

The blonde was always going to be the problem

Dennis was home when it started. The first werewolves were sighted not far from where he lived. His parents were out of town and he was forced to stay indoors. He had broken his ankle with his board. He survived because of it.

His neighbour, miss Woodman, first came to visit helping him with food and water, but she was attacked and killed. Dennis saw it happen.

In the gloom of the evening miss Woodman made her way from the store to his house. Dennis could see her skipping from tree to tree. He at first was confident that she would be just fine. But then he saw the rustling of the bushes on the other side of the road. A white werewolf emerged.

'Miss Woodman!' Dennis screamed.

She looked up at him and stopped.

'Werewolf! Run!'

She looked around, but could not see the werewolf approaching. She decided, that she could make it to another tree, before going to a house. If she could have seen the werewolf, she would have decided otherwise.

'No! No! No! Go to a house!'

Miss Woodman did not listen to him. She ran to the next tree. The werewolf took a sprint and jumped upon her. It leaped ten meters and the crushing force of its body was almost enough to kill her. The wolf sank its teeth in her neck and with a quick jerk broke it. Dennis was too horrified to do or say anything, but he heard a high-pitched cry. On the other side of the road he saw a young woman standing at the window of the first floor. She had seen what happened and was now staring with her eyes wide open at the horrible scene. Dennis watched the young woman for a moment. Why hadn't he noticed her before?

Dennis was not visible where he was for the werewolf, but the young woman would immediately be seen.

'Hide! Hide!' Dennis called to her while trying not to make a lot of noise.

The young woman saw him and first just stared at him. Then she apparently realised what he had urged her to do. She quickly ducked. The young woman escaped certain death.

Moments later the werewolf was done. They mostly only ate the intestines, sometimes the big muscles like the upper legs.

Dennis could see what the werewolf did. He witnessed it hauling the remains of miss Woodman with it. Its big claws were buried in her head the palm covering her face. It had

only ripped her gut open. Most of it was gone. The lifeless legs dragged over the pavement and made the corpse tremble in a most sickening way. Dennis needed to look away not to vomit.

Ten minutes later Dennis got himself looking again. The werewolf was gone and the blond woman was standing behind the window waiting for him to show himself again. The woman waved at him and gestured him to come to her. Dennis held up his leg and showed the cast around it. She clearly understood that he wasn't coming to her and gestured she was coming to him.

'Hi, I'm Denise,' she said smiling the most wonderful smile. Perhaps Dennis was more susceptible to a woman's smile, because there hadn't been much to smile about lately, but it sure looked wonderful.

'Oh, that is so funny,' he said smiling wide.

Denise looked puzzled.

'What is? My name? What so funny about my name?'

'Nothing, but my name is Dennis. We sort of have the same name.'

Now she smiled as well.

'Yes, that is funny. What a coincidence.'

Dennis took a good look at her. She was pretty in an interesting way, not a model-like beauty, but a face you can discover. Her blond hair hung loose and reached her shoulders. She was not very big, but well formed.

'Did you take a good look,' she said grinning.

Dennis blushed.

'Sorry, I haven't seen a beautiful woman for ages.'

He stopped abrupt. He called her beautiful, right to her face.

'You're sweet.'

He was too embarrassed to say anything.

She pointed to his leg.

'So, you're not going anywhere, are you?'

'Yep, and just before the apocalypse happened. Just my luck,' Dennis grinned.

The face of Denise clouded.

'Did you know her well, that woman, that was killed?'

'Miss Woodman? She has been my neighbour for years, but only recently we started having more contact. She helped me survive, and she was nice. Like a mother.'

There was an awkward silence for a couple of minutes.

Then Denise's face lit up again.

'I can help you.'

"You would?"

'Yes, you are sweet and I like to help.'

And so Dennis lost the one who helped him survive only to meet the next one on the same day.

Now, three weeks later they had lived intensely together. They had so much fun and they had so much in common. It was frightening. The blond Denise was the love of his life Dennis was sure. If only they had met before the end of the world.

And then the cast on his leg could be removed. Denise had found doctor's scissors and was going to make him more mobile than he had been for weeks. She looked at him amused.

'You're not going to be able to stand on it. You'll have to exercise.'

He stood up and shuffled to her. She stepped back every time he got close to her until there was no room left. He grabbed her around the waist and kissed her full on her mouth. At first she was a bit startled, but then she kissed back. They hadn't kissed yet. They had been more like childhood friends. But that wasn't enough, and this kissing felt so good to them. It clearly was time for more.

After a while she freed herself from his embrace and playfully frisked away from him. He limped after her and only with a lot of effort did he catch her again when she was next to the bed. Perhaps she wanted to be caught.

Together they fell over on the bed and kissing and caressing they started pulling on each other's clothing. It didn't work.

