

The light in the hallway is low, and the walls throb with music, strong and sensual. The dance floor's omnipresent beat makes your body tingle, and even now, standing before the door to his room, the air vibrates with an undercurrent of potential. For what you're not sure, but it's undoubtedly unwholesome. Not that you should be throwing stones--you're here to buy drugs after all. You shake out your shoulders, and rap the heel of your hand against the door a couple of times.

"Pleasse, come in..."

You sniff as you reach for the door handle, and then stop. The scent emanating from beyond the door: it's perfumy, but also heavy with marijuana. What's strange about it though, is that it isn't so unfamiliar; it's almost like you've been smelling it all night, and are only now aware of the fact. You shake your head and finally grab the handle, pushing the door open. You can't stop the slight gasp from escaping your lips. The sight is... well, it's a lot.

*He's* a lot. You knew the snake was large (the girl from work had already warned you), but this is unbelievable. Coils of a purple persuasion--with the occasional band of gold wrapped snugly around a section of scales--lay drizzled across every piece of furniture in the room, complementing the deep reds that make up most of the upholstery. The floor is covered as well; between you and the nearest chair is a veritable obstacle course of scales, and you have no idea how you'll make the trip. There's exposed rafters too, something you notice because of the handful of thick loops swaying slowly from the ceiling, reminiscent of fishing hooks. The snake is not filling the room, *he is* the room. No matter where you look, there's that spotted purple pattern somewhere in your vision. You only realize you're standing there gawking once you hear the door close behind you--you turn around and see a heavy coil sitting in front of the door, and gulp.

"Well hello, my friend," says a voice from behind you, "Ssso nice to sssee you, hmhmhm..." You turn back and have to suppress a yelp upon seeing the scaled snout of your new dealer, hanging down from the ceiling in front of you. His head is enormous, twice the size of your own, at least; his smile alone could eclipse you. You kick away the coil that tries to slide up your leg, only to look back up and see a pair of huge yellow eyes.

"My name is Gerrark, though I'm sure you know that," he says, swaying as he looks you up and down, "And you, are?"

You give him your name with the intent of taking back some control of this conversation, but the second the last syllable passes from your lips he's casually invading your personal space again, in the form of a loop of coil falling from the ceiling onto your shoulders. In the brief second of confusion that follows he has already closed the distance, and soon his cheek is pressing into yours.

“What a lovely name, to suit sssuch a lovely guest, hmmhmm...” He laughs, and your whole body shakes a bit from the force of it. You’re certain it’s not intentional, and that’s much more sobering than the alternative. When he finishes chuckling, he opens his eyes and turns his head towards your own; all you can see is yellow. You reflexively pull away, and the heavy coil that was on your shoulders falls to the ground with a loud thud. Gerrark continues, undaunted.

“Here, have a ssseat.”

“Oh, I-” What started as a gentle (but firm) refusal turns into a surprised yelp, as a thick coil rises up from the floor beneath, taking your feet off the ground. In one fluid motion the tidal wave of scales moves you across the room, sliding you into the seat Gerrark has prepared--not the nearest cushion like you were expecting, but the pile of scales right next to it. Your seat shifts beneath you, and it takes all of a second before you’re constantly fending off his hungry coils. Gerrark speaks softly, lazily, as if he’s unaware of the tip of his tail coiling around your wrist.

“Sso, how can I help you, my friend,” he says pausing as if to let you speak, though the moment you open your mouth he continues, “Here to buy, or just hungry to visit?” The whole time he speaks, coils try to push out from the pile beneath you and wrap around your legs; he doesn’t acknowledge it in the least, or your constant attempts to unwrap him from your body, either.

“I’m ssstarved for good company myself, hsshsshss...” As much as that smile of his worries you, something about it is oddly infectious, so you try your best not to look directly at the serpent. It doesn’t help much--Gerrark’s ability to slide back in and dominate your vision is uncanny.

“A-actually, I’m here for some weed,” you blurt out as quickly as you can, while extricating yourself from a particularly tenacious loop of scales.

“Oh, of coursse,” Gerrark says without missing a beat. A particularly long loop of nearby coils begins to shift; after a second the tip of his tail reappears holding a huge, almost comically oversized joint, which is definitely the source of the odor that keeps causing you to subconsciously sniff. You catch yourself licking your lips as you stare at it, and something inside you stirs.

