

Snake Lagoon

Who doesn't love a camping trip? Shut ins, mostly. But they're not really... *people*, y'know? They may pretend to have feelings and emotions like actual humans, but you just know that if you pull back their skin you'll find nothing but wires and servos.... Umm, what was my point again? Oh right, camping. Yea, camping is a wonderful way to get away from it all. To reconnect with the beauty that is nature... and to get fucking smashed. At least, that's how this trio of frat boys saw it anyways. Granted, why they had chosen to camp near a swamp is anyone's guess. Maybe it was the seclusion? Yeah, might as well go with that, can't think of a better reason.

A pair of 4WDs were parked neatly together, sitting resolute as trio leaned back in their camp chairs under the night sky. Why don't we introduce them? Sitting all hunched over on his chair was the Mongoose Dorian LeRouge. He could be considered the genius of his little group of friends, though you could also say that rocks were geniuses if we're going by that comparison. He is a guy who likes to keep himself in shape, with muscles that just attract all the bitches. One flex and it's like moths to a flame for all the bleached blonde hotties he could hang from his bicep. Of course, he is also a phenomenal jerk, and makes rock pools appear as deep as an ocean abyss. This evening he was wearing a filthy white singlet and beige pants, with a pair of thongs for trekking through the mud.

His two friends are a Skunk named Jayden Bellamont, and a Cockatoo who calls himself "Pretty Boy". Unfortunately, Pretty Boy has never learned to say anything beyond those two words, no matter how many times people try to teach him stuff. I would describe these two in further detail, but they're just here for padding and will become completely irrelevant some paragraphs down. You just need to know that they're there.

They were all sitting around a roaring campfire, with an esky beside their chairs. The trio of knuckleheads were all boasting their recent triumphs over the opposite sex whilst taking swigs of cheap beer they had brought by the barrel full. "You're so full of shit Dorian" Jayden accused drunkenly, his head gently swaying in the cool swamp air. "As if you went and fucked Nichole Jones. She's *WAY* too good for you" he slurred.

Dorian threw an empty tinny at Jayden's head, missing by a mile. "Fuck you Jayden! I totally boned her in the change rooms" he boasted proudly, cracking open a fresh tinny. "She was all "Oh yeah, oh yeah. Fuck me more you fucking great stallion!"" Dorian cried in falsetto, emulating his supposed 'boning' of the girl with a few gratuitous hip thrusts.

“Oh fucking please Dorian. You’re a fucking liar” Pretty Boy jabbed mid-chug. “As if she’d let you fuck her in the change rooms. You’re probably talking about a sock you named Nicole” he cackled, waving his filthy foot at Dorian despite the fact that he didn’t have socks on to establish his point.

“Oh fuck you guys, I totally did” Dorian insisted, seeking solace in his tinny that had strangely leaked itself dry.

“Sure” his two friends droned, in no ways believing his story.

“Pfft, it’s not as if you two assholes do any better” Dorian pointed out, wiping any smug grins from his friend’s face. “After all, it was *you* “Pretty Boy” who was caught fucking a sock with a picture of Samantha Albridge’s face on it” he added with a smug sneer.

Pretty Boy’s protests were lost as he made a few strangled noises, before going strangely quiet and hiding in his beer. “So? Samantha’s fucking hot” Jayden remarked, already pitching a tent at the mention of her.

“She’s a fucking teacher you sick fucks” Dorian laughed, hurling his empty can at Jayden and missing again. “She’s twenty years older than you, you fucking weirdos!”

“So? She’s fucking hot. Total MILF material” Jayden purred, doing his own little pelvic thrust.

Dorian rolled his eyes. “You fucking weirdos and your MILF obsession. It’s just a stupid word used in a movie from a million years ago. She wouldn’t even want your tiny cocks anyways” he snapped snarkily.

“At least we’d have a better chance with her with our tiny dicks than you do with Nicole” Pretty Boy countered.

“Oh fuck you!” Dorian roared, flipping the bird the bird.

“She is fucking hot though” Jayden remarked absently.

“Yeah, Albridge is” Dorian admitted as he reclined into his chair.

It had been a pretty good night. The barbecue they had had was fucking awesome, and it was a beautiful night beneath the blanket of stars, and the almost full-moon. Dorian sighed contentedly as his thick paws rubbed his bulging belly that was once abs. He had downed three steaks, six sausages, and about seven chicken skewers all on his own, on top of all the beer he had been drinking. He felt so contentedly full as he gently rubbed it, feeling the food squish around inside him. All that protein was going to go to a good place after his morning workout the next day. The gentle pressure inside him was so relaxing, he was almost started to doze off a little, if not for nature’s call. “Fuck, I gotta take a shit” he announced loudly.

“There’s a swamp a way a ways. Go shit there instead of grabbing the shovel. Then we won’t have to smell your ripe-ass half-buried ass babies” Jayden laughed, pointing in some random direction.

“At least my ass babies smell better than your shits” Dorian scoffed as he grabbed a torch and set off into the darkness with a roll of toilet paper and a fresh beer.

Dorian sighed loudly. The trek to the swamp had been certainly a way a ways, and he had almost lost his shoes to patches of mud that littered the area. He had also passed a sign that read: “Private property. Intruders are unwelcome, and will be punished on sight.” Dorian had laughed that one off. Though, sadly for him, if he wasn’t an arrogant jerk and packed full of beer, he would have noticed that the warning had been written in blood.

The swamp in question had been hidden by a large veil of swamp grass that was even taller than Dorian’s 6’1 of height. It was a secluded little place, illuminated by the beauty of the moonlight. Dorian hadn’t even needed his torch as he did his business in the water, which was crowned with a callous wiping of his ass. The paper was flicked into the water, where the moisture ate at it and it sunk into the depths. Dorian grunted uncomfortably as he suddenly realized how full his bladder was. It must have been the splashing of the water that had caused it.

Spying his floaters still near the shore, Dorian tore open his fly. He hoisted his flaccid dick out of his boxer briefs and sighed in relief as a shining golden shaft escaped it. The terrible stream sliced through his battleships, sinking them. Thousands of men and women went

down as they were lost under the murky surface of the water. As the last beads of urine splattered by his ankles, Dorian returned his trouser snake back to his synthetic cotton prison. He looked around for something to wash his hands with, and he considered the swamp water. He grimaced at that idea; the water was filthy, it would make his hands even dirtier. Eh, he shrugged, he'd just use the water they brought with them he decided as he drained what was left of the can.

He hurled it thoughtlessly into the water, the metal idly floating on the surface of the pool, the light of the moon reflected in its logo before filling with swamp water and sinking like the brown bombers. The Mongoose belched loudly as he walked off, only to have something hit him in the back of his head. He groaned in annoyance as he felt something wet accompanying it. Drunkenly stumbling, he looked around on the ground, to find his beer can lying in the mud, swamp water draining out of it. "Wha?" he muttered, turning in confusion to the swamp.

