The glare was almost unbearable, but Wereashley persevered, ignoring the blinding sunlight as he stalked his prey. It had only just passed sunrise and he was already on the prowl, his naked figure glistening from the morning dew that had formed on his body throughout the night. As he moved silently through the traffic he drew no stares as one would expect from the daily commuters. His form was almost complete; he had almost achieved the famed ‘blood hunt’, where his lack of excess movement resulted in higher speeds of movement and cognition.

His prey this morning was a girl by the name of Im kay a nay a nay. He had many a time longed to embrace her fragile frame in his arms; to feel her soft flowing auburn hair tickle his chin as he nuzzled his wolf like face into her small mounds of breasts. The mere thought of her meek smile and her adorable brown eyes; that peered at you with a curiosity rarely harboured by grown women, brought a warmth to his heart that he had once believed himself incapable of experiencing. The feeling was much akin to experiencing the first rays of light peering through the ominous storm clouds of a dank cold winter. The feeling was intoxicating to the point where if one was not careful they would be quickly lost in the immersion and would fall into a daydream, losing all material worries in a senseless stupor. Wereashley sighed silently to himself. If he were to forfeit all else, he would not forfeit this one passion of his. This was his one beacon and he would not give it up.

Suddenly a loud beep awoke Wereashley from his musings and the content look that he had only a moment ago was replaced by his once again blank and harsh facial features. In his complacency he had been spotted by a car. Growling to himself, Wereashley once again began to weave his form in and out of traffic, slowly gathering momentum to be capable of completely hiding his presence once more. Despite the difficulty of his manoeuvres, he did not once lose sight of Im Kay a nay a nay.

The hours of the day flew by as if insisting that Wereashley not have the time to revel in the company of his obsession and, before anyone was any wiser, it was dark. Tendrils of night thoroughly enveloped the landscape in their icy aura, chilling Wereashley and his keep to the bone.

Im kay a nay a nay shuddered, pulling her scarf tighter; how any place on earth could be this damn cold escaped her. Despite her every breath escaping in a cloud of frost her heart could not be frozen. She was totally and completely immersed in thoughts of one wolf looking individual; his shaggy mane reminiscent of an alpha pack leader; his pheromones exuding an attraction so fierce it was impossible to mistake his intentions. Even now, from the yearning of her every pigment through her thin cardigan she could feel her soul crying from being separated from its destined mate. She knew he was close and her body had gone into a heat from the mere thought of him concealed so near to her.

Feeling a hand on her shoulder, she turned violently, expecting to come face to face with her dream, but was instead met with the faces of Chuc and G\_Loong, both of whom she knew were interested in her, but were also close acquaintances of the wolf.

‘Hao u do baybee. U gat a kid baybee becah yo bady is lick ooomahmah’

G\_Loong’s pickupline was flawless, on any other unsuspecting female it would have worked a miracle and he would have immediately begun to make out with his objection. However, Im kay a nay a nay ignored G\_Loong, turning in an attempt to escape the situation. However, Chuc had surrounded her

‘Aw ka’mon. give us a bitta laarve girl. I loike ya jugs.’

Again, Chuc’s line was flawless. But this girl was not to be swayed by any lesser specimens of manhood.

From the darkness Wereashley saw his woman being surrounded by his mates Chuc and G\_Loong. The trio’s exploits have been documented previously and it is to be known the three were as close as gin, tonic and the glass the two were mixed in.

This was an exception. No man would ever get wereashley’s woman. Leaping out of the bush with a roar worthy of warwick, Wereashley beat G\_Loong and Chuc into submission and noticed Kim Na Na cowering with her back to him.

Kim Na Na smelt the essence before she felt his muscular arms enclose around her. She felt his stubble on the nape of her neck, tasting his aroma as he whispered to her

‘don’t worry, I’m here, I’ll always be here’

Wereashley loosened his grip on her and she turned to face him. She was unable to face him, for it took her whole efforts in not jumping wereashley’s bones and she feared she would lose herself in his eyes.

‘forever?’ she whispered

‘forever’ answered Wereashley

Wereashley took off his coat and draped it around her shoulders, helping her up. As they walked past a bush Wereashley shoved her into the bush with all his might leaving her in a mess in the twisted stems.

‘umad bitch’

Wereashely left on a unicorn born from the sexy beasts of sextopia, created by the hopes and love and dreams of gangsters in their youth of smoking and drugs, lent him by Matt.