

The Wolf of Mythos

The Great City of Mythos...

Of all the Industrialized Cities in the country, few were as grand and technologically advanced as Mythos. It was a Victorian city in the heart of London, full of all walks of life, human and otherwise. Mythos was a massive city, sprawling with electrical towers, Victorian-style apartment complexes, and several steampunk-looking automations hovering in the air and on the roads. The people were dressed in an equally fitting manner. Many civilians dressed in high-end, Victorian suits and dresses, but many others also had steampunk fashion-ware. Robotic monocles, gauntlets, reinforced padding in their suits for fashions sake.

It was as if the future was now...

...For those who lived in the highest towers of the city, at any rate..

Further down south to the ground level, things weren't quite so high end...or pleasant. Everyone was pushy, the streets were littered with garbage, merchants were relentlessly pushing wares that were either stolen or just absolute tosh. The ground level civilians had more raggedy, depression-era attires, many still with steampunk enhancements. In many cases, even automated prosthetics, albeit not nearly as high-end looking as those up high in Mythos.

Of course, all walks of life doesn't just mean economical or ethnic stature. Mythos' namesake, after all, was far more apt than one might give credit at first glance. But upon their second, third, or maybe fourth glance, one might notice that not everyone roaming the streets was human.

For instance, one of those very merchants was an older, green-skinned woman with messy black hair, a sharp black hat and black robes. When a pair of young adults passed by, he cackled maniacally at her stand while simultaneously brewing a green substance in a black cauldron.

“Eeeeh hee hee heeeee!! Care to sample a bit of elixir, dearies?!” The witch crooned, grinning wickedly and baring her jagged, almost wooden-looking teeth.

The younger of the two, a young lady with dark brown hair in her late teens dressed in a rather modest but plain-looking dress; nothing too fancy or show-y, but clearly not of this area, tilted her head curiously. The young man by her side sighed to himself. “Why, what such elixir might you be brewing, madame?” the young lady asked in a clean, British accent.

“Jill, we really don’t have time for this,” remarked the young man with the same accent, though not quite as crisp as Jill. He appeared to be no older than twenty-one or so years of age, very young but also a bit sterner in appearance. Like Jill, he had dark brown hair, short but slightly wave-y. He had a vest, black trousers with long boots, and white button-up dress shirt with the sleeves rolled up, exposing a fair bit of definition to his forearms.

“Oh, but Jack, we never visit the inner city-”

“-For good bloody reason,” the young man, Jack, interjected, checking his pocket watch impatiently and cautiously glaring at any and all passerby’s.

The witch nonetheless cackled and pointed her long, boney finger at Jack. “Hee hee hee, the young man is wise beyond his years. Oh my yes, there are quite a few unsavory fellows around these parts, my dearies. That is why I make it a point to brew protective elixirs for any travelers who venture in these lands.”

Jack’s eyes glazed over, while Jill’s lit up. “Oh my! You mean a magic defense barrier generating elixir that, if consumed, generates a force field protecting us of any and all who would wish to do us harm?”

The witch blinked to herself.

“...Yyyyyes. Let’s...let’s go with that.”

Elsewhere further east in the shadier, grubbier parts downtown, deep within a derelict and long abandoned alleyway, there existed a makeshift camp area. Specifically, a very crudely created 'tent', with boxes of clothing, several very old, very empty food containers, and a bundle of raggedy blankets all bundled together under the tarp as a sort of makeshift mattress. From under that tarp, a very loud, very hungry grumbling rumbled forth...

GRUUUOORRRGLE!!

Accompanying that rather aggressively hungry-sounding grumble, was a lower grumbling, not from a stomach, but from the owner of said stomach.

"...Urgh, give it a soddin' rest already, I know..." growled a low, cockney-accented voice...addressing his own stomach with frustration. The individual in question, sitting underneath the tarp-makeshift tent, might've been mistaken for a very hairy lout...if one stood about thirty feet away from him. Upon closer inspection, however, one would see that this creature was none other than a werewolf. One with golden-brown fur, a darker brown mane, which also seemed to form what could be mistaken for a mutton-chop beard, which did nothing to mask the razor sharp fangs protruding from his lower jaw, or those equally sharp claws across his bare feet and hand-paws. He was dressed decently enough, sporting a yellowish white, Victorian-style button-up shirt with a red vest, and striped, bluish-grey pants, and a black, Victorian-bowtie.

For a wolf living on the streets, he was the most well-dressed wolf in all of Mythos...and the most dashing, handsome...and many other things he would claim to be. The wolf in question recoiled in discomfort as his flat stomach bellowed hungrily, almost angrily, in fact. He reeled forward, grasping his gut tightly, and tenderly rubbing it all over with one hand.

"Rgh, bloody 'ell, I'm starvin' 'ere! What's a bloke gotta do t'find a decent meal in this soddin' town? 'Ore meself out t'the wenches?!" As the wolf sat there, stomach rumbling like an automaton's engine, he smacked the ground (and promptly yelp, waving his hand around in pain) and rose up to his feet, standing at eight feet in height.

The werewolf grumbled to himself, pacing back and forth in his derelict alley, arms folded, digit tapping his 'bearded' chin in heavy, frustrated thought. His stomach growled the whole time, as if grumbling right alongside its owner. The "poor thing" hadn't had a substantial meal in days. Rats unfortunate enough to pass through his alley were all promptly deposited down his gullet. But given his size, and his species, a couple of rats here and there was hardly enough to satiate this wolf's hunger.

"...C'mon, ye handsome git, what're yer options?" The wolf mumbled to himself in deep thought. "...I could try anoth'uh butch'uh's shop..." Shortly after thinking that, the wolf's eyes widened, and he promptly shook his head with a resounding, "Nope. Dun need anoth'uh arse kickin'...bloody 'ell, who knew butch'uh's carried soddin' flamethrow'uh's in the back..." The wolf whimpered lowly to himself, almost protectively grabbing his thick, bushy tail and hugging it against his chest where he caressed the tip like a wounded puppy.

Of course, the werewolf being, well, a werewolf, he had one *very particular* craving in mind...

And unfortunately; for him at any rate, the townsfolk were not oblivious to the wolf's cravings. This was ever more clear when, as the wolf was pacing and mumbling to himself, the wind picked up, causing an old, crinkled flyer to flap right into the wolf's face. He froze mid-step as the paper completely concealed his face. Then, with an annoyed grumble, he pulled the flyer off, and immediately went wide-eyed when he saw what was actually on the old piece of paper.

"...Beware...werewolf on da loose near the slums," the wolf remarked, seemingly appalled by something. "Conflictin' reports on height. Some say eight feet, oth'uh's say ten feet. Fast-talkin', voracious, 'as been known to deceive'n lure citizens of Mythos in dark alleys where they are believed to 'ave been devoured. Stay far away if ye see dis monst'uh'n alert yer nearest authorities if- monst'uh?! Monst'uh!?! I, Louis Garou the First, am many things, but a bleedin' monst'uh?! The bloody cheek!!"

The werewolf, Louis, growled in an infuriated manner and scoffed as he angrily slapped the wanted poster down with his free paw-hand.

“And the bloody drawin’?! Ye gormless, manky knob-’eads takin’ da piss?! Me mane’s more quaff than dat! And me eyes is way more shimmerin’-n-oh, bollocks to this tosh!” Louis grumbled in a fed-up manner, crinkling the wanted poster and chucking it aside along with the tons of other litter already ‘decorating’ his alley. “Bollocks to it, Lou, ye need t’up yer game, ye beautiful, brilliant lad. ‘Nuff’uh these pillocks’re startin’ t’catch on t’yer games...but ‘ow?”

Back on the streets, Jack palm was running down his face in pure, exhausted frustration while Jill was eagerly getting conned into buying from another local merchant with a silver tongue. Jack loved his sister. He truly did, and would fight tooth and nail to keep her safe. However, her naiveté was so egregious, an iceberg could trick her into sinking her own ship.

“Jill, we’re only here to get supplies. Nothing more,” Jack insisted.

However, Jill just waved her hand dismissively. “Oh, hush, Jack. We may not come back down here for months! Who knows what invaluable goods these oh-so kind people might have for us?”

Even the merchant in question, a rather portly minotaur, blinked with surprise at how gullible this young lady was. Then, he looked up skyward and quietly muttered, “Bless you, Lord...”

