Detective Crowley

“I have the When, and the where, and the What...” Crowley muttered, pushing his fedora back off his brow, scratching at it. “But I still don’t know the Who!”

To be honest, the wolf needed a break. This Wrinkly case had kept him up for, how long had it been? Every time he looked at the dusty blinded window it was day, or night, but never either of them twice in a row. Sleep? Sleep was for the weak and sickly. Exercise? You got plenty of exercise from caffeine jitters. The idea of taking a break though was as foreign and alien to him now as the idea of taking a shower, or dressing up in fancy pink lady undies and doing the can-can on top of the saloon down the street. Not even Alcohol could pull the famed detective away from This little puzzle.

The security guard couldn’t remember seeing anyone come in, but Crowley had found a string of cotton caught on the latch of the door. The butler didn’t remember any guests, but there had been two coffee cups on the serving tray outside the Gentleman’s room.

And, of course, the Gentleman insisted that there had been no guest at all, that he had always been the way that he had been found. The wolf sneered at the idea. The Gentlemen was either an incredible liar, or completely oblivious to his reputation in the city, of a philandering, well-to-do ladies’ man. The idea that he had just ‘forgotten’ that he was the city’s most esteemed bachelor was just as implausible as thinking that he had ‘faked’ his way into that position in the first place!

So who had visited? He went over the list of possible suspects, again, crossing each one off, again, his brain aching from the constant circling it was going. It had to be a jilted lover, of some sort, someone who somehow had the ability to hide who they were from their victims. Or, maybe not a jilted lover, but rather a would-be jilted lover. Someone who had not measured up, a lady who the Gentleman had passed over at some point in the past.

Without some sort of a clue, though, he had nowhere left to investigate, and for Detective Crowley, such an idea was unthinkable. He slumped back in his chair, and rubbed at his throbbing temples. That glass of whiskey was all the more tempting. He could go down there, knock a few back, maybe ask a few subtle questions to the lowlife locals, see who had seen what...

His office door swung open, then, and the exhausted detective peered up at... nothing.

“Blast it all, if that’s not an invitation then I don’t know what is!” the wolf said. He stretched his arms up over his head, arms that were sore from rubbing at his chin, from tracing the streets along that full sized city map on one wall. Pretty much the only thing that was left in those arms, at this point, was lifting a cup to his lip, put it down, repeat!

To top it all off, he thought he had nailed the whole case shut, and all it took was the teensiest bit of critical thinking to realize he had no bloody idea what had happened in that room, except of course the results of those actions!

“This is interesting,” said a coy, soft voice to his left. Crowley twisted himself, to find a slender minx, leaning against his desk. She was not the elegant, saucy, tormented blonde that Crowley would have expected (and hoped) to have snuck into his room, but she was exotic, strange in a way that put the wolf’s hackles up.

“No, it’s not,” he snapped, closing his notebook, the sleek mustelid pulling back her black-painted claws in Just the nick of time. He wanted to snarl at her to get out of his office, to interrogate her on just who she thought she was, but instead of all that, the lady pursed her soft, dark-fuzzed lips together, and blew a pink bubble. Crowley watched it, swelling, growing, and when it popped with a soft wet crack, he blinked, startled.

It occurred to him, then, despite the tiredness and crankiness, that she might be here for a reason. Specifically, a reason having to do with Mister Gentleman. The wolf licked at his chops, smiling fangedly and feeling adrenaline flush fresh energy into his weary bones.

“Is there something I can help you with?” He asked, politely, as the bored looking minx worked her jaws, staring at him with her eerily dark eyes. She was not thin, per say, but neither was she too chubby, but she wore her weight naturally, almost ferally. She gave the impression of one who was busty, but when he stole a peek between her arms, all he saw was the bland, gray polyester sweatshirt she was wearing. As soon as he looked away, though, his... perception, let’s say, suggested looking back. It was weird, and strange - and it seemed to fit in perfectly with her.

“How are you doin’, dearie?” She asked, in that soft voice. It was.. familiar, somehow, and it made his tail want to wag, but just as much as he wanted to wag - and jump to her and lick her cheek and climb up in her lap like a puppy, he wanted to growl and tell her out of his office. How did he know her? Did he?

