

The little bunny ran for his life, hopping as quickly as he could between the thick trees of the forest. Earth and branches underneath his paws were flattened or snapped as he tried to hop away from his pursuer. Over little hills and underneath fallen trunks of desiccated trees he fled, never looking over his shoulder for more than a second if he valued his life. Behind him was the sound of a thunderous crash and a loud, long hiss only several seconds on his tail.

Panting and gasping the bunny darted left and right, attempting to shake whoever was trying to catch him. It was the daily life of a prey species to naturally run as fast and as far as possible to put distance between yourself and the predator who noticed you. It was only bad luck that his light coat of fur was light blue, making him stand out amongst the deep browns and rich greens of the trees. Another hiss, stronger, louder and closer than the last; it was gaining on him. Vestiges of energy were used to pound his paws against the earth and accelerate him further, though his pounding chest meant he couldn't hold this pace for much longer.

A constant slither caught his long, floppy ears from the left side, and from his peripheral view, he saw green moving towards him, thick and long. But the swipe from the predator fell short, inches from grazing against its target. That bought him just a little time, and a quick dart to the right might have lost them. The regular thump, thump, thump of his soft paws against the ground mixed in with his quick breaths, with the hiss and slither of the predator hunting quickly behind him.

A small clearing allowed him to look back over his shoulder for the shortest of seconds. Luck. The predator wasn't visible at all. Even the bushes that would have been pushed aside or flattened underneath its body didn't move or rustle aside from a light breeze. The bunny's long ears began to attune to the sound of a predator, the predator that should have been following him, but besides his panting breath there was quiet. Had he lost the predator? It would be a first for how easy it was to avoid. Well, maybe not that easy; several times the grasp had nearly taken his body and it would have been over.

Just in case the predator caught up, he hid behind a thick tree and pressed himself against its bark. It would have been quite silly to camp in the middle of a clearing waiting for it to return. Several moments passed as the bunny raised his ears out, intently listening for the re-emergence of that great snake. But there was nothing but the rising and falling of his chest, and the rustling of leaves in the tree above his head.

It seemed safe. The predator must have lost him by now, desperately searching for the little prey that had disappeared from his sight. But there was no doubt that by scent eventually he'd be caught if he stayed here, most predators had a keen sense of smell that would be able to pick him out across a field. In the heat of the chase, the bunny hoped that the predator had forgotten to trace via scent instead of by eyes where he could easily have ducked away.

"Nice try." A voice called out from above, slick and with a hiss. Before the bunny could react to the sound coming from above him, something thick and heavy layered itself roughly and tightly around his body. Smooth, cool scales embraced his arms, and the loop of the predator's tail squeezed tightly. A grunt of exertion left the lips of the bunny as he tried to push the snake's tail away and off of his arms, though they were already pinned to his sides from the strength of that body.

"Let me go!" The bunny shouted, struggling and squirming inside the grasp of the snake, whose coils began to engulf and intertwine around their prey. But his pleading meant nothing to the predator, and slowly the thick tail pulled its prey off the ground and up into the trees where the snake had been so amusingly situated. From the height of the branch it lay on, it could see further

and move silently above its prey. It had been a simple task of following the bunny-boy from above, slithering soft across the bark to avoid him hearing.

"Oh I don't think so, little bunny." Jajuka smirked as his prey was drawn up to the branch he lay on with agility. "You were far too much to catch for me just to let go now."

"Please!" The bunny's pleading was cut off as the coils of Jajuka's long tail wrapped themselves around him tightly, trapping his legs first. Sheer strength and power squeezed the small prey, crushingly strong around his legs, earning another grunt from his entwined catch.

"Please what?" Jajuka moved in close to the bunny, displaying his larger size to the squirming prey. "If I release you now, I'll look a fool." The coils moved up to the bunny's hips, pinning his wrists down underneath the tail that was thicker than he was wide, even at the shoulders.

"Aaah! Tight!" The bunny cried out as the thick tail slid up to consume up to his chest in soft scales.

"Not just yet." Jajuka grinned, enjoying the panic of his prey, adding another temporary pound of pressure to the bunny's chest. The thick tail had now made its way up to the bunny's neck, immobilising him completely inside the green length of muscle. "I'm going to be taking my time with you." The coils were impossible to fight against, their strength reduced every struggle and squirm to naught. Only his head responded to his movements, as Jajuka closed in and his large head came closer and closer in to his view.

