

Chapter 17

“Ithaca Police Department. How may I direct your call?” the operator asked.

“Chief Weinberg? Yes, sir. Please hold on.”

“Chief Weinberg. I have the NYS Police Colonel Ramon “Chico” Proudfeather on 3.”

“Put him through Sh’quana,” said Chief Weinberg.

“Weinberg, what the fuck are you doing?” asked NYS Police Colonel Ramon Chico Proudfeather.

“Listen Chico, I have every one working on this. Over time is killing the department. Two of my detectives’ wives have left them. Another one’s wife is having an affair with some young buck she met in the park. Apparently, he got her pregnant,” Weinberg replied.

“Weinberg, I do not care about your personnel issues. The murder rate is through the roof. What do you have?” asked Colonel Proudfeather.

“So far, all the people getting murdered are in rich neighborhoods of Ithaca. We have no idea. Ambassador Drunkenmiller had a party at his house six months ago. Six men from that party got murdered.

“Any connections?” the NYS Police Colonel asked.

Weinberg answered, “none, whatsoever. They were just at that party. Their wives were at the party. Mrs. Drunkenmiller was at the party. Her eight sons were at the party. There were a lot of women, many unaccompanied, at the party.

“Any professionals?” asked Colonel Proudfeather.

“Zip. All of them were wives and relatives. We even checked the staff out. All are documented and legit.”

“Anything weird about the data?” asked Colonel Proudfeather.

“Nothing at all except the men were all expecting a new child. It appears their wives and girlfriends were all pregnant at the time of their deaths.

Chico, we talked to Ethyl Dusenberg, the maid to Rahim Fuentes Castro Smith. She said they hired a pool boy for about eight weeks in the summer. Some drifter,” Weinberg replied.

“What does she remember about the pool boy?” asked Colonel Proudfeather.

“Nothing much. She said he was a real diesel and that Mr. Smith ordered him one of those g-strings from International Male, the underwear catalogue.”

“What did he order for him?” Chico enquired.

Weinberg stated, “it was a pink thong with a penis pouch. When Mrs. Smith was out, Mr. Smith insisted that he change into it and clean the pool.”

“Anything else?” asked Colonel Proudfeather.

Weinberg replied, “he drove the pool boy into town to get his hair waxed. He had all his hair removed. Not even any on his fingers or toes.”

“What did this pool boy look like?” asked Colonel Proudfeather.

“Miss Rosenberg said he was in his early twenties, five foot ten, 180 pounds and gorgeous. If she had not seen the statues at the Metropolitan, she would have said otherwise. Chico, those were her words. She said he looked like he was chiseled in stone. He never ate anything at the house. He did his work and went home,” Weinberg said.

“Anything happen with Mrs. Smith?” the Colonel asked.

“Mrs. Smith caught her husband with the pool boy in the pool house. She fired him that day. He ran out of the yard naked. When he left the grounds, she threw his clothes at him,” said Chief Weinberg.

Chico asked, “what else did the maid say?”

“She said the boy was spectacular. He had a huge penis. And just chiseled,” Weinberg stated.

“When did Mr. Smith die?” asked Colonel Proudfeather.

“Mr. Smith died within four months of his wife giving birth to triplets. All boys. All premature,” said Chief Weinberg.

“When were they born, Weinberg?” asked Colonel Proudfeather.

Weinberg stated, “in August”

“Anything odd?” asked Colonel Proudfeather.

“They were born three months early. Tiny. But soon they grew healthy. He changed his will and trusts to incorporate them. And now he is dead. Yeah.”

“What about the Misses?” asked Colonel Proudfeather.

“She seems to have adjusted. She hired a nanny and a new pool boy. They also hired a management team recommended by the Drunkenmillers to look after her late husband’s businesses.

The boys appear to be very healthy,” said Chief Weinberg.

“Doesn’t sound odd at all. What about the other women?” asked Colonel Proudfeather.

“They all had premature deliveries. All had sons. Some had twins. Two had triplets. Five sets of births in all. No premature deaths. All the children and wives survived birth.”

Chico asked, “anything in common?”

