

The door shut with more force than he'd meant to use. The lion Levinidas was exhausted to the point that he had just pushed it shut behind him in a tired sweep. He was powerfully built, with a tan and white fur coat for the most part accented by a striking swath of bright green hair on his head and at his tail tip.

The bang drew his roommate out of the kitchen, or at least the top end of him. The naga Calister was blessed with an exceptional length of tail, enough that he was often in two rooms at once. Similarly vibrant green scales coated his back and flared from his head in a snake's hood, with pale green below, from his snout and down his front, though the more humanoid segment of his torso was hidden behind a cosy sweater, the collar and cuffs of a well tailored shirt poking out from beneath. His head peered around the corner with a curious smile. "Ah, welcome home. Everything alright?" He asked his tone gentle and at ease. His eyes flickered to the doorway, seeing all was as it should be as the lion stomped on out of the entryway and toward the living room. Calister could see the fatigue like an invisible weight over the lion, it was worse than it had been at any other point during the week.

"Yeah, nothing to worry about there." Levinidas replied.

"And the day at work?" Calister asked.

Levinidas sighed as he threw himself back into a soft armchair, it was the only seat worthy of the name in the room, the place was technically Calister's after all and was more fitted to his size shape and preferences to lounge with his tail filling the space, or drooping over the edge in comfort. "Rough, really really rough." He began, sounding on the verge of continuing but then holding back.

Calister's brow rose in quiet surprise; the lion had always said it was 'fine' even when he had things obviously on his mind. "Oh, I am sorry to hear that. Have you taken in some sustenance?" He asked, choosing the word to let his sibylline hiss through.

"Yes, I ate on the way back." Levinidas replied.

"That's something!" The naga said with a gentle smile. "Would you like to talk about it? To tell me what's on your mind?"

The lion thought for a moment, looking around the room before he nodded. "I believe I would. May I?"

"Of course." Calister asserted, holding a warm mug in one hand. "Coffee?" He offered but the lion shook his head and made a soft hand gesture to decline. The sound of scales on soft fabric cushioned the silence as Calister led his more humanoid torso into one of the nooks, a small twist of his own tail flowing in ahead to cushion himself as he moved to sit where his eyes could meet the lion's.

"It's the mechanic shop, you know the one?" He looked over.

“Ah yes, I recall you mentioning you’d found a job there.” Calister replied, his head bobbing encouragingly and in a soothing way.

“Mm. Well it’s proving hard work, harder than it should be. The way they do things there is not what I’m used to.” He paused allowing for the naga to interrupt, yet as he just received affirming attention and smiles from his roommate he let his retelling of the week flow on. “I’m not meaning to be proud but I know what I’m about with machines and vehicles, yet when repairing, fixing or simply tuning up the craft brought into the shop I am placed under unwarranted pressure. Those who oversee the building demand I work to their way, making me do things in different ways, if I may be so bold, inferior ways. Yet they keep interrupting me, asserting that they have ‘the right way’ and forcing me to change.”

He slowly leaned forward in his chair, one hand raised from the arm to cradle his head. “The trouble is they don’t allow me to simply adjust to the same end-goal. I have to undo my work only to have it done again. They pay me by the hour and have not complained about my output, yet the needless waste of time to push forward an inferior project... It’s why I’ve been back late for the past three days. Working past time to make sure my job was finished for the morning shift.”

Calister was beginning to understand, Levinidas was from a very different culture to Paradise Island, which itself had many strange and wonderful differences from most other places. There was overlap, of course but the heart of what made this place how it was came as a surprise on everyone’s first introduction.

Confirming his suspicion, Levinidas continued, pausing only to think of a more tactful way to explain some of his problems. “The physical part aside, I’m given little space to rest. My home is so different that many of those I work with are fascinated. They think so differently to me and while I feel they are asking out of true curiosity, they barrage me with questions. Usually things that one doesn’t ask back home or on subjects that are hard to explain.”

The lion continued with what was left, feeling genuine warmth for his roommates patience, the naga listened while draining his mug, then watched attentively, nodding with understanding. Levinidas was glad to get it all off his chest, slowly his posture changed, looking less weary and more relaxed in the chair. His legs stretched along the floor, bumping a bit of Calister’s tail.

