

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

Kamille was not careful, or at least, not as much as she should have been. The fossa had every intention of enjoying the natural beauty the jungle had to offer her tonight, but at that exact moment she was completely oblivious to it. She was oblivious to everything, in fact, but the gargantuan red snake swaying before her. She swayed in time 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 drew 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 to himself 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 she wasn't even wrapped up yet. From the moment he saw Kamille stomping through the jungle he was sure she'd make the perfect midnight snack, and now that she was swaying mindlessly before him, there wasn't any doubt.

She was bashful and nervous at first, as they 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 his hypnotic pattern anymore, but hers continued to reflect it anyway, and she followed his gaze nevertheless. She was clearly already prepared 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 higher, and 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.

"Jusssst a bit closer, that's right," Saalim cooed to his prey. If she noticed that she had reached the last step that he had made for her, she sure didn't act like it. With the large serpent 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 snack," 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 as far as Saalim was concerned was the opposite of a problem. 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 craving 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 didn't slide for long before 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... sleep my snack, no more thoughts for meeee..." His eyes strobed with color again, and her gaze was drawn to it immediately. She was already eager to obey the snake 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 to keep 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 would 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 (it was only a week) since he had last eaten, 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 definitely somewhat aware of what the snake was doing. If the moans she was filling his maw with were any indication, she was enjoying the attention quite a bit herself.

He sat there suckling on her head for a bit, only taking breaks to smack his lips and let her breathe--not something he'd normally do considering she would be snake fat in a second anyway, but he was loving the way Kamille squirmed in his grasp. After a couple minutes more of tasting he finally pulled off and licked his lips; his eyes strobed with color one more time, the snake as enraptured as Kamille was by the prospect of this dinner date. He opened his huge 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--it hit empty air, which was what was occupying his coils as well. Kamille had disappeared. He had too, he immediately realized. Where he was he wasn't sure... It looked like he was floating in the night sky, surrounded by odd points of light and rushing winds. The unnerving feeling of his coils floating through the air only made that seem more plausible. How this had happened (or what was happening for that matter), he had no idea, but what he did know was that it all seemed oddly familiar. He was sure this had all happened before, or something like it, but it felt like it came from a dream that he couldn't quite recall. He had

no more time to worry or reflect though, for almost as soon as he was aware of his situation it was changing again. It felt like someone had tied a rope around his tail, and that he was being yanked very hard by it. He struggled and thrashed for a moment, but it was useless, and before he knew it this invisible hand had yanked him through an unseen hole in space. Without any warning gravity applied once more, and he found himself falling into a huge heap of coils upon a very hard surface.

It felt like he was unconscious, if only for a second or two. Darkness slowly but surely gave way to soft but omnipresent light, peaking through the gaps in his coils. Feeling returned to his long body, starting at his head and sliding down the length of his coils. This thankfully confirmed that he was no worse for the 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, exceptionally nearby, one of which he didn't recognize (and yet he should, he felt), but the other he identified immediately. 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. The voice that wasn't Kamille was getting closer and starting to sound very excited, so he decided that now was as good a time as any to find out where he was.

Peeking his snout out from 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 the scattered points of light warped the snake's perception of the place, which was certainly on purpose, he figured. It made the room stretch onto infinity, as if the party that would take place here would go on forever. He barely had time to take it all in before an impatient voice hit his ears, and everything came rushing back at once.

"Well well well, look who's decided to join us," said the Witch 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 for some reason, and soon her huge body was shaking with laughter.

It was the Witch, a skunk that 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 huge head of untamed white fur blew from a wind that Saalim could not feel, while her eyes were wild with desire, and madness; the hundreds of pounds of furry fat that hung from her chest and gut and hips wobbled 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.

"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 so 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 the tip of his snout to the tip of his tail, which unknotted the rest of his coils and made most of them splay out across the floor. He already looked quite big 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 the Witch, even the skunk 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 pressed 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," the tone of her voice as she said that was terrifying, to put it lightly, "but without a proper disposal to take care of my more rowdy guests, the party starts to become chaos, chaos! And not the kind of chaos that I advertise for this party; that's different!" "Melodramatic" could hardly describe her. Her voice rose in volume and pitch with each word, and she gesticulated like a madwoman who was trying to warn a group of apathetic onlookers of their impending doom. It probably would have been less ridiculous if they weren't in an enormously empty room, but maybe that was the point, actually. Hard to tell with her. When she was done, she went back to 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 her 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 in his coils 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.

