

Lt. Colonel Como was hard on the case, but the current caper was proving to be far beyond his skills. The yellow Labrador mutt typically handled petty theft and simple burglaries; a murder was well above his pay grade. Add to that the fact that the room was seemingly sealed off from the outside world as well as the theft of a singular priceless artifact, a diamond falcon, and the whole thing was a detective's worst nightmare... or wet dream in some people's cases.

"Got anything over there?" Como called over to his partner in crime-fighting. Constable Johnson seemed even less excited by the case.

"I ain't found shit." The tired looking bloodhound grumbled.

Como let out a loud sigh and got out his phone. "I guess there's no hope for it... We're going to need the inspector on this one." He said dejectedly as he thumbed through contacts.

Constable Johnson let out an annoyed grumble as he rolled his eyes. "I'll gather the witnesses." He replied. He sounded just as displeased by the outcome as his partner did, but what other choice did they have? Only one man had the keen insight into these matters necessary to crack this case.

Como and Johnson went to work immediately gathering what evidence they had and getting the three witnesses together so that they could streamline the process. If all went well the inspector could crack the case before his love of a good mystery got too intense, but given how little the pair of police dogs had found out in their initial investigation, chances were that that wouldn't happen.

"What's the big idea shoving us all in here!?" The svelt, buxom mink snapped irritably. Her impressive figure and skimpy French maid outfit made it pretty obvious that she was kept around more for her looks than for her skill at housekeeping.

"Please Ms. Marelli. We just need to ask you a few questions." Como replied. He was trying his best to keep the maid calm, but his exasperation was rapidly overcoming his patience.

"In a room with a dead guy!?" The maid, Gabrielle Marelli snapped.

"We can't move the body yet." Como explained timidly.

"But why do we have to be in the same room?" the other woman in the room grumbled. The mature cougar was standing as far away from the body as possible while still remaining in the room. She seemed to be making a concerted effort to look anywhere but at the body itself as she anxiously puffed away at her long-handled cigarette holder.

"It will speed up the process... I assure you, it's for the best." Como tried to explain.

"This investigation is nuts." A young weasel who was relaxing on the couch grumbled. "Everything about this case goes against every police procedure I have ever seen. You can't move the body? You have to shove everyone in one room? I call bullshit." He griped loudly.

"Sir. I assure you, it is for the best." Johnson tried to explain. He was about to add something else, but his words were quickly cut off by the sound of all the witnesses gasping at once. Johnson felt the fur on the back of his neck stand on end. There was no doubt about it; the inspector was here.

Johnson turned around, and sure enough, the panda's immense form filled the entirety of the double doorway that opened up into the hallway. Even the inspector's enormous silhouette was a sight to behold, but once he stepped into the light the true enormity of him became apparent to all.

Even through the tailored black suit that he wore, it was plain to see that the hulking bear was covered in muscles. His jacket sleeves looked ready to burst from the strain of his gigantic biceps and triceps bulging against the fabric. The buttons on the front of his jacket seemed to be barely holding together as they struggled in vain to grip across the vast expanse of the bear's big, barrel chest. Even his black slacks strained visibly against his bulging quads. His tree-trunk thick thighs dwarfed either one of the two officers that had been assigned to the case originally. His entire outfit looked like it could erupt into a hail of confetti if the hulking panda gave even the slightest flex of his enormous muscles.

Even the size of his muscles paled in comparison to the size of his pronounced bulge in the front of his slacks. The outline of his over a foot of sausage pressed against the slacks so tightly that even the folds of his foreskin could be made out from the impression against the fabric, and even his dick wasn't the most impressive part. Beneath his dick could be seen the shape of two, massive, cum-filled nuts. Each individual ball was close to the size of a basketball. The front of his slacks groaned audibly as they struggled to hold back the heavy set of jizz-laden nuts.

"... you think he grew again?" Johnson asked his cohort.

"I'm sure of it..." Como muttered quietly to his partner.

"What seems to be the issue?" The inspector asked. His deep voice rumbled through the crowded study. Despite the macabre circumstances and the tense atmosphere of the room he seemed to be positively giddy to be there.

Johnson and Como exchanged glances as if they were having a mental round of roshambo to see who would have the dubious honor of giving the status update. Eventually Como sighed quietly and stepped forth. "Yes, Inspector Bai-Lon. We have one victim, the deceased Henkel Alcott. No signs of a struggle. One small stab wound. The room was sealed so no one could have come in or out, and everything seems to be undisturbed except for a priceless diamond statue which the deceased kept in a safe beneath his desk." Como explained dutifully.

