

It could not, would not, end like this.

The thought raced through Peter's mind like a desperate anthem, pushing him down the forest path with every step. Moonlight, wind, and leaves swirled past in an impish dance, and the man leapt over a mossy fallen tree, scrambling to stay on his feet.

He had been chased dozens of times, maybe even hundreds, but never by something as nasty as this. She defied all logic, everything his mind of reason and cleverness had taught him, and instead shrouded herself within the stories and myths of his youth.

But the truth was inescapable, and as much as Peter denied it, the she-werewolf was real. He could hear her heavy, hungry, heaving scarcely less than a few yards away and closing fast, and he threw his head back in one panicked glance.

Peter immediately wished he hadn't. She was right there, moving in an unholy four-legged sprint that filled him with utter panic. The creature's amber eyes were alight with a villainous, wild fire, and her grey-brown fur rippled above a body more powerful than that of any mortal man. An entire canine maw of ice-white fangs grinned at him in the moonlight, and a pair of long, clawed fingers made an occasional dash towards his body to gesture him towards nearing fate. It was a sight worse than hell itself.

"Stay away!" he screamed and waved a hand back at her in a wide swipe, "I'm... I'm armed!"

The werewolf snarled and made a bounding leap that forced Peter to jump aside just for it to miss his body. The claws made a loud, terrible swish mere inches from his skin, and as he landed his boot connected with the ground at a sharp diagonal angle.

It was the last mistake Peter ever made. In less than a moment, his body slammed down into the forest grass with a sudden shock of paralyzing pain. He gasped for breath as the blurred, starry night sky danced in front of him, and began wildly groping for his knife before that thing caught up.

With a slick metallic scrape, the weapon slid out into his fingers and the man took a deep, breath. If only the weapon didn't suddenly feel so pitiful in his hands...

The sharp sound of heavy paws burst from the right and Peter scrambled to his boots, weapon extended.

"Stay back!" he shrieked as his blade wobbled in shaking hands, "I said... stay back!"

The werewolf was right there at scarcely five yards away. She paused for a second to eye the weapon, and then gave a low murmur that could only be described as a chuckle; within seconds, she started to slowly advance on Peter.

The she-wolf almost looked human this close. The way her hips swayed, the subtle spark of intelligence in her eyes and face, and even the faint outline of breasts beneath fur all caused him to watch with careful pause. Her humanity only made it worse; having something so animal thinking and plotting against him was absolutely terrible, but then the worst thought came into Peter's mind - there had to be a reason.

The beast advanced closer and closer, but what had he done to her? What had happened between them that caused so much aggression?

He stared down at the blade again before moving back up to the werewolf. Their eyes locked for a final fleeting second as fear began to rapidly bleed from his face.

"S... s..." he began to stammer, "Stop! I... I have what you want!"

The werewolf cocked her head and blinked for a second as Peter fumbled through his bag. The acknowledgement made things even more unsettling, and she stared with a subtle fang or two through her lips as Peter ripped the stolen necklace out of his bag.

"This... this is yours, right!?" the gold-silver and diamond necklace dangled out in front of him, "I'm so, so sorry, Mistress," Peter gave a little bow, "I had no idea."

She paused for a second and watched the necklace slowly sway in the wind. Her deep, animal eyes showed a spark of interest, and the werewolf quietly extended her arm and took the necklace from Peter.

"Again, again!" he continued, "I'm so sorry for the misunderstanding. Won't happen again, Mistress, I swear!"

The she-wolf quietly turned the necklace around in her long, clawed fingers. It looked so out of place, something this hellish holding something so beautiful, but sure enough, the animal's expression lit up in surprise before she nodded at Peter with a crooked smile.

"You recognize it?" he burst out in joy, "It is yours?"

She nodded again and lifted the necklace up to her mouth. The jaws were framed in an open, wicked smile, and Peter thought that she was about to place it down around her neck. Instead, she tilted her eyes to the sky and dangled the jewelry straight above her maw.

"Um, Mistress?"

Almost in acknowledgement, the werewolf let the necklace drop straight into her throat before swallowing it with a sickening gulp. An inch-wide bulge slipped down into her body, and Peter stared in sheer horror as her gaze once again met his.

"Delicious," she laughed and let her voice rush across the clearing. It was halfway between a low growl and a hoarse throat, and every word was dripping with sadistic malice.

Peter began taking a few steps backwards, and the werewolf let out a low purr, "Thanks for the appetizer, sweetie..."

"No, please!" he shrieked and began pulling more and more jewelry out of his bag, "Do you see this? See this? It's all yours!"

