

Big Bad Wolf

By: Jizzal

I consider myself to be a simple pig, and exactly that. I live in an apartment, not a house, but I happen to sell houses, which makes me a real-estate agent. Yes, I understand the tales about pigs and houses, but hey, it was what I did, and I liked it. I say was, because, where I am now it doesn't look like I'm going to be returning to my old life anytime soon...if at all.

All I can really remember was that I was inspecting a home that was on sale. I only got a few steps inside before I heard someone. Now, usually it was somewhat common in a few neighborhoods to have homeless folk living in houses that are for sale, and rather than alerting the authorities, I usually let them hang out for a bit, but told them they'd only have another day or so before they'd have to find a new place to crash for the night. The second I walked into this one house, though, I don't remember anything except that I hit the ground.

I couldn't tell how much time had passed, but the time I woke up things had changed. For one, I was naked, which put my now glistening, pink fur and, flesh on full display for except for a snug binding of rope around my wrists. I was on my side, though I slowly sat up with a heavy groan, and an uncomfortable tingling in my head. I must have been hit, by something, I still don't know what. I settled on my ass, noticing that I was on a blanket of some sort, but as soon as I moved forward I felt something tug on my neck. That wasn't there before either.

There was a sort of collar around my neck, and attached to that was a chain. Oh this was just fucking perfect. I managed to stagger to my feet, not being very balanced without my arms free, though I immediately tried to chew my way through the rope. I didn't know what was going on, but I knew whatever it was I wanted to at least have my arms free.

"I wouldn't do that if I was you," a deep voice rang out. I swear to god it sent chills down my spine and made me sweat. "I could have tied your hands around your back, but then I figured you'd want to use those fingers for something productive here 'n a second."

I turned around and looked up to who was addressing me. It was a wolf. A big, fucking wolf was looming down over me. I felt my heart sink while my now timid, frightful eyes gazed over the furred beast that was looking down at me. His body was coated in lush, black fur, which surprisingly wasn't unkempt, far too good to be just another homeless fellow. Sharp ivory glistened in his smirked muzzle while he scratched at his chest with those deadly looking, ebony claws. His body was muscular, strong, just as a wolf should be...save for that stomach, which sagged in a nice, round shape; just as a -well fed- wolf should be. Very well fed. His legs were covered by a pair of worn cargo

pants that fit on those strong hips. Damn this guy was sexy; I could feel myself almost growing hard for a moment there.

Oh yeah, I didn't mention I was gay. A chubby, gay, naked pig that was naked in a dimly lit house with a big, black wolf giving me the hungriest stare I've ever seen. I felt so very worried the more I looked into those deep red pupils, yet I couldn't look away. I knew what was going to happen wouldn't be good for me in the long run.

"Wh-What the hell's going on?" I managed to choke out, heart thudding in my chest a mile a minute.

The lights were turned on, though it took a while for my eyes to adjust. I groaned and rubbed my face with my bound hands, wiping some sweat free, though I caught a new scent. Whatever it was, it made me a little dizzy, it must have been what the wolf used to knock me out.

"You're just in time for dinner little pig, though tonight I won't be dining on you just yet. That's why you're chained up, so you don't get any silly ideas about escaping," the wolf couldn't help but smirk as he said that. The guy even licked over those ivory chompers of his, sending chills up my spine.

I was floored again, I still didn't know what was going on, so I had to ask.

"Wh...What?" I was having a hard time finding my voice, though I was thankful that I was already on my knees otherwise I would have fell to them.

The wolf walked closer and he leaned down, trying to get to my height, but even crouching he towered over me. I felt so small, so insignificant, and here I was before this great beast. His paw reached out, claws unsheathed, I let out a whimper until he touched me. Those fingers rubbed along my neck and chin, caressing me so tenderly. My eyes quivered, I whimpered again before I started to relax. Those soft pads almost made me melt; I think I even smiled a little. I could feel his hot, musky breath on my ears while he leaned in close.