His eyes widened as he saw a clawed hand reaching out of the waters, its scales appearing silver in the moonlight. As were the two silver bands that shone from around the outstretched hand's ring and middle fingers. Small bubbles issued all around the hand as it started getting bigger, and bigger. Dorian almost crapped himself as he realized that something in the swamp was coming out. "Oh shit!" he gasped, running off.

He only managed four steps before his body froze, not of his own accord. Some invisible force was holding him in place, no matter how hard he tried to move himself. He was completely stuck, with only his eyes able to move, and his ears able to hear. And he was hearing a lot as the ripples as the water was growing even more disturbed. "Turn" a low hiss commanded.

His feet moved at the command of the unnatural voice, wheeling Dorian around to face-off with whoever he had just pissed off. His vocal chords refused to gasp at his, err, "host". An enormous Cobra was standing on the shore of the swamp. His scales were a poisonous sand brown as his hood looked more like the mantle of a cultist than as a means to intimidate the weak. The striking red markings looked like horns that grew from his head. Daedric looking tattoos ran along his muscular arms, and his brick wall of a chest. His red eyes were alight with fury as the Snake man slithered towards Dorian, until they were a mere foot away. Riding on his nine feet of length, the Cobra towered over Dorian, dwarfing the Mongoose in size. The Cobra's pecs were easily the same size as Dorian's head, possibly bigger. The cleft between the two looked like they could've taken his head clean off. But that's not what concerned Dorian the most. Not his height, or how strong he appeared. No, he was more concerned by the silken band running along where he figured the Cobra's groin was, and also the fact that it was only a foot beneath him.

The Cobra hissed furiously as his baleful red eyes stared in Dorian's, before a sudden snap of the Snake's body had him reach to the ground and back up in seconds. "Are these yours?" the Cobra hissed harshly, showing Dorian two items in his hands.

His petrified eyes stared into the Cobra's hands, where a moist wad of toilet paper, and an empty beer can in the other. He wanted to shake his head, to lie as hard as he could, but his mouth refused to work, the strange force still denying him that basic right. The Cobra noticed this as well, idly waving his hand. The straining force suddenly left Dorian's head, and he gasped loudly, as if he had been holding his breath for an hour. "Answer me intruder!" the Cobra commanded at his same harsh hiss.

"No, they aren't" Dorian lied, trying his best not to grin or laugh.

The Cobra's eyes narrowed to glowing red slits. It was like he was reading Dorian like a book; a picture book. The Cobra's large head tilted to the side, his fangs bared as he digested Dorian's lie. His long fangs dripped with thick, clear droplets of venom. "You are to tell me that these are not yours?" he questioned, indicating the items his hands. "And yet, you are the only one here. Are you to tell me the true owner of these items left you here, alone?"

"Yes, and yes" Dorian lied flatly, though he could feel his heart racing at a mile an hour.

The Cobra gave his prey a questioning look as he slowly slid around him, eying him. Reading him. Judging him. His thick coils were slowly encircling Dorian as the Cobra returned to the front of Dorian, still sporting his questioning look. Without warning the Cobra's hand struck with lightning speed. Dorian gasped loudly, expecting to be strangled. He was shocked, and relieved, to find the Snake had placed two fingers to the side of the Mongoose's neck. "Your pulse is quickening" the Cobra noted in an acidic tone.

"You're scaring the fuck out of me!" Dorian protested loudly, but he was silenced by the pair of claws that dug into his neck as they slid away from his throat.

"If you are innocent, then you have nothing to fear. Only the guilty fear reprimand for their actions. These are your items, are they not?" the Cobra questioned again, waving the used toilet paper in Dorian's face.

“No” Dorian lied again. “Also... reprimand?”

The Snake hissed furiously, tossing away his evidence as his fanged maw was an inch away from Dorian’s. “You insist on lying to me again intruder?” he demanded, his forked tongue flickering in Dorian’s face.

“In... truder?” Dorian said slowly, having completely forgotten about the sign.

The Cobra retracted from Dorian, gliding over the mud with his hands firmly behind his back. “This is my domain, intruder. These swamps and surrounding lands belong to me, Bael Kha’Lis. You have ignored my warnings and walked on my land uninvited. You have then chosen to pollute my home with your foul waste and trash” Bael explained with a deep hiss.

“Dude, I’m sorry. I’ll just go and never bother you or your nice mud pool again” Dorian said stupidly.

Bael lashed around furiously, already back in Dorian’s face with his incredible speed. “YOU THINK IT THAT EASY?!” Bael roared in Dorian’s face, spit splattering all over the Mongoose’s face. “You think a mere apology will, “get you off the hook” for your crimes? You are clearly a bigger fool than you are given credit for” he hissed furiously.

“Umm, is that good or bad?” Dorian questioned with uncertainty.

Bael’s fists balled up in rage, his back arched back and his fangs were on display. Venom dripped from his long fangs, and he seemed about to strike. But, he composed himself, maintaining his formal veneer. “It is bad intruder, as is your situation. You are to be punished for your intrusion on my lands; and for polluting the home of my children and myself. But, how should you be punished?” Bael questioned, stroking his chin as he glided through the mud to the shore.

Dorian’s head followed Bael’s march, and he gasped as many small Snake heads emerged from the murky water. They hissed harsh whispers to Bael, who nodded thoughtfully as he listened to his children. “Yesss. Yes my children, that is quite the just punishment” he said with a cruel smile as the Snakes sank beneath the depths of the swamp.

The Cobra's body twisted about, that cruel smile of his ingrained on his face as he stared at Dorian, who was quite visibly shitting himself. The Mongoose gulped hard at how horrid that smile was. It was a smile of cruelty, malice, hatred, and insanity. Whatever those Snakes had hissed, it was clearly a sick fucking idea. Bael slid back to Dorian, who was in panic mode as he desperately tried to move his body. His head flailed left and right as he tried with all his might to move, but his body wouldn't. The force was still paralysing his body, and he was so very, very, *very*... fucked. "My children have come up with such a wonderful penance for you, my fine intruder" Bael hissed gleefully as he circled around Dorian, gripping the Mongoose's legs tightly with his barrel-wide coils.

Dorian's head was shaking from the terror he felt as sweat poured down his forehead. His eyes were stinging from the salty sweat, and his tear-filled eyes blinked rapidly at the cruel serpent. "Please don't tell me you're going to eat me" Dorian squeaked, completely terrified of Bael.

The Snake recoiled from such an idea, a hurt claw at his chest. His gleeful expression, of course, counteracted whatever hurt or offended feeling he was trying to emote. The Cobra's thick shoulder heaved as he chuckled sinisterly, his smug grin unmoving from his face. "On the contrary, my friend. It is *you* who will devour me" Bael explained.

"Huh?" Dorian uttered, completely slack-jawed at such a random suggestion. There was no way he was going to fit Bael in on top of that huge meal he had eaten, or at all, really. "No way dude, I ate like, two hours ago" he protested.

