

Exploring the forest has never been more tense. Missing persons are on the rise and no trace of any of them have been found. Some reports of werewolves have been made known, especially with the noises some of the people here hear at night. Yet here you are, fetching some more firewood for your room. Your covers worked fine but it's hard to sleep when the rest of the house is frigid. This obviously put you at risk of an attack but hypothermia didn't seem too enjoyable either. Let alone that, but the werewolf rumors were just that. Rumors. This would prove to be your downfall. As you gathered your 3rd stick, you could feel eyes burning into you from behind. It caused you to freeze. Perhaps it was just your imagination? No... Your imagination doesn't growl...

Before you could think to run, you were tackled down by a strength that doubled anything you could hope to muster. Hot breath enveloped the back of your head and a deep growl shook your body to the core. Mighty claws dug into your sides and pinned your arms to the floor, an overbearing weight pressed down over you. The body of a werewolf has never been so obvious. You wanted to scream and tear away from the grip but the werewolf was already tired of your struggles, leaving no room for you to escape.

The werewolf flipped you over from the ground. As you looked above you, the shade of midnight hardly cloaked the wolf in his size. The clouded gray fur, dark yellow eyes that proved efficient for catching you in the first place. Lastly, the massive build that almost rivaled your own home. You wanted to call out, hoping the werewolf had more to him than just a beast, but it was too late. With practiced efficiency, the werewolf lifted you from behind and chomped down over your head, the warm mask of saliva encased your head and shoulders as the werewolf growled over you possessively. The thick and tough tongue flapped against your face, sliding over you and drenching you in saliva. It was a task to try and even breath, much less attempt to fight out of his massive grip. Let alone the strength of the beast that captured you, the fangs of his muzzle proved too dangerous to push against. At any minute, you could be torn apart. The claws continued to keep your arms by your sides as he bit down further. The fangs of the massive werewolf only narrowly avoided piercing your skin. As your face pressed into the thick muscles in the back of the werewolf's throat, the motion of gulping forced itself opening, the werewolf lifting you up further to force you inside. All of your movements were rendered useless as the werewolf continued to eat you.

Your face soon squeezed into the throat of the massive wolf, the film of saliva only growing thicker and more potent with a putrid stench you would hardly like to place. Your arms entered the maw of the beast as your face began to sink down into the gullet. You wanted to run away and panic, though you were completely powerless. Another rugged swallow forced your waist into his muzzle. His tongue works to lubricate your body in thick saliva, readying you even further for your descent. What kind of monster would force you in his mouth alive without putting you out of your misery? With a very capable body, did he just want to feel you suffer? The answer would yet to make itself known, the lurching feeling of the massive beast swallowing you once more as your head was now fully upside down and submerged in that horrid stench coming from the gut of the beast. With most of your body being taken in, the werewolf seemed to find less enjoyment in using his tongue, instead allowing your feet to sink into the slobbery maw. Your legs were still fully clothed and prepared for harsh colds, yet the pool of saliva worked through the clothes easily. It seemed almost merciful to find a slow descent, almost peaceful if not for the imminent danger it poses for you.

Even against the throat muscles, the concept of escape seemed distant and impossible unless the werewolf suddenly decided that he didn't want a meal. Though even with your current depth in the wolf, that wouldn't seem enjoyable. As you were winking into the throat, the wolf moved around, some compressions around your body making it feel like his paws were pushing you further down as you sank. He truly was simply enjoying this. Eventually, your head pressed into a valve, your body pressing into it slowly before the valve opened into the dreaded destination. One that you never thought you'd share. As you fell, the rancid cage of half digested remains awaited you in the dark, your face soon getting flushed into the disgusting mush as the rest of your body was curling into the messy sludge, the stench bubbling upwards and around you as you were firmly place in the bellowing sac. You couldn't stretch out, only compacted downwards under the mass of fur and muscle, shoving you further into the confines of the previous werewolf food you were surrounded by. You didn't want to yell, believing that the stench or the mush would find its way to your tongue. You were close enough as is, after all.

It didn't take long for fear to take hold, causing you to writhe under the weight. You wanted to try and dig your way out, perhaps giving the werewolf enough pain to regret taking you in in the first place. You only ended up covering yourself in the filth unwittingly. Something the werewolf took much joy in. From inside, you

could feel his excitement around you. His paws stroking your cage and causing it to constantly shift. It felt similar to a rowing boat, narrowly avoiding the feeling of nausea. It constantly shifted around you and slowly coated you more in the thick fluids around you.

Underneath you was at first a vague bulge you could have ignored, but the pulses of it and the passing paw that nudged it some more painted a well enough picture of what exactly was happening. The reason the werewolf ate you in such an unsightly way was now clear. His excitement almost seemed to outweigh your dread. His massive build now sliding down against a tree into a slow seat. As he was taking his seat, his paw rubs became more ferocious. The bulge underneath your fleshy sac proved to strengthen some more, now jabbing upwards into your own containment, the head of the cock even proving to jab up into your form. It was massive, befitting the body the werewolf carried. Your backside was even uplifted as his cock jabbed you some more. It was hard to imagine the full strength of the cock as it lifted you. Even with your biggest emails, you could never hope to lift your entire stomach with your own penis. Such is the power of the werewolf, it seems. Thinking about such massive cocks led to your own to surprise you. It was an odd thing, feeling yourself being claimed as a meal and the idea itself of being eaten wasn't anything too arousing. But...

There was an odd feeling attached to it. This werewolf chose you, although in the worst case, and he enjoyed you as well. He found the most enjoyment out of this as you were in his jaws. Did you just taste that good to him? Did he enjoy you as a meal? These very thoughts drove you to squeeze your hand out of your gloves, reaching down to satisfy yourself as he did as well. The fluids of the belly seemed much warmer now that it was clinging to your skin, the glove quickly being lost in the dark mess. The sappy mess only seemed to warm up more as your excitement grew. Your werewolf captor was growing more irritable, your room now bouncing widely as he aggressively masturbated, your own climax soon approaching. It felt amazing, much better than you would have thought. To think you ventured this far out for some firewood, only to find the warmest bed around.

It felt like an unlikely miracle, but your climax came quickly and your mess splattered across the digesting remains of your clothes. Alongside you was the werewolf, thrusting once more into the stomach only a second after yours, a booming howl that burrowed through the stomach and straight to your ears. Never have you thought that you would hear a werewolf howl from the inside yet here you are. In

your afterglow, the smallest remains of your climax are still leaking. The werewolf was heaving, his paws now sliding upwards to soothe his belly with you inside. It seemed almost affectionate. As the werewolf stood, his belly lurched. You could feel the digestion process as it came to a more noticeable speed.

As you felt his stomach rise, the rocking motion continued once more. His paws were still working to satisfy his meal as he walked. Presumably Back to his den. In your afterglow, you were already plenty relaxed. With the thrum of a heartbeat in your ears, the gentle swaying of the werewolf's gut, and the heat of his stomach felt so pleasant against your body. With you as his meal, you could feel a lot better about this rest. Easily, you went to sleep.

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