

The Look

‘Jobs’ made Alisha uneasy.

He did what he did for himself, and he did it for things. For *stuff*. His methods worked, and he earned enough out of things and stuff that it was usually all the slinky, effeminate fox could ever have wanted.

Jobs, on the other paw, involved other people. They involved people with other needs and, in the worst situations, *directions*. Alisha hated directions. He hated orders. He hated being told what to do, where to go and who the hell he had to service. Alisha had standards. ‘Jobs’ tossed those standards out the window for a fat payday.

He didn’t know *why* the crew that’d contacted him out of the blue had asked him to do it. He didn’t know what they were going to get out of him putting the moves on this shaking leaf of a male. He’d been told that it wasn’t necessary that he knew. Just more unease on top of everything.

A time, a place, and a plan. Necessity. Stuff that had to happen, no exception. It was impossible for Alisha to sit back and be comfortable with what he’d been told to do, but a five hundred grand payout for breaking up a marriage while getting his ass plowed?

Who’d turn that down?

As he watched the sea-side villa where his mark was no doubt pacing nervously, Alisha felt his smile slip. There wasn’t malice there. He didn’t feel like the squirrel in that villa *deserved* to have his entire life upended. He didn’t know much of anything about his wife, the hotshot lawyer for some political figure or other. He knew she was a dominant soul who got her rocks off from controlling her husband’s life, and that was all Alisha had needed to know.

The smile returned. Victor. Who, even back in the sixties, named their kid *Victor* anyway? He wasn’t the kinda guy that Alisha normally went after, but that was alright. The payday itself made him a worthwhile mark. Stay at home father of two kids, who’d just left to start back at college for the new semester. Lawyers, just like their mom. He had to have been so proud.

But he wasn’t. He was just another older guy, stuck in his life and with no way out of it. He had everything he could have wanted except a wife that still fucked him – or even understood or listened to him, Alisha had been told – and a say in his own destiny. It’d been a horrible situation that he was stuck in... but Alisha didn’t care about that.

What he cared about instead was the in it offered him. When he’d met Victor at a political function his wife was attending, he’d passed himself off as a young reporter, looking to get the inside scoop on what it was like to be the new-age man in an old-fashioned man’s mindset; the stay at home father, with breadwinning wife, the shifting winds of change and other such ridiculous nonsense. The key had been showing him interest. Attention. Giving him control was the first step, and it took just the way he’d hoped.

The act was forgotten after a while as they’d begun to simply talk. He’d learned all he’d needed to of Victor from that first night, and nearly all of it mattered not a single little bit to Alisha. He didn’t need to *actually* take in the various little details of the squirrel’s life. What he needed was to present the image of someone who was listening. Someone sympathetic. Someone friendly. Someone alluring.

And he had. He’d hooked the squirrel almost instantly, but his sense of honor and integrity had taken quite a lot more undoing. Alisha had had to bide his time and even warn off the crew that’d hired him for the job. If they pushed too hard now, he’d lose Victor and their whole plan, whatever it was, would go up in smoke.

Because he *was* old-fashioned. He was married and a father, and the last thing on his mind was betraying his promise to his wife and bedding some slinky vixen in their

summer vacation home. He'd never thought of it. He'd never dreamed it. A man of his considerably moral fiber took considerably more work to break down.

And so Alisha had courted him. He could remember all the surreptitious dinners he'd organized (and at not inconsiderable personal expense, he made a note to remind the crew when they contacted him later for payment!) in the guise of working on 'her' report. Through it all Alisha had wined and dined Victor, and treated him to the best he could offer.

It made a noticeable difference in the fifty-three year old squirrel, whenever they were together. He was bolder and more assertive in the way he held himself and spoke to others. He seemed to respect himself more, and carried himself accordingly. He had more energy than the other times Alisha kept tabs on him. On some level, Alisha wondered if he was making Victor a better man by giving him back the balls his wife seemed to keep in her purse, but that would have implied that Alisha himself had a personal stake in the mark.

Alisha *never* had a personal stake in the mark.

Even then, after a month of hard work and carefully laying the groundwork for this afternoon in Malibu, Alisha had no regrets. He sat back in the sedan that had been lent to him by the crew for the job; Victor would have recognized Alisha's coupe if he'd pulled up in it to watch the villa, after all. Of course, the particulars required by this job necessitated that he cross a few lines he'd cleanly drawn in the past.

