

Smirnov was the district commissioner. The last time I met him, we had been hunting a small time Valkyrie dealer down some random seedy alleys. We separated to get him. I counted a New York minute before I heard the two gunshots.

When I arrived at the scene, the dealer's feet were protruding from a pile of trash, his forehead bleeding from a single hole. Smirnov had his gun pointed at him. It was still smoking. On the ground, there were two used cartridges. They both came from Smirnov's gun.

I looked at Smirnov. He looked back and saw the two cartridges.

-I shot only once...

-I know.

I picked one cartridge and tucked it in my pocket. Smirnov reloaded and tucked his gun away.

-I won't forget...

I was sitting in my office, looking at a half naked horse. His belt and fly were opened before the door even slammed and he dropped his pants without me asking. He was either desperate or my reputation for "unprofessional bonuses" had suddenly blown out of proportions.

-... 've been sent by Smirnov. 'said you'd know why...

He threw his shirt in a corner of the room and then went to lock the door, flexing his perfectly formed butt as he did. I rolled my eyes, thinking that Smirnov had overdone himself. Again.

The horse's cock slapped my cheek and brought me back to reality. It was semi-erected and already semi-scary. I looked at the horse.

He was a real pro. He was showing a needfulness that urged you to play with him but without ever blantly pushing you to hurry. Almost as if he enjoyed his job.

-He's bribing you, eh?

I grabbed the cock, pulled the horse on his knees and shoved his head on the tent of my pants.

-Merely... thanking me.

The horse opened my fly with his teeth... a real pro.