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The strange thing about life is that sometimes, what you never expect just happens in front of your eyes, the good, the bad, everything. I wrote that in a song one day. I never thought it would be happening to me though. I look in the mirror of the bathroom, it shows my tired reflection, the orange fur around my face and the stripes I have near my cheeks, the white ruffs puffing around it, shows that I'm no longer a kid. I tie my black hair in a ponytail and I can see how dead is the blue in my eyes while sighing at my own tired reflection. My name is Jin, Jin Aoki, a Siberian Tiger in the middle of his twenties, and today is my last day in this place. For better or for worse. Up until now I was a singer on a band, comprised of five members who plays a wide range of instruments. All I had to do was to sing. Not anymore though...

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As I walk outside of the bathroom, I can see that the sun is already set from the windows of my living room -- his room --, a room devoid of people right now, except me. I look around, taking the little I have that is mine, putting it slowly into my small-sized suitcase, the one we brought together to make small trips, one each, his one red, mine blue. Now, there's a green one, same size same model as the one I have, at the side of our bed -- no, his bed --, and I

try to ignore it.

How many days has it been since I noticed something was wrong, I wonder. Maybe I knew from the start, that putting all of my hopes and dreams on top of someone else would be a mistake, that trying to emulate a family that I never felt I had. I'm the one to blame, not because I didn't do enough, I did my best, I changed my ways, I sacrificed myself for us -- for him -- but it's my fault for not seeing the red flags right away.

But now is not the time I remind myself, now it's time to move on, to pursue something else. It's been three days since he asked me out, that his new boyfriend would move in, I thought he would move into the apartment in three days but he moved in the same day. Suddenly, the small part of the bed I was using to sleep alone, trying not to bother him for a while, was not mine to be anymore. Now it's -- theirs -- but it was never truly ours now that I think about it, and in the end I was delegated to the sofa.

The last three days were literally spent trying to figure out what to do. Stripped out of my position, now it's his new boyfriend's position, without money besides what I have saved in my bank account, which is enough to survive for a while, but how can I find a cheap place to live in three days? The nights were the worst, hearing them having loud sex, then walking naked around me while I tried to sleep, his new boyfriend, a wolf now, walking around with

his jizz leaking his asshole as if to show a marked territory. I would never do something like that, show off to others such things to make them feel what? Jealous? Angry? I felt nothing though, there was nothing to feel anymore because I guess in the end I was expecting him to break up with me. I did expect a bit of respect, but that was nowhere to be found. I had to make sure they were not around to start taking my things from his room, making sure his new boyfriend wouldn't use what was mine because I knew he would try. But I don't blame the wolf guy, no. It's not with me that he had any commitment, I myself would never hit on someone who's dating already but it's on the people who are dating that fall the responsibilities, you know? Of not cheating, of respecting each other, etc.

I get up and look at my things, they're neatly folded inside now, since the apartment is not mine, I didn't buy anything permanent. Mostly things I could take with me in a pinch, and now that I look at it, I can clearly see that from the start I never truly felt comfortable with this arrangement. I made sure, subconsciously, of course, to never invest my money too much into us, -- into him -- and to only have the essentials. Our pictures together were nowhere to be found anymore, I didn't even notice that he took them away until he came back with his new boy toy and told me I had three days to leave. I shake my head, and I close the suitcase, changing the password of the lock into

it, and locking it. I'm already clean and with the clothes, I need to leave, my phone in my pocket, and my documents in my wallet. Everything that is truly mine, is with me.

"They will arrive soon... I should get going then."

I look one last time at the mirror in the living room, my fur still orange, my stripes still black, and my eyes still blue as always. I look tired. I wonder what he saw in me back then. Was it my eyes? My face? Or just my voice? Was I a means to an end, or was it truly passion at first sight? I will never know. I don't care about it, it makes sense that he prefers someone of the same species to be dating. I would like that too if one day I ever feel ready to trust someone again. But right now? I don't know if I can even trust myself anymore.

