

The jungle was as enchanting at night as it was during the day. Vibrant colors and energetic sounds were traded for a serene stillness as most of the jungle's inhabitants rested. Those that were still awake moved slowly and with purpose, careful not to disturb the calm that enveloped them like a warm blanket. Even the flora was eager to rest for the day; flowers of all kinds closed up or shied away, while trees that symbolized might and defiance in the sunlight were now beacons of comfort and sleep for the jungle's many animals. There was hardly a more beautiful place in the world to go for a midnight stroll, if one was careful.

Kamille was not careful. The fossa had every intention of enjoying the natural beauty the jungle had to offer her tonight, but now she was completely oblivious to it. In fact she was oblivious to everything but the gargantuan red snake swaying before her. She swayed with his movements, completely enraptured by him. His thick red coils hung from the branches above, pushing her back to her feet whenever she lost her balance, and dragging along her body lasciviously as they did so. His voice didn't just reach her ears, it threaded through them, flossing out every unnecessary thought such as "why am I so warm," and "why does he keep calling me a snack?" And his eyes! Those large, lovely eyes, that pulled you in and never let you go. All it took was one look and she knew she had found the beauty she was searching for.

Saalim chuckled as he surveyed his meal. She was on the svelte side, with modest breasts and little fat, though her hips were meaty enough. Her orange fur, tipped with little bits of blue on her head, made a lovely compliment to the deep red of his scales. He was already imagining how fun it would be to slurp up that long, thin tail of hers, and he hadn't even wrapped her up yet. From the moment he saw Kamille stumbling through the jungle he figured that she'd make the perfect midnight snack, and now that she was swaying stupidly before him, he was sure of it.

She was nervous at first, as prey so often are. Mumbling about how she should get back to the village, acting like she was trying to shy away from his gaze while taking secretive glances back in his direction, etcetera etcetera. But after a few minutes of smooth talking and strobing colors she was much more agreeable. Eager, he'd say. His eyes weren't filled with color anymore, but hers continued to reflect his colorful patterns and follow his gaze. She was clearly already ready for their dinner date, but Saalim loved to play with his food.

"Come along, little one, sss sss sss..." He pulled his head away from the fossa, watching her stumble forward to get closer to him. As she did, loops of coils descended from the canopy, each one becoming a step that took her closer to the snake. She stumbled like she was drunk, but the tip of his tail was there to help her balance as she ascended into the branches above.

"Jusst a bit closer, that's right," Saalim cooed to his prey. She reached the last step he made from her, but she didn't seem to care, or even notice. With the large serpent's head far beyond her grasp, she walked right off, tumbling back down to the ground without reacting at all—Her body was limp, that smile was still plastered to her snout, and her eyes continued to stare straight ahead, filled with rings of purple, yellow, and green. She tumbled for all of a second before a new coil caught her, sliding shamelessly between her legs and cleavage. With no effort at all he lifted the feline up, bringing her face to face with him.

"Mmmm, what a lovely little sssnack," he said with a snicker, her snout now inches from his own. He was so much bigger than her, his head was practically the size of her upper body. She'd slide down his throat so easily, except perhaps those hips, which was the opposite of a problem, as far as Saalim was concerned. He hissed, his huge tongue flicking against her nose for a quick taste. He couldn't help the shiver that followed—She was delicious. When he first happened upon the fossa, he vaguely entertained the idea of having her help him out with another intense hunger of his, but he didn't have the patience for that now. Not after that taste, not with how hungry he was. He wanted this little lady deep inside his coils *now*.

He tilted the coil that held Kamille aloft, and she slid down it face first. She slipped into a pile of coils he had prepared nearby, her head and tail the only things visible as he scooped her up. He lifted her up into a horizontal position and moved in close, snout to snout once again.

“Sssssleeeep, sssssleeeep, sleeeep little fossa, ressst in peeeecssse...” His eyes strobed with color again, and her gaze was drawn to it immediately. Her brain was already fried from the first round of colors, so after this fresh wave her eyelids started to droop in no time at all. She wanted so badly to keep staring at the pretty colors and listening to the snake’s voice, but his sibilant command made her eyelids so, so heavy. She fought sleep for a few seconds, the expression of exhausted, desperate craving on her face making Saalim’s heart melt, but the snake’s command could not be ignored. Within seconds her eyelids were shut and she was unconscious, purring inside her comfy cocoon of coils. Saalim licked his scaly lips and opened his mouth wide, closing it over the fossa’s head.

“Mmmmm, mmmff! Sho good...” He moaned as he gummed all over her head. It felt like it had been months since he had last eaten (it was only a week), and her flavor was even better than the initial taste let on. His coils bunched up on themselves and shifted constantly as his tongue lashed all over her head, tasting every inch he could. Kamille, meanwhile, continued her stupefied dozing, though she was at least somewhat aware of what the snake was doing, if the quiet moans she was filling his maw with were any indication, she was enjoying the attention quite a bit herself. He sat there sucking on her head for a bit, only taking breaks to smack his lips and let her breathe, since he was loving the way she was twitching in his grasp. Finally, after a couple of minutes, he pulled away, licking his lips. His eyes strobed with color once more, Saalim finding himself as excited as Kamille by the prospect of this meal. He opened his mouth wide, unfurled a few coils from around her neck and shoulders, and moved in.

Much to Saalim’s surprise, his mouth did not enclose over the head and shoulders of the cutie he had in his grasp mere seconds before. He bit nothing but empty air, which was all that occupied his coils as well. Kamille had disappeared. He had, too, he quickly realized. Where, he was he wasn’t sure—it looked like he was floating through the night sky, surrounded by odd points of light and rushing winds. The feeling of his coils floating through the air unsupported was extremely unnerving. How this had happened, he had no idea, but what he did know was that it seemed oddly familiar. He was sure this had all happened before, or something like it, as though it came from a dream that he couldn’t quite recall. He had no more time to worry or reflect, for almost as soon as he was aware of his situation, it changed again. Something yanked his tail very hard, as though a rope had been tied around it. He struggled and thrashed for a moment uselessly, and before he knew it this invisible rope had yanked him through an unseen hole in space. Then, without any warning, gravity applied once more, and he found himself falling into a huge heap of coils upon a very hard surface.

