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Fresh young pussy falls prey to the werewolf.

Liz Brannigan was asleep.

Her warm, naked body was curled up against him in a fetal position. She was sucking her thumb, which he found to be very endearing. Derek Talbot smiled. She looked so beautiful and innocent, like a little girl. Her shaved pubis only added to the effect.

They hadn't fucked; they had made love - there was a distinction.

A shadow passed across Talbot's face. It was the first time in his life that he had been gentle with a woman, and he was at a loss to explain why. That wasn't like him at all; it troubled and confused him, and made a part of him very angry. A tiny voice in the back of his mind screamed at him, urging him to smash her face-first into the dresser mirror and ass-rape her tiny rear end. Sex for him had always been rough, usually brutal. He enjoyed inflicting pain on his partners -- and sometimes the kinkier ones enjoyed being on the receiving end.

But for some reason, Liz Brannigan evoked different feelings in him. Never before had he looked upon a woman as anything more than just a piece of ass@WW.NovelTW@rm.coM

Or prey.

She was fun to be with. She was fun in bed. She was intelligent, curious. He truly enjoyed his time with her. This wasn't the sheer physical pleasure he took from raw sex. It was much more than that. Derek Talbot had never believed in love at first sight -- at least not for him. He still didn't, but something was definitely happening here - something he didn't fully understand. He felt strange and funny, like a little boy who'd been caught with his hand in the cookie jar, and it bothered him - a lot. The conflicting emotions it raised in him rolled like whitewater rapids in the spring.

He shook her gently. "Hey, Liz -- wake up. Dinner's coming up shortly, and then you'll have to leave for work."

She awakened slowly. When she realized her thumb was in her mouth, she yanked it out, her face reddening in embarrassment. "Old habits die hard," she murmured. She reached up playfully and grabbed his neck in a tight hug, and gave him a kiss. This sudden movement pulled him off balance, and they landed on the floor. Talbot was on his back, and Liz was straddling his washboard stomach with her legs.

"This will work," he said with a grin as he felt himself respond to her nearness.

"Ummm.... yes, it will," she said. "Most definitely!" She slid her hips down his body, then lifted up slightly and slowly took all of him inside her. Her eyes widened as his erection filled her. "Oh! Oooohhhhhh, yes!" she moaned. "That feels so... hhhhhhhhhh..... s-so good!"

Liz sensuously glided up and down, playfully teasing him with her eyes, reaching down with her hands and stroking him with a feather light fingertip touch each time she slowly raised up off his shaft. Every now and then she would bend forward at the waist and kiss him, sometimes nipping and tugging at his bottom lip. She was controlling the pace, and she wanted it slow and tender.

Talbot gasped. The sensation was intensely pleasurable; he wanted it to last, but quickly discovered that it took all of his concentration to keep from coming. Finally, he could hold on no longer. Liz leaned forward, kissing him, her body shuddering in a wrenching climax as he emptied his seed into her with a hoarse cry. They lay on the floor in a sweaty heap, kissing languidly, sensuously*ww@WW.NovelTW@rm.coM*

"Ummmmm..... oh, Don, that was fantastic! This has been such a wonderful afternoon."

"Glad you've enjoyed it," he said with a smile. "There's more to come." He was about to say something else when there was a knock at the door.

"Mr. Mannix? Room service."

Liz squealed and scrambled into the bathroom as Talbot got to his feet and pulled on a robe. He tipped the bellhop and rolled the cart into his suite.

The steak and lobster was much better than the breakfast had been. In fact, Talbot ranked it with some of the meals he had enjoyed in better restaurants over the years. Liz Brannigan was a dainty eater. Talbot watched her, and he could feel a small smile tugging at the corners of his mouth. Then he tried to suppress a chuckle, and finally burst out laughing.

Liz stared at him quizzically. "What's so funny?" she asked.

"I wish I had a camera," Talbot chortled. "You're sitting there, completely naked except for your lobster bib. It's priceless!"

She glanced down and started to giggle. Her nipples peeked out from the edges of the bib. "I must look as silly as hell," she said.

"Actually, you're quite fetching," Talbot said. He kissed her, and for the next several minutes, all thoughts of food were forgotten.

Finally the dishes were all cleared away, and they cuddled together on the bed. Liz sighed contentedly.

"I'll be walking around Marlowe's tonight with a big, shit-eating grin plastered all over my face -- and everybody'll want to know why."

Talbot brushed his lips over her hair. "May I ask, Miss Liz Brannigan, why you work so hard -- and such long hours?"

She let out a long, slow breath.

