. I'm not going to take an ad out on Times Square announcing you ate your cum from my just fucked cunt. I'm not here to cuckold you. I like how you fucked me. I just need to feel your tongue on my clit so I can finish. I will not think of you as less of a man because you ate me after you fucked me. I'm not going to fuck men and come to you to eat me. Please Jon, I need it."

How could he refuse her? Jon Parks pushed his body down the bed. He saw her pussy with a small dollop of his cum hanging from her opening. He looked up at her. She smiled saying to him it was ok for him to eat her just fucked pussy. Jon Parks was taken with Renee Gastineau. His mind exploded with the possibilities as his mouth sought out and clamped around her used fuck hole. He shivered as his taste buds reacted to the salty acrid taste of his ejaculate.

Renee felt him shiver and said, "It is ok Jon. You're still a man. Please eat me like you did last night."

And so he did. His lips caressed and sucked on her labia. His tongue slipped through the natural crevice that was her pussy. He got beyond the taste of his cum. His lips encircled her clitoris as he began to suck on it. His tongue caressed it as it slipped into and out of his pursed lips. Jon knew he was succeeding when Renee opened her legs and unceremoniously clasped her thighs around his head. She fucked his face. It did not take long for her to crescendo into a full body orgasm. As she did last night, her vagina flooded with vaginal fluids, but the difference was the additional taste of his own ejaculate. Renee pressed his head with her hands and her legs. She cried out in ecstasy as her body gave into the ultimate physical gift. She orgasmed, came down, and pulled Jon up her body.

Renee kissed him and whispered, "I could get used to you."

Words Jon wanted yet did not want to hear. He smiled, "And I could get used to you. But, I'm afraid of what you'll make me do. I've never gone down on a woman after I've fucked her."

Her laughter was infectious, "So, all you did was fuck me?"

Confused by her question, Jon frowned and replied, "Well, isn't that what we just did? I have to admit I'm taken with you, but. . ."

"You're not in love with me," said Renee with a twinkle in her eyes. She smiled, licked her lips, and cooed, "Yet."

Before Jon could answer there came a pounding on his apartment door. He turned his head to look at the time on the clock radio next to his bed. The frown was borne of his training. No one was expected. He knew from experience that plain clothes policemen would go to a suspect's house early in the morning when they were least expected. Jon rose from the bed. He found his underwear, his shirt, pants, and sneakers. Dressed, he turned to Renee and mouthed, "Do not move or make a sound. I am not expecting anyone."

She nodded her reply while trying somewhat successfully to tamp down her fear of the unknown.

Jon could see the rising fear on her face especially when he went to his dresser to retrieve his Smith & Wesson .38 revolver. He checked her one last time before he made his way to the front door. He moved the small piece of metal that covered the spyhole in the door. Just as he placed his eye in front of the aperture, the knocking began anew.

"Police," said one of the men.

"Identify yourselves," said Jon in response. "I am a retired Detective Lieutenant. Homicide division. NYPD."

"We know," said the voice on the other side of the entrance door. "We're Nassau County detectives and we need to speak to you. Please open the door."

"Badges," said Jon. "Hold them up so I can see them."

Both men knew the drill. They reached for their belt, unhooked their badge carriers, and held them up.

Jon looked through the spyhole and relaxed when he saw the gold shields of detectives. He did not release his gun as he opened the dead bolts and then slowly pulled the door open. He looked around from behind the door and saw two younger men standing in the hallway.

The taller of the two said, "Detective William Anderson. My partner is Detective Marion Trousdale. We need to speak to you."

Jon stepped back and opened the door. "Come in."

The two men entered his apartment. Looked around and again the taller of the two spoke, "May we sit? This is not going to be a short conversation."

Jon's antenna went up. "Before you sit, tell me why you're here because if I need to call my lawyer. . ."

Anderson held up his hands palms out, "No need for lawyers. Jon, what I am going to tell you is off the record. We are here on our own accord."

Jon Parks did not move nor did he respond to what the taller man had said. His face said it all to the two detectives.

"Ok. Ok. Ok," said Trousdale speaking for the first time. "We're here concerning the Nassau County District Attorney Melanie Margolis."

Jon nodded and said, "Let me put my gun away. Also, I have company. Female company."

