

1022

"I want you," she whispered. "You've always been so nice to me, even before you got up the courage to ask me out. You weren't afraid of me because I was pretty. You'd think I was going to tear out their throats or something."

They kissed again.

Her dreamy smile became suddenly mischievous.

"Everybody thinks I'm Little Miss Goody-Two-Shoes," she said. "I want to do something really nasty to prove them wrong."

"Like what?"*w w . n @ v e l u r o r M . c o m*

Her grin became lascivious.

"I want you to do me doggy-style!"

Bobby gulped. Could this night get any better?

"Are you sure about that?"

"I'm sure," she said. "It's so dirty!"

Bobby's cock grew even harder and longer as Bethany got on her hands and knees and raised her perfect backside in the air.

'I've created a monster,' he thought. 'Here goes.'

Bethany Jensen's screams of pleasure rang through the forest. He began to fall into a steady, pumping rhythm. She was incredible; he threw back his head as he built to a climax, gently kneading her breasts.

And then Bobby Martin's world exploded in a crimson haze of incredible pain, pain so intense he couldn't even breathe, much less cry out. Razor-sharp, four inch claws dug in deep under his chin and jaw. He ejaculated reflexively, and semen spurted from his cock as he was bodily pulled out of Bethany and lifted from the back seat.

Through the scarlet veil that occluded his vision, he saw a powerful, thewed arm covered with thick brown fur reach down between his legs, long ebony claws gleaming like scalpel blades on the ends of elongated fingers.

The talons sliced up behind his scrotum and lopped off his genitals -- half-erect cock, balls and all - and then slashed upward, gutting him from crotch to chin. He managed only a horrible, wet, gurgling sound as his world went dark.

The last thing he saw was his hot blood and entrails spraying all over Bethany's well-formed rear end and back.

The last thing he felt was the searing agony of long fangs, like twin rows of daggers, biting deep into his neck under his chin, severing his jugular and windpipe and nearly decapitating him...

Bethany was rhythmically thrusting back, getting hotter by the moment, her head whipping from side to side. Guttural, slutty moans of pleasure issued from her throat. The sensation of Bobby pulling out of her barely registered through the orgasmic fog clouding her brain.

An instant later, though, hot liquid rained down on her back and ass. She pounded the seat in frustration.

He had pulled out and was coming all over her! How could he?

But the scalding wetness kept pouring down on her in torrents, and she realized, even as naïve and inexperienced as she was, that no guy could hold that much jism!

Slowly, fearfully, she turned her head back over her shoulder -- and screamed at the top of her lungs.

Bethany Jensen was being showered with blood and entrails, and they were spewing from what was left of the gutted remains of Bobby Martin*w W W . n O (v) e l W o @ m . c o m*

Some thing had him by the neck, long fangs buried in his mangled flesh. It was shaped like a huge, muscular man, nearly seven feet tall, but had the face and shaggy head of... of a wolf!

Then the creature tore out Bobby's throat. The boy's severed head toppled from his shoulders and bounced on the seat next to her. His glassy, dead eyes stared unseeingly at her.

Bethany screamed in sheer terror.

The werewolf casually tossed the dead boy's mutilated corpse over his shoulder, as if he were a used Kleenex. The headless carcass lodged in the crotch of a tree eight feet off the ground.

With a swipe of his foot, the creature kicked Bobby's severed head out across the parking lot.

Bethany continued to scream, squatting on the back seat, rooted in place. Everything was moving in slow motion. The wolfman's huge cock was fully erect and stood up against his rock-ribbed belly. It looked to be as long as his forearm, with the head as big around as a fist. A droplet of pre-cum wept from the tip.

The werewolf grinned at her, drawing black lips back over long, gleaming fangs...*Ww(w).novefworm.co@*

He was on her then, flipping her over on her belly, taking her from behind, shoving eighteen inches of thick, rigid meat into her. He thrust brutally, taking his time with her. Her screams were ragged and terrified.

"GOD, STOP -- YAAAAHHHHH! PLEASE, NOOOOOO..."

Bethany's pleas were ignored. The beast continued to pound her mercilessly. Powerful paws brutally crushed her firm young breasts as he violated her.