"Tomorrow, I'm devouring you whole and alive," the lupine whispered.

Even though that strong, deep voice was soft for just a moment, it felt as though he had shouted it. I didn't know what to say, or do. I was completely screwed. The wolf's claw tips ran up my neck, coaxing me to swallow as he stood up. He turned and left the room without a single word, his tail wagging. I couldn't help myself from shivering, I felt so cold even though the room was a heated. As soon as I couldn't hear the heavy footfalls of my captor, I tried to chew through those ropes around my wrists again, though once I moved forward the chain that connected the collar that bound my neck to the wall jingled.

As soon as that metallic noise entered my ears I shivered and slumped forward onto the carpeted floor. Being reminded of just how helpless I was took what little strength I had left. I couldn't breathe, I couldn't see, and I almost pissed myself. In the middle of god knows where, chained to a wall with a stranger I had never seen before telling me that he was going to eat me. At least he wasn't jerking me around and was honest straight up, though I knew I was going to die unless I did something, anything. I racked my mind trying to think of what to do...there had to have been a solution, an escape, a delay, something!

An odd scent hit my nose and I groaned before I sat up, still feeling weak as my eyes adjusted. I saw those large, black foot paws standing before me. The wolf had returned. I slowly tilted my head up to the burly beast that was grinning down at me, holding a large pot in his paws. He bent down and placed it before me, tapping the side with one of his claws.

"Here, eat this, piggy, gotta keep that belly of yours filled," he smirked and poked me in the gut.

I wasn't a genius, but I knew that he was trying to fatten me up. I was hungry, and I knew I was playing right into his trap, though I tried to resist still.

"Wh...Why?"

"Can't have you passing out before tomorrow, piggy," he kept calling me that, but then I realized he probably didn't know my name. Though with all of my clothes gone I was sure the wolf had my identifications, I just wasn't important enough to be called by my name.

Defeated, I gave a sigh and figured what could the worst be? After all, can't think on an empty stomach. The gunk was dark colored, and was less than appetizing, but I looked up to my captor and he just licked his lips. It didn't matter if I ate or not, he was rather intent on eating me. I could feel my heart skip, but I glanced back down at the food 'prepared' for me and I scooped my hands into it. I was able to knead it like clay, lumpy clay, but I brought it to my face and took a tentative lick. It actually wasn't that bad, somewhat meaty, seasoned oddly, didn't have the foggiest what it could have been.

Nothing mattered anymore; I ate that stuff, whatever it was. I barely chewed due to the fact that the second I tasted something I realized I couldn't remember the last time I ate. This was possibly going to be my final meal, and truth be told I couldn't complain terribly much. I forced down as much as I could, snarfig and swallowing down mouthful after mouthful of the...I dunno, stuff, before I felt full, but I didn't even get halfway done with the pot so thoughtfully prepared for me. That was when it hit me, the wolf hadn't budged an inch, he simply watched me eat the entire time.

My head slowly craned up and a burp escaped my lips, coaxing me to blush faintly before I wiped them with my still bound hands.

"Good boy, tasty huh? I'm sure you'll finish it all before I'm done with you," the lupine rumbled and scratched along the scruff of his neck.

One of those massive paws of his came down and gave me the lightest touch on the head, and he even cracked another smile. I don't know why, but I couldn't help but nudge back at his paw, almost grateful in some sort of way, or maybe I was just trying to suck up to him. After all, he couldn't eat me if he got to like me, right?

"You stay put and I'm gonna go ready my dinner," and with that, he was gone.

I could only imagine what the wolf meant by that, other than the fact he was going to eat. I heard him shuffling around in another nearby part of the house, which thankfully gave me some time to think.

Alright, it was time to formulate my escape.

