

# ChapTEr TeN



OLGA'S

**ENDGAME**

Silence.

The entire school was filled with the sort of hush of that comes in the middle of the night after taking a couple of Benadryl and still not being able to sleep because there is a mosquito in your room for some reason.

Silence.

The same silence one roommate greets another with as she obsessively cleans all of the closets in the house.

Silence.

Not unlike something really, really quiet.

Dodger looked at the now evil Olga, as the now evil Olga looked at Dodger. They looked at each other as if trying to look through their eyes trying to see if their looks would betray their intentions. Then they looked at a squirrel that was pooping, because they'd never seen that before.

Just how did that squirrel get into the gymnasium? The little sprig tailed mammal was taking the attention of both Olga and Dodger. Dodger the queer wolf saw the little guy as a meaty treat and also enjoyed their shared appreciation for nuts. Olga had trouble letting

anything she could feed her family on for a week go. They both wanted the squirrel- they both needed the squirrel.

Just then Marc Summers walked in as if he had never stopped hosting Family Double Dare and started commentating the event. It was annoying but there was a boom box and a Nintendo game system up for grabs.

“Oh boy,” Marc Summers commentated “We have quite a show down here children. Who will get the squirrel first and win this Sony Walkman?”

Dodger ran through the slime moat as Olga squeezed through the ear filled with peanut butter earwax. Flags were passed in a fury, in such a fury that Marc Summers had a seizure and threw up blood. Dodger was so close to that week at Space Camp he could taste it. It tasted like a squirrel, which he was now eating.

"Usurper!" shouted Olga, whose vocabulary had grown since becoming evil, "This ends here, or in several chapters, so that the book will be a reasonable length!"

Olga ripped off Marc Summer's head and began beating Dodger with it. This had no effect as...*wait for it...* every queer wolf... *here it comes...* loves a little head.

QueerWolf was visibly upset about the truncation of Marc Summers. He had come to enjoy his new show on Food Network and would be sad to not see a new season. Anger boiled up in the young homosexual werewolf as he started beating Olga with the motions

of the dance to YMCA. The Y movement hitting her with a hard uppercut; the M undercutting her; the C being a curvaceous punch that blinded Olga; the A – QueerWolf taking quite literally – stuffed his enclosed fist up her asshole. It was a disco bloodbath.

“It’s time to make your mouth a glory hole, biatch!” QueerWolf shouted as he decided not to completely kill off Olga right away, after all the chapter had just started.

QueerWolf was new to his powers, his strength, and his sexual orientation. He was bound to make mistakes. Doubling Olga was his first; contracting AIDS, his second. As QueerWolf continued to slap the silly shit out of Olga while crying a little because he broke a nail he couldn't help but think of his mother and the words of advice she always told him.

"Dodger," She'd say "Do you know how hard it is to get a coat hanger up your vagina when you're seven months pregnant? Now where's my mason jar?"

He'd probably be thinking of his mother a lot more now that he was a queer wolf. Also here are some other characters we completely dropped from the narrative:

Molly Mango

Blacko the Bus Driver

Mr DelicateFawn

Mrs Whompodompulous

Ralph Lauren

Jerry the Janitor

Mr Malone

Tami Teachersex

Ms Lazyeye

Lunch Lady VanHelsing

QueerWolf couldn't decide if he had to kill all the people listed above or rape them.

Maybe they are just reminders about how funny life can be. One day you are a sissy boy having a bad day then later that same day you are a sissy AND a man killing werewolf.

Somehow you can have at least thirty dream sequences in that day.

"It has been a long day," Dodger the queer wolf thought to himself while he trimmed up his pubes, knowing just what men liked. With his attention completely diverted Olga had time to repower by eating Marc Summer's testicles which were way gamer than she would have thought. Olga was ready to take on the hairy werewolf thing that was now looking up prices of permanent mascara procedures online. Gymnasiums totally have computers with internet access.

Dodger saw a pop up ad for ManWolfHunt.net and immediately clicked it.

ManWolfHunt.net was a website devoted strictly to queer werewolves looking for hook ups, but for some reason donated money to straight werewolves running for political office.

"I'm not alone!" Thought Dodger, "There are other queerwolves just like me. Oooh and this one is uncut!"

Dodger clicked and double clicked so furiously that he didn't hear Olga sneaking up behind him, but then again, like all vombies, she was very stealthy. Olga grabbed Dodger by his perfectly quaffed hair and threw him through the skylight. Dodger flew through the air and landed in 5th period Earth Science. He found himself completely covered in semen. How could this have happened you wonder? Well, it was semen lab test day in Earth Science and Dodger had landed in the semen tub. Duh!