The impact rendered the snake unconscious, if only for a second or two. Darkness slowly gave way to soft light, peeking through the gaps in his coils. Feeling returned to his body, starting at his head and sliding down the length of his coils. Thankfully, this confirmed that he was no worse for wear, though he felt a tad bit nauseous from the trip. He heard voices, muffled voices, but both of them were familiar—One was exceedingly so, while the other once again tugged at the back of his brain, as if from a dream. He gave his tongue a tentative flick, and a plethora of scents filled his brain. Burning wax, heavy metals, treated wood, and so much more. But that wasn’t all. There were two bodies nearby, one of which he didn’t recognize (though he felt he should), but the other he recognized all too well. It was his wayward snack, Kamille. Wherever the two of them were, apparently the snake and his prey were transported there together. Saalim smiled from within his pile of coils; maybe he wouldn’t go hungry after all. However, Kamille’s voice suddenly cut off, and the voice that wasn’t Kamille’s was getting closer and sounding very excited, so Saalim decided now was as good a time as any to find out where he was.

Peeking his snout out of his pile of coils, he could see now that he was in the center of a large ballroom. The floor was made of polished wood, bright and smooth and perfect for dancing on. It was

difficult to tell what the walls were made of, not just because the room was so large, but because hardly any of it was exposed—Huge, gilded mirrors spanned the length of each one. Candlesticks and chandeliers sat and hung at strategic points all around the room, lending the space a relaxed, but refined, air. The combination of the mirrors and scattered points of light warped the snake's perception of the place, which he figured to be a purposeful design. It made the room stretch onto infinity, as if the party that would take place here went on forever, both spatially and temporally. He barely had time to take it in before an impatient voice hit his ears, and it all came rushing back.

"Well, look who's decided to join us," said a skunk with a wicked grin that the snake now remembered all too well. "It's lovely to see you again my pet. I hope the long, lonely years without me have treated you well." She found this enormously funny, and soon her huge body was shaking with laughter.

It was Gerrark, the witch, a creature Saalim had had several run-ins with in the past. Larger than life (both in body and ego), enormously powerful, and incorrigibly sexual, the orange and white-striped skunk had apparently summoned him to her party once again. Her head of untamed white fur blew from a wind that Saalim could not feel, her eyes were wild with desire and madness, and her enormous belly and chest shook as her fit of giggles finally began to taper off. She looked hungry, though for what, Saalim could scarcely imagine. All he knew for sure was that a moment ago he was hungry too, and now, watching this feast smile down at him, he was starving.

"Mmmm, it was difficult, I'll admit," Saalim said, acting very suave for someone who was still tied up in a pile of himself. "Every year that passed without your presence felt like an eternity." He uncoiled his neck as he spoke, and his head was now level with the skunk's. The tip of his tail managed to free itself from the massive pile as well, and he was swishing it to and fro as he spoke to her.

"But now, I am here, and I'm sssssso glad to sssee you." His tone was low, and his smile was seductive as he moved his head closer. The tip of his tail slid around her hand and lifted it up to his snout, allowing him a taste disguised as a reverent kiss. As her flavor filled his mouth he shivered from snout to tail, which unknotted the rest of his coils and made most of them splay out across the floor. He looked big before when he was in a pile, but now that his coils (almost two feet wide at their thickest point) were laid out in front of Gerrark, even the witch looked small comparatively.

"Yes, you are," she said with a laugh. She yanked her paw free from his tail, only to cup her hands beneath his chin and bring his snout closer to her own. Her smile got big, and she swooped in for a kiss. She smooshed her lips very hard against the reptile's for a moment, before pulling back and crossing her arms.

"As an honored guest at my party, it's not the same if you don't show up. Not only do I look bad, but without a proper disposal to take care of my rowdier guests, the party starts to become chaos, chaos! And not the kind of chaos that I advertise for this party, that's different!" Her voice rose in volume and pitch with each word, and she gesticulated like a madwoman who was warning a group of apathetic onlookers of their impending doom. "Melodramatic" could hardly describe her. It probably would have been less ridiculous if the snake wasn't the only audience member for her soliloquy. When she was done, she went back into her cross-armed position almost immediately, as if the tantrum had never happened.

"But! You are here, in the end, and that's all that matters. I am magnanimous, and will forgive you my dear. Isn't that lovely?"

Saalim knew better than to argue with the witch, and nodded along with her wild ramblings. Never mind that it was entirely on Gerrark's shoulders whether or not Saalim showed up for the party each year, and that for the last few years she had seemingly forgotten about him. As she herself had said, all that mattered was that he was here, and now that he was, there was only one thing on his mind: how to get his coils around her once more. The very idea of scooping up that meaty skunk and lazily dragging them through her thick fat and fur... He had to keep himself from drooling.

"Thank you my sssweet," the snake said, laying the charm on thick, "You are as generous as you are delectable." He moved his head close to her, his right cheek inches from her left as he looked over her with that big yellow eye. He gave her a sly wink as he said "delectable," and the skunk gave him a bashful giggle and dismissive hand wave, even though it was clear she was eating it up.

"And may I say, I love the decorating you've done this year," the snake indicated around the empty ballroom with the tip of his tail, "Finally, a room big enough for both you and me." Another wink from the snake, and another cackle from the skunk, paired with an "oh you" kind of hand flip.

"Oh I do a fantastic job every year my pet, but you knew that." The skunk pressed her cheek to his and laughed. She put an arm around his neck and pulled him close, her voice getting low and taking on a conspiratorial tone.