'Lay back. I'll do everything. You mustn't force it with your leg,' Denise said.

She unbuttoned his trousers and pulled them down. His arousal showed. She pulled him upright by his arms and stripped him of his shirt.

'No socks in bed,' she said and pulled them off.

His shorts she saved for last. Now he was all naked. She took a good look and smiled in approval. He let her judge him for a short while and then gave her a questioning look.

'Aren't you stripping?'

'Would you want me to give a strip show?'

'No, no, I want you to lose your clothes.'

Teasingly she took off all her clothes very slowly, stopping when she still wore her bra and panties. Her face clouded.

'I'm not quite sure I'm ready,' she said with a gloomy look.

The effect was immediate. Denis' arousal was gone at once. She laughed out loud.

'You thought I was serious.'

She sat down on the bed next to him and helped him get it back. The touch of her hands and her mouth also had an immediate effect. He closed his eyes and caressed her legs. Slowly he moved his hand up her leg and towards her belly. He caressed her belly from the top of her panties up to the underside of her bra.

'You'll have to stop soon or we'll be finished before we begin,' Dennis said after a couple of minutes. 'Lie down next to me and I'll take a peek at your beautiful body.'

'I hope you'll do more.'

Dennis did more. He unhooked her bra and first looked admiring at her breasts, which were small and perky, but just the way he liked them. He kissed them and fondled them. Then he trailed with his tongue down to the rim of her panties. He lifted the rim and took that peek he promised. Then he stripped them off. Now she lay naked next to him.

'I want to look at and taste from what's between your legs, but I can't bend over anymore.'

'You may call it what it is.'

'I know, but I don't want to be vulgar.'

'O, you're so sweet.'

'Stop it or I will get vulgar.'

She chuckled and got up.

'Lay back. I'll show you all I have and you do whatever you want.'

He did. She let herself go and growled like a wild animal. Like a werewolf one could say.

They then made passionate love, and they made wild love and even, maybe, some vulgar love.

Dennis woke. They had fallen asleep in the middle of the day. Denise was gone. She had left a note.

'Gone out to get some dinner.'

Dennis got up and still naked he shambled to the window. He didn't see her, but she was in his mind. Her whole, splendid, beautiful body was in his mind and he relished on it.

Suddenly he saw movement. He looked. Denise was making her way down the road in the dusk light. Dennis smiled. She was so agile; he knew. He watched her go with a sense of pride and the warmth of love growing in his heart.

But danger never was far away in this new world. Thirty meters away from Denise hedges were moving.

'Denise! Werewolf!' Dennis screamed in panic. The memory of the death of miss Woodman fuelled his panic to an instant high.

Denise stopped and scanned her surroundings. She saw the moving hedges and gasped when a big, white werewolf emerged. Dennis wanted to scream and yell, because it was the same werewolf who had killed miss Woodman, but he then would be the target. He had to rely on the wits of Denise.

Denise quickly ran to a big bush and waited. Why did she wait? The werewolf had seen her run and was now in pursuit. He stopped when he saw her standing in front of the bush. It growled and bared its teeth. It was a bit put off by the lack of running Denise showed, but not for long. It charged. Denise jumped through the bush just when the three inch teeth clapped together. Denise struggled through the bush and it followed. The thorns of the bush scraped her skin, but hooked in the fur of the werewolf. It got stuck. Not for long of course, but just long enough for her to escape.

Minutes later she was standing in Denis' room gleaming with sweat and pretty proud of herself. She was bleeding a little from the scratches and abrasions. Dennis ran to her limping with his one leg and hugged her nearly to death.

'I'm alright! I'm alright,' she said laughing, 'now go and look if our big, bad wolf is still around.'

Dennis hurried back to the window only to see the wolf tear itself free. It looked around searching for its prey. It sniffed the air and tried to pick up the trail. Dennis hoped it wouldn't be able to do so. Behind him he heard Denise moan a little as she cared for her wounds. He wanted to hiss to her to be silent, but she walked over to him. Dennis saw the werewolf walk over to his house. Denise put her arms around him and kissed him on his cheek. He looked at her and got a strange feeling. He noticed some strange marks on her arms, but she went on to kiss his neck and his chin and glided with her hands down his belly to his lap.

'Let's celebrate that I made it safely back home.'

Home sounded good. Dennis put away his doubts and let him be guided to the bed. Denise tripped him and jumped on top of him. She pulled his clothes off and stripped naked. She sat on his lap and guided him into herself. They made rough and wild love. Dennis closed his eyes to postpone his climax. He did not see what happened. He did not see his end coming. She trembled and moaned low. She started to move irregularly, and it was too much for him and her for that matter. They came together and Dennis went. She transformed completely

and ripped his throat out. Then she howled to the white werewolf outside, her new partner, like she had already known it was out there waiting. Together they feasted on the body of her former partner.