“Enough to split, wouldn’t you sssay?”

“W-well actually, I just wanted to buy some.” Despite the alarms going off in your head, you cannot help be stare at the tantalizing spliff.

“Hmhmhmm, of course you do my friend,” Gerrark says, cheek-to-cheek with you again, “But you need to try before you buy, don’t you?” He presses his face hard into your right cheek, while his tail tip presses in from the left, waving the joint in front of you.

“Mmm, well,” you begin, finally managing to push the snake’s face away from your own, “It’s not a big deal, and I just need the weed, so-”

“Ohhh, you poor thing,” Gerrark cuts you off as a thick length of coil drizzles down from the ceiling, wrapping around your head, “You must have dealt with so many fairweather dealers. Ssso many untrustworthy individuals, trying to take advantage...”

He continues on about trust and building good relationships, but you’re not paying attention to that—you’re doing your damndest to push the blindfold of scales off of your head. Sure, the coil feels quite cool and pleasant against your head (it’s hard not to focus on that), and it conforms so well to your face. It’s firm, but still comfortable... so smooth. You’ve forgotten why you’re pushing it off by the time you do shove it up to your crown, and the sight that awaits ensures that you forget everything else, too.

A cascade of yellow is pushed outward by a thick ring of orange, then red, then yellow, orange, red... It repeats endlessly, each soothing color melting perfectly into the next. The colors shift and sway before you but they’re easy to follow, and they take up so much of your vision anyway; they move past the edge of the snake’s eyes, and make everything in the room shimmery, soft... not that you really see that. You’re too busy staring into Gerrark’s eyes.

“Ssssmoke with meee,” the snake says to you in a sing song voice, “Toke with meee... get nice and hiiiiigh, smoke with meee...” His voice feels like warm honey slipping into your ear. It makes your head feel heavy, and your cheeks tingle with warmth. You can feel movement across your body. You vaguely recognize it as his coils, but the trepidation you felt earlier is already disappearing. Washed away in a tide of color and scales, leaving nothing but numbing pleasure in its wake. You follow Gerrark’s head as best you can, even though your own is getting so, so heavy.

“Trusst me, smoooke with meee...” the serpent continues. There’s a clicking sound, one that’s vaguely familiar, but it’s forgotten after another round of colors. You smell weed; it smells lovely. Your whole body is starting to feel so heavy. Comfy too. Held. You can feel the coils. You can feel his colors too; they’re all you can see now, in fact. Every time a ring disappears, you want to moan, and would, if it wasn’t such a fight to stay conscious. So many sensations at once... Such gorgeous hues, intense exhaustion, creeping physical pleasure, coils too... Coils all around you, actually. Everywhere. Everything but the snake has fallen away, and that’s when you finally hear the voice that was being muffled by your own vacuous thoughts: your survival instinct, screeching of danger.

Your eyes pop open, and the glamour begins to fall away. You’re almost completely covered in coils, but maybe if you-

Your gasp is nothing more than a choking sound when you suddenly feel Gerrark’s coil squeezing your neck. Your eyes snap back in front of you, which puts them right back into the path of the snake’s hypnotic gaze. Your jaw drops with surprise, and Gerrark does not hesitate. The joint he lit is already in your mouth, and your coil collar has forced your lips closed.

"First hit'sss free," Gerrark says with lips squiggling into sleazy smile. In your dazed state, the idea of stopping yourself doesn't even come up. The tip of your spliff glows red, and your lungs fill with smoke. It instantly diffuses into your blood, brain, everything. You can feel it, it's what you imagined the colors felt like. Bliss.

Survival instinct is gone, along with everything else. Lost in the smoke. All there's left is you, stiff as a pole inside of the snake's coils, mouth mirroring his squiggly smile and colorful gaze perfectly. Even after he blinks his away, yours persists. He snickers to himself.

"Take another toke, and relaxsss..." Seconds into minutes, into hours, drifting away on a trail of silver smoke...

You shake yourself out of your reverie, and look around the hazy room. What happened? You remember getting high with Gerrark, and it felt so colorful, but that's about it. You somehow got yourself deep in a pile of coils too, with only your head and right arm free. You're not sure what happened, and the fact that you're still very stoned is only making it harder to figure out. You feel warm, heavy still. Gerrark's coils feel so nice on your legs, around your neck. It takes you a moment to realize he's talking, and another moment after that for you to put together that he's talking to *you*.

