

You've never heard snakes shouting before, I'd imagine. There's a good reason for that. You've heard them speak before, haven't you? No? Well, as you can imagine, it's smooth, sibilant, and very low, no matter if the snake is male or female. So to the untrained ear, or from very far away, the snake just sounds like it's hissing. The same applies to a shouting match between snakes. So while no animals dared to get close to the two reptiles, no animals actually knew that they were both upset in the first place. It just sounded like a bomb with the longest fuse in the world was in the clearing they occupied. Pretty apt metaphor, actually.

"This is the last straw!" The oddly purple python spat. He was hissing even more than usual; being upset (or trying to slide his sibilant tones through the ears of unsuspecting prey to catch them off guard) tends to have that effect on him.

"He was mine! I stalked him for hours, tempted him to follow me with promises of leading him back, and even got him to strip! Then just as I was getting a drink, you yank him by the ankles into your tree. He was mine for the day and you know it!"

It was the same old argument. The only aspect that ever changed was who had stolen from the other, but what do you expect? When two snakes with an inclination towards taking advantage unsuspecting victims via hypnotic seduction decide to take up the same area of the jungle, there's little doubt about what's going to follow. Yes, it is actually a common problem.

"Sssso you're going to blame me for your slowness? Typical," the other snake said, rolling her eyes. Her creamy yellow scales contrasted perfectly to the other's deep purple, but her voice had the exact same tone of annoyance in it.

"As if you haven't done the same thing anyway," she retorted, her voice rising in volume, "I may have stolen that rabbit out from under you, but only because you stole my lizard while I was going to the bathroom!"

"Which was only because you took that spectacled cat! You know I like nerdy boys!"

"Sssso easily you forget how you stole that panda from under me! You know black and white are my favorite colors to coil around!"

The snakes puffed out like they were about to explode (I told you it was a good metaphor.), their foreheads jammed against one another's. Were they of a more uncouth persuasion like some of their less civilized cousins, this is where they'd attempt to just squeeze the life out of each other and end it. But they're better than that, and that's why after a few minutes of just staring and hissing they finally backed off slightly, the cream colored snake opening her mouth.

"Fine, we'll settle this once and for all."

"And how do you suggest that?" the purple python asked.

"One of us deserves this spot more than the other, that much is obvious," she said, her tone becoming far less actively aggressive and more passively so. Though she left little doubt who *she* believed was deserving of taking up residence in this part of the jungle.

"Yes, clearly only one of us," the male snake murmured, leaving out the part about how the other was an undeserving and treacherous thief.

"Sssso then, what about a contest? We'll see who deserves to be the hypnotic keeper of this jungle by seeing who's the better sssseductor."

"That sssounds unbelievably foolish, especially since-"

"So you're afraid of losing then," she said, swinging her tail tip about flippantly, "Well I'm not surprised. You know that I'm far the more seductive sssnake."

"We'll see about that you cheating strumpet!" Purple said, bringing his head up to be taller. Sometimes he wished he was a cobra, flaring his hood would have been perfect right now.

"Then we're agreed. Now, obviously we can't have either of us judge it, sooooo..."

"So we should have the person we both hypnotize judge, is that it? Ssseems like there's a good chance they could be made biased,"

"Isn't that the point of the contest?" She said with a smile.

"You're on," The male snake muttered, looking about for a moment, "Who then?"

"Well we've both used the creatures around us to their fullest extent, I think. We need fresh meat."

"I couldn't agree more," he hissed with delight at the thought, his tongue flicking out in anticipation.

"So the first new male foolish enough to step into my jungle-"

"Ahem?"

"Right, our jungle (at least for now)," the female serpent muttered that last part under her breath, "will be sset upon by both of us, and whoever he crawls back to when we're down wins."

"Fine by me." The cream colored held out the tip of her tail towards him, and his own coiled around it. They shook once, and both instantly let go, exchanging one last glaring look at each other.

It was a fine plan, really. The best the two could come up with in terms of fairness to the both of them. Unfortunately they both seemed to have conveniently forgotten the fact that sometimes it was days before a newcomer got to the jungle. Four days to be precise. Four days spent almost entirely fuming and watching each other like, well. Not really hawks. Really paranoid snakes, rather.

Luckily, before a fourth fight (which was likely to end in them just outright attempting to kill each other) broke out, both snakes heard a sound neither had before. It was a kind of whistling, muffled by the dense underbrush, but it was different than normal whistling. Many oblivious tourists and explorers stomped their way through the jungle before, whistling and guaranteeing every inhabitant within a mile radius knew where they were, but this was far less conspicuous than usual. Maybe it was because the tone was much lower, or because the tune wasn't cheery, or both, but this was an undeniably new sound pushing its way through the jungle. It took the two still-glaring-snakes only a few of seconds before they realized what this meant, and they both bolted towards the sound as quickly as they could. What they saw instantly turned annoyance to fascination, allowing no need to discuss things; their contest was ready to begin.