"But we can't have our fun yet my dear," she said with a tone more serious than Saalim thought she was capable of, "Because I have a job for you to do, and quickly."

"Hmmm? What'sss that, mistress?" Saalim said, feigning interest. Whatever ridiculous request the witch had, he didn't really care about it. All that was on his mind was how to get his coils around her curves and her gaze locked in his own. As oblivious and self-absorbed as she seemed, she was no easy mark. The whole time they spoke his tail tip looked for a place to slide up her body, and every time he tried he was rebuffed. She didn't call attention to it, she would simply reach towards whatever part of her body his tail was trying to find purchase in and yank it away, tossing it to the floor. He didn't fare much better trying to capture her gaze. From the moment he looked upon her sumptuous form he tried to make their eyes meet, and no matter how innocuous he acted she turned away, never allowing the connection for more than a second. He was starting to think that's why she grabbed him and pulled him close like this, to keep his gaze where she wanted it. The witch may have been shrewder than she let on, but Saalim was not giving up. All he needed was the right opportunity, whatever that may be.

"We have an uninvited guest," the witch began, "Someone who managed to sneak in when I opened the door for you. Quite rude." The witch looked like she was a hair away from spitting in disgust.

"Mmmm, very. How dare they," the snake said, not bothering to sound sincere. Trying a new strategy, Saalim moved his tail behind her, and grabbed the tip of her thick skunk tail with his. For a moment it seemed to work--His smooth red tail began to coil about her fluffy orange one, making its way towards her ample backside. Then, without warning, she snapped that tail of hers like a whip, and the serpent's tail was thrown back onto the ground with a heavy thud. The witch continued to speak as if she didn't notice anything that had just happened.

"Exactly. 'Tis an honor to be invited to my party; I do not brook vagabonds slipping in without a proper invitation. How does it look to everyone else who has earned their spot through proper worship and tribute?"

"That is unforgiveable, my sssweet," Saalim said, his tail pushing in between her flank and arm from behind, "Look at how tenssse this is making you." The tip of his tail slid up to her shoulder and around her neck, a fat coil kneading her knotted shoulders like a pair of strong hands.

"Here, let me help you relaxsss..." With his tail snugly upon her neck and shoulders, Saalim gently titled the skunk's snout in his direction, his eyes wide and ready to capture her own. Right as her forehead was about to touch his and establish the connection Saalim was so desperate for, her hand gripped his tail with a sudden and terrifying strength, and yanked it right off. With Saalim off-balance, Gerrark took this opportunity to squeeze the snake's neck even harder against her other side, nuzzling cheek to cheek with the serpent.

"Oh, you will, my silly snake. I'm getting to that. Patience, patience my pet!" She cackled and gave him a quick peck on the cheek, finally easing up her grip.

"My apologies," the Saalim said, his voice a bit strained from the witch's "affectionate" squeezing, "I am sssimply eager to help. I hate to see such a delectable sssna-Er, ssskunk, out of sorts. " Saalim gave the witch his sweetest smile, and her expression softened immediately. She patted his head

and took a step forward, extricating herself from the coils he had been slowly and subtly piling up around her.

"Funny you should say that my pet, because you're the furniture best suited to help me with this problem." Though her face didn't look like it changed at all, her smile unmistakably changed from affectionate to evil. She pointed to a nearby fainting couch that Saalim could swear was not there a few seconds ago. Resting on it was Kamille, the fossa that Saalim had briefly forgotten about. She was sleeping soundly, a big smile on her face while her tail flicked this way and that to the tune of her dreams.

"Eat her."

"What?" Saalim did a double take, inching several thick coils back in the witch's direction.

"You heard me my disposal, get rid of her. She's not invited, and needs to go before any more guests arrive."

"Well my misstresss, if you're sure..." It wasn't that he didn't want to eat her, of course. The moment he saw that darling little snack again his eyes lit up (literally, in his case) and he licked his lips, gluttonous thoughts immediately forming in his head. He just wasn't expecting a guaranteed meal, and on top of that, he still had his sights set on that scrumptious skunk. The gears were already turning in his head, and the snake was trying to come up with a plan that could turn this one course meal into two. Luckily for him, an opportunity presented itself almost immediately.

"Of course I am, snake. This is so much less effort than sending her back where she came from. More entertaining too." Gerrark giggled to herself wickedly, and her large tail swished back and forth behind her with evil intent.

"Oh, and make a big show of it. Fill her with an irrepressible need to be eaten. I'm bored, my snake." With that, she plopped herself down onto a pile of Saalim's coils, and crossed her legs, looking at the snake expectantly.

Saalim couldn't believe his good fortune. He expected to spend the next several hours using every trick in his repertoire to whittle down the witch's defenses, and convince her to let him use his hypnotic powers in front of her. Yet here she was, already sinking into his pile of coils and ordering him to dazzle his prey with those very same powers. It was almost too easy. He just had to be careful. Even now he could see a shadow of suspicion on her face, and he knew quite well what happened to those who drew this witch's ire. But he had a plan, and it was perfect for catching such an unapologetic hedonist off guard. He moved his head close to the reclining skunk and bowed low in deference, his voice as sultry as it was sibilant.

"There is nothing I'd rather do than entertain you, misstresss," his coils undulated underneath her as he spoke, ever-so-carefully moving her into a more relaxed position, "I will take care of everything. Trussst me." He looked up at her, and as their eyes met, a single ring of purple pushed out from his pupils, almost imperceptible to the conscious mind. Her eyes narrowed for a moment, but she said nothing, as if she didn't notice. Try as he might, Saalim could not stop the smile curling up at the edges of his snout.

"We shall see if you earn it," the skunk said with a bored tone and another wave of her carefully manicured claws, "Now hop to it, pet."

"Of coursse."

Saalim slithered back towards the fainting couch, several feet of coils and his tail piling up close behind him. Kamille was on the couch, sleeping soundly on her back, smiling wide and completely oblivious to her fate. Bringing his snout close to her chest, he hissed, the tip of his tongue flicking across one of her small nipples.