That made Levinidas pause as he looked down, the naga’s body took up most of the floor, even circling around the base of the chair he was in. “Hey, at least it’s the weekend, no more work until Monday, right?” Calister asked, pulling Levinidas attention up to his face again.

“Yes, two days to see if I can let go of the strain.” Levinidas replied, head tilting back and eyes closing.

Silence took over the room as Calister held his tongue in a pensive moment. “I could help with that. Truth told I have some experience with a massage technique that many have found

quite relaxing. I'm told they are unique though I also feel it might be something of an acquired taste."

The tip of his tail circled in on itself as he spoke, it had been a few days before Levinidas moved in since someone had actively sought out his therapy, though with the colder months approaching he was sure it would be in demand. What better way to explain what his roommate might walk in on one day than by having a chance to offer it.

"Unique massage? I know there are merits to massaging in general, tell me, friend, what makes it unique?"

"Well, rather than using my hands to rub, there's a lot of evenly displaced power in my coils." Calister replied, cutting to the chase.

"Is that not dangerous?" Levinidas asked, looking at the length of tail nearest to him.

Calister let out a genteel chuckle. "Oh no, no, I am not some bone-crushing constrictor, I know my own strength, why I've safely kneaded the strain out of others a fraction of your height. However, that is just the start of my talents. I'd want you to see the full deal, to really make you feel at ease. Naga such as I have our little ways, one of which I find helps immeasurably; hypnovenom." He said, cracking his mouth and flashing his fangs. "Perhaps I could even do something more than that, if you'd be willing to try it."

Levinidas turned his eyes away, he'd been intrigued, it seemed like quite an offer and exhausted as he was he was willing to try most things, especially given that he'd had some thoughts on the subject of being embraced in such a manner. "The venom... does it control me?"

"I find at most it strips away inhibitions. Hypnosis, even delivered from my bite, cannot make you act in ways you do not want to. I promise you that." Calister asserted warmly. His coils built on themselves, pooling invitingly while staying a respectful and polite distance away from Levinidas, it was the lion's choice to make.

The lion swallowed, giving a nod. "I may take a rain check on the biting, though to be truthful, I think I would very much like to experience the massage, even if it turns out to be something that isn't for me."

Calister smiled. "I honestly hope it is." His tail moved out and Levinidas leaned closer, creating space between his back and the armchair. Calister's scales rasped gently on each other as the tip extended. Levinidas held out a finger, the first point of contact as the tail slipped around his wrist.

It hissed on his fur, gentle squeezes employed to grip as Calister moved his tail up Levinidas' arm and to his shoulder. The tail rubbed against the lion's back, encouraging him forward as it slowly wound around below.

Levinidas kicked up from the chair, aided in rising with a solid tug. "Sit wherever you please." Calister invited, several lumps of tail arranged to entice him. Levinidas needed little more encouragement. As he walked away from the chair the naga's tail rolled over itself up his torso one more and to gather under his other arm, weighing down on him.

Levinidas soon turned and bent his legs trying not to fall too hard. He needn't have worried, Calister's grip controlled the speed, placing him gently on the living bed. His arms were held upward as the coils writhed and parted, catching below his legs and covering over the top, as though he were basking in a hot-tub made of and filled with coils instead of water.

Not just seeking a one way exchange, Calister enjoyed the feeling of a warm body in his grasp, something to keep him cosy by extension and the sensation of gentle squeezing did as much for him as it did for his company. The muscles clenched and relaxed in slow undulating waves along Levinidas' back and shoulders, the front coils focused more on holding him against them, ensuring each press was directed where it needed to be and ensuring it felt warm and encouraging.

"Oh, that's very promising." Levinidas crooned, relaxing into the motions though not with some movement of his own, trying to push the most tense parts of his body toward the rubbing.

"You like it? Oh good, just try to stay relaxed, I'll find those knots to work out." Calister encouraged, pulling Levinidas around. He lay the lion on his front, releasing his arms so that they could hang while his tail started to brush against his back, down to the waist, working over each curve to smooth and soothe it.