They were no stranger to canines. They'd seen wolves, a few foxes, and of course differing breeds of dog, but this one was quite unique. A reddish-brown mutt of considerable height (What was he, seven foot? Jeez) grumbled his way through the dense jungle plant life, his angry muttering broken up only by even angrier sounding whistling. Along with his oddly casual clothing he wore a frown that basically said "My other expression is a frown," and while it was clear he had absolutely no idea where he was going, he was not afraid like most others in his situation were. He showed no signs of

nervousness, or fear, or anything like that. At most, he just seemed annoyed by the situation. Clearly, he was not someone who'd be easily lured in by promises of safety, shelter, or relaxation. And he *definitely* did not seem like someone who'd just stupidly follow the advice of any old stranger (especially ones who are actually giant talking snakes). Maybe there *was* some sort of diety up there watching and orchestrating it all, and he was a voyeur who had a kink for hypnosis.

The cream colored snake wasted no time, ducking her head under the bushes and sliding up around a tree behind them, well hidden from the view of their prey. The purple python, not keen to be left behind, instead slid underneath the thick covering of underbrush, approaching this odd mutt slowly but surely from the ground.

"Looks like your lossst." Came a voice from above the red dog, the stranger's ears flicking. His head lifted from its slouching position incredibly slowly, the dog looking around for the source of the noise. The frown did not waver even slightly.

"Well, I can certainly help you with that." The creamy snake hissed, trying to make her voice as lyrical and pleasing as possible, despite the complete lack of visible affect her voice had on the dog.

Not that it mattered. The snake came out of the ring swinging it seemed. The rust-colored mongrel pinpointed the location of the voice, and upon turning to see it, his gaze was assaulted by a brilliant cascade of blue and green circles. They blossomed forth from the middle of her eyes outward, having the effect of pushing everything else out of his vision. The rest of the jungle was pushed out of sight as she moved closer; even her smiling face was pushed away. Her forehead connected with his, and all he saw were the eyes. The dogs mouth dropped open, his own eyes filled with wonder.

Blue, green, blue, green, blue, green. Their speed seemed to change constantly from slower to faster, or perhaps they were just pulsing. Yes, that seemed possible. Pulsing in time with his breathing. The eyes, blue and green, such lovely and relaxing colors. He always liked them, he realized. They made him feel so good. And they looked so nice, strobing like this. Pulsing into his body, into his brain. Her eyes pushed into his brain. Everything was blue and green, blue, green.

"I, uh, I, I suppose." The dog's mental faculties were already slowing down to a halt, the snake starting to beat his mind into oblivion all too easily. Then again, he had little warning, and even the frowniest dog on the planet had to admit that her eyes were very, very pretty. So pretty, the blue and green. Such pretty, fascinating colors. What was she talking about? It didn't matter. All that mattered was the blue and the green. His left eye was just starting to reflect hers, blue and green all it saw now, the right soon following suit-

"Ah! What the hell?" The oblivious dog jumped almost a foot, the colors that encroached upon his eyes leaving his mind in a moment, the relaxation fading as quickly as it came. The reason? A purple snake twined his way around and between the dogs quivering knees, and with no warning whatsoever, gave his crotch a tight squeeze.

"Typical. No classs, no subtlety, just rush in as fast as you can to get their pants off. Like one would expect of such a harlot," the male snake muttered as he twined his way up the very confused dog's body slowly.

"How dare you interrupt! You're jussst jealous anyway, I almost had him, you meddling loser!" Please. Yes, he was almost hypnotized, and yesss, he's almost aroused," the poor dog was no

longer just confused and angry, because now extreme embarrassment was added to the list. And it wasn't helping that the purple snake squeezed around the dog's waist to accent his point.

"But after you've had your way with him, what then? Sure, physically he would be yours, but that'sss all. Watch and learn my romantically challenged friend. The mind first, and then body will follow."

"Yes, fine, we'll sssee," the female snake said with a huff in purple's direction, sliding down further to be head level with the dog, "But when he's done trying treat you like you're on a first date, you'll come back to the one who's ready to take care of her doggie's bone, hmmm?" She dipped the other end of her body down, and again, despite the dog's intense confusion and annoyance at being talked about as if he wasn't there (by talking hypnotic snakes no less), his ears flushed red as the tip of her tail dragged ever so slowly under his chin.

"Okay, no, what the fuck is going on here?" the mutt finally asked, regaining his composure quickly, considering.

"I'm sssso ssssorry," the purple snake butted in as smoothly as he could. He was wrapped up to the dog's diaphragm now, but surprisingly had not bound his arms to his sides. In fact, he wore a look of mild concern, which was throwing off the mutt even more.

