

The large meeting hall was empty, save for an buxom orange skunk in flowing purple robes. The gentle “click-clack” of Gerry's dull foot claws rang out throughout the cavernous room as she surveyed it, the only other sound being an occasional “Mmmmmmmmm.” After giving a long, hard look at the ceiling, she finally came to the conclusion she needed.

She took a big breath, loosened up her shoulders, wiggled her arms a bit, and bent her knees. With a tremendous “Ha!” she threw her arms out in front of her, and streams of golden-tinged color erupted from the ends of her paws. They shot around the room like bullets, bouncing off each wall without losing any velocity, though they did lose something else. With every inch of the empty room that the colors shot across, they lost more and more of their hue and vibrancy, and left some of that color behind. A corner of a large banquet table was left in the wake of one stream, while the seat of a large throne was left by another. Black and orange candlesticks (or at least, parts of them) materialized as well, and every time colors bounced off part of the ceiling lush jungle vines and branches appeared. After a few minutes of the streams bouncing about, they hit the last unfilled portions of the room and fizzled out, their jobs completed. The witch just laughed, and cracked her knuckles.

“It's perfect!” she exclaimed to no one but herself as she spun about the room, “This is going to be the best party ever!” Several long tables filled with food were lined up along the sides of the room, enough to feed several armies, while comfortable furniture in all shapes and sizes also dotted the edges as well. The lighting was low, just enough to give the place a simultaneously romantic and creepy atmosphere, which she found just delicious. She had everything she needed for her most fun Halloween party yet, except...

“Oh shit!” she cursed under her breath, “All this and I forgot the most important part.”

The “most important part,” was a very large snake, you see (hence the jungle ceiling). The witch abhorred when people tried to leave her party early, so what better way for the serpent-loving skunk to discourage party-poopers than with a hypnotic reptile to watch the door and make sure the party didn't end until she said so? At least, that was the most logical way as far as she was concerned, and it *was* her party after all.

Not wasting any time, Gerry traced some lines in the air, which fizzled dangerously for a moment before floating gently down onto the floor. One pretty messy summoning circle later, the witch pulled forth a long golden pipe from her robes, and blew a puff towards it. As soon as the little cloud connected, smoke billowed out of the circle itself, rising until it became a thick, impenetrable pillar. Then, without warning, the smoke dissipated along with the circle itself, and all that was a very large, very confused looking red snake.

He was *gorgeous*, and Gerry had to work hard to keep herself from swooning in the presence of such a creature. Unless she put some actual effort into the summoning (and fuck that), the creature she summoned was more or less random every time, as long as it fulfilled the qualifiers she gave the spell, which were “big” and “snake.” This time though, she struck the jackpot. He must have been at least 40 feet long, maybe longer—It wasn't easy to tell with him in a pile of coils like that. He got thick too. It looked like the thickest part of him got about as wide as her hips, which were about as far away from “thin” as you could get. Most of his scales were a lighter red, though darker red circles and dots raced across his back, all if it melting in the most pleasant of shapes as his coils adjusted

themselves on the cold floor. And that face, that gaze! Large and yellow, his eyes swept across the room, before finally settling on her, his fat tongue flicking out constantly. His thick serpent snout swayed to and fro as he surveyed the skunk before him, the witch's appreciative stupor ending only when his sibilant voice broke the silence.

"Where is this? Who are you?" The snake seemed rather calm considering he was just yanked from wherever the hell he was exactly.

"I am a witch, your mistress, and I have brought you here because I have a job for you to do my handsome beast. What is your name?" The snake did not look perturbed by the fact that she only answered one of his questions, and rather poorly at that. He seemed much more interested in the skunk herself than what she had to say. His eyes slowly scanned her orange and white-striped body, taking a particularly long time to look over those incredibly wide hips and the chunky thighs that surely supported them. He tried not to lick his chops *too* much at the sight, but why did she have to spin around and show off that big butt of her like that? Yeesh.

"I am Saalim my dear," he said, drawing himself up to full height and dwarfing the rather large skunk by a good foot or so, "and let me just say, it is a pleasure to be in the presence of such a beautiful creature." Gerry couldn't help herself. At the "beautiful creature" part she was giggling like a schoolgirl, waving her paw as dismissively as she could, as if she wasn't lapping that shit right up.

