**Wolfing It Down**

It has often been said that controversy is the ultimate cover up. With the state of things as they are, the plight of the differentiated human species was a definite victim of that.

Since 1895, the strange evolutionary off-shoot known commonly as hybrid humanity (or “Is-Men” in reference to the various onomatopoeic root words “Canis”, “Felis”, or “Lagomorphus” traits that many of them share) had been quietly disregarded as irrelevant. They lacked representation in government, and no true legislation acknowledged their existence. Considered neither sentient human nor animal, they effectively had no rights, and many were forced into indentured servitude or scavenging. To add insult to injury, those indentured often had to shave every inch of their bodies, often leaving them marked with painful scars and frightful appearances, most appearing to be human sized hairless cats, dogs, or rabbit hybrids.

In 1919, the Ismen discovered the “Vore” capability of the human species, long before the traditional human knew they were also able to wholly consume and digest large, live prey. For many years, it was considered a trait exclusive to the Ismen, and as such only added to paranoia and attacks against them. In turn, Ismen formed gangs of scavengers that would quickly swallow humans, scurrying away to digest their prey as their bellies writhed with a satisfied catch.

Eventually, the Ismen turned to armed revolution, forming a historically forgotten organized crime ring. Instead of rum running, the Ismen dealt in human meals, all of them live. Some found the Ismen’s ability fascinating, willingly donating themselves to a hungry Ismen’s stomach. In response to the vicious predation of the human species, the United Nations finally relented, granting them internationally recognized rights.

Unfortunately for the Ismen, reproduction never came easily, and the human species outnumbered them 3 to 1. Ismen were seen with increasing rarity, and recognized predators were even rarer. The most famous among them were the traditional predators, seeking willing or unwilling humans to gorge themselves on. Of these, one family remained at the top of the food chain; the Delgado clan.

The Delgado were an ancient family of predators that hunted humans for sport. As Ismen with wolf traits, they easily looked the part, and every member of the family would pass on knowledge to their children. Though it had never been solidly proven, the Delgado claimed to trace their heritage all the way back to the Wild West and the patriarch of their clan, B.B. Delgado.

As Vore became a deadly fad amongst humans, the Delgado found themselves on the receiving end of predation. As celebrities, the most fanatical human predators dreamt of devouring a Delgado, and their numerous clan quickly dwindled in number. When they neared extinction, the government placed them into a makeshift form of witness protection. Fen Delgado was the first of these relocations after his parents were devoured as they slept, leaving behind pink thread and tufts of fur. The police called it a copycat. Fen had little to say on it.

Eventually, they found him a willing household; the Essen family. The Essen were a little known and unremarkable family based out of northern Idaho. The equally unremarkable town would not have realized they existed had it not been for what is best described as “impressive” reproductive success.

Reggie “Red” and Charlene Essen had been high school sweethearts. They promptly tied the knot on their freshman years of college, and it wasn’t long before Charlene got pregnant with their son, Jimmy. After Jimmy was born, it hadn’t been more than a few months before another was on the way. This continued until their seventh child. After Jimmy, they’d had six daughters; Nanette, Colette, Yvette, Janette, Danette, and Sue. Strangely, the only reason they gave for stopping was “running out of names”.

After Fen moved in, the Essen’s true motivations became clear. As a family, they’d become predator sympathizers. They were, in short, groupies of famous predators, and the idea of protecting one of the Delgado clan was too delicious to pass up. The tales of Delgado wolves devouring entire families in one sitting and still having room for seconds excited Reggie and Charlene, but the cost of Fen’s relocation was ironic. Such massive predation would quickly draw attention to his presence, and it would not have been long before unwanted company was at their doorstep and drooling. The Essen family fantasy would have to wait.

Though Fen indeed shared the wolf Ismen blood and features, he was smaller than the rest of his kin. As one of the last survivors, he was also the runt of the litter, standing no more than five and a half feet. His bushy tail didn’t fit the rest of him, and he often had to balance it at an angle lest it drag behind him on the ground. When he’d first arrived at his protective residence, the Essen’s believed he had the wrong house.

