

I was going home after a quiet drinking night at the Million Dollar Daddy with Commissioner Smirnov.

I had a Red Apple in my muzzle and I was walking slowly enough to have the smoke and smell surround me at all times. As if being inside a bitter apple cig smoke cloud could shield me from all my worries. A job that brought either lots of money and dieable trouble with NO Homme Fatale or over-the-top jealous pennyless control-freak shrews with trust issues, a landlady who thinks I'm a hustler and threatens to throw me out each time I get home late and a sex life as empty as this street.

-Shitty neighbourhood.

I kicked an old overflowed trash can. The metal grey top fell off, spilling some of the trash can's content on the pavement but the trash can hadn't budged an inch. It looked like this can hadn't moved in the previous eight years. I sighed, put the top back on and went on walking.

I took a small puff of my cig and then something light and wet hit my hat.

-Great... rain...

I shrugged and took five steps forward when I saw a white perly drop hang at the front edge of my hat. I slowed down then I stopped to have a closer look.

-What the hell... AAAGH!!

Realizing what it what was, I took my hat off and shook the stains off. That's when I heard a groan coming from above me. Seeing no stairs or windows, I looked higher and saw him:

<http://www.furaffinity.net/view/4454962/>.

He had just finished, tucked his cock back... wherever he could and took off with a jet of spider web, never looking down.

I watched him flee, dumbfounded... and that's when an unshaken drop decided to fall on my shoe. When I looked down, I saw that my cig had fallen down in one of the shaken puddle...

Having no tissue for my shoe, I grunted, lighted another cig and started to walk again toward my flat. I tried to get surrounded by the smell of my cig again but the combined smells emanating from my hat and shoe got only stronger with each step.

-Great... my landlady's gonna think I'm a slut... again...