"I would be glad to lend my assistance, my ssssweet. But what could I do for someone like yourself?" He was laying it on thick, his intentions clear to anyone smart enough not to fall for such honeyed words. Unfortunately for Gerry, she was a sucker for this sort of thing.

"Well my pet," a phrase that made Saalim's eyeridge raise, having to hold himself back from snickering at how soon it'd be quite the opposite, "I am having a party, and I need you to make sure no one leaves before it is done. The jungle canopy above you will provide a nice place for you to relax and watch, and all you'll need to do is watch for someone trying to leave. If they do, you'll just need to convince them to stay, with a little hypnotic persuasion, of course."

Saalim could not believe his luck. It was definitely he who hit the jackpot here. A place to rest and lay in the trees, with plenty of cover so as not to be disturbed, and soon an entire room filled with drunken revelers to play with and eat? If the skunk's oddly sweet scent was not so potent on his tongue, he'd think he was asleep. The only question that remained was how to proceed to get her in his coils, but soon the skunk was even doing that job for him too.

"Ah, that's right, not all snakes are capable of hypnosis, and I forgot to make that a qualifier for summoning, oh fuck." Though Saalim didn't really know what she was talking about, he had a pretty good idea where she was going next, and was not disappointed.

"Are you able to hypnotize people? If not, I can give you this power." She brazenly walked up to the snake and dragged her fingers under his neck, completely unaware of the fate she was jumping headfirst into.

"Oh, hypnosiss?" he said with an air of incredulity, "I had no idea such a thing truly existed. Would

you mind showing me how to do so? Surely such a powerful witch like yourself can do it.” Gerry looked a bit crestfallen at being told that he did not have hypnotic powers, but it was of little consequence. She was prepared for this, and besides, it was a good idea to hypnotize the snake a bit anyway, just to make sure he behaved himself. She beckoned him to bring his head down a bit, making sure both of them could easily stare directly into each others eyes. All while this was happening, his tail had already made its way up a candlestick behind her and into the canopy above, moving into position directly above her.

“It’s all about focus, not just for the subject of the hypnosis themselves, but you need to focus your will into them. Your desire must pour into them, overwhelm them, and when they want what you want, they are yours.” Saalim just nodded and continued to feign interest during her explanation, as the tip of his tail slowly peaked out from above her head.

“I see. And how do you make them feel this desire?” he asked, barely containing his smile as the tip of his tail swung dangerously right about her head.

“I will show you. Just look into my eyes, and relax.” She took deep breath and closed her eyes. When she opened them again, her pupils had disappeared, and from where they once were a yellow colored ring sprung forth. Just as that one began to completely eclipse her natural eye color, a second ring pushed out, this one orange, then yellow again. Her gaze became a pattern of orange and yellow, beckoning any creature unfortunate enough to meet it into being drawn deeper and deeper within. But Saalim was not so stupid a creature, and though his eyes soon reflected the same colors of rings, it was not because of him falling under her sway—He was simply mimicking her colors, while the oblivious skunk’s breaths began to get much slower, much more relaxed, without her even knowing why.

“Once you have them hungry for your gaze,” she continued, her voice getting much quieter, “Sway a bit, make them work for it. This will only cement your position of power over them... And increase their desire for you.” She shook herself a bit, trying to fight the waves of drowsiness that were sliding through her body. Unaware of the trick Saalim was employing, she chalked it up to sleepiness, and met his gaze once again, confident in her control, since his eyes still reflected her colors.

“Yessssss my misstresssss,” Saalim whispered. He sounded tired himself, but his sleepy sounding “s”s only further increased Gerry’s relaxation, and she found herself yawning. The snake did not even try to hide his smile anymore, and began to move his head left to right in a slow arc, like a pendulum.

“Yes... Just like that,” she muttered. Her voice had a far-off sounding quality to it now, and as he swayed, so did she. She was suddenly so sleepy, and her body was getting heavier each second. Her eyes continued their kaleidoscope of color, but not out of an attempt to hypnotize the snake anymore. No, she’d fallen prey to her own pattern, and her mouth was curling into a smile similar to the snake’s.