"I.... I want to go to college," she explained. "I've been on my own since I was sixteen. Mom and Dad split up and went their separate ways -- and apparently the ways they went didn't include me." The raw hurt was evident in the catch in her voice. "I managed to graduate from high school on my own -- I was only a quarter late finishing up. Public high school didn't cost me anything, but college is w-a-y expensive. I've been accepted at a local branch of the University of Washington that's only about fifteen minutes away, down in Blanton. The fall term starts next week, and I was hoping to enroll this semester. Looks like I'm going to have to wait, though."

"Short on funds?"

She shook her head. "No, I've got enough to get started, but my car's ready to conk out. It's a question of need over want -- I want to go to school, but I need a new car. Your tip from the restaurant today will really help, but I want to get a car that's going to last a while." She closed her eyes. "I'm going to be twenty-five soon; I'm afraid if I don't go to college soon, I'm never going to go."

"So you're working double shifts at Marlowe's," he said. "Didn't you say you've got a second job?"

She abruptly looked away. "That's not important. Between my salary and tips at Marlowe's, I almost make enough to live on and go to school. I live in a nice house out on the edge of the wilderness preserve. The owner rents it out to me for \$100. 00 a month. Where can you rent a nice place for \$100. 00 a month? But I have to keep the house and yard in shape. Getting a car is going to set me back a quarter or two, but damn it, I'm going to go!"

"Liz -- you say you almost make enough to live on at Marlowe's. Why won't you tell me about your second job?"

A tear slid down her smooth cheek, and she hung her head. "Because I'm ashamed."

He caught her tear on the tip of a finger. "Don't be. I'd like to know."

"I.... I work at Rebel's. It's an exclusive.....'gentleman's club' out on the main highway, and I'm an exotic dancer -- 'exotic' being a euphemism for 'nude.' I hate it -- all the groping and pawing and slobbering, but the pay is great. I could make a lot more if I agreed to work the 'back room.' My boss says I've got a hot body, and I could make enough to retire on in two years. But I have to draw the line somewhere. I'm not that desperate.... yet."

Talbot pursed his lips. "I can guess what goes on in the 'back room.'"

Liz nodded. "\$800 for a blow job, \$2000 for straight sex, \$3500 for anal, and \$5000 for a gang bang. A little pricey, I know, but the clientele supports it. I'd get to keep 30%. He never has any trouble getting college girls to work back there. God, they're all so young and cute - and he always has three times as many applicants as he has jobs to fill! But I'm not going to become a whore!"*ww@novelww@rm.coM*

The concept of working for anything was foreign to Derek Talbot. Despite the fact that his parents had never shown him much in the way of love, he had been privileged and well-provided for. He'd always enjoyed his work at Talbot Industries, and didn't really consider it a job. The idea that someone would have to scrimp and struggle so hard just to get an education boggled his mind.*www.nOvêLWoRm.coM*

But this enchantress on the bed with him was doing just that.

He arrived at a decision - he had no idea why - and reached for his laptop. He logged on and handed the computer to the puzzled young woman.

"You deserve to go to college -- and I'm going to help you. Do you have an online savings account?"

"Sure, but --"

"Log on to it -- I won't look at your user name and password."

She did as he instructed, but stared at him quizzically. "Don, what are you...."

"Shhhhhhh. Are you logged on?"

"Yeah, but....."

"Okay, my turn." He activated another internet connection and pulled up his own account. "I have special secure commercial links to a number of big banks on this laptop. I'm going to transfer some funds to your account. It should make things a little easier for you."

"Can you really do that? But you don't even know how much I need for school; besides, I can't let you...."

"Yes, I can really do that, and you will let me -- and I'm sure this will more than cover it," he said with an enigmatic smile. He keyed in a transaction, then logged off his bank account and slid the computer back to her. "How's that?"

Liz Brannigan stared at the screen. "Internet transfer from Seattle Federal Bank in the amount of...." Her eyes widened; all the color drained from her face, and she fainted dead away.

She came around several minutes later with an anxious 'Don Mannix' hovering over her.

"Hey -- you okay? What's the idea, passing out on me?"

"D-Don.... you t-transferred.... five million dollars into my account!" Her voice was little more than a squeak.

"Yeah? So? Don't spend it all in one place. Hopefully that's enough to cover your schooling?" He flashed her a boyish grin.

"But why would you do that?" Her eyes brimmed with grateful tears.

"Because I want to. Because I can. Liz, I won't live long enough to spend all my money. I'm not saying this to boast, but five million is chicken feed for me -- chump change. I make that much in interest in a few weeks."

"I can never repay you," she murmured.

"Yes, you can. You can call your scumbag boss at Rebel's and tell him you're never coming in again -- ever."

She smiled brightly, her eyes sparkling. "That I can do with pleasure!"

"I think you could probably bag your job at Marlowe's, too."

"No, I can't do that to Tony," she said. "He's been really good to me. I like the people there, too. I'd at least like to give them two weeks notice. Maybe I could work part time after that. I'll see."