Admittedly, that was only when those lines had been for his personal safety and well-being. In this case, crossing those lines was the point. It felt strange, going into a mark's home and knowing that he was going to do everything wrong, but Alisha pushed the thoughts out of his mind. Instead, he filled his head with thoughts of that five hundred thousand dollars and all the delicious little things he could do with it. The smile on his muzzle became genuine as he popped the door on the sedan and headed across the road toward the villa.

He caught sight of Victor at the window almost immediately – the distinct graying fur gave his identity away – and he noted the way that the squirrel's breath caught in his throat. There, in the bulge of his suit pants, Alisha could see the arousal he felt clear as day. All that fear and concern and honor and integrity were out the window now, weren't they? Not that Alisha could blame him, of course. He knew he looked damn good if that old boy didn't need any nice blue pills to get his motor running.

He'd chosen the jade green dress from his personal wardrobe only because it was Victor's favorite color. Slit down the right leg, strapless and neatly hugging his appropriately-padded chest, it hugged the fox's figure perfectly. The choker around his neck was black, set with a ruby over his throat. Golden lengths spiraled down his ears and settled just inside them for support; heavy as they were, one was fitted with an almost invisible earpiece and microphone connected to a member of the crew.

His hair was pulled back and up in an elaborate French twist, just the way he'd worn it when he'd first met Victor. It was what the squirrel had first commented on when they'd met as a sort of ice breaker, and it felt impossible to meet him then without it again. Doubly so, considering what Alisha was about to do to him. He looked for Victor at the window again but couldn't see him, and tilted his head up. "I'm almost in," he muttered.

"Good girl," came the sarcastic voice on the other end of the earpiece. "I'll let you know when she's on the move. Do your job right."

"Go fuck yourself," he whispered as he headed toward the villa's front door with a smile on his face. Alisha had done this hundreds of times before with hundreds of marks. He didn't need some computer geek sitting at a computer somewhere in his head, telling him to not fuck it up. *This* was why Alisha worked alone.

The door opened the moment Alisha arrived before it, and he didn't even break stride as he passed through the doorway. It closed behind him again and the fox turned to see

Victor, the suited gentleman, had been the one to open it for him. He put on his warmest smile as he bowed his head and chuckled. "You know, you needn't be so formal around me, Victor."

The squirrel, ever the twitchy little thing in spite of his age, gave a nervous smile back as he waved Alisha into the kitchen. Modern and decently appointed, he began to fiddle with an electric kettle as he fought to look anywhere but at the shapely vulpine before him. "I... I know that, my dear," he replied as he gathered a couple of tea cups. "Old habits and all that. Chamomile for you, if memory serves."

"It's as fine as the rest of you," Alisha replied as he allowed himself another little chuckle. He thought he caught the embarrassment in the older squirrel's eyes as he took a deep breath. Embarrassment was good. He knew what was coming, and he'd not chickened out yet. He'd even invited Alisha into the villa. That was a good sign. He *wanted* his vixen here. The pheromone-laden perfume he'd almost doused himself in had to be doing its job. He didn't want Alisha to go anywhere. Control might have been his strong suit, but Alisha smelled like a squirrel female in heat, and his body would do the rest of Alisha's work for him.

"Yes, well... you're still too kind." He set the kettle to boiling as he fought to look anywhere but at Alisha himself. "How, ah... how does the report go? Did the other males you've spoken to receive this, ah..."

Alisha lifted his eyebrows politely as his smile turned a little sly. "Sort of attention?" he offered, and his smile broadened slightly as he watched the squirrel nod once. "No. The others are relatively boring individuals, Victor. They're uninteresting and uninspiring. *You*, however, are a rare breed. Absolutely exceptional in all the right ways."

Victor was forced to clear his throat as he leaned back against the counter. With Alisha right there in his kitchen, he still didn't seem to be comfortable. Alisha wondered if that might become a problem as he said, "Ah... yes, well, I... I just do what I can. Someone has to take care of the kids, and Marie, well... you know how she works."

The fox nodded once as he glanced around the villa with another perked eyebrow. "Is Marie going to be here anytime soon, Victor?" he asked. His voice lowered ever so slightly. It was barely noticeable to someone who wasn't looking for it, but experience had taught Alisha much. It would get the gears turning in the squirrel's head, for sure. He needed Victor to make the moves. Alisha couldn't do it for him.