Rolling on the sea of serpent-skin, Levinidas hadn't noticed how much closer he'd been drawn to Calister until he felt the naga's hands at the back of his neck, using the precision in his fingers to begin to rub a few more definite points. "Yes that's right, Lev, just let yourself go." He soothed, "Clear your mind of work, focus on the moment, on the weight of my touch." The naga's body firmly had Levinidas in its grip, coils thick enough to hide a smaller creature in a single turn were bunched together, kneading over the muscles of the lion who let out soft sighs of growing, blissful calm.

The coils bunched around and started to squeeze more powerfully, the motions so heavy that Levinidas felt his entire body swaying, his head shaking slightly from side to side by the pressure. This was rough and intense, yet in a comfortable manner, any squeeze that felt a bit too strong or approaching pain never lasted long enough to cause discomfort and left a soothing absence of pressure in its wake.

Levinidas felt limp within his grasp already, though Calister had only addressed his shoulders and back. "I feel that's been long enough to venture that you are enjoying it, yes?"

“Absolutely.” Levinidas muffled after a moment, not wanting to even exert himself to speak, however he had one thing on his mind. “I think... that bite would be good. If it’s not too late.” He said, words fractured by the calm he felt.

Calister was adept at filling in the blanks when those with him were in such a state. “Certainly, it will be a light prick, it will likely make you tense a little. Even so, the payoff will be worth it, I assure you.”

Levinidas was ready for it, nodding as he felt the coiling body slide off one shoulder, chased by the breath of the naga as the serpentine snout aligned with the upper arm, then the sudden pinch. No worse than a deftly and delicately applied shot. Warmth followed, spreading from the centre of the bite, quickly circulating the lion’s whole system. “There, now just let me take care of you.” Calister whispered gently, pulling back, smoothing out the comfy layered shirt and sweater. He let his coils brush more powerfully, intense in their grasping, rolling the lion around and squashing the tension out.

No longer as directed, the naga rolled his tail to encompass Levinidas arms and legs, spreading his limbs so that he could brush against the thighs and quads, against each one of the well tested and well kept muscles.

Levinidas was in heaven, his throat began to buzz with a purr as he slipped away, letting his eyes shut, showing his trust in the naga. He suspected no duplicity to begin with yet already the venom was doing as promised, making him more open and willing to display his thoughts. The bunched coils pressed his legs, then released them winding around one and then the other, a high pressure coating of firm yet wondrously soft muscle made the lion melt.

The first wish on Levinidas' mind was that his clothing were out of the way, yet it almost seemed Calister anticipated that thought. Not removing anything but hiking up his top to reveal his belly, pulling on his legs to kiss against the fur with his scales. “Yes.” Levinidas sighed gleefully. “Mmmf.”

The last utterance came with a purr as a bunched muscley length of snake tail pressed over his face and the top of his head. Levinidas’s legs were unwound from and then covered together, his arms had been moved down, pressed to his sides, he squirmed just a little to confirm what he felt; The naga had totally engulfed him, wrapped at all angles in a warm, personal cocoon that put just enough pressure on his face to feel held without feeling *squeezed*.

“Are you enjoying that?” Calister asked in response to the wiggling. “Being fully covered?”

“Yeah...” Levinidas replied. “So much.”

“Fantassstic.” Calister replied, drawling out the word to let it linger.

Levinidas had no idea what the naga was testing, feeling totally at peace, the weight of the world sloughed away to leave just warm, squeezing comfort. The tail tip fell away from

Levinidas' face, Calister's body wrapped around him, bunching up below his jaw, squeezing softly, leaving his head in arm's reach.

Levinidas felt the naga stroke over one of his ears with the back of his hand. His body fully wrapped up, taken from the floor, with the naga's body using him as a point to wind around. "If you like that, I feel you will love the offer I hinted at earlier. A warmer, softer embrace that covers every inch of you at once..."

Were he not kneaded into absolute joy and primed with a venom to make him more ready, Levinidas may have tensed up completely, however the thought made him shiver. "Are- are you asking me... that?"