Eventually, the two made their way further through the streets. Jill’s pouch was full of all sorts of various ‘goods.’ A witch’s brew, several little charms said to have very faint mythic properties, fake jewelry sold at a “bargain,” and a lucky carrot. No, really. The minotaur literally sold her a carrot from his lunch, and made up a bollocks story to justify its inflated price tag. Jack would have interjected, but he knew that Jill would just find a way to slip past him and buy it behind his back anyway.

“Jill, if you keep spending our money on frivolous rubbish, we won’t have enough for the damn supplies,” Jack insisted.

“Oh, Jack. There’s no harm in supporting local business,” Jill replied. “Besides, we still have more than enough to get the supplies we need. Really, big brother, you must learn to loosen up.”

“I’ll loosen up when we have what we need and we’re out of this bloody side of town...”

Further through the street, near some of the shadier-looking vendors, Louis was standing all refined and dignified, twirling a rather fancy looking cane, and now rocking both a fine coat and top-hat. He whistled innocently to himself...poorly, when an old woman slowly walked by him. His face instantly lit up while his mouth watered at the prospect of a proper ‘meal’ just within his grasp.

“Uh-f-fancy meetin’ you ‘ere, mum!” Louis greeted the old lady, tipping his hat to her in a gentlemanly fashion which she didn’t seem to notice. “Ye know, fer a lady of yer age, such places are sure bloody dangerous, they are. ‘Ow ‘bout I ‘elp escort ye to yer place? I know a brilliant shortcut through all these grifters’n cutthroat-”

“-Sod off, mingebug,” the old lady replied dismissively without even once stopping to pay Louis any mind.

Louis froze in place, then immediately deflated, losing his gentlemanly composure within seconds. “...*Daft hag...*” Louis grumbled under his breath...though, perhaps not as silently as he would have liked.

“*Beg pardon, sonny?*” The old lady replied, stopping mid-step. Her tone of voice was, far too sweet.

Louis sneered and marched up to her in a cocky, confrontational manner. “What, ye as ‘ard’uh hearin’ as ye are ugly? Then allow me t’repeat meself, ye daft haaaaAAAAAIIIEEE!!!”

The poor werewolf was one letter away from finishing his sentence, but interrupted when the old lady used her walking cane to crack Louis right between in the crotch.

Louis' eyes practically bugged out of his skull and his screech became high-pitched enough that one might actually mistake him for a little girl. His face turned blue as he grabbed his groin and crumbled to his knees, whimpering to himself like an injured puppy. The old lady just smiled and bowed her head back at the wolf then took her leave.

As she hobbled out of sight, Louis fell to the ground, still clutching his groin, wheezing breathlessly. The whole world seemed to grow faint.

Across from him, the seedy-looking vendor; a bearded griffin who also had his eyes on potential marks to sell his bogus goods to, just shook his head at Louis. "You're a bleedin' idiot, mate."

"...S-Sod...off..." Louis croaked in a defeated, high-pitched voice.

Back with Jack and Jill, the latter was still checking out every passing vendor with near child-like curiosity. Jack, of course, was losing his last nerve. He had just about had enough of all these delays when he felt a strange rustling in his rear-pocket.

Immediately, he turned around and snatched a pixie who trying to fly off with his wallet. Snarling, he grasped the little creature tightly and held it up to his face. "You little bugger! What the hell do you think you're doing?!" Jack barked.

The pixie, whose body was glowing bright white smile innocently at Jack. "A thousand pardons, sir! But you see, me mum's sick and she's in desperate need of some medical remedies that we simply haven't the money for!" The little pixie pleaded in a voice so soft and high-pitched that determining their gender was practically impossible since pixies were androgynous by nature.

"...Pixies don't get sick..." Jack replied in a very deadpanned tone of voice.

The pixie blinked to itself then, smiled innocently back at Jack. "But we do get greedy..."

Once again, Jack felt a rustling in his pocket. Only this time, his hand was occupied with the pixie in his grasp. Without even thinking, he reached to grab for his pocket, releasing the pixie he was holding, but not in time to nab the second pixie, who was now fluttering and just barely managing to carry Jack's wallet. "You little hellspawn!!" Jack barked.

The wallet was heavy, far too heavy for any one pixie. Jack was just about to grab the little thief, but the pixie he'd apprehended flew in and helped carry the wallet and together, the two flew just out of Jack's reach. "Welcome to Downtown Mythos!" The pixies both teased, sticking their glowing tongues out of Jack and flying off.

"Oh no you don't, you little wasps!!" Jack shouted, pushing and shoving his way through the crowds of people while he gave chase after the two little thieves. "Don't go anywhere, Jill! I'll be right back after I swat a couple of bugs!!" Jack thought to shout back at Jill.

Unfortunately, while Jack was busy confronting the little pickpockets, Jill was already well out of earshot...

Jill was still wandering the busy street of vendors all eager to sell their worthless junk to marks just like her. And Jill, ever sweet yet naïve that she was, had been taken by each and every last vendor down the street. Louis had just returned to the street, looking slightly disoriented but the worst of the pain had passed. He scanned the crowd for another mark...preferably no one with walking sticks.

Then, he happened upon his target. Grinning fiendishly, Louis straightened his tie and adjusted his hat. "Heh, alright, Lou...time t'bring on the charm, ye dashin' bugger, ye," he growled, sloppily licking his chops eagerly and then, once more, regained a much more dignified demeanor to himself. A dignity that soon left him when he started walking a little funny towards Jill.

...The swelling would go down eventually...he hoped.

“And you’re certain that this carrot would bring me good fortune?” Jill asked the vendor.

“Well, I dunno ‘bout’chu, miss, but methinks that carrot’s bringin’ me some good fortune right about now if it’s brought me in the presence of such a beautiful young lady such as yerself,” Louis interjected from behind.

Jill blinked and turned around, and was promptly taken aback at the sight of the eight foot wolfman towering over her. She was initially startled but promptly sighed and smiled back at Louis. “Goodness! A thousand pardons, mister. You’re just, exceptionally tall!” Jill apologized.

Louis blinked with surprise at Jill not being startled at him being, well, a wolf. Nonetheless, he grinned and promptly bowed his head...almost losing his hat in the process, until he kept it firmly fastened to his head. “No pardons needed, m’lady. Especially not from a lady as fare or pretty as you! Fact is, most folks ‘ere tend t’be a bit taken aback by a wolf bloke stridin’ up to ‘em to say ‘ello anyway. Allow me t’introduce meself.” Louis leaned down to meet Jill’s level and extended his handpaw for a shake. “The name’s Louis Beaumont Lebeau Bellamy Garou The First...”

...He had no middle names. But each fake middle name was a French surname for beautiful or handsome. Louis always thought it made him sound more regal when introducing himself to others. Most people just thought it made him sound pretentious...

“Why, what a lovely name!”

...Most people...

Eagerly, Jill shook his hand and smiled up at the wolfman. “My name’s Jill, and this is my broth-” Jill stopped and realized that Jack was nowhere to be seen. She had been so distracted by the wonderment of cheap street goods and colorful characters, that she had completely missed out on Jack’s confrontation with pixie pickpockets.

“Oh dear,” Jill remarked as she looked around, realizing she was all alone. “Where did Jack run off to...?”

Louis looked around, seeing no one resembling Jill in sight and inwardly grinned even more to himself. It meant there'd be no one to interrupt his meal.

Jill turned back to Louis and frowned apologetically at the wolf. “My apologies, sir. See, my brother and I aren't from here, but we were in need of some supplies, so we decided to venture downtown to pick them up and now, it seems, he's run off somewhere...”

“Bah, no bother at all, Miss Jill! As it so 'appens, I know just the place where ye can get exactly what'chu need fer way cheaper than up 'ere!” Louis insisted with what he hoped was an assuring, and dashing grin.

...It was neither of those things.

“But, you don't even know what supplies we're in need of, sir.”

Louis froze in place, eyes widening as he maintained that dashing, now much more nervous-looking grin. “...Right! But, umm, see, this place is a one-stop-shop! It 'as everythin' ye could possibly want! And fer way cheaper too!”

Jill's eyes lit up. “It has LaMar Copper Gears compatible with automated stone blasters, Tesla Rods for electric gauntlets and water??” Jill asked, astonished and eager.

Once more, Louis froze in place while his eyes shifted uncertainly. “...Sure! L-Let's go with that!”

Eagerly and merrily, Jill tugged at Louis' arm, catching him a bit by surprise and accidentally dropping one of the charms she'd recently purchased from her satchel in the process. “Oh, you must take me, Good Sir Garou! My brother and I would be ever so grateful if you would!”