The black line signalling the size of his jaw curved around the line of his serpentine face, and his eyes stared eagerly at his prey. That jaw seemed large enough that if he opened his mouth to swallow the bunny-boy, he'd fit in snugly.

"I know you're all tired from running from me, so there's really no better time to start playing this game. It's called 'how long can you hold your breath?'" The green serpent chuckled as the eyes of his bunny prey grew to dinner-plate sizes.

"No, no no no no!" The bunny exclaimed, attempting to struggle again inside the tight, crushing coil of his predator. The sheer green muscle was immovable by his own means, every second it would only congeal at Jajuka's will.

"Now, when I play this game, I like to mark your progress in stages or levels. The wrapping of your little body to drag you up here I might say is level zero, baseline. Everyone's made level zero before it's nothing to brag about just yet." The snake smiled with his eyes that stared at his prey. Another method of persuasion lay in his arsenal, waiting to be used.

"What you're feeling now is level one. You'll find it hard to draw breath once these coils close in; in fact you already are, aren't you?" Jajuka squeezed tightly, forcing air to leak out of the bunny's lips as the tightness of the muscle constricted around his slim chest. The tip of Jajuka's tail slithered out and loosely wrapped around the bunny's neck like a thick, scaly scarf, leaving only his face visible to Jajuka. "You can give in now if you wish. I imagine the exhaustion from failing to outrun me has made you pant and gasp for air." The bunny shook his head as Jajuka taunted him, defying the snake his prize, just for the moment.

"No? Level two is where you start to feel a little funny. Now with your lungs burning you get the curious sensation of your limbs feeling numb. That's the tightness of my coils crushing your blood out of your torso and into them. They'll feel numb for a while, and you might get some uncomfortable tingling." Jajuka tightened his coils again, having enough slack to further the wrapping of the bunny's neck. Slowly, like a vice, it constricted him.

Even an attempt to breathe proved useless. The bunny opened his mouth, tongue lolling out in strain to inhale any air at all. The grip was too strong and too tight around him, two parts keeping him from breathing; the scaly scarf tight around his throat, and the viciously tight coils around his chest that prevented his chest from expanding out. He could feel it now, level two of the snake's constricting power made his hands and legs tingle like static was passing through them. Pins and needles raced up and down his legs, daring him to exert effort to dispel the sensation.

His chest had begun to burn now, the desire for breath inside him eagerly trying to make him inhale, but with the tightness around his head only increasing it wasn't happening soon. The tip of the tail was free of his neck, leaving two coils behind to suffocate him as it began to tease the bunny's face and ears. There was no room to squirm or avoid the tail from sliding up his chin and coiling around his muzzle, binding his breath in three places now. The scales slid across his fur with ease as it bound him, trapping him completely at Jajuka's will.

"If you want to give in, all you have to do is nod your head." The tail around his muzzle moved his head like a puppet of strings.

"Level three; my favourite. By now the pressure should be so tight it starts to hurt just a little. The tight squeezing should be enough that your chest starts to creak and your bones slightly bend. Painful? Just a little." The vice-like grip constricted again, far further and stronger than what the bunny could ever have predicted. It felt like he was going to simply break in this snake's grasp as the scales ground tightly against his fur. Their smooth surfaces had felt like he might have slipped out until they came in tight and strong.

"Nnng." His slight cry was muffled by the lack of air and the tight grasp all around him.

"Give up yet? Anymore and you'll snap like a twig."

It was a moment of intense struggle for the bunny. On one hand, he was a prey and Jajuka a predator, so naturally the struggle was there for his life and the resilience had kicked in. But on the other hand, there was absolutely no way he'd be able to escape the snake. Well, maybe. If he accepted the loss, the snake might release him and there might be a gap in his grasp enough that he could escape. Another increment of pressure around his body, so tight it bent his bones, hit him. It was now or never, any longer wouldn't afford him the luxury of escape.