I was tempted to try eating through the ropes again, but if I had my hands free and I was still chained to the wall that wouldn't do me any good, and I'd probably get on the lupine's bad side. With the lights mostly on I was able to get a better look, but it didn't seem promising from the look of my environment. There was just a couch, a television, a lamp, and the blanket I was sitting on with the pot of...stuff. I looked for a pole or bar, anything that could pry me free from the wall. I could walk a good twenty from where the blanket was, but it wasn't enough to leave the living room, or even peek into anything else close by. I couldn't reach the stairs and the window was boarded up as well. It was looking bleak, but I continued my search, even peeking under the couch and in some of the cushions. Not a damn thing in sight. "Great, just great." I looked at the television, maybe I could break into it and try...something, I didn't have a clue, and I was just desperate enough to try anything. Those silly thoughts of escaping and all hopes of 'McGuyvering' my way out of this were dashed considerably.

What was I going to do?

"What am I going to do?" Other than talk to myself, it didn't seem like much. I heard another noise, sounded like a door or something, and I figured the wolf was back on his way to me.

I scurried back to the blanket and settled down as if I hadn't moved, turning to face my captor as he re-entered the room. The big brute walked in, but he didn't pay attention to me. I noticed he had something in his left paw, couldn't tell what it was, but he gave it a little tug. It looked like a leash or so. Needless to say, I was still surprised that I was right.

The wolf was pulling something, or rather someone behind him. It looked like I wasn't the first one who was randomly nabbed from their home and awoke in this abandoned house, though I still felt bad for the kid that was following the wolf. He was

looking down at the floor with his hands behind his back; he was mostly naked, save for a pair of worn tighty-whities around his hips. He was younger than I was, I figured him to be 18 or so, but I easily could have been wrong. There was a collar around his neck, probably a similar one I was wearing, though I could see something engraved into it, but I couldn't read it from this distance. This kid was human. He looked to have been trapped here longer than I was. And I could tell by the way he moved that his spirit was broken.

"Damn..." that was all I could say. I was utterly helpless, so was this newcomer, and the wolf looked as content as can be as he sat down on the couch and turned on the television with the remote I didn't notice; must have took it with him when he left the room or something. The human didn't say anything; he sat down on the beast's lap and was settled against his gut.

The wolf was right apparently; I was right on time to see him enjoy dinner.

I wanted to do, or at least say something; I knew exactly what was going to happen. At least that was what I was telling myself. I watched as the wolf brought one of those large arms and he gave the kid a bit of a hug against his warm, furred form while he searched the channels. The human didn't bother responding, though he did settle a little closer to the lupine for some reason, probably warmth. While he was still looking for something to watch, the wolf's paw caressed over the boy's chest, rubbing him with that gigantic paw, being surprisingly gentle; at least from what I could tell.

I just sat there and watched as the wolf played with his soon to be food, and all the while channel surfing. He frowned however and grumbled before he changed the channel to something boring and mindless, the sort of crap always playing at any hour of the day. All those channels and nothing was on, I was surprised he had cable in this hovel, though after placing down the remote, he put both paws on the human. More specifically, one paw stayed on his chest, and the other started to rub down the boy's stomach but stopped on his groin.

He gave it a squeeze, and the kid moaned.

My mouth must have hung slack for a moment or two when I saw that, when I - heard- that. This wolf was one sick puppy, he must have been enjoying the position of power that came with being a predator, probably why he did it this way. I was completely helpless, the other one was unable to do anything but sit there on the brute's lap as he was groped and touched again and again. I don't know why I kept watching, or well, I did, I just didn't want to admit it. I was a pervert. I couldn't top what this wolf was doing though. There he was, watching T.V. with the most unimpressed look I have ever seen, but at the same time he was molesting and teasing his prey, a living, breathing person, causing him to squirm and writhe in his lap, but he never looked like he was trying to get away. Why wouldn't he try? If he got out of the beast's grasp he could have ran and possibly even escaped, it didn't matter that his hands were behind his back.

