

The Private Case

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By : **Milo Heroine**

A detective finds himself in an annoying situation with a witty waitress as he attempts to find answers to his "missing" persons case.

Published on
Booksie

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I arrived at the diner our rat snatched about, La Amour, close to midnight. Entering the building, the scent of blue berry pie had awoken the hungry beast in my stomach. Patting my coat down from the rain, I took out my wallet to reward myself early before the case was cracked, only to frown in dismay. I only had enough money for a coffee.

An energetic waitress showed me to a booth in the corner of the room by a window, I tried my best to smile as I ordered the plain pick-me-up drink. The young girl laughed as she strolled away to whisper in an older woman's ear that glanced my way with a vast grin.

â Oh lordâ I thought to myself as she waved her long manicure nails and blew a kiss.

After half an hour of calls, getting no straight answers, but inching closer to my breaking point I finally grabbed the flirtatious waitress' arm.

â Iâ m gay,â I said.

The server eyed me half embarrassed, hoping I was just trying to play hard to get but as it sank in I was being serious her cheeks were bright red as she pursed her lips.

â Ahâ !â she began.

â No more free coffees or deserts please, I do appreciate them though. And no more winking at me when you lick your fingers thatâ s just disgusting. Donâ t accidentally trip and happen to land in my lap just so you can feel if I have a-

â I know the meaning of gayâ She interrupted with a long dramatic sigh.

â Thank you. Now to get down to business.â I ran my fingers through my hair and placed my notepad and pen on the table in front of me.

â When was the last time you saw Andrew Young?â

â What is this about detective?â

â Andrew myâ litâ s about a young man named Andrew. Iâ m following his whereabouts.â

Rolling my shoulders, I stifled a yawn to mislead the woman to believe I was too tired to speak properly.

â For what reason?â She leaned down over the table, propping her chin between her hands, with a sly smirk. Knowing her blouse was revealing far too much cleavage in that position when bending over.

â That is private information maâ amâ I snapped, keeping eye contact.

â I know my rights,â She purred. â And I donâ t *have* to tell you a thing.â

We sat in silence just staring at each other, as her smile slipped into an annoyed frown before she finally shook her head and straighten herself.

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“Are you going to order something or just waste my time?”

“Will you just answer my questions?” I mimicked her stance, cupping my chin within my hands.

The waitress looked me over a moment before taking a seat in front of me, her green eyes looking down at her hands then mine. No doubt deciphering her next move, until she looked up amused.

“That’s a very feminine chin you have. And that ring on your right hand, I’m guessing your married?” Still gazing at my hands folded before me, her grin grew. “Very beautiful. I once had a friend named Jessica who had the same ring but just disappeared one day.”

Her arms flew up melodramatically as she kept babbling, obviously enjoying herself.

“Oh my god. Jessica?! Everyone said you were different but I didn’t know you went and got surgery.”

Rubbing my temple I held my other hand up to silence her from anymore.

“This is very important and you were the only one here that night. So will you just be useful?”

“Alright just relax, what did you want to know.” She sat back folding her arms under her voluminous chest.

I sighed.

“When was the last time you’ve seen Andrew?”

“I thought you already knew which night he was here.” She licked her lips as she pointed out my mistake.

“I just need to confirm it that’s all.” I swallowed.

“Confirm what again?”

“Look bitch. When did you last see him?”

Mouth a gap, the waitress stared at me shocked by my sudden outburst but composed herself quickly, straightened up, tossed her long hair to the side and looked around the room avoiding eye contact. Only to take a double take at my coat.

Without warning her catty smile returned as she leaned over the table towards me, and whispered “In my bed last night.”

My hands began to shake on their own, sweat streamed down; my heart began to race as I unconsciously reached into my pocket for my phone. Dazed as I dialed the number I closed my eyes to calm myself for an answer.

“ANDREW. WHERE DID YOU SAY YOU WERE LAST NIGHT?!”

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