

“Alright, just like we planned alright?” A man in a wolf costume fitted his protege with her Red Riding Hood costume. Little Red here is nine years old, and yet her bottom is as stout as an adult woman.

“Hee hee, yup,” the young girl said, “I’ll be real scared lookin’.”

“That’s what I like to hear.” The man leaned down and kissed her on the lips. After some smacking and saliva trading, the lights on the stage turned on.

“Oh, we’re about to start.” The wolf threw on a night cap while little Red ran to the other side of the stage. The audience was packed with excited parents, rejected actors and the school press, with enough cameras to film a crime scene. The curtains swung open to reveal Grandma’s cozy home, the wolf tucked into the bed. Little Red blushed and skipped onto the stage.

“Grandma Max it’s me Red!” she called out.

“In HeRe SwEeTy~” came the shrill voice of the wolf. He got a few chuckles from the audience.

“You haven’t gotten out of bed yet?”

“Oh no, I have a terrible cold, it’s kept me stuck to my mattress.” Little Red skipped closer as she haphazardly swung her basket around.

“Wow Grandma, what long hair you have.”

“Ohh, the better to warm you up with my dear, fu fu.” Little Red leaned over the bed while the Wolf pulled the blanket over his snout.

“What long ears you have.”

“The better to hear your sweet voice with my dear.” A hand in the crowd that belonged to Little Red’s mother waved to her. Their eyes met for a moment but Little Red continued her act.

“Grandma, what big eyes you have.”

“The better to watch you with my dear.” The blanket came off of the wolf’s snout and revealed his full face.

“Guh-grandma... what a large mouth you have.”

“The better to EAT YOU WITH MY DEAR!” The wolf pounced and made Little Red scream. As the jaws of the wolf mask hid Little Red’s head, the man opened wide and engulfed her head. She sighed as her face was pressed against the back of his throat. The audience watched as Little Red was gulped down by the Wolf. Her bulge bloated the wolf’s horribly humid throat as she slid down. The wolf’s gut expanded with it’s new treat, much to the glee of the audience. Then, the huntsman leapt from off stage with an axe in hand.

“Damned beast! Let her go!” he shouted. The hunter yanked the wolf by his shoulder off stage.

“This calls for surgical precision,” he shouted. The hunter pushed the wolf away and played a jukebox that made slicing sounds. The hunter then threw out a fake, dissected wolf onto the stage. A different Little Red popped out of the fake wolf and gasped.

“Oh thank you huntsman, I could’ve died!” she said with her hands clenched together. The real wolf walked into the changing room and took off his mask.

“You did great out there,” he said while he cradled his belly.

“Think so?” Little Red asked, “I don’t think I screamed loud enough.”

“Naaah, you made a convincing and tasty Little Red.” The wolf took his pants off and grabbed his penis.

“Heh heh, if only it wasn’t so hot and itchy in here. I’d let you eat me all the time.” Little Red massaged the stomach walls with rosy cheeks.

“Not all the time, you’d make me really chubby.” The two giggled and Little Red settled in. As the crowd applauded the curtain call, the wolf’s stomach went to work softening and liquifying Little Red. She moaned and cooed as her legs turned into soup.

“See you in a month,” she said with her fingers up her vagina.

“Until then,” the wolf said. After a few minutes, Little Red was turned into a nice, sinewy roux. The Little Red stew bubbled as her remains poured into the man’s intestines. As he listened to his belly gurgle, the man orgasmed onto a pair of little girl panties.

“Ahh, still hungry. I wonder if Alejandra is still around.”