That was when I noticed that this kid never even glanced over at me. Did he know I was here too? Maybe we could have teamed up or something, whatever my reasoning at the time was I got closer. I meant I was sitting right in front of the two, but the wolf still didn't pay me any attention, neither did his dinner. There was more than enough slack on the chain to allow to me to get to where the other two were, though shuffling closer was all a blur to me. I felt like something baited me, I eagerly latched on and it pulled me closer until I was given a front row seat. The kid's feet didn't touch the floor, giving the occasional swing while those big paws roamed over his crotch and other tender bits of his furless form. What got me the most though was when I watched the wolf lean his massive head down, spread those black lips and stare at me right in the eyes. He knew I was up to something, and he probably wanted to destroy what little hope I had left of getting out of this ordeal when his fat, pink tongue lolled from his muzzle and it was dragged across the back of the boy's neck and over the top of his head and even across his face, leaving a thick strand of saliva in his now matted hair and globs of the clear ooze running down his face.

That was what it took. I officially had a full erection.

It didn't look like I was the only one either though. There was an obvious tent in the wolf's pants, and the scantily clad human's only shred of clothing was starting to bulge as well. I was confused, I was hot, I was horny, and I was finally able to look at the soon to be doomed kid face to face almost. He was...smiling.

The most content thing I had ever seen was on that boy's face, even if it did look tired and out of breath. There wasn't a single sign of discomfort what-so-ever. I didn't know why this was the case, I just sat there as the wolf started to scoop the kid up in his arms, apparently done playing with him and started to raise him over his head with ease. I had a chance to get a better look at the kid's collar however; it had something written into the leather strap.

'D-I-N-N-E-R'

My hands reached down and tugged at my fat, pulsing cock that had been begging me for a good touch for what felt like an eternity now. I wasn't going to fight it; I was going to enjoy this. There was a small clicking sound and the wolf set the leash he used to bring out his dinner aside, still holding him with one paw before he reached up and grasped the boy once more by his sides. The bound human spread his legs for a moment, arching his back as he looked up to the ceiling, breathing rapidly all the while. I sat there masturbating to this boy's inevitable demise, and I almost came once I saw the wolf spread his jaws again, his tongue flop out from his muzzle, and those two tender feet eased down inside with a lewd squish.

As I fondled with myself and watched the predator start to devour his meal, a loud zip noise almost brought me out of my sexual funk. I looked down, noticing that it came from the wolf's groin, and that zip was from his pants, which apparently he was tired of being constrained by. I think my cock twitched the second I saw the beast's long, thick

penis put on full display, jutting out from underneath the pudgy gut and throbbing proudly in the outside world. The pink flesh was wet all over, and this wolf was more than just well endowed by any standards. He eased his pants down past his hips slightly, using only one paw as the other continued to guide the human into his jaws, but he freed his heavy scrotum, which gave off a strong, musky, manly scent. I greedily inhaled, though I also leaned in close and without thinking wrapped my lips around the lupine's dick.

I could hear a muffled growl of delight try to escape the wolf's mouth, and his free paw caressed the back of my head gently while I started to properly service his length. I looked up, my hands still bound and playing with my own stiffy as the lupine started to swallow the boy's calves, drawing them into his gullet to make his neck pelt bulge out with a nice, roundish shape. He was going to swallow him alive, and I was going to be sucking his cock the entire time. I had no shame, it was almost as if I was going by instinct, and I liked it. The sweaty groin was thrust forward, reminding me that I had to put some more effort, but I did so with gusto and ran my tongue against that fat slit while watching up at the show.

Those swallows were so loud I could hear them perfectly, and my view was only slightly obstructed by wolf paunch so I didn't miss a thing. My tongue slurped, my maw squeezed, and my throat flexed as I bobbed up and down along the predator's length and continued to tug on my own, making a sticky mess dribble down my hands and my shaft. Now I was truly grateful that I had them bound in front of me so I could shamelessly masturbate. My efforts were rewarded with a surprisingly thick, almost syrup like river of pre cum. At first it started to seep out the corners of my mouth, but I started to swallow down the tangy, musky fluid, eagerly wanting more as the show before me continued to unfold. I could clearly see the wolf's tongue slopping and slobbering against the human's groin, soaking those undies with copious amounts of saliva, some of it even dribbled onto my head. It was warm.