"Mmmmm, deliciousss..." he said to himself, not only because of her taste, but also because of the little squirm she did when he tickled her breast. He proceeded to move his head down to her feet and hiss along her toes, but he didn't stop there. He moved his head up the length of her body, hissing

and tasting every inch of her he could reach along the way. He started between her legs, kissing at her calves and nuzzling her thighs, and spending a particularly long amount of time tasting the space between her thighs, before pushing his huge head onto her crotch and flicking his tongue into her belly button. It was by this point that she started to wake up, but Saalim continued unabated. She sleepily grabbed at the snake's snout before he got to her cleavage, so he decided to taste her paws instead, and that's when her eyes finally opened.

"Mmm, that tickle-Ahhh, ahh, you! It's you!" Kamille's sleepy smile melted away as her vision cleared and she saw the creature pushing his snout against the underside of her tit. She let out a frightened yelp and slid back on the couch, slamming her back against the armrest as she quickly ran out of room to scooch. She pushed against Saalim's snout with the bottom of her feet, desperate to put as much space between her and Saalim as she could.

"You, the snake from the jungle! What are you doing here? What am I doing here? I'm still here? What's going on?!" Her confusion was reaching a fever pitch when she finally took her eyes off the snake and looked around the room. Nothing about this was familiar, and how she got here she couldn't begin to guess. She eventually noticed the snickering skunk lounging in the haphazard pile of coils nearby, and pointed an accusatory finger in her direction.

"And you! I don't know who you are but I know I saw you for a second when I got here, did you bring me here? Is this in the jungle?" Kamille's wailing echoed throughout the cavernous room. The fossa was on the verge of a breakdown, pressing herself hard into the corner of the couch to try and get away from the two strangers.

Saalim had to stifle a giggle as he watched the fossa's ridiculous display. Usually, his prey being this scared could spell trouble for him, but not this time. Not only was escape impossible, but he had already ensnared her once. Those that fell under the sway of his pleasant voice and strobing eyes were likely to do so again, their minds already craving the pleasure that only Saalim could provide. It's not exactly like she put up much of a fight the first time anyway. Saalim waited for the girl's nervous whimpering to taper off before he lifted himself up off the couch and extended the tip of his tail towards her like a helpful hand.

"Thiss dream doesn't need to be a nightmare, my dear Kamille," he said, speaking in as soothing a tone as he could. "It'sss *your* dream. You should relaxsss, and enjoy yourssself." He laid on the hissing extra thick, as that tended to calm his meals down, and this time was no exception. Kamille still had a look of fear in her eyes, but her breathing began to slow, ever so slightly. When he saw her shoulders lower a tiny bit, he continued.

"You're at home in your bed right now my sssweet. Don't you remember? I led you back to your village, jussst like I promissed." He moved his head back and forth in a semicircle in front of her, smiling as he did so. What seemed like simply moving about, as someone normally would in conversation, was actually a subtle attempt to see if he could get the fossa to calm down and follow his movements, and it was working like a charm. She turned away from him towards the couch when he first lifted his head in front of her, but now he could see her following his movements with her eyes. Whether it was paranoia or falling for his charm, it didn't really matter. As he comforted her, a ring or two of hypnotic color occasionally pushed out to the edge of his vision, and before long she was staring directly into his eyes, her fear slipping away.

"A dream? This is a dream?" Her tone sounded incredulous, but the look on her face implied she very much wanted to believe him. She turned a little bit more towards him and let her legs fall over the edge of the seat, though she kept her arms crossed in front of her chest.

"Of coursse Kamille. You're fassst asleep in your bed." Gerrark laughed when he said that, prompting the snake to throw a coil atop her snout to keep her from sabotaging him. "There's nothing to fear, nothing to worry about. How elssse do you explain all this?" He was moving his head closer and

closer as he spoke, so discreetly that he was only a foot away now and she didn't react in the slightest. His large eyes were almost all she could see now, and knowing that, Saalim took his chance.

"You can't exssplain it. It'sss all a dream, a lovely dream." As soon as he started to speak, rings of green, purple, and yellow pushed out from his pupils, filling his gaze. Kamille twitched when she first saw it, perhaps because on some level she was aware of what the snake was doing, and what it'd surely lead to. But after a moment of wide-eyed staring, she suddenly let out a long, deep sigh. Her shoulders slumped, and her arms fell to her sides, exposing her front. She leaned forward in her seat, unconsciously drawn closer to those wondrous bands of color that were filling her vision and scrambling her brain. With the cognitive part of her brain now occupied by the mesmerizing sight before her, his words entered her head easily, and cemented themselves as truth. Of course this was a dream. Of course the snake wasn't here, and neither was she. None of this made any sense, so she might as well relax and enjoy it. A smile started to curl up the corners of her mouth, and a green band of color began to push out from her pupils as she continued to stare. It throbbed as the last of her conscious mind began to slip away, and right as it began to push out, Saalim turned off his gaze. He watched with a smile as the ring retreated back into her pupil, the gears in her head turning once more.

"I, uhh, huh?" She shook herself from her daze, saw Saalim, and smiled, the blush on her cheeks apparent. Her fear was gone, and she was more than happy enough to agree with the snake. She was definitely dreaming right now. That didn't explain why she felt so good, but that didn't matter. She wanted more, and knew this snake was the source of it. She had all but forgotten about the skunk by now—As far as she was concerned, she and Saalim were the only creatures in the room.

"Isss everything alright, my ssssweet?" Saalim feigned concern while sliding the tip of his tail up the couch behind her, resting on her shoulder like a caring hand. It startled her for a moment, but she didn't push it away. It was soothing, knowing he was so close. Something about his coils against her fur was triggering a feeling of intense relaxation buried deep inside her mind. She let out another long sigh and let herself sink into the couch, smiling back at the snake.

