

Chapter One

Gimme Shelter

A young, feline woman with spotted, light-brown fur brushed a strand of her long, curly, chocolate-brown hair out of her sky-blue eyes as she stared down an alleyway, towards a chain-link fence that guarded a back-lot full of derelict, old cars. Unconsciously, she reached up and clutched nervously at the silver crucifix that hung between her large, jello-y breasts. Her nipples were rock-hard and poking up through the thin, cotton fabric of her T-shirt, and her breath was misting from the frigid, November, night air.

She muttered some choice curse words under her breath for the predicament she now found herself in. She was out on the streets, with no money in her purse, and only a skimpy T-shirt, an even skimpier skirt, and fishnet stockings to ward off the cold. Not only was Zuzka homeless and penniless, but she was alone in this North American city; she didn't really even know which city she was in; a million miles away from her home in the Czech Republic. She was used to dealing with the cold back home, but back there she would have had the foresight to have some warmer clothes at hand. Dimitri had told her that America would be nice and warm, but then again, he had told her a lot of things.

The eighteen year-old kitten considered her options. She was sure that she could find a way into one of those cars and seek shelter for the night. There was a large, old van back there that would make a good crash-pad. The problem was, she had seen the guy that owned the autoshop, behind which the lot full of cars was situated. He was, perhaps, the biggest wolf she had ever seen. He was easily over six-and-a-half feet tall, with shoulders nearly half as wide, and huge muscles that were discernible even under his bulky leather jacket. *{Actually, he's kinda hot,}* she thought in her native Czech, *{But*

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I don't want to find out how pissed off he might get at someone breaking into his car lot.}

Her other option was to go downtown, try to find a John, and hope that he would put her up for the night, or that she could earn enough cash for a cheap motel room. The problem with that plan was that if she got busted by the police for prostitution, she would probably get deported. Even worse, her name might appear in some police record that Dimitri could get his paws on. The sleazy, fur-peddling pimp had his claws well entrenched in the police force.

Zuzka scowled at the thought of the awful, Russian, Red Mafia bear that had abused her, and pimped her out like a cheap, rented suit. She made up her mind. If the autoshop-owner did catch her, she'd offer to fuck him. She thought her chances were much better of him letting her off with a screw than the police. Actually, she was kind of hoping she'd get the chance to fuck him. She had rarely gotten the chance to fuck someone of her choosing, or that she was even attracted to, while 'working' for Dimitri. She knew that she was young, and hot, and she almost always got any man she tried to pick-up. If her experiences with Dimitri had taught her anything, it was how to use those qualities to her advantage.

She waited, and finally after about twenty minutes, the big wolf came out a side door carrying some trash bags, threw them in a dumpster in the alley, then went back inside. The lights went out inside the shop, followed by the neon sign hanging above the street, in front of the shop. He was about to leave for the night.

Zuzka crept down the alleyway, using all of her natural feline stealth. She clambered up on top of the dumpster, then poised herself to leap from the dumpster over the fence. Even though the dumpster seemed to be a fair-enough distance from the twenty-foot-high fence to prevent such a feat, the leap of a young, teenage cat in her prime should not be underestimated. She shot skywards, like a coiled spring being released, and caught the fence just below its top, causing it to rattle. She quickly scrambled over, and dropped to the ground, landing with grace on the other side.

She hurried behind the nearest car, fearing that the rattling fence might have alerted her presence. Luckily, several minutes passed, and there was no sign that she had given herself away. She crept back through the jumble of cars to the van she had spotted earlier. She tried the rear door, and with even more luck, she found it was

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unlocked.

She quickly climbed inside, closing the door behind her. Her luck continued to hold, as inside she found an old mattress propped against the side of the van, and some old blankets. She began to tip the mattress down flat onto the bed of the van. However, it was heavy and she winced as it thudded on the floor. Quickly, she threw the blankets on top, and climbed underneath them, covering herself head to toe, and hoped that anyone who peered inside the windows would mistake her for a lumpy pile of rags.

The minutes passed agonizingly slow. She held her breath, hoping against hope that no one had heard her. Finally, after what seemed to have been at least fifteen minutes, she let out a heavy sigh, and un-tensed.

Just as she did so, the side door to the van; against which she had unwittingly propped her back; opened up, and she tumbled out of the van.

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