Anderson and Trousdale exchanged glances upon hearing Jon Parks had female company. The three were surprised when Renee, wearing one of Jon's oxford shirts, strolled out of the bedroom, and asked, "Would you gentlemen like some coffee?"

Flummoxed Jon could not believe his eyes and ears. Renee was wearing one of his oxford shirts and it just barely came to mid-thigh. Her feet were bare except for her red painted toe nails. Her hair was a bit messy as it did not have length or weight to pull it down around her face. Without makeup she was just a pretty as she was with. Jon turned to her and said, "Um, we're out of coffee. Why don't you get dressed and we can go out after I get done with these gentlemen."

"I'm not dope Jon," she replied. "They're detectives and they're here to see you. I'm not leaving. I'll go back into the bedroom and I will be as quiet as a church mouse. But," she paused and said emphatically, "I AM NOT LEAVING." Renee turned and strode with purpose back into the bedroom and made a point by slamming the door shut.

Trousdale shook his head with obvious disdain. Anderson was smiling at her bravado. Both detectives remained where they were. It wasn't a Mexican standoff, but the men knew they had to get the show on the road. To make it easier for all, Jon pointed to the beat up couch as he pulled one of two chairs from the breakfast table over to the living room area.

Anderson and Trousdale sat as did Jon on the wicker back and seat chair. They stared at each other for a few minutes before Jon asked, "You're here concerning the DA?"

"Yes," replied Anderson.

Jon opened his eyes wide, shook his head, and said, "So???"

Again the two Nassau County Detectives exchanged glances. They did not speak but both men knew that the conversation should not be held within earshot of an individual with no credentials. Anderson made the decision, "Listen Jon, what we're here to talk to you about is extremely sensitive. I don't think we should be talking here with the female in the apartment. And, we don't have the time to come back any time soon. Can you visit us in Mineola?"

"Wait," said Jon, "if I'm reading between the lines correctly, you gentlemen are here not under the auspices of the District Attorney's Office. You're IAD. But why Nassau County Police Department IAD when the DA's Office has their own detectives?"

Anderson drew a breath and released it. His face showed no reaction or emotion. Inside his emotions were in turmoil, but he realized that Jon Parks was a lot more intuitive and smarter than they figured. As if on cue, the two men looked at one another. Some sort of connection was always made between them almost like a husband and wife. Anderson stated, "We're not your normal Internal Affairs detectives. We're are from the State Police working with an as yet unannounced special prosecutor who will impanel a Grand Jury that will investigate Ms. Margolis and her husband. We believe you have pertinent information about one or both of them."

Jon rubbed his chin with his right hand. His revolver was lying open on the table and all concerned knew there was not going to be any trouble. His thoughts concerned not his well-being, but the well-being of his employer and her family. Jon removed his right hand from his chin. He placed both of his hand on his thighs and said, "This conversation needs to take place in another venue with other parties. I'm not stonewalling you. I am protecting confidential sources. Not source, but plural – sources. And, I'm wondering, why you did not subpoena me to appear?"

"We didn't to protect the confidentiality of the as yet not impaneled Grand Jury and ultimately you," said Anderson.

"Still," said Jon, "if this is off the record, then why bother me as if I were a suspect?" Jon paused, looked at both men, and said, "I have to remain silent until such time as my sources release me from my duty. Which, I believe will happen when hell freezes over."

Trousdale asked directly, "Are you involved with the purchase and refitting of a DNA laboratory in Williamsport, PA? And, is that lab presently working on three DNA kits from crimes that DA Margolis prosecuted?"

Without batting an eyelash, Jon asked, "Are we off the record?"

"Do we need to be?" responded Anderson.

"Yes," replied Jon. "Like I said, this conversation needs to take place with other individuals. They, as well as I, have information that will help, but I am not in a position to give it to you. Do you understand?"

"Yes," said Anderson. "We're off the record."

Jon saw in their eyes that they were telling the truth and comfortable with continuing the conversation knowing that it would be held again at a later date. "I am working for an attorney that is the chief counsel for a very well connected and wealthy family. I report directly to the head of the family. For all intent and purpose, you gentlemen have to speak with them. Naturally, I know I must be present."

"Fuck," said Trousdale. "I don't give a shit," as he looked from his partner to Jon, "Listen Jon, we know you work for the Moretti family and we know their attorney is Howard Cohen. We know Apollonia Moretti has taken control

of the family. We also know her father Mario Moretti is under indictment for second degree murder. What we want to know is what she is up to and why."