"Yes, yes it is, uh... Ummmm. Hmmm, what is your name again?"

"Saalim, my dear. Don't you remember me telling you that when you were awake?" Another round of color, much shorter this time. The suspicion in her mind was squashed before she was even aware of it, and by the time his gaze was normal again she was nodding along like the ditz she was rapidly becoming.

"Right, Saalim. Thank you. Everything's good."

"Good," he began, his smile getting more sinister, "Ssso, you were asking me sssomething, right?" His tail slithered down from her shoulder as his hissing slid down her spine. Looping under her left breast, it slid right back up to her chin, pressing it up to make her look at him. He gave her chest a squeeze as he spoke again.

"Sssomething about embarrasssing desires, wasn't it?"

She was red as a beet, wilting under the snake's hot gaze. She shifted a bit in her seat, trying not to moan as Saalim's scales pressed against her skin, and tit specifically. When she finally mustered up the courage to speak, her voice was small.

"I, I don't remember what that would be exactl—"

"You've alwaysss wondered what it was like to be caught by a predator sssuch as myself," Saalim said with all the weight of a command as a quick burst of color filled his vision.

"Yeah..." she mumbled, her jaw hanging open. She started to shake herself free of the fog in her head, but Saalim didn't give her a chance this time. Another quick burst of color stopped her cold.

"To be sssqueezed, and toyed with..."

"Squeezed and toyed with," she repeated dumbly, the light of intelligence leaving her eyes.

"To be coveted."

"Coveted..."

"Eaten."

"Eaten..."

"Ahhh, ohhh *fuck*."

Saalim froze when he heard that horny moan, and after taking a quick stock of his coils, he realized what was going on. He knew the witch's carnal desires were rather dark, so it was no surprise she'd enjoy his seduction of this poor fossa, but he didn't expect *this*. Gerrark had wrapped herself up in his coils for him, straddling one while hugging another with all her might, gratuitously dragging her chest against it. Saalim's smile only got wider as he watched the skunk enjoy herself. Apparently he wouldn't need to work as hard as he thought to ensnare these lovely ladies, but first he had to make sure this fossa was his, utterly and completely.

"I can do that for you," Saalim whispered into Kamille's ear, "I can give you that pleasure, one that others can only imagine." Without his colors, the fossa's consciousness began to return, but not before those words had the chance to imprint themselves upon her brain. When she finally came to and sat herself up straight, a blush stained her cheeks immediately. It didn't help that by this point Saalim's tail had looped around her other breast and was slowly encircling her midsection.

"I, I..." Kamille looked around, biting her lower lip before turning back to the snake.

"Yessss, my dear? What can I do for you?" Saalim leaned in close, not bothering to hide his hungry grin. This only made Kamille redder.

"I uh... I do, I do have something..."

"Yesss? What is it?"

Kamille didn't know where to begin. It felt like a hundred different desires were swirling around in her head. To make matters worse, thinking about any of them at length felt impossible. Her brain was in a fog, like she was on the verge of falling asleep, which was strange since her body felt oddly charged (delightfully sensitive, even). Even when she was concentrating her hardest on a question it would slip away without warning, leaving her scrambling to retrieve it as the fog thickened. She was sure that something was up, wasn't it? Something she should be thinking very hard about. Her survival instincts were trying so hard to shake her from her reverie, and she could almost see what they were trying to tell her, but every time she had started to grasp them they were obscured in the fog of pleasure. Her face scrunched up in labored contemplation, and when Saalim saw that he gave her torso a tight squeeze.

"Ahhh! Ah. Aaaaahhhh..." The first squeeze was a distraction. The one that followed was to get a better idea of the parts she enjoyed being squeezed the most. The last one quickly morphed from a squeeze to a constant, undulating massage that was making Kamille shiver and moan.

"It feels good to be in my coilsss, doesn't it," Saalim said as his head circled around the whimpering girl. "Feels sso safe, sso comfy." His enormous head was cheek to cheek with the fossa's. The coil on her shoulder lifted up to cup her chin, forcing one of her eyes to look into his, just as another flash of color focused all her attention on the snake.

"Sssso pleasurable."

"I-it is," Kamille admitted, now that the massage and hypnosis had broken down her last barriers. "You're so heavy... So smooth and comfy."

"You want to be inside them, don't you?" With his cheek still against hers, all it took was another mesmerizing strobe and she was nodding along with him.

"Y-yeah, I do," she replied in a soft voice. Saalim chuckled and pivoted his head, pressing their foreheads together. Kamille shifted in her seat, but not out of fear.

"You want me to eat you, don't you?"

If Kamille had a chance to think about it, those survival instincts would have certainly flared up once more. Even in a dream, that was a request with too much gravity to agree to, despite how wonderful those coils felt around her body. Of course, she had no chance to think so deeply about it. Saalim had grown tired of waiting for the fossa to come along on her own. He was hungry. The moment

he asked his question, he gave her neck a squeeze, forcing her to look into his colorful eyes. He nodded, and her head moved with his, as a mindless smile curled up from the edge of her mouth. His gaze returned to normal and pulled back a few inches, but the smile didn't leave her face.

"I do Saalim... I do." She sighed as she said it, her entire body slumping into the couch and the coils that were piling upon her. It looked like a lifetime's worth of stress left in that one surrendering sigh.

"Good girl," he said, causing the fossa's heart to flutter, "Then I need you to do something for me."

"What's that?"

"Lissten, and relaxssss..." The moment he spoke his eyes filled with bands of color. Green, purple, yellow, each one pushing out from his pupil, out across the entirety of Kamille's vision. The colors reflected in her gaze the moment she saw them, and her face broke into a huge smile, mirroring the serpent's. There was no fear or fight left in the fossa, simply a desire for the pleasure that only Saalim could give her. He swayed his head back and forth, and she swayed with him, doing whatever she could to continue staring into his eyes. When he pulled back, she stood up to follow, albeit with some help from his coils. Saalim chuckled darkly to himself. Now that Kamille was nothing more than a self-delivering snack, it was time to move onto the next step of preparing his two course meal. The coils piled around the witch shifted with anticipation. He knew she'd be on the lookout for his gaze, but that wasn't the only way he could catch a meal's attention.