But he *could* bait Victor, and he kept his smile even as he watched the interest shift across the squirrel's face over the course of a couple of moments. It vanished before long, under the mask of someone who was denying what he wanted even when it was right in front of him. "No... no, she had some, ah... some important casework she needed to attend to at the regional office here. I'll be heading back to the city with her tomorrow, but until then, I... well, I was very surprised to hear you would want to continue our discussions here."

"Where better?" Alisha asked as she cast her gaze around the kitchen. "This is where the magic all happens, isn't it? It's certainly not your family home, but this is still a place that holds a special place in the hearts of your children. This is as home as anywhere, and home is where the heart is." He reached up to place a gentle paw on Victor's chest. "And you, Victor, have quite the heart."

He smirked, suddenly comfortable as he reached up to take a hold of Alisha's wrist. "Are you seriously making a joke out of my heart transplant?" he asked.

Alisha just winked back at him. "Was it not funny?"

With a chuckle, Victor gave Alisha's paw a warm squeeze. "Alright, I suppose I can give you that one," he answered. His thumb ran across Alisha's wrist before he let go, and watched the paw drop away again. "That was a tough time, I'll tell you. If you ever

want your piece to detail the dangers of heart disease, let me know. I've become quite the proponent of cardiovascular exercise these last few years."

And there it was; the perfect moment. Alisha could barely contain his smile as he winked again. "And with all the good ways to do that, I need to ask for the piece... how often do you and your wife... well, engage in some co-operative cardiovascular workouts?"

Victor's eyes widened as he stumbled back and stammered for a moment, before he shook his head vigorously. "I... I'm not entirely certain that's relevant to the piece you're working on," he said.

"Oh, on the contrary!" Alisha persisted. He leaned back against the counter and placed one hand on his hip while the other gestured in the air. "The key to a solid relationship, social studies have found, is a strong sexual bond between partners. Even in couples where both members are in their fifties or older, physical intimacy is so important." He nodded out back toward the front door. "One of the other males I spoke to was quite clear on that, and in exquisite detail, no less."

"Exquisite detail, you say?" Victor's brow furrowed slightly as he looked off to the side. It didn't take much to see where his mind was. Alisha knew exactly how much sex he and his wife had been having in the last couple decades. She was having a lot more than him, that was for sure. The ease with which the pants of the squirrel's suit were bulged up was testament to that, and Alisha had to wonder just how much of that was the perfume, how much was his efforts and how much was just the poor male being pent up for so long.

Alisha just had to press a *little* bit harder, and she'd have him. "Oh yes, very much so. In fact, he and his wife even have a few people outside their relationship come into their bed from time to time to help keep things fresh." He allowed himself a little giggle and a shake of his head. False: he'd never interviewed other males for this con. True: he *had* used the swinger route to get in good with an older couple in the past. "The same studies showed that a lack of sexual activity is usually marked with an increased in extra-marital dalliances."

That seemed to calm Victor down some, in a way that confused Alisha for a moment. "Oh, I couldn't possibly," he said, though there was a new nervous twitch in the way the squirrel looked around the kitchen. "Marie and I have been together for twenty-one years. There's never been anyone but her for me."

Alisha allowed his eyes to widen. "Never?" he echoed with interest. "Even after she works all those long nights away from home, travelling all over the country with new people?" He smiled. "You are a rare male indeed, Victor. Everything I had ever hoped to find."

Even as Victor blushed through a nod and turned to handle the tea, the voice in Alisha's earpiece came through clearly again. "Alright, girl. Close him up; looks like the missus is coming home early. Full system crash, heh heh..."

The fox fought back a little growl as he adjusted the earpiece set into the golden spiral. He was meant to have more time than that! He now only had fifteen minutes to crack the squirrel and another five to compromise him entirely, and he'd be *darned* if after all this time and effort he wasn't gonna get Victor to pound him nice and hard. He could use some stress relief after all this. "Don't you ever wonder?"

"Hm?" Victor looked over at Alisha with a frown. "Wonder what?"

"How she does it," he continued as he watched Victor idly prepare the tea. "How she goes so long away from you, not able to tend to your needs or have her own tended to..." He giggled again. "I mean, take it from me; silicone might be a girl's best friend, but sometimes you've just got an itch that needs a personal touch to scratch."

Victor cleared his throat as he glanced away again. "My dear, I don't think-"

"Oh, and the *heats!*" Alisha continued as if she hadn't heard him. "My God! It's insanity. So hard to be away from someone you love when your heats hit and you just..."

need something, you know?" He chuckled and shook his head. "It's nice to be able to be so candid about it with you, Victor. The others thought I was a little mad for being so forward."