"I still cannot deny or confirm what you are saying," said Jon, "until I make a call and arrange a formal meeting. Are we still off the record?"

Frustrated, Trousdale groaned, "Yes. We are STILL off the FUCKIN' record."

Jon smiled and said, "Then your noses are pointed in the right direction."

"About DA Margolis?" asked Anderson.

Jon nodded in the affirmative, but he knew better than to verbalize his answer. "Are we done?"

"For now," said Anderson. He reached into his suit jacket pocket, retrieved a business card, and handed it to Jon. "We don't have much time, Jon. If she is dirty, we want to take her down. Our roads are headed in the same direction. They are parallel but I want them to converge. I don't give a flying fuck about how many women Moretti men fuck to make babies. What I want is to take that self-righteous bitch and her husband down. I want to witness their perp walk, their trial, and the looks on their faces when the jury comes back with a guilty verdict. We are not going to offer any deals. They are going to spend the rest of their lives in a maximum security prison."

Jon took the card, read it out of habit, and said, "If you can break away at a moment's notice, I may be able to arrange a meeting tomorrow on Long Island."

"If it can be that quick," said Anderson, "it would be appreciated. Please assure all involved we have no designs on them. You can rest assured they and you are not targets of the investigation."

Jon Parks stood followed by the two detectives. The shook hands and Jon showed them to the door. Once they were out and the door locked behind them, he leaned against it with closed eyes, and wondered how in the fuck the state police know about Melanie Margolis' shenanigans. He remained still a few minutes totally forgetting about Renee. He was brought back to reality when he felt a hand lower the zipper on his pants, reach in, and take out his flaccid cock. Jon opened his eyes and saw Renee kneeling totally nude in front of him.

"Please," he said, "you don't have to. I don't think I can; as well, I may not survive."

With a chuckle, Renee said, "You'll survive just fine Jon. I want to do this with no reciprocation required. Just lean back and let me suck the sweetest tasting seed from your balls."

"Ok," was all he could say as he felt her mouth encircle the head of his penis.

Jon actually came with enough force to satisfy Renee. He also recovered and made her take a hot shower with him. The tub was small and the shower head only had enough of a spray to keep one of them wet at a time. Jon, now totally enamored with Renee, lovingly washed her body and before she could stop him he leaned his head between her legs and sucked her to an enormous orgasm. The two of them held onto the other because they both knew underneath their sexual activities they were broken souls.

Renee dressed in the same clothing she wore the day before. Jon found a clean oxford shirt, a pair of dark grey gabardine pants, and a pair of black rubber soled police dress shoes. They sat together on the bed each not

wanting to leave the other. How and why they found each other would take some time to sort out, but each of them did not want to broach what was facing them.

"Renee," said Jon, "do you have a place?"

She looked down at the floor and said, "I did, but I don't anymore. My best friend threw me out last night. I have no place and just the clothing on my back."

"Can't you go back to their apartment and gather your things?"

"I don't think that would be a good thing Jon. If I saw it correctly all of my clothing was tossed into their incinerator."

Finally surprised, he asked, "What the fuck did you do?"

"I'm not proud of what I did. If I tell you, you could send me away for a lot of years."

"Try me. I'm involved in things that would curl your hair."

Renee stared into Jon's eyes. She held his gaze as she said, "I had a multiple sexual encounters with their ten year old son." She waited for a response.

"Was he that good?" Jon hated himself for what he had just said. "I'm sorry Renee."

"If you want the truth, he was. At ten, his cock is almost three inches bigger than yours."

"I see. Well then my meager length should make you seek others to satisfy your carnal need to be filled. Because, mine will be shrinking with age. I will not judge you. I will offer you a place to stay until you get on your feet. But, you must adhere to my rules. There are things here that are confidential and none of your business. I bring my work home from my office. I've lived alone for so long I forgot what it means to have a roommate, lover, or wife."

"Please Jon, do not take what I said about Timothy to heart. He is a child. You're a man. Happenstance and serendipity have brought us together. I just know it. My ex was a bastard. I rebounded with a ten year old. I'm sorry for what I did to Timothy. As for my ex, he can rot in hell. I have more than enough money to live a very comfortable life."

