

Death, Taxes, and a Hungry Wolf's Stomach
Another tale by Anima. M/F sex, F/M vore, and applied metaphysics. ;K)

Nathan pulled the heavy load on his back a little higher, and slogged up the hill before him with a determined groan!

"I'll make ten miles today if I have to crawl!" he growled, wading through a stand of young pines, springy branches brushing some of the heavy snow from his jacket. Putting one burning leg in front of the other, the hiker made steady progress towards the pine-spiked summit, before something grabbed his boot and dragged him down. Pwuff.

Nathan spread his arms and legs, making an involuntary snow-angel as he tried to hoist himself free. A gasping breath or two, and he began laughing, rolling over onto his back. Resting his aching body, Nate gazed up past the maze of gently swaying branches at the electric blue sky.

"It's your fault, you know," he matter-of-factly informed the sky. "You just looked too damn good to avoid, all cloudless and deep..." He raised an arm, and wagged a mittened-finger, snickering.

When he felt capable of verticality once again, Nate levered himself out of the man-shaped crater in the snow and struggled up the last few feet. He'd just lifted his eyes from his footing when he spotted it...straight ahead, perhaps twenty feet away. Soft gray coat, piercing yellow eyes, tensed frame and trained ears.

"Oh my god..." Nathan breathed, slowly tugging off one mitten to free his moist red hand. Reaching behind him, he burrowed into the side pocket of his backpack, feeling for his camera. But with a flirt of its tail, the wolf vanished, darting down an ill-defined corridor of red pines. Nathan's fingers closed on the camera, and he followed the fleeing tail amongst the textured pillars of the trees.

"Ranger never mentioned wolves, did she? I thought they'd been driven out, one and all." Mumbling to himself, Nathan watched the faint trail like a hawk as he shuffled along, making as little noise as he could manage. Surprisingly, he crested a low hill to see the wolf staring right back up at him, still about twenty feet ahead.

Excited, he raised his camera, and got a stunningly beautiful photo of...a spray of snow. Cursing into his high wool-lined collar, he set off again, wishing he had a Slim Jim or something to lure the wolf closer for just a moment.

Ten minutes later, Nate was certain the wolf was teasing him. She'd led him up and down several hills already, and now the landscape seemed to be funneling down into a valley. A sudden thought brought the excited hiker up short. Could she be leading him to her pack? Was he dinner? Nate gazed slowly around, peering between snow-skirted

pinetrees, feeling like a child in a ballroom amidst a forest of legs.

An odd half-yip half-wurf brought his head around again, to see the wolf with front legs spread and head down low to the ground, most certainly a playful pose. Nate hesitated, then took a slow step closer. One wolf was odd enough! Chances were slim there was an entire pack here, living unnoticed...

Another step. This time, the wolf stood its ground, gazing up at him and wagging a snow-jeweled tail slowly. Another step...another... Nearly before he realized it was headed for him, the wolf frisked right into his legs, bowling him over into the snow! The impact was solid, and as he gazed up at the wolf standing over his sprawled body, he fully realized the size of the creature he'd been pursuing... Not even Saint Bernards were this big!

He began to roll slowly away from...her, he guessed, but when he rolled onto his back he saw a gray-furred leg cross over and plant a big clawed paw down on his other side... then a hindleg, the wolfess straddling him. He turned his head slowly up, to find himself nearly nose-to-nose with the panting wolf! Nate swallowed and lay as still as he could, watching the wolfess watch him.

With a slow unmistakable wink, the wolf settled all her weight down atop him! A warm tongue slid out to stripe his face, startling a gasp, then a giggle from the downed hiker.

"Are you even a wolf at all? Maybe a husky...or a half-breed... No way you'd be doing this if you were wild." Nate chuckled weakly, while the wolf gape-grinned at him.

"Well, I'm not exactly a wolf, but I find the form appropriate these days." The sultry, growl-toned voice insinuated itself straight into his mind, but with the wolf's eyes locked to his, there was no question where it had come from.

"Bringing down the sick, the weak, the foolish... Making them mine." Her eyes lidded partially, tongue draped over her black lower lip as she panted atop him, her stomach letting out a loud enough gurgle to be heard above the pounding of his heart and felt through three layers of clothes.

"Eventually, all will be mine, but I'm patient."

