

## Brother's Bond

by ilbv

In a decent sized house that was nestled beside a smooth flowing stream and the pleasant woods, there lived 7 brothers. These boys were fawns. They were human from the waist up; the rest was a goat body.

These boys lived together so that they could raise enough money to begin lives of their own. The oldest was Seth; he was 25 and practically a father figure for his younger brothers. He was a carpenter, and he had built the home they lived in. Seth was dating a pretty fawn named Penelope, but she's not really in this story. Ron was the second oldest. At 18, he was a huge flirt with the female fawns. He was hoping to get a girlfriend soon, and to impress, he worked out regularly along side Seth, so both of them were very strong. Dean was the third oldest and he had just turned 16, he was hoping to get his license in sword fighting soon. When he wasn't delivering packages for the postal service, he spent his free time studying sword play. Trevor was the fourth brother and he was beginning to hit puberty, his 13 year old voice dropped and he began to shave regularly. Milo and Crete were identical twins and the next youngest. They were both 9, but Milo was born first, and the two of them argued about this bitterly from time to time. The youngest fawn was Eric, and he was a thumb sucking 5 year old who was not afraid of anything. He squashed spiders and beetles with his bare hands and licked them clean. He was the only one able to catch fish with out a rod or net and he dreamed of being a king in a castle made of gumdrops. The brothers lived happily and there were no problems of any sort.

The village was a few miles down the path that went through the woods. Everyday, one of the boys would take the trip into the village to get groceries or supplies or whatever they needed. This trip was sometimes dangerous, for there were stories of a large wolf stalking helpless travelers and gobbling them up without a trace to be found. Lately only Seth and Ron went out, and Dean stayed behind to watch the younger ones. All of the brothers, (except Eric) were afraid of the wolf, even Seth who was as strong as a mountain lion, trembled at the thought of the wolf. It was the instinct part of him, goats were naturally afraid of wolves.

One day, Ron was walking back from the village carrying a sack of potatoes for the night's dinner. Unbeknownst to him, two piercing yellow eyes spied his every move. A wolf, crouched behind the bushes, not 15 feet away, and he placed a paw on his stomach. The Wolf licked his lips and dreamed of the taste he would soon indulge upon. "Ah, a fawn, what a lovely meal, I'll just gobble him up right here." the Wolf said to himself. Ron turned, he had heard a noise. The Wolf stayed motionless as Ron scanned his surroundings. Deciding there was nothing amiss, he resumed walking. The Wolf narrowed his eyes and was just about to pounce when a man on a horse and three female fawns came around the bend and caught up with Ron. Two of the girls were fond of Ron, the other was fond of Dean and she poured out her desires for him to talk to Dean about asking her out. The man on the horse was Ron's best friend and they clapped hands. The wolf growled as he noticed the man on the horse had with him a large sword. *"I would have eaten them all if not for that sword."* The Wolf said. None the less, the Wolf stalked the group, hoping the man on the horse would depart. Ron chatted generally with his friends; the Wolf looked down at his stomach which groaned longingly. Ron readjusted the bag of potatoes and said, "I have to go now, my brothers will be wanting dinner soon." The fawn that liked Dean said, "Oh right, you have a lot of brothers. How many exactly?" Ron laughed. "All together there are seven of us, we are quite the crew." The friends all laughed together but the Wolf was rubbing his paws together. *"Seven fawns! Oh this is most excellent; I'll follow that one home and eat him and his brothers."*

Once Ron's friends went on their way, the Wolf kept close eyes on Ron. Once Ron arrived at his house, the woods crept out of the woods and dodged behind a barrel. Once Ron had closed the door, the Wolf crept up to it and peeked inside a window. He gaped at the six fawns that were gathered around a table set with salad and fruit. Ron dropped the potato bag on the floor and ripped it open. He tossed each of his brother's a raw potato, then taking one for himself, he took his seat. The brother's each spoke in turn and made a toast, then they took a bite of their potato,

it was how they liked them best. The Wolf couldn't take it any longer; he wanted to eat them now. "Open up!" he yelled and he pounded the door. Seth got up from the table and answered the door. The moment he saw the Wolf glaring at him he slammed the door shut. "Shit! There's a wolf outside! Everyone, hide!" The table erupted in pandemonium. The brothers all scrambled over each other and yelped in goat bleats as they desperately tried to find a place to hide. Eric thought it was a game and went along with no real fear. "Dean, get a knife, Ron help me block the door, Trevor, get my sword!" Ron slammed himself against the door while Dean ran into the kitchen. Trevor looked around frantically for a sword, "Where is it?" he cried. Seth put his hand to his forehead. "Shit!" then in a whisper he said to Ron, "I left it at the Blacksmith's to get sharpened!" Ron swore under his breath and he broke into a sweat. "Trevor, its no use, just hide!" called Ron. All the while, the Wolf was listening to the commotion coming from behind the door with a growing smile. He began to kick and claw at the door. Seth and Ron shoved hard against the other side. Then the Wolf decided to take a more direct approach, he stopped kicking the door and went over to the garden. He grabbed a rock and hurled it at the window. The glass shattered in a cloud of dust. Seth had covered his eyes as the glass blew in on his left. "Ron, get ready to fight, the two of us could take him." He whispered. "You sure?" Ron asked. Seth did not reply, but the look on his face told Ron that he was scared. This in turn made Ron scared himself and he felt his knees begin to knock. A moment later, the Wolf leapt through the window and into the house!

The Wolf stood up and glanced around the room. He spied Seth and Ron and turned to face them without the slightest look of fear. "How sweet, two fawns ready to fight me." He said with a smirk. Seth took a nervous step forward. "Get the hell out of here and no one will bother you again." He said. The Wolf stepped right up to Seth and shoved his nose into his. "Or what? You gunna punch me?" Seth stared up into the Wolf's eyes like a rabbit stares into headlights, he felt himself shrinking away. The wolf was only a few feet taller than Seth, but he seemed even taller now. Ron stood in place, his fists held up, but he was frozen with fear. "I'm waiting little fawn. Hit me." The Wolf taunted. Seth squirmed for a brief second, and then with a desperate war cry, he threw a fist toward the wolf's gut. The wolf was expecting such a pathetic move and grabbed Seth's fist in mid-air. Ron gasped, but he was still stuck to his spot. Seth cowered before the Wolf who just sighed and said, "You shouldn't have done that, now I have to eat you, but I was going to anyway."

With that, the Wolf opened his mouth wide and engulfed Seth's head and chest with one gulp. He lifted his prey in the air and began to swallow Seth alive. Seth was in utter fear and could do nothing but stare at the deep redness of the Wolf's awaiting throat. The Wolf swallowed more and Seth's thighs went into the Wolf's mouth. Seth began to go over the back of the tongue and descend into the stomach. Ron could not believe what he was seeing; his strong, brave brother was going down the gullet of a wolf before his very eyes. The Wolf gulped again and swallowed Seth up to his hind legs. Seth was now halfway in the wolf's stomach. The wolf moaned in pleasure as he sucked back Seth's hooves and closed his mouth. Then with both his paws on his stomach, he raised his head and swallowed the rest of Seth with a loud, wet noise. The bulge in the Wolf's throat grew, then disappeared and went down his chest and into his stomach which distended outward. The Wolf's gut bounced with the arrival of its meal and made bubbling and squishy sounds. Seth curled into a ball, closed his eyes and held his breath, expecting to be covered with digestive juices, but they never came. He opened his eyes and stared around the large stomach he was in. Everything was wet and slimy; Seth regained his courage and began to beat as hard as he could on the stomach walls. "Let me out!" NOW!" he yelled. Ron stared at the Wolf's belly, complete disbelief and horror radiated his face. The Wolf patted his gut and licked his lips. He felt Seth's struggles and shook his head slightly. Then he looked back to Ron. "He was delicious, and I take it you will be too, along with the rest of your brothers!"

"Screw you!" said Ron in a quavering voice. The Wolf cocked his head, "Aww, showing a little temper are we? That won't do." Ron yelled and made a lunge for the Wolf. He dodged the Wolf's paw that swung out to grab him and struck the wolf in the face with each fist. The Wolf howled in pain and doubled over. Seth went tumbling as the stomach turned. "*What is going on up there? I hope Ron is kicking his ass.*" He thought. The Wolf jumped to his feet and with lightning speed

pounced on Ron. "Time for the second course!" he said. The Wolf opened his mouth and grabbed Ron's head. Ron struggled but was no match for the wolf who had pinned down his arms and legs. The Wolf's belly pressed against Ron's and he could feel the squirming of Seth from inside. The wolf tasted and lolled his tongue on Ron's face. "Mmmm, so good." He said. The Wolf gulped down Ron's head and began to take in his body. Ron couldn't believe that he was being eaten alive. As half of Ron was inside the wolf and the other half hung out, Eric came running up from behind and pelted the wolf with rocks. The wolf winced and spat Ron out. Ron fell to the floor and stared at the scene unfolding before his eyes. "Leave Ron alone!" Eric yelled, there was no fear in his face. Ron yelped, "Eric NO, RUN!" but Eric would not listen, he grabbed a potatoe from off the table and threw it at the wolf and hit him in the nose. The wolf had a sneezing fit and growled. "I see this young morsel is unafraid, and retaliating. I will put a stop to that." The wolf moved swiftly and pulled Eric's legs out from under him. Eric hung upside down in the Wolf's right paw. He made foolish attempts to free himself all the while yelling and cursing like a sailor at the Wolf, who merely laughed as he was quite amused by the small fawn. "You entertain me highly little fawn, but now it is my turn to entertain you, by showing you the inside of me!" The wolf opened his mouth wide and began to lower an upside down Eric in. As he Wolf closed his eyes with pleasure, Ron leapt out of his crouch and tackled the beast, sweeping Eric from the Wolf's grasp. "This will not do!" Yelled the wolf in his evil voice, "I intend to eat all of you, and so I shall!" Ron threw a right hook and it hit its mark, "I don't think so. After you cough up our brother, we're going to make you our front door rug!" he said. "And I'll use your eyeballs for marbles!" screamed Eric.