To say Louis was taken aback would be the understatement of the century. Normally, he had to really work to gain the trust of his food. But at this rate, Louis was practically certain if he said that the store was in his mouth, Jill would go jumping in. He looked up to the sky and muttered a quiet 'bless you,' then grinned back down at Jill. "Allow me to lead the way then, m'lady! And please, call me Lou..."

And so, with Jill at his arm, Louis guided the young woman down a dark alleyway, far from prying eyes...

Jack eventually returned, looking a little disheveled and frustrated, but he had his wallet at hand, if nothing else. "Little buggers..." he hissed, rubbing his jaw and wincing slightly. Who knew pixies could punch so hard after picking up just a little speed...?

He looked around, and to his dismay, his little sister was nowhere to be seen.

"Oh bloody hell..."

Jack turned through the crowd, looking for any signs of his sister.

"Jill? Jiiiiill!!!" Jack called out. He swore, the next flyswatter he saw, he'd buy twelve. No pixie would ever pickpocket him again, that much he vowed...

But first, he needed to find Jill before she landed herself in even more trouble...

Louis was still guiding Jill through the alley, going far into the most derelict part of the city; the place he called home, to ensure no one would get in the way. Jill was still wrapped around his arm. Now, Jill stood at just around five foot six. A fairly average size for a young woman her age. But given how large Louis was compared to a human, Jill only reached about up to his stomach. Which did Louis no favors when his belly emitted a nearly furious-sounding roar. In fact, it growled loud enough to actually startle Jill.

“Goodness! I don’t think I’ve ever heard anyone’s stomach grumble so loudly before!” Jill remarked with surprise.

Louis hissed through clenched fangs, rubbing his aching empty belly firmly with one hand in an effort to shut it up in any way he could. “Tch, yeah, it’s been a right pain in me arse all day...” Louis growled, losing his more ‘dignified’ front for a moment. “Fortunately, I’ll be settlin’ it real soon...” As Louis spoke those last words, he once again ran his thick tongue across his chops quite hungrily.

“Oh, will you be picking up food from this store as well?” Jill asked, obvious to literally all the warning signs.

Louis shook his head. It was almost too easy at this point...

Still, they weren’t quite out of sight just yet, so he needed to keep her trust. And so, the wolf cleared his throat and grinned down at Jill. “Tell me, what’s an attractive, kind-hearted, intelligent young lady such as yerself doin’ in a place like this anyhow? Don’tcha know downtown’s full’uh shady buggers all lookin’ to bilk ya? Surely, yer broth’uh could’a ‘andled a supply run ‘imself, right?”

“Oh, of course! Jack does so all the time. But I wanted to come down here. I never get a chance to, and, well, I like seeing places I’ve never been and meeting new people,” Jill explained.

“Lotta folks might take advantage’uh that, Jill,” Louis explained, inwardly snickering to himself, being one of those people. “After all, ‘ole lotta seedy buggers live downtown...”

“I know it isn’t their fault though,” Jill remarked. “I think too many people uptown look down on people for not being human. Someone looks different, and they just think the worst. So everyone who isn’t a human ends up down here doing what they can. I don’t think they’re bad for it. They’re merely making the most of what they have. I’m sure there’s quite a few lovely people downtown.” She smiled up at Louis and nudged his arm. “Such as yourself, Lou.”

"Heh, oh yeah, I'm a bloody peach," Louis replied with a "dashing" grin, but it was a bit short-lived. Louis wasn't a good person, that much was clear as day. But he also wasn't heartless either. Jill's naiveté made her a godsend of a meal for someone like Louis. But her kind heart and the way she seemed to so comfortable around Louis despite him being a werewolf, and most people immediately writing him off as some mindless, man-eating monster at the first sight of him, well, it was a first.

And Louis would be lying if he said it wasn't a tad refreshing either...

Then again, he was also really hungry, and that tended to win out any moral debate Louis might have had about his meals.

...Hey, just because people constantly dismiss Louis as a mindless, man-eating monster, doesn't make that offensive stereotype about wolfmen untrue.

They just weren't mindless...

Eventually, they reached a far out, secluded area where Louis knew no one would dare venture. Louis released Jill from her arm and pointed to a rundown, long-since abandoned apartment building. "Right, ye see dat there apartment? Well, believe it er not, inside, there's a secret shop me mate runs. He's got all yer techno-babble needs'n then some!" Louis insisted, leaning down and pointing Jill to the building.

Jill stepped towards the building and frowned with confusion, not noticing Louis as he stepped away and proceeded to remove his hat and coat. "Looks quite abandoned..."

"Course it does, that's the point, Jill-y!" Louis insisted, undoing his bowtie, then his vest. And eventually, the wolfman began buttoning his shirt as well. After all, this was going to be quite a heavy meal, and he didn't want to ruin such a fine shirt...again. He continued trying to keep Jill occupied as each button revealed more of his bare torso. "Ye see, if everyone knew about me mates prices, then other vendors might try'n bilk his customers, go even lower'n all that bollocks..."

Louis eventually undid the last of his buttons, revealing his bare chest and stomach. Given he was covered from head to toe in golden-brown fur, one might assume he wouldn't bother leaving anything on, not when he's going to be getting quite a bit 'fuller' by the time he was done. But Louis did always prefer appearing fancy and civil, even if he was anything but. Besides which, the way Louis saw it? He was a voracious, man-eating werewolf, not a pervert!

His bare, golden-furred body had a firm build to it. Not a musclebound brute, but enough definition that to it that Louis appeared relative broad. His bare belly, however, had a large scar running across the upper portion of his stomach. As if, once upon a time, Louis had been cut open...

That was one once upon a time Louis didn't need to remember...

As he ran his hand-paw across the scar atop his abdomen, his palm steadily started rubbing all over the entirety of his flat, empty belly. Once more, it roared like a lion, startling Jill, whose back was still turned to Louis.

"I hope this mystery shop of yours has food, Louis, because we must solve that grumbling..." Jill remarked, obvious to what awaited her.

"Heh, ohh trust me, Jill-y, I was thinkin' the same thing..."

Jill remained skeptical about whether to enter the building or not. It really didn't seem like anyone was inside at all. But just as she was about to decide, the shadows around her seemed to darken. Louis was now towering over her from behind, clawed hands hovering over Jill as he salivated hungrily at the young woman. And before she even had a chance to look up, it was already too late.

GLLOOOMPH!!!

Louis grabbed Jill by the shoulders and in an instant, hoisted her high up and shoved her head first into his gaping maw.

Jill barely had the time to even scream before she was halfway inside of Louis' jaws. She kicked and thrashed rapidly, causing her satchel to fall off of her person. Louis greedily wolfed down more and more of the young woman, adjusting both his and her position as he shoveled more and more of her body down his throat. His thick tongue lathered across her face, making the wolf croon with delight at her flavor. He hadn't had a meal this delectable in far too long.

Enough of Jill's body was lodged inside of Louis' jaws that the wolf was able to lift his head up as only Jill's legs dangled out of his maw, kicking and thrashing relentlessly. Louis had enough grip to gulp heartily, causing Jill's head and shoulders to sink down the wolf's gullet. Outside, Louis' throat expanded, pressing out not unlike a pelican in the middle of swallowing a fish whole. He gulped some more, causing Jill's upper torso to sink further and further down his gullet.

Louis' free hand rested against his protruding neck, pressing his claws into the considerable bulge and feeling his prey steadily sink downwards. As Louis gulped again, his claws dug into his bulging throat, as if using his own claws to push his prey down his own throat. The fleshy confines of Louis' very tight and constrictive throat rippled all around Jill, forcing her further and further down his gullet until she started squeezing past the esophagus' ring; the entrance to the wolf's stomach.

Outside, Louis' clawed fingers followed Jill the further she descended down his throat. His claws pushed down further and further from his thick throat, tracing against his rather broad, furry chest, and eventually, trailed down to his steadily swelling stomach. His once flat gut began to press and expand at a considerable rate the more Jill's body sank further and further past his gullet and into his gut with each hearty gulp Louis took.

Only Jill's feet dangled out of Louis' jaws, which he promptly slurped up like a loose strand of spaghetti. And then, with one last final gulp, an especially thick bulge protruded from Louis' throat, and eventually pushed past his broad chest and vanished into his now far plumper belly. Jill plummeted into Louis' gut, which constricted all around her, and resulted in his stomach expanding by well over three feet, enough to snap his pants button right off. He knew he was forgetting something...

However, since Louis was roughly eight plus feet in height, it looked like Louis had swallowed a considerable beachball, given the rest of his larger frame.