As time went on, Fen’s appetite became apparent. Begrudgingly, he had to sate it with non-living food. Despite his size, Fen was an experienced predator. He’d gotten used to large meals lasting him for days at a time, and eating three small plated meals daily was simply strange. Secretly, the Essen family agreed, but it was the way it had to be. They were as happy as they could be, but the elephant in the room was the constant glances of all six daughters sizing Fen up…wondering if they could all fit inside.

That changed thanks to one viral news story. A flood of stories poured in, all of humans devouring other humans. When Fen got in touch with his secure contact, he’d never heard back.

Strangely, this excited Jimmy Essen. One fateful evening, she approached Fen as he was strumming on his guitar. Her sudden entry turned even a tuneless song sour, and Fen just about jumped out of his fur.

“Sorry. Did I…wake you?”

Fen ran a clawed paw down the length of his guitar.

“Uhm, no. The lights were on. Didn’t you hear me playing?”

“Yes. Yes, of course. How are you doing, Fen?”

He raised an eyebrow at this strange line of questioning. After all, he’d just seen Jimmy and the family less than fifteen minutes ago.

“I’m fine. I guess. Hasn’t changed since ten minutes ago.” He chuckled nervously.

“Fifteen. Fifteen minutes.”

An awkward pause filled the air. “Right. So, what do you need Jimmy?”

“Would you like to eat us?”

As Fen raised another claw to the guitar strings, he froze. Was he hearing things? “Would I like to *what?*”

“Eat us. All of us.”

Quietly, Fen leaned his guitar against the wall. “You *know* I can’t do that.”

“We want you to, Mr. Delgado. You’re malnourished.”

“I am not…” He was swiftly cut off by a loud, pained groan from his stomach. His body would say what his brain would not. And, after all, the girls did look *especially* appealing.

Jimmy just stared on. Though Fen was willing to go with the idea, something was definitely up. Still, the Delgado appetite took priority.

“All right.”

“Tomorrow night?”

Fen smiled. “Tomorrow night.”

What followed next could only be described as the most frenzied and swiftest trip to Walmart in history. The moment Fen finished his sentence, Jimmy bolted from the room. He’d heard the sound of loud running as he dashed downstairs, and shouting from down below. There was a great commotion, and he’d heard the car starting. Glancing from the window, he saw the entire family crammed into the car, speeding down the road and narrowly missing a stray cat.

Needless to say, Fen began to wonder what he’d gotten himself into.

He wasn’t sure exactly when he’d fallen asleep. The rest of the night was blurry, and he’d not heard the Essen family’s return until morning. It was the smell of Thanksgiving dinner that rose him from blank dreams. Fen generally did not care for “traditional” meal fare, but a perfect roasted turkey smothered in thick gravy and mashed potatoes was always an exception. His excitement quickly turned to confusion when he realized that it was July.

As Fen made his way downstairs, he found a brand new dining table that barely fit the living room. They had converted the living room into a banquet hall overnight, complete with fine china, chairs, and a beautiful red tablecloth. Had the Essens slept at *all* last night? Also, a feminine hand was now caressing his chest from behind. Wide eyed, Fen wasn’t sure if turning around was a good idea. He felt hot breath on his ear, and they both twitched. She whispered, and Fen immediately knew it was one of the sisters.

“Follow me.”

He never could keep track of which sister was which. As he desperately tried to remember her name, she delicately led him by the hand to her room. It was…pink. Very, very pink. Fen’s delicate nose picked up the faint scent of various perfumes. This sister wasn’t wearing any. Before he had time to debate the strangeness of the situation, his muzzle had locked with her lips as she tackled him to the bed.