I get out of the living room through the apartment's front door, and after locking the door, I put the keys into an envelope and slip it between the gap between the door and the floor, making sure it would go far away in the middle of the room. I always hated that gap, it always felt too big to me. But now it served me well, I didn't need to wait for them to arrive happily smiling at each other, just to sour their expression while seeing me, with my tired face. I wonder, do I look like someone who cried too much, or do I look like someone who couldn't get any sleep the past few days? Truth be told, I barely slept, but I didn't cry. I'm amazed at myself when I think that deep down I was expecting

this so I was saving for it.

But what set my path straight was a small letter that arrived yesterday, while I was checking through the list of possible apartments in the city where I could go for a cheap price, I heard the bell ringing, it was the chairman of the building, he comes every Saturday to deliver any mail to us if we don't get it, a good old man, a tiger by the way like me, he must have been a very handsome man in his prime, whenever we talk I can see how big his arms are even if they are a bit flaccid now. Completely different of me, who's a sack of bones. I do think I look good though, of course right now I look like a mess.

The envelope was a request, a summon for me to go back to my hometown, it seems my grandmother died, and she left something for me and they need me there for them to read her will. I wonder what she could have left for me, a letter saying what disappointment I am. Still, talking to me or not, during my childhood she always treated me nice, up to when I was 17, when everything fell apart. So I decided to go back, not with any expectation about getting anything from her, but more in respect of what she taught me as I grew up. Most of what she told me helped me live through my life so far after all. And if she left a disappointment letter I will read it once, then throw it away. After all, I left before she could say anything to me. Not that I had any choice. She was traveling at the time, and I had to go.

Frankly, I never heard of her until yesterday since I left.

I walk around the empty corridor one last time, get into the elevator, and get down to leave the apartment building. The chairman looks at me and nods, his expression is a mystery but for a second I feel like he's showing a bit of sadness, at least I hope it is that. He became a colleague in the last few months, our conversations were interesting, and he always smiled whenever we talked. I wonder if he was twenty years younger, if I would be courageous enough to ask him out. He may be old, but he's not all that bad of a man, but I'm not into dating daddies, not right now. Besides finding someone else, no matter who it is, would feel like exchanging one thing for another, being dependent on someone else. Not that I depended on my ex to live, I worked these last years during the day in libraries as an attendant, and during the night in his band, as a singer. I never truly learned how to play an instrument, but I always wanted to learn the guitar. Maybe I should invest on that after this whole grandmother thing.

I get out of the building, and there's already a cab waiting for me, I asked for it a bit earlier on one of those apps... Rawrler I think. A silly name for a taxi app I think.

I enter it in silence after storing my suitcase in the back of the car and he drives me without exchanging a word. I look sometimes at his arms, he's wearing a tank top and

he's pretty handsome, but there's a big ring on the fourth finger of his left paw. So I don't engage in any conversations with him, even if every now and then I can see the clouded leopard -- that's his species by the way -- Adjusting his pants and grabbing on his volume there, as if begging for me to look at it. That's the worst kind of man to me. The one who's engaged, the one who assumed a responsibility with someone else, but keeps wanting to sniff stuff on the side. He's not different than my ex, and looking back or showing interest would make me no different than that wolf.

That's a level I'm not falling, I may be on my lowest, but I'm still proud of who I am, enough to not fall more than what I already did.

I live far away from my hometown, here in the big city I've been trying to survive ever since I turned 18, and I found my way by singing, I have what people call, a "nice voice", but I never thought of it of being nice, I always sang since I was a kid, so I just got used to it. Talent or not, it helped me, my ex found me three years ago when I was singing in a jazz bar to make some money, whenever I wasn't working small odd jobs I was trying to do what I loved. When he asked me to be part of his band, I accepted right away, doing what I loved and having people make the sound for me would be nice. I wrote a few songs for them, but my ex never taught me the guitar, he always wanted me to focus on my

voice. I should have seen the flags there, he clearly wanted me unable to be self-sufficient in the music world I guess.

"We're here," the leopard says stopping the car, I look at him and I can clearly see a bulge forming on his tight shorts, his arms so big, I wonder if his wife feels safe wrapped by them. I would only feel used though. He touches his bulge with one of his hands, the one with the ring on it, then looks at me in the eyes "What's the payment method, cutie?".