"Yes, well... it's quite alright," he muttered to himself, and Alisha smiled behind his back. Good. The idea had been planted. Now, he just had to wait a moment and see if it sprouted anything. "Here you are, my dear. Chamomile and honey, just the way you like it."

"A gentleman, as ever," Alisha replied as he lifted his cup in thanks. "Your wife is an absolutely lucky lady to have someone like you, Victor. You're just the kind of male I've always wanted to end up with, but... well, in my line of work you're not able to settle down." He laughed as he looked down in the cup. If only he knew! "Just little things, here and there... take what you can get, when you get it."

Victor let out a very loud snort as he shook his head and smiled back at Alisha. "Oh, that's never been my strong suit... I so rarely just take what I find. I content myself with what I have and... well, let's just say I rarely get ideas in my head about looking elsewhere."

Those words had been more of a betrayal than he might have meant, and Alisha took a sip of his tea as he cocked an eyebrow over the lip of the cup. "Rarely?" he asked with a coy little smile.

He seemed to notice his mistake right away and began to nervously backpedal from it as Alisha laughed quietly to himself. All the factors working against Victor were finally adding up. He wanted to do something to Alisha, for sure, even if he'd never ever strayed from his marriage before. "Oh, come now, Victor. Surely you're the kind of male who simply sees what he wants and goes for it. How could your wife ever be unsatisfied?"

"You'd have to ask her for yourself," Victor replied as he sipped at his own tea and set it down. He covered his crotch with folded hands as he leaned back and closed his eyes. "I'm terribly sorry, my dear, but we may have to reschedule this for another time. I don't think that this topic is a good idea at present."

"Why isn't it a... oh," Alisha said, as if it was the first time he'd noticed the bulge in the squirrel's pants. "Oh, you're... oh my, I'm... I'm so sorry, Victor, I didn't..." He affected a surprised expression and tempered it with a little desire as he set down his teacup beside Victor's. It brought the two closer for a moment, and close enough for the squirrel to catch a deep breath of Alisha's carefully-selected pheromonal perfume. "Oh goodness, this is all my fault. If I hadn't tried to work while in heat, then I-"

"Is that what that is?" Victor asked even as Alisha started to pull back and away from him. He moved forward though he kept his paws to himself, that thick tail starting to twitch again. "I thought I smelled something, but..."

It took actual effort on Alisha's part to set his ears burning as he laid them flat atop his head. Embarrassment was hard to fake for someone who was shameless. "Been taking some pills to stave off the feelings, but I ran out before this morning's dose. Tried to cover it with the perfume but I..." He shook his head as he looked up into Victor's eyes. At some point he'd come even closer. "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have come today."

Victor looked away for a moment, but didn't nod. When he turned his gaze back on Alisha again, there was something else behind them. Something new. "Did you mean what you said earlier?" he asked, his voice deadly serious.

He'd moved closer again, and Alisha could now feel that bulge grinding against his leg. He let out a gasp and shivered at the touch, just like a heat-stricken female would. "A-about what?" he stammered. Pheromones. They took all the fun out of the game. They made it too fucking easy.

"About me being the kinda male you'd want," he replied. He still looked a little nervous, but Alisha could see it now. That something else that had been behind his eyes was

lust. He'd worked on Victor for far longer than any other mark before she'd seen it that Alisha wondered why he'd missed it right away.

He had Victor, hook line and sinker. That didn't mean that Alisha didn't have to play the part still. "I... well, yes, of course I meant it," he replied as he found himself backed up against the counter. "But you... I mean... your wife, she-"

"Cheats on me all the time," Victor interrupted. He pushed forward as Alisha leaned back, and suddenly he was straight on against the fox. His bulge ground right into Alisha's crotch, and once more he was glad for the subtle padding he had there to keep his marks guessing. "And she knows I'd never... not ever..." He took a deep breath. "You're the first. The first who *wanted* me, and... oh, I want to be wanted again."

Alisha had to fight to keep the smile off his face as he took on a surprised expression. "But... we can't, not... not here, now, I don't..." He shook his head as Victor continued to grind against him. "I'm in my heat and you... do you have a..."

Alisha trailed off as the squirrel shook his head, both hands shifting to the fox's hips. "You're not a squirrel," he said as he leaned forward and began to kiss up along Alisha's neck. "I probably won't... you know..."

