



The Hunger

A SHORT STORY TEASER

By

Tom McGuire

There he was, gam, in bed... naked... alone. Where was she, he thought, the girl from the club last night? She came home with him, but now she was gone. In her absence he feels a hunger like he has never known... but for what?

EARLIER THAT NIGHT

He didn't know what it was about her, he saw her dancing, sweat dripping down her breasts. Her hair, as black as the night, flesh... so pale, and her eyes... those eyes, shining like a pair of the purest sapphires. He was drawn to her, he had to have her!

He found himself walking to the dance floor, their eyes locked together. Their bodies met, conforming to one.. his hands on her hips, hers on his shoulders. His body swaying with hers in perfect unison, as if in a trance. The music pulsed around them, but her eyes, they held him, he could not look away. For that moment, they were truly one.

It's now 2am, the club is closing its doors as they leave... together. They arrive at his apartment, a penthouse in the lower east side. His heart was still beating fast from the music... or was it... her? They enter his apartment, their arms wrapped around each other, their mouths locked, tongues entangled in passion. His hands reaching under her firm ass, lifting her up as her legs wrap around his waist. He carries her to the bedroom.

Now, on the bed, their clothes flying in every direction.. he has to have her, he has no control, his hunger for her driving him. Finally... their bodies unite as one... She is on top of him, her hands on his chest, her fingernails digging into his flesh. He grits his teeth from the pain, but does not care... Their bodies, moving together, as if to the same rhythm as the music earlier that night.

He feels himself tensing up, she moves her body faster, until finally, her back arches, she throws her head back, and they explode... together... one moment of pure passion.

She lays forward, onto him, her face in his neck, breathing heavily, exhausted. He lies there motionless beneath her, he knows this is the one. It has never felt this way before... such passion, pure unadulterated lust! Just then, he feels a sharp pinch on his neck. Did she... bite him? He begins to move, to look at her, but he cannot.. darkness falls over him.....

There he was, gam, in bed... naked... alone. Where was she, he thought, the girl from the club last night? She came home with him, but now she was gone. He feels a hunger like he has never known... but for what? Who was she? What was she? More importantly... what have I become?