

“Oh blegh... This is like, the fifteenth time I've tried!” Our buggy friend, Domiel, exclaimed as he let his head fall onto his black keyboard, a *klack!* Sounding out as his forehead crashed into home row, sending a couple keys flying. The moth groaned out an “oww...” as he lied against the now incomplete keyboard, pain from head bang ever present.

The Bug had been unsuccessfully trying for a rather long while now to write for a while now, mind failing to come up with any good. It had been a long, grueling process trying to the words on the page, (or screen for that matter,) only to erase all of his progress whenever he came to a roadblock in the creative process. It was a self-destructive, utterly negative cycle, but he couldn't get himself out of this creative rut which consumed his mind.

Though, (possibly through the head bang,) the bottom heavy lepidoptera had gained an idea. “That's It! Ah, man, it's so simple!” The moth slapped both hands onto his desk and lifted himself up from his chair, causing a bit of jiggle from his large rear end. “All I need to get back my flow, is a real live example!” Domiel excitedly shouted out, with a smile. “I'm a bit hungry, any who, hehe.” The moth giggled a bit at his dark idea, belly growling in agreeance at the search for prey-... inspiration. With hunger growing, inner wheels spinning, and meaty thighs wobbling, the moth started out on the town, Mid-night atmosphere being perfect for catching prey.

Domiel trotted down the sidewalk, predatory thoughts on the brain. *‘Now I've got to be methodical about this. People won't just want to jump down there all by their own, after all. Although... Finding someone who would, wouldn't be too bad, either.’* The insect's stomach growled in annoyance at his mental indecision. *‘Yeah... I guess you're right. I should try finding anyone first.’* The bug thought with a pat to his aggressive mid-section.

Though, there didn't seem too really be anyone desirable.

Domiel may have been hungry, but he wasn't stupid, and it would've been a **real** stupid mistake to go for anyone out here tonight. The only people, (food more like it,) he could spot was a friend group (far too many for one bug!), Some muscular giants (it'd be suicide.), and a...

Oooo... Now that one's perfect.

A wolf. Slightly muscular, but probably not too hard to overpower with a surprise attack, not too tall, either. But most importantly, all alone. *‘Oh... there you are...’* The moth's eyes gleamed as he spotted his vulnerable target, rubbing his palms together. *‘The snack who's gonna make for a great story.’*

The moth crouched as he attempted to sneak up upon on the rough-looking wolf, the less aware the better! Though, Domiel scratched his head, thinking the situation over, *‘hmmm... even with it being this dark, it's still a bit too open to be safe... And dealing with a predation fine would suck.’* And then, the moth got an idea.

Domiel was... *aware* of his more, *feminine* body. Larger-than-normal (for a male at least) hips and ass, shorter stature, smaller arms and hands, he could pass off as a female, (even if you looked between his legs,) if he really tried.

Perfect for getting dudes attention.

“Hello!” The moth spoke up, with a far higher voice than usual.

“Hm?” The ragged wolf grunted in acknowledgement, tilting his head a bit downward after realizing the moth’s height was lacking, the bags under his eyes making it clear he hadn’t slept in a while. “The hell do you want?”

The moth’s face drooped a bit at the canine’s indifference. *‘Seems like ‘cutesy’ isn’t gonna work...’* His face lit right back up as his mind continued its devious thoughts, *‘though, that’s not a problem~’*. The moth’s eyelids lowered half-way, smile becoming a bit smugger as he sultrily wiggled his hips a bit, trying drag the wolf’s eyes even lower, hoping his girlish frame could catch and keep the wolf’s attention (and erection). “Oh, nothing too much... just a little bit of well, *You~*”

The moth’s planned had halfway worked. The canine’s tired eyes were certainly focused on the insect’s womanly figure, face also becoming a bit red as he realized the moth’s salacious intentions behind his smooth words. Though, the weary canine became suspicious of Domiel’s sudden advances. “Yeah, that’s cool and all.” The wolf pushed off the bricked wall he was resting on, large collar he was wearing jingling a bit, turning his whole body to face the bottom-heavy bug, “Though, out of anybody you could choose, why a stranger you don’t even know?” He queried, gaining a suspicious look.

“Well, after spotting a big boy like you? How could I resist?” The moth’s silver (more gold) tongue slithering out like a snake’s as he spoke sweet nothings to the doubtful canine. “Honestly, I-”

“Yeah, that’s enough. I believe you.” The hubris-driven wolf cut off Domiel as he lifted the moth by the armpits, forcing the short bug to put his woman-like legs around the canine’s waist to support himself as the over-eager wolf went to grab the moth’s large rear-end. “By the by, What’s your name, mothy? Mine’s Walt.” Walt asked as he stared down at the bug in his arms.

“Huh... I guess I did skip over that part, didn’t I? It’s Domiel, great to meetcha!” The salacious (and malicious) bug smiled as he stared right back at the taller canine.

“Well, Domiel, ya little slut-bug, I’m gonna need directions to your place if we’re gonna do this.” The wolf grinned, “Unless you’re into exhibitionism, anyway.”

“Ah! You would need that, wouldn’t you?” The bug laughed a bit as he rubbed the back of his head, “I’m sorry, I’m just a bit of doink when it comes to meeting new people, hehe.” In reality, the bug was just a little too excited over how easy it was to lure in the tired canine, overjoyed to be so close to getting his writing mojo back. “I’m about two blocks down, thataway.” He pointed off to the left, leading the wolf to trot off to his inevitable doom. A fate our moth friend was all too excited for.