

Thirty-four hours

After months of preparing and setting up, newly established, Detective Casey, Flanagan, made her dream come true. She took her tan trench coat, set it on the white coat rack adjacent from the office door. With a rhythmic walk to her desk, she set her natural Fedora hat on her black cherry L shaped desk. She took out her silver cigarette case and lit a Camel. She sunk down on her soft leather chair and put her feet up. Now she just needed that first case.

With her feet propped on her desk, she opened the book to one of her favorite mystery novels. While engrossed with the story, a rapid knock startled her once calm nerves. The book flew up from her hands. She hurried her feet down and rushed to put out her cigarette.

“Come in,” she yelled with a slight stumble.

Stunned by the man standing in front of her, she flicked the black bangs from her amber eyes.

“Charles, w... w... what brings you here?”

“Casey, you’re the last person I would turn to but I need help.”

He stood there with his charm. She was a sucker for men with charm. Too bad he was the biggest prick to ever walk the face of the Earth. But Charles Davenport had flare. He was the richest man in this town. Heck, he built this small quaint town of Easton, Michigan back in the day when a dollar felt like a million bucks.

“You need me, why?” she asked.

“People do not think of me as your average friendly guy.”

She coughed into her elbow. A few choice words followed he couldn’t hear.

“Well maybe it’s due to the fact...”

He glared at her harshly. "I know what I am Casey. But last night people robbed me. They defaced my home with names I will not repeat. They called me with threats. I'm willing to pay you whatever it will cost to stop them."

He pulled out his fancy pocketbook.

"Just fill in the amount but be reasonable."

He ripped a check for her and wrote his signature.

"I trust you, Casey."

He trusted her. Casey thought back on their rocky history.

"Casey, I need this solved as soon as possible."

"Very well Charles. I accept."

"You have thirty-four hours," he spoke.

"Any leads?"

"No."

"I will solve this, Charles."

He took his leave and she started with some phone calls.