She pulled away just long enough to throw off her clothing, nearly ripping them to shreds in the process. The sister was naked in record time, and threw herself back at Fen’s mouth. The kiss was deep. *Too* deep. The sweet taste of her lips turned to flowery scented flesh. Glancing down, he saw her long hair dangling from his mouth, and her writhing, slender form forcing itself further inside. She was forcing herself down his throat, and with surprising speed.

He weakly resisted, his instincts far overpowering his logic. Once you’ve crossed the wolf’s jaws, escape is an illusion. Surrendering to himself, he swallowed. As human predation was within his blood, his powerful jaws and throat pulled half of her inside with one efficient gulp. Her delicate fingers grasped at the sides of his muzzle as they peaked out, holding firm as he ran his tongue over her flesh. As her legs writhed between his lips, he wondered if it was pleasure or second thoughts. Either way, it was too late. He swallowed again, and she disappeared inside.

Fen felt her slowly travel down his throat, and watched his stomach bulge as she was hastily dumped inside. It gave a little bounce, and it quickly dominated his frame. At this point, a shirt was pointless. He tossed it to the floor, and that’s when he noticed another sister outside. Her jaw was wide open, and her eyes filled with confusion.

“D-did you just…?”

Fen opened his mouth to speak, but only a hiccup came out. Mortified, she dragged herself over to him. She ran her fingers over his stomach, feeling her sibling moving within.

“I’m going here too, aren’t I?”

Fen nodded. “Seems to be where this is going, yeah. They asked me to eat *all* of you.”

She gave his belly a pat, and sighed.

“I know what happens if you eat me. I’m scared…but I want it.”

“I’m sorry. But…”

She looked up at him. His face was already next to hers, his hot breath moistening her cheeks.

“I’m too hungry to let you go.” Before she had time to react, Fen’s jaws were over her head and shoulders. With practiced efficiency, she disappeared down his gullet in two quick swallows. Now considerably heavier, Fen tried to rise. With effort, it was doable, but with a duo of wriggling teenagers in his gut, he wouldn’t be chasing anyone down.

As he cleared the door, he met another sister. Wrapping her arms around one of his, she led him downstairs without a word, careful to support his stomach as he walked. As he reached the bottom, she dangled herself over the bannister. Fen’s instincts took over, and he opened his mouth as wide as he could.

“The rest of us are in the dining room, Mr. Delgado. We’ll be waiting.”

She dove for his gaping maw, and the wolf swallowed her in a single mouthful. As Fen celebrated his efficiency, he realized the problem with eating live prey too quickly, and promptly hit the floor. His stomach had gotten too heavy too quickly. With his size, it wasn’t going to be possible to be mobile for the next course. Slowly and steadily, he half walked, half crawled to the dining room, his wiggling gut more of an impediment than a trophy. He found Jimmy standing by a heavy duty chair at the end of the table. With both of their efforts, he deposited the bloated Fen into the chair, his belly dominating most of the space.

At the table, he found Charlene and Red seated, beaming. They laid out a feast before him; roast turkey, mashed potatoes, stuffing, gravy, green beans, and…the remaining three sisters, naked and tied together on a platter. They were doused in various spices, and a healthy amount of gravy.

Red was the first to speak. “Hey girls, our guest of honor is here!”

The sisters grew excited, but groaned as they noticed his stomach.

“Aww, you couldn’t wait Mr. Delgado? We worked so hard preparing ourselves for you.”

Fen gave his belly another pat, and the food within wriggled with excitement. “Dinner just sort of jumped in. Don’t worry…I’ve got room for the rest of you.”

Charlene grinned, and gestured grandly. “Well, what are you waiting for? Eat my daughters!”

With trained strength, Fen pulled himself closer, positioning his maw on the edge of the table. Stretching it as wide as he could go, he grabbed one of the sisters by the arm, and dragged the bundle of teenagers to him. As saliva dripped from his mouth, the echoing sounds of his previous meals shouted outwards, a cacophony of digestive gurgles and pleasure.

