

As a beastman in a mostly human world, you were outcasted frequently. Eventually landing yourself in the woods in hopes of finding an escape. With orcs and goblins around each corner, you had to be careful, you had no idea where you would end up. As a fighter, most humans wouldn't dare trifle with you, though in these woods, surrounding the warring kingdoms, you felt outmatched. At any moment, you'd be in so much danger that not even a divine blessing would save you. Just as you crept between the trees, a wind blew past you along with a booming howl washed overhead. You looked overhead wearily, aware of some of the most horrid monsters that roamed here, but little did you know what attention you attracted.

"You there!" A deep voice boomed from behind you. Your initial thought was that a human had caught you but came to find an elegant whitish blue wolf just a few feet away. Upon closer inspection, that mark on the forehead, the voice, the red stocking along the wolf's limbs... Fenrir! You stumbled back in fear. Maybe the voice truly was from a human and they would help you defeat this great wolf? Surely it wasn't *the* fenrir!?

"Stand up. I'm hungry." The wolf spoke. This time it ensured that you heard the one and only Fenrir and no human would save you now. You stand up, not wanting to disobey such a powerful creature. You didn't even pay attention to the second part of what he was saying. The large wolf towered over you as he closed the distance between you two in a few simple strides. You could hardly make it up to his head in height, let alone the sheer amount of power emanating from the wolf and reminding you that you cannot fight your way out of this. To your surprise, the wolf didn't seem to simply maul you to death as you would have thought of the beast, instead he circled you, taking in deep whiffs and truly capturing your scent. Before you could even think to ask what he was planning, a long and pink tongue rubbed against your lower back all the way to your shoulders, the rough material causing you to cringe at the feeling. To your surprise, you didn't even pull away. Perhaps it was fear of something worse or the simple disbelief in what was happening. Thankfully, Fenrir spoke once more in your confusion.

"Very well, you will have to do." Fenrir sighed, sounding disheartened about what he has decided for you, whatever it may be. With enough force to knock over a house, Fenrir pressed you into the ground with wind alone. You tried to turn and saw him cutting apart your boots and pants, leaving you completely naked and bare for him to see. You wanted to move away and reposition yourself to be more covered, but the wind kept you in place as he layered your legs in saliva with another long

lick, this one ending at your tailbone. The rough muscle also felt delicate as it glazed over you? It was unimpeded by the wind you were held by on his current attempt to humiliate you sadly. Your mind flooded with questions on why the great wolf was gracing you with such odd acts of affection, but that idea disappeared just as quickly as your feet have in his muzzle. As soon as they entire his long muzzle, your feet were victim to much more licking than before, with much more saliva than before. Fenrir took this further, swallowing slightly as your thighs and calves were engulfed in his cheeks, soon to be swallowed as well after efficiently layered in thick wolf spittle.

“W-wait Fenrir, sir! D-don’t eat me, I don’t even taste good!” You tried to plead, but your body was lifted as his muzzle slurped past your own behind and genitals, now leaving only your upper waist in the last moonlight you’ll see for a while. Fenrir seemed to roll his eyes at the remark before swallowing again, now catching your head on his tongue, which wasted no time in covering you in saliva. The smell in his maw was rancid, something you would expect from a wolf, yet somehow still surprising. The sensation of the saliva was much worse over your face. HE seemed to enjoy the feeling of despair on your face, his tongue effortlessly wrapping over your entire head in his tongue and leaving your arms uncomfortably distended from his maw. His hot breath washed over your face as he breathed in deeply, not caring at all about your comfort or sake of being. Much later than you would have liked, he soon swallowed your head as well. With this, he officially swallowed your being, your arms falling behind shortly. His throat was tight and clenched around your body thoroughly before allowing you to plummet in the stinking belly of Fenrir, much more spacious than you would have thought from the outside. It would seem like his mane is covering the majority of his gut. You slumped over in his gut, too dark and tight to allow any comfortable position. ALthough bigger than you thought, you were still in a belly. You were his food, and it felt like it in every sense.

“Well at least you can die in peace knowing that you were right. You *didn’t* taste good... Speaking of which... What is that smell...?” Fenrir asked, walking about and almost instantly forgetting about you in his stomach. The sway from his distended gut acted like a rocking cradle for you as he continued about. You contemplated speaking out against this, but there was no way he would let you out.

You resigned your fate and allowed him to walk around, as uncomfortable as it made you. Through his movements you were drenched in his various gut fluids,

reeking of something awful as he continued to speak. You soon came to a stop, much to your enjoyment, but even that wouldn't last long. It sounded like he found an adventuring party? One of them seemed especially scared, but Fenrir demanded food, as if you weren't filling enough. Was this wolf just a massive glutton with you as his pastime snack? Just when you thought you'd get company in the form of adventurers, chunky slop poured in overhead, smelling amazing, though pre chewed. You had no interest in baby birding food from another monster's gut. No matter how tempting the taste seemed. Much to your surprise, it almost seems never ending. It was constantly pumping into the gut, the smell almost overpowering the smell of his gut... Almost. You were soon up to your chin in the food as Fenrir kept pouring the food in, clearly having forgotten about you. You wanted to speak out and remind the massive wolf and whoever was feeding him that you were still alive, but another gulp of chunky remains covered your body. You wanted to take a deep sigh, but food covered your face entirely. It was at this point that you couldn't wait to be digested, but you couldn't be that lucky. The night had just started after all.

With a few more globs of remnant food being poured in, now forcing you into a tight gut which felt like it had grown twice your own size after he had eaten. But as soon as you assumed that he had far too much, he continued to walk about as if this was an average tuesday for him. The gurgling acid underneath now started rocking with his pace, mixing you in with his chewed up food. You tried to press outward and stabilize your position but were met with a paw shoving back. Other times the belly simply clenched and tightened your entire enclosure in on itself. With such extensive weight added, the rocking of his walking now worsened for you in such a way to make you wish you never ran away. With the constant layering of food surrounding you, you realized that you would likely be digested last, the food encasing you in a nasty armor of sludge that shared your fate. Much to your surprise, you felt another hand press into his belly. It wasn't the same as Fenrir's paw but seemed to push inward the same way. You then heard a voice separate from what you've heard previously.

"Wow Fel, I really overfed you, didn't I?" A human asked. It sounded like he was the adventurer who Fenrir asked him to feed. Who was Fel, anyway? Fenrir responded with a sigh, also pushing into the belly with a more forceful attempt, making you somehow even more uncomfortable than before.

"Oh I'm just waiting to digest it is all. I had eaten before I met with you and my snack is more resilient than I had hoped. As vengeance, I decided to keep it

around until it goes unconscious.” He only saw you as a snack? As if you weren’t at enough of a low. What did he mean *resilient*? You had given up long ago. It was his fault for deciding to eat a person.

“Oh did you eat a rabbit? I can help soothe your belly if you want? My uhh... Familiar...? Seemed to like it when I pet him.” The human suggested as he pushed into the belly once more, causing the entire belly to seize and a bubbling belch ripped out from the distance. Fenrir scoffed but didn’t seem to react at all strongly. The human took this as a sign to continue, now kneading gently into the belly as Fenrir flopped on his side, tossing you over yourself one last time as the human gave you an unintentional massage. The hands were heavily filtered due to the gunk surrounding you but it was enough to fall asleep too. Hopefully this would act enough as a break for Fenrir to finally digest you. You try to take a deep sigh, but the load of food remnants remind you of their presence.

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