"Hmhmhm, you musst be," he's saying as you finally tune in, "Well, we finished off what I already had rolled. Enjoy yourssself?"

You're not sure what to say. You're still really stoned, and a bit disoriented from the nap or whatever you must have been having... Right, you must have gotten too high and drifted off. Had weird high dreams about the most beautiful colors and sensations, and curled up in the snake's many comfy coils. A bit embarrassing, but at least that's all that happened. Hmm, you have to admit that girl from work was right; Gerrark does have good stuff. By noy you realize it was at least a minute since he asked you his question, and has been waiting patiently this whole time. You throw a hasty affirmative his way, and he looks quite pleased with himself.

"Oh, I'm ssso glad," he says, squeezing his coils around you, which reminds you you're practically buried. Seems you went on autopilot for a moment there, and instead of pulling yourself free, you started pressing your body against the blanket of scales. The way they slither across your curves just makes it so hard to pull yourself out... but your new friend obliges once he realizes what's up. The cocoon parts a bit, and he pushes you out onto the top. He still has a loop around your neck, but you don't mind, of course. What's a little contact between buds?

"Ssso," he begins, his gaze narrowing ever so slightly, "How much did you want to buy, hmm?"

You end up walking out of the room with a baggie of weed in your pocket and a huge grin on your snout. You're still pretty high, but you nevertheless can't wait to get

home and smoke some more. By now, you can barely remember the colors you dreamt about... but maybe a few big hits will help rectify that.

And it does. The next week passes in warm, half-awake haze; every time you woke up you remember the colors, and relaxation you've never known before fills your body. They make the minutes flow into hours so easily, and the days drift like pleasant dreams. Leaving your house quickly becomes something only to be done as necessary, because otherwise you're too busy smoking, eating, and wrapping yourself in blankets, only to drift off in a drugged out daze.

You're hardly aware of how fast you're going through your stuff until it's the weekend again, and you realize there's only enough for a small bowl at best. You frantically grab at your phone and find Gerrark's number, knowing it would be there despite never having asked for it (a thought that self-terminates the moment you think too hard about the snake's lascivious smile). A panic-fueled text is sent, and thank the powers that be, he gets back to you within five minutes. The nearest available appointment is set up, which, at your insistence, is a half an hour from now. You're out the door not even a minute later and heading back to the club--you end up arriving ten minutes early, though you spend five of them debating on if you should bother the python earlier than you planned. Desperation wins out in the end, as you knew it would from the start.

"Come iiiin," sings the oh-so-familiar voice of Gerrark from behind the door. You shiver involuntarily and push it open, immediately greeted by the grinning face of the snake.

"Ssoo nicsse, to ssee you again," he begins, the door clicking behind you the moment you've stepped through. Every hiss from his huge snout makes your thighs clench for a moment as you try to avoid another shiver; the coil he's already draped across your shoulders only makes it worse, though you don't do anything about them. It's natural for friends to touch, obviously, and you'd be lying if you said you hadn't fantasized about a whole lot more than that over the past week...

"Sso, I heard someone's out," Gerrark chuckles, which yanks you out of the fantasies rapidly forming in your pot-addled brain. His head sways deeper into the room and you follow, encouraged by the cool scales pressing along the back of your neck. Your eyelids flutter, you take a deeeeep breath in, and a deeeeep breath out; when you're done you find yourself in your chair, which is to say, atop a pile of his coils. The scent of Gerrark's special stuff is heavy in the air. You can already feel a slight buzz in the back of your head, and warmth permeates your hips.

"I've got plenty more where that came from... perhaps you should buy more this time? A lot more, hmhmm..." You're nodding along, but after a second you realize that's because the coil on your shoulders has slipped around your neck, and is moving your head for you. You quickly pull the thing loose just as another loop draws your attention

by wrapping around your leg. Gerrark gets behind you during the diversion, his silver tongue tickling across your ear.

“Jusst tell me what you need, my friend. Don’t hold back.”