Bael cackled loudly as he slithered up to Dorian. Dorian shivered loudly at the uncomfortable cold that seemed to have picked up from all of a sudden. Bael's hot breath formed silver clouds as his tongue flickered in Dorian's face again. "You misunderstand. I have no intentions of being devoured for sustenance. I merely wish to inspect... the property" he explained, a giddy lift in his voice.

"What the fuck does that mean?" Dorian demanded, completely immune to metaphors.

Bael chuckled lightly as he gripped Dorian's pectoral tightly. His claws digging through the thin singlet, stabbing into Dorian's muscular breast. "OW! What the fuck man?!" Dorian shrieked loudly, completely opposed to another guy feeling him up uninvited.

“You have muscles. Thick, like slabs of red meat” Bael noted as he gripped Dorian’s arms tightly, reading his body tone carefully, and noting how some small veins breached the surface.

“Fuck yeah I do. And I’m not going let some sick backwards swamp cunt feel me up!” Dorian declared, despite knowing how utterly futile such a protest was as his arms still refused to move.

“I do not see how you intend to stop me while I have your body bound” Bael said absently as he inspected Dorian’s back.

The Cobra was moderately impressed by the way the Mongoose’s muscles rippled down his back, like a river. However, it could not compare to his own. No, not at all. He barely had any veins showing on his petit frame. How could he hope to even compare or compete with such a feeble body? Bael did not know; though he did know something Dorian did not. “Yes, your body appears suitable, but I do not know yet” he cryptically announced to his bound prey.

“What the fuck are you even on about?” Dorian demanded indignantly, too smashed to even pick up on subtext.

“I think I need a better view. Strip for me” Bael commanded.

Before Dorian could even protest, he found his beefy arms peeling his singlet off, revealing his thick chest and his bloated beer belly. “Such softness, yes, I like it” Bael purred at Dorian’s expense.

“It’s fucking muscle you cunt” Dorian corrected the Snake indignantly as his arms pulled down his shorts, his legs kicking them off onto the cold mud.

His arms reached for the waistband of Dorian’s boxer-briefs, but Bael commanded them to halt. He rather liked the way Dorian’s hands were clenched to his hips. It matched the indignant expression the Mongoose was sporting. “Muscle? Surely you jest” Bael remarked as he gripped Dorian’s bloated belly.

The Mongoose gasped loudly, unable to stop his vocalizations as he felt the alien hands on his body. Bael's hands were so cold, and yet, they were smooth like silk. His belly shied away from the serpent's touch, but the Snake continued, gripping Dorian tightly, feeling the packed contents of his belly. "Ah, I see. Quite a large meal... of meat and alcohol, I'd say" Bael noted carefully as he kept his hands on Dorian's belly.

"Yeah, it was fucking delicious. Now get your hands off me you fucking queer!" Dorian shouted loudly.

Dorian squealed loudly as Bael squeezed his mid-section like a vice, the serpent hissing furiously. His claws were digging deep into Dorian's flesh, and the Mongoose was terrified that the Snake was going to pop him like a balloon. "Never... EVER...! insult my honour you wretch!" Bael snapped menacingly, literally snapping his fangs in Dorian's face.

Dorian's face was straining in agony as Bael's death grip was crushing his stomach. He grit his teeth as another wave of cold sweat raced over him as he felt the crushed contents of his gut pressing against him. He felt like he was being stabbed by a million spears from the inside. He couldn't stand the unbearable pressure Bael was exerting on his stomach. "Please... let go. I'm sorry" he whimpered pathetically.

Bael snarled loudly, but conceded, releasing Dorian. The Mongoose sighed in absolute relief as he felt the pressure leave him. "Finish the job" Bael commanded spitefully.

"Wait, what?" Dorian questioned, now very aware of the bizarre position his body was in.

With a quick whip of his thumbs Dorian's briefs were gone, hurled by arms he couldn't control into the swamp. Dorian blushed in embarrassment, desperately wishing his arms would move to cover himself, especially considering that Bael was giggling at his endowments. He wasn't as huge as he had boasted, only about average. His pink cock was only four inches long soft, and even then the five ½ it became wasn't much to show for as well. His balls weren't much better, being only on par with prunes wrapped in a tissue. His face was as red as a Christmas light as Bael looked behind Dorian, his brow raised in amusement as he noticed Dorian's toned ass. No matter how hard he had tried, Dorian could never get it to that massive, meaty quality he had always wanted. Not even the protein shakes helped, to his chagrin. In all honesty he was prepared to let it go, so it could evolve into a luscious bubble butt. "Seems you were attempting to compensate for something" Bael remarked cruelly, leaning into Dorian's face as he said those harsh words.

“Fuck you” was all Dorian could reply with, trying to ignore the chilly environment, or the hot breath Bael was blowing in his face.

“You’d like that” Bael said playfully as he clung to Dorian’s frozen body.

The Snake’s body felt so cold, so lifeless. It was if he was the one producing the god-awful cold. Dorian’s teeth chattered as his body shook from the cold. The cold was making him so sensitive, he could feel every contour in Bael’s chest as the Cobra rubbed it against his own beefy pecs. “You have strength, yes, but you lack warmth” Bael remarked in his usual cryptic way.

“Stop with the fucking riddles!” Dorian said through chattering teeth.

“Very well. The exterior is very nice, but, if I want to be sure, I’ll need to see the interior” Bael explained as his body coiled around Dorian’s body, squeezing the Mongoose tightly in the seemingly infinite tail Bael appeared to have as it contorted around his legs and mid-section.

“What the fuck does that even mean!” Dorian grunted in annoyance as he could feel his body steadily being crushed by Bael’s powerful tail.

Bael cackled loudly, his howling laughter echoing all around as he perched his fanged maw by Dorian’s ear. “It means, I’m going to go... inside you” he whispered, gently stroking the other side of Dorian’s face, his claws lightly digging into his flesh as they slipped away.

Dorian’s pupils shrank in terror and he gasped loudly as the Snake reared up in front of him, claws digging into his shoulders for support. As much as Dorian wanted to scream, he simply couldn’t as his jaws were frozen in their open position. He could only manage a few choked gargles as Bael seemed a little... smaller, than usual. In fact, he was smaller. Bael was shrinking in front of Dorian’s very eyes, dwindling in scale as his coils slowly wound up Dorian’s body. The Cobra kept his maniacal stare on Dorian as the broadness of the serpent shrank; he was incapable of holding onto Dorian’s shoulders, which he forgave for gripping to the crown of Dorian’s chest.

The Mongoose kept trying to protest loudly as Bael finished up being only a foot long, and only an inch wide. The Snake stretched on Dorian's shoulder as he coiled himself around the Mongoose's neck. Bael parked himself by Dorian's right ear, his cruel grin digging into Dorian's ear canal. "I'd say open wide... but you're already doing that" he whispered sweetly into Dorian's ear.

Dorian began making whatever noises he could to sound like he was screaming loudly as Bael climbed up the side of Dorian's face, clinging to the fur on his upper lip. Dorian kept trying to vocalize no. He tried his hardest to voice his protest, but all he could manage was a bunch of garbled noises. The Snake chuckled to himself as he looked into Dorian's eyes. They were shaking wildly, trying to say "No. Nononono a thousand times no."