Nathan swallowed again, and shut his eyes, jaw clenched achingly tight. "No. No no no. There's absolutely no way in hell this is happening!"

The warm heavy weight atop him shifted, then vanished. Had he banished his delusion so easily? He felt a tug on his jeans, and the zhurt of a zipper. Struggling up, he opened his eyes just in time to get shoved back down with a furred hand. Hand. Not paw. What?!

She'd changed... Humanoid now, but far from human. Still thickly furred with the soft

gray pelt, still grinning with a muzzle full of teeth and tongue, and those yellow eyes. But...he couldn't help but notice the heavy furred roundness of a perfect pair of breasts, and the darker fur between her thighs. That furred hand wrapped around his member was surprisingly the *last* change he noticed, but notice it he did, when the wolf bitch gave it a squeeze.

"I wasn't always patient enough to enjoy myself... Four centuries ago, you would've already found your way down my throat." Removing her paw from the middle of his chest, she withdrew it to rest it on her belly, which was quite heavily swollen now that he took a good look at it. Swollen...and squirming?! Faint bulges rippled her thick pelt, and the wolfess took a definite pleasure in his reaction.

"GOD! Y-you ate...alive?!" He tried again to scramble up, but felt a prick at the base of his shaft as she lightly applied a claw tip. Eying him with frank anticipation, she circled that claw tip around his girth.

"Nothing lately. But then, no life I've absorbed ever leaves me... That would rob me of the greatest part of my meal." She licked her lips with a soft smack, and slid forward to cover his body once again with her own, big pudgy belly squashing him down into the pine bough-strewn snow.

"You would understand, given time and some help from me. I love, and I devour, and I possess." She arched her back smoothly, lifted her legs up until her foot paws were nearly level with her hips, and wedged her claws into the waist of his pants. With one insistent shove, they were gone, a wrinkled wad bunched against his boots.

"I love you, I will devour you, and I will possess you until I finish my time-spanning meal." It sounded almost like a prayer, the way she said it! Nate's panicked mind slipped off on a tangent, wondering how many had heard that mantra before becoming wolf-fat?

Her claws deftly unzipped his coat and pushed it off, then tore through his two shirts, baring his winter-pale flesh. She murrmmrrred deep in her throat as she pressed herself down, heavy breasts flattened into luscious disks between them. Nate emitted a strangled groan when the bitch engulfed his shaft, devouring it with just as much drool and greed as he expected to face from her jaws any second. The rumbling murrmmrrr in the wolf's throat was actually very sexy, but as her weight pushed him down hard enough that the snow molded around his buttocks, the chill brought sense back to him.

"W-who are you? Why..." The words just wouldn't come, his fear choked them off. To finish the job though, she kissed him, savagely, muzzle turned on one side to let her mold her slick lips over his mouth and thrust her tongue in to toy with his own. Withdrawing when he'd begun to thrash from lack of air, she grinned down at him, breasts heaving as she panted. So playful, but earnest too...there was no way to interpret what the wolf was doing as a game.

“I am Entropy. Not death...no, I’m a bit too large to fit inside that human concept. All come to me...and I take all. No thing, living or not, will escape me ‘ere the end of time.” She ground her bloated stomach against him, moaning in a way that kept Nate hard despite his imminent doom. “Ohhhh yes... My gut will hold it all, every star creature and stone, and I will finally be glutted. You’re not even a grain of sand on the beach lover, but I adore you nonetheless.”

She ground her hips into his, strong supple thighs locked around his own, warm rivulets of slippery lust trickling down his bare flesh to cool rapidly in the crystallized February breeze. She clenched her teeth in ecstasy, eyes mere slits as she hissed, “Mine!”

She bucked against him hard, and had she been any less soft in the middle, Nate would’ve bruised badly. With her teeth so near his throat, and her claws everywhere, Nathan gave up his hope and grabbed for the moment... If you had to go, rutting a luscious werewolf bitch was a heck of a way to leave! She growled her approval when he began to really participate, and licked her lips to keep the saliva from pouring over Nate’s face. His now-slippery body heaved against hers, good clean effort-sweat, thin as water but marked with his alluring scent. Her stomach churned and ached with the sheer need to claim this man, but the fire kindled in her loins drowned her belly out with its roar.