Jill was crumpled up uncomfortably as the slimy, fleshy stomach walls constricted all around her. It was incredibly humid and stinking within the wolf's stomach. She had to try her best to keep her face from getting pressed up against the stomach walls. But everything was such a deeply tight fit. The walls groaned and burbled deeply, almost joyously around her. It was hard to take in, having all her senses violated at once. But it was even more difficult when her confines seemed to bounce and jostle around her, making her cry out as she was tumbled and bobbed around within Louis' gut.

Outside, having just wolfed his meal down, Louis staggered a bit, his huge belly bouncing and jostling with each staggering step he took, until eventually, he found himself leaning against the concrete wall, using one hand to support himself while the other held onto his round, Jill-filled belly, which hung low and swayed slightly from his torso as he leaned down and rubbed his bloated belly. "OOooohh-hoh bloody 'ell, I'm stuffed," Louis groaned in utter contentment, running his thick tongue across his fangs and his free hand up and down his immensely bloated belly and giving it a few resounding slaps. His gut jostled and sloshed heartily with each hefty pat he gave it.

It also dislodged a pressure pocket which rocketed up Louis' throat and out of his mouth in the form of a huge, decidedly ungentlemanly belch...

**"BOOOOOOU
UURRRRAA
AARRCH!!!"**

Louis lurched his head forward and let that revolting eruption echo all throughout the alleyway and beyond. If the streets weren't so busy with foot traffic and seedy vendors looking to make a quick buck, it could've easily been heard to alert someone to the situation. Unfortunately, with how packed the streets were, Jack didn't make it out from the crowd as he continued searching for his sister. "Damn it all, Jill, where did you run off to...?!" Jack grumbled as he searched high and low for his little sister.

But then, something in the distance caught his attention. It was a slight shimmer on the floor. Curious, he advanced and eventually found what looked like one of those pho-gems Jill picked up for way too much money. In fact, he was certain of it. Only Jill was naive enough to think these were worth a single coin, let alone the amount of Jill paid...

Back in the depths of the alleyways, Louis sighed deeply with relief, then picked at his fangs with a single claw. "Ohhhh Lou, ye dashin' devil you...someone up there loves ya..." Louis mused, once again slapping his palm against his big, swaying belly and letting out a deep, low belch in the process that rolled out of the corner of his maw for a few seconds straight. "Mmmm, heh, how're ya 'oldin' up in there, Jill-y? Nice'n comfy, I trust?"

"H-How could you...?!" Jill shouted over the deep burbling the stomach walls were emitting all around her. "I trusted you, Louis!!"

Still using his tongue to lazily clean his fangs, Louis just tenderly caressed his ample, golden-furred dome, gripping deep into his underbelly with both hands as he leaned his back against the wall. "Heh, hey, nothin' personal, lass. Ye seemed nice enough, but 'ey, a bloke's gotta eat, don't he?" Louis said with a teasing snicker as he heaved his big round belly up with both hands and promptly released it, causing his gut to slap back down and bounce deeply with Jill inside taking a hefty tumble against the stomach walls. The tumble was enough to make Louis stagger forward a bit, but fortunately, he stomped onto the ground before he could fall flat on his gut. "Guh, ***HIC!** Urrf, 'kay, that was bloody stupid'uh me..." Louis grunted, hiccuping deeply and grimacing a bit in the process.

“Y-You brute!! What happened to that kind-hearted gentleman who-”

Louis interrupted Jill by thumping his chest and letting loose with another large belch of satisfaction. He nonchalantly smacked his chops and grinned down at his gut, giving it a good squeeze to get Jill’s attention. “Heh, that sound like a gentleman t’ya, Jill-y?”

“Why you...you brutish, fiendish...fiend you!!”

Louis blinked dully. “...Bloody brilliant comeback, dat was...” he muttered in a deadpanned manner.

Jill, who was struggling relentlessly to get into anything resembling a comfortable position, but it wasn’t working. The stomach walls were just far too constrictive, as if snapping back into place whenever she tried to stretch them out. As a result, Louis’ bulging belly swayed and jostled considerably with her actions. Growing fed up, she eventually just shouted and kicked the stomach wall as hard as she could.

A slight bulge protruded from Louis’ already rounded belly, specifically the area where Jill had just kicked out. Louis grunted then burped loudly in response to the kick, grunting then slapping his hand down onto his belly as if to stabilize it. “Oi! Settle down in there, Jill-y! I know yer a lil miffed, but ain’t no good lashin’ out like that! Ain’t like yer gon be gettin’ outta there anytime soon...”

But Jill didn’t settle down. Quite the contrary, in fact. Instead, she started thrashing rather relentlessly. The wolf’s eyes widened with surprise as his big round belly jostled and quivered aggressively in response to the rather turbulent treatment of his stomach. All that kicking and thrashing wasn’t enough to make Louis feel sick the way Jill hoped, but it was certainly enough to make Louis stumble forward, nearly knocking him off his balance.

Louis staggered a bit from all the thrashing around, as if being jerked forward by his own bloated dome. He lurched forward, grappling his swaying, bouncing belly as best he could, another wall-rattling belch rolling out of him in the process.

“URR-BWAAAARRRRRUUUUUPIIIII” Guhh, ye ain’t gon make this easy fer me, are ya, lassy...”

Then, Louis grinned wickedly to himself, squeezing his stomach tightly with his claws.

“Heh, fine by-***HICCULP!!***-urf, mph, m-me...”

Heaving his heavy belly once more with his clawed hands, Louis squeezed his thick, sloshing gut with both hands, trying to restrain Jill from within. Inside his gut, Jill’s confines tightened that much more. She grimaced with discomfort as the wolf’s belly compressed all around her, practically smothering her with belly fat, but she nonetheless thrashed and kicked on, refusing to let up for even a moment.

Louis hiccuped sharply and loudly from all the thrashing, making him grunt with mild discomfort. But it accomplished little else. Grinning, he proceeded to grab onto the nearest wall and smush his bloated belly right up against it. Jill winced with immense discomfort as the confines around her compressed in deeply uncomfortable fashion. The wall and Louis’ own body seemed to sandwich her, making it hard for her to move much at all.

With a wicked, sneering grin, Louis ground his currently fat, furry dome against the solid concrete to subdue Jill. Of course, in the process of compressing his gut so tightly, a rather considerable pressure pocket was squeezed out in the process. As a result, mid-sneer, Louis lurched his head forward and belched ferociously right into the wall.

**“AAAUURRR
ROOOOOPIIIII!”**

Winded, and with an aching, spinning head, Jill ceased her thrashing for a moment. She merely held onto her head, regretting doing so due to how gunky the insides of the wolf were. Nonetheless, she wearily glared upward where she assumed Louis was. "Have you no heart whatsoever...?"

"Course I do!" Louis insisted. "But I also got a stomach'n it needs some lovin' too, don't it?" To emphasize the werewolf's point, his clawed fingers slithered under his heavy underbelly, and heaved his gut up, lifting up Jill in the process. Then, he released his deeply bloated stomach, letting it bounce back down onto the ground between his thighs, and dislodging a hefty burp in the process.

Jill grimaced as the bounce made her smack against the stomach walls once more. Angrily, she smacked the walls repeatedly. "You're a disgusting, boorish pig!"

Louis had the perfect reply to that. He proceeded to gulp down some air, making his belly expand a little with an influx of air, until it started to hurt and feel a little tight. Then, when it grew taut enough, Louis slapped his belly as hard as he could.

**"THAAANK-
YOOOUUU
UUUUUU-
JARRRP!!!!!"**

Louis proceeded to belch out the words 'thank you,' until it devolved into a low, guttural burp that rolled out of his throat for a few seconds straight. The crass sound rattled his bulbous gut heartily around his prey, making Jill tumble around some more which, subsequently, made his belly sway a bit more on his lap until Louis stabilized it with both palms. After it ended, Louis sighed with relief, patting his belly heartily with deep satisfaction.

"Ahh, nah, but really, lassie, I gotta thank ye fer fillin' me up the way ye did," Louis said teasingly, giving his belly a resounding and possessive slap, making its furry surface ripple beneath his palm. "If not fer you, me poor gut'd be grumblin' halfway t'Tuesday!" Louis rumbled pleasantly to himself as his palms slowly, soothingly caressed his ample, furry dome all over. His claws dug into his furry flesh, making the wolf's tail wag heartily with delight. "Mmm, blimey, I'm so soddin' full, I could just clock out right 'ere'n now, I could..."