Bael laughed loudly as he stared into the cavern of Dorian's mouth. The Snake grunted in disgust of the rancid beer-scented breath being blown into his face. Ugh, seems he didn't clean his teeth much either, if their yellowing state was any indication, or the three or so fillings he noticed. "Bon appétit" Bael declared as he dived into Dorian's mouth.

The Mongoose's eyes watered as he felt the Cobra enter into his mouth, and he was trying his best to wretch as he felt him go down his throat. The taste was just awful. Bael must have been coated in centuries of swamp water, which was filled with god knows amount of mud and disease. He gagged and choked loudly as he felt the Snake force his way down his throat, forcefully squeezing his way through the thick muscles trying to reject him. Dorian was finally able to dry heave in disgust as the Snake's tail disappeared from sight, joining the body on its way down. Dorian groaned as he felt Bael's thick body pressing against his oesophagus, stretching it and forcing it to widen to take the Cobra's width. He coughed loudly, now able to move his head again. Dorian kept coughing from the rancid feeling inside his throat. Oh god how he wanted to vomit. He groaned in discomfort as the Snake kept moving down, but that wasn't the worst of it.

He grimaced in pain as he felt Bael reach his stomach, the foul serpent coiling itself amongst the contents of his meal. With the addition of the Snake he was well past his threshold now, and the pain and pressure inside was too much. He was practically begging to be allowed to rub his aching guts, but his arms refused to move from his side and- hang on, why did the pressure suddenly go away? And what was pressing on his stomach? Dorian looked down curiously, only for his eyes to bulge out in absolute terror.

Beneath the skin of his bulging gut was a thin line with a flat head over his navel. Now he *really* wanted to throw up as it wriggled uncomfortably. He could feel Bael pressing down on the outside of his stomach. He could feel those tiny claws digging into him. Dorian's eyes

snapped away, not even wanting to see it. It was like some disgusting nightmare from the fucking Mummy. He closed his eyes, wishing, no, begging for this to all be one terrible food coma nightmare. He begged that he had fallen asleep in his chair and that this *wasn't* happening. A sudden movement on his stomach made him look down, and he whimpered pathetically as Bael's tail flickered wildly, creating small waves beneath his flesh. This wasn't a dream. He could feel Bael's scales against the inside of him, and it was all, too, real.

He was stuck, transfixed watching Bael as the serpent swam underneath his skin, seemingly circling around his navel. What the hell did he even- oh... oh god. Dorian's mouth hung up in terror and disgust as he felt Bael's claws scratch against it, like a rat trying to escape a bag. "Pleasedon'tpleasedon'tpleasedon't" he begged, hoping Bael would hear his prayers.

He could not, as Bael's tail burst out of Dorian's navel, waving around like a disgusting self-aware umbilical cord. It flailed around wildly in the cold air, like a lizard's tail that had dropped off. Oh god, it was too much for him. Dorian heaved loudly, violently throwing up on himself. His chest was coated in the semi-digested remains of his meal, and at least four cans of beer. He moaned in agony, but the sheer sight of Bael beneath his flesh only made him throw-up again, double-coating himself in putrid vomit. He whimpered in agony, his throat and mouth burning intensely as his stomach flattened out, his rippling abs reappearing like magic.

Bael's tail submerged back into Dorian's body, and the Cobra seemed content with Dorian's mid-section. Tears ran down the poor Mongoose's face as Bael lazily glided along up his midsection, pausing by the pectoral he had not long ago just squeezed. Dorian seethed from the painful presence Bael had. He was like an enormous cancerous lump, swimming around. Dorian suddenly yelped as he felt Bael playing around with something in it his chest. Without warning a tiny hand burst out of his nipple, waving about wildly. If Dorian hadn't been sick, he *would* have been at this point as he was horrifically aware that Bael was waving at him. Dorian gagged violently, desperately desiring to throw-up again as the tiny claw submerged, his rosy nipple swelling from the abuse. A small trickle of fluid dribbled from the tortured red milk dud.

Bael lazily glided to Dorian's shoulder. He was a disgusting lump coiling at the top of his shoulder that wriggled about as it issued a muted command. Dorian's arm suddenly bolted upright, standing outstretched to allow Bael to glide along it. At this point Dorian had closed his eyes, just so he couldn't see the horror. Sadly, he could still feel it as he felt the serpent idly squeeze the thick bundles of muscle along Dorian's arm. *"This isn't real. This isn't real! THIS! ISN'T! REAL!"* he mentally screamed, but he was fooling no one.

Bael reached Dorian's hand, and he could feel the Snake on the upper portion of his palm. He could feel his skin stretching to accommodate his unwanted guest. The Cobra didn't seem too interested though as he sailed back down his arm and into his back. His arm returned to his side as Dorian cracked his eyes open. Bael was now swimming along his back, and it sent disgusting chills up his spine as the Snake swam randomly about. But, that was when the worst came. Dorian's eyes widened and he gulped violently as he felt Bael moving south, towards his ass. "NO!" Dorian screamed, but Bael couldn't hear him, or he was ignoring him; he could go both ways really.

The cruel serpent invaded Dorian's right ass cheek, cheekily feeling the muscle a lot more intently. In fact, Dorian was horrifically certain that Bael was squeezing it tightly with his long tail. And that was when Dorian screamed as loudly as he could as Bael sailed towards his tight and quivering pucker, invading his ass completely. Dorian's mouth hung open in disgusted terror as Bael sat neatly in his ass. He could feel every accursed inch of the Cobra as he pressed against his lining. He was fingering and toying with his prey. He wanted to twist and turn, to squeeze and force that parasite out. But he was at the dwindling mercy of Bael. The Snake in turn was having a blast as he gently ran his hands along Dorian's insides, tormenting him and subjugating him with his absolute domination.

Dorian moaned softly as Bael had just clipped his sweet spot. Against his own will his cock stood to attention, desperate for some as Dorian let loose another unintended moan. Bael noticed the subtle tremors running through the Mongoose's body, so he clawed at the area again. Dorian moaned even more loudly, his cheeks bright red as pre started to leak from his cock in clear droplets. "P-p-please," he whimpered, "no more" he begged.

Bael cackled within Dorian's as he pressed an uncaring claw to Dorian's sweet spot, triggering another convulsion from Dorian. The Mongoose was in blissful agony, pre running like a river out of his cock as his arousal built. He was absolutely miserable and aroused at the same time. He was at the Snake's mercy, and he was just fucking with Dorian at this point. The Cobra's grin only grew cockier as he placed the back of his hood to Dorian's G-spot, and he rubbed himself against it vigorously. Dorian's moans reached a tenor level crescendo as the pre was squirting out of him like a hose. It was creating small clear pools in the mud as his orgasm built. His balls were burning like fireballs as he wanted to climax. He wanted his suffering to end. And end it did as Bael snapped his jaws, his gleeful fangs digging into that sweet spot. Dorian screamed loudly as he came, a thick wad of cum splattering onto the mud.