“It appears Ambassador Drunkenmiller’s wife is helping them through their ordeal. They seem to be very friendly with each other,” said Chief Weinberg.

“Anything else?” asked Colonel Proudfeather.

“Well, they are all in the same circle. A lot of bed hopping going on here. No other information to tell,” said Chief Weinberg.

“Weinberg, the Governor is all over me. We have to get this murder rate down. The publicity is horrible,” asked Colonel Proudfeather.

“Chico, we go back. Don’t we. Some twenty years now. I have been a cop for forty years. I never seen anything like this.”

Proudfeather enquired, “what do you mean?”

“These murders are clean. Nothing to imply anything. The families are decent. High class. No love affairs. Adultery and sex yes. Prostitution, yes. We checked them all out. Even the faggots,” said Chief Weinberg.

“Rephrase, please,” asked Colonel Proudfeather.

Weinberg restated, “homosexuals. Sorry, Chico.”

He added, “everybody is clean. I cannot find the connection. We have no MO. We have no motive. No blackmail. No insurance grab. In all the murders, the wives get all the bread. The children were all too small to benefit.

We have high class accountants, lawyers, tennis clubs, golf clubs etc... Nothing odd. No gambling debt. No mistress worth even mentioning. Most of these men had boys on the side. Their lovers were either street hustlers, drug addicts, crack heads, etc... A couple of one-night stands in Buffalo’s streets,” said Chief Weinberg.

“Did all of them die the same way?” asked Colonel Proudfeather.

“Absolutely, Chico. Each one of them was shot. They were then robbed.”

“How were they shot?” asked Colonel Proudfeather.

“.22 caliber gun with a hollow point shell. Their heads were blown right off their neck. Clean ballistics; the FBI thinks the gun was made in Russia. No marks on the shell. One shot only,” Chief Weinberg stated.

“Any commonality?” the NYS Police Colonel asked.

Weinberg answered, “they were all robbed and shot within weeks of changing their wills, trusts and estates.

They all went to an ATM to get some cash for the weekend. Several grand was in their wallet. When they exited the bank, a white male with a hat on, sunglasses, and a COVID mask came up to them and shot them dead. He took their wallets and their car keys. He left the dead body on the street.

The person then went to three other banks. Withdrew the maximum cash. And then left.”

“Anything odd?” asked Colonel Proudfeather.

“In each murder, the perp knew the pins of all of the credit cards. He also knew the answers to all of the security questions,” Weinberg stated.

“How is that possible?” Colonel Proudfeather asked.

Weinberg answered in an exhausted manner, “I have no idea. We have a recording of one withdrawal where the bank asked him the street address of the high school he attended in Oneonta. He said it spot on. So, they advanced him \$5,000.

We played the voice to the wife. She had no idea who it was.

We played the voice to the maids. They had no idea who it was.

Each of the murderers netted anywhere from \$50,000 to \$100,000 in cash withdrawals and credit card withdrawals from ATMs.

One eye witness to a murder on the Hutchinson Parkway said something odd.”

“What was that Weinberg?” asked Colonel Proudfeather.

“He said the perpetrator had a huge dick”, the Police Chief stated.

Chico burst out laughing. Loud bellicose laughter. He laughed so hard that Ithaca Police Chief Weinberg started laughing.

Tears rolled down his eyes. “How does he know this?” asked NYS Police Colonel Ramon “Chico” Proudfeather.

“Apparently, the witness went into the bathroom and saw the perpetrator urinating. And he said it was a massive cock. Like a porno actor’s dick.” said Chief Weinberg.

“Beautiful!”

“Chico, the dick?” Weinberg questioned.

The NYS Police Colonel retorted “no! The case. We have shit. You have shit.

Now I have to go pinch a loaf. I mean it. This woman is all over me. Every day, she is humiliating me.

If it was 50 murders in a slum it is no issue. She can bury it. But these are rich white people. And we all know, aristocrats vote. Weinberg, please get on it.”

Weinberg affirmatively answered, “yes, sir!

The two men looked up at the ceilings of their offices in a bewildered manner as they hung up the phone.

THE END

Roland Svengali returns in RNA by Tom Mathew.