He began placing item after item on the ground like offerings to a god, and looked up in between each one with wide, frightened eyes, "That's all I have for now, but I can get more! Just... spare me please! Spare me and I'll never wrong you again!"

She laughed, "You idiot. I don't know any more about you than you know about the chicken you roast for supper. You just happen to be dinner..."

"No! No!"

The werewolf took a step forward and licked her dark, shining lips, "But if you do happen to be telling the truth, I suppose I'm doing the town a favor by eating a shit like you, hmm? We'll never have to worry about you stealing from us again..."

Peter extended his blade again and gave it a few unconvincing thrusts, "You... you stay back, you hear me? I'll kill you if I have to!"

The she-wolf cocked her head again, "Oh, how I would love to see you try."

Peter began circling her again in a half-hearted attempt to gain an advantage, and the blade began to shake in his gloves worse than ever.

"Last warning, beast!"

She flashed her fangs before cackling, "Famous last words, thief!"

What happened next looked like a mere blur. Peter suddenly lunged with all the force he could muster, but before he could even gain a foot, the werewolf swept her arms towards him and effortlessly knocked him aside. The man and blade went flying.

"ARGH!" Peter screamed as his head rammed the grass and white-hot stars burst into his vision like snowflakes in a blizzard. Everything hurt, every bone and body was dull warm with pain, and he began clumsily scrambling for his blade.

"It's over, human," Peter heard a low snarl from behind and then a sudden, arcing pain across his calf as claws tore straight into him, "Don't you get it?"

The werewolf quickly snapped his body back towards her in brutal jerks, and Peter's free leg flailed crazily behind him. The boot kicked back and forth against her body, but then he managed to land a strike straight on the fingers.

"Urgh!"

The grip loosened just enough to allow Peter to start scrambling forward, and his other boot tore off as the werewolf made a second missing lunge. He was free! And Peter began wildly crawling and

stumbling forwards to his blade.

It was so close! He could see the knife right in the grass in front of him, and he kept forward until the blade was almost in his gloves. One more lunge and he'd be there! One more final attempt at securing his freedom from this hell-spawn!

"ARGH!"

But then there was only pain. Sudden, excruciating agony that made anything else Peter had felt that night seem like needle pricks. Immediately his muscles seized and he felt his body flipped with excruciating brutality. Claws dug into flesh to create streaks of sharp blood, and she picked him up a foot or two before throwing him down to the ground.

Peter threw his arms up over his face and kicked his legs up into whatever they could hit. Within moments they were brought down to the ground, and he screamed out as a paw began to dig straight into his kneecap with bone-crunching force.

"As I was saying..." Peter watched the werewolf hover above him, as she spoke in the same, horrible growl, "It's over, thief."

"Nnnnnnnh..."

"There, there," she grinned and leaned down over his body. The clawed fingers began to unbutton his shirt before finally sliding it off with surprising grace, "A quick trip through my stomach is guaranteed to clean up all that pain..."

"No....."

"Yes..." the werewolf slid off his pants and the other boot in a similar manner before tossing them to the side to leave Peter completely naked, "But the only way out of this is right through here..."

Without warning, the she-wolf suddenly popped open her jaws to reveal a full set of fangs that adorned a dull pink cavern of flesh. The beginning of her throat was marked with a pitch-black hole distinguishable only by the occasional glimmer of light, and saliva hung from every other inch of her jaws to form a wet, sticky forest. Drool constantly slipped off her tongue at about a drop a second, and the warm, hot puffs of her breath mingled with the chilly night air.

"No! Nonononono!"

Her maw was a sight from hell itself, and Peter began squirming wildly and fighting back with his free limbs in any way he could. But it was useless; no matter what he did, the dark, sinister jaws kept creeping towards him until they were just inches away from his face; with a subtle sweep of her paws, the she-wolf pinned him down.

"Goodbye, thief..." she whispered, this time her voice carrying an almost human gentleness as she brushed her tongue up against his nose, "Mmmmmmmh..."

The tongue kept moving across his skin in wide, sweeping strokes, and the smooth, sticky muscle felt almost relaxing. He tried to push away, turn his head to the other side, but the werewolf shifted it back and stared straight into his eyes; before Peter could even respond, the jaws were tight around his head. "MMMPH!" Peter immediately threw his bare fists up against the beast's thick, fur-covered muscle in blows that would have sent a man flying, but the werewolf merely shrugged them off and gulped even more of him down. Soon he was up to his neck, and next disappeared his shoulders.