The soft kisses felt actually, properly good, and Alisha allowed himself a quiet, real moan even as he felt a thrill of interest. Shit, the modest, chaste Victor was trying to justify taking a girl in heat *bare*? Naughty, naughty squirrel. "N-no, I can't," he insisted as he squirmed against the older male, before he froze and allowed himself a wide grin. "No, wait... I can't... not *that* way, but, uh... I've experimented a bit with... well..."

That must have gotten Victor's attention, because all of a sudden he was a male possessed. The kissing at Alisha's throat turned into a mash of his muzzle against the fox's, an intense kiss that drove the two together hard against the counter. It was as much an affirmative as Alisha had hoped for, and he moaned back into the squirrel's muzzle as he bore back against that tightly-bound bulge.

Within seconds, Victor had Alisha lifted up with surprising strength onto the counter. He hiked up the dress even as Alisha made a quick spin with his body. He couldn't simply sit on the counter with his legs open, after all; his padding would be on full display through his panties and then he'd be caught out.

Instead, Alisha slid back down off the counter instead and spread his legs as he ground himself firmly back against Victor's crotch. Or rather, he ground himself against the squirrel's paw; it was in the way, vigorously trying to fish a too-hard cock out of his suit pants. It was enough of his focus turned away from Alisha that the fox was able to brush his dress out of the way and hook a finger into his panties.

By the time Victor was looking down again at what was about to be the business end of their meeting, Alisha's tailhole was on full display. His panties were still on, and Alisha bit his lower lip as he looked back over his shoulder at the squirrel's pre-drooling tip. "C'mon, Victor," he said, and slipped a hint of needy whine into his voice as he wagged his backside. "Don't need a condom here... you can't knock m-mmmfffuck!"

There wasn't any lube and, while there was a little pre, it wasn't enough to stop Alisha from feeling a twinge of pain as his backside was spread open around the overeager squirrel's shaft. His back arched and pressed into Victor's chest as the squirrel's length was buried into him far too fast, and even the well-trained hole around it spasmed with shock as Alisha trembled against the counter. He had to forgive Victor for it; the man hadn't gotten laid this decade.

But then, with this fox young enough to be his daughter – or son, Alisha thought to himself with a shiver of delight – wrapped around his cock, Victor seemed willing to make up for lost time. With an enthusiasm that belied his age, he began to work his hips eagerly

against Alisha's rump. One paw helped to pull aside the fox's dress, while the other shifted to Alisha's hip and squeezed it tightly.

Alisha himself might not have had much control, but he shuddered as practice overcame surprise. He began to flex himself around Victor's shaft, working it in just the right ways as it slammed into him. The fox milked it with every buck of the old squirrel's hips, helping to eek out more of that slippery pre into his backside to help ease its passage.

It almost didn't matter in the face of Victor's newfound lust. A glance back showed a wildness in his eyes that hadn't been there before and that Alisha had never seen on any of his marks. Granted he'd never bedded down with someone over twice his age before, but that didn't explain just how damn *happy* Victor seemed. His hips slammed into the fox's backside over and over again as he leaned his head back, and he moaned breathlessly to the ceiling as his muzzle split in a grin. "Holy hell, I... shit, I forgot how *good* this feels!"

Alisha could only moan back and push himself down against the squirrel's bucking hips. He had to keep up the part of a female in heat being fucked, but it was the rare vixen who actually, actively enjoyed being plowed in the ass. Trapped beneath concealing padding, Alisha's own shaft stirred and pulsed against the fabric as he spilled pre into it. The scent was drowned out by pheromonal perfume, but that didn't mean he could let Victor know how into what was happening he was.

It hardly seemed to matter at all. Every second just saw Victor's eagerness grow. He was like a teenage boy in the backseat of the car. He almost had no rhythm to his motions. There was just an end goal in sight for him; the vixen under him was in heat, and he needed to fill her up. The fact that he was buried in clenching, squeezing tailhole rather than the other option didn't seem to be slowing him down at all.

In fact, if anything, it seemed to spur him on. He grunted and whispered naughty little comments too quietly for Alisha to clearly make out, but he was certain at least of how bad the older gentleman needed his release. It was wrong, going behind his wife's back right there in their own kitchen with this fox half his age. It was dirty, simply shoving himself in Alisha's tailhole and rutting her like his life depended on it. With nothing between Alisha's clenching muscles and his throbbing, pre-slickened cock, it only added to his mounting need.