The Wolf roared loudly and with a tremendous sweep of his paws, caught both fawns in each. His belly growled and a burp arose from his throat. "Time to join your brother." Sneered the Wolf. Ron squirmed and the wolf squeezed him tighter. "I think I'll save you for last, you seem to need a little punishment. The wolf walked over to the table and with his tail whipped out a chair. He placed Ron on the chair and said, "One wrong move, and I'll squeeze this brother to death and digest the other one!" Ron glared at the wolf's eyes which glared back. The wolf tied Ron to the chair with his sweater and making sure Ron couldn't escape, he once again hung Eric from his feet. "I am going to make you watch me eat your family before I finally eat you as well, I don't like to chew my food very much, but if you try any tricks, I'll be glad to make an exception."

Eric was still throwing punches, none of which were doing anything but make him look silly. "You don't scare me Wolf, I've killed bigger things than you." The Wolf chuckled, "Now I doubt that, I am the biggest thing in the forest." Then he once again opened his mouth and dropped Eric in. Ron watched with horror as his baby brother went into the mouth of the Wolf. As soon as Eric hit the wet tongue, the wolf closed his mouth around him. Eric was so small that it didn't seem like he was in the Wolf's mouth. Eric banged his fists against the tongue and teeth but it did nothing. Ron could hear him yelling and so could Seth. The Wolf tilted his head back and gulped slowly and noisily. Eric had slipped in a collected pool of saliva and sloshed down the wolf's throat. A small bulge appeared and Ron saw it travel down the Wolf's neck and disappear within his chest. Then his already swollen belly grew larger as it made room for it's new occupant. It bounced and gurgled and the Wolf let out a very satisfied moan. His patted his belly and shook it.

Seth had heard everything that was going on and was horrorstricken by the Wolf's plan. As Eric was swallowed, the stomach walls contracted and Seth got squeezed like a huge bear hug. Then a slosh of saliva rained down on him and a second after, Eric fell on top of him amid a few squishy sounds. Seth fell against the front stomach wall and felt it stretch more. Then he felt the Wolf's paw against his back as the patting sound boomed throughout the stomach. The Wolf's stomach was just large enough for Eric to stand up, but Seth had to sit. Eric sneezed and looked around with wide but angry eyes. "So this is what a Wolf's belly looks like on the inside." He said. Seth had to laugh and gave Eric a hug. "Are you okay? Did he bite you?" Seth asked. Eric shook his head, "No, he just swallowed me like a meatball and here I am. That Wolf is a real jerk, he's torturing Ron." Seth shook his head and looked down. "I can only imagine, but there is nothing we can do from in here."

The Wolf belched again and the house rumbled, inside his belly, Seth and Eric wiggled and fell

over. Patting his stomach one more time, he licked his lips and looked at Ron who just stared back with fear and hatred. "Well that's two; four to go, then I eat you." The wolf said in a teasing poetic voice. Then he stalked off into the kitchen and smelled the air. He could smell the three fawns that were hiding there. It was Trevor, Milo and Crete.

When everyone scattered, Trevor found that he was being followed by the twins. Milo and Crete stuck together all the time and this was not exception, they had not meant to follow Trevor it was just the way things turned out in the chaos. "Get lost! Find your own room to hide in!" Yelled Trevor. The Twins rushed past him, "Too late now." Huffed Milo, "We need to hide too ya know." Said Crete. Trevor rolled his eyes, "Go hide in the sink cupboards." He said.

Now watching from the cupboards, the twins saw the Wolf enter the room. They stifled screams and watched breathlessly. "Look at his belly!" exclaimed Milo. "It looks like he's eaten someone!" "Or he's just fat." Suggested Crete. Milo elbowed him, "Shut up, he might hear us. The boys watched as the Wolf rubbed his swollen belly and patted it twice, then he perked his ears up and stalked the snack cupboard. He whipped the door open and exclaimed with evil delight as he pulled out a large plate with a cake on it, hiding in the middle layer was Trevor.

In his hurry to find a good spot after realizing he just sent the twins to the spot he was going to hide in, Trevor ran desperately to all the cupboards and flung open each door. They were all too small for him and he began to panic and bleat out of control. "Shut up!" hissed Milo. Trevor ignored him and ran to the butter churn; he popped the lid open and jumped in. He slipped on the butter and the buttermilk soaked his fur. "Hey idiot, we can see your hair!" Crete said in a half whisper. Trevor tried to get deeper, but he couldn't fit, so he hopped out and saw the snack cupboard. He opened it and saw the cake, it was almost as tall as him, so he thrust his fist down the middle and hollowed it out, gulping down the pieces he tore out. Then he climbed in and cut out a small window on the side to look out from. "Help me, push me in the cupboard." Trevor whispered. The twins got out of their hiding place and pushed the cake back inside. "If the wolf catches us, I'm telling him you're in here!" threatened Crete. "And I'll tell him you taste good!" added Milo. Once they closed the cupboard, they heard footsteps at the door and scurried back to their hiding spot cursing all the way. They had just closed the doors when the Wolf walked in.

Trevor stared straight at the Twins and a scared look came to his eyes. The twins looked back at him like, "What do you want us to do?" The Wolf had smelled Trevor and when he opened the door and saw the cake, he saw Trevor's eyes inside it as well, but he decided that he would eat Trevor inside the cake, and he would make Trevor think he hadn't seen him. The twins were not sure if the Wolf saw Trevor or not but they listened intently. "Ahhh cake! I love cake, and after eating those two delicious fawns, I need a bit of cake." The wolf said out loud, intending for Trevor to hear. "See!? He ate two of our brothers!" Cried Milo. Trevor's eyes bugged out. "*Crap! This is the worst place to have as a hiding place!*" Trevor thought. The wolf ran a long finger across the side of the cake and licked off the icing. Then he chuckled and carried the cake (and Trevor) out of the kitchen. Once he was gone, the twins clambered out of their hiding place and went to the swinging door to see what was going to happen.

Ron had hung his head when the Wolf had left the room, but when he jerked his head up when he returned. Ron was surprised to see the Wolf carrying the cake and wondered if he was going to eat that too. The Wolf set the cake on the table and turned it to Ron so that the part that Trevor was looking out of faced Ron. The cake seemed very out of place with the whole situation to Ron, but at the same instant, his eyes and Trevor's met. They both widened them and their hearts went into their throats. Neither brother made a noise because neither knew if the Wolf knew where Trevor was. "*Trevor's in the cake! Why is he in the cake? Is he stupid?*" Ron's mind raced. Trevor couldn't believe that Ron was tied up. "*How did this happen? Where is Seth? Who did the wolf eat? Does he know I'm in here?*" Trevor thought. He dared not make a noise.

The Wolf clapped his paws together, "you see, after gobbling up your oldest and youngest brothers, I need a little satisfaction in other foods, this cake seems just right." He said to Ron.

"That cake is stale; we were meaning to throw it out today." Ron said quickly. The Wolf looked at Ron like he was stupid. "I don't care. I'm going to eat you and the rest of your brothers whole, I'm sure a little stale cake won't be a big deal." As he said this, the wolf was stacking a chair onto the table beside the cake. He now climbed up and stood on top of the chair, towering over the cake. "he's going to swallow it all as he falls down on it." Whispered Milo to Crete. "Do you think Trevor knows?" Crete asked. Milo shook his head. "I don't think so, but I think Ron does." Ron began to sweat, his mind raced, but thinking of nothing he asked, "So what? Are you having a piece?" The Wolf laughed. "I'm having the whole thing, fawn and all!" He jumped off the chair and opened his jaws. Ron and Trevor locked gazes as they knew the Wolf had known all along. The entire cake and Trevor went into the Wolf's mouth and the Wolf lifted his head and gulped back Trevor.

Seth grabbed Eric as the stomach walls squished them again, there was rumble and small crumbs of cake fell in. "Hang on Eric, the Wolf is eating another one of our brothers, and cake apparently." Seth said.

Milo and Crete covered their mouths and watched as Trevor's legs broke out of the cake and went up in the air. The whole top half of Trevor was down the Wolf's throat and his feet were kicking wildly. "Down he goes." Said Crete.

Ron shut his eyes and tried to turn away. "You keep watching, or I'll bite him half!" roared the Wolf with his mouth full. Ron glared back and watched the bulge of Trevor grow bigger in the back of the Wolf's throat. Trevor himself was panicking and bleating loudly. He was lying on his back, and half of him was upside down the Wolf's gullet. He put out his arms and tried to find some bottom, but there were only pulsating throat muscles which grabbed a hold of his hands and pulled him down further as the Wolf gulped again. His rump went over the back of the Wolf's tongue and his leg began to be sucked in. The Wolf was moaning with utter pleasure as the fawn slid down toward his belly. He put his paws on his gut and rubbed it over and over.

Seth banged on the walls of the stomach, but the Wolf just grinned at the sides of his mouth and ignored it. He gulped again and Trevor's hoofs were the only thing still sticking out of the Wolf's mouth. Trevor bleated loudly and felt his body being sucked and pulled down by the massaging muscles of the Wolf's esophagus. He looked back up to where his legs were and saw the Wolf's dangling uvula and the back row of teeth.

