

A Day In The Life

(12/7/17)

I slowly open my eyes as my alarm clock buzzes, rousing me from a rather pleasant sleep. Yawning, I climb out of bed. I look over to see a strange woman beside me. How did I meet her again? I can't quite recall. I look her over, admiring her gentle curves and the way her wavy hair flows over her shoulders. I should probably drink less when I'm out on my time off, but at least she is attractive. I vaguely recall meeting her at the cabaret owned by my boss, and it all starts to come back to me. Looking over my own body, my claws click on the wooden floor. Strands of her soft brown fur are mixed in with my own, creating an interesting contrast.

I walk into my bathroom and look at myself in the mirror. My jade green eyes stare back at me. I scratch the side of my snout with my claws as I yawn once again, briefly stretching. My white fur stands up as I briefly flex. I open the medicine cabinet and remove the usual tools, brushing my teeth and flossing before I step in the shower. Refreshed, I comb my golden hair back, tucking the longer strands behind my tall and pointy ears. I can't help but take a moment to gaze in admiration at the man in the mirror.

I exit the bathroom and open my dresser drawers, collecting my underclothes, black suit pants, and a white

button-up shirt. I notice her clothes strewn all over the floor. I wish I could recall if she was at least good in bed, though I certainly felt relaxed enough when I awoke, so I suppose it doesn't matter. As I tie a silky black tie around my neck and tuck it under the collar, she still hasn't awoken. I walk over to my nightstand, where my forty caliber Glock 23 sits visibly atop it, still inserted in my black leather holster. I remove it from the holster, which I place on my side, attached to my dressy black belt with the golden buckle.

Taking my sidearm, I remove the magazine and gently pull back the slide, checking the chamber. It is still loaded. I reinsert the magazine and holster my weapon before slipping on my shiny black shoes, slipping my four toes in gently before tying the laces. She still isn't away. I take my back-up gun from within the nightstand, a Charter Arms Undercover Lite. I swing open the cylinder to check the rounds; they're all live. I carry the weapon as I retrieve my black suit jacket, slipping my arms through the sleeves and the revolver into the inner jacket pocket.

The girl rolls over from her back, revealing her impressive bust. I certainly remember those! Unfortunately, I have to head out. I can't be late, or my boss might worry. I shake the girl awake.

"I have to go. Let yourself out." I tell her before leaving my bedroom.

Walking out of my town house, I exit into the attached garage, where my black Lexus waits for me. I climb inside and drive to the club, running several red lights as I am nearly late. I screech around a corner as I pull into the parking lot of the club at nearly thirty miles per hour, nearly hitting a dancer as she arrives for work.

“Hey! Watch it, ass hole!” She yells angrily.

I can’t help but smirk. I park my car and step out, straightening my jacket as a strong wind blows. She sees me and immediately lowers her head.

“I’m so sorry! I didn’t know it was you!” She exclaims.

“Don’t worry about it, babe.” I say with a wink.

I’m sure I can find a way for her to make it up to me later tonight. Heading inside, I am greeted by my boss and several other associates. We have a brief meeting where I am given my assignments for the day.

“I need you to take care of a few pick-ups. Chris is out today taking my laundry to the cleaners, so you’ll have to cover.” My boss tells me.

“Yeah, alright.” I immediately reply.

“Oh, plus there’s a new store on our turf. I need you to check it out and make sure the owners sign up for our uh... Neighborhood watch group.” He grins.

“You got it!” I nod.

“Good. Oh, and by the way, we’re having dinner tonight at The Black Swan. Come by around six.” He grins.

I nod my head as the boss slips me a note with several times and addresses written on it. I silently take my leave, but inside I am elated. I’ve been working loyally to climb the ladder since I was first brought into this thing of ours. I’m certainly not an associate anymore, but I’m not quite made yet either; The Black Swan is where the last two guys were made, and a space just opened with Kacey’s recent passing. I’ve come to far to turn back, so I’m off to make the pickups.

I drive to a real ghetto, where my car would be a prime target if people didn’t know who I was. I’ve been seen here before, making pick-ups in the past. People whistle distinctively as they warn the dealers of my arrival. I step out of the car as a street thug stands beside a diminutive looking man. I stand in front of the dealer, silently slipping on a pair of sunglasses as the sun reaches its zenith. The dealer looks nervous. We stand there in silence for a moment.