"A sealed room murder you say?" The inspector asked with a deep, hearty chuckle. "It must be my lucky day." The massive panda didn't even try to hide it as he reached down and adjusted his package. If such a thing was possible, it seemed as if his nuts were pressing even harder against his already overstrained slacks.

"Who are these?" The inspector asked as he gestured to the three non-police individuals in the room.

"Right, well... The one by the globe is the wife of the deceased, Mrs. Elizabeth Alcott." Como explained as he gestured towards the shapely and stately looking older cougar who was leaning casually against the bookcase as she puffed away at her cigarette.

"And... over by the desk is the maid, Gabrielle Marelli." Como continued his explanation. This time he gestured towards the voluptuous mink who was seated on one of the small, comfy looking couches that was situated in the center of the room.

"Next we have the groundskeeper, Mr. Marcell Marcell." Como explained. This time he gestured towards the lean, lithe looking weasel that was seated on the couch positioned opposite Gabrielle.

"It's pronounced 'Marceau.'" The weasel grumbled irritably.

"Ok... so Marceau Marcell." Como corrected.

"Macell Marceau!" The weasel irritably corrected.

"Right. We'll go with that." Como replied flippantly.

"And where were they at the time of the murder?" The inspector asked.

"Both of the women were seen seated out on the patio at the time the murder is suspected to have taken place." Johnson chimed in.

"Seen? By whom?" The panda asked.

Johnson thumbed through his notebook and shrugged. "We have several reported sightings, sir. The patio overlooks the gardens. The gardens are a bit of a tourist spot and are visible from the street. Anyone who stops to look at the gardens can also easily see the patio."

"And the weasel." Bai-Lon asked gruffly.

"Mrs. Alcott and Ms. Marelli both claim they could see him working in the gardens." Johnson explained.

"Hmm... Do any of your passersby corroborate this?" The hulking panda asked as he rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"No sir. There are no other reported sightings of the groundskeeper, but... if as both Ms. Marelli and Mrs. Alcott claim he was weeding the flowerbeds, he would have been hidden behind the hedges and therefor unable to be seen from the street."

"So only three people in the house and all three have solid alibis." Bai-Lon said. He again rubbed his chin as he mulled it over.

"So why are we here? Are we suspects or what?" Marcell asked testily.

"No one is a suspect..." The inspector mused out loud. "... but everyone is suspect." This latest announcement elicited murmurs from the three witnesses and eye rolls from his two subordinates who had already heard that same line many times before.

"We'll have to start looking at this from another angle." The inspector announced suddenly. "First. We know that someone must have come and gone, but the question is how."

"We've checked. The vents are far too small for anyone to come in and out. The window is locked from the inside, and it's a twenty foot drop. The door has an electronic deadbolt on it. There's a keyhole for the handle but not the deadbolt. One would need the passcode in order to open and close it. Both Mrs. Alcott and Ms. Marelli have the passcode, but there is no record in the system of the door being unlocked any time between 11 am when the victim was last seen and 4 pm when the body was

discovered. There's no way the culprit could come through this doorway without it showing in the security log." Johnson explained as he flipped through his notebook.

"Hmm..." Bai-Long mused as he rubbed his chin. He then walked over towards the door and began inspecting the locking mechanism. Everything that Constable Johnson had said was true. The way the deadbolt was set up the door could not be opened while the deadbolt was locked. Not only did the bolt prevent the door from opening, but the security system would have registered it if the bolt had been undone... unless...

An idea suddenly struck him. He had seen this style of bolt before, and there was one trick to getting them opened and closed. Bai-Lon chuckled happily at the thought. He was one step closer to cracking this case, he was sure of it. He could feel his nuts swell up slightly from the excitement. His clothes groaned audibly as they hugged his burly frame even tighter. It had been far too long since he had had a good case to work on.

His eyes scanned the floor and off to the side he noticed a small, crumpled playing card. He could scarcely contain his glee as he stooped down to pick it up. The seams on the sides of his slacks popped audibly as his already overstressed pants were assaulted by the flexing of his immense quads. The front of his pants seemed to be straining too but for a very different reason. His previously basketball sized nuts had swollen up even larger and now rivaled the size of the ornamental globe that sat on a small table next to Mr. Alcott's desk.