"Ssstare at me, let go," he hissed, "It'sss time for some fun." He wasn't saying it for Kamille. As far as she and Saalim were concerned, she was already food at this point. No, his hiss was aimed at the sultry skunk, and it worked. She opened her eyes and pulled her head away from the coil she was nuzzling against, watching the snake with curiosity. As near as Gerrark could tell, Saalim already had the fossa under his sway, so what else was there besides the eating? She was getting impatient, but she had to admit she was intrigued, being the incorrigible pleasure seeker she was. She impetuously threw the coil she was romancing seconds ago to the ground beside her and settled into a position better suited for paying attention. Her seat shifted to make sure she was as comfortable as possible, which the witch mistakenly assumed to be a helpful gesture.

"Come to me, my pet," Saalim said, beckoning the fossa ever closer with a flick of his tail. With her eyes filled with his colors, it was hard to tell if she actually saw his signal, but she stumbled forward regardless. His coils were strewn about the floor in front of her, shifting and slithering out of her way with each clumsy step. It was a goofy display to be sure, but Gerrark was eating it up, biting her lip with anticipation every time the fossa started to tumble, only to have a coil thicker than her entire body push her up with no difficulty. Eventually, Kamille reached the snake's head, which was loomed over her and smiled.

"Let'sss dance, my dear," Saalim commanded. She tried lifting up her arm, but it was so heavy, and the exertion made her sway unsteadily on her feet. Chuckling the whole time, Saalim lifted her hand with a coil that swelled up seemingly from nowhere, and lowered his head, giving her paw a quick kiss. And then another. And then a hiss up her arm and to her neck, and then smooching and hissing all over her face like a beast barely in control. His head swam as it filled with her scent, and his coils flexed with eagerness to have her inside them, but just as his jaw started to open, he got a hold of himself. Only a bit longer, he told himself, and he'd have more food than he'd know what to do with. All he needed to do was secure it, and that's what this farce of a dance was for.

Saalim was not the only serpent with access to a hypnotic gaze—many of his brethren could claim such an ability, and often use it to scoop up unsuspecting prey just like him. However, Saalim did not grow to be so long and large relying only on that to capture his meals. That mind-melting gaze, while powerful, is subject to difficulties like any other method. A prospective meal may be blind, or particularly resistant to the rapture his gaze could induce. Perhaps they're wise to such tricks, and never

allow eye contact long enough for it to work. There's many variables that a snake won't know about until he tries and fails, and for the less skilled, that's the end of things. Saalim was no such snake, however. He learned long ago that there are many ways to erode a quarry's resistance, if not quash it entirely.

There was a power in his touch, for one. The way those monstrously large coils so casually moved a subject's body at his whim was quite effective on most creatures. Something about *feeling* how much stronger, how much bigger, how much smoother he was than them had a way of cowing even the strongest of beasts. It made them want his touch all the more, as if some deeply ingrained desire to submit flared up because of his possessive grasp. Gerrark had too much confidence to bow before any creature out of fear, but the witch was not immune the feeling of comfort his coils provided. The way they slithered over her as the snake danced with his snack was incredibly disarming.

His voice was also quite useful, his hiss specifically. While he didn't understand this as well as the power of his touch, he made good use of it anyway. When he spoke in that smooth, seductive tone, ears always flicked in his direction, the creatures present suddenly rapt. When he hissed, shivers slid down spines and shook out all the subject's stress along the way, his preys' bodies responding even if their minds did not. In the past, he'd met some creatures so susceptible to his alluring voice that they fell under his power from that alone, smiling along and agreeing to be his dinner date simply because he presented the idea in such an irresistible tone. The witch was not so susceptible herself, but that hardly meant she didn't have to stifle a groan as Saalim sung to his dance partner in that sibilant, sultry way that only he could. Just listening to him romance that fossa was making her jealous. Jealous that he wasn't speaking to her in the same way, even if she wasn't interested in becoming his meal. Well, maybe a little, now.

His final tool for ensnaring his prey was also his most unassuming: his appearance. The red of his coils excited the senses, and while not multicolored, the oval marking on his back drew the creature's gaze just as well as Saalim's eyes could. No one saw it coming, because even if they knew his gaze was deadly, who would suspect his movements or markings were just as powerful? Many creatures, the witch included, thought it was their best option if they had to avoid his eyes, and now the skunk was finding out just how persuasive Saalim's slithering could be.

The word "dance" was a poor descriptor for what Saalim and Kamille were doing. Saalim didn't simply move about the floor of the ballroom—he controlled it. His massive coils seemed to occupy every inch of the space the women were in, and the moment his dance began every inch from his snout to his tail slithered throughout it. This included the pile that Gerrark was currently lounging upon, and while she wasn't expecting her seat to be this active she was certainly enjoying the way the thick muscle constantly dragged along her body.

Kamille was little more than a toy in the snake's grasp. His tail wrapped around hers and yanked, spinning her like a top, while other coils guided her exactly where he wanted. She stopped when a large coil lifted up and caught her in its loop, and soon the snake was leaning in as he dipped her low to the ground. After a quick kiss, he threw her back to her feet, a coil sitting at waist level to knock her off her feet and into another loop ready to catch her. After beckoning her towards him, the fossa drunkenly swayed up his coils, climbing a stairway he created only to drop her into a sling, and throw her into another different pile.