Nathan felt that snug sex flutter around his shaft, then spasm uncontrollably, a frantic caress his throbbing cock just could *not* withstand! His hot seed squirted, slathering her honeyed channel, giving her just what she needed to go off. Muscles that had only teased up to now tensed and clenched, seizing Nate’s member and milking it so tightly the man’s eyes bulged!

The wolfess sat up on his hips, rolling her own hips to grind her soaked swollen nether-petals into his ticklish curling groin-hair, one finger strumming her clitoris and the other paw planted on his knee to steady herself. Her silken flesh bullied every last drop of his seed from him before she relaxed her loins, and slowly sank back down atop him, much of the urgency that he’d feared in her eyes now gone. He could even enjoy the heat, scent, and weight of her... The wolf’s thick fur was softer than it looked, and her form had much for even a human to admire.

He found himself kissing her ears, cupping her weighty breasts, and dragging his pitiful ‘claws’ through the ice crystal-flecked pelt on her back. She moaned happily, leaning into his touch, panting with her tongue hanging loose from her jaws! He found himself relaxing...forgetting the peril, and just wondering how such an incredible creature had come to pin him down and screw him silly in the snow? No girl he’d ever met had responded so well, or been so utterly ferocious! And her possessiveness...mmmm.

“Yours...” He whispered, eyes sliding shut. When his shakily stroking hands slid along the full plump curves of her sides though, he again felt the twitch of something or someone on the other side of that pelt and yelped just a touch.

“Mmmmm, I do so appreciate it when my food plays with me in return,” she teased him, caressing his cheek, her paw pads wet with perspiration. “Would you like to go again, or finish up?”

He shuddered beneath her bulk, and cursed himself for thinking with his crotch again. He was hard already, and she was enjoying the renewed full-feeling as his cock spread her snug channel once more. Nathan looked in her eyes, swallowed, and ground his body slowly up into her soft heat. Loll-grinning slyly, she drew up her legs and knelt astride him.

Nate’s member slipped from her wet grip a bare second before she caught it between two furred digits again, and re-engulfed it with a possessive growl. Now she rose and fell, bobbing on his half-painfully throbbing length, nectar washing his body in slow lust-propelled waves. He propped himself on his elbows, and watched her, the transitive expressions on his face making the bitch chuckle and wink.

“Whatever you’re thinking has been thought before, and will be again, I’m sure.” She whispered, between two buttery squelches of descent. “But still, gift me your thoughts. I shall remember the gift later, when you reside within me, and your mind is laid open.”

Nate swallowed again at the thought of his life and every past moment exposed for this creature’s pleasure and entertainment, but reminded himself that, like she’d said, he would hardly be a unique specimen.

“I wonder if I could escape, throw you off without feeling your teeth on my throat...and decide I couldn’t. I wonder what it will be like inside you, how I could survive there, and how so many fit whole in there. I...I think a little about my friends, my family.” He groaned quietly as the wolf took a particularly long time to slide herself back down his shaft, and paused there, tail wagging slowly.

“Have you a mate?” She murrred, squeezing him lazily with her amazing muscles, their pulses beating against one another. He shook his head, exhaling a great cloud as he sighed.

“No...I’ve left off dating. I wanted to be...established before—heh,” He shook his head slowly, and sank back into the snow, resting his hands on the wolf’s hips.

“A few times, I’ve gone after the mate of one I’d swallowed, by their request so they could be reunited within me.” She smiled, and stroked her bulging stomach slowly, fond memories playing behind her eyes.

“Selfish, or not? Their mates missed them, it’s true, but not often enough to surrender willingly to my appetite.” She rose and fell more quickly, breasts bobbing and tail beating Nate’s legs as she strove just like an athlete for the goal. “Still, once they’d reconciled, their matings are particularly delicious to feel.”

Nate held on to the wolf as she dipped over and over, panting and shivering without her body completely covering his. The mess of honey covering him from his lower belly nearly down to his knees made him wish she'd cover his whole body to warm him up. He nearly got his wish when she showed the signs of climax again, and Nathan again gave up his seed to her sticky blossom. Her lust fountained over him in three or four lazy splashes, making him gasp when the liquid immediately began to cool.

His limbs shook uncontrollably now, a signal his partner could not ignore. Sliding down against him again, she took him in her arms tightly, and rolled onto her back. Now he was off the cold ground, but exposed to the air...

