

# Paws Where I Can See Them

By : Writing Warrior

A dog helping his Alpha bring down a killer, and to bring justice to the neighborhood.

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I cautiously stepped into the small, stuffy human den. The smell of blood and death was strong here. Immediately I knew I was at a murder scene. A tug at my neck interrupted my thoughts. I looked up at the man who was holding a thick red rope, that was wrapped loosely around my neck. He looked into my glowing brown eyes. There was no sign of fear in his bright, ocean blue eyes. Just determination. After a moment, he finally nodded his head, and continued to pull me through the small den. The den seemed clean and inviting, until I got a whiff of the strong, stuffy air. The man led me into a small room. There was a king-sized bed, and a small TV. The shades were closed, pushing the bright sun light away from the scene.

On the sandy carpet was a young female, lying on her back. Her eyes were closed, and she looked quite peaceful. My Alpha bent down, placing a hand on her chest. There was no movement, no signs of life. Alpha, with tight white gloves covering the skin on his front paws, pushed the female over. On her exposed back was a single hole. Scarlet red blood stained the ground, and now covered Alpha's hands. He picked up a small, silver object, and placed it into a plastic bag.

I sat beside him, my ears pricked and my muscles tense. I knew I was here for one thing only; to protect my Alpha. Whoever killed this lady could still be lurking around. I sniffed the air, only to get a stale scent of an unknown human. Whoever the killer was, he's probably gone now, I thought. Then, a dark thought suddenly whirled through my mind. Or the scent of death is disguising his scent. The death scent was strong and horrid, tickling my nostril. I guarded the room while Alpha poked around the room, looking for who-knows-what.

My blood suddenly went cold. Though I still couldn't pick up any scent, I could feel the presence of somebody else. I softly whimpered, my eyes carefully scanning the room. I stood up, lifting my nose high in the air. Yes, I can smell him now. I placed one paw in front of the other very carefully. If I were to surprise the killer, I would have a better chance of beating him. Without a word to Alpha, who was too busy to be bothered anyways, I began to silently walk away. As I exited the room, I was greeted by an eerie silence. My nose pressed against the carpet, I followed the faint scent of this unknown human.

I approached another room, one that I recognized to be a living room. I saw a standing figure, back to me, and a pointy silver object in hand. I recognized the object to be a gun, and I knew those could cause worse damage than teeth and claws. He was very tall and muscular. As his head turned slightly towards me, I saw that his gaze was full of pure evil and determination. His black human fur was covered in scarlet red blood. He slowly walk to the front door, standing on the tips of his paw-covers. He must have been hiding when *we walked* in, I thought, taking one step closer to him. And now he's trying to escape!

I gave no warning as I threw my body towards the killer. My sharp teeth gripped his thick arm. I tugged his arm violently as he swung his one free arm in the air, his fingers wrapping tightly around the gun. I growled angrily, digging my teeth deeper into his skin. Through my violent thrashing, he couldn't properly aim his gun towards me. Warm, sticky blood flooded into my mouth, choking me. My mouth was clamped shut, leaving no room for air to leak into my mouth. This is my duty, I reminded myself as my lungs screamed for air. Alpha is counting on me to get this guy out of this den!

Now helpless, the killer began to scream and whimper in pain and fury. His screams echoed through the entire room. I pricked my ears as I heard pawsteps hurriedly pound toward us. Alpha erupted into the room, his own gun in hand. He launched his body into the killer's, and knocked him off his paws. Alpha pinned him down easily, screaming threateningly at the killer. He grabbed an odd object, that had two silver circles. He wrapped the circles around each of the killer's front paws.

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The killer whined and whimpered in defeat. I padded confidently at Alpha's side, my tail flicking happily from side to side. As we exited the den, I slightly opened my mouth, breathing in the fresh outside air. Alpha threw the killer into the machine that transported humans anywhere they wanted. I casually shook scarlet red drops of blood off of my fur. I looked up at Alpha, who was now seated in the transportation machine. Alpha called my name, and began patting the seat next to him. I hopped into the machine, my tail thumping happily. Another success! I thought. I love my Pack.

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