"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 much more serious than Saalim thought she was capable of, "Because I have a job for you to do, and quickly."

"Hmmm? What's 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. For 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 on 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, but 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—but without warning, she snapped that tail of hers like a whip, and the serpent's coils were 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?"

"It's unforgivable, my sssweet," Saalim said, his tail pushing in between her flank and arm from behind, "Look at how tense it's 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, pulling it off with ease. With Saalim off-balance, the Witch 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, suddenly squeezing his neck very hard, too hard, before finally letting him go.

“My apologies,” the Saalim said, his voice a bit strained from the Witch’s “affectionate” squeezing, “I’m simply eager to help. I hate to see such a delectable sssn-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 the rest of her face didn’t change 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 mistresss, if you’re sure...” Saalim didn’t really know how to react. It wasn’t that he didn’t want to eat Kamille, obviously he did--the moment he saw that sleepy 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 sumptuous skunk. However the gears were already turning in his head, the snake 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.” The Witch giggled to herself wickedly, and her large tail swished back and forth behind her with evil intent.

“Make sure to hypnotize her, by the way. Make a big show of it. Fill her with an irrepressible need to be eaten. I’m bored, serpent.” With that, she plopped herself down onto a pile of Saalim’s coils, crossed her legs, and looked at the snake expectantly.

Saalim couldn’t believe his good fortune. He fully 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 a pile of his 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, mistresssss,” his coils undulated underneath her as he spoke, ever-so-carefully moving her into a more relaxed position, “I’ll 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. Try as he might, Saalim could not stop the smile from 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."

"Of coursse."

Saalim slithered towards the fainting couch, several feet of coil piling up close behind him. As was previously mentioned Kamille was on said 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, delicious..." he said to himself, not only because of her taste, but also because of the little squirm that slid through her when he tickled her breast. He proceeded to move his head down to her stomach and hiss around her belly button, but he didn't stop there. He moved his head down the entire length of her body, tasting everything he could reach along the way. Starting at her tummy, he kissed her flank and nuzzled against her hips (spending a particularly long amount of time tasting the space between her thighs) before pushing his huge head down her thighs, reveling in the fat that continued down to her thick calves. It was by this point that she started to wake up, but Saalim continued unabated. She sleepily grabbed at the snake's snout as he moved down to her feet so he tasted her hands instead, and that's when her eyes finally opened.

"Mmm, that tickle-Ahhh, ahh, you! It's you!" Kamille's drowsy smile melted away as her vision cleared and she saw the identity of the creature pushing his snout against her hands. She let out a frightened yelp and slid away, 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 the serpent 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 heap of coils nearby, and pointed an accusatory finger in her direction.

"You! I don't know who you are but I know I saw you 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, when his prey was this scared that spelled 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 that much more likely to do so again, their minds already accustomed to (and more than that, craving) the pleasure that only this snake could provide... Besides, it's not like she put up that 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.

"This doesn't need to be a nightmare, my dear Kamille," he said, speaking in as soothing a tone as he could, "It's your dream. You should relaxsss, enjoy yourself." 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 sssnack. Don't you remember? I led you back to your village, just like I promissed." He moved his huge head back and forth in a semicircle in front of her, smiling the whole time. What seemed like simply moving about, as someone would normally do in a conversation, was actually a subtle attempt to see if he could get the fassa to calm down and follow his movements--it was working like a charm. She turned away from him 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 just falling for his charm didn't really matter; as he comforted her, a ring of hypnotic color occasionally pushed out to the edge of his vision, and after only a sentence or two 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 course, Kamille. You're fassst asleep in your bed," the Witch laughed when he said that, so he casually looped a coil around 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 moved 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, and knowing that, Saalim took his chance.

"You can't explain 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. Nevertheless, 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 the wondrous bands of color that were filling her vision and scrambling her thoughts. 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 pull at 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 slipped away, and right as it began to push out, Saalim turned off his own hypnotic gaze. He watched with a smile as the ring retreated back into her pupil, the gears in her head slowly shifting 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 really explain why she felt so good, so warm, so physical, 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.

