

Heat. Heat bred sweat in this accursed jungle with towering trees which seemed to scrape the sky that wasn't blocked out by their sheer size. These trees were thick with trunks and soft bark dyed rich brown and strong greens of moss and vines trailing down from the numerous branches above, which tangled with others from nearby trees. Sight in any direction was blocked from the abundance of the bark and girthy wood.

Several spears of light had broken through the shifting leaves in the trees above, beaming through to slightly illuminate a path through the shaded veil of forestry. Each shaft of light was broken by the moving breeze that whistled and gently drifted from tree from tree, a small disk of light on the ground far beneath the trees flickering on and off as branches lightly swung back and forth.

Beneath the leaves and branches, down on the ground of the jungle where the brushes and fledging trees grew only inches and feet off the earth, a man walked slowly between trees, thin clothes that attempted and failed to blend into the background of the thick jungle vegetation. A backpack was tightly strapped to his back, several bottles of water in half-pockets along the sides of it. Almost constantly, the man would reach back and grasp one, taking a deep gulp to counteract the intense sweating the concentrated heat of the jungle brought about.

*He was searching for someone, or a thing. A myth circling in the closest tribal village had spread via rumours to other prior adventurers, and they upon returning they retold these stories to those who cared to listen. Many had discounted or ignored them as simply fables brought upon by heatstroke, but not he. These tales began with the location of a small village attuned with nature, and the people of it, welcoming. A simple letter to the adventurer with the tale to tell revealed the location. It had taken just a small flight and a quick local drive, the latter of which took several hours of haggling to get, to get to this little village.*

The man trudged and stepped in the way they had pointed him with slight suspicion. It was a difficult, long trip over hills and past several streams flowing with running water. Tall trees hung over these streams, casting them too into shade. The banks of these streams were sometimes steep and sheer, where an errant step would ensure a fall to land in the water, and there was no way to tell how deep it could have been, despite the water being clear enough to see to the riverbed. Other times the slope could have been gentler, where he could walk down to touch the water's edge. But these waters were muddier, coloured brown from the silt kept in the water's current.

Anything could have been lurking in that water, and going near it would have been risky at best. It was safer to hang back and stick to rationing the several bottles of water he carried with him. It was good advice he had been given to not neglect the thirst that the jungle would sweat into you. Taking this advice further, he had made his clothes thin. Perhaps this made them slightly weaker against the thorns and sharp edges of broken branches that made little rips when he stepped through them, but it was worth not melting with the sweat dripping down his face already an obstacle by itself.

*The people of the little village had indeed been welcoming from the second he had stepped out*

*from the little truck he had taken. They had shaken his hand, hugged him and ushered him in as the truck had taken off, disappeared back along the path it had taken to deliver him here. He declined some of the food presented, partly due to the fact he had brought some of his own, and partly because they had much stronger stomachs and anything they could eat might have forced him into a bed for the next three days to recuperate. They spoke broken English, no doubt a little taught from the first adventurer to pass through here, and he was asked the question of his visit by a short, fat man who relaxed heavily on a tilted chair.*

Hills that he could have run up with ease turned into mountainous climbs that forced him to take several rest stops up each one. The heat drained all his strength to move, and each arm reaching out to pull himself up the slight incline felt as if he might have been immersed in cement for the strain it took. But he had not travelled thousands of miles to be beaten by a hill, so with determination he slowly made his way to the top. Any idea of a lovely sunset view over the ocean was broken as he crawled and rested for a few minutes at the top of the hill. He sighed in relief once the crest of the hill had flattened out, and a nearby stone made for a relaxing rest to recuperate.

A rock face was slightly visible in the distance, belonging to the crushed mountain that barely broke the top of the treeline, but stretched on for miles. They had pointed him this way, and a wave of relief washed over him as his eyes focused on the grey rock that stood nearly fifty-feet high. Somewhere along this rock was a little cave, its entrance would be marked like a scar in the already broken face of the stone; a stripe of black amongst the grey would be easy to spot. It would only be a few minutes walk, but trying to go there now might kill from the exertion of simply walking. He lay back on the stone, and rested his eyes.