"Level four..." Jajuka was interrupted by the frantic nodding of the bunny desperately moving his head to stop this game. The increasing pressure plateaued as Jajuka circled his head around to look at the bunny closely, pressing his head against his prey's. "Oh, is that a bit too much for you? Well I should have guessed from your slight frame that you wouldn't have lasted much longer." In his peripheral vision, the bunny could see Jajuka's mouth open and close with speech, displaying the pink interior dripping with saliva. "Are you sure you want to give up? I could push you to five."

The bunny hadn't stopped nodding, his eyes begging Jajuka to release his chest. Dark spots had appeared in his view from the lack of air in his body. It was getting harder and harder to think without the flow of oxygen to his mind. The only thing the bunny could realistically focus on, besides the crushing pressure of the serpent around his body, was the movement of his head, pleading to be released.

"Very well." Jajuka licked his lips and moved away, letting his coils retract slowly around his prey. At the first sign of the pressure loosening, the bunny groaned out with relief. He had become used to the feeling of scales around his body, slowly slithering all across his body. But the feeling of having those scales retreat just a little was relaxing and welcome. As the crushing pressure reduced, the blood that had been forced into his limbs via the pressure began to flow normally once more,

allowing sensation to flood back into those limbs, though the tight tail still did not allow movement, and nor would it for a while.

The darkness of his view reduced only slightly as the feeling came back in his mind, but still he was unable to breathe. Jajuka's tail had seen to it that he was immobilised and starved for as long as possible until the snake wanted it. It was amusing; watching his eyes droop as the lack of air made him drowsy, make him weak and malleable. Made him just right for the melding. It had been a while since he had been able to charm a little prey to enjoy what was to come next, most simply accepted his offer without a word of rebellion, but this little rabbit was...tasty.

The tail around his body retracted to the point where, finally, breath could be taken in. With the tail no longer around his neck and relatively loosely around the bunny's chest, he could take a breath that seemed so delicious now. But the clamping tail around his chest hadn't completely let go or stopped from squeezing; instead they held him in the shifting serpent scales, lightly gripping his chest to stop large breaths and enforce shorter, smaller ones.

"Do you have a name, little bunny?" Jajuka moved around to rest his heavier head atop the bunny's, looking down to see his jaw overwhelm his features. The bunny was silent for a second as he caught his breath back in gasps and wheezes.

"Alpen." He managed to cough out. His plan hadn't seemed to have worked; the snake still held and dominated him down.

"Well Alpen, I'm Jajuka, you're very lucky today."

"You're going to...let me go?" Alpen asked. He had to, just in case. Jajuka chuckled loudly, the vibrations running across Alpen's face and head.

"Sadly not little bunny." Jajuka licked his lips audibly, letting a droplet of saliva drip from his mouth and trickle over Alpen's restrained muzzle.

"You're going to eat me then?"

"Don't sound so sad." Jajuka drifted his head forwards over Alpen's, dropping down slightly.

As he turned to face the trapped bunny, his eyes glowed, and the first stage of hypnosis could begin.

"I promise you'll enjoy my sssqueezingsss." The eyes of shifting colours met Alpen's own. He had heard tales of preys that fought and struggled against him turn to obedient bodies after just a few seconds of that gaze. Alpen quickly ducked his head and closed his eyes, refusing to look into those hypnotic orbs.

"You won't get me like that." Alpen shook his head.

"Sssh, resssisssting is sssso foolisssh." Jajuka's voice had become deeper, sssmoother to listen to. It poured into his ears, the words becoming potent with their meaning. "Jusst...look up." No! He had to keep looking down. If he looked up those would be the last moments of his willing life, and who knows how long as one of Jajuka's hypnotised sssubjects.

The tail around his body began to tighten again, faster than before when the 'game' was being played. His legs were first to be squeezed tightly, the sensation of moving his toes becoming less and less with each passing second as the feeling of the tightness overwhelmed them again. The tightness of his tail moved up Alpen's body, crushing his chest between the thick, sheer muscle. Precious air that he craved for the minute that his body was not being crushed was forced out with a hefty coil that might have weighed more than Alpen did in his entirety.

"Look at me, and I'll releassse you." Jajuka offered, moving in close to the bunny's ducked head. "Or I can crusssh you here and now, but I think we both know which one you'll prefer." His tail was unrelenting in the squeezing around his body this time, and each coil around his body shifted

and tightened separately, moving in a wave up and down. The tail tip wormed its way underneath Alpen's chin and began to push his head upwards slowly, giving him enough time to fight back, much to Jajuka's amusement.