“O-oh, that’s okay, no need for that,” you squeak. You see, earlier you had a very stern conversation with yourself during the ride over to the club. This last week had been great, there’s no denying that. Amazing, really. What you’d give to enjoy it again... but even so, it was irresponsible. You need to use a lot less, a lot less often. This stuff is strong so there’s no need to overdo it, you told yourself. After psyching yourself up several times, you were finally ready for this exact moment, hence that strong opener. Now to continue, and explain that you only need as much as you got last time...

...Now to continue speaking, about how something was missing. Colors were missing. There were no colors before, but there are some now. Beautiful colors. Colors you can only see with your left eye, though. Your mind is being blasted with pleasurable stimulation, but you know it could be so much more. You want so much more. You’re straining as much as your rapidly weakening body will allow, but the coils around your neck, chest, and waist hold you still with no difficulty whatsoever. You can hear Gerrark chuckling. The fact that there’s an undeniably evil tone to it is lost on you--your friend is happy, that makes you happy. Happy, happy colors.

“Are you sure?” Gerrark continues to hold you tight while you struggle in vain, desperate to look the snake directly in the eye. “You seem sssso needy to me, hshshss...” Yellow, orange, red, they cycle so quickly for a moment, and your body spasms weakly from overstimulation. You hear some animal moan pitifully, but you only care about the snake.

“Jusst admit it. You need more. A lot more.” The words bear all the weight of a command, and despite your addled state, the intent could not be more clear. Buy more weed, enjoy more of the colors. What an easy choice. You want the weed. You want his colors. You’d enjoy both of them forever if you could. You should... You should remember something from earlier. You should try to think, something was important, right?

“I need... I need...” The words are so heavy upon your lips, and your tongue doesn’t want to cooperate either. You start to pull away to clear your head, but the coils have other plans. You’re suddenly forced to turn back in Gerrark’s direction, and the plethora of colors fills your vision entirely.

“More,” Gerrark hisses, “Sssso much more.”

“I need more,” you mumble. Your snout is so exhausted by the effort it falls open, and your tongue lols about. Gerrark nods, his smile triumphant.

“That’s what I thought,” the snake says with a smirk, “Let’s csselebrate, shall we?” Gerrark... kind, beautiful Gerrark graciously closes your muzzle around a lit spliff a moment later. You take a deep hit, and the colors fill your lungs as readily as they fill

your gaze. Light saturates your brain, and courses down to your toes. You can feel something click, and time swirls into an eddy of pleasure. At some point you're distinctly aware of your toes curling and pressing into a fat coil, while another slides between your thighs.

Gerrark helps you out, helps you see what's important. He helps you realize you don't need money or stuff to be happy; you just need to relax. He can help you, that's why you trust him so much. That's why you spend the night there with him. That's why you don't question it at all the next day when you wake up in your home, even though a few of your limbs are sticky with saliva. He's not just your dealer, he's one of your best friends. You trust Gerrark.

You don't really remember the next couple of weeks very well, but you know it's the greatest time of your life. So much weed, and so much food. You gain fifteen pounds (at least), and start leaving the house only for more food. You vaguely remember getting a call about being fired, and might have forgotten to pay rent, but none of that seems to be important anymore. Your life takes a pretty downward spiral, but all you can think of is sliding down the spiral of Gerrark's coils. Another click, and the bowl turns red from the heat. Then yellow, then orange, then red...

You stir from the haze at some point, though you're not exactly sure when. It's night, you know that much. It only happens because the unthinkable has occurred: you're out of grass. After a second of disjointed thoughts about what to do, you find yourself staring at a message you don't remember sending: "pleas Gerrark i need u." You blink, and there's an answer: "Come." You fall into some clean(ish) clothes, and stumble out the door.

It feels like both forever and no time at all before you're walking back through the club, the music of the dance floor making every step unsteady. By the time you're standing before Gerrark's room you're swaying like a drunk, and giggling just as much. The door opens for you without having to knock, and as soon as it does a lasso of coils pulls you into the pile that awaits. You don't resist.

"Hello, my friend," Gerrark says, his tone bored, "It looks like sssomeone's out, again." The coils that received you when you fell into the room are lifting you up, but only just enough to allow several loops to drizzle down from the ceiling. That him covering you from head to toe in loops of strong muscle should worry you does not cross your mind--you trust him. Just in him, in fact. No one knows you like Gerrark.