*“Naga.” He had said, accepting a cup of drink that smelt warm and tasted smooth as he drank it. The fat man paused for just a single moment, becoming slightly withdrawn. “Dangerous.” He had said after a short period, shaking his head. “Very dangerous.” In his broken English, these were the two words he could say to warn him. He tried to push him for more, to answer what was so dangerous about the naga, but the fat man simply shook his head, speaking one final time as the adventurer frustratedly stood and made to leave. “If go...no return.” The warning was heeded, but not followed. The adventurer was able to find some other helpful locals, who helpfully told him to look for a long, broken mountain in English better than the fat man.*

A sound woke him from his slumber against the rock. He caught just the reverberating sound bouncing off the trees; a sharp, elongated hiss that made a shiver run down his spine. Fearful thoughts filled his mind of what animals could have made such a noise. In this part of the world, most of them weren't docile enough to meet without becoming meat. In the jungle it was a constant fight for survival and being unarmed was grounds for being the weakest thing around; an easy prey for sure.

He stood quickly, cursing silently to himself about the loudness of the bag on his back and how it shook from side to side as he walked, clinking and clattering with pots and pans that he took with him in case of spending a night alone. Somewhere safe would be near the rock. That was if anything came close

he'd be able to see it, rather than being caught unawares in the thickness of the trees. He set off at a medium pace, trying to balance speed and noise without much luck, making a beeline right for the grey rock he could see through the green trees.

The sun was still high overhead, and the sweating returned in full force. It amazed him just how anyone could stand to live in such a place, but looking around at the empty patches where sun lay, he realised that everything stuck to the shade. Contrast between blinding sun and darker shade left him struggling to see much besides the shadows of his own eyelashes and a blur of green and brown from the thick trees.

The hiss sounded again, much closer this time than before. It seemed to be following him, whatever animal it was that hisses and silently stalks. Instinctively, he looked around out of fear, quickly glancing between the thick trees to see if a silhouette or an outline was visible following him. Nothing. Not even a rustle of bushes or a snapping of a twig showed he was being tracked. His heart was pounding in his chest, fear and adrenaline coursing through him as he forced himself to continue forward calmly, in case the jangling of his bag alerted anything else that might have been hungering for him.

Something was hungering for him out in the trees, staring at him struggle in the heat through glimmering emerald eyes. A taste was on its lips, not one of hunger, but one carrying an idea of domination and bending of those to her will. The naga was waiting for her moment to strike now, as he stepped within range. All it would take was a wrap and a squeeze, and the little human would be nothing more than putty to meld in her grasp.

A hiss again, even closer, nearly in his ear. His head snaps to the source of the sound that felt as if it was on his shoulder. But a quick gaze over the bushes revealed nothing once more. His breath caught in the air in front of him as he looked into the shaded forest. But it had been nothing more than a distraction, and as the human stepped forward without looking down, something caught around his ankle.

Before his brain could think of looking down at the intruding thing upon his ankle, it wrapped around his ankle and pulled strongly upwards, yanking him straight up and off the ground. There was no time to yelp in surprise as he was lifted straight up by one leg like a spring trap. He was lifted several feet off the ground in the blink of an eye to dangle helplessly in the air for a second before whatever had caught him decided to restrain him.

The thick tail that had captured his ankle began to coil around its snared prey slowly, taking its time to wrap him up. Firstly it caught the other leg that was free and trapped it against its pair, pinning them together as the thick serpent tail began to twist around him. Ankle was pressed against ankle, and the sheer grip of that tail as it slid down further around his legs pinned them together without a hope of letting go. It squeezed as well, tightly as it descended down his struggling form.

A single moment of clarity amongst the swinging hit him, and he could see clearly what it was that was embracing his legs so tightly. A serpent's tail, long and thick enough that it rivalled a nearby tree in width. It was coloured a deep-red, like wine, with toxic yellow stripes lining it all the way to the very tip. Half of it was white, like cream, and these scales of the serpent were soft to the touch as they gripped his legs tightly. He was being drawn upwards by the grip of that powerful tail as it slithered up to his thighs.

