

# **Brooke Nolan: Pervert PI**

**Faye Valentine**

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My backside was barely in the chair when the door opened and a tall, handsome well-dressed man in his late forties entered my humble little office holding a manila folder in his left hand. I had only been in business a week and despite taking advantage of every advertising opportunity available to me, he was the first person to grace me with their presence so I was not about to turn him away no matter what the job entailed. "Welcome to Brooke's Investigations," I greeted him as I got to my feet.

"I need an investigator that's not afraid to get their hands dirty. Someone that's willing to get the job done no matter what it takes. Within the confines of the law, that is," he added as almost an afterthought. "Are you that Investigator Miss Nolan?"

"I am."

"Then let's talk business." Sitting opposite me, he placed the folder on my desk and slid it towards me. I opened it to see a headshot of a stunning brunette I would guess to be in her early to mid-twenties. "That is my wife Abbie and I have reason to believe she's cheating on me. I need irrefutable proof one way or another and I'm willing to pay whatever it takes to get the evidence I need."

"Why do you suspect she is cheating on you?" I asked, flipping the phot over to look at the next – a full body shot of the same woman wearing an absolutely gorgeous burgundy corset dress with a plunging neckline that did little to hide her ample assets and a lacey, sheer skirt that would have clearly shown the goods had she not been wearing what appeared to be latex panties.

"I did not take those pictures, Miss Nolan. They arrived at my office one a week in the order presented in that folder. I'll warn you now, they get...graphic. That is not my wife. I mean, she is my wife, but the things she does in those pictures are not normal and as you'll in the next flips, she's in positions requiring the aid of another."

The next showed a very naked Abbie bent at the waist, leg straight and hands on the wall with several very painful looking welts covering her otherwise perfect posterior. The third showed her kneeling, head bowed and the same long, thin welts lining her breasts. After flipping through about a dozen such images, I came to one of her suspended in what looked to be some incredibly intricate rope work. Not that I was an expert on such things. Closing the folder, I looked up at my potential client. "You have the photos so what do you need me for, Mr?"

"Carlisle. I confronted her with the evidence and she said they were taken as part of a fetish photo shoot she was working on and nothing more. I need to know the truth, Miss Nolan. I need to know if she's having sex with other men."

"I don't mean to sound insensitive, Mr. Carlisle, but is your wife into the sort of thing depicted here? If she is a model they very well may be nothing more than part of a photo shoot."

"She is a model, but not that kind. She would never lower herself in such an undignified manner. Look, I'm not going to beg and plead for you to take the job. If you don't want it, fine, I'll take my business elsewhere."

"I did not say I didn't want it, Mr. Carlisle. It is my job to cover all the bases and that includes ruling out all other possibilities. My going rate is sixty dollars an hour plus expenses and I will be as discreet as humanly possible. You should also know that these things take time and cannot be rushed."

"I'll pay you ten times the going rate if you give my case your undivided attention. I need answers, Miss Nolan and I don't care to pay whatever it takes to get them." Reaching into his

jacket, he pulled out a thick envelope and plopped it on the desk. "There's ten grand in there if you work only on my case until it has concluded."

"Are you trying to bribe me, Mr. Carlisle?"

"Call it incentive."

"I like incentive," I smiled. "I'm going to need a list of family, friends and associates as well as places she works and likes to hang out no matter how insignificant you might think it is. Don't worry, I will not make contact with anyone unless it is absolutely necessary to do so as part of my investigation. It will also help if I know the make and model of the vehicle she drives as well as the license plate number to make sure I've got the right one."

"I'll have the information delivered to you by the end of the day. I don't want too many people seeing me coming and going from a private investigator's office, so I will not be the one dropping it off."

"Perfectly understandable. There's just the matter of the contract and you may be on your way."

"Actually, I cannot have my name tied to this in any way, shape or form so the person bringing the information will also be the one taking care of the contract. They have my full confidence and are authorized to do business in my name."

"Unorthodox, but not unheard of."

"Then if there's nothing else you need I really should be going."

"Just the information requested and I'll get started right away. And thank you for choosing Brooke's Investigations."