The kid looked like he just wet himself, and from the smell of things he probably did, but I'm sure the wolf was a bigger pervert than I was and enjoyed every second of it. His head was slumped forward now and he was panting as the ravenous beast's black lips sealed around his stomach. Even if I wanted to, even if I could help, I don't think it would have made any difference. The big ate the small. It could have been worse, but thinking about it, this kid was getting smiled on by fate now. Here he was in the middle of nowhere being eaten alive by this sexy predator inch by inch while he gave off pleased growls and murmurs. He was lucky to have found his place in the world so easily at the bottom of the food chain, and I was comfortable with mine as cocksucker, but that didn't last much longer.

I wasn't paying attention to anything at that moment; my mind was so cluttered, though I was still apparently doing an adequate job since the wolf orgasmed right into my mouth. The initial rush of thick seed brought me out of my daze, and I quickly put my throat to work gulping down as much of the cum as I could, but I couldn't get it all down. My cheeks were so bulged that several splurts of the stuff escaped from my mouth, and I

was forced to pull off, getting a good portion of the stuff shot onto my face and along my neck and chest. I panted as the wolf's orgasm waned, and from the sound of things the big guy was a little winded too, he was taking a break from swallowing his dinner. I received an appreciative rub on the back of the head, even if I did make a mess of things and my face was dripping with wolf cum.

After letting out a thick belch, I tried to clean off my face as much as I could using only my tongue, since I was still playing with my penis with my hands, though before I could even get the goop off my chin the wolf plucked me up by my collar and sat me down on his lap, hugging me against his stomach. I was given a better seat now, and I watched attentively. I resumed the breathless tugging of my dick while the lupine's throat started to work on claiming his meal again, dragging the human down past his chest, but all the kid did was moan, and give a weak writhe here and there. The wolf's muscular build didn't so much detail in the bulge that was rapidly growing in the beast's chest. He gulped again, and his stomach started to move about, I wagered that was due to the fact his prey was starting to enter its new home. I almost whimpered, resting against the gut that was starting to jiggle with activity. It felt as if I had to brace myself, even though I wasn't the one being eaten, not yet.

Even though I wasn't giving my cock the usual amount of attention I did when playing with myself, the second I saw the wolf's tongue slide up around the human's neck and pulled him away from everything he knew as the boy just sighed a sweet nothing into the air, his goodbye to the world, I came. I came -hard-. My spunk shot against the ebony stomach I was settled against, almost grinding against actually. The final gulp and that was it, the kid I started feeling sorry for I now envied as he vanished down the throat and sank down into the wolf's stomach, causing it to bounce a little once he was full sealed inside for good. Panting, gasping, whining, I just looked at the belly as it move oh so slowly. The thing that got me the most was how fucking happy the wolf looked, easily a thousand times more smug than any cat next to an empty canary cage.

He licked his lips, and belched. And that was it; his meal was done as far as he was concerned.

I was allowed to sit on the lupine's lap, I even cleaned up the white mess that he and I made. I kept a close watch on his stomach, still seeing it move; even hearing muffled nothings from underneath layers of fat, flesh, and fur. Once I had finished licking up any errant spooge, I massaged that sexy gut as best I could with my bound hands, eliciting pleased moans and growls from the wolf as if he was just a dog. Time ticked away, and the sounds from the devoured boy turned from muffled speech to gurgles and churns, the wiggling stopped, life had ended. Now he was truly just meat.

All it took was a series of swallows.

The wolf idly ran his paw down the back of my head, while my fingers worked onto his gurgling tummy, though at some point I must have dozed off to the sounds of his stomach at work. He resumed watching television, life going on as usual. I don't know

why, but I think that was one of the best night's sleep I had ever had, and it was cuddling against my soon to be predator with no aspirations of escape now.