Out of panic, he tried to push the coils away and off of his body as it smoothly coiled around him, pulling him up and wrapping around him at the same time. Of course, as his hands touched the coil another loop neatly slid over his hands and wrists, binding them tightly to his sides as the thick tail encircled his body further. It was no use attempting to escape from that grasp, the sheer size of it being thicker than his torso, coupled with the insanely smooth and powerful muscles meant he was trapped.

His struggling grew weaker and weaker with each passing loop around his body as the inquisitive tail tip swallowed his chest under the burgundy and yellow striped coils. Their grip was tight for sure, squeezing his body to dampen his struggles. The soft scales coloured cream were slightly flexible, like a pillow covered with a smooth surface, and this meant any struggle was simply absorbed without the grip ever faltering. It had moved its grasp up to his elbows now, tightly squeezing him in a strong reminiscent of a hug, and it would only be a matter of time before it would reach his neck, and then the crushing would begin from whatever snake he had been captured by.

"You make too much noise." A feminine voice spoke out from beneath him on the jungle floor. It came from behind him, where his own body blocked his sight, and trying to turn when covered in the thick, soft coils of the snake.

"Help!" He cried out as the serpent's tail covered more and more of his body, moving up his chest towards his neck. The vice-like grip squeezed him tightly, forcing him to strain and tire himself out fighting against something he could not possibly escape from.

"I heard you a mile back, sweating and grunting with those metal pots clanking in your backpack. You need to be quieter."

"Help me!" He repeated again as the woman seemed to ignore the huge snake entwining him and lightly crushing his body inside its grasp. "The snake is..."

"Me." She said simply. "Do you think a real snake would dangle you like this? No, you'd be eaten by now." The coils stopped their wrapping of his body, but only because there was nothing left to wrap around. The tip of her tail had slithered around his neck, touching soft and smooth tails against warm skin. It tightened slightly, just to keep a hold on him and to direct his head by a little flick under the chin.

The coils began to turn him slowly, rotating with a twist in the tail to keep his bondage constant. As he was spun, his eyes tracked along the serpent tail that was holding him in place. It was wound around a thick branch above his head in loose coils that slid across the bark, and the same pattern coloured these scales; a deep-red with yellow-orange stripes across all of it. Fringes of the light coloured under-scales could be seen against the dark coloured bark. As he turned, he pieced together just how long the tail was. It was tightly but thickly coiled around his entire body several times, then a few loops

around the top branch, then all the way down a tall thick trunk, winding several times like the stripe on a barbers pole before trailing from the sunken roots across to the figure.

“Naga.” He breathlessly whispered as her body came into view. The long snake tail replaced what legs a normal human would have, allowing for her to have a much greater range in which to grab and squeeze. The tail only thickens in width as it gets closer to the hips, and those are even wider. Those hips are wider than his shoulders for sure, but she moves them as she looks at her newest catch. The wide hips taper to a flat stomach, and the paler scales making up her underbelly continue all the way up to her neck, a strip along her body dominated by the red and orange stripes.

The flat stomach flares out to a large set of breasts, also in the soft scales. The naga needs no concept of modesty or embarrassment, and as such both breasts display a soft, pink nipple that rises out of the scales. A deep cleavage runs between the breasts, and the scales seem the most soft there above all else. Two arms cross underneath her large bust, complete with the standard two-tone colours without any soft scales save for the palms and fingers.

Aside from the striking body, the most interesting thing about the naga would be her head and face. It was reptilian with a hint of humanity from the features. It was mostly burgundy red, with just highlights of the face having the yellow stripes such as lips, nostrils and circled around the eyes. Oh but those eyes. Once he had seen them look back him it was nearly impossible to wrench his gaze away. Like two orbs of emerald they stared into him, looking right through him. They glowed as if light were shining on them, and a small pulse linked to a slow heartbeat made them flicker.

From the base of the neck to the back of her head was a cobra’s hood, as wide as her head was on either side. The rim was thick, but the inner part was softer and made from the same scales as her belly. It drew attention from everywhere in his view to look into her face, and refocus on the eyes.