"Let's take it a day at a time," said Jon. "It is Saturday and you can go shopping. You can also contact some real estate agents about an apartment. I have to make a call and it needs to be private. I am going to go to my office. You are going to do what you need to do to secure a place to live and purchase the beginnings of a wardrobe. We'll exchange cell phone numbers and when I'm finished I will call you. We'll meet and see where we stand."

Renee nodded her head in agreement while inside she cried because she wanted to make this budding relationship grow. The way he fucked her told her he was a gentle and loving man. She needed that after the harrowing marriage she had to the man that almost took her life.

"May I stay here for a while?" she asked.

"There will be no way for you to lock the door and I'm sorry to say Renee, I'm not about to give you my keys. I know we've shared each other's body, but I really don't know you."

Renee stepped up to the older man, put her hands on his biceps, kissed him on his cheeks, and said, "I know we know each other for just hours, but I see something in you and I know you see it in me. We'll exchange numbers and I will await your call. There is no need to find a place. This is perfect. Please Jon. . ."

Ten minutes later on the sidewalk in front of his building, Renee and Jon kissed. They each wanted something from the other, but knew it would take time for it to flower and grow. Jon released his embrace, turned, and walked to his office. Renee stood for a few minutes watching him walk down the avenue before she turned and made her way uptown to Bloomingdales.

Jon opened his office to find a pile of mail on the floor. His office building was so old that the mail was dropped through slots in the door rather than being placed in a pool of centralized mailboxes. He picked up the mail, straightened it out, and dropped it on his desk not taking the time to check to see if there was anything that needed his immediate attention. He pulled his ratty leather chair back, sat, and dialed his first call.

"This is Apollonia."

"Miss Moretti. Jon Parks here. We need to talk, but if this is a bad time. . ."

"I'm just pulling into the private hospital where Viviano is located. He isn't doing well and I need to speak to the doctor again. Can this wait?"

"It can, but. . ."

"You're hesitating, Jon."

"I was approached by two detectives. I'd rather not speak about this on the phone. Where can I meet you?"

"Give me a clue. I was planning a nice day alone with Ming and my F40."

"Nassau County District Attorney Melanie Margolis."

"Are you in the city?"

"In my office."

Under her breath, "Fuck."

"Miss Moretti, I have to call Howard also. I could discuss it with him, but my gut told me to call you first. If. . ."

"Howard is in the city. You are in the city. Ok, I'll call you when I get to the townhouse. We'll meet there."

"Thank you. I'll await your call."

Jon's next call was to Howard Cohen, Esquire on his private office line.

"This is Howard," said Howard Cohen as he pushed the paperwork from another client away from him in preparation of a very private conversation.

"Jon, Mr. Cohen. I have made contact with Miss Moretti, but because of the sensitivity of the information, we did not speak. May I come to your office?"

Howard pursed his lips for a moment and said, "A clue? A morsel? Something to quell my rising anger and assuage my curiosity."

Jon let the anger pass without comment. He said, "Melanie Margolis."

"Where are you?"

"In my office."

"How quickly can you be here?"

"As quick as a yellow can get me there."

"See you."

Howard actually hung up before Jon. He was not pleased that his other work would take a second seat behind Moretti work, but Howard knew which side his bread was buttered on.

Jon's third and final call was to JoAnne Hingle in Williamsport, PA.

"Miss Hingle's office," said the girl who answered the phone.

Flustered because he had called her personal cell phone, Jon paused for a moment before he said, "Where is JoAnne? Why are you answering her cell phone?"

"She stepped out of her office for a moment and I did not want the call to go to voice mail," replied the girl.

"Can you get her?" asked Jon.

"No need to sir. She just returned," said the girl.

"This is JoAnne. With whom am I speaking?" JoAnne hadn't looked at the incoming number.

"Jon Parks, JoAnne. I'd like to get any sort of preliminary data on the three boxes we sent."

"They arrived as promised, but. . ."

But what?" interrupted Jon. He heard a whisper and the sound of a door closing.

"Mr. Parks," said JoAnne in a more officious voice. "One of the kits was totally useless. The contents were degraded beyond use. No DNA scanner would be able to recover any useable data. The other two are in better condition. Of the two, one will definitely provide proof positive of manipulation or it will confirm the results. The other has that same capability, but it will take some doing by Dennis to get a useable sample."

"When do you expect an answer on the better of the two?"

"Late today or Monday."

