

Ah, it's Halloween! On a full moon, too—undeniably, the grandest day of the year yet! Ever since childhood, it's been the stalwart ally of your impish ways. The shroud of nighttime had let you be a little trickster, hiding under the shadows of your neighborhood, finding the *perfect* tricks to reap the most treats in a single night! And even now, many years later, it remains a cornerstone of your mischief. After all, even if you're no longer a kid, far too old for trick or treating, your sweet tooth remains...

Which has led you to your current plan—one that seems to be working *very* well, thank you very much! Species-wise, you're not the most sizable fellow compared to others 'round your neighborhood of choice, and with a tattered black robe disguising your features, you've earned yourself *quite* the haul with your current guise! The night dragged on, your bag laden with oversized sweets (you picked your destinations well!), and now... well, to most, Halloween is well over! The late hours of the night draw near, and the streets are almost completely barren of wanderers: in fact, on a couple blocks, you find the sidewalks completely empty!

But your mind, spurred on by the heavy bag of treats hefted over your shoulder, is hardly convinced that you're done: your years of experience has garnered you a *nice* little tidbit of strategy, particularly for the latest hours. Be it folks tired and wanting to get rid of the last of their candy, or those who don't look twice at who they give out handfuls to (or who swings around twice!), the houses that *do* open typically gain you rewards for your persistence.

All of which leads you to one of the last houses, just a couple blocks away from your car. Your ominous hood has fallen, and if anyone paid close attention, they could easily tell that you're not the age for the trick-or-treating demographic, although no one has seemed to notice (or care). Your pawsteps lead you up towards a tall house, blinds drawn and decorations hanging from the deck. Clouded moons, silhouettes of monsters, stretched spiderwebs—the houses that go all-in are usually good bets, and you hope one last success will be the perfect end to the night!

All the lights to the house are out, but the devious glint to your eyes is unwavering. You prance up to the doorstep, and lift a fist to the door.

knock knock knock!

You hop back a step, and wait. Your ears are perked, listening for anything...

Faintly, you can hear footsteps: heavy, slow footsteps, *somewhere* within the depths of the house. Eagerly, you wait... and wait... and wait.

With a humored scowl, you step back forward.

knock knock knock!

Nothing. But *someone's* in there.

knock! knockknock!

Still nothing.

knock knock!

Alright, at this point, you're doing it for your own comedic effect, your own mind a bit muddled by the late hour and sheer mass of candy you've eaten. It's a *little* funny.

knock! knockknockknockknock!

And *anyway*—if they're up, then what do they expect, not giving out candy on Hallowe—

The door yanks open, thudding against the frame as a large, furred paw *grabs* onto the front of your robe.

A *deep*, irritated growl rumbles from the darkness of the house, and with a **hmp**— you're *yanked* inside, the door *slamming* shut behind you. The grip on your collar is unrelenting, *powerful*, and without any effort, you're *flung* into the depths of the house. Air forced from your chest upon impact, you gasp, adrenaline suddenly surging through your veins as your hands scramble against the floor, desperately trying to pull yourself onto your feet—

A paw *slams* down onto your chest, pinning you against the floorboards. It *easily* covers most of your chest, and the force behind it is *impossible* to budge.

A growl huffs above you, and *finally*, as your eyes adjust to the light, you catch sight of the homeowner. A towering, gray-furred beast, muscles rippling beneath a disheveled pelt, and furrowed, furious crimson eyes piercing into your own.

"I," the werewolf huffs out, a simmering growl deep in his chest. "Have had enough of this incessant *fucking* knocking. I've let it slide *all* night, on a *full moon*, no less, and as soon as I have the chance for a speck of rest on this accursed night—you *fucking* come prancing along, knocking like you own the place—you're not even a damn kid, thinking you can pretend to get free shit. Bad *fucking* news, buddy," he snarls into your paling face, leaning in *close*.

"I'm not one to let this slide without *punishment*."

Words sputter past your lips, incoherent stammers trying to form *any* apology or explanation, but the werewolf doesn't want to hear *any* of it, pressing more weight upon your straining ribs as your sputters turn into breathy wheezes.

You're utterly *petrified*, your former frantic scrambles having ceased as you lie, pinned against the ground, completely frozen as the werewolf bears down upon you. You have no earthly clue what he could be planning, but you *know* it doesn't bode well for you, that you need to *get out of there*. Your instincts *scream*, but your limbs fail to move as you lie there, watching his crimson eyes narrow, and a grin slowly curling onto his snout.

"Oh, *I know*," he rumbles, claws digging into your robe as he *drags* you closer to himself. Your growing dread demands further explanation, but you still can't muster a word as he falls silent besides that low, simmering growl that rumbles throughout the shadowed room. Moonlight gleams against jagged teeth as the werewolf's maw parts, your mind *races* with fears—that he's going to tear you to pieces, bite your head off, *murder* you where you lie—

And a large, rough tongue slathers across your face.