After what seemed like an eternity of endless torture, the werewolf bellowed and flooded her womb with his seed. Bethany lay moaning in agony. She could feel blood and semen seeping from her torn sex.

"Uhhh... ooouuwww ... oh, God..... hurts....." she sobbed. "P.. please... nuh-nuh-no more.... ooouuwww..... "

She heard a menacing, vicious snarl and her eyes snapped open wide.

Bethany frantically rolled over on her back and stared up at the monster looming over her. She blanched; her face turned as pale as milk.

She saw her death mirrored in the werewolf's soulless golden eyes.

Bobby's blood dripped from his giant fangs as his snout and lips curled up in a snarl. Lethal talons gleamed in the light of the full moon as he raised a powerful arm high over his head.

She tried to move, to run, but her fear paralyzed her.

"Oh, God -- p-please don't k-kill me! Nooooooooo....."

Suddenly, the werewolf loosed a feral roar. The great paw whipped downward, ripping Bethany's face, breasts and stomach to bloody ribbons. She dropped back, face down and screaming on the seat. Her blood puddled rapidly on the upholstery.

*

Claws dug in deep, laying open her back to the bone and shredding her beautiful, fleshy ass.

And then she shrieked insanely in agony and terror as the werewolf swept her up in a bear hug with one huge arm, snarling ferociously. His claws slashed across her face from left to right, sliced open her perfectly-formed breasts, reducing them to mangled lumps of raw, bleeding meat. He mauled her again and again, carving her smoothly-tanned legs into gory tatters. Exposed muscle throbbed, and here and there white bone glinted where chunks of flesh had been torn away.

Bethany thrashed and kicked frantically, agonized screams ripping from her throat. The werewolf yanked back on her left shoulder; her collarbone and shoulder blade broke with a brittle 'crack.' The beast gutted her with a disemboweling slash, opening her stomach. Her entrails spilled out over her lower abdomen and hung down below her knees.

The werewolf lunged. He buried his fangs in her broken shoulder, and, with a terrible growl, lifted her and shook her like a terrier would a rat. Bethany's teeth rattled as she was savagely whipped from side to side. She spit up blood.

Finally, mercifully, it was over.

There was a flash of white in the moonlight as razor-sharp fangs found her unprotected throat. Bethany's screaming eroded into a pitiful, gurgling wail as powerful jaws clamped down beneath her chin with crushing strength. With a savage toss of his great head, the creature tore out her throat in an explosion of blood and mangled meat.

Her legs stopped kicking and twitched feebly as she succumbed to deep shock. A shudder rippled through her mutilated body.

The bloody maw bit into one of her shredded breasts and ripped it from her chest.

The last sensory impression of Bethany Jensen's young life was a visual one of an unholy monster gulping and swallowing a chunk of flesh that had once been part of her.

Then the blackness of forever seeped in.

But the beast continued to maul his dead prey in a frenzy of blood-lust. Deadly fangs and talons slashed and tore, raking the soft, tender flesh of the mutilated body until it was reduced to an oozing, shapeless mass covered in gory red slime.

Finally, the werewolf stopped. He stood up to his full height in the back seat of the Mustang, in a puddle of blood that was nearly ankle-deep. He raised the young girl's tiny, mangled body over his head with one powerful arm, as if she were a bloodied rag doll. Gruesome splashes of crimson dripped from his jaws and talons as he defiantly bayed at the moon, heralding his successful kill.

The werewolf dragged the pitiful remains from the car and dropped them on top of a large, flat boulder.

Then he settled down to feed

As the moon crawled slowly toward the zenith, the beast began to devour all the soft body parts and steaming, glistening organs. He ate her other breast first. He devoured her buttocks, tore out her loins by the roots, and then gnawed on some of her intestines*w W w . @ o v e l W o r M . (c) m*

When he finished, he would leave behind only scattered, bloody bones, teeth, and hair. The creature bolted down great pieces of flesh he ripped from Bethany's still-twitching corpse. The hunger was all encompassing; his overdriven metabolism demanded that he feed.

Headlights swept the parking area, and the werewolf snarled, irritated at having his meal interrupted. He faded back into the treeline just beyond the edge of the lot.