Bai-Lon noticed a faint hint of perfume on the card. He knew this was a vital clue. His body shuddered in ecstasy as his mind started to piece it all together. The seams of his jacket popped and frayed as his muscles flexed and swelled. Large swaths of black fur along the sides of his thighs began to come into view as his stitches on his slacks pulled further apart. His already massive bulge became more and more pronounced as jizz sloshed audibly inside his swelling nuts.

After a moment of silent, ecstatic shuddering, the inspector straightened up and focused his attention on his subordinates. "Who opened the door and discovered the body?" The inspector asked suddenly.

"That would be the maid, Ms. Marelli." Como explained.

"And you were alone?" Bai-Lon asked as he narrowed his gaze at the mink.

"Y... yes I was, but he was already dead when I got here!" The mink fervently pleaded her case.

"She's right. Preliminary investigation seems to suggest that he died well before the door was opened at 4 pm." Johnson cut in. "Judging from the temperature of the body and the way the blood had dried we estimate time of death to be closer to 1pm."

"I wasn't alone with him long enough to do anything. As soon as I opened the door... I saw blood... and..." She explained. The maid looked positively terrified. As she recalled the scene she began to hyperventilate.

"According to our other witness, Mrs. Alcott, upon opening the door Ms. Marelli screamed and passed out." Johnson explained as he sifted through his notes.

"Timetable." Bai-Lon said gruffly as glared at the cougar.

"Timetable? Well... I suspect you mean when I found her?" Elizabeth replied. She took a moment to take a long drag from her cigarette and then continued. "We had just finished having tea on the balcony overlooking the garden. It's not usual for Henkel to skip tea so I asked Gabrielle to go check in on him. She couldn't have been gone more than five minutes before I heard the scream and came rushing. When I got there she was passed out in the doorway and my husband was lying face down in a pool of his own blood." She explained hurriedly.

"You seem very calm about all of this." The inspector said flatly.

The cougar merely shrugged. "The romance died years ago, and a little blood and a body is nothing I didn't see back when I was a surgeon. It's still a bit of a shock though." She replied.

Bai-Lon looked over at the other door and then scratched his chin again. There was something about this set-up that seemed a little off, but he couldn't quite put his finger on it nor could he prove it even if he was sure of his hunch.

"Wait..." Como interrupted uncertainly. Bai-Lon merely smirked and waited for the mutt to speak. He had a feeling of what Como was about to ask anyway and letting one of his subordinates pose the question made it easier for him to weed out the truth while remaining seemingly unaware of what was really going on.

"Sorry... it's just... You said you were a surgeon?" Como asked.

"A damn good one too." Elizabeth retorted.

"It's just... the way the victim was stabbed. It was a single puncture wound, very small, very precise. The blade went in between the ribs and straight into his heart. You could say the wound was almost surgical." Como said.

"Which is exactly why I couldn't have done it." Elizabeth replied flippantly. "I'm sure you already have my records by now. It's not like it's really a secret."

Como looked back and forth between the inspector and his partner. Bai-Lon seemed to be mulling something over, but Johnson was once again fervently shuffling through his notes.

"Ah. Here we go. Elizabeth Alcott, formerly Elizabeth Elicoor. She was at the forefront of her field in neuro-surgery back in her day... Resigned in disgrace after her history of... oh..." Johnson said as he read his reports. His voice dropped off at the end and his brow furrowed at the new bit of information.

"What's the official reason?" She asked wryly. "Substance abuse? I suppose that's as good a reason as any." She then shifted her cigarette to her left hand and held out her right.

"It's true, most of the time I was too drunk to operate, but the other medications did more permanent damage." As she spoke she held her hand aloft. Everyone immediately knew what she was saying. Her hand was trembling far too much to be able to perform such a delicate maneuver.

Bai-Lon didn't seem to care about her sob story. He gave a short grunt and turned his attention to the weasel. "And you. Where were you during all of this?" The inspector asked as he glared at the gardener.

Marcell shrugged. "I was weeding the flower beds like I had been doing all damn day. I don't know if you noticed, but there's a shitload of shrubbery out there." He replied flippantly.

"How long have you worked here?" The inspector asked.

"Not long. A week or two, give or take." The weasel replied with a disinterested shrug.