The beast had been woken. Years and years of neglect had broken to the surface and found their way under Alisha's tail. Every subtle suggestion that the fox had made was about to pay off in a sticky load pumped deep into him. The thrill of another successful conquest was enough for Alisha, as his whole body tingled with pleasure. The cock pounding at his backside, while not the biggest or most skilled he'd taken, certainly didn't hurt, either.

All of Alisha's pants and moans were being picked up by the earpiece and its microphone, but thankfully the geek at the other end was keeping his mouth shut as Alisha worked his magic. Even as he bit his lip to keep the sounds perfectly effeminate for Victor's sake though, he heard the voice of his contact over the sound of the squirrel's rutting. "The wife just pulled up, girl," he said. "Better pick up the pace in there."

With gritted teeth, Alisha squeezed down hard around Victor's shaft and bucked his hips back into his thrusts. He allowed himself a loud moan as his legs spread wider still, one paw bracing against the counter as his tail flagged high over his back. "C'mon, Victor!" he growled, voice husky and appropriately flooded with need. "Stop fucking around and *fuck me!*"

The words must have hit a nerve – and were thankfully loud enough that the squirrel didn't hear the door elsewhere in the villa open and close. "Ah, *shit*," Victor muttered, even as he found himself thrusting even harder still into that squeezing passage, "G-gotta slow down, there! Gonna... gonna make me..." He trailed off, but he didn't slow down in the slightest.

Maybe he wanted to make it last, but Alisha knew what was going to happen in mere moments and no way was he missing out on his bonus. Instead, he bore back all the harder against the older squirrel's hips, working that cock as deep inside his pre-soaked inner walls as he could as he squeezed down harder still, pulling him in with each thrust. "Don't hold back, Victor!" he begged and whined as he sprawled out across the counter. "Give it to me! C'mon! Breed me! *Breed me!*"

Maybe he hit a nerve, or maybe Victor's control was already gone. Regardless, Alisha's order could only be followed to the letter, and he drove himself down deep one last time into the fox's backside as he arched his back and cried out wordlessly in his climax. Warmth flooded Alisha's insides as years and years of abstinence was broken in the fox's body, thick pulses of the stuff shooting up through that tightly-squeezed shaft and right into Alisha's waiting body. The fox moaned at the feeling as he took it all in, muscles clenching to pull it all deeper as he lay across the counter. Yeah. That was it. That was *good*. "That's it, baby... let it all out... gimme all of it..."

The surprised gasp from across the kitchen would have made Alisha sigh if he hadn't been expecting it. Indeed, it was crucial that, for the first time since he'd started sleeping with married guys, he be caught. That didn't mean he enjoyed the squirrel female who'd burst in with her briefcase and business suit wrecking what was a deliciously naughty moment for him. Likewise, her shrill cry of, "*Victor!*" was as much moment-shattering as eardrum-shattering.

As her briefcase clattered to the floor, Victor jerked back from Alisha with a gasp of his own. He pulled out of the fox in as rough a moment as his initial penetration and turned to face his wife even as his spent load began to stain the front of his suit pants and the back of Alisha's dress. "Marie! Wh... what are you doing here?"

Alisha was almost instantly forgotten as the female squirrel launched into a massive string of curses and insults, and finally he allowed himself that little sigh as he slunk away and out of the kitchen. He paused to glance back over his shoulder as he felt a little pang of concern for Victor, before he forced that out of his mind. He had no personal stake in Victor's affairs. "It's done," he muttered as he fled out the front door and ran across the street.

"Yeah, girl; I could hear it!" came back the triumphant tones of her contact. "Great work. We'll have to keep watching Mrs. Lowell to make sure she pulls out of her case to handle her affairs... heh, or her husband's affair. Nice job."

Alisha nodded as he headed back to the sedan and quickly pulled himself into it. So *that* was it; they just needed to distract the wife from her case. Whatever it was, it had to be worth a lot to warrant his fee. "You wired the money yet?" he asked as he turned the key in the ignition and pulled out onto the road.

"Already in your account, sweet-cheeks. We'll give you a call if we find any more work for you. You got a steep fee, but you're worth it." The male on the other end of the line started to laugh.

"You've got no idea," Alisha replied, as he stuck a finger into the earpiece and twisted a miniscule knob there. The sound of his contact's laughter cut out as he smiled and focused on the road ahead and left Victor and Marie's troubles far behind him.

Job well done.