"Is everything alright, my ssssweet?" Saalim looked concerned while the tip of his tail slid up the couch behind her, resting on her shoulder like a caring hand. It startled her at first, 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 sunk into the couch, smiling back at the snake.

"Yes, yes it is, uh... Umm. Hm, 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, but it was enough. The suspicion in her mind was squashed before she was even fully 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."

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

"Ssssomething about embarrassing desires, wasn't it?"

She was red as a beet, and 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 exactly remem--"

"You've always wondered what it would be like to be caught by a snake sssuch as myself," Saalim said 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..."

"Toyed with," she repeated dumbly, the light of intelligence leaving her eyes.

"To be desssired."

"Desired..."

"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 whims were dark, so it was no surprise she'd enjoy his seduction of this poor fossa, but he didn't expect *this*. The Witch had all but 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 in his coils. Apparently he wouldn't need to work as hard as he thought to ensnare these lovely ladies, but first things 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, a feeling that others can only imagine." Without his colors the fossa's consciousness began to return, but not before those words had the chance to slither themselves all the way down from her ears to the space between her legs--when she finally came to and sat 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 uhh, 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 all at once. 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 (and delightfully sensitive, for that matter). 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 trance, and she could almost see what they were trying to tell her. 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 what parts she enjoyed having squeezed. The last one quickly morphed from a squeeze into a constant, undulating massage that was making Kamille shiver and moan.

"It feels good to be in my coils, doesn't it," Saalim said as his head circled around the whimpering girl, "Feels sso safe, sso comfy." His enormous head was right next to hers now, the two cheek to cheek. 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."

"It is..." Kamille admitted, now that the massage and hypnosis had broken down her last barriers of shame, "You're so heavy... 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..." she replied in a soft voice. Saalim chuckled and pivoted his head so their foreheads pressed 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 just thoughtlessly agree to, despite how wonderful those coils felt upon her body. *If* she had a chance to think about it, that is--Saalim had had enough 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 pulled across her snout. He let his gaze return 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, as well as the coils that were piling upon her; it looked like all the stress from her life up until that point left in that last surrendering breath.

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

"What's that?"

"Listen, and relaxssss..." The moment he spoke his eyes filled with color. Green, purple, yellow, each one pushing out from his pupil, out across the entirety of Kamille's vision, filling her consciousness. The colors reflected in her gaze the moment she saw them, and upon her face was a huge smile, mirroring the serpent's. There was no fear or fight left in the fossa, only a need for the bliss that Saalim promised 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 phase of ensnaring 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 cutie's attention.

"Ssstare at me, let go," he hissed, "It's time for some fun." He wasn't saying it for Kamille--as far as Saalim was 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 the Witch could tell, Saalim already had the fossa under his sway, so what else was there besides the eating? She was getting impatient for the main event, but being the incorrigible pleasure seeker that she was, she had to admit she was intrigued by this new development. She impetuously threw the coil she was romancing seconds ago to the ground beside her and shifted into a position better suited for paying attention. Her coil seat also shifted to make sure she was as comfortable as possible; the Witch assumed the snake was being helpful, which was a huge mistake.

"Come to me, my pet," Saalim said, urging the fossa ever closer with a coy flick of his tail. With her eyes filled with the colors that marked her as his, it was hard to tell if she actually saw that, but she stumbled forward anyway. His coils were all over 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 the Witch 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 support Kamille without difficulty. Eventually the mesmerized girl reached the snake's head, which was looming high above, and wearing an ominous smile.

"Let's dancsse, my dear," Saalim commanded his snack. She tried lifting up her arm, but it was so heavy, and the exertion made her sway unsteadily on her feet. Chuckling at first, Saalim lifted her hand with a coil that swelled up seemingly from nowhere, and lowered his head, giving the back of her hand 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 of himself. 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 used it to scoop up unsuspecting prey just like him (though they were typically less sexual than him in their seduction). But a snake does not grow to be as long and as large as Saalim did only relying on that to capture his meals. That mind melting gaze, while powerful, was 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 snakes out there, 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.

