

1041

"Shit!"

Holly Robeson hobbled over the blacktop, trying to keep her weight off her right leg. She had popped her ankle really good; it was either a nasty sprain or a ligament tear. It was swollen up to the size of a softball.

Either way, she could pretty well kiss off the fall track and field season at UW Blanton. It was her junior year, and she was hoping to be elected captain of the team.

She'd be lucky to be named an honorary member now.

Holly was a pretty girl, with huge, luminous dark eyes, a brilliant smile, and a halo of blue-black curls surrounding her dusky face. She had a lean athlete's body with long legs. Some said she was a little too skinny and boyish looking.

But Ted Garner didn't mind. He loved her. Ted said she was exceedingly graceful when she ran; he had once compared her to a young gazelle when he watched her run the 440.

Right now she fancied she resembled the Wicked Witch of the West galumphing along the macadam. All she needed was a gnarly old cane.

She ruefully shook her head. It was her own fault; too much partying with Ted this summer, and not enough training. Now she was paying for it. On top of that, she had run too far. She had become distracted.

Now she was stranded out in the middle of nowhere in the dark woods with a dead cell phone. Her fault; should have charged it.

A tear dribbled down her soft cheek. She had every right to be distracted. This had been the week from hell.

Holly and her boyfriend Ted Powers were very much in love. They decided to become engaged before the school year started, and happily announced it to their families.

That was when the shit hit the fan*www.novelworm.com*

Latent prejudices that neither of the young lovers realized existed surfaced in both families. Holly and Ted were appalled.

They loved each other; that should have been the end of the discussion *right* there. The fact that Holly was black and Ted was white should not have mattered in the least.

Apparently it did.

Holly bit her lower lip. Her father she could understand, but Mom?! That paragon of tolerance had wailed and wept and stormed from the room when the announcement was made, leaving the young couple to face the wrath of her father.

And when she remembered what Ted's father had called her...

Holly sobbed aloud. 'Put it out of your mind, girl,' she thought. 'Concentrate on getting home to Ted. It's creepy out here! Thank God the full moon is out so I can at least see where I'm going!'

Crickets and katydids were joined by tree frogs in singing a canticle of the night. An owl hooted every now and then, and once a fox barked its yapping call back in the woods. There was no light to speak of up here, save for the cold, white, unwavering glow of the full moon, which illuminated both sides of the black ribbon of the road, marking her way. There was going to be a total eclipse in the wee hours of the morning, which would plunge these woods into pitch blackness.

She intended to be safe at home in bed with Teddy by then*www.novelworm.com*

Holly figured she had maybe another ten minutes to get to the bottom of the hill and her car. Might be fun driving with her bad ankle, but she would try come hell or high water.

Then the forest grew as silent as a church, as if even the trees were holding their breath.

She heard something, and she froze.

It was subtle at first -- a slight scuffling noise, then a snapping twig.

Then there was no mistaking the sound. It was an animal, padding through the brush and across the road on all fours, like a dog.

A very big dog.

There was a pattern to it; first it ran across the grass and leaves, then its claws ticked on the pavement.

Holly shuddered.

It was circling her!

And it was getting closer. She couldn't see what it was; it was just a blur, a silhouette, moving fast.

Then it stopped, and she screamed.

The creature was down on all fours about fifteen feet from her, flexing, ready to pounce. It was unlike anything she had ever seen, an enormous, unholy crossbreed of a man and a wolf. The thing appeared to be about the size of a bear, and it looked lethal. Fiery yellow eyes glowed demonically in the dark.

Then it grinned at her, flashing long, sharp, ivory fangs. Its growl was horrible, deep, and it raised goosebumps on Holly Robeson's body. Her knees buckled, and she wet her pants.

With its gaze locked on Holly, the beast roared like a lion and tensed to spring. She shrieked and turned to run.

Had she been in peak condition, Holly might have been able to outrun the werewolf for a short distance, but with her bad ankle, she managed only a few hobbled steps before a great taloned paw whipped across the backs of her knees and severed her tendons, and a four hundred pound juggernaut slammed into her, punching the breath out of her and knocking her several dozen yards through the air. She landed hard on the blacktop. The creature attacked before the stunned Holly could move. The young girl shrieked in agony as the werewolf's claws dragged savagely across her body, viciously mauling her, ripping away clothing and skin and chunks of flesh. It was stripping her as well! The creature sank its fangs into her left breast and bit down, shearing through flesh, and Holly nearly passed out. Her blood raced down the road in streaming torrents as she screamed.