“Well?” I finally ask.

“It’s been slow...” The dealer sheepishly begins.

“Is that code for ‘I’m sorry for making you wait. I’ll get the money right now.’? Because if it isn’t...” I say while slowly shaking my head.

He looks over to his goon, who takes a step toward me. Without hesitation, I draw my Glock and fire a single round at his feet. The round ricochets and digs into a wall behind him, just as I had intended. Concrete chips cut the goons ankles as he jumps back.

“You know how this works. I don’t care if it’s slow, you were ripped off, or you’re skimming. Get the money, now, before I lose my patience.” I warn him calmly with a polite grin.

The terrified dealer pulls a massive wad of cash out of his front pants pocket. He then removes a second from a pocket on his jacket. Is he serious? If he were going to try to steal from us, he at least could have the good sense to *not* carry the money he is trying steal. I take both wads from him, slipping them into my own jacket pockets.

“Was that so hard? Now remember, the next time you try that, I won’t just scare you... I’ll blow your fucking brains out and replace you.” I growl.

I glare at him, tilting my head down as I stare over the rim of my dark sunglasses. He stammers nervously as he apologizes. That trick works nearly every time. I almost can't keep from grinning. I holster my gun and step back into my car before making the next pickup. The second, third, and fourth pickups all go smoothly, though the fifth dealer requires a little persuasion. A swipe of my claws on his face and my pistol jammed underneath his chin erase any thoughts of betraying the organization. For making me bloody my claws, as soon as he surrenders the money he owes, I take his watch as well, on principle. Sometimes they need harsh lessons.

I drive to the final address. Only a few hours have passed. I can't believe some people work honest jobs all day, while I've already earned a week's standard pay. I park the car before the business. It is a humble book store, and looks family owned. For a brief moment, I feel almost guilty for what I have to do, but I quickly shake it off. This isn't a business where you can take a conscience around with you; it gets in the way and cuts into profits considerably. I step into the store as a middle-aged man greets me. I adjust my sunglasses as I approach the counter.

"Hello sir. I represent an organization that often patrols this block, along with several others. As a budding new

business, I would like to offer you our services, at a nominal monthly rate.” I begin, speaking as politely as I know how.

“Does your company have a card?” He asks.

I can’t help but chuckle. Perhaps I’m being too vague?

“No. We don’t have cards, but everyone knows us.” I remark.

“This neighborhood seems very safe. I’m sorry, but I don’t think I’ll be needing the services of your company.” The man replies.

I must be out of practice. I rest my elbows on the counter and tilt my head down, glaring at him from over the rim of my sunglasses. He seems oblivious.

“Do you know why this area is so safe? Because my associates and I patrol it. When bad things happen, you call us and we make them better. If you don’t want our business, I cannot guarantee that your store will be so safe...” I continue.

“Is that a threat?” He narrows his eyes.

“It’s merely a warning. There are a lot of bad people who would want to do you harm. We keep them at bay for you.” I smile politely.

“I think you’d better leave...” The man asserts himself as he takes out a cell phone.

As he begins to dial a number, I roll my eyes. Why must they always make this such a chore? I reach into my jacket pocket and pull out the revolver. For some reason, it seems to intimidate them more than the Glock does. Perhaps it’s because that at a glance they can see the live rounds in the cylinder? As I set the revolver on the counter, I lunge at him and swipe the phone. He was about to call the local police department; I know the number by heart, though not because I use it myself.

“Let’s try this again...” I grin, bearing my teeth.

Now having gained his undivided attention, I politely explain the situation in terms he’d understand. As he holds a cloth to his bloody nose, he nods, replying that he will pay our desired fee. As a consolation, I give him a slip of paper with the number to a disposable cell phone containing false user information; our organization at least makes an effort to keep our end of the arrangement, though no one has ever called the number to my knowledge. I holster my weapon and walk slowly backward out of the store. Never turn your back on a mark that is still alive.

With my business all but completed, I stop for takeout before returning to the club. I see the dancer who yelled at

me earlier, and watch her performance. At barely two in the afternoon there are not many patrons, but she performs as if it were a full-house. An associate notices my gaze and remarks about it.