"Sssuch a rude greeting on our part. You see, we saw you, lost. And while this other snake," a fleeting grunt of annoyance could be heard above them, "Was glad to simply take advantage of you, I wished to help. Is that alright my friend?"

Maybe it was because he wasn't sounding as forceful, or maybe the cream colored snake's hypnotic assault already softened him up, but purple's soft and sibilant voice *did* seem to have an effect upon the dog. Hands that gripped the coils around his stomach hard a moment ago now laid on top of them, and his frown was no longer present. He wasn't smiling, god no, but it was a noticeable start.

"Yes, of course it is, you clearly have no idea where you're going. I'd hate for some wild animal to sssnatch you up, or for you to be lost, cold, and alone in the jungle little dog. What is your name by the way, hmmm?" the snake smiled as disarmingly as he could, successfully breaking the dog's defensive mindset for a moment, "I am just known as Ger."

"Lim?" The dog that was now known as Lim sounded more confused than ever. He didn't know how he had suddenly gone from being part of the most boring tour group in the world to lost in the jungle to suddenly being set upon by two snakes in less than ten minutes, and this exchange of formalities was not getting him any answers.

"So um, yeah. You want to help me?"

"Of course I'm going to help you my sssweet little Lim. You clearly don't know your way back to the village from here, and you don't even know how you got here, do you?" The tip of Ger's tail was cupping Lim's chin, making the dog shake his head for him. Not that he couldn't say no himself, but he was too busy being weirded out by the way the snake spoke in such pretty, soothing tones into his ear, and how every hiss caused another shiver down his spine. Weirded out the most by how much he was enjoying it, that is.

"See? No idea at all. But you can trust me. Just me, little Lim. No one else can help you like I

can. No one else cares about you like I do. I sssimply want to make you happy. After all, you're ssssooo tired, ssssooo losssst, ssssooo in need of my strong coils to just whisk you away from it all..."

Lim's eyelids were so heavy now. Actually, his whole body felt really, really heavy. He yawned, attempting to stretch his arms above his head, suddenly finding it impossible. His sleepy head looked down (more like fell against his chest really), and through half-lidded eyes he noticed coils had slithered up his body up to his shoulders. Oh well, this felt really nice. Being whisked away by the coils right? Being so sleepy, this felt nice. He could trust this snake, what was his name again? All he could remember was slipping into silent slumber. Oh, sounded like the snake was singing to him now-

"I'm Sssssssssikia by the way, and don't you forget it," came a loud voice, Lim squirming in surprise despite his currently bound state. It wasn't the voice that made him jump though. It was the way a certain female snake's tongue hissed it's way up the small part of his back still exposed. It tickled dreadfully and made the dog bark in surprise, his body surprisingly sensitive despite his sudden bout of tiredness.

The purple snake's smooth and relaxing baritone came to an abrupt halt, and he tightened the grip of his coils upon the mutt quite territorially as the female snake challenged his control. Lim gasped and wheezed for a moment, robbed of air, squirming impotently before the large male snake let up enough for him to inhale.

"Some job you did, if such a move could so easily rouse him from his slumber," Sikia said smugly, wagging her brow at the other snake.

"Looks like my little doggie knowss who's in charge here," she said with a not so subtle flick of her tongue along the ridge of his ear, causing Lim to shudder terribly.

"As if!" Ger hissed (well, obviously), "His body was responding much more to me, sssee?"

Lim, even amidst the hypnotic and seductive assault of two experienced snakes, felt like sobbing. Dark purple coils parted and his erection just popped out, the dog wishing he could just disappear. Yes, his body felt amazing ensconced in these coils, and yes, his brain felt like it was soaking in a mental hot tub, but this was too much. He was hoping that maybe the purple snake hadn't noticed, and that this ridiculously embarrassing situation would go by ignored. But the coils squeezed him again, sandwiching his member to the point of making him holding back a howl, so it was clear the snake noticed.

"Hardly, he is probably only so aroused because of this..." Again, her tongue danced across his back, and the dog whimpered, his dick indeed bouncing within its confines from the stimulation. Sikia continued to smile as she sat her head on top of the Lim's, her body starting to slide around his reddish-brown fur as well.

"Looks like this contest is over."

"Hah! You wouldn't even know what to do with it. This isn't some clumsy capture of a stupid tapir in the jungle, this is a beassst of civilized tastes. As such, he'll need someone much more experienced. Like so." The snake head stopped swaying before Lim and instead, dove downwards. Lim, mustering every ounce of intelligence this situation could afford him, began to hope and pray that the snake certainly wasn't going to do what he thought he may. Promptly, the dog began to yip and whine, his whole body seizing up, because indeed the snake did.

