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A knock sounded on his door.

"Come in," he sang out.

Steve Foley sauntered into the office, smiling ingenuously. With his clean cut, all-American good looks, he resembled a college linebacker. He ostensibly served as a bouncer at Rebel's. [@w.N0veLw0rm.com](#)

No one would ever suspect the burly young man was a vicious, cold-blooded killer. In the eight years Gino had run Rebel's, he'd never required Foley's services in that capacity.

Until now.

"You sent for me, Boss?" Foley asked.

"Got a job for you, Stevie," Falloni answered. "Tomorrow night I want you to go over to Liz Brannigan's place and... persuade her to come back to work here." [www.n0v\(e\)lW0rm.c0M](#)

Foley whistled. "She quit? Ah, man, that's a shame - she's hot!"

"I know," Falloni agreed. "There are a lot of hot girls here, but she's special. But not so special that she can walk out and think she can get away with it." He pulled a Colt Python out of his desk drawer and spun the cylinder.

"What do you want me to do to her, Mr. Falloni?"

"Rough her up," Falloni returned. "Ass rape her and gang bang her. But don't mark her. Rubber automotive hoses are good - but I don't have to tell you that. See if she'll come back, but make sure she realizes that she'll have to agree to fuck if she returns - and emphasize that she'd better return if she wants to live! If she absolutely refuses after all that..."

He raised the revolver and fired at a black and white portrait of Liz, shattering the glass as the thunderclap reverberated in the room. A bullet hole nested in the middle of her forehead.

"If she refuses, make sure nobody finds her. Make sure her own mother wouldn't recognize her if they do. Make them work to identify her."

Foley grinned boyishly. "Consider it done, Boss." [wwwW.\(n\)oveLW0T.M.c0@](#)

"Stevie - I'd like to get her back here working," Falloni said. "I'm counting on you!"

Foley nodded. Then he left the office, and Falloni swiveled back to his monitors. On screen 10, Amber passed out as her john ejaculated all over her smooth, creamy ass, and a pinkish mixture of blood and semen coursed over her flawless skin. Falloni grinned.

That vid would definitely be a keeper!

The werewolf gnawed the last few scraps of meat off the severed lower right leg. The girl had been tasty; her flesh had been lean and tender. He had devoured everything else except for a few morsels between the ribs that he couldn't quite reach. He tossed the stripped leg bones onto a pile with the rest of her scattered skeleton and growled.

He was only partially satisfied; the hunger still burned in his stomach as his metabolic furnace worked overtime. He had been through a lot today. He had been shot twice, once seriously, and had Changed more times than he should have. The various traumas had overtaxed his system. He needed more nourishment.

More meat.

His lips suddenly tightened against his fangs in a feral grin.

Liz!

Yes, beautiful, delicious Liz. She was far away - but not far enough away! Even pacing himself to conserve energy, he could be back in the little town where she lived in a couple of hours. Plenty of time to ravish her and make a feast of her. He made one last hopeful inspection of the jumbled pile of bloody, gnawed bones that had been Holly Robeson.

Nothing left. [WWw.n0vELw0Rm.c0mm](#)

He turned and loped up the trail into the forest.

And the tiny, ineffectual spark in the Wolf's mind that was Derek Talbot pleaded and screamed impotently.

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