"Wouldn't that make you the most likely suspect?" Bai-Lon asked.

"I hardly see how..." Como began to say, but before he could even finish his sentence the inspector held up a hand to silence him.

"Like the pup was sayin'. I hardly see how I am a suspect. I just work here, yanno? I didn't even know about that stupid rock bird until today." Marcell stated.

A huge, toothy smile spread across the inspector's face. "You just learned about it today?" Bai-Lon asked.

"Uh... yeah?" Marcell replied.

"When?" The inspector asked. He was grinning from ear to ear as he focused his gaze on the weasel.

"Like... just now? When you were talking about it?" Marcell replied uncertainly.

"Johnson!" Bai-Lon said suddenly.

"Sir!" The police dog responded as he snapped to attention.

"At any point during the briefing did you mention what type of creature that the statue was?" The inspector asked.

Johnson mulled it over for a minute. As far as he could remember, nobody had mentioned that the statue was of anything merely that it was made of diamond. "Not that I know of." Johnson replied.

The inspector then turned his attention back to the weasel and glared menacingly. "Then how did you know what the statue looked like?" He asked.

"I saw it? Yeah. I musta seent it." Marcell explained.

"And when would you have seen it?" The inspector asked.

"I dunno. I been working here a week or so. It coulda been laying out some day." Marcell replied with a shrug.

"Impossible." Elizabeth scoffed. "That statue is always kept locked up. It's a priceless antique and is only taken out of the safe Henny wants to show it off."

"We had that old dude from the bank here earlier this week. Old man Alcott musta pulled it out then. I seent it through the window whiles I was cutting hedges." Marcell explained. "What's it matter when I seent it anyway?"

"It matters..." Bai-Lon said evenly. His voice rumbled so deeply that it almost sounded like he was purring like a kitten. The front of his slacks were being strained even harder by his swelling bulge. "... because if you had not seen the statue before today, then that means that you were the thief and most likely the murderer."

Everyone in the room except the inspector himself gasped in shock. "W...What...? You can't just jump to conclusions man." Marcell said nervously. "I mean... I got an alibi, and have you seen the old man? He's huge! You think I could just off him like that?"

Bai-Lon strode across the room while stroking his chin, but the expression on his face was anything but pensive. He had an excited grin plastered across his face. "No. I suppose you wouldn't be able to take him, especially not without alerting others to the scuffle... well... not unless he was already unconscious." Bai-Lon said.

Marcell was about to argue, but before he could say anything Bai-Lon picked up Mr. Alcott's coffee mug from off his desk and poured what little cooled coffee remained therein out onto the desktop. "I noticed the chalky residue right off the bat." The inspector explained as he rubbed his gloved finger along the inner rim of the cup. When he pulled his hand back he had what looked like a whitish powder on his fingertip.

"I'm sure that if we run this through the lab we'll find it to be a fairly potent poison." Bai-Lon stated as he wiped the powder off of his fingertip. "The point being, I am sure that you could have easily slipped a knife into him while he was unconscious, and then he merely bled out silently."

"Wait wait wait. You think I drugged his coffee? I never even touched his drink! If anyone, it's that skank of a maid! She's the only one who brings him coffee, and it's no secret she's always trying to get into his pants!" Marcell rattled on indignantly.

"I'd Never!" Gabrielle exclaimed in a huff.

"He raises a good point though." Bai-Lon said excitedly. The stitches on the front of his pants began to pop and fray even faster as he turned to face the maid. "You would be the one who could most easily slip a poison into his drink, and I bet you know the trick to the door, too."

"The trick? I think this line of questioning must be a trick because I have no idea what you're talking about." The maid fumed defensively.

"So you claim not to know of the glaring fault in this type of door? You see... If you slip something, say a small, rigid piece of paper, into the locking mechanism the door will latch, but the bolt will not engage. Meaning you could come and go from the room as often as you wanted without ever tripping the sensor... provided you put the card back each time." Inspector Bai-Lon explained.

Gabrielle rolled her eyes dismissively. "I'd still need the key." She replied.

"Ah yes, the key. Have we found a key to the door yet?" The inspector asked his associates. Como shrugged and shook his head. Johnson rifled through his notes and then he too shook his head.

"We had figured that the victim would have had it on him, but a thorough search has turned up nothing." Johnson explained.

