

# Sly's Return

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*Faking the lost of his memory, Sly came back to Paris as Constable Cooper, his new identity. He becomes a detective to protect the city. However, there will be a big change cause by a mysterious new character.*

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**Chapter 1 - Untitled**

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# 1 - Untitled

Night, it's the best time of the day. It's the time my day begins. I like to looking down at the empty streets from the roof top and enjoying the quietness of the night. There is no one to disturb the quiet night and I, all my thoughts would be clear at this time. It's the time the story begins.

My name is Constable Cooper, the partner of an experienced detective, Carmelita M. Fox. However, I lost my memory in an accident during my last mission and end up to become...a security guard, who has to patrol the streets at night. These are what I should think of myself, but they are nothing like the truth. My real identity is Sly Cooper, the famous master thief. The loss of my memory was an act of me in order to get me closer to Carmelita, for she is such an incredible woman to me. I like her especially when she is angry. The fake identity was not an idea of mine, but the Paris department of the Interpol where I work now surely did a great job for covering for me. I guess they're desperately in need of someone skillful. Strangely though, trying not to blow off the cover they gave me, I didn't ask about my past, instead, they kept filling me with many fake stories, files, and identifications they made up. One of the funny things is that some of the pictures they gave me are totally different from what really happened at that moment. For instance, instead of showing how I laugh with the things I just stole, I'm wearing the funny out-fit of a police officer and holding the certificate for being the detective of the month! I wonder what they'll think if they know how fun it is for me to see these clueless police making up all the stories for me and having no idea that I know my past like knowing I have ten fingers. Their acting skill really had impressed me a lot!

Although I'm just a security guard, it's certain that I got an important place in the mind of Inspector Barkley, the head of my department. He'd been long to have someone skillful like me in his department. He's probably going to let me take over the department after he retired. For this reason, he'd been trying to assign some big cases for me, but I am a security guard because this is my request with the lost of memory as an excuse. I said that I would start my old job, which is working with Carmelita, when I find my lost memory. This must had given him a headache, for if I remember my past, I would become the master thief again, but if I don't remember my past, I'll not be accepting the large cases which they can have some use of my skill.

There was once we have a case which we were lack of evidences to catch a drug seller, Inspector Barkley took me to his office for a talk.

"Detective Cooper, we can have him arrested if only we can proof that he was the person who sold the drugs to our agent. Maybe you can sneak into his room and find the clothes and mask he wore that day then we will have enough evidence to..."

His sentence was not even finish when I cut in.

"Wait a minute. Do you mean you want me to steal the clothes?"

"Steal! Of course not! It is...eh...looking for proof!"

"Eh... I don't think I could do that without breaking some laws."

"Yes! You're right, I just...eh...forgot."

For more than once, he tried to ask me to use my skill to finish some cases and forgot about the laws. It's hard to believe that he is head of our department.

It's not that I don't want to accept these cases or working with Carmelita, it's just that many villains know my face and might recognize me. I rather being a little security guard for a while than blow off my cover because of these villains. Those cases that were supposed to be assigned to me are now assigned to other detectives. Those detectives are so slow on every thing and I can't just stand there to see the villains slip right through their fingers, therefore I help them a little bit...secretly, by putting some "important" information and files into their folders "accidentally" or informing the position of the headquarter of some gangs I "ran into" without knowing it.

Although I have helped the department a lot, it's unknown to anyone that they're the works of my hand, and if I don't keep up my work, I mean MY WORK, the work of patrolling the streets, my importance to the department might be lowered. Therefore, every once in a while I would turn in some thieves or robbers to the police. I could catch all the thieves in the town in a week if I want. Being a master thief, I know all their tricks, their thoughts, and their favorite places to hide, plus that I am not like other guards, I climb up to the roof top while I look for the thieves. Finding and catching them are a piece of cake for me. The reason that I don't catch them all is that I don't want to make other guards jealous. Most of them are not satisfied with working with a memory-lost criminal, and if I take all the credit for catching the thieves, they'll definitely be pulling my leg behind my back.

To convince me that I got an important position in the department before I lost my memory, they give me medical cares once a week, to fake that they want me to get my memory back, but I believe the examinations and medicines they give me are for other uses, such as make me not to remember my past. I don't want take the risk of losing my memory or damaging my brain, so I never take the medicines they gave me. They are piling up in my closet, more and more. One day, I'll have to sneak into the hospital and return them.

It's about five months now after I came back with Carmelita as Constable Cooper and my life was just like what I just describe to you. During these days, I lost contact with Bently and Murray. It seems to me that they haven't come back to Paris and I have no idea about where they are or what they are doing. I just hope that they will be back soon and then I shall find a way to tell them I'm OK and I have become a detective in the department where Carmelita works. This will definitely give them a shock.

As I jump from roof top to roof top and thinking about all these, something unusual happened. It seems to me that I am being followed. The person does a very good job on following me without making

any quiet noise. However, my instinct tells me that someone is watching me right now.

I keep on moving and pretend not to notice him. When I get to a street where there are only a few places for hiding, I turn around in a very surprisingly moment. It was only one second, but I saw him, a shadow that run away in an incredible speed. He is getting away! Without thinking, I chase after him as fast as I can. I must find out who has such an interest in spying on me!