

No Greater Gift

by Anima

"Come on dear, you'll be late for the dinner party." Di called out to her husband Jules, who was still in the bathroom. He mumbled a reply and staggered out a few moments later.

Jules winced as his beautiful wife tightened his necktie a bit. "You look great hon. How late is this thing supposed to go?"

"I don't know, about 7:00 I think." She said airily, flinging a gauzy scarf over her shoulders and making for the door.

Actually, the party ended up going until 9:00, leaving the couple exhausted.

"This on top of a workday...oh man." Jules groaned, cranking down his car window on the drive home to keep him awake. Diana nodded in mid-yawn, having had a couple drinks as well as too little sleep. Whizzing by the neat rows of suburban dwellings, the Cadillac's gleaming hood reflected the glow of the full moon. Jules saw and yet didn't see the cratered disk nestled among the clouds.

Diana had been married to a werewolf for three years. Of course, her husband Jules hadn't suffered from lycanthropy when she accepted his proposal; he contracted it on their honeymoon when a creature assaulted them in a Colorado state park. Both had wept bitterly when they'd discovered the result of that attack, but Di promised still to love her mate. As with all things you live in close proximity to, Jules' werewolfism gradually became an accepted fact of life. On full moons, Jules slept in the kitchen with a fridge full of raw meat. Gorging himself, he would often slide into a torpor until his true form returned. Only immediate family was aware of Jules' 'nightlife', and generally tried to avoid the young couple.

Now, Diana and Jules stumbled into the house and prepared only minimally for bed. Comfortably naked, they settled into bed and immediately fell asleep.

Diana woke to a sense of wrongness, and a quick glance at the clock produced a frustrated moan from her. Midnight. She turned to check on Jules and stifled a scream.

"No...no, oh Jules. We forgot--" Her love was transformed, his frame covered in thick gray fur and his face halfway between a wolf's and a man's. His gleaming green eyes were watching her intently as she held a hand to her mouth. The terrified woman had seen him in this state before, but had never been caught off guard like this, so close to him. Then she remembered the meat.

"Jules, please...go!" She whispered, slowly shifting towards the edge of the bed. His massively muscled arm was there, keeping her close. The fur was soft and warm, but no comfort at all. His hand-paw stroked her nude flank, his leathery pads cool on her skin. His warm breath drifted over her face, carrying the scent of the man her husband was the majority of the time. Diana tried to push away, but

Jules was supernaturally strong. He gathered her to him, bringing his face in close to hers. No scream escaped her lips as she had planned, only a tiny squeak that was lost as the beast kissed her. Wet fangs pressed against her gums, and his tongue slavered across her face and within her mouth.

To her relief, the primal kiss didn't last. He pulled back, and rose to his knees on the bed. For a moment it appeared Jules was leaving the bed, but he was only reversing his position. Soon she shivered as the wolf man's cold nose snuffled along her toes, whiskers brushing and tickling her soles. Now she almost felt like giggling, hoping against hope that her husband could be gentle in this shape. Diana relaxed further when he began licking her feet tenderly, and settled back into her pillow. An odd warmth began creeping up her body, prompting her to check on her mate. For a moment, Diana's brain could not deal with the image her eyes fed into it. Her feet were inside Jules, engulfed in his muzzle. And more was following. Now she did scream, but no one was around to hear. Horrified, she sat up and grasped her calves, trying to pull herself out of the wolf's jaws. But a powerful suction defeated her efforts, and drew a few more inches of human flesh inside Jules. Diana began sobbing as she watched herself vanish into the sultry warmth of the thing she called husband.

"Jules! Please, don't do this! If you can hear me...don't..." Her voice trailed off into a whimper as the creature ignored her sounds of distress. Oh yes, if it wasn't for the fact that she was about to die, she would've been quite comfortable. The creature's throat tissue was velvety soft and very warm, seemingly not tight at all. In fact, as more of her body was drawn into the wolf and presented no real problem to him, she concluded a kind of magic must be helping him expand. Jules' neck was bulging with the her lower legs, gray skin showing beneath the fur as his flesh stretched over hers. It thickened further when her knees passed the beast's wet lips. Slimy warmth wrapped her like a blanket as she sank further, a slight tightness telling Diana her feet had just passed through into her husband's ribcage. Like a volcano, Jules' stomach growled and rumbled beneath her. He licked her thoroughly with his smooth tongue, coating her skin with saliva and ensuring a smooth trip down. The mere suction of his constant gulping was no longer enough to keep Diana sliding down his gullet, so new action was needed.

Jules slid his legs off the bed and crouched at the foot of the bed. With a shove forward, Diana found herself pinned against the oak headboard. With this brace, her slim body vanished even faster. Wriggling her toes, the prey felt a sphincter give around them and welcome her into a sticky chamber. A couple minutes later, she felt the inner surface of Jules' stomach against the soles of her feet. It was pulpy and had a kind of rippled texture...slime oozed from the stomach walls and squelched up between her toes. Rasping his tongue across Diana's alabaster thighs, the creature that Jules had become drooled in anticipation and swallowed urgently. He paused a moment to tongue her sex curiously, making Diana's teary eyes widen.

'Oh no...not that too! Please, that would be too much.' As if hearing her thoughts, Jules just gave her vulva a lingering lick-kiss before his throat rippled around her in another monstrous swallow. Little whimpers of hunger escaped his lips around her waist, betraying the bestial urge to stuff her lovely body, whole and alive, into his guts. Inch by inch Di slid deeper inside her lover. Her waist was enveloped only a moment before her breasts slid out of sight. By now, Jules was lying mostly on the bed and using his paws to shove the huge piece of food down into his belly.

Diana blacked out briefly, and awoke to more of the same darkness. A rhythmic thrumming that seemed to fill her skull proved to be her soul-mate's heartbeat, communicated easily through the tissue surrounding her. Diana's fingertips wiggled in the relatively cool air outside the wolf man's body, and she could feel her buttocks squished comfortably against the bottom of the stomach. The stomach

waited impatiently to finish engulfing her. Pulsing in excitement, the sphincter rippled up over her head and closed around her arms. Soon a series of gulps pushed her limbs inside as well, and the process was complete. Shivering walls of hot flesh pressed against her everywhere in regular pulses, coating her body with a mixture of slime and mild acid. It was not yet burning her, but Diana was under no illusions that this would last. Using the last breath of air she possessed, wife addressed husband.

"Jules, I never thought we could get any more intimate...shows how much I know. I forgive you love. It was both our faults. I give you my body again, my last gift to you..." Her words were barely audible from within the beast, muffled by layers of muscle and slimy tissue.

Jules reset his jaw, relaxed and stroked his quivering gut, a smile on his lupine features. A quiet, liquid gurgle signaled the start of digestion. It had been a glorious meal. Belching loudly, the wolfman rolled onto his side with some difficulty and sank into the sleep of a well-sated predator. If only every meal could be like this...