Bael was done, he had his fun. But, there was just one last thing to do, as additional penance to the lying wretch. Dorian's eyes twitched madly as he felt Bael's tail press against his hole; his pristine, virgin hole. The Snake's claws scratched at it, sending a mixed signal of

pain and pleasure to the Mongoose's brain. Dorian's stomach and chest heaved again, desperately trying to throw up. Dorian squealed like a pig as Bael's tail forced itself out of his ass. The dreadful thing flailed between his muscular cheeks, contorting around the ridges and squeezing them tightly. He couldn't help but gag violently as the Snake continued to toy with him. The tail returned to the depths of Dorian's ass with a swift pull, his ass pouting just like his face. He... he felt so violated. He would *never* live this down.

Bael chuckled cruelly, knowing he only had one spot left to go. Dorian was panting wretchedly, completely ashamed that that sick fuck of a Snake had made him cum without his consent, or that he ruined his ass forever. There was no end to his relief as he felt the Cobra evacuate his colon, but, given Bael's trajectory, his ass would have been preferable. The thick line that was Bael was snaking around Dorian's hips, attracting the Mongoose's complete attention. His eyes couldn't get any wider as he saw where the Cobra was going. "N-no, not there" he begged wretchedly as he watched the Snake circle around the base of his cock. "Not in there" he miserably repeated. "NOT IN THERE!"

Poor choice of words really, as Bael ignored Dorian's cock, in favour of his balls. The Snake plunged into the left one, and Dorian screamed in pain. His ball was on fire as Bael stretched it like a balloon. His scrotum was burning as the skin was pulled thin, his other ball crushed by its brother as Bael's presence stretched it to the size of a coconut. Thick veins ran along the bloated orb as it hung ridiculously from Dorian's sack. Dorian was sobbing violently from the pain. It was beyond compare. It couldn't even match when his leg was broken. His ball was aching, and screaming in pain as Bael stretched lazily, forcing it even bigger. "No more" Dorian sobbed weakly, his head hung in shame. "Please, stop. I'm sorry. Please, I'm so sorry" he begged as loudly as he could, tears running down his face as he just wanted this nightmare to end.

Bael conceded that one, in his own cruel way. Dorian's tears could only come harder as Bael climbed up his vas deferens. The Mongoose was screaming in pain as Bael continued his sickening journey, pressing hard against his bladder as he was at the home stretch. Dorian was completely hoarse as he felt it, at the root of his penis. Looking down through the veil of tears, Dorian watched in pain as a large lump formed at the base. He had no breath left to scream as the lump moved quickly up his urethra, the lips of his head stretching wide as Bael's head burst from it. The Snake stretched lazily as he callously smirked at how destroyed Dorian appeared.

He laughed wickedly as he emerged from Dorian's urethra half-way, rapidly expanding in size until Bael was back to his original size, with his tiny tail still burrowed in Dorian's cock. He was like some kind of disgusting genie. Bael folded his arms as he stared into Dorian's miserable face, a claw wiping away his tears. "Your body is wonderful my prey. It will

certainly be a wonderful vessel for my children” he said proudly as his tail slipped out of Dorian’s cock, growing back to full size and slamming into the mud.

Dorian sniffed loudly. His pride was shattered, and his body utterly violated. This was just impossible for him to bear as he sobbed violently. Bael relished in Dorian’s misery, it fed and sustained him. And this was only just the beginning. There was so much more that needed to be done. “Your muscles are so unsightly, so ugly. They will not provide the warmth my children need” Bael stated, breathing heavily into Dorian’s face.

“W-what?” Dorian questioned weakly, his body too weak and mind too shocked to illicit a stronger response.

“Indeed” Bael intoned grimly as he gave Dorian an imperious glare. “Indeed so. Muscle will not keep my children warm. No, not at all. What I think is in order, is more... padding” Bael declared, grinning out of the left side of his mouth.

He hissed loudly, his jaws acting with impossible speed as he plunged his fangs into Dorian’s neck. The Mongoose grunted loudly. He could feel the warmth of Bael’s venom flood his body from his neck, but, for some reason, it didn’t hurt. It was however, enough to break Dorian’s stupor. “What the fuck did you do to me?” he gasped as Bael released him.

“Just a little homebrew venom of my own creation. One I made especially for you” Bael answered cheekily.

“Good luck” Dorian scoffed. “Mongooses don’t die from venom that easily” he boasted.

Bael tutted loudly, wagging his index finger in Dorian’s face. “Oh my pet, do you simply believe this to be simple venom? No, it is so much more. Already it claims your body, can you not feel it?” Bael implored dramatically.

Dorian could feel the unnatural warmth circulating in his body. His muscles were burning like he had been working out for an entire day. His body was burning up, it was way too hot to be normal. “What did you **do** to me?” Dorian demanded loudly.

Bael hissed in annoyance as he waved his hand, Dorian's whining silenced in an instant. "Just observe, the transformation has begun" Bael explained, his red eyes focused intently on the Mongoose's chest.

Dorian's silent eyes followed Bael's gaze, and he mentally screamed as loud as he could. The warm venom was settling in his body, and it was doing its terrible work. Dorian had spent many, MANY hours in front of a mirror, especially post work-out. So he could tell it when his manly pecs were looking a little... flat. It was subtle, but he could see –and feel– the softness inside his chest. The potent venom was fattening his breasts up, turning his muscle, into fat. His eyes begged Bael to make it stop, but the Cobra sneered at him. "You want it to stop do you?" he questioned, in which Dorian replied with rapid-fire nodding.

Bael chuckled evilly as he gripped Dorian's burgeoning bosom in his claw. He could feel the delicious flab building on his chest. "No. Your muscles will not do for my children. They will require a nice bed of fat to keep them warm. And your muscles will suffice as the cost" he explained grimly as the venom spread further.

Dorian's abs were twisting and bulging, mixing and blending together on his mid-section. In seconds they were gone, blended into a steadily growing pot belly. All the muscle along his front and side slowly churned themselves into fat to feed the growing monster. It was already back to the size Dorian had before post-violent regurgitation. Bael was rather enraptured by the growing mound, so much so he released Dorian's muzzle. "Please, make it stop" Dorian begged desperately, his head hung in sweet misery. "They're... they're all I have" he begged on deaf ears.

Bael ignored his pitiful pleas as he observed the progress of the Mongoose's arms. They were already a delightful cake-mix consistency of fat, and were already wider than they had originally been. The Snake squeezed them, feeling the magnificent softness in them. He purred contently as he rubbed his head against them, feeling the warmth and softness of the chubby arms. And as he did, Dorian's belly kept surging, already twice its size and still swelling out of control. Dorian's flabby moobs sat atop the dome of fur, his nipples sagging downwards with gravity. Dorian groaned loudly as he felt his stance forcefully widened as his chunky thighs forced against each other, refusing to give each other ground. He stood like a star as any movement sent his belly and fat thighs jiggling like jello.

