

Raquel browning, a private investigator – creative writing



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Raquel Browning, a private investigator, sat at the window and watched him walk past. His head was lowered, and his right hand held his overcoat fixed firmly against the wind. She watched him until he was out of her range of sight, then she picked up the telephone.

Across the river, on the other side of town, the phone rang once, then again before Mrs Clifford reached over and placed the receiver next to her ear.

" Hello," she said tentatively.

" I have some news," came the response from Raquel.

" Go ahead," Mrs Clifford said as she closed the parlour door.

" He spent the night in a hotel named 'The Lion's Den' with a brunette woman whose name was 'Laura'. They dined earlier in the hotel restaurant before retiring to their room. He left at nine o'clock this morning."

" Is that all?" Mrs Clifford asked.

" Yes, that is all Ma'am; I will have another update soon." Mrs Clifford listened as the phone was hung up on the other end, and then replaced the receiver. She glanced at the painting on the wall above her. It was of Patrick when he was a little younger. His eyes seemed to pierce hers, and for a second, she almost felt guilty about having him followed.

Raquel caught up with him a few blocks from the hotel. As she was trained, she stayed out of his view. She watched as he entered a coffee shop, and then entered the shop after two more people had gone in. She found a table close to Patrick and listened to him order a cappuccino, then the rustle of the

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newspaper pages as he read it. He didn't seem to be going anywhere, so she ordered an orange juice. After ten minutes, Raquel saw Laura, the woman he had spent the night with, walk into the coffee shop, and after glancing behind her at the street, slide into the seat beside Patrick.

" Were you followed?" Raquel heard Patrick say.

" No," replied Laura. After that, Patrick and Laura became seemingly oblivious to the world, and started kissing. Raquel rose, paid for her orange juice, and exited the shop. Once she was outside, she crossed the street, turned and took out her camera. She took a quick series of photos of Patrick and Laura, and then put away the camera. Mrs Clifford would be happy she thought, well, as happy as possible. She had proof now, and that's what Mrs Clifford had paid her for. She went home, developed the photos, and placed them in a blank envelope. She addressed the envelope, and then posted the letter. 'A job well done', the Private Investigator thought as she tucked her hands into her pockets and started to walk home.

Mrs Clifford opened the envelope, and pulled out the photographs. There were six in total, all showing Patrick and Laura in various stages of canoodling. Mrs Clifford's face darkened as she looked at each one. 'How could he? In public?' she thought as the maid, Jenkins walked into the room. She hastily pushed the photographs into the envelope again. The last thing she needed was the staff to be talking about this.

" Tea, Mrs Clifford?" asked Miss Jenkins.

" Yes, Thankyou." Miss Jenkins poured the tea into a bone china teacup and handed it to Mrs Clifford. Mrs Clifford pulled the photographs out of the envelope again, as Miss Jenkins left the room, and looked at them as she sipped her tea. Mrs Clifford recognised this woman 'Laura'. She worked in Patrick's office. The photographs were not enough. She needed to know more. Mrs Clifford picked up the telephone and dialled.

" Browning Private Investigators," Raquel answered the phone.

" Good Afternoon. It's Mrs Clifford."

" Good Afternoon Mrs Clifford. I trust you received the photographs? How can I help you?"

" I received the photographs, and they were good, but now I need more."

" More, Mrs Clifford?" The Private Investigator asked.

" Yes, more. I need to know more about Patrick and this 'Laura' woman. I will pay you double the amount I payed you last time."

" Mrs Clifford, I would be pleased to help you," Raquel responded. She listened as Mrs Clifford said,

" Well then we're settled," and hung up. The private investigator wouldn't have taken this job for just anyone, but Mrs Clifford had money to burn, and the private investigator had a hole in her pocket. She grabbed her backpack which had all of her equipment in it, and set off to find Patrick.

Raquel found him an hour later, in a shopping mall. He was in a lingerie store, but she couldn't see Laura anywhere. She continued to watch as Patrick looked through all the different things that the shop had to sell. She was taking pictures of this when Laura appeared from one of the change rooms. She walked over to Patrick and exchanged some words, and then Patrick gave her a lacy outfit to try on, kissed her, and left the store.

The private investigator was still snapping photographs when he stopped at a jewellery store. She continued taking photographs as he walked up to the counter, and briefly spoke to the saleswoman. The saleswoman disappeared into a back room, and the private investigator stopped taking photographs to replace the film. Once she had done that, she started taking photographs as the saleswoman reappeared with a box in her hand. The saleswoman opened the box revealing a diamond ring. Patrick nodded, and then paid. The private investigator smiled. Mrs Clifford would be happy with her work. She left, and posted the photographs.

Mrs Clifford answered the door when Patrick arrived. He had Laura with him. Mrs Clifford already knew what she was about to hear, thanks to the private investigator. She wasn't sure she liked it, but she really had no choice in the matter. She waited for Patrick to say something, and when it came, it was not a surprise.

"Hi mother," he said, "I'd like to introduce my fiancée, Laura."

Mrs Clifford smiled as she welcomed her son and future daughter-in-law inside.