

[A predator, even a friend, is still a predator – by Soline](#)

“Grey!” Soline exclaims with delight, gazing down at the, aptly named, grey Wolfyena smiling sheepishly in her doorway. He’s not short by any means, standing an impressive six foot tall, with white soft fur covering his underbelly, and a speckling of black patches running from the bottom of his ribs down... well, down into the waist-line of his tracksuits at any rate. But stood before Soline he is effortlessly dwarfed by her colossal nine foot frame, filling the custom built doorway with subtly toned muscle and luxuriant, well cared for fur; ranging from dark chocolatey brown to a pale earthen tan on her underbelly. A tail, longer than Grey is tall and perpetually curled to avoid dragging on the floor, undulates smoothly as the dark pink tip of her tongue, glistening in the afternoon glow, flicks out and moistens her full, ebony black lips with a slow, teasing swipe.

The wolfyena shuffles slightly under the gaze of her piercing blue eyes, his abdominal muscles rippling softly as he tries to relax. Normally perfectly comfortable in just a pair of tracksuit bottoms with no top Grey is uncharacteristically nervous stood before the giant pantheress, “Uh...gonna invite me in ma’am?”

“Call me ma’am again and I might have to find out just how resilient wolf bones are.... Come on in sugar.” The feline’s eyes flash playfully with the threat and she turns on her heel, vanishing back into her home silently, the long tail whipping out to stroke playfully across Grey’s face, enticing him inside.

Stealing the opportunity to stretch and work the worry out of his muscles (We’re friends, what am I worried about? Just two friends...hanging out...alone in the England countryside...yeah) and scratch the black furred tips of his ears before following her inside, regaining his usual demeanour as he calls out, albeit softly, “That’s wolfyena to you!”

“Oh Really?” comes the amused reply “Well, you’ll have to *earn* that one sweetie...and you can start by joining me for dinner, show me that appetite wolves are known for” Grey squints for a moment until his powerful wolven eyes adjust to the dimmer light of Soline’s hallway and he walks boldly into her kitchen, following his nose to the sweet scent of food...and caramel. The wolfyena knows all too well how every part of Soline’s body, outside *and* in, tastes and smells of the sweet, sticky treat and her familiar scent draws a soft blush to his furred cheeks.

In the kitchen Soline already has her back to him, fussing over a hot oven and shifting the last few plates of food onto the already groaning table. “Here, let me help” Grey hurries to the panther’s side and attempts to take over cooking, before receiving a sharp whack on the head with some kind of cooking implement

“Unless you want to jump *in* the pot sweetie, I suggest you sit down like a good guest and tuck in” Her voice stays soft and alluring, but she eyes him and raises the wooden spoon again threateningly until her friend grumbles in defeat and pads back across the room to slip into one of the oversized chairs – like everything else in her home the chairs and table are scaled up to better suit a nine foot giantess. Rubbing his head feebly he watches Soline eventually turn the oven off and carry over the last article of food, a deep pot filled to the brim with hot, bubbling stew. She balances the still

glowing pot precariously on the last space on the table, near the edge, and sits down beside Grey and eyes him with annoyance "I *told* you to start!"

Smiling sheepishly the wolf picks up a large chicken leg and tries again to coax sympathy from her by rubbing his head "Guess you hit me harder than you thought, I passed out when you weren't looking" in a vain attempt to keep the ruse and not snigger he stuffed the leg into his mouth, chewing the meat off happily.

Soline keeps watching him in disbelief, then turns her own hunger on the food, taking a home-baked pasty off a tray and grumbling to herself, "Bloody passed out... *harder*... just you wait and see, hmph"

"Sorry?" Grey blinks in surprise, a potato halfway to his mouth pauses, before sliding off his fork and hitting the table with a firm thwack

The panther simply smirks and takes a mouthful, speaking around the food "Oh...noin..."

Shaking his head slowly Grey resumes eating, and slowly but surely the mountain of food on the table vanished between two pairs of lips. Despite the hunger gnawing at him ever since he left America the wolf soon finds himself stuffed to the brim, and happily gulps down the last of his drink before turning to watch Soline eat; the feline's appetite is almost legendary, and coupled with her size it's no surprise she shows no signs of stopping as she devours enough to feed an entire room full of men. Soon though, that sweet, honeyed scent that has enticed the wolfyena since entering Soline's home tickles at his nostrils again, and he knows it won't be long before he simply *has* to indulge it.

"Ack!" Soline yelps as she lifts upwards slightly "Mmm, having fun are we Grey?" She purrs softly, looking down and seeing the black tipped ears of her friend poking out between her thighs. Glancing over her shoulder she sees Grey on his back, head buried under her rump; even through the thick flesh of her buttocks she hears him inhale deeply, virtually purring himself at her scent. He says something unintelligible and wriggles his head slightly, working himself just a tiny bit deeper into her crack. Shrugging to herself she reaches for the large pot of untouched stew and brings it close. Pausing and letting a wickedly indulgent smile cross her lips the feline shuffles her hips lightly, feeling a mute groan as she works herself down a little, biting her lip to hold back a groan of pleasure as she feels Grey's snout push into her tailhole, stretching the pucker wider; and then she lets out a fart right over his head, chuckling as she feels his nostrils sniffing happily *inside* her ass. Releasing another humid blast of oddly sweet air she lifts the pot to her lips and takes a large mouthful of the hot stew and chews happily.

