



True Adventures of a Private Detective

by John B. Lopes

At this point, it's been nearly 27 years since I began working as a private detective—which is over 10,000 days.

A private detective's work is days, nights and weekends. Some, or most, days stretch into nights and frequently blend from one day to the next. This may be why three of my four marriages have failed—not many women can take these hours. They're similar to those of firefighters, police and other fields of public service, which is how some private detectives see themselves—as public servants.

One file comes to mind. I came to refer to it as “The Psychic Mistress.”

The client was a sultry island girl from

Barbados who had fallen in love/lust with a prominent businessman whom she regarded as *her* man after a year or so of passionate lovemaking that took place up and down the eastern seaboard, in hotels, the back seats of taxi cabs, and wherever else desire flared.

I began with a work-up of the boyfriend. He was a virile man who had married early and had two loving children. Professionally, he had come into his own in life; he was wealthy and much sought after in his line of work. I'd come to know his type as the “married-bachelor.” At home, he was completely married and devoted to his wife of many years. They had met in high school, where he was a decent

student and athlete. He could have married any of the girls from high school, and actually had dated quite a few. But he had issues, due to the way his father treated him. His father was the overbearing type and he was made to feel like he would never amount to anything.

So, he married the most plain Jane of all the women available to him—she was one of the few he dated who refused to sleep with him, unless they were married. The sex was much less than wonderful. Later in life—as his success grew—so did the number of opportunities for new and exciting sex. At one point in time, he had a mistress or a fling in every small town he visited for his work.

But now our client was his mistress—or psychic mistress, as we had come to refer to her—and he had barely enough strength to conquer anything beyond her and the occasional reluctant encounter with his wife.

The psychic mistress was hot on him in more realms than one. She had enlisted the help of three telephone psychics. These psychics were telling her, at the rate of several hundred dollars a week, that her lover was married to a woman who was cheating on him, and if we (my firm, the client and the psychics) could prove the wife was cheating, and somehow let him know, then surely he would divorce his wife and marry our client.

At first, I believed the client was a little strange. However, I would sometimes think back to stories my mother told about curses and omens and spells, and I considered the possibility that this was, well... possible. My family came from the Carbo Verde Islands (now known as Cape Verde), the former Portuguese colony off the coast of Africa. I remembered the stories my



mother would tell, and I suppose I somewhat believed in psychics. However, as a private detective, I believed in facts and tangible evidence.

It all seemed far-fetched and weird—but it paid well. My work on this file began with short four- or five-hour surveillance jobs, always when the client's sources—the three psychics—would tell her that the wife was about to meet with her lover. The work progressed to a 14.5-hour surveillance—the longest of my career. Fourteen hours and 30 minutes of nonstop surveillance on a Sunday while it poured rain. The husband was out of town and the subject (the wife) was to meet with her lover and spend the day—so the psychics told my client.

I was informed the wife would leave from home and not return until late in the day. I sat parked up the street from the wife's house and waited. The subject—Ms. Plain Jane—left home to go to church, returned straight away, and

never did leave again. The client swore the wife had someone she'd brought home, hidden in the back of her minivan—after all, not all three psychics could be wrong on this one. I thought, "Why not?" After all, they'd been wrong so far—after several thousands of dollars for my fees and thousands of dollars for the psychics' fees.

I never did catch the wife cheating. In the end, my client was tossed aside for another mistress who was less demanding.

Today, years later, whenever I see an ad for a "psychic network," I smile and think it may in fact be a network. Maybe the psychics networked together and conspired to make my client believe her lover wasn't the only one cheating.

John B. Lopes is the president and chief investigator/owner of The Agency, Inc., www.theagencyinc.net.