This continued for several minutes in several different variations, and all the while the witch sat comfortably in her shifting seat, watching with keen interest. The way he moved was magnificent. She knew of no other creature so graceful or powerful, and, despite being so impatient a moment ago, she found herself thinking that she'd gladly watch this all day. The way his coils lifted and tossed Kamille about like a doll was downright arousing, and Gerrark loved watching Saalim's oval markings shift and shimmer in the candlelight as they moved across the fossa's body and floor. The skunk hadn't noticed it at first, but now she could see that the snake was not haphazardly toying with the fossa; it was a

production, a perfect tribute for the witch. Innumerable shapes and patterns emerged as the snake danced; thick circles squeezed at the fossa, the floor, and the witch as they continually both clockwise and counterclockwise around her; oozy triangles fluctuated before her as the coils bunched up and relaxed, pressing in on her vision from all sides; the design on his back seemed to have just as much life as the coils it sat upon, shades of red throbbing to the omnipresent beat of the snake's song. Gerrark, for all her paranoia before, was now swaying and smiling as the snake continued to dance, and his coils closed in. Saalim yanked Kamille close and stared into her eyes, giving a brief flash to prepare her mind for the commands he was about to give. Turning his back to the witch, he spoke in a whisper, so all the skunk heard was a satisfying hiss.

"It feels sssso good to be touched by me, to feel my mouth on your body. Make sure to vocalize it, my sssweet."

Saalim turned back towards the witch, a wicked smile on his scaled lips. He knew this next bit was going to drive her crazy.

"And now missstresss, it is time to give this treat the satisfaction you demand," Saalim said with all the pomp of a stage magician. He could barely contain his glee as he saw the look on Gerrark's face. Though she was trying to hide it, a flash of anger appeared in her eyes and her smile faltered. He was already sure of himself, but her grinding against the coil she was straddling confirmed it: she was dreadfully jealous of the fossa. So much so she was about to do something very, very stupid. Saalim casually shoved Kamille onto her back and into his coils, and after a little repositioning she was in wrapped up, her head, feet, and tail all that were exposed. He lifted the fossa up above his head with her face pointed towards the floor, and began to open his mouth, before closing it with a loud snap and trying to look embarrassed.

"Oh, excuse me mistress. Of course you'd want to see it up close," he said with a snicker. He slithered towards the witch, fossa in tow, watching the witch's expression get even more sexually frustrated the closer he got. She was starting to look like an animal in heat, and the way she pushed on his coils wasn't hurting that comparison.

"Mmmmf, just, eat her already," the skunk growled, staring directly at the snake. Saalim didn't press his luck with his hypnotic gaze, but he still enjoyed watching her eyes follow his as he moved his head close enough for their snouts to touch.

"Of coursssse missstresss," he hissed, eliciting a moan. "Relaxsss, I will take care of everything." He pulled back and gave her a wink, which made the skunk huff and blush. Sniggering, Saalim turned back towards his meal and licked his lips. He was salivating as he lifted her up above him and opened his mouth wide. He loosened his grip on the fossa, and she fell feet first into his mouth.

"Ahhh, ahhh, aaaahhhh..." The fossa was beside herself. When her feet first touched that warm, wet maw of his a jolt of pleasure raced through her body. She began to squirm in his grasp, and her moans filled the room. Saalim was moaning too, though it was muffled by the fossa's curling toes. His mouth closed around her feet and calves, and he began to suck, causing Kamille's wailing to get louder. His coils went wild as he sucked on her like a lollipop, bunching up, squirming, and squeezing the witch for stability. In part to further tempt the skunk, but also because he was that hungry, and this fossa was truly the perfect appetizer. Eventually, a taste was no longer enough, and his mouth opened again, the fossa sliding in further.

With each swallow more and more of her legs disappeared, pulled deeper into the serpent's throat. First her feet disappeared, and after a few more gulps, she was up to her knees. Her toes didn't stop wiggling, nor did she stop squirming in the coils that still held her. His tight, wet warmth around her legs was the most sensual, most satisfying experience she'd ever had. Until, that is, he finally got up to her waist, and his mouth closed once again.

Kamille felt like she started to scream, but all that came out was a series of high-pitched whines. Everything from the waist down was being massaged by Saalim's mouth and throat. Squeezed and

kneaded and rolled around in his mouth. It was so warm. Every time he sucked on her legs they lit up with electric pleasure, and every time his tongue tickled her she wanted to scream. She rocked back and forth in his mouth, her voice getting louder as his wonderful torture continued.

"Ahhh, ahh, S-s-s-saalim," the fossa began to shout through the coils that slithered across her snout, "It f-f-feels so good!" Saalim would have laughed if he could. She was pouring it on thick, but she was doing a perfect job nevertheless. He noticed Gerrark's pinched-up face out of the corner of his eye when Kamille started to shout, those puckered lips framed beautifully by the blush that seemed permanently stuck to her cheeks. She was breathing harder now, he could feel her chest pressing against his coils. Saalim smiled inwardly to himself, and after eliciting a particularly juicy screech from the fossa, continued eating his appetizer.

Saalim was right earlier: those hips were hard to deal with. Getting Kamille's fat rear in his mouth wasn't so hard, and he loved gumming it to boot. But swallowing them was a different story. It took him a good few gulps and repositioning the fossa before he finally got those hips down his throat, which bulged from their width. The witch was both extremely turned on and infuriated that such an insignificant creature could make such a thick snake's throat bulge like that. Saalim, feeling her squeeze the coil she was straddling harder, was happy to take advantage, threading it slooowly up her front, giving her a nice snoutful of Saalim's beguiling scales.

Up and up the serpent's maw climbed, leaving little of the fossa remaining. The only part that was still coiled up was her neck and shoulders, because everything below it was either swallowed, or about to be. Her tiny tummy slid in with ease, though he took a moment to tease her breasts. He loved the way she whimpered and squirmed; it felt so good so deep in his throat. It was the feeling of fullness being only a few gulps away.