And as his last blow came up against her body, Peter realized one thing: he was losing. Already he could no longer move his arms beyond a small area around his waist, and the more he struggled with his body, the faster it seemed to be devoured. But that was nothing compared to what he felt.

All he saw was darkness. It was a thick, never-ending cave of muscle, heat, and sticky, slimy saliva that surrounded his body like a worm. Every inch that had entered her was saturated, and stinging, painful drops of sweat ran into areas of his eyes Peter could never hope to reach.

But crowning it all was the smell. Every new shift, every new inch, forced him closer to the putrid, festering stench that refused to do anything but grow stronger. It smelled of death, blood, and a smell that Peter had grimly come to recognize as human flesh. Was he really the first she'd devoured this night?

"N... no!" the smell and heat were beginning to become absolutely intolerable. Peter screamed and tried to struggle against the fleshy prison, but he was already up to his waist, "Please! Let me out, oh god, please!"

The werewolf let out a low growl and dragged him across her fangs to shut him up. The man winced and whined as the werewolf kept forcing him in and she began to tilt her body backwards in a graceful arc to let gravity feed her.

"NO!" Peter felt everything shift downwards, and he dug his fingers into anything he could find. Dull, dirty fingernails hugged every inch and contour of her throat, but it was anything but enough. He was undeniably picking up speed, and he felt his squirming feet slip across the base of her tongue and down into her throat.

"HELP! SOMEBODY! PLEASE!" he let out one last scream as he felt the entire throat surge downwards in a sickening gulp. His fingers began to burn from the friction, and he pulled them back and began to face the inevitable. Moments later, he landed in the stomach with a dull, nauseating splash.

It was the beginning of the end. As the rest of his body was forced down into the tight ball of the stomach, the acids began to quickly rise up against his bare skin. It started stinging instantly, and Peter tried to reposition himself up away from the pain, but there was nowhere to go. For every moment he pushed back against the stomach, it pushed in twice as hard to gently caress him into the smallest possible form of meat-to-be.

"LET ME OUT!" Peter shrieked and began to pound his slimy, acid-drenched fists against the stomach walls. It was a delicate balance that he couldn't maintain for long. Moving and struggling caused the acids to slosh even more, and he eventually slouched back and began to push back against the muscle as hard as he possibly could. It was stealing his air, and already he was beginning to choke on every next breath...

"Why don't you make me?" the werewolf giggled and let out a small belch, "You'd better hurry, though. I don't think you have that much longer."

"P... please! I'll give you everything!" he collapsed against the stomach wall with a small splash, "Please..."

"Everything? I think you already have," she grinned and flopped down on her back. The she-wolf admired her bloated belly for a few moments before beginning to generously rub it with the tips of her claws. Oh how delicate this man's form felt inside...

Peter let out a shriek as the stomach walls moved violently under her grip. Acid was splashing everywhere now, and he was met with an unmistakable smell of blood that could only be his own. His skin was already flaking off, and with it, his sense of touch. Soon, he couldn't feel anything; all he knew was that it was ending, and he welcomed its embrace.

"Mmmmmmmmmmmh..." the werewolf moaned as she felt Peter curl up beneath her paws, "Just like that..."

"Nnnnnnnnnh..." Peter gagged and felt his head fall back against the stomach wall. All his air was gone, consumed just like he would be, and he slowly blinked his eyes as the last bits of warmth began to fade.

"No..."

"BUUUUUUUUUUUURP!"

The werewolf let out a massive belch that smelled of man, blood, and death, and pushed both paws in to her stomach. A lethal gurgle erupted from within, and she smiled. The werewolf knew her stomach well; nothing was ever alive at this point.

"Mmmm," she licked her lips and flopped down against the forest floor with both paws at her side. Tonight had been so exhausting, and now all she needed to do was rest and digest.

"Goodnight, thief..."

Inside, the acids had already gotten a start into Peter's body. His skin was quickly fizzing off in large,

fleshy chunks as chyme washed up over him, and bits fell off to join the acid below with small little splashes and pops. His fingers and face were already well on their way to becoming indistinguishable lumps of blood and muscle, and already one of his eyeballs was floating around in the slush below. The rest of his muscle was being quickly stripped down into the puddle of chyme below, first as the connections dissolved to free up the tissue itself, and acid seeped up into the cracks to work away as quickly as it could. Soon, there was nothing left to the areas but barren, desolate bone floating in a once-human soup.

The werewolf let out another loud burp and gave her belly a loving squeeze.

“Good riddance.”