“Then what, my pet?” Saalim asked, now in control and enjoying toying with the skunk, who looked like she may fall over at this rate.

“Then, when they’re... They’re... They need to...” Words were becoming very hard for Gerry. So was

thinking, and standing. Even swaying along with the snake, to keep looking at the pretty colors was getting hard. In fact, the only thing that made sense was-

"Sleep." Saalim said, the heavy tip of his tail now pressing down on top of her shoulders, sliding under her robes.

"Sleep-Ahh!" It seems the witch was not so easily caught after all, and just as her eyes began to close they popped back open again, the colorful rings banished from her vision. She stood back up straight and began to back away, but Saalim was a careful hunter, and prepared for this as well. A fat loop of coil fell down from the canopy above and secured itself around her neck, making backing away impossible, and focusing her gaze forward. Saalim, now completely hanging from the canopy above, descended towards her. The smile never left his face, and now a new pattern colors push out towards the edge of his vision. Though the orange and yellow was overwhelming, the his mixture was much more relaxing. Blue, green, yellow, all sliding slowly outwards, each new color further pushing the need to sleep through her body and mind. His gaze was already threatening to entrance her once again, and the skunk only barely closed her eyes in time.

"I will turn you into my slave for eternity for lying to me!" she yelled, not even sure if the snake was still in front of her with her eyes closed. But he definitely was, because despite his voice not being above a whisper, his hiss slid through her ears and down her spine, making the skunk's hips tense considerably for a moment.

"But I was simply trying to help. Your body still feels so relaxed, sso heavy," Saalim cooed, as the tip of his tail continued its journey south. Her hands moved to bat it away as the tip tickled over her exposed nipple, but the sightless skunk was too clumsy, and he too fast. Soon her hands sat bound in front of her as she struggled impotently, the tail's journey continuing.

"You're still so tired, aren't you? And perhaps, even, a little..." He trailed off, his tail tip dragging itself along the front of her underwear. As the snake had guessed long ago with his keen sense of smell, the front of her panties had already gotten a bit wet. Her hips clenched from feeling his tail wiggle between her fur and the elastic, but he made his way in without much difficulty and began to slowly drag the tip along her pussy. As they did, she gasped, and her eyelids shot open, the skunk betrayed by the pleasure that raced through her.

Saalim was already there and waiting. His forehead was pressed against her own, and his eyes (and the slowly strobing colors within them) were all she could see. Though she continued to struggle in his grasp, she could no longer bring herself to close her eyes, and her pupils began to shrink away.

"Arousssssed?" Though his colors moved lazily outward at first, they began to speed up, and the skunk, completely unprepared, was overwhelmed in an instant. Though her jaw could not drop because of the coil collar around her neck, her face instantly relaxed, and her now unbound arms fell uselessly to her sides. Her hips unclenched themselves, and his tail tip now began to slowly slide in and out with ease. Pleasure overrode all other physical sensations now, and her mind could now longer push back against the constant shift and flow of the beautiful colors before her. Her pupils finally disappeared, and now her eyes reflected the same pattern that his did, her body barely able to stand under the weight of his tail and gaze.

"Yes, of course. Such a powerful witch, always in charge, always in control," the snake began to gloat, the rings fading from his eyes even if they did not fade from hers, "I bet it feels so good to let me take control. To ssssleep, hmmm?" The coil around her neck bounced up and down, making it look like the stupefied skunk was nodding happily at the snickering snake. More of his coils began to slide down from the ceiling, helping to hold her up as she lost complete control of her body. In fact, the only movements she could do were little gasps of pleasure, and constant squirming as his tail kept up its steady rhythm inside her

"You know," Saalim said with a smile, moving his head around behind her, pressing his cheek to hers and reveling in the heat that poured from her body, "I can help you feel this good forever. Sleep, forever. Would you like that?" Some small part of her knew how ominous these words were, and her survival instinct was trying its hardest to resurface. She was going to be eaten, she knew it, and though the pleasure in her body tried to convince her this was good, she continued to try to fight. Though she could not even manage a no, she did not say yes. She just continued to huff and squirm, and the snake chuckled.

"Yes, you would," he said with finality, his eyes filling with color again, even if only one of her eyes could even see his from the angle. "You want to sleep."