"In, lover. Complete your journey and find your rest...The cold world is done with you." Her words made him quail at first, but the naked need in her eyes and the thing she'd said came back. He would never be alone again...forever part of this creature, whatever she was. Nate controlled his shivering long enough to nod. She smiled deeply, stomach gurgling beneath him.

"You will never suffer again." She cooed to him in her growly voice, before opening her mouth wide and sliding her jaws over the top of his head.

Nate started to jerk his head back, but before she even pricked him warningly, he relaxed atop her plush belly, and slid his face willingly over the slimy carpet of her tongue. The wolfess climaxed again immediately at this surrender, re-coating Nathan in her warmth.

Though her jaws didn't dislocate, they seemed to grow around him, and he found her lips noisily slurping over his shoulders before his head even touched the tip of his throat. When it did though, he gasped, feeling the ring of muscle quiver eagerly around the crown of his head.

The wolf's steady 'Murrrrrr' of pleasure soothed him, and he managed not to void his bladder when that muscular ring flexed and grabbed his head, tugging him down into slickness. Slickness became the only sensation in fact... Her throat flesh was so incredibly smooth that his body quickly adjusted to it and ignored the sensation, much how someone soon ignores the sensation of how socks feel on their feet.

Her drool poured down past him, trickling into the darkness beneath his suspended head, before she gulped again. His chest slid past her lips, teeth grazing him almost playfully, and her tongue swabbing him down before she swallowed yet again.

The wolf caressed her swollen throat, eyes completely shut as she savored the sweat-tanged body of her latest acquisition. His psychic flavor was just as appealing, laced with the energy and hope of youth, but mellowed and deepened by researched wisdom and a quiet joy in the natural world. She would rest for a good few months and study his mind, learn him inside and out before hunting again, surely. He deserved that attention.

When her thoughts returned to the present, she was surprised to find only his feet

protruding from her dripping lips. Grinning around his ankles, she pulled off each boot with a ‘murf’ of effort, tossing them lazily into the brush with two sprays of snow. The socks soon joined them, and she stroked the very-pink feet with her long tongue. Squinting in laughter as she felt his squirms at the tickles, she drew in those feet, teeth clicking shut after his toes.

She threw her head back and gulped in quick succession, spreading her arms out in the snow and laying quite still to feel the delicious slither of his body sinking down... down...down...then through, and completing the glorious filled sensation in her gut. She belched once, more of custom than need, a streamer of drool borne up and out with the warm human-scented gust of air. Stroking her belly in a slow circle she relaxed...

Nathan groaned just a little when his shoulders were pushed into the wolf’s stomach. Webs of drool and belly-slime clung to him, and more was mashed into his hair and slathered over his skin as the throat shoved more and more of him in, crowding his body into her belly. Forced into a curl, he felt his legs pushed down and in, the belly’s sphincter mooshing shut with a quite firm clench. Feeling rather ridiculous at this point, Nathan wiped slime from his eyes and opened them.

What he was expecting to see, he didn’t know... Maybe a little light filtering through her fur and tissues, or perhaps a complete darkness. What he did see was indeed darkness, for the light he saw could have no physical source. It glowed from above him and a bit to the left, outlining the blood vessels in the belly-sac he was imprisoned in. But between the stomach and that glow were dark shapes...other curled up forms like his, some resting and others appearing to talk, nodding now and then. Other forms were in pairs, and one he realized was indeed making love in their own tightly-constrained sac. He couldn’t count the forms he saw; they seemed to keep stretching back into space that couldn’t possibly have been there!

He felt the belch of his ‘host’, and the caress of her paws on his body, muffled by inches of flesh and...fat? But if she didn’t ever digest anyone, how...

“I’ll answer your questions, but just relax now, Nathan. You are mine, you always will be, and once you accept that the rest is infinitely easier.”

The low sultry voice of the wolf slid through his mind, arousing and calming at the same time. He shut his eyes again, relaxed into the liquid heat around him, and accepted his fate—An eternity in a metaphysical concept’s stomach.

Rolling to her paws, the wolf flowed back into her quadruped wolf form, stomach hanging low and round beneath her and rubbing deliciously against the inside of her hindlegs. Panting for more than one reason, she frisked back to her den, one bite closer to completing her meal.

Your Time Will Come.