

It's been seven years... seven long years...

I sigh deeply and a thick cloud of smoke comes through my nostrils, enlarging the one hovering above me. I tap the ash off my cigar into the overflowing ashtray on my desk, stick it back to the corner of my mouth before unslouching from my creaking chair which elicits an annoyed whimper out of me.

I reopen my eyes and look over my desk and through the window in front of me. Neon hotel signs, dirty buildings, back alleys with overflowing trashcans, all the signs of your typically poor and unpoliced neighborhood. My neighborhood. I sigh.

Visitors are scarce, friends scarcer and jobs, even if the flow is steady, are always consequences of what happens around here. Plus keeping Internet here makes it so that I can almost never no say to anything. Bars are plentiful and never empty but if their drinks aren't spiked, they're cut with water and unless you have rape fantasies, sex clubs, for whatever team you swing for, are highly unrecommended. The rent of my flat/office is the cheapest I have ever seen and I still feel swindled. For all the maintenance and sanitary actions I took, it would only be fair to get at least two years free of rent and if I had to take back a cent for each rat I've seen in the stairs and the lobby, my landlady would have to pay me to live here. And yet, despite all that, moving out is just unconceivable. Refunds aren't though...

I lift the picture in my right paw to eye level for the hundredth time. The same old twinge is there. And I see it all again.

We had to go our separate ways. It wouldn't and couldn't go any further. We both agreed and went away without looking back but it stayed, burning like the underground blaze of a gas mine. My first mentor... It's strange, how good things always shine brighter in the dark.

The shower in my bathroom starts running, startling me and breaking the silence. I nonchalantly throw the picture on my desk, spin my chair around and focus my attention to the bathroom where, through the glass of the door, I can make out his massive silhouette. Damn. Even with a few extra pounds on him, he's still... I cut that thought short and focus back on tonight's events.

It's strange how, after all these years, I managed to meet HIM again tonight. What's even stranger is that it was through a murder less than two hours ago...

There were days where I would curse my trenchcoat for dressing me like walking cliché. Waiting for someone in an empty nameless seedy backalley while looking left and right didn't help either. Tonight's rain made me praise it all the way more.

I lit up a cigarette and leaned back against the wall as droplets of the downpouring rain slid from my borsalino and onto my shoulders. I boredly exhaled the smoke in a blue thick mushroom-shaped cloud, the hollow sound of the back of my head hitting the wall echoed in the empty silent alley. I puffed on it some more, letting myself enjoy the mental breather that only lung cancer responsible drugs can bring. Then I let my thought machine go back to its assigned job: thinking.

Mitch had called me earlier tonight for what he had simply described with a fittingly distressed voice as: "emergencies". I didn't like this plural. That and the fact he is the bartender and owner of the Raghnarok, the seediest SM gay club in all of this moonforsaken town. It could only mean someone had gone apeshit and there were at least two stiffes requiring immediate assistance for dissimulation. Again.

I sighed out loud, took another mental breeze then hung my head down, trying to shield my smoke from the rain with my hat.

Maybe he should hire one of Adama's friends... that damn bodybuilder must have some friends with equal fear inducing abilities... a security guard, or I don't know, just about anyone so that he's not alone? And he wonders why there's so much shit going down at his place.

At least, there's no sirens yet... the apeshitness must have been quiet. Must have been in a booth. That means we'll be alone with the "emergencies". I grinned to myself.

The sound of a rusty door grated open suddenly poked my ear, soon followed by some hushed quick footsetps coming toward me. A massive gorilla frame, wearing a Y-shaped leather harness which only enhanced his hair and massive muscles, crotchless leathers pants and a red fluorescent jockstrap, comicaly popped out of the corner and waved me to come closer. I held eye contact for a second then couldn't help but snicker. He frowned, annoyed, and waved harder, ordering me to hurry. I unsticked myself from the wall and saw he was already gone back the way he came from. I rubbed my cig against the wall to put it out and tucked it back in its pack before following him. As I walked behind him, I allowed myself a few glances at that well acquainted butt of his and asked myself how long it had been since my last intervention. A little over two months, a new record. "Joy..." I thought-sighed.

