

## Fatal Hound

The cigarette smoke started to fill the room. I look around. There's nothing to do, so I let my mind wander. Back to all the cases, I used to solve. I still remember the biggest one. The biggest and the only one I couldn't solve.

Slowly throwing my legs over the black windowsill, careful not break any flowerpot, I gently stepped on the oak hardwood floor. Adrenaline pumped through my veins as I slowly patted my coat, reassuring myself that I had not forgotten the evidence and steel handcuffs. I tugged on my charm bracelet for comfort. Months of backbreaking work were about to pay off. The evidence lightly crunched as it was packed in an old paper bag. Trying to find a way around these creaky floorboards proved harder than I had thought. Due to a knee injury, my moves were slower and somewhat painful. I glanced around, attempting to figure out where I was. This must have been the bedroom. I tiptoed to the door and carefully opened them. No creaking. For such an old mansion, it was surprisingly well taken care of. I had to find my target soon. I was not going to let him escape this time.

Checking if the coast was clear, I turned right and moved down the hall towards the kitchen. The silence was becoming excruciating, and my palms started to sweat. Only vague sounds of a ticking clock could be heard. What would I do if I got caught? I had to be on guard. I never knew what could have happened. Passing by a wooden nightstand, a puncturing sound caught my attention. Bewildered, I searched for the source. Placed on the nightstand was a vintage landline with a robust black handle and a golden receiver. Setting it right I asked myself, why would someone buy expensive things just to let it rust?

I let out an annoyed huff. This wasn't the right time to get distracted.

The kitchen seemed unused. On the counter was a pile of envelopes. There had to be at least 50 of them. I picked up a few. None of the names rang a bell. One even had a lipstick print on it..... Jesus. Did this guy have fans? Who would someone ever look up to such a disgusting monstrosity?

Suddenly, I heard a sound. Somebody was coming my way. I had to act quickly. The creaks were getting gradually louder as they came closer and closer. I started to frantically look around for a place to hide. I was bound to get caught. This was it. I failed. My nerves began to break down. I froze in my track. The sounds ceased. He was standing in the doorway. I let my eyes slowly move to his direction. Then came another sound... A meow? ... What?

I swiftly moved my head and saw it. A cat? Oh my god! It was just a cat. I let out a shaky breath, leant my head against the counter, dropping few envelopes in the process.

-“Breath” I whispered to myself. My anxiety was skyrocketing. What a stupid mistake. This could NOT happen again. It took a while for me to calm down, but it was time to move again. I wasn’t going to let it stop me. The game was on.

After that finding him was relatively easy. He was hiding in his master bedroom, which was connected to a covered patio where I was standing. He was looking out of a window. Having watched him for so long I learned his every move, every facial expression. I knew everything about this person. Something about him was off. There was a slight hint of panic on his face. I furrowed my eyebrows. He seemed as though he was waiting for someone. What was going on? Did I miss something? Well, it was irrelevant now; after all, my plan was coming to a finish.

-“Professor” I said, entering the room. Even though I expected him to be startled, he wasn’t. Didn’t even turn around, only moved his head in acknowledgement.

-“Oh...it’s you” he exhaled.

There was something wrong, but I couldn’t place my finger on it. I had to be careful. One wrong move and I would be back to square one. Even one faulty gesture could ruin everything. For an average person, things like this would go easily unnoticed, but he is far from average.

Then he started to turn around and raised his hands.

Puzzled, I raised my eyebrow at him.

-“Well...you are here to arrest me, right? ... So let’s get that over with” he said, breaking the dreadful silence.

Without a sound, I took the handcuffs from my coat. This was getting ridiculous. I had to put a stop to this nonsense.

Carefully I moved toward him, my face remained stoic.

And then it came, as I was about to handcuff him, he managed to overpower me. In a blink of an eye, I found myself chained to a nearby radiator.

This was not supposed to happen! I slowly started to hyperventilate. I needed to calm myself down.

-“Uncuff me. Right now! ” I snapped at him through heavy breaths, “it’s over... I know all about your silly little plan.”

-“Amuse me... tell me the so-called plan” he chuckled.

-“I don’t have to tell you anything! I have all the evidence with me. It’s over. Give up.”

He just sighed and walked over to the fireplace. This was my chance to escape. As I had said before, this wasn't my first case. I was the one with the keys. The fool didn't even check. How amateur of him. I am a little surprised, to be honest. My hand crept into my pocket, carefully as to not make any noise. Successfully freeing myself, I slowly got up from the ground.

I silently began to move. There was nothing to stop me now. One of my most extraordinary cases to date would soon be over. The thumping of my heart overtook the silence. My hand began to rise. My fingers were trembling ever so slightly.

As was just about to place it on his shoulder, an ear-shattering bang somewhere in the house made us jump. The sound of running was nearing the bedroom. It was the police. People in uniforms flooded the room. All of a sudden I felt someone's arms grabbing and pulling me towards the door.

-“NO” I yelled “You have the wrong guy, it's him. I have the evidence, it's in my pocket. I will get you Moriarty!” I screamed.

-“This freak really thinks he's Sherlock Holmes. He's completely delusional!” I heard a policeman say.

I continued to struggle until I felt a sharp pain in my neck. Oh no, they drugged me. My consciousness began to fail me. The ringing in my ears intensified. The evidence was roughly pulled out of my coat.

-“Look, that freak was not lying. Oh my god. Look at all the photos. This will surely put him to that mental institution for life!” one of the officers cried out in disgust.

-“I am so sorry, sir.” said another officer apologetically to the professor.

Why were they apologising to him? He is a monster! I tried to speak, but I only managed to make a few incomprehensible sounds.

-“I don't know how he managed to escape again.” said another.

-“You have nothing to apologise for. Every job has its ups and downs, even acting. These creepy delusional fans will never leave you alone. Just because I played Moriarty once, doesn't mean I am Moriarty, right?” Professor chuckled faintly “At least I didn't injure his knee this time. Now if you excuse me, I have to find a new house.” he added.

I felt my body being dragged. They threw me mercilessly into the car and closed the door with a slam, the door bearing a sign “MENTAL ASYLUM”.

And that is the last thing I remember before the blackness took over.

THE END