“I’m... well. Are you.. taking care of yourself?” This was quickly becoming the most unusual interrogation he had ever performed. There was no sobbing, no bosom thrusting, no plaintive cries of “It wasn’t me!” or “You must help me, I’m defenseless!” No, this... this felt almost like the kind of conversation you would have with your ex-wife you ran into at the supermarket.

Not... that Crowley had ever been married. He’s been far, far too busy at being a busy detective for any kind of relationship thing.

“You seem so confused, love. As always. Look,” she said, and he realized that she had picked up, was perusing his notebook. “I can see you’re doing *really* well in this case, and, well, gosh..” She blew another bubble, a quick one, and the wolf blinked in confusion. “I never would have thought to check the doors. Smart wolf.” She slapped the book closed, decisively. “But, look, I can’t have you...” She gestured to the air, swirling her fingers casually. “...stalking me.”

“You can’t.. wha?” The wolf asked, taking a step towards the desk, putting his hands on it. There was a drawer, a drawer with a gun, and if she had just admitted to being part of the attack on Mr. Gentleman, he was going to need it.

“You understand.” She dumped the book into the wastecan basket, and then leaned on the desk, blowing her bubble again, the bubble growing, swelling, a bright, soft bubble that grew larger than her head as she blew it.

While she was blowing her bubble, he reached for the drawer, and pulled it open, carefully, gently. There couldn’t be a sound, but yet, there was - not the sound of the drawer, but the sound of the bubblegum popping, with the soft, sharp Paft that seemed to wash over him, through him like liquid ice.

He blinked, stock still, as she walked back around his desk, and took his lifeless paw, lifting it out of the drawer where he was reaching for his piece.

“Tsk, you wouldn’t use that on me, would you?” She asked, and then pulled at that hand, leading him around his desk. “Go on, take a seat.”

Crowley did not want to take a seat, but the inflection in her tone, that expectation that he do what she asked, seemed to overwhelmingly compel him. Crowley had not been to any Obedience school - brainwashing, his parents had always said, which was why he was such an excellent detective. He listened to nobody! And yet, quite against his intentions, he was listening to her, sitting in his chair and letting her straddle his lap.

He could not reach up, though he wanted to, to feel under that loose fitting sweatshirt. He couldn’t even rest his paws on her thighs, though he wanted to, to pull her closer against him. His wolfbone Could erect, though, and it did so, right through the hole in his boxers, and up through his unbuttoned fly, peeking hard and red and raging into the air.

“Now this, this I can see you using on me...” She cooed, reaching down to strum the very tips of her paw along that shaft, leaning in to brush her nose against his. He could smell the familiar faux-cherry scent of that gum on her breath now. It was ... it was Gobble-Bubble, and it was her favorite. Or was it?

His confusion was worse now than it was before she came into the room, but at least he had that growing lust to chew on, instead. It was... heavenly, her grip, the way she touched, gently rubbing up either side of his knotted cock, just nuzzling that soft nose against his. He sighed, deeply, eyes closing, and she purred softly.

“That’s right... let’s not think about those things anymore, mm? Let me think about them, instead,” she said, and then pressed her lips against his. He wanted to be shocked, but his body knew this sensation, it couldn’t be shocked about something it had done so many times, and he pressed back against her, sharing his breath with her.

She breathed out, and he felt his cock swell, precum squirting from the tip, a runny fountain of arousal that needed to be tamed, taken care of, *now*.

Then she inhaled, and he felt her take him with her. His eyes opened, staring wide, shocked, as he felt his worries, his concerns about the case, literally melt away. The butler - who had been a - no, he was an ungulate - was he brown? Even as he tried to think about who the butler, that he had studied intently, interviewed three... at least once - it just slipped away. There had been.. people? That he had talked to about something - Right! The Fellow... Mister Fellowsir, no, that wasn’t right, Seargent Gentlebutt?

No, it was gone. He felt like he was trying to shovel wet mud out of a filled hole. He had dug, deep, excavated these delicate stones and bones and now, there was just nothing left. The map of this case, that was excruciatingly detailed along the back of his mind, was being erased with broad white strips of whitewall.