Almost an hour, and many farts, later the feline is finally finished eating as she pops a strawberry past her lips and swallows it without chewing. With a satisfied belch she slowly stands up, sliding off Grey's head, by now his *entire* snout lodged up her backside, with a sticky squish, her bowels suckling hungrily around him with a needy squelch. "Enjoying ourselves are we?" She looks down and smirks at the dazed, dreamy expression on his face, his snout-fur slightly matted with sweat and fluids. With a soft laugh she loops her tail around his chest and lifts him to his feet, gently guiding him from the kitchen into the large living room and down onto her couch, pushing him back and watching him squirm into a slightly more comfortable position.

“hehe sorry, couldn’t resist” Grey grins sheepishly up at her and pats the couch beside him as an invitation, an invitation the feline accepts gladly. Flopping down onto the couch beside him and wrapping an arm around him, pulling him close and purring softly. At such height differences Grey found his head mashed pleasantly into her breast, the enormous orb vibrating gently with her purring, and just below the deep, rhythmic buzzing he can hear the sticky glorps and gurgles of her belly as the powerful muscle contracts and clenches around her enormous meal, churning it away to nothing in the fiery oven of her stomach. Soline snares him in her tail again, the long appendage wrapping around his body at least three times and clenching as firmly as the arm pressing the side of his head to her bosom. Flicking on the television and finding an amusing film to watch she settles comfortably into the cuddle and wraps her other arm around him, trapping his powerfully wagging tail in her fist and pinning it to his leg, holding him totally in her power, purring heavily.

“Gree-eeey” Soline moans softly a short time after the film, one hand playing with the fur on his abdomen. She feels him stir slightly against her, “Grey...I’m hungry again...” A wicked smile flits across her face as she feels his body stiffen and squirm sharply against her; easily able to keep him ensnared she plays along and relaxes just enough for him to pull his head from her breasts and look up in confusion... and fear.

“S-Soline? You want me to go and, and get you a snack?”

“Why on earth would I want a snack? I have a full course *meal* right here!” She smirks, and in a single fluid motion drags him up and onto her lap, her hands firmly pinning his arms to his sides. Worry flits across his face as the wolf looks into her predatory blue eyes, and listens to her stomach gurgle hungrily. Before he can say another word, before he can even *try* to dissuade her from making him her next meal, she leans down slightly, mouth agape, and wraps her full, ebony lips around his snout, thrumming softly at his taste, his nose mingled slightly with a hint of her own caramel flavour. Instinctively the wolfyena opens his mouth to shout, and ends up simply opening his snout right onto Soline’s fangs, the powerful teeth puncturing his snout repeatedly and making greys eyes water with pain. “Siwwy boi!” Soline teases, cupping the back of his head in one hand and pulling him deeper into her mouth, stretching her jaw wider to allow her lips to slide up his snout and over his eyes, filling his vision with the gloomy pink within her mouth, drool dripping from every surface and steadily coating, and lubricating, his fur. Under his chin Grey feels her tongue work away happily, licking the blood from his fur and replacing it with warm saliva.

Helpless in her grip Grey can do nothing but watch the warm, dark inner flesh of her cheeks bulge and twitch around him as her lips slide ever further backwards, pushing his ears flat before they slip from sight into her voracious maw and finally sliding over his crown and down to wrap around his neck. At the same time Grey’s snout is pushed to the very back of her throat, sliding past her uvulva and pushing into the crushingly tight confines of her gullet, the hot, rippling flesh seemingly coaxing him deeper while squeezing so hard around his snout he couldn’t even open his mouth to yell if tried. Instead he starts to thrash frantically, tail whipping back and forth in an attempt to...do what Soline isn’t sure, but nevertheless she bites down firmly, teeth sinking into the soft exposed flesh all the way around his throat until blood starts to ooze between her fangs, making her wolfyena whimper in pain and stop squirming.

Purring happily, Soline gulps hard, stretching her mouth wide at the same time to let her throat muscles drag Grey deeper, swallowing most of his head into the crushing embrace of her throat and

pull his shoulders effortlessly into her mouth. Pausing for a moment to stroke the pleasing bulge in her throat lovingly Soline bites down again, but lighter, her teeth not quite puncturing his flesh again; instead she grips his hips, pinning his hands down, and eases him steadily into her maw and down her relaxed, if still painfully tight, throat. Already stretched wide she doesn't bother to stretch more, and lets Grey's body drag painfully over her teeth, opening up fresh wounds and long, jagged bitemarks that leak thick, salty crimson blood into her mouth and elicits sharp, muffled grunts of pain accompanied by muscular spasms as he sharply thrashes, cutting himself again on her teeth in an attempt to escape.