"And just who the hell was kind enough to help 'fill you up,' monster?" growled an unfamiliar voice to Louis.

The werewolf's ears twitched in response to this third party calling him out. Blinking, he turned his head off to the side, only to see none other than Jack standing there, firm and in a rather confrontational posture.

"Eh? Who're you s'posed to be, mate?" Louis asked, only mildly annoyed but ultimately indifferent to Jack's presence.

"I'm the bloke whose sister happens to be missing right around the time a big fat werewolf is groaning about how glad he is to have stuffed his craw," Jack replied.

Louis growled in annoyance. He wasn't fat...usually...

"Right, anoth'uh gormless ankle bit'uh who thinks he's some sorta gruff geezer," Louis remarked, rolling his eyes. Slowly, Louis heaved himself up from the ground, heavy belly bouncing and swaying as he did so. The smaller bulges that occasionally protruded from Jill tumbling around inside wasn't lost on Jack.

Unfortunately, Louis' belly was gurgling and burbling so loudly that it was hard for Jill to properly hear anything going on outside of the wolf's guts. The motion was enough to work a rather hefty burp up Louis' throat, much to Jack's disgust.

"HUR-BWAAARRRRUUUUP!!! Guh... **URPI** Mph, listen 'ere, lad. As ye can see," Louis proceeded to say, grabbing the sides of his rounded stomach and giving it a hearty jostle, making it slosh heavily in his grasp. "Oof, **GICIG** Mph, I ain't got time fer yer bollocks, right? So 'ow 'bout ye sod off before this 'big fat werewolf decides he wants to 'ave himself some déssert..."

Jack glared back at Louis and took a few hostile steps towards the wolf. Louis rolled his eyes at the young man's tenacity.

"I'm not going anywhere until you tell me where the bloody hell my little sister is, monster..."

"Oi! I'll 'ave you know that I'm regarded as the sexiest bloke in this side'uh Mythos! Ask any'uh the hags ye see passin' by! They'll swoon all ov'uh this 'ere monst'uh, ye lil prat!" Louis sneered defensively. Then, in a much more nonchalant manner, Louis shrugged. "And as fer yer lil sist'uh? Dunno what to tell ye, mate. I ain't seen no girly run along 'ere! Ain't nobody 'cept certain gits I could mention gormless enough t'come on down this 'ere part'uh town!"

Jack didn't say anything. He just looked down at Louis' bulging, mildly swaying belly skeptically. The wolf blinked, then looked down at his own stomach.

"What, this? Oh, nah, I just, uh, 'ad meself a really big, uh, stew is all! So beefy, the soddin' cows was still swimmin' inside, they were!" Louis said with an assuring grin, wrapping his arms around his bare, bloated belly and turning slightly to the side as if hoping to mask his burgeoning gut to the young man.

Then there was a large kick from inside of Louis' stomach, making the whole belly bounce within Louis' grasp, and a very familiar voice shouted from inside Louis' belly. "Will you stop shaking everything up and just let me out, you disgusting brute?!"

Louis' expression turned blank and Jack's turned murderous. Nervously, the wolf looked down at his gut, then smiled sheepishly back at Jack.

"...Uh. Right. See, that was just, uh...ye see, stew tends to make me guts a lil gassy is all'n me gut sometimes grumbles somethin' awful, it does! Uh..." Louis subtly smacked the side of his belly dislodge another low, guttural belch out from the corner of his maw. "**BWEEERRRRUUURRRP!!!** Mph, gruh, y'see...?"

"What I see is a monster who just ate my sister, and is going to be forking her over right here and now," Jack growled. Then, without warning, he pulled a strange automated handlebar from his own pouch. And with the flick of his wrist, a large blade ejected from the top of the bar, turning itself into a rather deadly-looking sword.

Louis' eyes turned down to the blade, then his hands wrapped themselves protectively around the scar across his belly. Once again, he was getting flashbacks to a certain meal that went very, very poorly many moons ago.

"...Oh...bloody 'ell..." Louis muttered nervously.

Then, Jack sprang into action, lunging at Louis and striking his blade down at the wolf. Louis yelped comically, side-stepping away from the attack, causing his heavy belly to jiggle and bounce heavily while he narrowly evaded getting a skull piercing. Still holding his gut with one hand, Louis bared his claws and snarled back at Jack.

"Alright, boy! If ye wanna play it like that, then let's bloody go then!!" Louis snarled. He took a heavy slash at Jack, who was able to jump back to avoid the attack. When Louis saw Jack raise his arm for another swing, he lunged jaws out at Jack to bite down on the young man's arm. Unfortunately for him, Jack was much faster and smarter than that. As Jack side-stepped out of the way, he held his foot out, causing Louis to stumble over.

The werewolf yelped with surprise as he tumbled face (and belly) first against a nearby wall. His Jill-filled gut smushed against the stomach wall, dislodging a huge burp in the process. Both his belly and snout were quite tender after as he stumbled back.

Louis wasn't about to start whimpering in pain before his enemy... he hoped...

He recovered just in time to bend back as Jack took another opportunity to slice at Louis' chest. Jack was fierce, but he was smart enough to not risk going for the wolf's belly so long as his sister was still trapped inside. Mid-evasion, Louis used his size difference to his advantage, kneeling Jack right in the wrist and knocking the blade right out of his hands.

"Uh-oh!" Louis sneered with a vicious grin, then, just to add a bit of extra snark, he teased with a mock-shrug, "...Unlucky!" Then, he gave Jack a vicious backhand, sending the young man tumbling onto the ground.

Louis had no intention of letting this fight drag on for any longer than it needed to. When Jack was flat on his back, Louis went rushing at him, ready to drive his claws right through the young man's throat. His large belly was bouncing with each heavy charging step he took, rattling the already immensely dizzy young lady trapped inside even more. But unfortunately for Louis, bloated as he may have been, he wasn't so full that his belly was able to conceal a...more vulnerable part of his body...

A vulnerable part of the body that Jack, with his hardened boots, kicked at with his heel as hard as he could.

THWACK!!!

Louis' eyes became wide as golfballs. There was a loud, high-pitched squeal through clenched jaws. The werewolf froze in place, then stumbled to his knees, clutching his crotch as best he could around his bloated belly and whimpered pitifully to himself.

"...Twice in one night...?!" Louis whined, falling to the ground and turning a bit blue in the face.

Jack scrambled to recover his blade while Louis desperately tried to cover any feeling below the waist in between breathless wheezing and resisting the urge to cry miserably.

When Louis could finally catch his breath, he yiped comically when he found Jack's blade mere inches away from his face. Frantically, the wolf scrambled backwards as best he could. One hand held out defensively, almost pleadingly while he inched away as best he could.

"Whoa-whoa! W-Wait a tic there, mate! Y-Ye ain't gotta do nothin' drastic now, r-r-right?!" Louis insisted, smiling innocently yet nervously back at the young man.

"You had your chance to cough up my sister. Now, I'm carving her out of your carcass," Jack said warningly, advancing with his blade out.

Louis inched and scrambled as much as he could, then grunted with surprise when his back hit a nearby building. He frantically looked around and soon realized that, much to his dread, he was completely cornered.

"...End of the line, mutt," Jack remarked, raising his blade high for the kill.

It was Little Red Riding Hood all over again. The pain of being cut open resurfaced for the voracious glutton. Louis' stress levels were through the roof. His heart was racing so fast that he swore it was on the verge of bursting through his chest. He didn't want to be cut open a second time, and couldn't stand to see that blade in his face a moment longer.

Eventually, it just became too much for him...

"Rrrghhrraaaaahhh!!!!" Louis roared ferociously, stumbling forward and clawing at the ground. He snarled and drooled immensely, growls growing more and more ferocious by the second.

Jack's fierce expression turned to one of confusion and concern. Suddenly, the young man began to take a few steps away from Louis.

...For the werewolf seemed to be...growing...

Suddenly, Louis' body began to bulk out. His already modest biceps and thighs expanded to the point where they looked like tree-trunks; so thick that they tore right through his sleeves and pants. His broad chest barreled out, giving the wolf a far bulkier, more muscular yet animalistic appearance. His claws seemed to grow larger and sharper as well. Even his skull began to lose its more humanoid shape. Louis' snout expanded, looking far more canine-like, as did his ears, and especially those fangs, which now protruded from his jaws, thicker, sharper, and larger...