"A deeper massage, compressed and protected from the world." Calister teased, after he'd been explicitly spelling everything out before the soft playful scratch of his vagueness on what he was offering was all the more compelling. Still to confirm with a glaring clue, he let his mouth hang open, showing it off to Levinidas.

He was asking to swallow him, Levinidas was sure of it and the idea made him blush. Heat rose to his face, causing the snake to smile knowingly- he'd sensed from the temperature shift that he was quite on the mark.

"Is it... safe?" Levinidas asked.

"If you feel uncomfortable or uncertain speak out at quite literally any point, however I can assure you and promise you, you will be safe, you will be comfortable and should you fall asleep you will wake up safe and warm in your own room." He assured.

Levinidas's stomach fluttered, he couldn't know for sure that the naga spoke the truth, yet he wanted to trust him. If anything the light hint of threat made it seem all the more powerful to go along with. He was truly surrendering so much if he agreed- his ears flicked as he heard his own mouth had already said yes while he was thinking it over, slipping out subconsciously. "The idea seems... intense. But welcome." He confessed, giving more weight to his agreement, making it his.

"Let us at least minimise the amount of washing your clothes will need, hmm?" Calister said with a gentle cluck of laughter, already sliding out of his own attire; it was a snug fit for his body alone.

Levinidas moved to help when it was his own turn to be disrobed but Calister interrupted him. "Let as much of the relaxation remain as you can. I can do this just fine."

The top came up over his head, coils catching it from below and supporting Levinidas' arms while Calister's bared his torso. It gave the lion another one of his wishes, the feel of the squeezing scales directly on his body.

Calister moved to expose Levinidas' legs, though he let his underwear remain. Keeping him decent enough that he'd be able to work. His stomach gurgled and churned loudly at the thought of taking in the lion. "Nothing to be worried about, my control is unimpeachable."

The gurgle sent a vibration that only further excited Levinidas.

Soon he was undressed accordingly and with one last squeeze, Calister worked out any last lingering strain that had cropped up. The naga dropped his upper half down to the floor while his tail adjusted his grip. With a heavy squeeze the heels of Levinidas' paws came into view. "I'll speak to you again soon." He said before adjusting himself, his jaw detaching, primed and prepared.

Inside the cocoon of scales, Levinidas was keenly aware of his legs being exposed, being opened up to the air before the current of air- Calister's breath struck his soles. The naga's hands came next, brushing along the shins, guiding, leading them gently in and supporting the weight that his coils relinquished.

Soon, the tight throat seized hold of his ankles, pulling his paws together, squeezing in a wholly different yet equally secure manner to the scaled coils.

"Ooh, don't stop." Levinidas said to encourage him along, even though he was barely maintaining focus and consciousness. The very tip of Calister's lips pulled into a smile at such a pleasantly willing subject.

Levinidas felt warmed and relaxed, more than he could remember ever being. The venom in his system had such an unwinding and calming effect, holding him on the precipice of being lulled to sleep while letting him still feel everything. That was vital to the experience after all.

He felt Calister's tongue on his legs, roving, sampling what he was taking further in. The lion quivered with another happy trill leaving his throat, absorbed by the coils that gently pressed him back and held his weight.

The softness of Calister's throat became more pressing on his thoughts, slicker walls, easier to slide down, softly pressing in a way that completely shrouded what it squeezed over, fitting exactly to his paws and then the rest of his legs.

Even his strong powerful thighs weren't challenging enough to slow Calister. The naga kept brushing his body with his hands, his tongue retracted briefly as the first hurdle- the lion's hips, pressed close. He needed all the space he could use to ensure that his play was unimpeded.

"Ahh~." Levinidas purred as he felt a sudden tug, Calister forcibly gulped to slip his maw over the lion's rump and through to the waist.

With his grip secured, the coils finally loosened. One strong band supported Levinidas' chest while the naga's hands took Levinidas' wrists and gently held his arms straight to the side for his mouth to take in. The snake length of the naga had started shifting around, wriggling,

whether that was in excitement or part of the process of taking in prey was unknown to the lion, yet he felt like squirming gently back, too.