“Right. So we shall have everyone empty their pockets. I assume that one of you three probably has it.” Bai-Lon said. His eyes darted from one suspect to the next as he searched for any telltale twitch or change in demeanor that would give the culprit away, but no one seemed to be reacting... No one except for Marcell.

The weasel stood up from his seat and began emptying his pockets. “This is stupid.” The groundskeeper said. “Like the thief would really be dumb enough to hold onto the key.”

“And why are you so sure that they would get rid of it?” Bai-Lon asked. “It seems to me that most people wouldn’t even consider it important.”

“Alls I’m sayin is, it seems like something that would tie you to the scene of the crime would be the last thing the murderer would want to keep.” Marcell explained. He finished emptying his pockets. All he had was an old beat up looking wallet, some car keys, and a half-empty pack of gum.

“It seems you are clean.” Bai-Lon said unconvincingly. He then turned his attention to Elizabeth. His grin spread and his gaze grew ever more intense as he beckoned her to empty her pockets. The front of his pants were threatening to burst at any second as his massive balls continued to swell.

“Ugh. Very well.” Mrs. Alcott said with a huff. Having no actual pockets on her dress, she instead began to empty the content of the small purse she kept at her sides. The first few items were fairly innocuous; a small cigarette lighter, a roll of lipstick, some blush, and mascara. Suddenly she pulled forth a small, golden key. Her face went white and she gasped in shock. Everyone in the room gasped too. Everyone except for Gabrielle who was grinning like the cat that ate the canary.

A loud tearing sound split the air followed by a deafening thump as Bai-Lon’s enormous nuts spilled forth from his slacks. His balls were now so massive that they rested solidly on the floor. Each turgid orb was the size of a large beanbag chair and sloshed audibly with pent up cum. The lewd spectacle was quite the sight to behold, but everyone’s attention was directed elsewhere.

“You set me up!” Elizabeth screamed at the maid.

“I didn’t do anything of the sort, but it serves you right.” Gabrielle said.

“I knew I shouldn’t have trusted you. You think I didn’t know about all those late night meetings with my husband?” Elizabeth fumed. She then turned to the inspector and pointed at the maid. “You. Arrest her. You said it yourself she knows the secret to undoing the lock. She’s been in here almost every night having a go with my husband. She’s been getting past that security lock for months!”

Bai-Lon didn’t say anything, instead he merely stood there and grinned. He had his eyes clenched shut as he basked in the erotic sensations that were coursing through his expanding nuts. What little remained of his slacks began to tatter and fray even more as his muscles expanded outward. The buttons on his shirt popped loose and were sent flying and his already broad chest began to expand outward.

“Does this mean he’s cracked it?” Como asked.

“Looks like it. Get a tarp and help me cover the important evidence.” Johnson replied.

Gabrielle hardly seemed fazed by Mrs. Alcott's allegations. Instead she smugly countered with her own. "Like I'd have a reason to kill him. It's true I have been coming and going through that door for ages, but given a few more weeks that old coot would have been good and single. He's already added me to his will so once you're in jail for the murder I'm gonna be good n rich."

As the two women continued to hurl insults and allegations at each other Marcell began to slink off towards the door. "Well, since it doesn't look like you'll be needing me anymore I'll be going now." He said nervously.

"Stop right there, Maurice." Bai-Lon said. His deep, booming voice echoed through the study.

"Oh, shit." The weasel whimpered.

"Did you really think I would forget you that easily?" The inspector asked. He was grinning from ear to ear. He was swelling even more rapidly now. His balls now dwarfed the sofa and his shirt was shredding as his muscular frame expanded outwards. What few tattered pieces of cloth that still remained on him soon fell off in ribbons leaving the towering, hulking panda completely nude. Even his cock was now noticeably growing to keep pace with the rest of him. His rigid boner now reached up to his chin.

"Look. I can explain." The weasel tried to say.

"Murder is a new trick for you." Bai-Lon boomed. His cock lurched hard as the euphoric sensations wracked his body. He was so close to blowing the lid clean off this case, and his whole body was preparing to celebrate.

"In my defense, I didn't really kill him. I just sorta poked him a little to let the blood out." The weasel, whose real name was apparently Maurice explained frantically. "It's her. The old bat. She told me exactly where to stick him to do the most damage. I just poked him and left."