Louis has expanded so much that he was now standing at over ten feet in height, even his belly, which Jill still occupied, seemed to shrink. It was still bloated, but had more of a muscle-gut quality to it since Louis' larger, bulkier frame gave Jill far more room to move around. In fact, Jill herself, still trapped in the wolf's belly, no longer felt quite as constricted as she did when Louis was in her normal form. "Wh-What's going on out there?!" She demanded to know.

But Jack found himself inching further and further away, completely taken aback by the sight before him.

Louis once again stood at his full height, and completely towered over Jack, who was now looking a little afraid himself. The burly beast snarled down at the man, then with a terrifying roar, slammed his heavy paw down on the ground. Jack narrowly jumped out of the way, but could still feel the sheer impact of Louis' attack.

Stumbling a bit, Jack nonetheless maintained his footing and pointed his blade back at the wolf, looking much more defensive than before. But even if he was admittedly more than a little afraid now, he wasn't going to abandon his sister. "This...this changes nothing, beast!" Jack shouted back at the more beastly werewolf. "One way or another, I'm getting my sister back!!"

He tried to charge at Louis, but the monstrous beast decked him right in the gut with such force that he went flying into a wall, knocking the wind right out of him. Somehow, Jack still had his sword on him, but he stumbled forward, gasping breathlessly and holding his sides in pain. He saw Louis barreling towards him and tried to take a slice, but the wolf smashed him right back into a wall.

This fight was over long before it even began...

Jack's back was pushing against the wall, while his torso was pinned right up against Louis' belly. It was considerably firmer than it was in his normal frame, keeping Jack stuck between a rock and a hard place. The wolf snarled down at the young man, clawing at the wall above him and running his thick, slimy tongue across those bone-crunching fangs of his.

*"...**Hungry fer more...**" Louis growled back in a short, semi-broken sentence. His voice was much deeper, more guttural and beastly-sounding than it was mere moments earlier.*

Even in his desperate situation, Jack tried to use his blade to cut into Louis' rounded stomach, but the wolf grabbed his arm and snatched his blade up between his digits. Louis looked the blade over, then bit it clean in half, much to Jack's dismay.

"J-Jack?! Is that you?!" called out Jill from inside the wolf's belly.

Jack looked back at the firm, furry stomach and held it, as if to get Jill's attention. "Jill...! It's okay! I'm gonna get you outta there! I promise!"

"Stupid promise," Louis growled, grabbing Jack by the shoulder and hoisting him up with just one arm and then brought him up the young man was face to maw with the beastly werewolf.

"L-Let him go, you brute!!!" Jill shouted, then proceeded to frantically kick at the much firmer stomach walls. Jack looked down to see Louis' muscle-gut ripple and sway ever so slightly from the thrashing within. Louis snarled, clutching his bloated gut with one especially beefy paw and gripped it tightly as his belly gurgled and churned deeply in response to the onslaught of thrashing.

Unfortunately for Jack, Jill's thrashing didn't quite have the side effect she was hoping it might have...

'AAAAAAAH
HUUUUUUUU
OOORRAAAA
AAAAA PIIIIII!'

Jack recoiled with absolute disgust as the burly werewolf belched enormously right in his face. The young man flinched as the disgusting wind blew his hair back and pelted his stern yet youthful face with a few bits of saliva.

"...Thanks for that, Jill..." Jack remarked when it ended, disgusted yet deadpanned.

Louis himself just smacked his chops and sneered viciously at Jack. "Hah, made room..." he growled, giving his belly a much more aggressive slap. Then, he ran his long, sloppy tongue across Jack's face, making the man spit with disgust as he tried in vain to resist the gargantuan wolf. After sampling the flavor, Louis groaned pleasantly, pelting Jack with his stinking breath. "Haaaaah, tasty git..."

As if that wasn't bad enough, Louis' firm round belly roared, almost demandingly, for its next fill. The wolf looked Jack over, licking his chops one last time. Then, he opened his maw nice and wide...much wider than Jack would have thought possible, in fact...

And then, the hulking werewolf greedily and ravenously shoved Jack's head and shoulders into his maw. Jack struggled the whole way in, but it was all for naught. Louis, in this form, simply had far too much raw power for any human to overcome without some serious weapons to back them up.

Louis aggressively and greedily shoved more and more of the young man into his gaping, stinking maw. His putrid breath wafted over Jack's face while his thicker, slimier tongue lapped up his face and upper body rabidly. If Jack weren't in such a dire situation, he'd probably be more than a little disgusted by all this. Fortunately, he was also able to count his blessings that those thick, razor sharp fangs weren't tearing through his flesh either.

'Rabid as the beast may have been, even in this form, he still seemed to prefer his meals 'in one piece.'

Jack's head and shoulders slipped past Louis' maw and started down the dark descent into his gullet. The thick, rubbery throat muscles constricted and pulsed all around Jack's body as Louis took a sloppy, hearty gulp. The sound was rich and sickly wet. Jack grimaced both with disgust and from the sheer discomfort of being squeezed so tightly by the monsters' throat muscles.

Outside, Jack's legs kicked out of Louis' maw aggressively while his much, much thicker throat expanded outward to accommodate the lean young mans' torso.

***G L L U U U L L C K ! ! ! ***

Louis dipped his head back and gulped again, making the bulge in his thick throat even bigger as Jack slipped further and further down. He rumbled pleasantly at the feeling, caressing his protruding neck with his thick claws, savoring the feeling of his prey being worked further and further down his gullet.

Inside of Louis' belly, Jill was still sitting uncomfortably, unsure what was happening. Then, she yelped with surprise when she saw Jack's head and shoulders squeeze past the esophagus to the entrance of the wolf's stomach.

"...Oh no, he ate you too?!" Jill dreaded as more of her brother entered the wolf's gut.

"Rgh, not one of my finer moments, I'll grant," Jack conceded through clenched teeth.

Outside, Louis' already firm, round muscle-gut pooched out even further as Jack's body slipped further and further inside. It was growing softer and heavier-looking the larger it got. The waist of Louis' now torn-up pants grew tighter and tighter a fit as Jack sank further and further into his ever-expanding belly. So much so that the waistband of his pants began tearing ever so slightly at the seams.

Only Jack's boot-covered feet were still remaining outside of the wolf's maw. He resolved that by wrapping his thick tongue around the heels and using it shove the man's legs fully into his maw, so he could finally clamp it shut, drooling a bit at the corners of his mouth. Then, with one final, especially hearty, and especially sloppy-sounding gulp from the wolf...

***GLLLIIIL-**
GLUUUUUP!!*

...Jack was deposited fully into the belly of the beast, spilling down onto his little sister as the two struggled in vein to untangle one another from their constricted space. The sheer weight of Louis' belly was so great that it finally proved too much for his pants, tearing the front of his pants from the button to the zipper. His pants button to snap right off which such velocity that it embedded itself into the wall across from the wolf.

And in that final, glorious moment, the werewolf's scarred, golden-furred belly surged out, bouncing and sloshing heartily as it had, at long last, been liberated from the constrictions of his own pants. Louis was positively enormous. His belly had plumped out to the point where it was now protruding by just a little over five feet. It honestly appeared as if the werewolf had swallowed an entire beanbag chair whole, one that was especially bottom heavy.

Louis panted and gasped breathlessly as he immediately grabbed his massive belly with both hands, feeling its massive girth and just how utterly heavy it felt.

He just stood there, utterly dazed for a moment, as if overwhelmed by how utterly full he was. Then, he threw his head forward, opened his jaws and punctuated the completion of his meal with the biggest, loudest, most obnoxiously aggressive belch he'd ever uttered in his entire life...



UUUU
UUUU
UUUU
UUUU
UUUU
UUUU



It blasted out of the wolf such sheer, unabashed force that the ground itself quivered in its' wake. In fact, a few vendors just up the street not only heard that large expulsion in the distance, but grew terrified when they mistook it for a damned earthquake! It rattled the ground and all of their various tents, with all the cheap nicknacks quivering right alongside it, and this went on for what had to be almost twenty seconds straight! Not the longest earthquake in the world, but certainly an alarming experience for every one in the street.

That witch who had sold Jill her 'healing elixir' took a tumble as her vat of potion spilled onto her. She shrieked and gyrated with utter agony. "GAAAAH!!! IT BURNS!!!!" she cried out.

Her neighboring vendor, a ghoulish, zombie-looking monster in a pink dress hobbled over to her side. "Whaaaaat haaaaaappeeened?!" The ghoul asked in a lifeless, yet undeniably concerned tone of voice.

The witch kept shrieking, wiping the green, sizzling liquids off of her body as best she could. "...Seltzer burns dammit...! Get me some towels!" She shrieked, tone of voice still urgent, even with that little revelation revealed.