Eric looked at Seth, "Judging by all the noise this one is making, I'd say that the Wolf is eating Trevor." He said. Seth ruffled Eric's hair. "You certainly can find humor in a situation like this. I think its Trevor too." Eric smiled

The Wolf swallowed again and Trevor's hoofs went over the back of his tongue. The Wolf Swallowed again, harder this time and gasped for breath in pleasure. He felt the bulge of Trevor disappear from his chest and distend into his belly. It billowed out and became as round as a beach ball. "He was so tasty!" exclaimed the Wolf. Ron shut his eyes in disgust and lowered his head again. Trevor entered the stomach and fell on top of Seth and Eric. "Welcome." Said Seth with a sarcastic tone, he patted Trevor on the back. Trevor bleated out loud and looked around in terror. "He ate you too?" he asked incredulously. Seth rolled his eyes, "Yeah, he ate me first, then Eric, and now you." The Wolf jiggled his gut and felt his meals bounce around. Inside, the brothers shook around like they were in a blender. "Why's he doing this?" asked Trevor. "He's doing it to tease and torment us, as if the whole eating us part wasn't enough." Seth said. The Wolf watched his stomach quiver like jelly and licked his lips again. "I'm off to find another brother." He said with that same poetic voice as he headed back toward the kitchen.

Milo and Crete turned and ran back to their hiding place. "Damn it, now he's going to find us." Cried Crete. "Not if we stay absolutely silent." Said Milo. Crete made a face, "What if he smells us?" Milo looked calm, but he was actually very scared. "Lets hope...he doesn't" he said. The doors closed and the twins pushed as far back as possible. They heard the kitchen door swing open and the Wolf's padded feet step into the room. They could hear the Wolf sniffing and his

taunting voice calling, "Little fawns, where are you? I know there are two of you and that your hiding together, your scent is very strong. Do not be scared, I'm only going to join you with your brothers." Then the Wolf went altogether silent and the twins looked at each other with complete terror. It was far more scarier when they couldn't hear anything. Time seemed to stop and the twins held their breath. Crete leaned in really close to Milo's ear and whispered, "Do you think –" "IN MY BELLY!" The Wolf belted out as he ripped the cupboard doors off the hinges and threw them into the window. He grabbed a twin in each paw and dragged them out. Milo and Crete bleated with surprise and screamed like the frightened children they were, well half of them.

Ron sat bolt upright as he heard the twins scream. His heart sank and he felt terrible being tied up and not being able to go and rescue them.

Seth, Trevor and Eric all looked up toward the closed exit of the esophagus. They could hear the screams very well from where they were. "He found the twins!" cried Trevor. Seth put a hand on his brother's back. "Don't worry too much, the Wolf will swallow them whole and then we can comfort them." Eric laughed with obvious sarcasm, "Because it's SO much better to be in here!"

The Wolf glanced from Milo to Crete his eyes narrowed in evil pleasure. "You two, are going to be delicious", he said.

Milo and Crete had stopped struggling and screaming, they just hung in the Wolf's grasp and bowed their heads in shame. The Wolf licked them both as if testing flavor. "Which one of you should I eat first?" he asked. Milo and Crete remained silent. The Wolf licked Crete again, "Aww what's the matter? Don't want to go inside me? Well it's a wonderful place, I'm sure you will like it. Your brothers do".

From inside the stomach, Seth was listening intently and punched the Wolf's stomach wall hard. The Wolf let out a belch and his belly distended with the blow. If the Wolf hadn't been holding the twins, he would have rubbed his belly. "See? They want you to join them, and then you can all play inside me." Milo glared at the Wolf but didn't say a word. This didn't bother the Wolf one bit, but he decided to act on the foolish fawns actions. "Since you seem to show the most hate toward me, I'll put you out of your misery right now!" he said to Milo and began to open his mouth. Milo remained glaring at the Wolf but winced when his face was pushed against the tongue and shoved over the back of it and into the throat.

"Stop it!" cried Crete. "He's my twin and we stay together all the time, if you want to eat him, you'll have to eat me at the same time!"

The Wolf pulled Milo out of his throat and closed his mouth. Milo was wet with saliva and looking terrified, but he didn't say anything. The wolf licked Crete with a long and hard stroke. "What an excellent idea, I think your other brother will love to see this." The Wolf reinforced his grip of the twins and walked out of the kitchen.

Ron opened his eyes when he heard the door open. He glared at the Wolf and muttered, "how can you do this to children, you monster!" The Wolf laughed, which cause his belly to shake, jostling its contents. "The same way I have done it to the rest of you." Then he shook Crete and continued, "This little morsel has claimed that I cannot eat his twin without him, so I am going now entertain you by swallowing them both at the same time!" Ron looked away, but the Wolf growled and said, "No looking away, remember, if you don't watch, I'll shred them to paste and digest the others. Your call." Ron reluctantly set his gaze on the unfolding scene, again.

The Wolf opened his maw and shoved Milo inside, then he wadded him into his cheek and shoved Crete inside. The twins were in balls, and getting cramped. The Wolf then closed his mouth slowly. The Twins were nearly crushed by the roof of the Wolf's mouth. "Great idea genius." Milo muttered. Crete frowned and put his hand on the pulsating tongue. "It feels so weird." He said. The Wolf then stretched his legs and inhaled deeply through his snout. "Here we go," he said. The Wolf tilted his head upward, and Milo and Crete rolled like billiard balls toward the throat. The Wolf's tongue was lashing around to move the twins farther into the throat. The

Wolf swallowed and the movement sucked the twins closer. They jerked forward at each attempted swallow. The Wolf began to huff, and he stretched his throat as wide as he could. He swallowed again and pulled his tongue forward, the twins were going over. The slimy saliva slicked under the twins and they felt themselves moving forward. The Wolf swallowed again. Saliva was streaming down his throat.

Inside the belly, the others were being drenched with the unwanted shower. "What the heck is going on up there?" Seth asked. The belly lurched and jerked around at each attempted swallow. It then occurred to Eric that the saliva that kept coming was not leaving. "Seth! The gooey water isn't going away, its filling up!" Trevor glanced around and realized that this was the case. He bleated in panic, "We'll drown! Here inside this Wolf's belly! Oh! I had so much to live for!" Seth patted Trevor again, "clam down, we just need to find the entrance to the intestines and we can drain it out". The boys looked around furiously; the saliva was up to Seth's waist now, which was the equivalent of Eric's chest. "I can't find anything!" Trevor cried. "Everything is sticky and slimy!" cried Eric. "Feel around the bottom, that is where it should be." Seth called, he was getting nervous. If he freaked out, there would be no hope in keeping the others calm and then they all *would* die." Eric splashed over to Seth, "I think I found it." He said eagerly. "Where? Show me." Seth said, his adrenaline was pumping now, the saliva was up to his chest now and Eric was practically floating, and swimming in it. Eric brought Seth to the other end of the stomach, "It's right down there and it got deeper since I found it. I'll try pulling it or something". Then before Seth could stop him, Eric plunged under the saliva and swam down to the bottom.

He punched and prodded the squishy area and suddenly hit the right flap of flesh and the opening of the intestines was revealed. Eric reached forward with both of his hands and wedged them into the slit of the opening. He pulled with all his might, but it wouldn't move. Eric was running out of breath, he turned and came back to the surface. The saliva had reached Seth's neck and Trevor was now treading to stay above it. "I can't open it!" Eric cried. "I'll do it." Said Seth, Eric shook his head, "no, I'll do it, I'm going back." Eric plunged under again. Seth stepped forward. "No Eric-." As Seth took another step, his foot kicked the intestine opening. Eric saw the foot make contact and it made the opening release. Eric was right in front of it and suddenly the opening ripped farther open and sucked violently. Eric was being pulled into it and the opening was only as big as a wheel. Eric tried to swim up, but the suction grabbed him. Eric was pulled into the intestines feet first up to his waist. The saliva still rushed past him in spots he didn't fill with his body. He felt the gurgling and massaging of the intestines on his legs and it tickled him. Eric was far from laughing; he was stuck inside a wolf's belly and drowning in saliva. Terror gripped him and he lashed his body from side to side. The efforts only made him get sucked in further.

The saliva had almost completely filled the stomach when Seth had accidentally kicked the intestines and as the saliva rushed out; he let out a deep breath. Trevor sat back against a wall and slid down to a seated position. Seth looked for Eric and saw his struggling form under the still receding saliva. Then in lowered past Eric's face and Eric gasped for air. "Seth Help! It's sucking me in!" Seth and Trevor dove for Eric and each grabbed an arm. They pulled as hard as they could, but Eric was stuck...or being sucked harder. He screamed in terror and pain, hot tears gushed out of Seth's eyes as he growled in anger and determination to save his youngest brother. Trevor began to hyperventilate and passed out from the shock. The lack of pulling on one side increased the pull on the other, and Eric was sucking into the intestines up to his armpits. Inside the intestines, Eric kicked his legs into open air.

Outside the stomach, the Wolf's belly groaned and bubbled. Ron could hear faint shrieks and didn't even want to begin to imagine what was going on in there. The Wolf was concentrating so hard on swallowing the twins that he didn't seem to notice. He put one paw on his throat and the other on his belly. The belly lurched and quavered. Bubbling noised echoed and it was very surreal. The belly ballooned out and bobbed. It was very clear that a lot of motion was going on inside it.

Milo and Crete were jostled closer together as the Wolf swallowed again, and again. Then the

throat muscles caught hold of Crete and pulled him over the back of the tongue. Milo followed right after. They bulged out the Wolf's throat to enormous proportions and made their gradual decent to the belly. The Wolf kept swallowing and massaging his throat as the twins descended. The Wolf opened his now empty mouth and stretched his tongue until it was dangling out of his raised mouth. The Wolf closed his eyes and swallowed again, and then he opened them with pleasure as he felt the twins pass below his chest. The bulge grew and soon the tins trip would come to an end.