The beast finally stopped slashing her. It pinned her torn, naked body to the ground and snarled in her face as she gasped in terror. Its scalding drool spattered on her face; the stench of its breath clogged her nostrils.

Then it knelt between her legs.

Somehow she was still conscious. Holly managed to raise her head and look down across her body and she moaned in horror.

Her left breast was gone, torn off and devoured by the beast, and intestines dangled from a gaping wound in her stomach. Every inch of her seemed to have been slashed and torn. Her blood was everywhere.

She was dying.

It was then that she noticed the werewolf's enormous, erect organ. The beast gripped her ankles and spread her legs wide. She could feel the massive head of its penis pressing against the lips of her sex*www.novelworm.com*

"Ohmigod, nononono! Please d-don't!"

It was inside her with one brutal thrust. Holly arched her back, and her screams shattered the night. Agony blazed through her insides; everything went red, as if all her blood had been squeezed into her brain and was about to explode out through her eyes.

Then she felt something rip inside her. The pain was unbelievable; the Beast pulled out of her, and she stared in disbelief at the gory sight of the torn sac of her uterus impaled on the end of his huge cock.

Then he thrust everything back inside her and began to pump rhythmically. Holly's screams grew more feeble by the moment. Eventually the monster ejaculated, and she could feel his scalding seed flooding through her torn tissues*www.NovelWorm.com*

The werewolf flipped the sobbing girl over on her belly, and she could feel his huge cock sliding between her buttocks.

"Oh... n-n-no!" she sobbed. "N-not th-there..."

The Wolf shoved brutally forward; her asshole tore with a sound like a pistol shot, and blackness consumed her.

Gino Falloni was seething.

The owner/manager of Rebel's Gentlemen's Club was in a black mood. The hottest girl at his club had quit on him. He was very generous to his girls. Most of them made high five figure incomes, which was unheard of for a dancer. Of course, the ones who did more than just dance made even more than that.

And because he was so generous, Gino expected unswerving loyalty in return. Liz Brannigan would regret her decision; there were dire consequences for any bitch who walked out on him.

Nobody quit on Gino Falloni.

Rebel's was hopping tonight, and it would be hopping even more if Liz Brannigan were here. He could pack a private party of 200 into the Crystal Room just to watch her pole dance and lap dance. A bank president had once offered Gino \$500, 000 for just one hour with Liz, and the stupid slut had turned him down! He knew she needed the money; she would have made \$150, 000 just for a quick fuck, but she had refused. Miss Goody Two Shoes.

She could slide up and down bareass naked on a pole and get her rocks off in front of a room full of hundreds of strangers, but she couldn't take a tumble in the privacy of one of Rebel's bedrooms.

He swiveled around in his chair and gazed at Liz's gallery on a wall of his sumptuous office suite. He felt his cock stiffen as he looked at his favorite, an 36" by 48" poster shot of a naked Liz, her legs wrapped around a dancing pole in such a way that there was a tantalizing glimpse of her pretty pink pussy, her head thrown back and her teeth bared as she climaxed.

She could do that, but she couldn't go for a roll in the hay with a rich client. Hell, he couldn't even get her to use a vibrator onstage.

Falloni rested his elbows on his massive oak desk. He stared at the monitor screens, and his mood improved somewhat.

All of the back rooms were occupied, with a waiting list of impatient customers in the hall. He had a front row seat for all the action, which was being professionally recorded by six cameras in each room - unknown to their clients and the girls. The best vids were professionally released as adult videos. The girls, of course, were among the most beautiful young women in the country, but some of the men...

Falloni shuddered. Some of the men were old and fat and butt ugly. But then there were some real winners. Like the ones with Lisa. The beautiful, big-titted UW coed was on screen 4, doing a three way with a trio of studly football players. Good looking boys. The closeup camera captured a perfect money shot as one of the kids pulled out of her mouth and messily came all over her pretty face.

And Amber, another fresh faced college girl on screen 10. She looked as though she was maybe fifteen years old. He kept a copy of her birth certificate at the top of his stack in case he needed proof. And appearances could be deceiving; despite her innocent face, she was his most experienced anal girl. The other girls had dared her to take this guy up the ass, and she had smugly accepted the challenge.

Falloni winced. The guy was hung like a draft horse; he was too much even for Amber. She was crying and sobbing and screaming bloody murder, and there was blood all over her ass. Great drama. A split screen featured her agonized expression and a closeup of the insertion. He made a note to be sure she got a huge bonus for this one.