There was a power in his touch, for one. The way those monstrously large coils could move his prey's body so casually had an oddly tranquilizing effect 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 simply because of his possessive grasp. The Witch had far too much confidence to bow before any creature out of fear, but the skunk was not immune to the feeling of comfort and safety 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 of his all ears flicked in his direction, any creature present suddenly rapt with attention. 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 and agreeing to be his dinner simply because he presented the idea with such an irresistible tone. The Witch was not so susceptible herself, but that didn't mean she didn't have to stifle a groan as Saalim sung to his dance partner in that enchanting 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 prey was also his most unassuming: his appearance. The red of his coils excited the senses and stimulated the body, and while not multicolored, the oval marking on his back drew the creature's gaze exactly 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 they were fine if they just avoided his eyes, and now the skunk was finding out just how persuasive Saalim's slithering could be.

Of course, the word "dance" was a poor descriptor for what Saalim and Kamille were doing. The serpent 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 his entire body, from his snout to his tail, slithered throughout it. This included the pile that the Witch was currently lounging upon, and while she wasn't expecting her seat to be this active, she was certainly enjoying the way the thick muscles 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 of them 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 (besides herself, obviously), and despite being so impatient a moment ago she now found herself thinking that she could watch this all day. The way his coils lifted and tossed Kamille about like a doll was downright arousing, and the skunk loved watching Saalim's oval markings 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, perfect tribute for the Witch. Innumerable shapes and patterns that the skunk did not expect emerged as the snake danced; thick circles squeezed at the fossa, and the Witch, as they continued to slither both clockwise and counterclockwise around them both; 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. The Witch, despite all her suspicion before, was now swaying and smiling as the snake continued to dance, his coils closing in. Saalim yanked Kamille close and stared into her eyes, giving a brief flash of color 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 sso 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, mistresss, 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 the Witch'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, *painfully* so. 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 wrapped up, her head, feet, and tail all that were exposed. He lifted the fossa up above his head and began to open his mouth, before closing it with a loud snap of his jaw and trying to look embarrassed.

“Oh, excuse me mistress. Of course you’d want to see it up close,” he said with a knowing snicker. He slithered over towards the Witch, fossa in tow, watching the skunk’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.

“Mmm, just, eat her already,” the skunk growled, staring directly at the snake. Saalim didn’t press his luck by turning on his eyes, but he still enjoyed watching her gaze follow his as he moved his head close enough for their snouts to touch.

“Of coursssse, mistress,” he hissed, and she moaned, “Relaxss, 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.

“Ahh, ah, aaaahhh-!”

The fossa was beside herself. When her feet first touched that warm, inviting maw of Saalim’s, a jolt of pleasure raced through her. She began to squirm in his grasp, the powerful feeling that shook her body too much to bear, moans falling constantly from her mouth. Saalim was moaning too, his own sounds only barely less sexual in shade. When he finally managed to close his mouth around her feet his entire length shook for a moment, pressing extra hard against the Witch as he did so, *hard* against the wet warmth between her legs. Sticky slickness was building up on the coils that slid between the skunk’s thighs, just as other juices were sliding down the fossa’s crotch to meet the serpent’s lips. It’s a good thing what happened next was already a part of Saalim’s plan, because he couldn’t have helped himself even if he wanted to.

“Ooohh, ooh-! Oooohhh~”

The Witch’s heavy body shook as Saalim’s twin serpent dicks pushed out from the slit in his coils, which just so happened to be positioned directly under her crotch. They pushed out slowly, agonizingly slowly--she could feel them drag against her pussy lips and backside the entire time, slick things that throbbed with hunger equalling her own.

Perhaps if this were a different woman, she’d worry about letting a massive snake fuck her while she sat in his possessive pile of his coils, all while watching him eat a different lady--this was not a different woman, though, this was *the* different woman. The Witch knew that what she was doing was dangerous, that this was irresponsible and stupid, and that’s exactly why she was so wet. This beautiful bastard of a snake was daring to fuck her--Her!--without permission, because he was so overtaken with lust from swallowing some stupid bitch that he couldn’t control himself... the perfect way to start her party! She didn’t wait for the snake to reposition once his cocks were fully revealed, and he didn’t wait for him to give her pleading eyes either; as soon as Saalim was at full masts she was sitting up, grabbing a dick in each hand, and sliding down. One parting her pussy, the other forcing its way into her ass. Thick, throbbing snake cocks, filling the spaces between her hips, driving heat further into her body.