Tighter and tighter those coils clamped down, rising past level two and onto three without any pause.

"It would be a lot easssier if you gave in now. Sssave yourssself the pain and sssubmit. All you have to do iss look up, and I'll take care of the ressst."

"No, not like this!" Alpen nearly shouted, but each part of his breath was valuable now, and it must be saved. It was lucky that the tail that wrapped around his chin was not forceful, because it would have been over far too quickly if Jajuka decided to lift his head.

"I'm afraid you have no choice in this." Jajuka replied, crushing Alpen's body in his coils until the bunny grunted with a tinge of pain.

The snake leaned in close to Alpen, opening his large mouth wider than Alpen thought possible. Warm breath rolled over the bunny's head and face as he moved in...and at the last second diverted his large jaws to his prey's neck. Jajuka was lucky to have a secret type of bite; when his fangs entered a preys neck, the toxin within would crumble their resistance and leave them malleable enough to twist into anything he wanted. Silently they slid from his mouth with a small drip of toxin on the tip of one.

"Give in..." Jajuka whispered, sinking his fangs into Alpen's neck. Toxin immediately was ejected and pumped into his bloodstream, acting quickly enough that even if he was running his mind would be mouldable after several steps. A quick cry sounded from Alpen as the fangs dug into his neck and were retracted back out, their job of depositing the toxin complete.

It felt warm as it flowed around his body, accelerated by his panic to all corners that it could find. The coolness of Jajuka's coils turned warm and welcoming against his fur, and the tightness contributed to make it feel comfortable, and him to feel safe inside. Alpen's body relaxed, allowing the soft scales to press themselves even tighter around his body.

"W-what did you...do?" He gasped as his body became hotter and hotter inside those coils.

"A little gift of mine to ssstop you ssstruggling and resssissssting until I want you to. It'sss nothing much, but it takesss a ssshort while to work on the mind."

"No..." It was all Alpen could say as he was running out of breath, and the heat of those coils forced him to relax. The warmth spread up his spine, slowly penetrating his mind. Thoughts of escape were interrupted by the warmth of the toxin, and focus became next to impossible.

"Yesss." Jajuka hissed next to Alpen's long ear. "Let it conssssume your thoughtsss." His wordsss tinged with sweet intent mixed with the toxin rushing through Alpen's body. With that hiss his mind switched track from resistance to doing whatever it took to escape the vice-like grip, even if that meant looking up and fixing Jajuka with his hypnotic gaze.

Slowly, Alpen raised his head from looking down, allowing the tail tip to push underneath his chin. Jajuka smiled as his prey's head was slowly lifted up until eye contact would be made. He drew back from whispering into Alpen's ear as the bunny's head drew level. To emphasis his superiority over the smaller prey, Jajuka lifted his own head above the bunny's head so he'd have to look upwards.

Alpen's eyes caught the deep orbs of Jajuka's eyes as soon as they were visible, looking deeply into the ssslowly shifting gaze of the snake. The colours changed every single time he tried to focus, putting him back at square one every second. One time the colour would be scarlet, then a

stripe of green would slide from top to bottom, then a yellow or blue swirl would join it, creating a patchwork of colour that stared deeper and deeper into Alpen's mind.

"That'sss what I want." Jajuka drew in closer to his prey, ensuring that he couldn't look away even if he wanted to. "Look deep into my eyesss, lesssen your focus and ssstare at them." That ssserpentine voice was hypnotic and soft in its own right as Alpen's struggles lessened. His gaze was unbrokenly fixed upon the swirling eyes of the snake ahead of him. The pattern was never the same twice, continuously shifting and moving. Those eyes almost glowed as they moved in closer, muzzle against muzzle now.

"Yesss..." Alpen muttered unconsciously, not in control of his mouth or anything quite now. The snake had taken over his mind and could control him. Jajuka could say anything to the bunny, and his mind would rationalise and desire it.

"What are you, prey?"

"Food...for the snake." His voice was monotone. "I am to feed the snake."