Milo had somehow managed to roll over Crete in the slow traveling through the esophagus, and was now in front. He broke out of the throat's tight hold and found himself falling into the stomach. Milo landed on top of Trevor, who was still out. Crete was pulled into the stomach a second later and fell on top of Seth. That was a tragic mistake.

Seth pulled hard on Eric's arm, but it only got a cry of pain out of him. "Don't worry, Eric. I'll have you out in a moment". Seth said through clenched teeth. Eric began to cry, "Just hurry, its pulling me in". He sobbed.

When Milo crashed on top of Trevor, Seth was taken by surprise and loosened his grip slightly and turned to look. Then a second later, when Crete fell on top of him, Seth lost his grip completely and let go of Eric's arms. Eric shrieked with fright as he was sucked farther into the intestines. Seth regained himself and looked with horror at Eric; he lunged for his flailing arms, and grabbed a finger. "Eric!" he cried. Eric screamed with childlike terror and his finger was ripped out of Seth's grasp and Eric was sucked into the intestines. Seth saw Eric get pulled in farther and disappear into the squishy tubes. Seth thrust his arm in all the way up to the shoulder and reached around, he felt nothing but squishy lining. The suction was tremendous, but Seth was able to pull his arm out. As soon as Seth's arm was clear, the intestinal opening closed shut. Seth wiped the sweat from his face and let the fury build within him. He felt that the Wolf had just eaten Eric twice, and now he was lost forever.

Crete sat up and rushed to hug Seth. Seth hugged him, then let his fury out by punching the stomach wall again. Milo also hugged Seth and the brother worked to revive Trevor. "Where's Eric?" the Twins asked. Seth made a face and looked at the opening. "He's gone." Seth said simply.

The Wolf licked his lips and laughed with pleasure. "Ahh, that was so good. They feel so wonderful to bounce around and make home in my belly." The Wolf caressed his stomach which was now triple its empty size and bounced around like a ball. The Wolf squished around it and felt the occupants. "Oh, there are only four in there. I'm sure I swallowed five. One of them must have been digested." He said without a trace of remorse. Ron shuddered. Then the Wolf felt under his belly, "Oh wait, he's in my intestines, I can feel him. If he stays there he will surely become a part of me." The Wolf said with amusement. Ron dared not to ask, but he had to know, "Is he alive?" The Wolf looked at Ron, smiled evilly and laughed hard. Ron hung his head. The Wolf patted his belly again and said, "now, I'm off to find your last remaining brother, I'm sure he will taste just as good as the others, maybe better!"

Dean was crouching behind the couch in the living room, directly to the left of where Ron was tied up. Dean had witnessed everything. When the wolf had left the room for the first time, he threw up. "*Shit! That Wolf just swallowed Seth and Eric whole!*" he had thought. When the Wolf consumed the other's Dean was shaking like a leaf in the wind. Now the Wolf was looking for him!

"Little fawn, come out where ever you are, I will find you eventually, so don't bother wasting my time." The Wolf said. He stalked out of the room and headed down the hall toward the bedrooms. After making sure the Wolf was gone, Dean jumped up from his hiding place and made Ron jump. Ron stared at him with shock and mouthed, "Get out of here! Run to the village and get help!" Dean sprinted toward Ron and began to untie him. Very quietly he whispered, "Come with me, he'll eat you if he can't find me." Ron hung his head, then looked back at Dean. "If I'm gone, the Wolf will digest our brothers." Dean smacked Ron on the side of the head. "He is going to that



anyway once he eats all of us! We still have a chance to escape.” Ron glared at him, “You selfish idiot!” he began but he had not time to finish, the Wolf’s shadow came down the hall. Dean raced back to his hiding place, cursing himself that he didn’t make a break for it when he had the chance. Ron was no untied, but he remained seated for his brother’s sake.

The Wolf returned, his belly bouncing. It made gurgling and liquid squishing sounds as it bobbed and shook its contents with each step. The Wolf faced Ron and snickered, “No one to be found in the rooms, but I can smell your brother. I know he is here”.

Ron shifted to make it look like he was still tied. “No he’s not, he ran out when you left.”

Dean bit his lip. Ron had just lied to protect him, even after he plotted to leave his other brothers to be digested. Dean was filled with sorrow and something else...perhaps bravery. Dean suddenly had a revelation and felt his belt. His eyes widened. *“Of course! Why hadn’t I thought of this before? I was probably too scared to remember.”* Dean’s mind raced.

Despite the lie, the Wolf saw right through it. “Ha! Trying to save him from an inevitable fate? I can distinctly smell *two* fawns in this very room!” Ron was surprised when Dean rose from his spot and stepped over the couch. The Wolf saw him instantly and his ears perked up. “Oh, giving up are you? Well come on over here and enter my mouth.” The Wolf opened his jaws and lolled his long and large tongue out, revealing deep red throat beyond.

Ron turned a little bit to face him. “Dean, what are you doing?” he asked incredulously. Dean sighed and shook his head. “What’s the use Ron? He ate the rest of them; he was bound to find me. There is no hope.” Dean said. Ron could tell right away that Dean was planning something and remained quiet. The Wolf laughed and gestured to Dean to approach his waiting mouth. “Hurry up fawn, my belly awaits.” Dean shook his head. “I’m not going to be that easy Wolf. If you want to eat me, come and get me yourself. After eating my brothers, I figure the only way to punish you now, is to make you work for what you want. I won’t go anywhere. I have no need to; you’d surely catch me anyway”. The Wolf chuckled again, “Alright, have it your way fawn. I’ll have you inside me just the same.” The Wolf walked toward Dean and got right up to him. Dean felt the Wolf’s belly with his hand. It was warm and furry, but Dean could feel the “room” beyond it. “Alright fawn, down you go.” The Wolf said. As the Wolf lowered his open mouth upon Dean, Dean whipped out a knife he had held in his belt and stabbed the Wolf in the arm. With lightning speed, he withdrew the weapon and stabbed again on the shoulder. The Wolf howled out in pain and tackled Dean, flipping them both over the couch. Ron saw Dean and the Wolf disappear over the other side. The Wolf was apparently on his back, lying on the floor. Ron could see his ballooning gut raised over the top of the couch. Ron could hear more slashing and roaring and the Wolf’s belly wiggled with the movements.

Within the confines of the stomach, the four prisoners were jostled around as if in an earthquake. “Why is there so much rolling?” asked Crete. Seth was hurled on top of Trevor, again. “I don’t know, but it seems as if he is fighting someone.” Milo smirked as he hit the stomach wall. “I bet who ever he is fighting will find himself in here with us very shortly.”

“Shut up Milo!” retorted Trevor, “Ron and Dean are still up there, and who’s to say they haven’t gone to get rescue?” Crete piped up, “You mean we could be save?” Milo snorted, “If those two *did* get help, then I believe we are about to meet that help.”

The stomach groaned and shook; the occupants hit each other and the squishy walls. “What about Eric?” asked Trevor. Seth looked down, “The intestines ate him, he is probably digested by now”. Crete clambered over to Seth and hugged his arm. “I’m sure there is hope, in some way.” Milo was hurled into them and when he regained himself, he crossed his arms and huffed, “I don’t.”

“Shut up Milo.”

Dean was fighting hard, he had slashed the Wolf’s arms and shoulders, but he dared not try the face, lest he lose a limb. The Wolf was gashing at him from all angles. When the Wolf had grabbed him and they both flew over the couch, Dean found himself on top of the Wolf’s chest. He tried several times to stab the Wolf in the heart, but the beast’s paws took the blows instead. Blood oozed from the wounds and covered both of them.

Ron was having difficulty determining what was going on. He was about to rush over and throw himself into the brawl when he heard a crunch and Dean yell in pain. "Shit you bastard!" Dean choked. The Wolf made a mouth noise and Dean made a stifled gasp. Then Ron saw Dean's legs lift up into the air and a slurping, gulping, churning sound echoed in the room. Dean's legs began to shrink behind the couch.

As Dean tried to stab the Wolf in the left shoulder again, the Wolf lunged his neck forward and grabbed Dean's right arm in his jaws. Without relenting, the Wolf crunched down on it. The Wolf didn't want to rip off the limb; he just wanted to cause pain to this miscreant morsel. The bone was fractured and Dean recoiled. He dropped the knife which rolled to the floor. The Wolf tipped his belly and made it hit Dean from behind. Dean fell forward and into the Wolf's open mouth. The Wolf began to swallow Dean while he was lying down, and the feeling of Dean having to bend over his tongue while going down his gullet satisfied the wolf and he remained on his back while he guzzled Dean down. Dean was slowly being pulled through the esophagus. *"At least I'll see the others."* He thought.

As he made his way deeper into the Wolf's body, Dean cursed himself for not being able to avoid his current situation and struggled bitterly, but it only made the throat muscles squeeze him tighter and quicken his decent. The pain in his arm was also unbearable and he had to bite his lip to keep from screaming. The squeezing of the throat didn't help, so Dean gave up and accepted his new home.

Ron saw Dean's legs slowly pass behind the couch as he realized that the Wolf was swallowing him. Ron hung his head in disgust. *"He'll eat me right away now. I...have to get help."* Ron took a look at wiggling belly of the Wolf that would soon get bigger. He couldn't see the Wolf's eyes, which meant the Wolf couldn't see him. Ron slowly got up and tip toed to the window that the Wolf had jumped through. Avoiding the glass, Ron leapt out. As soon as his hooves touched grass, he ran as fast as he could into the sunlit woods.