"If only Marc Summers were here to see this." thought Dodger.

He had to do something quick so he began licking his hairy skin. The homo wolf was determined to get all the delicious semen off of him. The children in class were both afraid and turned on and disgusted at the situation that was unfolding. Several children threw up on their desks.

"Nothing to see here" QueerWolf lamented as he tried to calm the students down. "Just a homosexual werewolf licking semen off of his fur."

The students all agreed that compared to yesterdays run in with the Bunsen burners, aborted fetuses, and 100 drunken Indians, this was small beans comparatively.

With a resounding crash Olga flew through the roof, wings spread, because vombies have wings, and if they don't she picked them up on sale at Target. The children screamed in delight at finally

having some semblance of what a vombie was. However, their jubilation quickly turned to terror as Olga started grabbing children and feeding on them, sucking the juices from the ocular cavities like pimentos from olives.

"With every new soul I grow stronger." Olga said as she gleeked chunks of eye all over Dodger.

"Oh, fabulous." QueerWolf said with a sarcastic lisp "Fernando is going to be so pissed at me for not taking better care of my hair. Thanks, Olga. Thanks a lot."

Olga didn't mind much because she had found the trash can with all the unborn aborted fetuses. Each new soul gave the vombie strength but every aborted soul counted as double. Olga had grown to 10 feet high which was extremely rare for Russians. All the Jewish boys in the class had boners. No reason really. The vombie was spewing blood out her eyes and yelling demonic sounds as she tore up the classroom including all of the planet dioramas the children had spent hours making.

"That is totally unnecessary, Vombie." QueerWolf suggested while rolling his werewolf eyes.

"I'm so going to kill you now, you little bitch!" Queer wolfish Dodger had no idea how he was going to do this but he suddenly remembered a dream sequence he once had. It went a little something like this:

I hate you

said QueerWolf's mother as she placed him in his high chair. Then the next thing QueerWolf knew he was in a field of a thousand penises. Penises as far as the eye could

see. Old penises, new penises, bold penises. Blue penises. Black penises, red penises, cracked penises. Dead penises. This one has a little hat. This one looks like a baseball bat. Tall penises. Short penises. Mall penises. Blort penises. This one is awful sticky. This one looks kind of sickly. Yellow penises. Chartreuse penises. Mellow penises. Obtuse penises. How many penises in this book? Well go a head and take a look! Round penises. Flat penises. Found penises. Cat penises. Hairy penises. Growing penises. Scary penises. Flowing penises. Penis, penis in a tree. Penis, penis I do see. How many penises were in this book? I bet you're glad you took a look.

QueerWolf snapped back from his dream-like meditative state. He was hungry for a corn dog. But more importantly he knew now how to kill the vombie. He grabbed Abe and Potato Latke, the two remaining Jewish boys that were both taking cues from Anne Frank and trying to hide from the evil power that was destroying the classroom. They both had plenty of paper to write some kind of journal about their experiences in hiding. They would make big money when their memoirs were published, Anne Frank money.

QueerWolf picked them up and raised their crotches to his face. The young boy's erect penises were not hidden very well by their sweatpants.

“Hmmm, I have seen dradles that are bigger than this!”

QueerWolf had a plan. He ripped the boy's pants off and began sucking them off, one and then the other.

“This isn’t very kosher” QueerWolf yelled trying to make light of the situation as the young boys peed in his mouth out of fear and excitement and just because that is what Jews do when you suck them off.

QueerWolf, who was now slightly gagging in his mouth over that last description, began spraying the entire room with Jew urine, which as everyone knows is the vombie's one weakness.

"No!" Olga yelled while slowly backing away. "My one weakness!"

No one is really sure why Jew urine is so effective against vombies. Some believe it has to do with holocaust experiments while others simply say, "Have you ever been peed on by a Jew? It's gross."

Olga flew through the door chanting "I'll get you next time QueerWolf! This isn't over. I wish it was over, but there's still like 10 more chapters or something left."

There was a calm that filled the room; for the moment QueerWolf could relax. He knew he was safe. Then he was arrested for sexual assault on a minor. He would find out later that it was Olga who called the cops- even vombies know how to snitch. The police surrounded the classroom and descended upon the wolf, mistaking him for a very hairy

child molester and not a homosexual werewolf. It was the moustache really- everyone who has a moustache is a pedophile, it's a fact!