I look at him in the eyes, even his voice is deep and strong, and I can see something getting bigger on the place he put his paw, and I know too well what he wants. I wonder if I was needy, single and he too was single, if I would go for a ride or not. But right now I don't feel like it. I don't want to be part of him cheating on his partner, whatever species or gender they are. I shake my head at him and I give him a big smile.

"I already paid in the app handsome, you can check it there. I need to get off though, in a different way than you, so would you be a gentleman and open the back of the car so I can grab my stuff?" I am surprised by my own voice, it's calm, a bit softer than it needs to be, provocative even, I do try not to be rude, we never know when we may need someone again, but there's just a tiny hint of saltiness on my sentence, and he gets it, but instead of being angry or surprised, he just smiles, a big smile full

of white sharp teeth. He takes away his paw from his bulge and I can clearly see how big and thick he is down there, which makes me wonder how it would feel, I never had sex with a feline before. But I won't do it either way he's married after all.

"Fine then, but you know where to find me if you need a good ride matey, the app lets you save your favorite drivers. I have to say, you're quiet but feisty, so if you ever want to have the special ride, it'll be free of charge, both of them for you" I can see his dick throbbing on his shorts, he takes the key off of his car, and I can hear the clunk sound of the back trunk opening.

"Of course, that would be very nice to do, but -- " I say while getting off the car, I grab my suitcase from the trunk, close it then I go back to the passenger seat and I look inside the car through the window to him, he's so hard that I can see the tip of his dick poking out of his shorts, or maybe he did it on purpose, I swallow the wrong primal feeling I have in my gut and I look to his face, he's very handsome himself. But still, he's not single. And even if it's a while since the last time I had sex, I won't run over my own morals just for a quickie with someone else "Let's make sure you're single next time we see each other, handsome. I'll give you an extra tip on the app for being a good showoff though. And be careful, some people could report on you. Either way, see you around".

As I talk, I can see his expression going from happy and excited to worry then a bit of anger, but his erection didn't go away. The anger is not at me, it's at him. As I turn around, I can hear him saying something, but I'm already walking away, but when I look back he's looking at me with a mix of shame and euphoria, maybe? Some people get off for the adrenaline of doing something wrong, I however am not one of those people.

But it's not time to think about those things... I walk away from him, and for now, away from this city. I'm not leaving forever, but the money I saved these last years will only last me a few months. I need to find something to do, so I can survive. First this memory trip to my hometown, then, I'll see what I can do.

I'm from a very small place like I was saying before, it's a small city known for a beautiful park in the middle of it. It was built on a huge flower bed they say, the city got the name of its flower, Lunaria. And in the very middle there's a beautiful huge, nature park. People can walk there and be one with nature. But like I said, it's a small town, and as such, it's full of small-minded people, who don't know how to respect others, who love to take care of other's lives instead of living their own.

I left that horrible place seven years ago, and I swore myself that I would never come back. But here I am, slowly waking to take the train. Thankfully I can take a ten-hour

trip by train to get there, they finished the station last year I heard.

I pay for the ticket and I walk towards the train which is already waiting for me and other passengers. As I walk towards my seat and I store my suitcase in the space on the top of the seat, I sit towards the window and look outside to see the bright light of the station.

Two hours ago I left our -- his -- apartment. I took everything that was mine, that I paid for, and took it with me. The memories we made together are already erased, the pictures are not there anymore and soon new ones will replace the old ones. His life will go on, and I must pursue mine too, whatever it may end.

"I will find my way alone, and I will move forward by myself. In a week I'll go to the meeting, and after that..." I stop talking. I need to know what to do after that. But for now I will just rest and wait until this train arrives there.

There's a sharp sound announcing the doors will close, and the entire train starts trembling a bit before it starts running.

The click and the clack sound it makes calms me down a bit. Who would have thought, I left by bus, but now I'm going back by train. This is clearly more comfortable I think.

"Lunaria... Huh. The moon-like azure flower that shows

you to whom you belong... What a bunch of nonsense."

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