"I-I want to sleep," she said breathlessly, her body tensing. So many conflicting sensations were starting to built up that she felt like she was going to burst, and his tail's constant stimulation of her clit wasn't helping. She had to resist, had to stay strong...

"You want to be eaten."

"I-I-I-I... I want to be eaten. N-n..." His eyes flashed powerfully, and her whole body tightened.

"You need to cum."

There was no response this time, only a muffled groan after a thick coil plopped itself in her open mouth. She humped into his tail, making a terrible mess of it, along with her robes, body rocked by powerful orgasm. He just kept squeezing, squeezing until all the last of the tension and awareness was drained by her orgasm, until the skunk was nothing more than a smiling, mindless snack in his coils, staring straight ahead.

With her orgasm finished (and her mind along with it), the snake lessened his grip on her somewhat, setting her back down on her feet. He pulled his tail out of the neck of her robes, and then pulled her robes with it, leaving her completely naked, staring straight ahead and still leaking sugary sweet juices from between her legs.

Not yet done playing with his food, Saalim went back into the canopy to rearrange himself, his tail soon sliding back down to wrap around her hips and pull her into the foliage. There he waited, the skunk set down on the thickest part of his body, while he lay lazily along a branch, licking his lips.

"Come to me my sssnack," he hissed, and she began to walk along his tail towards the smug snake.

Each paw pad squished into the thick coil beneath it, Saalim squirming a bit himself as he watched her chunky body bounce tantalizingly with each step. Her eyes were already starting to close before she even got to him, and by the time she reached him, she fell forward, a thick coil ready and waiting to wrap around her torso. The last thing she saw before her eyes finally closed was the snake's smiling face, opening nice and wide. Not completely unconscious yet, her tail twitched for a moment as her face hitting something warm, soft. But there was no need to fear. It felt comforting, actually. Relaxing. She could sleep now, she didn't have to worry about anything but listening to this big handsome snake.

Saalim loved to take it slow when he ate his prey, but even this was longer than usual for him. She tasted as sweet as she smelled, like he was eating a giant piece of candied meat—It was incredible. He sucked on her head for awhile, but after a few strong twitches went through her body he finally relented and began to swallow the rest. Her boobs weren't too large; they fit in his mouth without any difficulty, even if he had to use his tail to keep the left breast from spilling out of his hungry maw. That doesn't mean gumming them or teasing her nipples was any less fun though. With her body beginning to widen, he tilted his head back and lifting her body high above him, letting gravity do most of the work for him, while he just enjoying the feeling of that incredibly soft furry stomach pressing against his lower jaw.

When he did get to her hips, his progress slowed down once again. Even for a snake his size swallowing thighs and ass this large would be difficult, but he opened his mouth further, and she continued to slide down. Never ceasing in his pleasurable torture, when her thighs and butt began to wobble past his mouth and down his throat, his tongue flicked out, the snake eager for a taste of the arousal he'd been smelling all this time. Even gone as she was, she could feel his moan of pleasure all around her, and for only the briefest of seconds Saalim regretted eating her so soon, as he'd be unable to sample such a delectable snack once again. But he was insatiable, and soon even her crotch was wiggling down his throat.

The rest of her slid down his throat easily enough after the waist. Her knees soon disappeared inside of his drooling maw, and then after that, he sucked up her splayed toes, tongue flicking between and causing her to squirm inside of him, a feeling he adored. Last but not least was that huge tail, which disappeared past his scaled lips, along with any trace of the witch whatsoever. All there was was a very satisfied looking snake laying himself among the branches, and the rather large bulge that hung like a hammock beneath them.

"What a delicious meal," Saalim said, sounding a bit sleepy himself, "Perhaps now was a good time to curl up for a nap." Finding the perfect branch to rest his head, he settled down, and closed his eyes, already starting to drift off. That is, until a great bang echoed throughout the hall beneath him, causing the snake to jump from his comfortable branch and look around.

"What was that?" he mumbled to himself, still in a daze.

"Hello? Gerry? I know I'm a bit early, but I figured I'd help you set up for the party. Gerry, are you there?"

"Ohhh," the snake said, smiling wickedly as rings flashed across his vision for a moment, "It's dessert."