“Right you are.” She smiled, not baring her teeth just yet, though a long, pink tongue flicked out to taste the air with a fork down the middle. “And you’re human, though different from the tribe. Far too light to be related.”

“I-I was told of a naga living in this jungle.” He spoke, grunting with the full pressure around his body. She was quiet for a second, and a hand raised to her chin to touch it to think.

“Well well, he actually did it. I didn’t think for a sssecond he’d ssstay true to hisss word.” She chuckled lightly, lengthening every ‘s’ into a hiss. “Believe it you aren’t the first pale-ssskin that’s wandered ssso nicccely into my grasssp. There was a man like you many days ago, alsso walking ssso loudly through my home. He was a deliciousss ssssqueeze, very sssquirmy which made it all so fun...” She sighed, squeezing with her tail again, compressing itself around his suspended body. “...but you might be a little more enjoyable.”

“P-please don’t kill me.” He nearly shouted, jumping to conclusions that she was going to follow her serpentine nature.

“Oh sssh.” The long tongue flicked out at the sibilant ‘s’, “There’ll be no harm to you. I’m no murderer.” She moved in closer, slithering silently forward on the thick tail.

As she came closer, the size of her humanoid upper half became more obvious. The length of her body from the top of her head to her waist alone was closer to five feet. If she had legs to stand on instead of a tail, she'd be at seven to eight feet. And those voluptuous curves of her thick hips and bust were amplified as she neared. Completely wrapped inside her tail, he couldn't move as she approached, and he had to watch as she came within several feet of his head.

She lowered him slightly, giving a little more length to the tail to make him descend just a foot or two so her head was in line with his.

"Introductionsss are in order then." She chuckled lightly. "While usually I have no name, the village-folk have taken to naming me Nala, after their goddesss of the hunt."

"Bevan..." He started, before she interrupted by tightening around his body from her thick coils, driving the air from his chest to make him wheeze.

"Don't you worry about that." Nala smiled lightly. "In a little while, you won't even remember."

Nala reached out with her larger hands and lightly took the back of Bevan's head into her grasp. She had strength in those arms that outclassed his, as they pulled him towards her with ease.

"Sssh." She whispered, looking deep into Bevan's eyes. "Relax." Her smooth voice developed an added tinge of depth to it, seeping into his ear. Her hands pulled him close enough to stare at her eyes, the emerald pools swirling as if disturbed.

Those eyes were impossible to look away from. The way they swirled and shifted seemed to soft and welcoming to look at. Stress seemed to fade away slowly as those eyes pulled him in. His struggles lessened but did not stop in her grip. When he would cease fighting, a helpful squeeze around the groin got him moving again.

The pulsing light inside those eyes was impossible to resist looking at, the way it slightly flashed drawing his attention away from the jungle, away from the people, away from his goal. Her gaze was warm and attentive, almost as if she was reading everything about him just from that encompassing gaze. The coils around his body assisted in calming him down, each one squeezed and relaxed separately as her eyes soothed him.

"That'sss right." She whispered, "Let me embrace you." As her soft words spoke and flowed through his mind, it made him struggle less and less against her. "Forget everything elssse and jussst look at me. Ssstare into my eyes and relax. Mmm, you do feel nice all bound and calm in my grasp." Her voice had become like honey, dripping and golden to listen to, and what's worse was that she was right, the coils felt abnormally comfortable, like a thick, warm duvet coiling around him.

"Sstop..." Bevan moaned out, a little stir of activity from him softly rustling her coils which squeezed around him comfortably.

"Ssstop what?" Nala giggles innocently. "Jussst keep looking into my eyesss, let me hold you tight." Behind his head, her hands lightly glowed, something that was hard to see until you were looking for it, but Bevan had no way to turn. Instead he felt the hands against his head, lightly holding him,

slowly melting his mind and changing his thoughts of resistance to those of becoming a toy, a tool for them both to indulge in carnal pleasure.