I had barely made it through the backdoors of the club when they dramatically closed behind me with a loud rusty grind, making me jump I turned toward Mitch, frowning. He offered me a "deal with it" smile and started locking the doors with a chain and several padlocks. It was his little revenge for my earlier snicker.

We were in a small rectangular corridor with naked grey concrete walls, a low ceiling showing raw cables and a mangy floor carpet of an unidentifiable color. In it was three doors: the backdoor which we had just came through, a heavy green wood door behind which were kept the snacks and beverages and the heavy double ice blue metal doors leading to the club. I looked at it, much too aware of what they hode, remembering what some of my cases had driven me to do...

"Hey!" Mitch whispered out impatiently.

I jumped, startled, and realised Mitch had walked all the way to the club doors without me noticing. I tucked my hat and ran to catch up with him, bending my knees to avoid grating my hat on the low ceiling. My heart started pouding, increasing with each step taken toward those doors, feeling more than hearing the booms of the speakers inside and sweating of reluctance.

"You better pay me good for this Mitch." I told him when I reached him.
"You know I will" He replied with a shit eating grin and a self crotchgrab.

I raised my eyebrows, interested and scared at the same time. The prospect of a mutual body exploration session with the most maculine cuntboy I knew was always a pleasure but since it was a bonus payment for my intervention, what it foreshadowed wasn't.

I thought about it for a second, biting my lips as I did, took a deep breath and nodded my agreement. He nodded back and pulled out some ear plugs from his back pocket. I shook my head, grabbed mines from my inside pocket and inserted them. The speaker booms dropped slightly. He openened the door in one brutal move and, even through the plugs, all my thoughts went deaf, blared away by NIN's "Happiness in Slavery". Mitch sure likes his music loud...

He waved for me to enter with an impatient twitch. I jumped inside, wanting to end this as soon as possible.

The doors locked themselves behind us, leaving us stuck behind the counter of the bar where no one was waiting to order a drink. Mitch lifted the removable part of the counter, leaving me to fold it back down behind him and I followed him. The dim lights of the club were the perfect cover to fly through the different "workshops" present here. Lucky us. I forced myself to look down. I didn't want to make eye contact with either anyone nor anything here. I knew far too well what possibilities, willing and unwilling, the infamous club offered and how diverse they were. I could picture it all in my head: <http://www.furaffinity.net/view/13913557/>). The last time I had been in need of one their tip, the Swat Kats made sure I had been acquainted with the whole club...

I stopped my thoughts right there. I didn't need those memories knife jerks. I snorted the incoming flashback away and hurried the pace, forcing Mitch to hurry as well. We kept this pace, went past the giant orgy mattress and the gangbang room until we arrived at the booth area. The music was low enough here that we could talk normally. I chose to whisper to keep us unnoticed.

"Which booth?" I asked with more anger than intended.

"This one," He pointed as he fumbled in his pocket for the key "the sling room on the right."

We reached the door. I looked left and right to make sure no one had seen us or followed us while he unlocked the door. Seeing no one, I nodded my approval to Mitch who opened the door and let us in.

The door's closure and the sudden silence that followed only contributed to make this room's secret even ghastlier. The deep grey stone floor had become the neon shining red carpet directing our gaze toward the last show of two furies wearing leather outfits that made Mitch look overdressed.

The first one, a blindfolded and ballgagged twinkish dark blonde furred Olinguito, was resting in the sling, his arms and left leg bound to the chains, the right one free and still reflexively twitching. He seemed to look perfectly fine. On the outside anyway. All damages done to him could be seen through the hollow buttplug still wedged in him.

The other one was a truly massive lying on his back brown bear with muscles and a beergut carved into the definition of the word "Daddy". He was wearing enormous shining black leather military shoes, a five straps leather harness, leather power wrist bands with metal pearls and a typical "Daddy" black leather cap which covered his face. His fist was a deep red, sign of deeper blood. Something was off.

