The full moon was shining brightly in the sky, there weren't any clouds and the countless stars made it all a magnificent view. At least it would be a fantastic view for those interested in this sort of thing.

In a forest, heavy steps echoed through the woods, scaring many animals trying to sleep. These steps belonged to a creature that looked like a mix of several animals. He had the body of a bear, the head of a lion, horns of a bull and tail and legs of a wolf. His brown fur reflected the night light and some might consider it pleasant to look. He was wearing a purple cloak, a golden necklace from his mother a few rings from his father and was wearing beautiful blue shirt and red pants

At least that's what his servants used to tell him. The creature was simply referred to as "Beast," since he had forsaken his own name when a witch cursed him and his servants before he could even be crowned king after he father passed away. Speaking of them, he was tired of the obvious sucking up they were doing. They kept telling him that he could return to be a human. That he was a great prince/king. But Beast knew that they were saying those things simply out of fear of him destroying them in a fit of anger.

He was simply tired of lies, both from them and form himself. He would never undo the curse. He was like that for over ten years. That's why he had run away. He had been wandering alone in the vast forest for months with no idea where to live and what to do. Nightmares plagued him, and he could barely rest. He hasn't talked to anyone since he left the castle, after all, he couldn't just walk into a village. They would kill him on the spot.

Beast sighed tired thinking where he could lie down for the night when he heard a howling. He knew what it meant since he had escaped form wolves in other forests before. He thought of running and was about to when he said out loud, which was a habit he acquired in his solitude, "what's the point? Run. Eat, Shit. Sleep. I have nobody. Nobody cares. Nobody will miss me..."

He then started taking off his clothes and jewelry. He wasn't going to run from the wolves. He was going to let himself be caught by them and end his own misery. At least his flesh will give sustenance to others. His body was quite muscular, and he had to wonder why because he wasn't much for exercises other than the recent running he had done from his own castle. He wondered his even his muscles were just a teasing from the witch.

He shrugged the thoughts away, and he readied the claw form his right hand's index finger and made a cut on the palm of the left hand. Crismon blood was leaking, and the man started moving his arm rapidly around him to spread the blood. Drops his trees and leaves around him. He wanted to be found by the wolves, and soon enough a pack arrived.

The wolves growled and licked their chops as they slowly surrounded him. They were well prepared for a fight or a chase, but Beast was not going to give them that tonight. Or ever. Instead, he merely sat there and waited patiently for the inevitable attack.

The wait wasn't long, as the pack leader descended on him and the rest followed suit. Beast couldn't help but stand and roar in pain at the first bite on his neck, then to his already bloody hand and arm, and all across his large body. It took all of his self-control not to fight back, as he was bitten into mercilessly and the wolves bit out chunks of flesh and crushed his bones.

And yet, through all the pain Beast found himself stirring in a mix of twisted pleasure as well. The wolves' biting into his legs, belly, and chest among other areas sent a course of arousal through his body. To his own shock, he gained a large, firm erection, which the leader of the pack quickly noticed. The wolf then clamped his muzzle onto the head of Beast's cock and clenched his teeth tightly, tearing it off. Beast roared uncontrollably as he came in a mix of sperm and blood.

Beast screamed not sure why was his body reacting in such way. He wondered if that was part of the witch's curse. The remainder of his cock was shockingly hard as the pack leader bit another chunk off it.

"This...this...shouldn't be arousing me...Why..AHHH!!!" Beast yelled as the other wolves tore his flesh apart.

Two wolves got to his belly and started chewing his muscles until they got access to his entrails. They found his intestine and started to feast on it. They tore his guts with tremendous ease. The pain was colossal.

Beast raised his head and stared in horror as the creatures before him reduced his body to a bloody mess. He couldn't feel anything, but pain and started to hate his idea. He should have gathered the strength to have just hanged himself.

He knew his cock was now gone and the pack leader was now feasting on his balls. Tears fell from his eyes as his breathing got more and more shallow.

"Just a little longer....It won't...take long now...AHHH!!!"

The pack leader then returned to the side of Beast's head and stared him with its bright yellow eyes. "Please..." Beast said weakly.

As if the animal before him understood him, the pack leader jumped once again to his throat and, this time, it clenched hard cutting off his breathing. Beast still felt an agonizing pain, but at least the animal ended it.

The wolves continued to feast upon his flesh until they all satisfied. The only things left were his bones, bits of flesh and his head, which was shockingly intact.

They then left his remains and moved on back to their den.

Three days later a group of hunters arrived and saw what was left of Beast. They looked at his remains, at the fancy clothing and jewerely and at the footprints nearby could only speculate what had heppened there. So they decided to take what they could back to their village and tell the others.

Some time later a woman was running an errand for her father when she walked in front of a tavern and couldn't help, but to overhear:

"What sort of creature do you suppose it is?"
"I've certainly never seen an animal like that in all my life."
"His remains were seen near some fancy clothing and jewelry. I can only suspect their owner suffered a grisly fate from that monster."
"It was ambushed and devoured by a pack of wolves. Surely justice for the poor noble that was killed by that wicked beast."

*I wonder what all the commotion is about,* Belle thought to herself as she strode over to the tavern. At the sight of the conversations, she let out a light gasp.
There, mounted on the wall was a frightening sight for the young woman. It was unlike anything she had ever seen or even read about in her books. Along with shock, she also felt a tinge of disgust at the men for hanging the creature like a trophy. Something about this just didn't feel right at all.

And as she looked into it's cold, lifeless eyes, she began to feel something else... something that she couldn't quite explain. Pity...