“Ahh, hah, hahahh,” the Witch panted, lifting her hips up only to slam them right back down, feeling herself fill almost to discomfort. The massive snake’s cocks were about as big as one would expect from a mega-predator like him, but “temperance” was

not a word in the Witch's vocabulary. She rocked her hips back and forth despite the fact that it made her gasp every time, and her face scrunched up in a look that could not be discerned between anger and pleasure. She was losing herself to the fuck, and fast, just as Saalim hoped she would--the way he continued to shiver and squeeze around her big orange body as his mouth steadily climbed up Kamille's legs might have had something to do with that.

Moaning oozed out of the snake's muffled mouth while it also slithered through his scales, resulting in more and more grinding against the skunk's thick fur. The fossa's feet, and also her calves, had long since disappeared in the snake's mouth at this point, and his scaled lips were also inching past her knobbly knees, eager to feel the weight of her thighs against them. Every part of Kamille that was inside of the snake's throat felt like it was being massaged and tickled and preened all at the same time, it was all too much, the girl was drooling at this point (both ends). As soon as she felt the fat at the top of her legs dimple under the force of unrelenting serpent lips, she couldn't contain it anymore, even with the heavy weight of a hypnotic trance dulling her reactions--she came, all over the tongue hissing between her legs, all over the snout snuffling against her pussy, all over Saalim's whole head.

"Fuh, fuh, fuuuuck-! Her," the Witch groaned, completely inaudible over the fossa's squealing; Saalim put a stop to that fast with a tail tip down Kamille's throat. The skunk's face was red--perhaps with exertion, maybe with anger, but there was almost certainly a little embarrassment. She couldn't believe that this stupid girl, this uninvited guest, was enjoying herself this much, so thoroughly, so much more than *her!* It was downright heretical, and the fact that the Witch was amidst the hottest fuck she could remember in years wasn't making up for it either. She hadn't even cum yet, and that damn fossa was doing so without even being fucked!

Saalim's mouth continued its steady climb up Kamille's thighs, more and more of the coil cocoon unraveling from her body as he did so. Eventually he reached the source of all that sticky sweet fossa cum, her pussy, and spent a shameless half minute tonguing those lips for even more; bouncing her asscheeks on his lower jaw; getting drunker (if that were somehow possible) on the heady brew of prey sweat and pheromones.

He was in such a frenzied state for so long that he managed to slurp down her hips and up to her belly without even realizing it, but he didn't slow down even when he did. Her warmth felt incredible from inside him, he could feel her weight pulling down his coils in the most pleasurable way, he needed **more**. He had all but forgotten about his gluttonous scheme by this point; his eyes strobed hypnotic pleasure, but not with intent.

The underside of Kamille's modest tits bumped against Saalim's upper lip; as soon as they did he opened his mouth, and after one powerful swallow that pulled the fossa a whole three inches deeper, he closed it again, ensconcing them entirely. They were so soft, so incredibly soft, and warm. He could feel her heartbeat inside of his mouth, and it made his dicks flex so hard the Witch howled. He gulped again.

One last coil remained, the one around Kamille's neck. It finally started to unfurl, because it was all that remained between Saalim and the end of an amazing meal. Another gulp, another swallow, feeling her hips fill out his neck, and soon he was up to the fossa's. One more powerful pull and she'd be inside him, be his, forever. He was in heaven.

While the Witch, on the other hand, felt like she was in hell. As Kamille's head flopped back without a coil to support it, the skunk finally got a good look at her expression, and the sight she saw reviled her: the look on the fossa's face was nothing short of comatose euphoria. Kamille was enjoying this serpent in a way that the Witch could not, and the skunk who definitely hadn't long ago been mesmerized by the snake's voice and scales and cocks was jealous to the point of insanity. Kamille gasped, sighed really, just as Saalim's mouth closed for the final time around her head, and the tone of satisfaction that it carried was absolutely the tipping point.