The purple snake was hissing again, but this was no sibilant speech with which to drive the dog into a stupor with. No, instead his tongue was flicking out along the underside of the dog's dick, tickling slowly from the base to the tip, which got an extra amount of attention. Snake lips pursed and he kissed the throbbing head, the dog luckily ensconced in two snake's worth of coils lest he be writhing terribly. After a few seconds of just gingerly sucking on the tip of Lim's member, the snake went from the head to the base via the top side now, making sure there was hardly an inch of it that his serpent's tongue had not explored.

Lim, starting to give the smallest amount of pre at the tip for the snake to taste, was creating quite the racket above the focused snake. Which only egged Ger on further, for at this point he just took that as a sign of him winning. After nudging at the sac that rested upon one of his coils for a moment, the snake opened wide, preparing to do the poor mutt a favor and take him in all at once and end it. Unfortunately for Ger, Lim barked as if he had just been shot and thrust forward, smacking the snake in the snout.

"That fop thinks he knows how to please a man better than me, but we both know that's not true, hmmm?" Sikia was speaking into the dog's ears which, while a moment ago had flopped over weakly, were now perked up high, the entire canine's body looking like he was on pins and needles. Stiff as a board, as it were.

"But I think I know how to get to the point mossst... Efficiently, hssshss," Sikia whispered as she bit upon his left ear and playfully yanked, "Mmmm, you taste quite nice you know. Arousal, nervousness... And just the mossst adorable little taste of embarrassment." She flicked her own tongue out as she moved her head out, kissing and flicking it across Lim's jawline. With now appropriate purchase upon his body (the two snake's coils striping up his body like a candy cane), she was able to sway her head before his own, her eyes filling with those beautiful blue and green circles once again.

The dog was not relaxing any time soon though, and the reason why was pretty clear. Pushing her own coil up, the dog's rump was laid bare before the jungle air, her tail tip threading between the cheeks. And while she did not go so far as to penetrate the addled dog, the way her tail tip slid so slowly, dragged so hard between the crack, gingerly testing his pucker as the fat coil spread his ass cheeks--Well it was no wonder he was panting harder than ever, Lim starting to get lighthead from his own constant hyperventilation.

"Oh no you don't," came Ger's voice from below, the snake pushing his own head into view, and pushing Sikia's out of the way. His own eyes were awash with hypnotic circles of their own, orange and yellow, so warm and inviting.

"He's mine. He's going to relax, fall into the clutches of my coils..." Ger's words accented by a particularly tight squeeze of Lim's dick once again.

"No, he'll give into the temptations he knows only I can fulfill," Sikia hissed back, right into the whimpering dog's ear, her own tail poking and prodding again to get the dog's attention.

The next minute or so would be a blur at best for Lim. He was gasping, he was breathing hard, he was yelping terribly, all because his body covered in groping coils and his mind assaulted by the hissing and colors of the two competing snakes. He tried closing his eyes, but the hisses just

penetrated his mind all the more powerfully. And when his eyes finally did peak open, they slammed open, the two competing sets of colors finding purchase in a different half of his brain. One eye orange and yellow, the other blue and green, his mouth one big stupid grin.

Two tails fought over the chance to tug and squeeze at Lim's aching dick, wrapping around his base and his balls, the two squeezing and simultaneously sandwiching his dick between both tails as his entire body was wracked in pleasure.

"Ssssleeeep with meee~"

"Whimper for meeee~"

Both snake's hissed in his ears at once, and the poor dog lost it. He howled as he made it clear he couldn't take it anymore, his body spasming even in the tight confines of the coils that held him. He howled and thrashed for a good few seconds, giving until his body didn't have the energy to do so anymore. Then with an abrupt whimper, the dog went completely limp, he and the two snakes all falling backwards onto the jungle floor.

After a few minutes, both snakes had mostly untangled themselves from the knots they put themselves in. Lim, eyes wide and filled with a spectrum of hypnotic colors, was only now partially covered in their coils, not that escape was something his brain could even think about. He had a smile on his face so dopey you'd think he had gone off the deep end, and even with his eyes as wide as they were, it was clear from his slow, steady breaths that his mind had turned off entirely.

"Sssso, who won?" Sikia asked, examining the dog underneath her with her coils, as if she'd find some damning evidence groping at his numb body.

"We ask him of course," Ger muttered, waving the end of his tail in front of Lim's face, which was completely unresponsive.

"Pet, who-"

"His name is Lim,"

"Not if he's mine. Doggie, who won?" No answer.

"Lim, sssweetheart, are you there? Who was more, helpful, hmm?" Again, nothing. In fact, now Lim's eyes had finally shut, the dog having drifted off into peaceful slumber.

"We'll just have to ask him when he wakes up, I guess."

"Fine," Sikia said, not looking not at all pleased by this turn of events.

"...You're going to hypnotize him as soon as he wakes up aren't you?"

"Of coursse, this little dog will be mine."

"Not if I get to him firsst."