"Oh, I am aware of that. The poison would have eventually done him in, but they needed him to actually die while they were both out on the patio thereby making their alibi perfect." Bai-Lon explained.

This finally got the two women to stop bickering. They looked at one another with an expression of abject terror.

"It really wasn't that hard to figure out..." The inspector's deep voice rumbled. "The two of them set up this murder and hired a small time criminal to carry out the actual deed while they posed for the crowds. I figured that bit out on the way over here." He shuddered in ecstasy as he savored the feelings that came with piecing together a good mystery.

Bai-Lon's eyes were having trouble focusing as he got further and further into the throes of ecstasy, but he directed his gaze in the general direction of Elizabeth Alcott. "This was your plan... at least originally." He explained. "I don't know what you told her to get her to go along, but you two would need to be in cahoots for it to work. I bet she agreed to it a lot easier than you expected." Bai-Lon said with a soft chuckle.

Elizabeth merely nodded. Not only could she not deny the charges, but the inspector was right about Gabrielle's surprising willingness to comply.

"It's simple really. From the very beginning her plan was to pin this solely on you. Once you were charged there would be no way you could try and accuse Ms. Marelli without also incriminating yourself. It was the perfect way to get rid of both you and your husband leaving her with all the money, and you practically gift wrapped it for her." Bai-Lon explained. He chuckled deeply as he concluded the current bit of exposition and shuddered. The bliss that had engulfed his mind and body was reaching new extremes.

"And the statue. How does that factor in?" Como asked.

"It's mostly unrelated." Bai-Lon explained dismissively. "It was an easy mark for a small-time thief who was given free run of the room."

"So that solves that, I suppose." Johnson said as he slipped all his paperwork into his waterproof satchel.

"Good thing, too. I finally got the tarp down over the body." Como said as he put his hood of his parka up.

The two police officers didn't even bother getting their cuffs out; they would just get wrecked in the coming torrent, and it's not like anyone would be escaping the room anytime soon anyway.

The inspector was outright giggling as he felt his mind and body erupt like a Fourth of July fireworks display of sexual euphoria. His already massive dick surged in size once more and now almost reached the ceiling of the large study. His huge nuts now occupied much of the center of the room. Either bloated orb was easily as tall as the bookshelves that lined the wall, and that's saying nothing of their width. Each nut had to have a swimming pool's worth of jizz packed inside of it.

Bai-Lon's deep, rumbling giggles gave way to loud moans of bliss as his cock lurched and then began spewing. Massive, heavy wads of spooge crashed against the ceiling and began to rain down upon the room quickly coating everyone and everything in their path. The jizz was so thick and sticky that it was like warm, white tar that pinned the occupants of the room in place. Try as they might, the three conspirators could not escape.

The inspector continued to moan and chuckle as shot after warm, gooey shot of spunk continued to rain down on the room. Already the pool of spooge was so deep that it reached up to the suspect's knees, and the cum kept rising. Being the strongest of the bunch, Maurice was making the most progress in his mad dash to the door, but even he had barely managed to travel more than three feet. The slog through the incredibly thick lake of spooge was slow going and incredibly tiring, and as the water level continued to rise it was getting harder and harder to move.

Bai-Lon was still cumming, and his nuts were showing no signs of shrinking back down. The lake of spooge quickly reached up to the waists of everyone in the room. Maurice was no longer able to move anywhere; his legs were completely rooted in place in the lake of warm, sticky spunk. The others in the room were in much the same boat. Try as they might there was no way they could force their way through the thick, clingy lake of tar-like spunk.

It took the officers several hours to drain the room enough to gather up the suspects and take them into custody, and it took even longer yet for the inspector to shrink back down to his normal size... or at least down to what passed as his normal size nowadays. It was clear he'd be needing a new

wardrobe after this case, not only was his outfit completely demolished, but there was no way he was going to be fitting back into any of his other ones at home. That was just fine by him though.

Once the inspector was back down to a mobile size, Como came in with an oversized trenchcoat that he hoped would actually fit the hulking inspector well enough to allow the burly, hung panda to be able to move about with only minimal indecency complaints. As he handed the gigantic bear the coat Como asked, "How did you know one of them had the key anyway?"

Bai-Lon gave a deep, hearty chuckle as he slipped on the coat. Once he had the front sufficiently buttoned up he looked down and winked at the yellow lab. "Because..." Bai-Lon explained slyly. "I was the one who put it there."