

Sometimes the bear eats you...

by Mathew Paust

Blow's consciousness emerged in accelerating increments from the latent panic of being somewhere on his back in excruciating pain, unable to move or speak. A sense of something darkly malevolent looming above him riveted his attention around the barrel of what appeared to be a pistol inches from his face. Distantly, a non-specific voice intruded, complicating the sickening intimacy of his predicament enough to let in a familiar scent, and then the touch of thighs embracing his torso.

[full chapter 30 here: <https://mdpaust.blogspot.com/2017/05/deaths-honesty-30.html>]

