

...from 'Killer Instinct'

She was begging for her life. Just for a moment, looking straight at her, he saw something in her eyes which made his gun waver, but he knew it had to be done. The sound was muted, which seemed so wrong when it was an ending to a human life. The look in her eyes hadn't been terror, more pity and what seemed like a touch of contempt.

"Shame." The Ferret emerged from the shadows. "She were all right that one."

It was true she had been very attractive with a figure to die for, though in the circumstances that was a touch too literal.

"Not my business." The gun had already been put away, efficiency was everything. "You know what to do."

"Not like it's the first time." He looked a little shifty and with him any hint of fear became olfactive and not through a lack of washing. "I'll see to it."

The Ferret knew unless he was perfect in his work, it could be him next time, though it was unlikely he would end his miserable years tied to a post. It was possible someone was losing their grip. In the job there was no room for such elementary mistakes.

There was something wrong about the Ferret, something to do with the way that he was dressed, especially that ghastly tie which seemed as wide enough to drive a lorry along it. It was a curious feeling almost as though ...

"No! No! No!"

"Shana, Shana, wake up."

It was a bed, a wide bed in an antiseptic room and there was a naked man sharing it. Maybe life hadn't been all roses but when it came to sex it had always been straight, even if the women had mostly been as rough as any man.

"What is up with you Shana?"

The covers moved and as they slipped away from his body they revealed a chest with breasts on it, rather nice, firm, breasts. It was then the world resumed its normal shape and form. They had

been a damn nuisance at times but they were hers and the man thing was only a dream.

"Bad dream," she said.

There were enough of the feelings from it lingering and she didn't want him to touch her.

Fortunately it was time to prepare for the day.

John Glander