A few swallows later, and he had let go of her entirely. Her chest was in his throat, and her shoulders were slowly following. Her cries of pleasure had all but stopped, her brain completely fried from the onslaught of pleasurecrashing over her. She stared straight ahead, out of the snake's mouth, that trademark grin on her face, and those colors in her eyes, strobing so, so fast. Saalim swallowed until only her head was free from his throat, and then leaned in close to the witch. The skunk was careful of the snake's eyes, but she didn't resist in the slightest when the coil around her neck made her stare at the fossa. Saalim couldn't see her, but he could feel her body soften in his possessive grasp, and he could swear her cheeks were turning up in a dopey grin. That's when Saalim got a gift so great it almost made him regret that he was eating the fossa.

"Thank you Saalim... for eating me..." Saalim couldn't believe his good luck, and made sure to capitalize immediately. His jaw snapped shut, and after a powerful swallow, the fossa was gone. All that was left was Saalim, a skunk who was losing her mind with arousal, and the bulge in his throat sliding steadily down his body.

"Mmmmmm, mmmmm mmmm mmmmm," Saalim shook with satisfaction, leaning in close to the skunk. "Thank you sssso much for that treat, mistress. She was delicioussssss..." His eyelids lowered as he gave her a sultry look, and his coils, piled around her to the point that she was almost invisible, gave her a squeeze. She blinked, and suddenly his gorgeous yellow eyes were her entire world.

She didn't turn her gaze away. She was beyond thinking about such petty concerns. The only reason she came to this plane of existence every year was to experience the greatest pleasures this world had to offer her. She'd be a fool not to take this chance, her lust-addled brain told her. Why did she need to be careful anyway? She was all-powerful witch! That's why she could stare into the colors that had suddenly appeared. That's why it was alright for her to sit there and watch, as his coils wrapped tightly around her. That's why she chose to be a good skunk and relaxed, just like the snake said.

"Yessss, my mistresssss... Let me help you relaxsss, just like that..." The colors blossomed across her eyes mere seconds after he turned on his gaze, just as he had hoped. Need--Greedy, stupid, need--had consumed her brain and body, and now neither could fight back. She was smothered in colors

and coils. But it wasn't enough. This witch was dangerous, so he had to make sure she wouldn't just fight back, but there was nothing left for her to fight back with. His forehead pressed hard into hers, and the colors in his eyes sped up.

"Feel the pleasure coursse through you my ssskunk. Let yourself go, sssurrender to it." Every hiss rumbled through her body, making her soft form quake. Every pulse of color shot a twitch of joy throughout her whole body, amplified by Saalim playing with more sensitive areas of her body. Squeezing her breasts in between to thick coils, while sliding one back and forth between her slickening legs. Her whole body was a twitching mess before long, and she couldn't stop panting. As pleasure continued to consume her, her body got stiffer and stiffer, until Saalim could feel her about to snap under the pressure of it all. That's when his mouth opened up, and he forced the witch into a sloppy, sensual kiss.

Her moaning echoed down his throat as her body shook in his grasp. Her legs squeezed hard and her paws dug in as every last bit of her consciousness disappeared in that kiss, and the obliterating warmth that followed. When she finally stopped struggling, Saalim pulled back, his eyes back to normal. The witch was sitting in his grasp, stiff as a board, and soaked in sweat, saliva, and arousal. The concentric circles in her eyes and the smile on her face meant one thing--The witch was gone. All that was left was a stupid skunk.

"Sssleep, my skunk," Saalim whispered, and her eyelids closed immediately. She was out in seconds, drooling onto the coil affixed firmly around her neck. Saalim could barely contain himself, looking at this thick morsel before him. He was so eager he didn't bother to get her into a more manageable position. He exposed her head and pushed it up, opened wide, and dove in.

She tasted so fantastic. Sweet, somehow, but earthy as well. A flavor unlike anything he'd ever tasted. His eyes rolled back as he sucked on the skunk's snout, and he squeezed her with a possessiveness that bordered on romantic. In a way, he really did regret eating this fetching creature, rather than saving her for after her party was over. Just not enough to stop.

Swallowing her head was easy, but that was it. The moment he got to her shoulders he started to have difficulty, but that was alright. That just meant he'd have to take it slower and enjoy it more. His jaw opened wider around her, and after forcing her up with a few coils, her shoulders went in with a "pop!"

After that was her breasts, which were the most difficult part. They may not have been her widest point, but they were large, and they flopped out of the side of his mouth as he swallowed her, getting caught on the side of his mouth. An enjoyable enough issue, but a problem nonetheless, even if it gave him ample time to squeeze her chest with his mouth. With a little finagling of his tail he was eventually able to get both of her fatty tits into his throat, and from that he continued his slow gorging.

Her stomach spilled out of his mouth in much the same way as her breasts, but he was able to suck it in with much less difficulty. Then came her hips. It took Saalim several minutes of swallowing to finally get those in. It wasn't altogether unpleasant, because his tongue tasted the pleasure leaking out between her legs the entire time, and it was fantastic. His perseverance won out in the end, and before too long her hips were bulging his throat out, just like the rest of her.

It was downhill from there. Her thick thighs were pulled into his throat with a few strong swallows, and shortly after that her knees and calves were gone, too. When only her feet and tail remained, Saalim gently closed his mouth, and began to slurp. He slurped her tail right up as her body disappeared into his coils, and by the time he reached the end of it, it only took one more gulp before it was pulled in. He smacked his lips and shivered, drunk on the feeling of fullness that radiated through his coils.

There was no more orange to be had anywhere. No trace of the women whatsoever. Only an ocean of red coils, with two bulges pushing out above the waves. One barely pressed out against his

coils, deep in the thickest parts of him at this point, while the other made a large, feminine imprint. Both quivered, but only occasionally.

Sleep was coming quickly for Saalim, and he lowered his head onto the biggest lump in his coils. He wasn't sure what was going to happen next, but he didn't really care. He was satisfied, and felt he deserved a long nap after a meal like that. Besides, he mused, if others did show up, that really only meant one thing: time for dessert.