You blink, face scrunching as thick, warm saliva clings to your eyes as you blurrily watch him pull back, tongue lashing over his lips as he does. The ever-present growl deepens. "Sugary-sweet. Fooled everyone on the way here, did you? Glut yourself on candy?" His tongue drags back over you, saliva smushed into the rough scratches from its sandpaper-like surface. His smirk widens as he *tastes* you again, savouring you—and the meek squirms of your resistance.

"Eating so much candy will give you a stomachache," the werewolf remarks, not an ounce of sincerity in his voice. "For your sake, hope you don't give *mine* one, too~" His maw parts with a huff of air, the full moon's light glistening off of dribbling strings of saliva as he leans in close, warm breath puffing against your face as his mouth cranes open wide, wide, *wider*—

And he *lunges* forward.

Parted jaws converge over your head, immediately plunging your vision into shadowed crimson depths: you *can't* see, you can't *perceive* anything but the suddenly overbearing confines of the werewolf's maw—and internally, you *know* this isn't the end. That the humid, stifling huffs of air that rush against your face, carrying a stale, putrid scent hint of your upcoming destination.

The werewolf seems *quite* inclined to fulfill your dread. Large paws *scoop* you off the ground, roughly grasping onto your sides as he tilts your body up, maw parting even wider as a grin curls across it. An eager *growl* rumbles up from the depths, and his grip falls away, letting gravity take you into its clutches—

Sending you headfirst into his gullet.

You gasp as your face presses against slick, clammy flesh, a tightening tunnel that parts to make way for your head before a crushing **GULP** lurches you forward, completely surrounded by pulsing, undulating, *grinding* flesh that only serves to cram you down the werewolf's throat. You're completely, utterly stuck—even without your petrified state.

A whimper escapes your chest, smothered by the shifting flesh of his throat as the spooky robe you wore is torn away, easily peeled off with a simple flick of the werewolf's claws before he fishes it out from his mouth, and another ***GLRRRK*** shudders around you. Your shoulders *schlllrp* past the back of his throat, your upper body forced to contort to its bend—and from here, there's no doubt of your descent. Peristalsis grips onto your body, muscles eagerly seizing your bound form, and ushering you along with pushes of grinding flesh, all while the werewolf *slurrrrrps* your legs down. His tongue lashes over every inch, his rage distracted by a predator's glee as he tastes your form, the delectably intertwined tastes of sugar and fear filling his senses before he sends you further along, and samples the next portion of his morsel, *allllll* the way until your weakly kicking feet slip down his throat, and a content sigh follows after them.

A paw moves up, pressing against your restrained form as the werewolf feels up the prominent bulge against his throat, even gently pushing down on it—just enough to encourage the sphincter to his stomach to open, slipping you through the muscled port with a final *schlllrp*, much to your dismay. Despite the comparable size between each of you, it's *far* from roomy: you're shoved headfirst into the shadowed chamber, head smushing against his inner paunch as your body is deposited inside, leaving you to find *any* semblance of comfort. Pressing your hands against the stomach walls and squirming around, you just *barely* wriggle into an upright position, tightly curled up as the slick stomach walls squelch and squeeze around you.

"*Hmph,*" the werewolf huffs out. "*Filling. At least you can do one thing right,*" he grumbles, his discontent over your prior actions returning once your *consumption* has finished. He's at least *calmer* in his irritation, the feral *hunger* that his transformation entails finally satiated. Most full moons, it's a drawn out night of a clawing pain, something he cannot indulge. But *tonight*... he finds a little gratitude for your insolence, for the excuse to *indulge*.

Inside, his stomach growls in agreement, rippled walls churning over you. You're far too big and heavy to manipulate like any other piece of meat, but works just as well, slopping warm fluid over your body. It doesn't *hurt*, but the panicked dread in your chest only grows as your body is soaked through: *liquid* in a *stomach* doesn't bode well for your fate, but... there's nothing you can do.

Distantly, you both hear and feel a rumbling growl—almost like a purr?—reverberating in his chest as he begins to walk, ambling back into the shadowed depths of the house. You're a meal that he *really* needs to sleep off, and he's more than happy to let you know the fact.

"*I would have advised you to grow up, to avoid any... unfortunate circumstances that your insistence may bring,*" he taunts, poking a clawed digit into his bulging gut. "*But I can assure nothing for your fate. After all, a werewolf's transformation is exhausting for the body and mind, something that a sizable meal will help out quite well,*" he adds with a teasing growl, feeling your weak, struggling squirms as you realize his implications... but it's all ineffectual. Your hands merely sink into the elastic flesh before it clasps back over you, seemingly tighter than before, and only earn yourself another helping of fluid sloshed overhead.

You're swiftly running out of energy, too; be it the adrenaline fading from your system, or the sugar wearing off, you feel *exhausted*, a leaden weight clinging to your limbs, all exaggerated by the surrounding, powerful *heat* that clouds your mind. Unconsciousness growing on the fringes of your mind and quickly overtaking your sensibilities, you find your eyes blinking shut, exhaustion dragging them shut as the werewolf's gut *glrrrrrrns* around you, passing out among the foreboding, deeper growls of his stomach...