This would be his greatest challenge yet, and managing to swallow three humans in one mouthful would take considerable effort. As he wrapped his lips around their shoulders, he paused for breath. His jaws were already straining, and there was a moment of doubt within him. Could he *really* consume six women in one sitting, and then the rest of them to follow? He already knew the answer. He would *have* to. For his family name and his own appetite, success was the only option.

Pushing one of the girl’s on the ass, he shoved them further inside. It would not be enough to rely on his internal muscles, and physics would have to lend a hand. As he worked his way down their shoulders, he could hear the wet, slithering sounds of his saliva coating them thickly. Swallowing them in multiple parts simply wouldn’t work. They’d have to go down as one, huge chunk of meat.

The girls enjoyed the process, giggling and writhing as they could. Secretly, Fen wished they would stop, as this made it much harder to ingest all three of them. Still, he pushed on, and before he knew it, all that remained outside his mouth were six wiggling feet.

Supporting his cheeks with both his hands, he leaned his head back. The weight would have crushed a less experienced predator, but he was a Delgado. And, in a few moments, they would all be food. He growled as he readied his throat, knowing he had one shot at this. Mustering all his might, he swallowed. To his dismay, this only budged the lump a few inches into his throat, and their feet disappeared into his lips. Again, he gave a powerful swallow, and the bulge only wiggled a bit further down. This would take something even stronger, and he remembered the technique his father had passed on through generations of predation; the snap swallow. Taking a deep breath, Fen swallowed and snapped his jaws shut with force. Sure enough, the girls quickly disappeared down his throat, and his stomach tripled in size, knocking over his chair and depositing his gargantuan belly onto the floor. At this point, Fen was just a giant gut with tiny arms and legs, and he could not see anything but his own midsection.

Food coma set in immediately, and he passed out. His last words before succumbing to sleep was a massive, earth shattering belch.

When Fen finally woke, his sense of time was scattered. The gigantic belly that eclipsed his vision had shrunk considerably, but still made movement impossible. He sighed, and smiled. True to Delgado form, he’d overdone it. It had been well worth it. But he definitely needed a shower.

That’s when Jimmy walked in, carrying a bucket and brush.

“Think you can get most of your clothes off, big guy?”

Glancing down, Fen noticed that very little of his clothing had survived, torn by his voracious family dinner. A quick wriggle and the shreds of his outfit quickly dropped off. Jimmy got to work, starting on his massive gut. With each vigorous scrub, the sound of sloshing fluid could be heard.

“So, did you get enough to eat?”

“Heh, that’s an understatement. Sorry I couldn’t finish the rest of you.”

“Oh, that’s all right. Mom ate Dad while you were sleeping. She’s not very good at it, though. No room for me.” He frowned.

“Sorry, Jim. Maybe I could teach you some tricks later?”

“After you’ve digested my sisters, sure.” They both laughed, and Fen already felt the grime built in his fur smoothing out. It was a great relief to him. Although the immobility of a successful catch was the best moment of the hunt, it was usually processed by morning. This meal was simply too big to be gone in a day or two.

“So…now what?”

Jimmy slowed down, getting under Fen’s arms. “Now? I don’t know. Mom’s still passed out upstairs. She’s having a hell of a time digesting Dad.”

“Yeah, she’s no wolf.”

“She’s afraid he’ll make her fat.”

They both exchanged a big laugh. That’d be the *least* of her worries as a first time predator.

As Jimmy finished up, he wrapped a beach towel around Fen. With a lot of effort, he dragged up the wolf and supported him by the shoulder.

“Oh, Fen, you like sci-fi movies?”

“Hell yes. You got any good ones?”

“Actually, there’s a marathon on today. If we hurry we can catch *Blade Runner.*”

As Jimmy sets Fen onto the couch, it sinks visibly. He sits next to him, and Jimmy cranks the volume. The wolf lets out another small belch, and smiles.

“So…got any popcorn?”