At that, the Ghoul blinked slowly to itself, despite seemingly lacking any visible eyes. Then, slowly, it turned around walked away to fix its own stand while the witch continued overreacting.

Back in the alley, Louis sighed heartily, letting his tongue hang out of his fang-filled maw. He scooped up his bulging belly with both clawed hands from his underbelly and heaved it up, giving it a few good jostles of satisfaction. As a result, his cargo sloshed and stumbled around inside of his gut, with Jack and Jill grunting and yelping respectively as the two young siblings scrambled all about in his tight-fitting gut. Smaller, barely noticeable bulges protruded from his belly from all the bumping around the two youths did. Louis groaned pleasantly to the feeling of his prey getting tossed around in his (currently) mighty belly.

"Ahhh, tasty," Louis rumbled, sloppily smacking his chops. Then, he heaved his belly up one last time and let it bounce back into place, dislodging a massive belch from the beast. He slapped his gut heavily, right around where he could feel Jack's struggle in vein, earning some more than colorful language from the young man, which the bulky werewolf ignored. Louis tenderly caressed his big, round belly with both hands, groaning pleasantly as his claws dug into his thick, burbling, furry dome. His index claw traced all around that huge, churning mass of flesh, and eventually dug itself into Louis' belly button. Louis rested his eyes shut and rumbled ever more pleasantly at that sensation while his claw traced around inside his especially sensitive navel.

His thick, bushy tail wagged heavily in response to the feeling of being positively engorged, almost like a massive, musclebound puppy. Being a wolfman, Louis always did love whenever his belly received attention. But when it was this utterly engorged, his stomach became extra sensitive to the touch, and he, in turn, found the ministrations he provided utterly euphoric, even in his adrenaline-fueled 'monster' state. This went on for some time, even all the constrictive thrashing the two youths did accomplished little except dislodge the occasionally monstrous belch from the voracious predator.

Louis, still gripping his massive, heavy belly, and playing with it all over, eventually pulled his claw out of his navel. He then eased himself down to his knees, then let his torso lean down as his belly swung down and squished against the hard floor.

The werewolf panted pleasantly, again, not unlike a big dog. Then, Louis proceeded to grind his big, round belly firmly against the ground. He clutched the ground with his bone-tearing claws, and pressed his torso even further against the ground, squeezing both Jack and Jill that much harder as he slowly ground his gut left and right. Louis grinned to himself, occasionally doing a sort of pushup, where he pressed himself down even further against his gut, not enough to outright crush his cargo, but enough to really show them who was boss, and apply that much more pressure until pushing himself back up.

"Haaah...mine, all **MIIIIIINE!!!**" the wolf growled pleasantly in his still broken-form of speech, belching out the last word of his sentence.

Inside, Jill grimaced both from the discomfort of being squeezed against the very tight, constrictive stomach walls pressing and pushing down against her and Jack, and the disgust of Louis' antics. "Urgh, he's been doing that all night, most foul..." Jill remarked in a strained sort of voice. Then, she glanced back at Jack apologetically...who was also being squeezed right up against his little sister. "Mph, J-Jack, I-I'm so sorry. I'm such an airhead that I fell for such an obvious ploy, and if I wasn't, we wouldn't be in this literal mess right now..."

"Rgh, d-don't say that, Jill. This is no one's fault but this sods," Jack replied.

“But if I didn’t get tricked into coming out here, you wouldn’t have been eaten too-”

“-Enough, I said,” Jack insisted firmly. “You’re not dumb, Jill. You just want to see the best in people. Even after all these sods have done, you still saw ‘em from an understanding light. You could do to be less naive, but I’d rather have a naive, good-hearted and happy little sister than someone as jaded as I am...” Jack’s voice didn’t indicate that he was sad, so much as he was just complacent at what he was. That or he was really good at masking his emotions. “...Either way, we just need to find a way out...”

“But how?” Jill asked. “I’ve tried kicking and thrashing to my hearts content, but all I ever seem to accomplish is to make this putrid beast-”

“BLUNNUNUR
RRRRROOOO
OOORRRP!!!!”

“...That,” Jill replied, eyelid twitching a bit in response.

“Well, we have to figure out something,” Jack insisted, resisting the crushing sensation of Louis pressing down with a good bit of his bodyweight against the ground. Jack’s body ached, but he was a fighter, needless to say. Even as Louis continued grinding his gut against the floor, Jack looked around his restrictive confines. It was dark, slimy, humid and the stench was positively nauseating. The wolf’s stomach walls gurgled aggressively all around him and his sister.

There had to be a way out of all this...

Mercifully, the grinding ceased.

Louis rolled himself onto his back and sighed happily, lying down on the ground while his massive belly jutted out and swayed ever so slightly with deep, gaseous burbles emitting from within him. "Haaaaah, soooo full..." Louis growled and groaned pleasantly, letting his thick tongue stick out of the corner of his maw while he gave the side of his belly a couple of resounding slaps, making to jostle and sway in the opposite direction from his pats. Once more, his thick tail wagged pleasantly at the sensation.

The giant werewolf couldn't be more relaxed. He just kicked back, even in his brutish form, fondly looking forward to digesting not one but two saps at once and being full for at least a good week. His hunger was always on his mind, and having it so thoroughly satiated did a great deal to put his mind to ease. It relaxed him so much, in fact, that the high-stress that came from his encounter with Jack all but faded...

...Unfortunately for Louis, when his high-stress and anger is alleviated, his larger, more beastly form recedes...

While the big fat wolf was just laying there, lounging without a care in the world, his body slowly began to shrink. Those harsher, more beastly features all but vanished as Louis slowly but steadily returned to his normal, smaller werewolf form. His bulky, monstrous body steadily regained its more reasonable-looking proportions. That more animalistic skull steadily shrank and reformed back into a much more humanoid-looking werewolf face with that fine, pampered mane to go right alongside it.

...However, as Louis shrank back to his regular size...his belly did not.

And as Louis lied there, relaxed as could be, the smaller the werewolf became, the less and less relaxed he appeared. His belly practically roared with aggressive grumbings the smaller Louis became.

"Urf, wh-what the-oh...oh pissin' shite...!" Louis gasped breathlessly. As he shrank, he rolled onto his rump and managed to sit up before shrinking down too far as his belly spilled onto the ground.

Jack and Jill grimaced with equal discomfort. With Louis shrinking, their confines only grew tighter and tighter. They were both practically enveloped by the stomach walls at this point. “Rgh, what’s going on?!” Jack growled.

“...M-Maybe our battering around was working after all...?” Jill suggested, strained herself from the thick stomach walls compressing her like really, really thick and slimy plastic wrap around a sandwich.

Suddenly, by the time he was back to normal, his belly looked unbearably stretched out, still rounded by a good five feet...only Louis was big enough to accommodate that girth anymore.

“Orrrgh...oh bloody ‘ell...” gagged Louis, grimacing with immensely discomfort as he grasped his belly with both hands, desperately rubbing it as it churned intensely. His stomach hurt so badly that even if he wasn’t too heavy to move, the sheer searing pain shooting straight into his belly was enough to immobilize him.

Louis huffed and gasped, sweating bullets as he desperately tried to rub his aching belly with both hands. It was doing nothing to alleviate the unbearable pain in his gut. The sheer over-engorged state of things was bad enough. But then, the two started squirming and thrashing around all over again. And like clockwork, Louis lurched, clamping a hand over his maw as his cheeks puffed out.

“Urf, ***HIC!*** Urgh...s-stop that ye lil...oorrrgh...” Louis hissed, but then doubled over in pain, looking utterly nauseous and hiccuping again, making his belly jerk and jostle, which only made him even more nauseous.

Both Jack and Jill kicked and thrashed at the tight-fitting stomach walls, causing Louis’ furry, mammoth-sized dome to wobble and sway aggressively. In response, a huge, throat-ripping belch tore itself out from Louis’ throat. But unlike usual, it didn’t bring him relief or satisfaction. Instead, it left him groaning miserably. The two siblings kept at it, hammering away while Louis groaned miserably. Another deafening belch exploded out of his maw, but this one sounded much wetter on top of just being aggressively loud.

Poor Louis couldn't help but whine and whimper in pain as he grasped his massive belly as tightly as he could, doubling over as the two trapped in his gut kept kicking and thrashing about. Another burp rolled out of him, long and aggressive-sounding, but when it ended, his stomach hitched, and he lurched once more, clamping a hand over his maw as if he was about to throw up.