“She yelled at me for driving like an ass hole.” I admit.

“Did she apologize?” They ask.

“Yeah, but I feel like she could do better.” I grin.

“Back room.” They chuckle.

When her performance is complete, the club’s resident DJ pages her to a special office, at my request. She must know what is coming, as she nervously enters the room where I wait for her.

“It’s time to properly apologize.” I say with a grin.

She sheepishly nods, complying to my will. She apologizes, first with her hand, and then with her mouth. I’m not quite satisfied that she means it, so I stand her up and bend her forward over the felt covered table of the special office. She doesn’t fight me. I hold out for roughly fifteen minutes and two positions before I thoroughly forgive her. I don’t bother to extract myself, or to wear a condom; she deserves it. I’m sure she won’t ever disrespect me again,

unless she enjoys apologizing, which is entirely possible, considering her line of work.

“I hope you learned your lesson.” I tell her as I zip up my pants.

“Yes sir...” She whispers softly, lying back on the table and staring at the ceiling.

She seems a thousand miles away. Perhaps she has a boyfriend, and that is why she is so upset? Well, she should have thought of that earlier. I exit the office and return to the club’s main hall, where my boss waits for me with several associates.

“Have fun?” He laughs.

“Indeed.” I nod.

“Good. I have another job for you. There is a man that owes me a considerable debt and can’t pay. This degenerate gambler needs to be taught a lesson. School him, in a way that you’re accustomed too.” He instructs me.

He hands me two folded sheets of paper. One is a typewritten note, while the other is simple yellow notebook paper with my instructions. I return to my car, quickly leaving for the address on the sheet of yellow paper. Attached to it is a photo of the man with his family. I drive to

the location and see that it is an apartment. I look around for cameras, but do not see any. I wait outside for someone to leave; it doesn't take long. As they slip out, I enter through the door, heading up the stairs and to the apartment on the sheet.

I remove my revolver from my jacket pocket and slip it behind my back as I knock. I think it would be best to use it instead of my Glock, as I don't want to leave behind shell casings, and I'll need to retreat in a considerable hurry. After a moment, the door opens and a young man stands there.

"Can I help you?" He asks.

"You certainly can." I grin.

I quickly aim my revolver and fire, putting a thirty-eight-caliber slug right between his eyes. He falls dead in the doorway as I empty the remaining four rounds from my weapon into his body. I pocket the smoking revolver and rush back to my car, exiting the building just as people start to look into the hallway. I hear a few screams as I open my car door. I screech the tires as I flee the scene for the second address. Now at a nice upper-middle class home, I take out the typewritten note and the man's family photo. Using a red felt marker, I draw an X over the image of his eldest son, whom I just murdered, leaving it for the father to find in his mailbox.

I return to the club to inform my boss of my success, stopping first to hand over my revolver to a man whom often sells our used weapons on the street. It's a shame, as I really liked that little gun. I'll have to replace it soon. I get a call from an associate who really wants to meet me about something important. He won't say what it is over the phone, as if I would even ask him such a question. In this line of work, nothing worth the breath is said over the phone. He asks me to meet him at a very specific restaurant, one that we have often visited together on our free time.

I have no reason not to trust this man, who I consider a good friend and associate in this thing of ours. I park my car and head inside, stopping to use a corner payphone.

"Hello?" My boss asks.

"I'm done with your laundry." I remark.

"Good. I'll see you tonight." He says before hanging up.

I enter the restaurant and see my friend at a corner booth. He sits with his back to the wall. I often do that myself, and it bothers me that he chose a booth with only two thin benches; I won't be able to sit beside him. As I sit down, I look for a reflective surface so that I can constantly watch my back. We talk for a brief moment before he suddenly excuses himself to use the bathroom. I notice that

he hasn't placed an order, so after waiting a moment, I decide to steal his seat. I don't like leaving myself so vulnerable by facing my back to a door.

As I get up, I hear someone call my name. I turn around to see a man I don't know, aiming a large pistol in my face. He doesn't give me time to answer, let alone blink, before he pulls the trigger. I always knew that one day it might come to this, but I never thought it would be today.