

## 1026

Something unexpected happened. The flame that neither of them realized had been smoldering between them ignited with a bright flash. They were all over each other, groping and petting, their tongues meshing and sparring like a pair of fencing foils. He was a surprisingly good kisser -- fantastically good, actually. Brianna was beside herself with lust. She managed to shrug out of her red denim shirt. She hadn't worn a bra, so her magnificent breasts bounced and bobbed enticingly.

"Oh, God! Oh, God!" she moaned, kneading and squeezing herself.

And then Steve pulled away. He appeared to be terrified.

"What?!" Brianna squealed, her voice high and frantic.

"Ummmm... I-I-I-d-don't know. Bri!" he stammered. "Should we be d-d-doing this?"

"Yes, we should!" she cried. "You're not leaving me hanging like this, you son of a bitch! Now fuck me!"

"B-but I've never done... th-this is m-my first t-time... I mean, with a real girl!"

"Then this is your lucky day, Stevie!"

She practically tore his 'SELF-PROFESSED GEEK' tee shirt off his body as she wriggled out of her cutoffs and bikini briefs. Then she pulled down his jeans and boxers and gasped.

"Oh... my!" she breathed. "Oh, Stevie! Nice slide rule!"

It was long and thick, prime meat in Brianna's book. And he was ready; he wasn't going to need any foreplay.

Brianna hurried over to the door and threw the security bolt. Steve Dante's breath caught in his throat as he admired her slender, naked form. It was obvious that Brianna Lang took very good care of herself; her soft, supple curves bore testimony to that.

"If Sam came in and caught us, we'd give him another reason to get pissed off at me!"

Steve burst out laughing and pulled her into the circle of his arms. Now that he had calmed down, his kisses were soft and slow, and he hunted gently over her body with his lips until Brianna was beside herself with lust and frustration.[www.novelist.com](http://www.novelist.com)

Then he knelt in front of her, and his tongue found her most intimate place, probing the thick wet tangle of bronze curls between her legs. Her sex opened to him like the petals of a moist, pink flower. He was incredible; his tongue sent jolts of electricity through her nervous system..

Her eyes widened.

"Unngghhh! My God, what are you doOOOOOOOOOOAAAAAAAHHH....."

No one had ever eaten her pussy so thoroughly. He knew just what to do -- when to lick, when to nibble, when to use his fingers. She had no idea it was beginner's luck. It wasn't long before her body shook in the grip of a wrenching climax, and her rubbery knees gave out.

"Enough!" she finally moaned. "Enough!"

Steve picked her up and carried her to the kitchenette where he promptly laid her on the table. He spread her legs and entered her smoothly, and fell into a forceful but gentle rhythm.

He was awkward and he came almost immediately. He pulled out of her and blasted his come all over her belly and vagina, much to her dismay. But she was patient with him, and coaxed an erection out of him with her talented mouth.

He did much better the second time.

Neither of them could speak for quite a while. Steve recovered first, and noticed that Brianna was still breathing hard.

"Hey, Bri -- you okay?"

Her eyes fluttered open, and she smiled sweetly up at him.[www.novelist.com](http://www.novelist.com)

She scooted off the table and threw her arms around his neck.

"That was nice -- the second time! I think you've got some potential, with a little work on your technique. I feel like I've been looking for you all my life. Someone who is a great lover, but who's also sweet, gentle, trustworthy..."

"You're making me sound like a Boy Scout!"

She kissed him and laughed.[www.novelist.com](http://www.novelist.com)

"A geek Boy Scout! God, we'd better clean this place up. Look at that puddle on the table! I hope we have something to disinfect that with!"

Steve shook his head. "Just paper towels and water -- maybe some dish soap. We could get some alcohol from the lab, but that would really stink up the kitchenette. No sense in making it obvious."

"Then we'll have to do the best we can," Brianna said. "I hope nobody wants to eat there for a while!"[www.novelist.com](http://www.novelist.com)

They laughed and set about tidying up the area. Then they cleaned themselves up and got dressed, and were back at their stations, hard at work, before anyone arrived.

It wasn't long before the staff members came straggling back from lunch. Sam D'Amato came back earlier than expected as well.

"Sam! I thought you were going to be out for a while," Brianna said.

D'Amato shook his head. "I just drove around. Gave me too damned much time to think. I need to get back to work." He headed for his office, and as he passed the kitchenette, he stopped up short, frowning. "Anybody smell something funny?" he queried. "When's the last time we cleaned out the fridge?"

It was all Brianna and Steve could do to keep from bursting out laughing.

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Sheriff Jeff Tomlinson steered his car up the long winding driveway to his house. It had been a rough morning. Folks in Winslow Junction were on edge, and asking a lot of questions about the "animal attack." It was wearing on his nerves.

He smiled. A session with Susie would drive away all his tension. He thought of her nice, big bubble butt. She loved to take it up the ass, and after all these years, she was still good and tight. She swore by some kind of sphincter exercises she did, and he couldn't argue with the results!

Tomlinson parked by the front porch. He unlocked the door and strolled inside.

"Hey, Suze -- I'm home."

No answer. He smiled, and his loins tingled. This was going to be one of those days. She was probably waiting for him up on the bed with her jiggly rump in the air, her asshole well greased with KY Jelly! He entered the bedroom.

Hey, hotass, what do you say we...?"

His anguished scream rent the stillness of the house. He tore his gun from its holster.

Susie Tomlinson's mangled torso was on the bed. The lower half of her body lay with the legs askew at a crazy angle by the bathroom door. Her face had been clawed into unrecognizability. Her breasts and genitals had been devoured, as had her big, beautiful ass. Entrails were strewn all over the room.

It was hard to believe that this bloody thing on the gore-soaked bed had once been his voluptuous wife. Whatever had done this to her had slashed and mutilated every square inch of her flesh. Her throat was gone; there was blood everywhere, splashed on the walls, the floor, even the ceiling. She lay in a great pool of it. Tomlinson's mind reeled crazily at his grisly discovery. He wanted to scream, but could not. It seemed to him that there was more blood and gore in this room than one human body could possibly hold. His stomach turned over and over, but somehow he controlled it. Tears streamed down his cheeks.

"Oh, Suze..."

A floorboard creaked behind him, and the hair on his neck stood on end.

Tomlinson whirled around -- too late! Powerful jaws bit down, and he screamed in agony as his gun hand flew across the room. Blood spurted from the stump of his wrist.

He slipped and fell, and the werewolf had him.

Tomlinson found he could not scream, even though this creature was the most horrifying apparition he had ever seen, even though the pain inflicted by its raking claws was excruciating. He lay on his back on the floor, watching in a sort of nightmarish fascination for as long as he lived, watching as his blood and chunks of torn flesh and great scraps of his uniform flew in all directions.

As the huge, shaggy head lunged for his throat, Tomlinson realized with a start that the misshapen thing he had been bouncing off a wall was one of his mangled, severed arms.

It was the last thing he ever saw.

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