"Urrf...blimey...I-**URR...BUUUUURRRREELCH...**guh...I dun feel s'good..." was all Louis could manage to get out. His voice was strained, and a bit of drool was seeping from the corners of his maw. The wolf's nausea wasn't getting any better...

Then, with one final, forceful kick from both Jack and Jill that connected in perfect unison, a large bulge protruded from the dead center of Louis' belly, stretching out the already painfully stretched out scar of his delicate, heavy belly. The pain was hellish. But then, that bulge snapped back into place, sending ripples all throughout Louis' giant dome of a gut. And with it, came a tsunami of pressure that was so great, that when it rose up Louis' gullet, a very sizable bulge traveled up his throat and puffed out his cheeks like a squirrel hiding nuts.

What followed was a titanic, sickly belch that roared with such ferociousness that one would imagine Louis' throat would be sore for a good long while after such an explosive, aggressive-sounding release of pressure all at once...

**BLAAAA
AAUUR-**

It wasn't as loud or as long as that monster Louis let out in his more beastly form, but it was far more painfully aggressive-sounding, blasting out with enough force that it had to hurt the wolf coming up. But it also ended on a wet, slimy-sounding note because along with that deafening eructation, came so much pressure that Louis ended up spewing the contents of his stomach onto the ground. In a messy heap, both Jack and Jill were sprawled onto the ground, covered from head to toe in slime while Louis, once again sporting a flat and empty stomach, flopped onto his back, panting breathlessly.

All three were laying on the ground in a heaping mess, some more literal than others. They were all far too exhausted to really do much else. Louis was winded from having just endured the mother of all bellyaches and having around two hundred and fifty pounds just hacked up from his gullet. And both Jack and Jill laid sprawled on the ground next to one another, drenched in slime, winded from being trapped in the werewolf's belly and the sheer disorientation that came from being expelled up his throat all at once at the same time like that.

Honestly, all three were kind of amazed that they survived that...

Slowly, Jack turned to his sister, still catching his breath and far too disoriented to be disgusted by the stench consuming him. "...Urgh, y-you okay, sis...?"

Jill looked back at Jack and wearily raised a finger. "...Dear brother...maybe next time we need supplies, we can stick with the overpriced goods in the upper part of the city..."

In spite of himself, Jack smiled in an exhausted manner. It was short-lived, however, when he looked up to see the werewolf was nowhere to be seen. "T'ch...miserable beast ran off. I swear, if I ever see him again, I'm turning his hide into a sodding coat..."

"...Maybe we can save vendettas for when we don't smell like raw sewage, Jack..." Jill suggested.

Jack turned to her and sniffed just once. It was enough to make the young man's face go green with disgust. "...Good call..."

Back in his alley, Louis was sitting back under that makeshift tent of his which he called home. The wolf's pants were still torn up from his shift, and though he had at least remembered to grab his coat, hat, tie and even his unbuttoned shirt and vest before slinking off.

...Hey, he may have been a carnivorous wolf-man, but if his 'home' didn't already make it apparent, *wealthy*, Louis Garou was not...

Louis sat there under his tarp, sporting only his busted up pants with his shirt, jacket and other wares discarded on the side. Groaning unpleasantly, Louis was slumped forward, tenderly massaging his bare, and once again flat stomach while it burbled unpleasantly. He had a very sour expression on his face, in far more ways than one.

"...Urgh, damn brats..." he growled, really firmly kneading and massaging his aching gut with his clawed digits as it burbled and groaned just as miserably as he did. "...Just can't let ol' Lou 'ave nothin', noooo, he finally 'as 'imself a right-tasty'n fillin' meal'n some pons 'as t'go'n make me overdo it again...miserable lil knob-'ead..."

Still frowning, he looked down at his bare, flat stomach, specifically, the large gaping scar across the upper portion of his belly and wrapped his free hand around it protectively. "...Swear, I thought this ol' shiner was gonna tear wide-open fer a sec there...urgh...no thank you...gettin' me gut hacked open by some hairy geezer once was more than enough fer me..." Louis shuddered at the memory of perhaps his most infamous meal-turned-blunder in his whole, crazy life.

If nothing else, all told, this foil could've gone much, much worse...

Not that Louis was one for silver linings, so much as he was...whining about not getting his. Especially now when he was suffering some severe indigestion after having his guts bludgeoned from the inside by not one but two relentless humans. His belly burbled even more aggressively, making him grimace and whimper slightly as he doubled over in pain. "Urrrgh...oh me achin' guts..."

When the gurgling reached its fever pitch, Louis gripped his belly firmly and clamped a hand around his maw. He looked as if he was about to throw up, and that wasn't made any less apparent when his gullet gurgled deeply, and something visibly rose up his throat. Try as he might, he couldn't hold whatever was rising up back down...

**"BWUURR-
HUUUUUOOORRRR
AAAARRRP!!!"**

Louis let out a big, slimy belch, one that gurgled from the depths of his gut, lurching his head towards the various sheets all messily tucked together around the wolf. In doing so, something spewed out of his maw and splattered onto the soft sheets around him. It was that elixir Jill had purchased from that con of a witch mere moments before Louis had introduced himself to the young woman. Like Jack and Jill, it was caked in slime, but equally no worse for the ware.

Wiping his maw clean of saliva, Louis grunted and gave his stomach a hearty pat. "Guh, bloody 'ell..." he gasped, running his hand up and down his aching belly. Just then, however, he took notice of the corked, glass bottle with strange, green liquids. Louis blinked with surprise at the bottle. "...What the...?"

The wolf tilted his head with confusion, one brow cocked skeptically at what he just expelled from his system. Using a nearby canteen, Louis poured some water down on the bottle and eventually wiped it clean. He looked over the bottle curiously, then saw its label.

"Mama's One 'undred Percent Magic 'ealin' Elix'uh...guaranteed t'shield what ales ya..."

Louis snorted with amusement in spite of his own intestinal discomfort.

“...Blimey, that girl really was a gullible sap, wasn’t she...” Louis muttered, smacking his chops and smirking some more. “...Heh...*a right tasty one at that, she was...*”

He examined the bottle ever more skeptically, then, after a moment, shrugged.

“...Eh, bollocks to it. Ain’t like I could be in any worse pain...” Louis conceded. Then, he popped the glass cork off the glass bottle, wrapped his lips around the bottle, dipped his head back and chugged it down heartily. His firm, golden-furred throat bobbed in and out as he took the fairly sizable amount of “elixir” down with especially ample gulps. An elixir established by the witch’s outburst in front of an indifferent ghoul to be nothing more than magically dyed seltzer...

Within no time at all, Louis had drained the bottle down to its very last drop. He gasped and wiped his lips clean with his forearm, examining the empty glass bottle. Then, without warning, a *huge* burp erupted from Louis’ throat, carrying some serious power to it, due to unwittingly chugging down an entire bottle of criminally overpriced carbonated seltzer water.

“Gruah, bloody ‘ell, this stuff’s-” Louis paused mid-sentence, then clutched his belly with one hand and let out a deeper, lengthier belch that carried on for a good few seconds straight. When it ended, he sighed heartily and gave his belly a couple of hearty pats of satisfaction. “Phew! Lordy, this stuff’s-**hic**-oof, bubbly!” Louis noted, then smacked his lips in thought. “Didn’t taste ‘alf bad neith’uh. Tasted almost kinda...lime-y...?”

As he said that, Louis’ eyes widened with notable surprise. Glancing down curiously, Louis experimentally rubbed his stomach firmly with his hand, feeling it all over. And while that deep, idle burbling was still present, the ache had all but vanished. Now, the truth was that seltzer was just good for an upset stomach. But Louis being Louis, hadn’t realized what he drank was anything but...

“Blimey, this stuff really works!” Louis gawked at the bottle, almost excitedly. Almost eagerly, he jumped up from his seat, and gathered his shirt, vest, jacket, hat and cane. “Where’s that ol’ ‘ag at?! I gotta get me these miracle drinks by the bleedin’ gallons!!”

For a werewolf whose 'well-being' often depended on his prey being as gullible as a toddler on April Fools Day, it really was true, what they said...

There's a sucker born every minute, and none bigger than the one too bloody full of himself to believe he could ever be suckered...

Quite a mouthful, huh.

But then again, so is a pair of siblings, so I'd say it all balances itself out, wouldn't you?

...

You wouldn't...?

...

Well, that's okay, because the story ended a full page ago, and you're still reading.

So who's the sucker now?!

...

Oh Bollocks To It-Le Fin