She stops gulping again with her lips around his waist and wrists and settles back in the couch, releasing his legs to allow him to kick desperately, and far more weakly thanks to his injuries, while she strokes her distended throat and the beginnings of a bulge in her stomach "Ssllnee....Nnnn! plllsz!" Grey begs, the inner depths of her oesophagus just a little less tight than near her mouth. Trapped completely immobile in her throat, forced to endure to pain of his bites he shivers, feeling a rib crack under the pressure of her *relaxed* muscles. Saliva and blood, trickles thickly down his body, lubricating his whole body and dripping from the tip of his nose into the tiny air pocket just ahead, just before the flesh of her throat comes together less than an inch ahead of him; stretching just wide enough to allow him through.

As way of a response Soline swallows again and bites down sharply, teeth digging fully into his thighs and stopping him mid swallow, holding him still while her throat ripples and flexes around him, drawing painful creaks from his other ribs as her gullet compresses around him like a snake. The teeth digging into his flesh draws a true scream of pain from the wolf as she gently pulls them free, hearing the faint squelches of tooth sliding past bloody, raw wet flesh; and she purrs happily at the bitter sweet taste of his blood as it flows over her tongue, 'almost' obscuring the taste of his flesh – if it did, she might stop biting, but instead she gets to taste him, inside and out, on the way down. Ignoring his weak begs for mercy, and the way his trapped hands push at the insides of her cheeks uselessly, she swallows again, hearing a satisfied crack as the powerful muscles fracture one of his ribs, but drag his bloody legs in to the knees. Nipping softly she draws blood from numerous more wounds, gulping down the crimson fluids and soaking her meal in his own blood.

Finally Grey's head pushes out of Soline's throat and into the sticky, humid depths of her stomach, the small sack already almost completely filled with his head, the bottom holding a small pool of blood and saliva that gladly accepts his nose, coating his already soaked face in a mixture of saliva, blood and stomach fluids "S-Soline! p-please! Lemmie out!" He yells frantically, jaws now unhindered by her constricting throat and voice stammering through fear and pain.

"Whuy on errf wud I do ffat?" She snickers around his knees, swallowing again and biting his calves as they slip past her lips, effortlessly gulping up the muscular legs and biting into his ankles and heels. Now slouching on her couch, one hand resting on her growing gut, she lifts a hand and playfully... *cruelly* presses a single sharp claw into his heel, drawing blood a final time and using the finger to push his foot deeper, slipping the heel into her maw. She does the same to the other, feeling him shift, his legs fully entering her throat, his large feet filling her mouth and his wriggling toes poking out between her slick lips. Still purring and rubbing her stomach Soline stretches her mouth wide and extends her tongue, licking over each and every toe before curling her tongue up and over his toes and pulling them tauntingly slowly into her mouth, snapping her teeth shut and

gulping, *hard*. Listening to his groan of discomfort as the powerful muscles suck his slick form down her throat and forces his battered and bloody body into her stomach, the tight confines stretching only barely wide enough to contain him, yet still flexing and clenching in an attempt to return to a normal size around him, massaging the fluids into his fur with every ripple.

Soline stifles a wet belch and smiles toothily at no one in particular, revealing her bloody fangs before licking the still hot blood from them and swallowing it down. She licks her lips happily, using a finger to wipe the blood away and suck it from her fingers as though cleaning them of gravy after a normal meal. "Mmm, oh you definitely hit the spot Grey!" She comments, admiring her writhing gut.

Inside her belly, Grey gasps weakly, wincing as he touches one of the more severe wounds. In the total darkness he can't *see* anything, but he knows his body is soaked in his own blood, diluted only slightly by Soline's saliva "I...I'm g-glad you en-enjoy me....now maybe...let me...let me go?" He shudders softly as her stomach ripples, a muffled belch giving away the extent of Soline's satisfaction. In a feeble attempt to cause her anything other than pleasure he squirms violently, kicking outwards, and sighs in defeat when he hears her groan loudly; his ears pricking a moment later at the distant sound of a doorbell.

"Ooh! Company! Now *you* behave yourself!" She snaps to Grey, clenching so hard her belly almost halves in size and stands up, carrying Grey's entire body effortlessly as she pads through the house, smiling to herself at her wolfyena's whimpers of pain and discomfort, as well as the lingering smell of his arousal on the air. Pausing for a moment to compose herself and make sure her belly *doesn't* look like there's a living person trapped within, she smooths a ruffled patch of her fur and pulls the door open wide

"Shane! How wonderful! I hoped you might come by!"

The brown furred wolf smiles sheepishly at her naked body "Well...you *did* invite me over"

Soline licks her lips hungrily and turns on her heel, vanishing back into her home silently, the long tail whipping out to stroke playfully across Shane's face, enticing him inside, "I'm afraid I've just eaten, Shane," Soline licks her lips, smiling at the residue salty blood left behind "But I'm sure I can *squeeze* in some dessert...."