"Eh, eat me!" the Witch screeched. Saalim shook himself out of his own trance when he heard this, suddenly remembering what he had been aspiring to do here all along. Wasting no time, he began strobing his eyes before he even turned his head down towards the Witch, but as soon as he did, he stopped. The skunk's expression was as wild and demanding and horny as ever, but with one crucial detail: her eyes were already filled with Saalim's purples, yellows, and greens. It seemed the Witch was so ravenous for the sensation of the snake's control that she pushed herself over the edge without him, and was already as far gone as she could get--still riding his cocks like a champ.

Saalim's eyes narrowed, and he smiled; he swallowed once more, feeling the fossa settle a bit deeper, and then licked his lips. He moved his head close to the skunk's, and the spit that was flying from her mouth as she bounced splattered upon his chin. His voice made her shiver down to her crotch and squeeze, squeeze so much that he immediately began to cum.

"As you wish, mistresssss... ahh..."

It happened so quickly--Saalim started shooting inside her, and as soon as he did he moaned, transitioning the movement into a sudden swallow around the Witch's entire head. She howled too, howled deep down in his throat, deep into the tight wetness that surrounded her head on every side, and came like a waterfall as well. Twitching, gasping, screaming, thrashing, convulsing, all that and more as the serpent with eyes rolling back in his head continued his journey down her body.

Kamille was delicious, but the Witch was exquisite. Fat hung off of every part of her body, and pressed so perfectly against the inside of his throat as he swallowed her. Her tits were so big that he actually had to use a coil to help hoist one in over the edge of his jaw--the second they were secure and he started chomping on them proper, milk flooded his mouth. He came again, or at least it felt like it. Sweet, warm milk, filling his throat, as powerful jets of serpent cum filled the Witch's pussy and ass. Either way, his dicks flexed, and the skunk continued to writhe.

Eventually he got past her tits, and down to her huge tummy. Even more swallowing was needed to suck her many, many rolls down, but he loved every second of it. He could practically feel his body growing already, several feet longer at least from the meat that was filling him. No matter how much he chomped or sucked or lashed with his tongue it felt like there was always more, more of her gut, to the point that it took him by surprise when he was finally finished with it... for all of a second, anyway. He smiled around the skunk's stomach, and moved further.

Her hips were the widest point of all, but thankfully that whole area was so soaked in serpent cum, skunk spunk, and plenty of spit as well, so she slid down rather easily. Nevertheless, he stopped swallowing once her pussy was fully inside him, simply

because the lascivious serpent couldn't pass up this one last opportunity to make her toes curl with his tongue (they did). He let her juices and his fill his mouth, coat his tongue, and he began to swallow once more.

By now only her legs remained, and though they were just as thick as the rest of her, Saalim was more than able to tilt his head back and help her slide down. Down his throat, so silky smooth, so easily. It felt so good for him, for her, for everyone. Was she still orgasming, even now? He could still hear her moaning, and he thought he tasted more skunk juices. Snapping himself out of the swaying bliss he'd fallen into for a second, he gulped again.

And again, and again, until only the Witch's feet were still in his mouth. He hissed against her toes, and her body shifted inside him--it made his whole length move, just a little. The sensation was absurd, enough to make him actually consider jerking off again, though he decided against it. One more swallow, and the skunk was gone.

"Mmm.... Delicsssioussss..." Saalim hissed, his mouth no longer full. The rest of him was, though; while the bulge that was Kamille was nothing more than a slightly-thicker-but-otherwise-completely-innocuous section of scales, the bulge that was the Witch was practically her silhouette. He'd need a while to enjoy, which is to say, digest, this feast... a month seemed about right. Yes, a lazy, lovely month... to sleep, to relax, no need to worry about eating for a bit...

Just as sleep started to overtake Saalim, a large brown cow woman popped into existence about ten feet in front of him, causing him to jump up from his pile of coils with a start. She looked confused at first, but after a second she smiled, excitement plain upon her face.

"Hey! I'm here for the party, is the Witch around?"

Saalim smiled. Maybe he had room for *one* more meal... or several.

"Yesss, indeed she is, my dear. Let me show you where she went..."