His feet swelled in the thick mud, his fat piggies plumping up like small frankfurts as he went up three sizes in an instant. The Mongoose could only whimper as he felt the warm feeling reach into his ass. His meaty buns ballooned at a ridiculous pace, becoming a big fat bubble butt. His cheeks were so full and wide, you could have played them like bongos. His ass

wobbled and jiggled as Bael played with his fattening toy, still purring like a kitten as he placed his head to Dorian's belly. He was pregnant with triplets at this point, and the fourth one was steadily coming along as his chest continued to pump with flab. His neck was slowly being devoured by his growing body, and his sides were as wide as Buddha's. The warm feeling slowly faded from his body, save for his gut; in fact, it was swelling even faster now. It was so big he could have lied on it like a mattress. Bael shook it from left to right, giggling like a child as it expanded in his grasp. The serpent could feel the expanding expanse in his hands; he wanted to hug it to feel the intense warmth as Dorian's cheeks puffed up, his lips joining them to the point it looked like he had taken botox.

He finally stopped swelling once he was big enough to contain all of Bael. Dorian could barely see anything beyond him for the massive belly in front of him. It was so heavy, his legs shuddered beneath it, desperately trying to keep himself up. If not for Bael's grip he would have tipped forwards. The Mongoose felt so weak, so tired as his fat tub of lard body jiggled with every subtle movement. He groaned loudly. "Oh yes, you are ready" Bael declared deliciously as he slid backwards, allowing Dorian's knees to buckle as he fell onto his monstrous gut.

Bael's tongue flickered in the air with delight... that was, until he realized something. "It is not enough" he realized.

Dorian blubbered loudly, his fat lips now making it difficult to speak properly. "Blurgh... what... isn't?" he groaned weakly.

Bael shook his head in frustration, his claws wringing each other in frustration. "You are not big enough to contain my children. There is not enough space inside you for all of them" he declared in disgust.

"Sorry..." Dorian blubbered as he slowly sank into the fleshy expanse of belly.

Bael's fists shook in frustration. How was there not enough mass to provide a comfortable enough home? It wasn't as if... he had... somewhere else... to store them. Bael's eyes lit up as a fantastic idea hit him. Of course, he was such a fool. There was another container to be used, something else that could contain his children. "Yesss" he hissed gleefully.

Dorian's eyes quivered, his body shaking from Bael's loud declaration. Whatever that sick fuck had thought of, it wasn't good. "Yeessss my prey, there is somewhere else I could place my children" he explained as he glided through to the mud towards Dorian.

Before the Mongoose could attempt any weak resistance, Bael had already shoved him back. Dorian splat straight into the mud, and he wheezed as he felt the entire weight of his mountainous gut press down on him. His fat butt was so impressively firm, it resisted the weight as it squished against the mud, the enormous rear raising his fat hips into the air. Bael laughed cruelly at Dorian's expense as he happily eyed the Mongoose's sack. His cock had lost two whole inches as his fat pelvis had absorbed it, but his balls were ripe for the picking. "Yeeeeessss. My children shall find great comfort in your balls" Bael wickedly declared.

"Why do you keep doing this?" Dorian cried pitifully, but Bael laughed him off.

The Snake held the Mongoose's small balls in his claws. They were so small, like wee acorns. But with some love and care, they would become a pair of mighty oaks. Bael exhaled softly as he reached around the back of his strange silk slip, and undid it. The Snake's mighty slit was exposed to the cool night air, and he scratched at it idly as his serpentine cock gently slid out of it. The red rocket kept extending out, humiliating Dorian with its sheer length of eight inches, and such a fat girth. It was like a giant German sausage. "Impressed worm?" Bael jeered, boastfully riding a claw up his shaft.

Dorian just moaned loudly at Bael, which the Snake shrugged off uncaringly. He cared not for the feelings of a lying dog. He only cared for the safety of his children. Lowering himself down as far as he could go, Bael's enormous red cock was face-to-face with Dorian's own measly rod. Bael gripped the small thing in his hand. It was so small, so young. It would not be enough to allow his children passage. With a loud hiss, Bael sank his teeth into Dorian's cock. Dorian grunted in discomfort as the Snake bit into his cock, but, like before, it strangely didn't hurt. His cock did feel unnaturally warm though, and that was bad. Was he going to turn his cock into fat as well he worried, completely terrified of that outcome.

Bael cooed gently to the small thing as he gripped it tightly at its base. He didn't need the venom escaping, especially not this brew. Dorian's cock throbbed violently in Bael's claw, the little frankfurt coming to life as it throbbed again, even more violently than the last throb. The organ was beating like a heart as the flesh and muscles were on fire from the sheer heat. Dorian's hands unconsciously dug into the mud as his face screwed up in discomfort.

The Cobra grinned in delight as with another throb, Dorian's cock extended an entire inch. And then another inch after that. It was swelling nicely in his claw as the frankfurt graduated to sausage. It was swelling even without the throbs now, blowing up with terrific speed. It had already bypassed five inches and was well on its way to seven. As it kept blowing up, it grew fatter and wider, Bael was already having trouble keeping the base cut off as his grip was teased apart by the wide meat. The venom drained into Dorian's cock, his organ swelling tremendously as it was now on par with Bael's cock, and twice as wide. It kept pumping thicker, fatter, longer. It was truly a monster as it made it to a foot long, and easily three inches wide. With one final surge of the venom, Dorian's cock exploded in size, reaching an incredible foot and a half, with eight inches of girth. Thick vessels as wide as Bael's fingers ran along the monstrous thing, creating a vast spider web of criss-crossing, throbbing blood vessels. It was a monster of a cock, and Dorian was awestruck by it.

No... he was more than just awestruck, he was completely disgusted and repulsed by it. "It's ruined" he screamed despairingly, feeling the massive organ between his legs as Bael released it, the enormous shaft splattering into the mud with a loud squelch.

Bael smirked as he ran a long finger along his handy work, provoking loud moans from Dorian as his every touch was amplified tenfold due to the sheer size. It was a ticking time bomb of sensitivity. "I thought you would be happy with a nice big monster cock" Bael remarked innocently.

"How can I?" Dorian retorted miserably. "I couldn't even satisfy anyone with it before. Now I can't even fit it into anyone. I can't even cum out of the thing it's so big" he admitted out of sheer humiliation.

Bael could feel some feeling of guilt weighing in his heart, but he silenced those thoughts just like he silenced Dorian again out of annoyance, leaving Dorian alone and miserable with his trap fused shut. The Mongoose was glad he couldn't see his cock, a thought he never thought he would have. He could feel the obscene organ squirming in the mud, and if not for his monstrously fat thighs, the thing would have been almost as wide as his hips. It throbbed unconsciously, the enormous fat spongy head flaring in the mud. He would never be able to fuck anyone again with that beast. Fuck, he wouldn't even be able to jerk himself off. It must've been a foot long, maybe longer... and that was just soft! What would it be like when it was hard? If he had no chance with anyone flaccid, how the fuck was he even going to get hard? It would kill him.