When the Wolf felt Dean stop struggling, he slowed the swallowing process. He wanted to make it last as long as possible, both to tease his prey, but also to savor the taste. The Wolf placed one paw on his throat to feel Dean as he went through. The other paw pushed the knife under the couch nonchalantly. In ten minutes, the Wolf swallowed the rest of Dean, who made a nice bulge in the Wolf's gullet. It travelled slowly, but soon slipped into the Wolf's large stomach. The Wolf burped and peacefully rubbed all over his swelled gut. "Ahhhh, that was good. *He was good*", the Wolf said. He stretched and relaxed on the floor for a few minutes and then slowly sat up. "I have only one left, and that would be you, morsel!" The Wolf turned to look at Ron, but Ron was not there. The Wolf clambered to his feet. "What!? Where are you? HOW DARE YOU!" the Wolf bellowed.

The roar of anger quavered his belly. Inside, the five brothers who occupied it (even though it should have been six) were just talking, hoping that they would survive this ordeal to be able to grow up and have families.

Dean had been pushed into the stomach and landed on top of Milo which got a laugh out of the others. "Welcome Dean," Said Crete. Dean winced in pain; he was with his brothers now, people he trusted. Dean showed his pain and fear.

Seth took immediate charge, "hold on guys, Dean's hurt." The eldest brother scooped Dean in his arms and surveyed the blood. "Gross! He's covered!" cried Trevor. Dean managed to moan, "It's the wolf's blood. I stabbed him with my knife." Seth patted Dean on the shoulder, "Atta boy, at least you gave him some pain." Dean managed a smile, coughed and said, "Yeah, but he bit my arm and I think he cracked my bone. It hurts like hell." Seth examined the wounds and propped Dean up to make him more comfortable. "We need to keep your arm as still as possible, but with this clumsy loaf hauling us around, we can't exactly do that", Seth said.

When the Wolf roared, the brother's cringed. "What did Ron do to make him so mad?" Milo asked. "I don't know, but I hope he doesn't tear him apart," Said Trevor.

The wolf walked over to the chair and smashed it with his fist. "You idiot! Get back here now!" the Wolf yelled. Then he said in a softer but menacing voice. "If you come out peacefully, I'll eat you in one piece." Silence. The Wolf huffed and growled. His belly gurgled. Then he lifted his nose and took a long concentrated sniff. There was no fawn scent within the entire house. "THAT'S IT!" roared the Wolf, "YOU JUST KILLED YOUR BROTHERS! THEY ARE GOING TO BE A PART OF ME NOW!"

Seth, Dean, Trevor, Milo, and Crete all huddled together and closed their eyes, waiting for the end. "We'll be with you soon Eric," whispered Seth. Dean was gritting his teeth; he thought Ron had taken his advice only after he had already been swallowed. "That jerk." He growled. Trevor was more optimistic and hoped that Ron had gone to get help, "*But it's too late now, were done for*".

Ron raced across the beaten path, "I'll never make it there and back without a horse". He muttered. Then he decided to cut through the Woods in order to save time. "*Now that the Wolf is in my house, there is nothing to fear in the woods.*" Ron thought, and he smiled grimly. What Ron didn't realize, was that as he brushed through the Woods, one of the girl fawns that liked him, (her name was Claire), was making her way to Ron's home.

The Wolf was just about ready to digest the six fawns inside of him when smelled something. It was another fawn, a female fawn. The Wolf had smelled Claire.

The Wolf went over to window and peered out, sniffing long and hard at the delectable smell of fawn. He saw Claire round the bend and make her way toward the front door. He licked his lips. "Ah, a female, she will do nicely inside of me, and perhaps lure back the runaway fool."

Inside the Wolf's stomach, the brothers waited, and waited, but nothing happened. "Why is he not digesting us?" moaned Trevor, who just wanted the pain to be over and done with. Milo grunted, "He's teasing us. When we think it won't happen...BAM! In comes our liquid death." Seth felt more anger reel inside him and he pounded on the stomach walls. All it received was a pat and stroke from the outside and a malevolent laugh.

Claire had been hoping to ask Ron if he wanted to attend a bonfire with her and several friends to celebrate a birthday, but she never got a chance. As she was getting closer to the front door, she stopped and stared in horror. "*Oh my gosh, the window has been smashed in, I hope no one is hurt!*" she thought. Claire ran to the front door and knocked loudly. "Ron! Seth! Anybody! It's Claire. Is everything okay?" She called. When her calls met with silence, Claire took a deep breath and walked to the broken window and peered inside.

Chairs were strewn about, the dinner table was set but items were amiss. Food was on the floor and there was glass everywhere. "Hello?" she called in a nervous voice. Suddenly a large furry paw wrapped around Claire's mouth and she was jerked off the ground and lifted into the air.

The Wolf had run into the kitchen and out the back door, his belly bobbing. As Claire knocked on the front door, the Wolf heaved himself up on the roof and snuck over to the other side. Getting down on his belly, the Wolf crawled forward and peered over the edge of the roof, just in time to see Claire head toward the window. As she peered inside, the Wolf pulled himself forward and half hanging off grabbed Claire and lifted her on to the roof.

Claire took one look at the Wolf and her eyes widened with complete terror. Tears welled in her eyes and she was trying hard (but failing) not to look into the Wolf's eyes which were so close to her own. The Wolf laughed, and as he did, Claire stared into his mouth. "Cry will do you no good little fawn." The Wolf said. He rubbed his bloated belly and said in a soothing voice, "If your friend doesn't return to me soon, you will be joining his brothers." Claire nearly had a heart attack. "*But*

*what's that going to do? He'll eat me anyway, dead or alive.*" The Wolf studied his captive, "I would so much like to taste you." He said, and opening his mouth, pressed Claire onto his tongue and lolled it. "You females, certainly have a distinct flavor," the Wolf said, "it's not my favorite, but don't worry, I will still eat you." As the Wolf pulled Claire out, his paw slipped off her mouth and Claire managed to pull away long enough to utter a powerful scream, filled with terror and distress. The Wolf grabbed her by the neck and squeezed hard. Claire choked and gasped for breath. The Wolf growled and pushed his nose onto Claire's, "Do that again, and I may have to go all the way!" Claire nodded and kept her gaze transfixed on those big eyes.

Seth had fallen on top of his brother's when the Wolf tipped forward and began to crawl on his belly. The Wolf's body had come closer and the brothers were squeezed together and had very little moving room. "Get your elbow outta my eye." Muttered Crete. Dean scoffed, "Oh I'm sorry, would you like it to knock out your teeth?"

"Shut up you two, there is not a lot we can do right now." Said Seth. Trevor heaved a breath, "I'm so glad I'm not claustrophobic".

When the Wolf sat up again, the brothers made themselves comfortable again, well, as comfortable as one can get when inside a Wolf's stomach. "How much longer are we going to be in here?" asked Milo. He sounded more bored than anything else. Crete punched his shoulder, "That's a stupid question; you are basically asking how much longer we have to live."

Dean had forgotten about the pain in his arm, and now it came surging back with such force, he collapsed. Seth schooched over to him and surveyed his arm again. "It's better if he sleeps, at least he won't feel any pain." He said.

Trevor sniffled, "but we get digested, we will never have a chance to have said goodbye." Crete hugged Trevor and asked, "You can still say good bye to me right?"

When Claire screamed, the brother's perked up and looked at each other. "The Wolf caught someone!" cried Trevor. Seth blew a long breath, "It's Claire...she likes Ron, and I guess she dropped by, but now I'm afraid the only dropping she will do is through that esophagus".

Being a female fawn, Claire's lung capacity was larger and stronger than the average male human's. Her scream travelled far and managed to ring into Ron's ears.

Ron wheeled around, for he instantly recognized Claire's unique sound, and this was one of utter terror. "*Claire!*" his mind screamed. Ron looked over his shoulder, the village...and help, was only a short distance away. Ron craned his ears, there was no more screaming. Ron thought of the Wolf and what he might do to her if she had been captured. Ron looked back one more time, the bolted in the other direction, toward his house.

*"Even if I did bring help, it would be too late. I can at least try to save Claire."*

When Ron rounded the bend in the road that led up to his house, he stopped short and took in the scene before him.

His best friend's horse was tied to the fence by the kitchen door. Ron's friend, Barron, was lying unconscious in the compost pile beside the front garden. The Wolf, was sitting on the roof, his belly billowing out like a soufflé's, and it looked like he was sleeping.

Ron took a few steps closer and saw that the Wolf had Claire clutched in his paws. Claire was very much awake, and when she saw Ron, her eyes widened and she made a gesture with her head as if to say, "*There you are! HELP!*"

Ron nodded and began to step closer. He first, wanted to see if Barron was alright. Ron crept quietly up to Barron's body. He saw the chest rise and fall, so he knew that Barron was breathing, but Ron did see a nasty lump forming on the side of his head. Ron also spotted Barron's sword, it was sheathed and attached to Barron's side, Ron reached over his friend and carefully pulled the sword out, making sure not to make too much noise. "Mind if I borrow this?" he whispered.

Ron turned, sword in hand and stopped. The Wolf was standing up with his arms crossed and

clutching Claire by the neck again. He glared at Ron for a long moment and not a word was uttered. Ron had guessed that the Wolf was not actually sleeping at all, but just spying on him, waiting to make the right move.

Meanwhile, Ron's brother's actually had fallen into a doze and every so often, one of them bobbed his head and jerked awake. Seth had done this twice and beat himself up for it, he felt like he was surrendering to the Wolf by sleeping. At first he roused his brother's and condoned the behavior. "We can't give in to this place, we must survive." But soon, one by one, the brothers just drifted off. As Seth fell into slumber he thought, *"At least it won't hurt when we die."* Dean had remained unconscious and Seth didn't bother to wake him, knowing that the pain of being awake would be too much for him. Trevor had wakened several times and each time, he couldn't remember where he was then when he did, he bleated loudly. He then remembered how he had got there and shrugged it off.