"Did you like the look of my body?" She asked. "Did you love the sssize and power in my tail? Do you love the way it sso ssslowly and tightly holdsss you? Focussss with what'sss left on the sssoft movement and the warm hold of the tail all around you...let it embrace your mind and body. It'sss sso nice to have someone fall into my coilsss, ssssomeone who wantsss to worssship them. You do want to worssship them, don't you?"

"I..."

"Sssh." The soft tail tip pressed against his lips like a finger, quieting his last moments of resistance against her. "What elssse did you like?" Nala coos lightly. "I saw your eyes on my hipsss; you enjoy those too, don't you. Can you imagine their weight grinding againsst you? Their sssize dominating your body?"

"Ye-"

"No ssspeaking. You don't need to ssay any words. I'll do the ssspeaking. I think it'sss quite amusing how you came to the jungle really. How you were tricked by one person and now you'll spend hoursss upon hours in my coilsss as I sssqueeze you oh so tightly. You'll enjoy having my tail wrap all around you. You'll enjoy the sssoft ssscales against your ssskin. Relax into my grasssp and let me take you." Her words sank into his mind, and she became more and more right with each slithering sibilliance. His fight against her tightly gripping tail was fading fast; she was more powerful than he was ready for.

"Now look carefully, I wouldn't want you to misss thisss." She smiled to Bevan who had a smile of contentment on his face. Nala drew in close, enough that her wide hood encompassed all of his vision. Those gently pulsing pools of emerald were drawn in close enough to him that it felt they nearly touched, filling his gaze. "Aren't my eyesss just so sssmooth to look at? Look into them." She pulled him just a little closer so the ridge of her reptilian snout lightly brushed against his head.

*Flash. Flash. Flash.* A bright light emitted from her, stunning him momentarily until her soft voice brought him back into her control.

"Focussss on the light." Nala's soothing voice caught his attention back. There was another flash, and another right behind it. The light was regular and constant in its flashes. "Let the light overwhelm you, let it melt away your inhibitionsss and sssubmit." *Flash.* The pale scales of her hood flashed regularly, filling his eyes and leaving the imprint of her emerald gaze to keep him down.

Bevan relaxed even further into the coils, *flash*, allowing the thick snake tail to squeeze and grip around him as much as they wanted. Nala was right when she had said they felt good once he let them, *flash*, the soft scales nearly grinding through his clothes to apply their smooth surface against his skin. By now the flashing light wasn't intrusive or shocking at all. Instead it felt warm and welcoming, and each one had the idea of bondage attached to it, implanting ideas while her hands removed them from behind his head. *Flash.*

“What’sss your name?” She asked, a brighter *flash* than normal accompanying her words, but the pace of them still constant.

“Brev...” He started after a moment of thought, but a tight squeeze from her tail stopped him. *Flash*. One coil held its grasp after the rest relaxed around him. It was the one around his groin, and its tightness and soft scales had begun to elicit a response from his nethers.

“What’sss your name?”

“Brev...” Another tight squeeze accompanied a bright *flash*, tightening all around his suspended body. Blood pushed to his head was affecting his thoughts, and those were being manipulated by Nala, whose smile hadn’t faltered since he looked into her eyes. *Flash*. Those flashes from her hood began to meld together into one, and concentration on what thoughts he had left was sensorially difficult. *Flash*.

Nala attacked on multiple fronts; occupying his sight with her forest-green eyes and bright flashes that encourages memories of submission and servitude to her; wiping away the idea of a home that wasn’t inside her grasp, the holes filled by the *flash* that never ceased; her tail kept him focused and just alert enough that he responded to her suggestions. The coil around his groin never let up, tightening and loosening only minutely, slowly arousing him to the idea of serving her. *Flash*

“What’sss your name?” She repeated once more, closer now to earning herself a new toy to play with.

“Bre...” was as far as he got before a *flash* interrupted him. Brevan had begun panting as the erection tenting in his thin trousers was grinding ever so slowly against her soft scales. It was pleasure amplified by the mesmer he was under, and Nala used his own sensitivity against him.

“What’sss your name?” She repeated once more, the silken smooth voice gaining a slight husky, desperate edge to tease him more and more. *Flash*.