"I wish I could say it has been a pleasure doing business, but you're a private investigator and I may have a cheating wife, so I'll just say it's been a pleasure meeting you Miss Nolan."

"Likewise, Mr. Carlisle. And for what it's worth, I really do hope nothing comes of my investigation."

When he was out of the office, I locked the door and opened the envelope. "Jesus Christ!" I exclaimed, pulling out a stack of hundred dollar bills held together with a paper band reading ten thousand dollars. It was just the windfall I needed to see me through the growing pains that come along with a new business. Couple that with my first case at ten times the going rate and I was more than happy to give Mr. Carlisle every ounce of attention and dedication money could buy.

Having large amounts of cash on hand was never a good idea even with a safe so I closed the office for an hour to take a trip to the bank. I then stopped off at Starbucks for my favorite caffè mocha. When I returned, there was a tall, busty redhead wearing a form-fitting dress with halter neckline and diamond cutout that showed off her ample bosom and side split skirt that hid her nether regions only by the grace of the lacing holding the two parts together standing next to the door to my office with an orange envelope in hand.

"Sorry to keep you waiting."

"No problem at all. Should I come back a little later?"

"No, no, come on in," I said, unlocking the door and holding it open for her. "Welcome to Brooke's Investigations, how may I help you today, Mrs....?"

"Carlisle. Hannah Carlisle. I'm here to drop off some paperwork for my brother. He said you were expecting me."

"Mr. Carlisle works fast."

"My brother is not one for playing games, Miss Nolan, and this is a very sensitive matter he wants resolved with all due haste."

“You and Mr. Carlisle may be assured I will give it my utmost attention. He said you were authorized to do business in his name?”

“That is correct. I take care of, shall we say, his less desirable business that is best to keep his name off of.”

“I don’t know what you have planned, but I strongly suggest paying by cashier’s check and using cash to purchase it. That way it cannot be traced back to any individual account. I also accept money orders, but there is a three-percent transaction fee associated with that method.”

“I’ll pay the bill in cash if that’s okay.”

“Unfortunately, cash transactions are seen as shady business practice and I am unable to accept such payments.”

“I would think at ten times the going rate you could make an exception.”

“I’m sorry, but I cannot. Don’t get me wrong, that kind of money will get you a lot of things, but not that.”

“Twenty times then.”

“It’s not a matter of money, Mrs. Carlisle. I will not have a reputation for questionable business practices. I accept all forms of checks and money orders. Those are your options.”

“Where were those ethics when you accepted his cash advancement? Despite your inexperience, my brother likes you Miss Nolan, and he cannot have his name tied to this in any way, shape or form. Do you understand what I’m saying?”

“Completely. And I cannot accept cash as payment for a case. Do you understand what I’m saying? When I’ve handed you the bill you can take the cash and get a certified bank check or money orders. Those are your only options and I will not budge no matter how much you offer.”

“And what if I paid you in something other than money?” she said, placing her hands on the desk and making a point of showing off her breasts.

“I think that’ll be enough, Mrs. Carlisle. All I need is for you to fill out the contract and if you can’t do that, then your brother can find himself another PI.”

“That won’t be necessary,” she replied, standing up and smoothing out her skirt. “I apologize for my actions, but my brother needed to make sure you couldn’t be bought off. I can confidently assure him he has nothing to worry about. That being said, I see no ring on your finger and I do find you remarkably attractive, Miss Nolan. Would you care to get drinks sometime?”

“Thank you for the offer, but it would be a conflict of interest to see a client outside of the workplace. Also, I prefer men.”

“My brother is the client, Miss. Nolan, not I. And I prefer men and well, but that doesn’t stop me from enjoying the company of a beautiful woman.”

“Look, I’m trying to be as polite as possible so I’ll just say this one time. I am not interested in a relationship with you, Mrs. Carlisle.”

“That’s a good thing because that was another test. Sorry, but I had to be certain.”

“Make it the last one. Now, I’ll need you to fill out the contract and once it’s signed I’ll get started on your brother’s case.” Thankfully, she took the contract and completed it without further teasing or testing. When she was gone, her copy in hand, I opened the envelope she brought for me and went over a surprisingly lengthy list of names and addresses.