"Mrs. Hingle, my employer has resurrected your business. I expect you will work through the weekend as required to have the data. That is how important this retesting is."

"Mr. Parks," said JoAnne sounding miffed, "Sunday morning my family and my employees attend church. I will not break from my religious upbringing."

His voice filled with venom Jon said, "Mrs. Hingle, if you want to attend church in a coffin it can be arranged. You will break from tradition until this project is completed. If I have to arrive in Williamsport and drag you to the lab myself I will. I have no problem entering your church and dragging you out by your hair. Do not fuck with your benefactors."

Frightened to the core, JoAnne replied, "I understand Mr. Parks. God can wait."

"I thought you'd see the light. I expect a call on my cell phone the second you have data even if it is preliminary. Do you hear what I am telling you?"

"Yes."

"Good. Do not let me down."

Jon ended the call. Looked around his office before going to his gun safe and removing a Glock 19 semi-automatic. He put on his Miami Jackass rig, holstered the weapon, checked the two additional magazines, and put on the old ratty sports coat that was hung on the coat tree in the corner. He departed his office, locked the door, and went down to the street. He flagged a cab and ordered the driver to take him to the Flatiron Building.

Jon peppered the taxi driver with the possibility of making enough money on the trip from the East 40's to the Flatiron building on West 23rd. The constant degradation and offer of additional money worked. Although it was midmorning on a Saturday, the driver made exceptional time. Jon rewarded him with an additional C-note.

When he exited the elevator, he noticed that the receptionist was not behind her desk and then he realized that the offices were probably closed. He was lucky to find Howard in his office. He entered the reception area and called out for Howard.

"Come to my office Jon," called Howard.

Once inside, Howard offered coffee to Jon and both men sat in the conversation pit area of his office.

"What is so fuckin' important?" asked Howard.

Jon sipped his coffee, put the Styrofoam cup on the coffee table in front, and said, "I was visited by two detectives from the State Police this morning."

Howard froze. He held his cup and said, "State detectives?"

"Yup and you're not going to believe why they came to see me."

"You told me you called Miss Moretti first. Then you immediately called me. Who is getting arrested?"

Jon smiled, picked up his coffee, and sat back into the couch. He sipped it for a moment as he decided how to answer the question. He chuckled and deadpanned, "Melanie Margolis."

Stunned, shaken, and smart enough to put his coffee cup onto the coffee table Howard said, "You're right. I am stunned. What did they want?"

"They wanted me to confirm certain things about what we are doing in Williamsport. They're not after the Moretti family. As one of the detective said, 'They could care less how many women Moretti men fuck to make babies.' What they're interested in is the reason why the Moretti family purchased the DNA laboratory."

"Stupid question. What did you give them?"

"Nothing they already didn't know. I told them that if they wanted details it would have to come when all of my sources were together. I would not confirm or deny anything they brought up, but, Howard they're sniffing down the same shithole we are."

"Fuck. What did Miss Moretti say?"

"She was not too happy. Apparently Viviano has taken a turn for the worse. She and her lover are in Great Neck as we speak. She was planning a lesbian holiday in her Ferrari, but I think I sunk that boat. She said she would call us when she arrives at the townhouse."

Howard Cohen saw his day circle the drain. He had plans to visit with two NYU freshmen that afternoon. His wife was expecting him home for dinner at seven, but if he had finished his work as he had planned, he would have had several hours to indulge in his passion of watching two young women make love as he masturbated to several powerful orgasms. He reached for his coffee cup and said, "I guess we wait."

"I could call Miss Moretti."

"I know what is going on in Great Neck. Better left alone. You can stay here and relax. My day is shot, but I can still get some work done."

"Oh, just to let you know, only one of the three kits we sent to Williamsport is truly viable. One is fifty-fifty and the other is a total loss. I should have something by late this afternoon or early this evening."

"Preliminary or completed?"

"Probably preliminary. If I've read the Hingle's correctly, they're going to be more than diligent."

"Diligent due to some verbal blackmail," said Howard while holding up his right hand signaling Jon it was a rhetorical statement. "Ok. I have to return to my desk and finish what I was working on. You can stay."

Howard rose and made his way to his desk. He sat, sighed, and put the idea of beating his meat to two technically underage girls having lesbian sex out of his mind. The one thing he knew and understood that it would not be but a few days until he was feeling his hot ejaculate on his stomach.