He realized, then, exactly what had happened to those people, the missing clue that had kept him from tying the case's pieces together. Shortly after that realization, though, he had no idea that there had been a missing clue at all.

He slumped back in his chair, dazed, his jaw slack, a bit of drool - though he wasn’t sure who’s - hanging from his lower lip. The concept of blinking was.. it was just too hard to really put into practice, having to figure out what to do to make his eyelids close.

So instead, he watched, as she smiled at him, wiping at her lips with the back of her hand. “Oh, my, that was... mmm, Quite the load.” She smiled, not unkindly, and not unmaliciously, and glanced down to her shirt. “But it looks like you have some more for me.”

She stepped back to him, the wolf relaxed, sprawled in his chair, with his legs spread, his arms hanging over the edges of the chair. His cock was still hard, still twitching against his belly, and she carefully wrapped her fingers back around it.

Vaguely, with the case out of his mind, he began to remember... not really remember clearly, but remember in the way you can remember what happened in a book you’ve read, years after you read it, the images are there, but not connected to you personally. She had been here, in this room, touching him like this, kissing him like this, before.

“I’ll miss this, I certainly will, but, honey, there’s something more I’m going to need from you... now, it’s nothing personal, but I have to make sure that this case isn’t going to be re-opened, after you close it.”

Case? His eyes gestured to the desk, but he saw no case. No case, no satchel, nothing that could be opened or closed at all. Confusedly, his eyes went back to the minx who was stroking his cock. His balls were gray, furry, just resting in her open paw, as she caressed and teased along his shaft.

“You’re such a good boy.. and I’d like to let you have one last bolt of pleasure, you know....” She tsked, smiling up at him, and maybe she noticed the growing look of horror around the edges of his eyes as her words sank in. “But... that would make a big mess. I really don’t want to get any stains on my shirt. It’s my favorite. And besides... it’s not like you’d remember it, anyways, would you?”

The teasing of her fingers, rubbing up, and down, sliding gently and insistently against his flesh, had built a terrible ache in his balls, an ache that he honestly couldn’t remember the last time he had sated. It wasn’t just blue-balling, though, that he was feeling - that minx had pinched her claws tight around the neck of his scrotum, and had been pulling, twisting, squeezing against his heavy, plump wolf pouch. He whined, a soft, quiet whine, his shaft giving one last, desperate twitch, but her fingers slid up over the seeping tip, off of it, leaving him panting.

There were no thoughts in his mind, at this point, the auxiliary power was on but the engine had been turned off. He stared, blankly, down at the minx who was holding his naked scrotum between two fingers, his testicles cupped in her palm. He didn’t argue or shout - and really, how could he? He stared at them, eyes turning up to her grinning muzzle. He would have to... try to at least hold on to the image of her, standing over him, holding his virility in her paw like some sort of trophy.

She leaned down, pressing her lips to his again, and Crowley found himself pulled away on a cherry-scented river of breath.

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“We found him at his desk, Sarge,” the troubled looking equine said, taking off his hat for the portly pug who stomped into the room. The wolf known as Crowley was still sitting at his chair, staring up at the ceiling.

“Is he dead?” The dog asked, sniffing at the air. Cherry. He filed it away, in his mind.

“No, he’s coherent, just ... Well, I think he’s drunk. He says he doesn’t remember anything about last night.”

“Poor boy. Must have snapped. Just like the Gentleman?”

“You mean, uh-”

“Yeah. He lost his yarbles?”

“... yeah.” The horse put his hat back on, the wolf smiling and waving to the pug.

“Hey there, I know you! Don’t I?”

Sarge shook his head. “Fuggin’ A. If anyone had a chance with that case, it would have been him. Find out if he remembers where he tossed his nuts. Search the alley way, check the bar down the street. For God's sake, do Not let the press hear about this.”

“But, I Mean... he says that he doesn’t even remember Having balls... but, uh, I mean-”

“Then he doesn’t remember. Don’t try to get him to believe something that’s not true.” The pug pointed to the goofy looking wolf, who was telling a dirty joke to one of the attending officers, not a care in the world.