

Dav blearily rubbed his eyes as he finally looked up from the computer screen. 430am. Fuck. At least Inci knew where he was. It had been insanely busy at the restaurant that day. Two people had called in sick and the place a few doors down had a kitchen fire forcing it to close. And it was the day to do the staff payroll. If it didn't get done now his employees wouldn't get their checks on time. He couldn't do it from home; it had to be done from the office at the store. Inci understood that so wouldn't be too upset, mostly just worried he might be overtired for the drive home. But finally it was done. He was alone at the restaurant since the last staff member had left over an hour ago. He stood and stretched then made his way to the front door. Stepping out onto the street, he shut the door behind himself and gave it a tug to make sure it was locked tight. As he turned around he was face to face with a dark figure in a hooded sweatshirt hiding his face and holding a very large and dangerous looking knife.

"Give me the money," snarled a nasally voice.

Dav's heart started pounding in his chest, but he tried to stay calm.

"If you're looking for the money from the till, it's inside in the safe which can only be opened by the armored car," he said in what he hoped was a soothing voice. "But I have about a hundred and fifty in my wallet that is all yours. Let me get it out of my sporran."

Very slowly and deliberately he opened his sporran and drew out his wallet. He held it between two fingers to make sure there would be no resistance as it was taken. The thug was so close Dav could smell his bad breath. He thought he could feel the knife point just below his sternum but didn't dare look down. A car door slammed around the corner and the assailant jumped at the sudden noise. Dav's eyes widened in surprise as he felt...something. The light grip he had on his wallet disappeared and it fell to the ground. His knees gave way and he followed his wallet to the pavement feeling something warm beginning to soak his shirt. He heard the thug grab his wallet and run off. Pulling his phone out, he dialed 911 with his right paw as his left grasped his midsection.

"Help. I've been stabbed. I need an ambulance outside Sionnach's at 15th and Maple."

Dav struggled to get the words out, feeling his breath become shallow and labored.

“An ambulance to 15th and Maple?” came the voice from the other end of the line.

“Yes,” Dav gasped. “Please, hurry.”

His head was swimming and the edges of his vision were going dark. He struggled to raise his phone once more as he dialed his home number.

“I just needed to say...I...love...you.”

Dav’s phone clattered to the pavement as his grip loosened. His paw flopped to the ground beside it. The darkness completely enveloped him.