QueerWolf struggled against his chains biting five officers in the process, which may or may not turn them into queer wolves<sup>1</sup>. Years later the children in the classroom would have to undergo years of extensive therapy, especially the ones sucked off by a giant man/ wolf. (Sequel idea qw20 -queer wolf 20 years later) But that's neither here nor there.

“Please don't take me to jail!” Cried QueerWolf as the handcuffed closed shut on him, making everyone wonder why he did not fight the cops to remain free or why he so willingly, with a dreamy look in his eye, skipped to the squad car singing "It's my butt hole's birthday! It's my butt hole's birthday! Who's got the lube?"

These confusing actions begged the question: Was QueerWolf planning something, a coup maybe, when he arrived at the police station? All questions were answered when he begged every cop to strip search him and check and double check his anal hole for weapons or drugs or orgasms. He clearly had an agenda.

The police soon grew tired of this charade, and as they were covered in semen, decided the best revenge would be to throw QueerWolf in a cell with Rapey McGee, the rapist, currently in jail on tax evasion charges.

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<sup>1</sup> It's still up for debate if you're born a queer wolf or if it's a choice. Or if you become a queer wolf after a childhood of sexy molestation and your grandfather watching you shower. We are just glad queer wolves can't get married! Except in Canada, where moustaches are prevalent which again starts the whole argument over again.

"Deal with that, laddy." Said Drunky the Irish cop.

"But my asshole!" shrieked QueerWolf "Probe me baby, one more time!"

The cop quickly spit into his face and slammed the jail cell closed leaving QueerWolf alone with Rapey McGee.

"Why didn't I just use my super strength and powers to escape before all of this?"

QueerWolf pondered still wondering why he didn't use his super strength to escape his jail cell and all of the plot holes in this novel.

As mentioned before, Dodger was new to taking on form of QueerWolf and might find himself in these kind of situations like 300 more times before the books is over. Its going to be a really, really long book. Epic could barely describe the length of this book. Words upon words. Some day civilizations will look back on this book with a religious fever as a new testament to the life of Jesus Christ. They shall be called Dogerians and every Sabbath they will cover themselves in semen and meditate themselves into dream sequences.

"Want some toilet wine?" asked Rapey McGee presenting his asshole like a cat. That is where he stored his toilet wine. "You can never be too careful." Rapey wisely mused as Dodger licked his butt clean of all the delicious intoxicant that was stored up there. It

must have been two bottles worth. It tasted like Windex and rotten oranges with a hint of cinnamon, or was that cumin he tasted?! These were Dodgers favorite flavors and had repeatedly been heart broken when his written requests to Ben & Jerry's for Windex and Rotten Orange flavored ice cream were returned, unopened.

As the sun began to rise, or set, whatever time of day it was, has it only been one day so far? It seems like about three months. Dodger and Rapey Mcgee held each other in a warm embrace sipping pruno out of Rapey's puckered hiney hole. As they looked into each other's (brown) eyes they felt the love of the ages fall over them like a thousand stars from heaven.

Then, Rapey stabbed Dodger with a shiv. It was cute. The heavy bleeding made QueerWolf fall into a deep dream sequence. He kind of remembers an ambulance, a couple rapes, a hospital, and those cute little cups of orange juice with foil lids they always and only serve at hospitals. When he awoke Dodger had returned to his human form. Maury Povitch was on the hospital TV set.

Maury Povitch, who was married to Carnie Chang, or was it Connie Chung? Actually, his first marriage was to Carnie Chang, a hefty, more zaftig version of Connie with a singing voice that would circumcise a boy. He promptly left Carnie when Connie made a pass at Maury at a Korean BBQ joint while Carnie choked to death on a piece of goat meat.

Thank you Wikipedia!

Maury had a television show that specialized in showcasing freaks of all kinds- deformities, the morbidly obese, people with cancer, but this particular episode peaked Dodger's interest. Two very hairy men were being interviewed about their disease that covers their entire bodies with hair, not unlike a queer wolf. As you could imagine, Dodger was incredibly aroused. Using the small cup of orange juice with the foil lid as a masturbator, Dodger did what most people did when watching Maury – milked the crotch worm.

Can you imagine how hot Maury and Connie Chung sex was? AMAZING. Connie with her Chinese vertical vagina and Maury with his aging flapping skin, he must be like 200 years old. A vampire possibly? Dodger grabbed the phone, which was unsurprisingly covered in semen, and dialed the numbers on the screen. Dodger had to be a guest on this show. Dodger had to meet Maury and possibly destroy him.