

-Fuckin' case... I whispered to myself.

I've had a long day. The kind where everything seems to go slow only to taunt you, as if someone was secretly enjoying it. All my fridays seemed to be like this now. Weekends never seemed to be further away from me than on that very day.

Most people hate Mondays, I hate Fridays.

My last case started during a robbery. A kid got shot because his dad called him on his cellphone while the gun was pointed at him. The robber got startled and the kid never got to hear the message. A lost bullet murder. No one seemed to care except me and the full-of-guilt-dad. His savings being as heavy as his sorrow, I just couldn't refuse the case.

I took another puff of my cigarette, feeling the smoke enter my lungs and caress my insides while my head cleared itself of my worries. It only lasted as long as one's breath and being forced to run all day always made it shorter...

So far all I got to know was that there was no eye witness, no cameras and the clerk had fallen into a coma for trying to dodge another lost bullet... I felt like running head first into the nearest wall until making it collapse.

I blew the smoke out. The cheap lights of the motel I was staying in changed its color from white-grey to a blue-reddish before it was swallowed by the darkness of the night.

My trail of thought got suddenly cut when the door of my room opened, making my black and white fur glisten in the much too powerful neon light of the bedroom night table. I lifted my tail and flashed my naked butt to the random comforting stranger I had met two hours ago. A cute nameless forty-ish hippo with a little beer gut and strong shoulders that gave him a very typical yet immensely sexy Huge Daddy/Trucker look. I turned my head to look at him. He seemed ready for another round.

"... you wanna switch this time?"

He nodded. I turned around and threw my cigarette behind my shoulder before entering and locking the door...