



Leaning back, White Fang stretched out the kinks from last night's shift. He'd roamed the back streets, getting a feel for the town. Staying out of nose range, he'd watched werewolves hightail it for the surrounding forest. Most of them had been mated pairs.

Bringing the town's directory up on screen, he typed in a search for Katrina Collins. There it was, address and phone number. Grabbing his cell, he thumbed in the number. No answer, just a cheery voice mail greeting.

With action now required, White Fang rose and strode toward his second floor deck. Once outside, he glanced around, then jumped over the rail. An instant later he blurred to super speed.

February 2012

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDA	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
29	30	31	1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10