As the Wolf stood up, his belly quavered and the dozing occupants jerked awake and looked around. Even Dean roused from his slumber and although in pain, did not let it show. Trevor bleated again, and Seth pinched his arm, assuring himself that he would not give in again. The twins looked all around. "What's going on?" asked Milo. Dean sat up, "What I miss?" Seth and Trevor filled him in and then Seth answered Milo's question with, "I don't know, the Wolf hasn't eaten Claire...I have no idea what is going on now."

Ron clutched the sword tight and glared up at the Wolf's smug face. "Welcome back little fawn, have you come to join your brothers inside my belly?" Ron did not answer, the Wolf continued, "Because if you haven't, I will have to resort to some pretty drastic and possible...gruesome measures in order to put you where you need to be." Ron turned back to look at Barron. The Wolf chuckled and shook his head, "Your idiot friend arrived shortly after this brat screamed, I quickly dealt with him, and once my belly has room, I will put him inside it. Humans are a very different flavor than you fawns, and are best eaten separately".

Ron took a step toward the Wolf, "Release my family and my friend, or I will." He managed to say. The Wolf roared with laughter and patted his belly. "You think you can take me? Look at me! All your brothers thought they could take me, and look where they are now! You will join them, or watch your girlfriend die!" The Wolf squeezed Claire's neck, she squirmed and moaned, but the Wolf had his fingers pressed firmly on her mouth. Ron twitched; he didn't know what to do.

As Ron remained stationary, the Wolf decided that he had waited long enough. "I think I will extend some mercy for you and allow you to hear your girlfriend's final cries". The Wolf took his fingers off of Claire's mouth and squeezed her neck harder. Claire groaned and choked, then the Wolf released slightly and allowed Claire to scream in horror and yell, "RON! HELP ME!" This galvanized the fawn into action, he rushed to the spot where the Wolf would be directly above him, he raised his sword and prepared to leap, but the Wolf held Claire out in front of him as a shield and Ron had to abandon the attack. The Wolf laughed evilly. "Surrender now, fool. Or watch your loved ones all die! Then when I catch you, I'll mash you up until I can drink you through a straw! One way or another, I will eat you and everyone else in this village!" The Wolf squeezed Claire's throat and she screamed in intense pain, then slumped over. The Wolf gave her a quick lick to taste her, then dropped her body in the compost pile beside Barron.

Ron's eyes flashed and he cried out in rage and terror. The Wolf roared loudly, "Calm down! I didn't kill her (yet). She is unconscious". Ron raced over to her and felt her pulse; it was slow, but a pulse none the less. Ron felt her spine and neck, nothing was broken. Ron quickly caressed Claire's face and then turned to face the Wolf. "If I surrender to you, do you promise on the great Wolves of the Sky and to the North, that you will not harm my friends?"

The Wolf thought about it. "Alright, I will not harm them. But you must lay down the sword and back away."

Ron placed the sword on the ground and stepped back. The Wolf jumped up in the air, off the roof and landed hard on the ground. His belly jiggled and the occupants inside were thrown about. The Wolf picked up the sword, examined it and smiled at Ron. "I'm so happy you have come to realize your fate." With that, the Wolf stabbed the sword in the earth and stepped toward Ron.

"Do not worry, you will be safe inside." The Wolf said soothingly. He was right up to Ron now, and his belly juttled out and touched Ron on the forehead. It gurgled and bounced as the occupants moved around. "Go ahead, feel it, you will be part of it soon enough." Ron lifted his head, and with shaking hands, placed them on the mass of belly that stuck out from the Wolf's abdomen. His brothers were inside, he would soon join them. He wanted to feel his new home, from the outside, before being sealed in it forever. "Rub me." The Wolf ordered. Ron sighed, what much could he do now? He moved his hands fervently along the ballooned mass of belly. He gave it a pat and shook it a little. The mass wobbled like gelatin, and Ron found it strangely entertaining. The Wolf growled deep within his throat, almost like a purr.

When Ron had finished, he looked up at the Wolf and said, "I'm ready." The Wolf bent down and licked Ron's face for a long, slow moment. "It's about time," the Wolf replied.

Ron looked over his shoulder at Claire and Barron, and wished that they would have no memory of this horrible tragedy. The thought crushed Ron, and he lost all hope. "Just to let you know, once you and your brothers are taken care of, your friends will be saved for another day." The Wolf said without an ounce of regret.

Ron knew the Wolf wouldn't have kept his word, but he couldn't do anything now. He knew that the Wolf would just swallow them whole, and no pain would come to them, just as the Wolf had promised. Ron hung his head and held his breath.

The Wolf smiled at the willing, but at the same time unwilling prey that stood before him. It was a sweet sensation for the predator, who felt empowered and evilly malicious. It was a good feeling. "In you go. Welcome to the front door." The Wolf said. He then opened his jaws wide and lowered them over Ron.

As soon as his face touched the wet and bouncy tongue, Ron opened his eyes to stare down the abyss of throat. He found it unimaginable that all of his brothers had made the same voyage and had seen the same things. He would be with them soon, and that was all that mattered now.

The Wolf bent over more and in one mouthful, took in most of Ron. He started to swallow Ron's head and shoulder's and a bulge began to form in his neck. The Wolf inhaled deeply and proceeded to eat Ron alive. He closed his lips over Ron's ankles and lifted his prey into the air. The Wolf stared into the cloudless sky as he gulped down Ron's arms and chest. The Wolf was enjoying every minute for he knew that this was the last fawn, and that very shortly, he would have all seven of them inside him. The Wolf closed his eyes and massaged the large bulge that grew ever more as Ron passed over the back of the tongue and slipped down the esophagus.

Ron felt himself get lifted off the ground and begin to slide downward. The esophagus had grabbed hold of his shoulders and pulled him toward the stomach. The sound of deep breathing filled Ron's ears as his head past the lung cavity. The redness and fleshy walls moved and made way for his body as he slowly progressed to his ultimate rest. He could feel the Wolf's tongue lather his legs and taste him.

To the Wolf, Ron was the tastiest of all the brothers. The Wolf savored every moment and would have kept Ron in his mouth forever, but his belly called. Reluctantly, the Wolf tipped his head straight up and swallowed more of Ron's legs. The ankles and hoofs were taken in and the Wolf was able to shut his mouth. He swallowed again and again. Finally, the Wolf gulped one more time and felt Ron's hooves slip off the back of his tongue.

Ron felt it too, and shut his eyes. A large wave of defeat washed over him.

When Ron was met by a welcoming party in the innards of the Wolf that had devoured his family, he was a little shaken up. He was happy to see his brothers again and was happy that everyone was safe. Except for Eric.

Once all the hype about what had happened died down, Seth got serious.

"I love you all, and I hope we will get out of here, but if we don't. I want you all to know, that I have had a great time raising you."

The others added their own speeches and the brothers hugged. Trevor teared up and bleated, "It's not the same without Eric. We...we have to try and find him."

There was a small debate on the matter. Eric could have been digested and sucked away, or he could have been drowned in digestive fluids. All that was known was that Eric was still down there, and dead or alive, the brothers all wanted to be together as a family in their final moments. Ron had devised a plan: With the collective strength of himself, Seth, and the others (except Dean, who had no strength in his right arm) would pull open the intestines. Then, the twins would go inside the intestines holding each other, and they would be held by Trevor, who would be held by Ron and so on. Basically, the brothers were forming a chain and going as far as they could to find Eric.

"I'm ready," said Crete. Milo rolled his eyes, but he knew it was important, and he wanted to save Eric too if they could. "Yeah, me too." He said. The brothers pried the opening of the intestines until it released and opened more easily. Dry air was sucked hard and Crete almost fell victim to it. Milo grabbed his arm and stood firm. The twins glanced at each other and nodded, they were going in.

The chain was made and slowly, one by one, the brothers went through the opening and into the small intestines. The chain stopped at Ron, who was half in and half out. Trevor and the twins were completely inside. The wind and sucking air was strong, but the chain held tight and the brothers moved along as far as they could reach. Fleishy tubes squeezed them and ticked them, but they stayed focused on their mission. "Do you think we will find him?" yelled Crete over the howl of the sucking air. "Who knows? By this time, he's most likely in the large intestines." Milo answered. Trevor looked up, "We'll just have to keep going deeper." He yelled.

Suddenly there was a shout, it was Eric! The twins and Trevor looked around frantically. Ron was also looking and swore he spotted a hand. "LOOK! Farther down!" he wanted to point, but that wasn't possible. The others looked and there he was. Eric, as clear as day, he was stuck in a smoochy gob of liquids against the intestinal wall. He waved and shouted happily. "Hey guys! About time you showed up! Help me out of here!" Eric yelled. He didn't sound so afraid anymore, but there was still an edge of concern in his voice. Ron breathed a huge sigh of relief. He called out to Seth and informed him of the find. Seth patted Ron's back and nodded his head. "*Good boy Eric, a true fighter.*"

Trevor began to tear up again, "Eric! We're coming to get you, don't worry." Trevor bleated. He wanted to sound grown up and he wanted to make sure Eric wasn't scared. In reality, he was probably more scared than Eric, but he just wanted to be a big brother for a minute, and try to sound brave. Milo and Crete looked back at him like he was an idiot, but Trevor didn't care.

Eric reached out his free arm; his other one was pasted into the goo. "I can't reach you!" he shouted. Crete (who was in front) was almost there; he extended his arms and craned his muscles as far as he could before they burned. He was too far away.