Hours ticked by, and I eventually woke up sometime the next day I wagered. I was curled up on the couch with a blanket over me. Sunlight seeped through the cracks in the boards on the window across the room from me over the television. My eyes took a moment to adjust, and I had to wonder where the wolf left, feeling a little dejected that he wasn't there the morning after, especially since I was confident that last night was enjoyable for both him and I. Before I could sit up all the way the familiar brute loomed over me from the side of the couch, smirking.

"Mornin' piggy, get up it's time for me to take you on a walk," and with that he snapped something around my collar. That was when I figured I wasn't chained anymore, but now I had a familiar looking leash tugging at my neck.

Being the good prey item I was, I crawled off of the couch and followed after the dark lupine, keeping my head down and staying a few steps behind him. He led me to a glass door in the back and gestured for me to follow. The harsh sunlight made me squint, I couldn't recall the last time I had actually seen it, but I quickly adjusted after a few blinks. Much to my surprise, unlike the rest of the abode, the yard was very well kept. The grass was healthy and green, there were a few flowers growing against the side of the house, and there was a simply massive tree, which gave off ample shade, the perfect thing to have with spring warming things up. The morning air made me feel relaxed as it washed over my nude form that probably needed a good washing.

I followed the wolf, staying my distance as he took me on a little tour around the back yard that was surrounded by a strong, wooden fence. The lupine stopped for a moment, scratching his rear end with a grunt before gazing back down at me, resting a paw on his stomach. His mid section was considerably smaller after last night, though it definitely had an extra inch or two added even now that his meal was fully digested.

"You gotta piss or anything?" He asked with a smirk.

I blushed at how blunt he was, but after thinking for a moment I nodded and he gave my leash another tug, leading me to the fence that was next to the tree. He slid the end he was holding through a wooden stake and tied it there, ensuring that I wouldn't wander away too far or anything.

"Go ahead," he mused and laid a paw against the healthy looking tree while he started to undo his pants. Apparently he had to go too.

Still feeling coy and shy about the whole thing I turned my head downwards and pressed my still bound hands against the fence and started to urinate. It came easily, and I even smiled while the pressure was relieved from my bladder. The musky fluids hit

against the wood and splattered to the ground while I looked back to my captor and predator, and just when I thought he couldn't have gotten anymore repelling, yet at the same time attractive, he was squatting over the tree with his pants around his ankles and his tail raised. The big guy was taking a shit right there.

I watched, once again breathless as a thick, murky log of brown waste was squeezed out from the lupine's fat, stretched anus. The waste made a sickening squelch as the remains of his dinner last night were released into the outside world, but sharing no resemblance to the boy that had vanished past those ivory chompers. The big pervert was stroking his stomach, moaning in ecstasy while he unloaded so much of the dung from his bowels onto the ground. Maybe this explained why the lawn and everything was so healthy; all of this manure must have been great.

After forcing out what looked like maybe, several pounds of wolf shit in the form of a steaming pile, the big guy sighed in relief and wagged his tail, looking more than pleased with himself. His fingertips slipped down past his waistline and tapped against the head of his fat sheath, which he aimed down as best he could and even got on his tiptoes for a moment as he started to piss. His tail hole was still flexing, and a few errant nuggets of crap plopped onto the collected pile while his golden stream of waste was released as well and splashed against the mound of former food. He panted happily while he finished up and farted rather lewdly before shaking his groin and pulling his pants back up.

He turned his head and looked to me, grinning still with that smug look on his face. He pat his gut and pulled my leash free from the stake and held it gently in his paw, giving me a little tug before he started his way back into the house. I of course followed him, but as I did so I ran my hand along the lettering on my collar, remembering that the wolf's previous prey had something written on it.

I could feel each letter, and it spelled... 'L-U-N-C-H.'

I was going to be eaten, and fairly soon by the way the big guy was stroking his no doubt empty stomach.

I felt my penis stirring again while a wry smile started to form.