A strong squeezing clench pulled as Calister finally stopped holding back and let his throat do what it had longed to. In one gulp Levinidas arms were sunk up to the elbow, the coil of tail retreating out of the way. Another hungry gulp pulled him so that his shoulders were stretching the naga's jaw wider than it had gone so far.

Calister's hands brushed Levinidas head of hair in soothing welcome, to which the lion nuzzled back, pushing his head into the grip. "Yes." He whispered. "Push me in."

That hadn't quite been what the naga was going for, though he obliged with a chuckle. Both his hands pressed one at the shoulder, one at the crown of Levinidas head, then when the former was out of reach, both pushed on the latter.

Below the naga's jaw a tight bag of fleshy muscle pressed the full length of Levinidas' body in a welcomingly humid warmth. It was the most form-fitting grip Levinidas had ever felt, every inch of him kneaded and massaged by the throat that was eager to secure its meal. Calister restrained himself again, tipping his head up, letting gravity do the last inches of work. The throat retracted, bunching around Levinidas' jaws and cheeks, pulling beside his head as it reached the tip of his snout.

The lion had shut his eyes for it and now found they were pressed that way, difficult enough to open his eyelids against the squeezing muscle that he didn't wish to try. He took one long breath of the fresh air before his muzzle felt the squeezing throat pass in front of it.

With that done, his whole body rushed downwards several inches in powerful sucking gulps. Calister's hands returned though from the outside, patting over the lion-filled bulge that greatly distorted his body.

The intense squeeze suddenly lessened at Levinidas' legs, then traced up his body as he left the throat to land in the more generous space below. Here his legs could move again, though it was still cramped, the lovely feeling of the living cushioning deformed around him.

"Mmmh, mi-mi-mi-miii." Calister called out, practising his vocals as a singer might now he could talk again. The sound was hard to hear over the thick walls of muscle, the churning and gurgling press also filled Levinidas' ears even after his head was released from the throat-grip. "That was wonderful. Squirm if you like, it won't upset me or my stomach." The naga said, loud and clear, repositioning his body for comfort.

Levinidas felt the motions keenly, squashing with different intensities around him, scooping him over and tumbling him into place. From the soft, firmness below he could work out that Calister had lain the lion-lump in a bed of his coils. The deeper reaches of his stomach and the entrance from his throat raised up into the air, relative to Levinidas' position, making

sure that his roommate didn't slip any further than was safe, though there was still some wiggle room to go.

Pliant slick warmth cuddled around Levinidas, Calister himself bent back so that he was almost spooning the lump within him. His hands brushed and patted in platonic affection, though the motions didn't pass through the wall of muscle to register below.

He appreciated the exchange, that his roommate was so happy to oblige and place the rightly directed trust in him. He spoke out, his voice kept loud enough to hear yet with a rehearsed tone that meant it kept its smooth cant, holding the lion in the relaxed mind. "Squirm until you are ready to resst, friend. Take all the time you need so that warm gentle dreams will prepare you for when you next wake."

Though from the stilling motions, Calister could sense Levinidas was already well on the way toward falling asleep. Calister waited, keeping the moment focused on Levinidas, kneading with his stomach, pressing deep with his hands, even cooing and humming gently.

Before too long Levinidas had grown totally still beyond the rise and fall of his chest. "Ahh." Calister sighed in joy, leaning back himself.

His tail tip reached to tug a remote into the naga's hand and with a press of a button warm gentle music began to play, a tune from this island that the naga found quite mellowing and here he was at peace in sharing it with his quiet, sedated company. His tail slipped back to the counter, finding the book he'd been progressing through, assuring himself it was there should he want it later. There would be no need for Calister to move for several hours, more than enough time to get the last stubborn knot out of Levinidas' muscles.

'What a way to break the ice properly.' Calister mused silently, certain that from now, his roommate would be all the more friendly and ready to be open with his thoughts. 'It's certainly an option to get to know people who don't care for coffee.'

A light stirring tugged from within him, bringing Calister back to the present. He smiled knowingly, the twitches of one lulled to sleep and already dreaming. "Rest well, Levinidas." He said settling down to bask in the warmth that the lion provided.