"We can't get any farther!" Called Milo. Eric looked horror stricken. Trevor grit his teeth and Crete breathlessly looked around for something to help them. Ron couldn't hear anything that was going on over the roar of rushing air, but Eric's face told him that something was wrong. Ron bent his head back and called out to Seth, "Hey bro! I think there is a problem. We can't reach Eric!"

Seth bit his lip and his mind raced furiously. *"Damn, what can we do?"* he thought. Then Dean tapped Seth on the shoulder. "How can I help?" he asked seriously. Seth goggled at him. "What the hell are you talking about? You're hurt and there is no way you have the strength to hold this chain."

Dean stared into Seth's eyes. "It's for Eric. I can do this."

Seth hung his head, he knew there was no way he could win this argument or even bother wasting time over it. Eric was within reach, and with Dean's help...

"Here. Hold him tight." Seth said offering Ron's feet to Dean. Dean shook his head, "You already have a secure grip on Ron, you go inside, and I'll hold you back from in here." Seth dropped his jaw. "But..." he didn't continue. Dean had that determined look in his eyes and Seth knew deep down that Dean was right. "Okay, I'm going in." he said. Dean took a deep breath and grabbed Seth's ankles. "I'm ready, go!" he said.

As if preparing to dive into water, Seth took a breath and pushed through the fleshy crevice of the opening of the small intestines. The immediate tug almost made Dean let go. His arm seared with pain of the worst degree and he yelled out. Seth had felt the yank and winced. *"What if he loses us? We will all be sucked into doom!"* The others felt the jerk too and looked around wildly. "What was that?" called Crete. "No idea. Maybe Seth lost his footing." Returned Milo.

Suddenly, the chain extended longer and Eric cried out in delight, "Crete! Grab my arm!"

Crete did this and the brothers interlocked themselves together. "Welcome back little buddy."

Crete said ruffling Eric's hair. Crete yelled back to Milo, who yelled back to Trevor, and so on, that they had Eric and to pull them out.

When Seth had relayed the message to Dean, he almost lost them again. He focused hard on the coming reunion and pulled with everything he had. "AHHHHHHRRRRRGGGGGG!" he screamed. The Chain pulled through and everyone fell backward. Dean closed his eyes and relaxed, the pain slowly dribbling out of him. All of the brothers were together again.

Once Ron had made his final stop at the stomach of the Wolf, the beast gulped empty air a few times to savor all the flavors of all the seven fawns he had successfully stuffed into his belly.

Then he burped loudly and shook the surrounding air. His tongue licked his lips over and over while his paws stroked and caressed the swollen belly which now jutted out and nearly touched the ground. "That last fawn, the stubborn fool...he was the tastiest one. And now he is where he should be. Inside my belly!" The Wolf laughed long and hard. He had never felt so good about eating before and the success of this meal made him feel all the more proud.

His belly gurgled and churned as the occupants moved around inside and the Wolf just moaned and groaned with admirable pleasure. Occasionally he would caress his belly and jiggle its contents around just to be playful.

When the fawns began to enter the intestines, the Wolf's belly made a lot of noises and churning motions and the Wolf just laid back and lolled out his large tongue, moaning with pleasure for it felt so good.

For a while, there were no movements inside of him, so the Wolf sat up, stoked his gut and looked curiously at the unconscious bodies of Claire and Barron. "I'll eat them later." He decided. The Wolf picked himself up and picked up the limp bodies. He dragged them inside the house and threw them inside a closet. He closed the door and barricaded it with a chair. Then he pushed the table in front of that.

His belly rumbled again and this time, a surging weighted feeling flooded back to it. The Wolf held his belly in both hands and from within, he felt the tumbling bodies of the fawns fill up the cavity. The Wolf's belly actually got even bigger as it now contained all seven of the fawns. The Wolf smiled and patted his re-filled belly. "So good to know you are all together." The Wolf grabbed a



chair and smashed it. He took a splinter and picked his sharp teeth. Then he ran his tongue along them and finding them smooth, he grunted with content, patted his belly again and made his way to the bathroom.

He filled the bathtub up with hot water and stepped into it. "I will now warm you guys up, and soon...you will all be together, with me." The Wolf said, mostly to himself.

As the water washed over the Wolf's stomach, he felt it wriggle and he sensed the occupants were moving around, uncertain of what was going on. The Wolf hung his tongue out of his mouth and tipped his head back. He laid his paws on his belly and while he slowly massaged it, he closed his eyes and fell asleep.

The brother's had quite sometime explaining everything that had taken place and in turn, each described their trip into the Wolf and what happened right up to the present moment. Ron added his accounts and closed with, "So if Barron and Claire manage to escape, we might still get out of this." The others murmured and there really was not much else to be said. The brothers plotted ways of escape, and took turns banging on the stomach walls. One time they all banged together and that only received a loud laugh and constant massaging.

When the Wolf laid in the hot water, the temperature of the belly began to rise and soon the brothers felt like they were inside a sauna. "I fell like I'm in a Wolf's belly where the Wolf is in a sauna!" said Eric. This got a chuckle out of everyone.

Soon it became apparent that the heat was getting unbearable. Eric and the twins found it hard to stay awake and Trevor was getting dizzy. Dean almost threw up once from the pain of his arm and the sweltering heat. Ron and Seth remained strong, but soon they too were showing signs of deterioration.

Seth tried hard to keep his brother's awake, but he too knew it was futile. "Ron, you..you still hanging in?" Seth asked. Ron did not reply. Seth shook him and Ron jolted awake. "Sorry man," he said. Seth patted his shoulder. "Don't be sorry, it...it happens." Seth and Ron shook the others awake and warned them that if they dozed off they might never wake up again.

The Wolf woke up peacefully a few hours later. The water was no longer hot, but still warm. He caressed his belly and smiled with satisfaction when he felt the weakness of the fawns.

The Wolf stepped out of the tub, drained it and shook violently to dry himself. His large gut swung back and forth. Inside the brother's were hurled around like ragdolls. Dean tried to protect his arm, but it got bumped a few times. With the added exhaustion and heat exposure, the fawns let themselves fly around the stomach; they had no strength to brace themselves as they slammed against the stomach walls, floor and each other. "*That bastard!*" thought Ron.

After the Wolf was dry, he looked down at his still wiggling gut and rubbed it softly. "Are you fellas okay?" he asked sarcastically and he laughed.

The Wolf went into the kitchen and found a fountain pen on an end table. He dipped it in the ink and began to draw seven circles on his belly. He dotted them and gave them ears and horns and drew seven upward curves. Satisfied with his work, he walked back to the bathroom and examined his large belly in front of a large mirror.

The Wolf had drawn seven smiling fawn faces on his belly. It made the Wolf chuckle and he jiggled his belly again, just for kicks.

Inside, the brother's got one last group pounding on the stomach walls. It was harder than ever and the Wolf was having a hard time controlling it. "Stop that at once!" He roared. "Or else!"

The sudden belly pounding gave the Wolf the impression that the brother's were still strong and needed to be worked down a little bit more. So the Wolf massaged his belly again and even drank a few glasses of water to stop the pounding. The brothers trucked on and, but they were slipping and sliding in the water that had gathered inside the stomach. It was up to Eric's knees.

Finally the Wolf beat his belly so hard that it sent the occupants flying backward into the other side of the stomach. "Listen here! I'm going to have to break you down a little more. So I'm going to sleep again. Farewell my fine food!"

The Wolf walked into the bedroom shared by the twins and Eric and gathering all the mattresses on the floor, he lay down with his belly in the air and fell asleep again. This sleep was deep one and the Wolf dreamed about consuming the entire village and it gave him pleasure.

Inside the stomach, the heat was returning and the brothers began to grow weak again. When ever the Wolf twitched in his sleep, the belly jerked a little bit and jostled them. Neither the brothers nor the Wolf were able to hear a loud crack from down hall. It was the saving grace.

Claire had awakened in the closet and gasped with horror. For a second she thought she had been eaten, but then she recognized the contents of the closet and Barron lying beside her. She sighed with relief and sat motionless until her eyes adjusted to the dark. Once Claire could see, she shook Barron gently and whispered his name with a sense of urgency. Barron stirred, then jolted upright hitting his head on Claire's. "Ow!" she muttered. Barron looked around wildly. Then he saw Claire and hugged her tightly. "Claire! What happened? Where are we? And the others..." Claire pressed a finger to Barron's lips and said quietly, "I think we are inside a closet."

Then she began to relate what she knew up to the present moment. Barron gasped at hearing the news that Ron had been eaten too. "I must try to rescue them!" he said. "And wind up inside that Wolf too?" Claire asked. Barron sat back down. "True enough and that Wolf did beat me up a good bit". Claire rested her hand on Barron's shoulder, "It's only a nasty lump. The Wolf must have hit you hard with his paw."

There was silence for a while, the Barron said,  
"We need to get out of here, from my experience with wolves; I know that once one mean is dealt with, they will most certainly feast on whatever else is around. I remember listening to my father tell me stories about travelers who have been gobbled up by Wolves. My brother was eaten by a wolf, but my Dad cut it's head off and cut my brother out. He said it was a horrible experience. I don't plan on following in his footsteps."

He stood up again and pushed against the closet door. He cursed and spat, "Just as thought. It's barricaded and we have nothing to use. My sword is gone and-".

Claire punched his shoulder and crossed her arms. Barron looked at her surprised, "What?" Claire rolled her eyes, "I'm half goat you know." She said. As Barron continued to look at her, Claire scoffed and walked right up to the door and hoofed it. The force set the table flying backward, splintered the chair and ripped the door off its hinges. Claire looked back at Barron as if to say, "Humans, they are so clueless." But she only said, "come on, we need to find your sword!" Barron smiled and followed her out the door.