Bael curiously observed Dorian's unnaturally focused expression. The Snake mused that this must have been the most thinking his prey had ever achieved in his life; how sad. Well, not really, to feel sad for him required feeling pity for him, and Bael had nothing but intense hatred for the one who ruined his carefully tended domicile. The Mongoose was going to pay for what he did. Pay out the nose. Bael growled loudly, thinking over Dorian's indiscretions. "Tiny? Yes, they are" he suddenly commented, answering a question no one had asked.

He leaned in close, almost locking his thin lips with Dorian's pert wad of flesh he called lips. "But, with a little tender loving care, any seed may grow into an oak" he whispered absently as he teased a finger along Dorian's cock, throwing the Mongoose for a loop as he moaned mutely.

Bael's beefy arms hefted Dorian's massive cock up, the beast a lot heavier than he had remembered. He stared into the cavernous slit that was Dorian's urethra; it was half the length of his fearsome girth. Bael was certain he could fit his entire jaw into it. His tongue flickered experimentally, getting a strong scent of animal musk, and the sweet rich aroma of moist mud. Oh how he relished in it. His tongue flickered wildly in the air as the aroma brought back pleasant memories, his own length standing to proud attention.

Lowering Dorian's cock to his own, Bael gently slid the tip of his cock into Dorian's quivering urethra. The invasion had Dorian silently screaming again, which sounded so ridiculously muffled as his jaw refused to open. Bael snarled lustfully as he plunged his length all the way into Dorian's, the Mongoose's cock greedily devouring his own. The serpent hissed with obscene pleasure as he felt the moist innards of Dorian's cock massage his own. His jaw quivered in pleasure as the tip of Dorian's cock squished against Bael's tight slit. The Snake lustfully hissed as he wanted more, forcing that fat cock head in, stretching out his slit like a makeshift cunt. "Oh yesssss my pet. Yesss, you are quite pleasing" Bael moaned, forcing more of Dorian's cock in.

The fat spongy head squished into him, plunging in deeper until it reached Bael's own root. The Cobra's mid-section bulged from the additional mass inside him, but he scarcely cared as he fucked his living flesh light. He squeezed Dorian's cock tightly, feeling the flaccid meat quiver in his silken grip. He pulled gently on Dorian's dick, pulling it out of him, feeling the sweet salvation of Dorian's innards grinding and massaging against him. Bael forcefully pounded Dorian's cock back into him, the silent screams of the Mongoose feeding his sexual energy. Bael adored how the smooth inner muscle rejected him so, squeezing against his serpentine cock, trying to force it out. But all the Snake could feel was he and Dorian acting in one as he gave the cocky shit a good cock fucking. "Oh yes you little slut. Feel the fruits of my labour. Feel it as you feel me" he intoned orgasmically, his red eyes shut in ecstasy.

Dorian was screaming mentally as he felt the Cobra constantly sliding in and out of him. He could feel no pleasure in the dry thing scraping on his insides, sending his tender meat into the red as the Snake was burning him inside and out. And, what was worse was... he was getting a little turned on by feeling his fat head inside Bael's slit. It squeezed around his hyper-sensitive dick so tightly, it was like a virgin cooch. It was so fucking tight, and Bael kept forcing it into him. Dorian was snorting fire from his nostrils as his cock started to fill with blood. He was stuck in a light-headed daze as the beast leached all the sustenance it could, blowing up like a balloon.

Bael felt the thickening of Dorian's cock as it lodged itself within his slit. This only made things better as Bael was able to control Dorian's cock even more like this. The Cobra reclined his arms behind his hood as Dorian's cock went to work on its own, conducted by Bael's will. Dorian's fattened cock squirmed in and out of Bael rhythmically, his slit slowly secreting his sexual juices, allowing the massive beast to fuck his slit harder and faster as it was lubricated by his secretions. The Cobra's tongue was wagging madly as he could feel his final release coming. *"More, more, MORE!"* he screamed mentally as his back arched backwards. The Cobra howled into the moonlit night as he came inside Dorian, thick jets of his cum sliding down into Dorian's depths. He hunched over in sweet delight, his lower jaw quivering as loud shudders escaped him as he squirted several more jets into the Mongoose.

He extracted Dorian's cock from his innards with a wet *"SHRLORP"* as Bael's inert cock slunk out of Dorian's bright red head. Bael felt so pleasantly content as he dropped Dorian's cock back into the mud, a few trickles of cum leaking out of his widened cock slit. Bael felt so unwound after that, his coils giving out as he gently lay on Dorian's massive gut. The Cobra nestled into the soft and warm folds as he smiled pleasantly at Dorian. *"Was it good for you too?"* he questioned contently, releasing Dorian's maw.

"You... you're a monster" Dorian declared, completely horrified at the demon before him.

Bael chuckled merrily as his claw gently traced around Dorian's navel. It was a deep pit that ran into the mountainous hill of fat. With a bit of cheek he stuck his tongue in, greatly bothering Dorian. *"Please..., just stop. Stop... doing things to me"* Dorian begged, well past total and utter humiliation now.

*"It's a bit late for that. As of now my seed will have made it to your own balls. And, I always have a bit of a **kick** in my sweet succour"* Bael smirked, gently thrusting into Dorian's sides.

“Cum doesn’t go backwards you sick cuUUUUUUNNNNNHHHHHHH!” Dorian cried, about to be proven completely wrong.

Bael’s seed had indeed made it to Dorian’s nuts, and the small prunes were now vibrating madly, sending powerful kicks up Dorian’s spine. His back arched with each pulse, his arms flailing and slamming into the mud. Each tiny sphere beat like a heart, throbbing in the same way his cock did just before. Dorian’s eyes widened as he felt his left nut expand violently, having doubled in size. Its brother wasn’t far behind, expanding suddenly, straining against his sack. The orbs kept beating, throbbing with a strange energy as they doubled in size again, resembling baseballs in size.

Bael smirked as he lay on Dorian’s belly, watching the spectacle that Dorian could not as his balls kept swelling. They grinded and churned against each other, fighting for room as they kept expanding. The Cobra’s eyes went alight as he watched them grow to the size of melons, and still they continued swelling. They churned loudly, filled to the brim with Bael’s extra concentrated seed as they passed Dorian’s knees. Their enormous size was already pushing Dorian’s cock up, the leviathan sitting squat on the rocks as they reached their growth never stopped. Dorian’s legs were being forced apart as they reached the size of small bins. They growled loudly, their sea of cum grinding inside them as their swelling would never stop until they reached the glorious size of medicine balls. The massive things had forced Dorian’s legs so far apart they had now moved above them, the enormous sack sitting under them with Dorian’s massive cock to crown them. “Beautiful” Bael said fondly as he gave the monsters a friendly grope.