"I don't think the normal ssstuff is enough anymore," he says, shaking his head while you do the same, "I think you need my bessst stuff, hmhmhmm..." A familiar flicking of a lighter is heard somewhere, and then stops. Your nostrils suddenly flare, and fill with an odor you've never enjoyed before. It's like really strong weed, but... you don't know, there's just something about it. Something you can't quite place, but makes your mouth fill with drool. It causes goosebumps to erupt across your limbs, and your

hips to involuntarily thrust; the scent alone has a pair of orange circles pushing out from your pupils.

"This is expensive ssstuff by the way," Gerrark says with an evil smile, "Rare as it gets. In fact, there's really only one price I can accept for it... that sssucculent, deliciousss body of yours." You don't know what that means, but you already don't care, because you're staring intently at the huge weed cigar the serpent is bringing to his scaled lips. The scent gets so much stronger, while your panting gets so much louder.

"Ssso," he says, as the silver trail of smoke slithers through the air, "Care for a hit?"

Your mouth starts to open, but you pause. Even now, after so much smoke, so much hypnosis, some part of you is trying to hold on. Trying to warn you of the danger you're diving headfirst into, of the beast staring at you with such a shamelessly hungry gaze. Filling your limbs with energy to push back, and clearing the fog enough to give you a clear view of the door. You have to get out of here. You have to fight, have to flee! To-

You cough as a wave of smoke crashes over your open snout. You may have stopped paying attention to Gerrark, but he didn't stop paying attention to you. The moment lucidity returned to those bleary stoner eyes the tip of his cigar burned bright red, and his long body filled with smoke... which is now cascading across your face. It fills your mouth, your nose. Your lungs, blood. Head and hips, causing them to press against his scales. Into your limbs, making them heavy as lead. Stinging your eyes, but you dare not close them, just in case. You've already forgotten about escape, and everything else. All there is is Gerrark; his lurid gaze, the smoke pouring from his nostrils, and the question hissing out his mouth, flossing through your ears.

"Care for a toke? Hshshss."

He doesn't wait for your answer, not that you're capable of one. Not anymore. He stuffs the blunt into your open mouth and closes it gently, watching your smile freeze around it. Every puff floods your brain with more chemicals, more pleasure, until you find yourself frozen stiff in a state of perpetual, throbbing bliss.

"Mmmm, smoking this stuff always makes me ssso, ssstarved," Gerrark coos into your deaf ear, "Good thing I'm in such deliciousss company, hmm?" Your brain is way too fried to answer, so you just continue to sit there and puff on the blunt. Gerrark, licking his lips, lifts you into position high off the ground, parallel to the floor. He begins to unspool his coils from your legs, and opens wide.

Warmth, wet and strong, closes around your feet. It feels strange, but soothing as well; like home. It moves up your calves and over your knees, and your toes flex against the squishy throat. It slides along your thighs, slowly, carefully, enjoying the fat that's recently collected there. Gumming playfully. The warmth swallows up your hips with ease and sits there for quite awhile, enjoying the way you whimper and shiver from



the sensation. Your brain cannot begin to process what's currently happening, but that doesn't stop you from enjoying it. A particularly long tongue lashing session leaves you a sweaty mess and finally, *finally*, that huge snout continues its climb past your ass.

Your fattened belly sits on the lower jaw, which he hefts as he continues to swallow you down. Once the belly button clears the rest slides down with ease, only stopping so he can roll your gut around in his mouth, and continue to coat your lower half in saliva. Once your chest is sucked in, he lashes it with his tongue for quite awhile--with only your head sticking out past his lips, all you can do is moan into the blunt as your body is constricted pleasurably from all sides. It feels like it has been going on forever, and as far as you know, it has.

Until, without warning, the snake tightens his lips around your shoulders and slurps, sucking you in with one swift motion. Then comes a second swallow, and all you are is a bulge in his throat. After a few more, there's not even that--all there is is Gerrark, puffing away contently on the cigar that was stuck in your snout a second ago, ashing it on the clothes he slipped you out of at some point.

"Deliciousss," the snake chuckles, flexing his muscles around you. You moan, and the sound vibrates throughout Gerrark's body, to his obvious delight. He finishes off the blunt with one strong pull and snuffs it, smoke pouring from his snout as he settles in.

"Meat really is best sssmoked."