“...” He was silent, mouth hung open as the memory was replaced by that of servitude. Nala’s angelic smile grew as he was struck wordless.

“What iss your name?” She asked again, emphasising it with her thumbs stroking his face from their position clasping the back of his head. *Flash*. For the second time, he was silent. Did he even have a name anymore? What was a name? He knew hers: Nala the beautiful, Nala the kind. Nala the Mistress. *Flash*.

“Wonderful.” She licked her lips with her toy in her grasp. “And what iss your new role? What are you to me?”

“Toy.” The word seemed strange in his mouth, unusual to have his tongue make that sound. “I am a toy. Your toy.”

“My toy.” She hissed in approval. From her, the word sounded right. It sounded like him. *Flash*.

Her hands around the back of his head slowly let him back to dangle straight down. One final *flash* did the trick, and his thoughts were of nothing but servitude to her now. How could he not? Her body had so easily captured him, it was only right that he serve something so much more powerful.

As he drifted back to straight down, the tail began to lower him to the floor, slowly descending. The tail tip under his chin forced his eyes away from her own for just a second, ensuring his eyes traced down over her body with his new outlook. She saw his eyes rake over her body, eyes of an admiring toy instead of a previously fearful human. His eyes seemed to glow with lust for the plumpness of her breasts, and she felt him trying to reach through the tightness of her coils to pleasure her with his mouth, as was his new role.

The tail retracted as his head neared the ground, uncoiling his body so he wasn't forced into the ground. It was soft underfoot, but not as soft as her coils as the last one retreated from his body. He was left on the ground panting and exhaling with a tent in his pants from the coils' teasing of his groin.

"Ssstand." She commanded. Her tail up above was retreating its steps from around the tree silently, winding down the branch and the trunk until her long, thick tail was back on the ground. Had he not been charmed by Nala, he would have taken the time. But with his mind focused on servitude, he could only follow her orders now. Obediently, he stood albeit shakily; the tightness of the scales around his body had made him slightly unable to walk.

"Ssstrip." Nala looked down at him. The bag on his back lay in a heap where it had fallen off as he had been hoisted into the air, its contents strewn across the floor of the jungle. Bevan, or Toy now, nodded and without a second of hesitation, dropped his hands to his trousers first, eager to free his erection from its confined enclosure.

As fast as he dared, because there was no doubt Nala enjoyed commanding her toy, he removed his shoes first and stepped into the soft earth underneath his feet. She hung back, watching with subdued glee as the human who had stepped into her trap so easily fell to her desires. She could make him do anything now. Next, his shirt was removed, and it was a relief to have a light breeze play across the sweating skin to cool him. Nala only waited, visually teasing her hips off with her hands stroking lightly up the sides of each one.

Eventually the shirt comes off after some hasty scrabbling to remove the thin layer of fabric, leaving the human in just underwear. Nala began to move in, slithering closer to her new toy. She was even taller than he expected, towering over him by at least three feet, and her curvy body dwarfed him.

Without a word, the tip of the thick tail reached out towards his legs. He stood still, remembering and silently longing for the tight grip of that tail around him again. Nala smirked as a coil formed around his ankles, and it quickly made its way up his body, up to his knees and thighs in seconds. Soft, smooth scales retook his body back, wrapping him inside the thick tail. His erection was given just the barest hint of attention; the tail tip stroking for a single second up and down his clothed length before immersing his hips inside the thick, smooth muscle of her tail. His wrists were trapped underneath the smooth scales as they brushed and slid around his body without any effort.

"There'sss a good toy." She spoke, biting her lower lip slightly. It only took five coils to entangle his body from the shoulders down.

The tip slithered under his chin and lifted it to the sky, forcing him to look up as the muscular embrace began to tighten its grasp. Gaps between the coils disappeared, and the long lengths of spare tail was laid around the cocoon he was in. Like when he was upside down, one of the coils eagerly squeezed his groin, this time more purposeful and tighter, straining his erection's tip to touch the soft scales under her tail.

"I do sssso love it when they give in." Nala cooed again, moving in close to whisper in his ear.

