“Oh, yes. Yeah, suck Daddy’s cock! Mfh, that’s a good slut—”

 God fuckin dammit! I lunged for the remote and rapidly smashed the volume button until the doe’s moans onscreen turned into a whisper. Pausing the erotic scene on the TV, my fears were confirmed when I heard the doorhandle jingle.

 “Okay, I could hear that downstairs and we’re not even open yet!” Daniel burst into the apartment wearing his white apron. “Zack, what the hell? Why’d you have the volume so high—Oh, ohohoho…”

 A light blush crept up my neck and cheeks, causing blood to run up my ears. My whispers twitched at Daniel’s smug chuckles, clearly amused by the paused scene.

 “I-It’s not my fault!” I hissed, my head craning over the couch to see the St. Bernard struggling between a scowl and snickering like a schoolboy. Especially since I froze on one of the ‘schoolgirls’ sucking off their teacher mid-act. “Anyway, I thought I reminded you to always turn off the Bluetooth anyway.”

 “I did…or I think I did!” he shook his muzzle, clearly huffing in annoyance. “Look, I don’t care what you’re doing for the case, just keep it down okay? I don’t need my customers thinking I run a porn studio above them.”

 “Don’t look at me like that, Daniel,” I groaned, flicking my tail against the carpet.

 He perked an ear in slight confusion. “Like what?”

 “Like THAT,” I admonished the canine again. “I’m not slacking off here. Until I got everything settled, I can’t tell you why my client is having me watch this…this. It’s serious work like you’re doing.”

 “Boohoohoo, you get to watch pornos and make money off it. I feel soooo sorry for you,” Daniel mock-whined as he grabbed a bottle of water for the hot summer day outside, and likely seeping into the coffee shop below us. “Meanwhile, I’m stuck downstairs tending to sweltering Karen that desperately needs her iced cappuccino fix before she goes berserk on my cashiers.”

 “Tell you what,” I suggested to the St. Bernard before he left, “I’ll let you keep the DVD for yourself—think of it as a birthday gift—if ya stop interrupting me. I’ll even tell you a bit of the details of this case. Deal?”

 The St. Bernard relented a bit, “Deal then…but I get one more chance to mock you for this, okay?”

 Turning back to the TV and waving at his statement, I waited to hear our apartment door slam shut before resuming the DVD’s current scene. The vixen schoolgirl continued to swallow the rhino teacher’s hefty member as three of the other girls began watching and fondling each other across the room with a male student. Pure, utter boredom for me though, but at least the actors and actresses looked like they were having fun on set.

 It all began with Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan. They visited my office a week prior, glancing around them like I had a hidden camera to record their scandalous need for my services. Simply put, they were just two middle-aged timber wolves who wanted me to know about what their twenty-four-year-old daughter, Caroline, did for an honest living.

 Their daughter had been living distantly on the West Coast, an hour or so from Philly, and they had assumed she was working as a graduated paralegal and part-time artist for some time. Basically, she wanted to escape the confines of her parents’ micromanaging lifestyle—which I could completely understand—and experience the thrills of living in a different location. As far from Crossroads City as she could afford. Far away from her parents, from their daily phone calls and intrusions on her private life.

 Yes. Mrs. Vaughan literally said, “Caroline must be up to no good.” Jesus fucking Christ.

 According to Mr. Vaughan, a friendly yet seedy coworker of his informed him that he saw a she-wolf who looked like his daughter staring in a straight pornographic video titled ‘Slutty Schoolgirls 9’. The porn star went by a stage name (Vikki Moorehead in case you are wondering) but she and Caroline Vaughan apparently had similar features. Same ashy grey fur color, same markings on arms and legs, same eye color, same body type and even height.

 My best guess on what actually happened, based on how the father reacted as he told his tale? One night, he eagerly waited until his wife went on a long errand or trip to the grocery door to watch some pornography on his computer. He went to the same website I ordered the DVD on, except he perused through the video samples and came across the preview for Slutty Schoolgirls 9. Then, after presumably unbuckling his pants and lubing up his emerging middle-aged member, Mr. Vaughan began to jerk off…only to see his maybe-daughter onscreen, giving a minute-long strip tease to the camera before it cut to black. Instead of owning up to his porn addiction, he lied and said the perverted coworker told him after discovering it by chance.

 Honestly, would you blame them for hiring me?

 Anyway, when the parents confronted her about the allegation over the phone, Caroline insisted it wasn’t remotely true. Next thing Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan knew, she stopped answering their calls. On top of researching her activities on social media, they needed me to buy a DVD and confirm it was indeed their daughter in the porno. How could I prove it besides running a background check and making sure Caroline Vaughan actually did work nine to five at an underpaid law firm, instead of showing her tits and ass to thousands of horny loners? She had a unique birthmark on her right butt cheek, in the shape of an hourglass. Or a Jesus fish, her neurotic mother suggested.

 Crossroads City tended to have an overabundance of crazies. I certainly interacted with a couple here and there as a private investigator, but a case was still a case, and the parents already handed me the deposit check to start…examining the evidence.

 So, I went to the website Mr. Vaughan’s ‘coworker’ went to, bought the DVD and popped it in that morning to see if Caroline’s birthmark was there. In conclusion?

 I seriously needed to update my Terms of Service.