Dorian made a loud choking sound as he could just barely see his own monstrous cock from over the horizon of his gut. Again Bael drank in Dorian’s despair as the Snake hooked his hands around Dorian’s fat shoulders, and he pushed the Mongoose up. “Whooooaaaaaa” Dorian yelled as he was pushed on top of his enormous nuts.

His face turned cherry red as he saw how ridiculous he looked, with a firehose of a cock, and yoga balls for nuts. He had wanted to be this big in his fondest fantasies, but to have them now in real life, after facing the cost made it nothing more than a nightmare. His mouth flapped uselessly, completely lost for words now. “It’s time” Bael declared, turning to the swamp.

He issued a loud hiss to the still water. Such still water become a maelstrom as over a hundred small snake heads emerged from the water. All their eyes reflected the pale

moonlight; a hundred tiny lights staring at the captured Mongoose intently. In waves they swam through the water towards their father, waiting patiently before their patriarch. "Patience my children, your new home will be ready soon. I will just ensure you safe entry" Bael announced, turning to Dorian.

He already knew that Dorian's enormous cock would provide no issue to their travel. Yes, he had made *very* sure of that. And Dorian's mouth was certainly big enough; but there was one piece of virgin land that had remained relatively untainted by the serpent's touch. Slinking through the mud, Bael twisted around to Dorian's wonderfully plump behind. The forced stretching of his gooch did a marvellous job of spreading his cheeks wide. But, that virgin pucker pouting at him would need some help. Wordlessly Bael removed one of his silver bands from his fingers, and he brought it before Dorian's asshole. With a fair bit of effort Bael forced the band into Dorian's ass, stretching it out. The Mongoose groaned from the painful invasion of his pucker as the ring sat perfectly in his hole, stretching it wide making it a perfect door to his insides. But, the opening was still too small. "Odo" Bael commanded.

The metal obeyed his command, expanding within Dorian's rump. His eyes watered as his poor hole was practically being torn open by the widening metal. It burned like a thousand suns as the band expanded until it was three inches wide. Bael cackled as he stuck a finger into Dorian's ass, crassly waving it about whilst the Mongoose could do nothing to stop him. Toying with him for the last time, Bael addressed all of his serpent children. "MY CHILDREN!" he declared loudly, his arms raised to the heavens. "THE TIME HAS COME! YOUR NEW HOME AWAITS!" he proclaimed.

The Snakes all hissed loudly in pleasure as they began their mad dash towards Dorian, whose mouth was once again frozen as far open as it could go. His arms were pinned to his sides as only his eyes could bear witness as many of the Snakes clamoured around the opening of his cock. He screamed loudly as they all fought to squeeze inside the open head, their alien bodies wriggling and straining against his insides as they forced their way in. His cock was stretched wide by the invading Snakes, thick misshapen lumps running up to the base as the Snakes kept forcing their way in.

And on the other side, many of the Snakes were coiling around his legs, climbing higher until they were aligned with his burning red hole. One by one the Snakes forced themselves into his ass, their slick scales heavenly hell as they forced themselves into him. He could feel their every movement as they squirmed their way deeper into him, bending around his large intestines and already pile driving into the small. The Snakes were pouring into his ass by the tens, all of them squirming and contorting around each other as they forced themselves through the ring, stretching his insides grotesquely. It was nothing short of a blessing that he

couldn't see beyond his massive gut to observe the thick lumps slithering around in his mid-section.

But, he wouldn't have noticed much as many more Snakes were climbing up said belly. Dorian whimpered loudly as one of the Snakes reared up to stare at the Mongoose in his eyes. The Snake's forked tongue flickered against Dorian's nose, before it dived down his throat. Dorian rasped loudly as the other Snakes followed, forcing them down his throat, choking the life out of him as they all tried to fit themselves in. Already they were piling in his empty stomach. He shuddered from the disgusting feeling of the beasts inside him, curling around and tickling his insides. Ten had already forced their way into his stomach, and he was already starting to feel painfully full.

The locus of pain was dramatically shifted back to his groin, as the many Snakes that had forced themselves into Dorian's cock had begun to pile up inside his balls. Thick creases ran along his monstrous nuts as the Snakes pressed their bodies against it, fighting for space as those massive orbs swelled bit by bit for each Snake that took up residence in them. Dorian's legs were being pushed back by the sheer volume of his nuts as they churned with the serpentine parasites.

Dorian barely articulated a strangled groan as the Snakes kept piling into his mouth and ass. His insides were squirming and shuddering from the Snakes as he felt the sphincter of his stomach forced open by a Snake head as it forced its way in. His belly was growing thicker as over fifty Snakes had crowded inside it, Dorian's back being forcefully arched as the skin around his side was pulled tight by the boulder belly. He was far beyond his capacity, and yet the Snakes kept pushing themselves in, straining and stretching him beyond mortal ability.

After many nightmare inducing minutes, the last Snake crawled up into his ass, and took residence in his colon. His ass felt so uncomfortably full, and, he grimly knew that that was one deuce he wouldn't be allowed to drop. Thick lines ran along his grossly distended gut, which was now big enough to contain even him. The snakes knotted together inside him, in forced residence in his tortured stomach. Those that couldn't make were now nestled uncomfortably in his gastrointestinal tract. He could feel their every disgusting movement all the way through, right back to the Snake camped right before his stretched ring. His balls had doubled in size as the Snakes had piled into them, their thick bodies emulating veins as they lay within the churning cumbuckets of their father's creation. Mud slowly oozed out of Dorian's cock as he stood blindly on the spot, unable to comprehend anything anymore.

Bael nodded thoughtfully as he gave Dorian's bloated body a friendly pat. He could feel his children happily nestled into their new home, and he was very content with the results. He silently removed the ring from Dorian's ass, sealing the only exit as it immediately forced back into its puckered expression, given or take a little less resistance as a Snake tail idly hung out of it. The ring returned to its original size as Bael slid it back onto his finger. He nodded thoughtfully as he slid back towards the water, Dorian's body somehow following after him despite the massive sagging nuts and Bael sized ball-gut. "Why?" the Mongoose pitifully blubbered.

"You polluted my home, which I had gone to great efforts to ensure it was perfect for my children. You will be their new home until they are ready to leave the nest" Bael answered as the swamp water lapped at Dorian's ankles. The Snake meanwhile was gathering Dorian's clothes to take with him into the water, as well as the waste Dorian had thrown into the water to begin with.

"But... I can't live underwater. How am I going to breathe? What am I going to eat?" Dorian demanded madly as his waist and cock were drowning in the murky water.

Bael smiled sinisterly as he paused in the water, to watch his new nest slowly sink beneath the murky water. "Do not worry, there are plenty of reeds for you to breathe through. As for your other, petty concern? Do not fear; our guano will sustain you. You seem content to defecate in another's sanctuary, we shall extend you that same honour" Bael explained grimly as Dorian's head dripped beneath the water.

The Cobra laughed triumphantly as he dived into the water, a large air bubble breaching the surface, creating ripples that perverted the image of the moon. In due time the water settled peacefully, the murky black waves rising up against the mud, wiping away the fact that anyone had even been there.