"Did you knock the bear out Mitch?"

"Nope. I was cleaning the rack of the gangbang room when I heard the screams. Came in a hurry and found 'em like this."

"Humm... weird..."

The kill was messy but there was no rage present here. It was all focused on the slinged and the rest seemed... arranged.

The hammocked's free leg wasn't tied, contrary to his other members, but there was no broken links on the chain. He hadn't broke his bindings and kicked the bear's face into oblivion.

The bear's fist was covered with a thicker and deeper red blood normally found in inner parts of furies but there was no "inner bits" nor blood on his wrist bands. And it was resting just under the swinger's unnatural opening which kept on contributing the expansion of the red carpet.

Unexperimented police officers that would have been sent here for their hazing would have prone to the easy and faster conclusion that this massive fur had done it and had been killed by a lucky kick in the face which would have pushed the bear's nose cartilage into his brain or something like that.

The strange display of the leather cap would have only been a bonus irony to the end of the predicament. To me, it looked like the perpetrator had paid his respects before leaving. Which could only mean a professional killer...

"Any ID on them?"

"The bear's a truck driver and a mushweed provider. The other is... the mayor's nephew."

So that's why he had called me... I spun around to face the wall, lifted my head, took a deep breath and loudly exhaled, my forehead hitting the wall at the same time as my lungs went empty. Seven years... it's only been seven years... why does it feel like forty...

It's then we heard the groan. I slowly turned around, hoping with all my heart that the twink wasn't the survivor, no one deserved such pain. Thankfully, it was the bear slowly waking up and trying to shake the cap of his face. Mitch reacted faster than I did and removed it for him, revealing a grey beard from which protuded an unlighted Cuban cigar and a stern look I thought I would never be able to see ever again in my life.

"Sir?" I blurted out.

"... Cub?" He asked, awestruck.

I extended him my paw immediately, offering instinctively to lift him up. He smiled warmly at me and raised his paw. The bloodied one. We both froze and retracted our paws, embarassed for the sudden intimate display.

"WAIT?! You know each other?!" Mitch asked irely.

"I'll explain later Mitch. Just know that he didn't do it" I promptly explained "and I want him out of here A-S-A-P!"

Mitch had nodded and left the room before I could ask how we were going to do it, leaving me alone with my ex-college coach, BDSM mentor and former lover: Master Loupio.

"You have a lot to explain sir..." I started.

"You tell me why you're banging that dickless gorilla first cub." He retorted. "Didn't know you were a vag lover..."

The bathroom door opened, revealing the now blood free bear in, thank Moon for those wide towels of mine, its almost fully naked glory. He was picking his teeth with his pinky with a cool attitude that only wild independant furs of little hygiene can muster. The "wolverine effect". He noticed me looking and circled his nipple with the same forementioned pinky.

"Still like your old Daddy bear dirty and wet don't you cub?" He asked slyly.

"Not now Loupio. We have other things to take care off." I said, flicking the ash of my cigar into the ashtray on my desk.

"Sorry, old habits die hard cu..." He cut himself and corrected himself. "Panda."

"Rolls off your tongue, eh?"

He didn't reply and went on picking his teeth again. When he finally got whatever was stuck out, he flicked his pinky to catapult it into the mirror behind him. It was as irritating as a mole on someone's face.

"Soooo... what do we do now?" He asked, rubbing the pinky on his beer gut.

"The police must have come and go by now. We wait for Mitch."

"You don't need me to explain what I was doing there?"

"Were you doing something other than dipping your wick and selling your mushweed?"

He was about to add something, preventend himself to, thought for a second and asked.

"What do we have to take care of then?"

"This."

I grabbed his pants discarded near the bathroom door, went through his pockets and grabbed a small ziplocked bag that could fit in my fist filled with mushroom shaped greenleaves.

"Mind smoking the evidence with me?"

"Now you're talking cub..." He said, taking a step forward.

"Help me unfold the bed then". I said, ignoring the name slip. "It's the fake closet by the wardrobe"

(End of part 1)