Claire leaned over the Wolf's mouth as Barron held his sword at its throat. "He's in a deep sleep." Claire said, noting that air rushed out of the Wolf's maw. She quickly withdrew herself and stepped behind Barron. Barron looked at her and asked, "So what? Should I lop his head off and call it a day?"

Claire, being a fawn had sympathy for al living creatures. She wanted the wolf to be dead, but she felt like it was against her nature. She spoke slowly, saying her words as they came to her, "I

think, you should just cut him open and we can pull the guys out. It would be more humane.” Barron scoffed and tossed his head in a very masculine way. “Humane! This monstrosity of an creature swallowed our friends whole! You call that humane!” Claire looked down at her hoofs but she managed to retort, “He ate them alive...so there.”

“Women,” Barron sighed. He tossed Claire his dagger and said, “Hold it at the beast’s throat as I cut, so if he awakens, slice him off.” Claire threw down the dagger.

“I most certainly will not do such a thing! How could you expect me to do that? I am a woman, and a lover of all creatures, even scumbags like this.”

Barron rolled his eyes, “Well then would you like to do the surgical stuff? You’re kind is always mid-wiving our women at the time of childbirth, with your expertise I would assume you’d have no trouble delivering seven fully grown fawns!” He said this with growing sarcasm and saw Claire reddening with embarrassment. “Just do as you’re told!” Barron said sharply. Claire silently knelt over the Wolf’s head with the dagger clutched in her hand.

Barron slowly jabbed his sword into the swell of the Wolf’s belly and instantly it began to deflate like a balloon. The air that rushed out was hot and foul smelling. It had a revolting heir of moisture to it and Barron almost gagged. Claire pressed her cress to her face and winced.

Inside the Wolf’s belly, everyone except Seth had passed out. Seth as on the verge and once again, accepted the end. Suddenly a small tear filled his ears like a roar and all the air began to rush past him and out of a small hole that had appeared in the stomach wall. Quickly all the air had rushed out and Seth began to have difficulty breathing. He was so weak from the heat, and now oxygen was depriving his lungs. He began to squirm and panic.

Claire gasped and pointed at the belly. “Look! It’s moving!” she was nervous and excited. Barron inserted his sword and tore a little more. Then a set of fingers poked through! “I got one!” Barron cried. He dropped his sword and pulled at the stomach with his hands. It tore open enough for Barron to see Seth’s nearly unconscious form reaching out. Barron plunged a hand in and grabbed. Seth was so happy and tired that he just exhaled deeply and went limp. He had his arms outstretched and managed to garb the arm that was coming through the hole. A Second later he was grabbed by two hands and felt his body being pulled out. The tearing sound grew and light surrounded him and his vision was whited out. Then oxygen rushed into him and he gasped for breath. The next instant he was lying on the floor of his brother’s room. Seth shot his eyes open, momentarily blinded he covered them and uttered a shocked cry. “Seth!” called two voiced which he had recognized. “Seth! It’s Barron, you are out. You’ll be fine.” A long moment passed and slowly, Seth lowered his arms from his eyes. He blinked at Barron’s form hovering over him and smiled weakly. “Hey, buddy.” He managed. “It’s about time someone got to work on that bastard.” Barron patted Seth, “No worries guy. He won’t cause you guys problems anymore”. Suddenly Seth flew up and pointed at the belly. “My brothers!” They are unconscious and there is no more air in there!” Then he fell back onto his back.

Claire bleated, “Oh Barron! How could we not of thought of that? We must hurry!” Barron grabbed his sword and tore at the stomach flesh.

Suddenly a loud growl erupted from the Wolf’s throat and his eyes shot open! Claire froze with fear and dropped the dagger. The Wolf jerked away from the sword and lifted his head, glaring at Barron. “What the hell are you doing!?” he roared. Then the Wolf grabbed Claire in his mouth and began to swallow. Claire shrieked and struggled. Barron gave out a war cry and leapt at the Wolf. He brought the butt of his sword crashing down on the Wolf’s skull and instantly felt the Wolf’s strength vanish. Barron pried open the maw and pulled Claire out. She had been swallowed up to where her lower half became a goat. She shivered and grabbed Barron in a hug. “I’m sorry, I just got so scared.” She said. Barron smiled and took off his jacket, wrapping it around Claire. “No problem.” He said. Then Barron felt the Wolf’s pulse and looked grimly at Seth. “He’s still alive. Should I just end him?” Seth managed to get up on his elbows and looked at Barron, then Claire. Claire shook her head and Barron rolled his eyes. “Just get my brother’s out.” Seth said.

Within 15 minutes, all seven unconscious fawns had been pulled out. Seth had fallen asleep

before Trevor (who had been pulled out next) came out. Then it was Eric. He was so small and looked so helpless, it made Claire hold her throat. Milo came out next, then Dean. When Barron saw Dean's injury he roared in anger and went for the Wolf's throat with his sword. "Barron! Stop! We must save the others, now is not the time for vengeance." Claire shouted.

Barron huffed and went back to extracting the fawns. Claire tended to Dean's arm, wrapping it in a bit of her dress which she had torn with the dagger. Crete was next, and then finally, Barron made one more tear and managed to get half inside the Wolf's belly himself before managing to grab Ron's arms and pull him out. Fortunately the stomach walls were slippery and it helped Ron slide out. Ron had no pulse and quickly Barron began to beat Ron's chest and press hard. Claire rushed over and began to weep. "Breathe!" Barron shouted. Claire prayed silently, then brought her lips down to Ron and kissed him passionately, she blew her breath into him, and Barron pressed again. The process was repeated and soon Barron found a pulse. "We got him." He said. Claire hugged Ron, then Barron. "Thank you so much!" she said with tears building. "No, thank you. I believe your kisses helped him through."

Claire blushed and stood up. "So what do we do with him?" Barron asked. Claire thought. "Well I'll sew him up at least; he can have that much dignity." Barron crossed his arms, "And then?" Claire stared at him. "I'll think of something."

While Claire worked on sewing the Wolf back up, Barron tended to the brother's all sprawled out on the floor. One by one they came to and asked where they were and what had happened. Barron had told them not to worry, but that they were safe and should get some rest. He went around with water and food, and bandages for Dean.

By the time Claire had finished, the Wolf stirred. Barron whacked him hard on the head again. "Just in case." He said with a chuckle. Claire whacked him on the shoulder. "You're a real bully you know that?"

Claire and Barron loaded each fawn into their beds and put Eric with Seth and the twins with Ron and Trevor. Dean was in a separate room because he needed to recover the most. "You know what Claire? We make a pretty good team." Barron said. Claire pushed Barron a little. With a laugh she said, "Coming from you, that's a true compliment, going out of your way to honor the actions of a woman." Barron smiled, "Half woman. It would take a little more than that to get me to do the same with a fully human woman." Claire scoffed, "You sexist pig." She said sarcastically. She flicked him and the two of them laughed while they sat back in kitchen chairs looking out into the sunlit woods.

In the end, Claire had devised a plan to set the wolf adrift in a row boat without paddles on the ocean with a stock pile of fruits and vegetables and one or two fish. "If that doesn't change his diet, I don't know what will." Claire said with a laugh as she and Barron pushed the boat with Wolf and food in tow, out to sea. "I don't know," said Barron, "But he is not our problem anymore."

Many speculations of the Wolf's fate have arisen since his departure of the Fawn/human village. Some say that he was swallowed by a whale and lived inside the belly of the beast for the rest of his days. Most people called it Karma and got a good chuckle out of it. Some say he was rescued by a fishing boat and began to eat the crew before being brutally slaughtered and used as chum.

One crazy idea claimed the Wolf made it across the world and was stalking little girls and pigs.

The fate of the Wolf might never be known to us, and it is best guessed by each reader. Or forever to be a mystery.

In the following weeks, the brother's were nursed back to health by Claire and the females of the village. Barron and a few more men kept guard for a few nights before Seth gained his strength back and could take care of things.

Seth grew larger and stronger than before, he was now a giant compared to Eric and Ron only

made it up to his belly button. Seth married his girlfriend Penelope and together they had six children.

Ron had grown stronger too and hooked up with Claire and a few years later, the two of them made plans to get married.

Dean made a full recovery and soon went on to become an arm wrestling champion. He got his sword license and became master at duel weapon combat.

Trevor finally got out of his adolescent stage and began to bulk up in size and strength, he and Dean often wrestled together to build up their abilities. Trevor also gained a girlfriend through his recovery process and one day the two of them would get married.

Milo and Crete became blacksmiths and opened a shop together at the ages of 15. By 17 they had made their own swords and were complete babe magnets.

Eric was always small, even as he aged into a teen. He became known as the most fearless fawn in all the west side of the world. Legends said he had once swallowed a pack of Wolves and still had room to eat all the contents of the village bakery. This of course was untrue, (except the bakery part) but no wolves dared enter the village with Eric patrolling around.

One day (shortly after the incident), Ron and Seth went on a fishing trip together. They caught fish of all sizes and talked about everything: building, sword fights, their girlfriends and... that day. "It sure was something," Seth had said. Ron nodded, "and we lived through it." There was a long silence, almost awkward. Then Ron had the courage to say, "That whole experience has really loosened me up on some stuff. I mean, being inside that Wolf was kind of a neat experience." Seth turned to him. "You liked it?" he asked in a somewhat unsurprised voice. Ron stared out at the water for a long time. He let his mind wander. "mmhmmm." He said in a dream like way. They kept fishing.

An hour went by, then Ron turned to look at Seth, his very large brother. "Hey Seth." He said.

Seth turned and looked at Ron slowly. "What is it Ron? Anything I can do?"

Ron looked at the ground and scratched the back of his head. Then he inhaled deeply and looked straight at Seth.

"Are you hungry?"

The End