

Thursday's Prompt
05/08/15

Beauty

They say Beauty is in the eye of the Beer Holder, and I couldn't agree more. So no shit there I was, a Private Dick at a bar trying to get hammered after a long day of looking for lost keys, cheating mates, and one welfare fraud, that last wasn't my usual gig, but a Canine has to eat. Bellied up to the bar, trench coat still dripping rain, and hat pulled down low because there wasn't anyone I wanted to see in the room when this Pretty Kitty sidles up to me

"hey Stranger, buy a Lady a drink?" I snorted hard enough to get beer foam on my muzzle. There was about as much chance as a real lady being in the "See Spot Run Bar and Grill" as there was of me winning at the race track. For the record, Beagles do not compete against Greyhounds for a reason...

"Sure Toots, what ya having?" I smile a lopsided grin, my best expression. I give her a professional once over. Legs that go all the way up, nice hips, small breasts but I don't mind as long as I can nibble on them, a cummley muzzle, and an unusual fur pattern around her feline eyes. Her tail was swishing lazily behind her in a relaxed fashion, I hear that Cat's love that in a female.

She looked like \$300 an hour, \$1,500 a night. Not the kinda scratch I made, but as long as we kept it to the bar, I shouldn't go broke before my cab showed up.

"Bourbon and cream, no anchovies." well then at least her breath wouldn't smell. I waved a paw at the bartender, Wallaby Weasel, had a rat face and body odor that I've know for about a decade now. He rarely forgets my change, and almost never waters down my drinks, he's good people unless you owe him money.

"Whatcha need Bennie?" he asks in his piping voice and slight accent. I never figured out where he was from other than 'back east'. I'm pretty sure he had money issues with one of the 'families' out there, which is why he was holed up in this dive.

"Wally, Kitty here needs a milk, no sardines, and I could use another Sam Samoyed Beer." and toss a twenty on the bar. Wally scoops it up and wanders off to get the drinks. I look back at Kitty and ask "What's a dame like you doing in a dive like this?" Mike Hammer, classics never go outta style. She smirks at me

"Laying low until my next appointment in about an hour. It's a work night for me..." bingo, working girl for sure, and an expensive one judging by her bling. Pearls and diamonds with soft colors that just contrast with her fur.

"must be one lucky guy." I say finishing off my first beer. Wally brings our drinks over, but not my change. I raise an eyebrow and his eyes flicker to the kitty lapping her bourbon and milk before turning away to polish a clean section of bar...

crap.

I hate it when that happens.

Miss Kitty purrs softly as she rubs up against my side, fortunately there was a trench coat between me and her so she couldn't feel my gun, or my firearm.

“I have time for a quicky, if you can afford it, Handsome...” I set my beer down then turn to look her in the eye.

“How long have you been on Vice? Because that's a little quick for anyone other than a rookie...” she looks shocked. She obviously wasn't looking to be made that easily. “and drinking on duty too...”

“well... Shit.” she says and sets her drink down, then signs. “Four days.” I nod, and pull a business card from my breast pocket... Mmmmm, Breasts... my card reads

“Benjamin Beagle
Bloodhound, Private Detective
lost items found
Certified Law Enforcement Consultant” with my office address, email, and phone number.

See, I'm legit and most of the local yokels know me. She downs her drink in one gulp and turns to me. “I'm off duty for another 45 minutes. Wanna go for a roll?”

Felines. Gotta love them. I finish my beer.

“Why the hell not.”

so I walk outta my favorite dive, Beauty on my arm, and a free roll in the hay in my future.