"What'sss your job, Toy?" She hungrily moaned into his ear to elicit the response she wanted, and his attempts at moving inside her tight coils easily restrained as he squirmed at her velvet words. For a second he sat in her coils, scouring his altered mind for the memory of his goal for seeking the naga out. It had been curiosity and slight scientific interests that drove him to search out for the naga; he hadn't even been told that it was female, nor that she was beautiful. But eventually he found the false implanted memory, believing it to be his own.

"To please." He nodded, grunting slightly from the tightness of her tail around his body and the teasing of his groin.

"I can tell you're going to be a great little toy." Nala smiles, giving him another tight squeeze to tease him further.

She lifted her large body upwards, using her strong tail to rise up several feet off the ground, giving her even more of a height advantage on Toy. Her hands lowered to stroke the sides of her wide hips, shaking them slightly back and forth in his view. Like a subtle dance, she gyrated back and forth in his view, causing his head to move back and forth as much as it could to catch the movement. Poor human, he was completely under her spell now.

The expert coiling tail wrapped around his body had worked its magic on him, and with carefully controlled squeezes, Nala teased down the last remnant of clothing on his body, leaving him naked and vulnerable. Pushing this further, the soft, smooth scales were now able to directly glide against the sensitive tip of his erection, earning moans from him while his eyes focused on her wide hips.

Nala turned, displaying her back to her wrapped prisoner. Long, jet-black hair tumbled down her curvaceous body, stopping just above two of the largest and rounded cheeks he had ever seen. This was maybe why her hips were so wide; to accommodate the size of her thick ass. He gulped at she showed off the soft scales of her ass to him, and the swaying of her hips only made them jiggle slightly.

"Your firssst job, as my toy..." She teased, shuffling smoothly back towards him, ensuring his gaze was focused on her rear with the tail tip, though it was obvious that he could look nowhere else. Nala slid backwards, placing her thick ass on the coil just in front of her new toy. "...just give it a kssss. You can do that, can't you?"

Toy's view was nearly completely filled with the wide curve of Nala's hips, and the jiggling ass presented to him. Oh what heaven to be allowed to please his mistress! Because of the tight coils though, he could only just reach as he leaned forward with puckered lips to press them against her soft scales. They were warm underneath his lips as he kissed one of her cheeks, taking his time to admire the

sensation of smooth, soft scales against his lips.

"Mmm, you can indeed." Nala giggled, looking down over her shoulder at the restrained toy eagerly worshipping her curves. "And the other, don't neglect it now." He couldn't disobey her, laying kisses on her burgundy scales one after the other

Her hands moved to place themselves behind his head, relaxing back as her cheeks were adorned with kisses.

"Your eagerness is to be rewarded." She smiled, squeezing tightly around his groin with the soft belly scales pressing tightly against his erection, forcing it to leak slightly droplets of pre-cum from his excitement. "Don't say I'm an unfair mistress."

The coils tightened again, telling him that she was moving once more. But it was not away from him eager lips; no instead Nala moved back against his head. The green fringes of his view were submerged behind the curve and size of her hips as she moved in even closer. Between those thick cheeks on a small strip of the soft, cream scales found on her belly was a small, tightly puckered asshole, and beneath that a strip of pink, almost highlighted against the cream and burgundy scales of her cheeks.

"You are a good toy, are you not?" She asked, hovering her thick hips a centimetre from his lips.

"Y-yes." He croaked. The sight of a single droplet slowly dripping down her tail made his mouth water with anticipation. He was a good toy for her; he'd show her how good he could be.

Without another word, Nala relaxed down, pressing heavily down on Toy's face with all the weight she could. His features were forced between her thick cheeks, each other larger than his face, covering it completely. The wet slit was pressed against his lips and a single droplet wet his lips, urging on his service to her. Nala's coils squeezed his body tightly, securing him in and keeping his head straight. To ensure his head was firmly between her cheeks, a little hip jiggle buried him in further as her weight bore down on him. Even his warm breath made her aroused, and a tease around his groin spurred him on. To the outside world of the jungle, he was invisible, completely restrained and bound within those thick burgundy coils that clutched its new toy tightly.

"Good toys, lick."