"Sso quick and easssy to break. Whatever happened to that resssistance of yoursss? Whatever happened to the defying voice I heard? Now it's sssubservient to me."

"Yes..."

"Hmm, I think I took a bit of your intelligence too." Jajuka pulled back from his hypnotised prey, smiling as the bunny's head followed his movements, eager to gaze into those eyes for as long as Jajuka wanted him to.

"I think you enjoy my tight grasssp, don't you? You love the way the sssheer sssmooth coilsss sssqueeze and sslither around your body." An enigmatic tongue slipped out from between Jajuka's lips for each hiss.

"Yesss." Alpen mimicked the hiss of his new master and the coilsss began to squeeze again, tighter and tighter. No gaps were left between the thick green coils of his tail, completely wrapping around the trapped bunny.

"I think I have sssomewhere you'd love to be ass well."

The tight tail kept his shoulders together as Jajuka moved his head to be above the bunny, holding his prey still for the next move. Alpen had followed his new master by looking straight up, focusing on those soft eyes with swirling colours to guide him and to sooth his mind. The coils around Alpen's body had stopped their squeezing and crushing and instead held him in place, albeit very tightly for the next part of Jajuka's plan of action.

Above the lightly squirming prey, who was busy getting comfortable and secure in the tight tail, Jajuka opened his large jaw to a width exceeding Alpen's shoulders. He could see now into the depths of his master's throat; pink and glistening on the inside with a slightly darker tongue running along the bottom. Drops of saliva dripped off the tongue and landed on Alpen's face as Jajuka slowly descended towards his restrained and captured prey.

"Here'sss where your ride endsss little bunny." He dropped a little lower, pushing the restrained prey up with his tail to meet halfway. "Do you like thissss; being food for your master?"

"Yesss."

"When I closse in on you, be sssure to sssquirm for me."

"Yesss."

Above Alpen's head, Jajuka's pink mouth hovered for just a moment as the great snake lined up his prey to slide neatly in when he pushed forward. Saliva dripped more readily now as he got closer, the anticipation of consuming this little prey causing Jajuka's mouth to water. Even with eye contact between Alpen and those soft, colourful orbs, the hypnosis hadn't been broken, and nor would it until hours later when it mattered no longer.

The large jaws took Alpen's head inside the soft, pink maw that opened wide to show him all the detail inside; from the long tongue that emerged from a small slit at the base to the dark, tight passage that would last the rest of Alpen's life. Those long ears were swallowed in first, pushed up by the end of Jajuka's long tail that had slunk away from its hold on Alpen's chin once the little bunny came under proper rule. The tail twisted and coiled around the ears, pushing them into Jajuka's throat where the snake's immensely powerful muscles would grasp and pull any intruders into a slow, wet and tight tunnel.

This had the added side effect of making the bunny hear the powerful muscles contract, pull and release, yearning for another prey to squeeze and draw in, as well as the slow beating heart of the snake, powerful enough to drive that tail to incredible pressure. Slightly curious and pleasurable it was to feel the muscles tighten around only one's ears, squeezing them softly between wet walls. Well it made little Alpen shiver in his bondage, but that wasn't about to stop Jajuka now.

"Sssssh." He hissed as the head of his prey passed between his thick lips and between the large maw that easily overwhelmed him. Hot breath rolled out from the snake's mouth, passing over the hypnotised features of the prey. The tongue tickled underneath his chin, lightly coiling around his neck and pulling him inside the wet cavern. The crown of his head met the tight opening to the long throat, and for a second it seemed as if he would make no further progress. But Jajuka had consumed larger prey than this, and with a strong push from the tail upwards into his mouth, the throat stretched wide enough to permit him access.

To taunt and tease his prey further, Jajuka closed his mouth slowly, and without much force, trapping the neck of the bunny between his lips. The mouth closed down on Alpen's features, pressing the wet tongue against his face and forcing him to feel the sensation of the throat pulling.

"Sssuch a deliciousss prey." Jajuka spoke, savouring the taste of the bunny with his tongue. He could taste the remnants of fear and panic in the sweat, but there was the desire to serve recently rising to the top of his taste, an expert tongue like his could tell.

Though his lungs burned and screamed for air, Alpen made no mention or struggle from the sheer grip around his body. He had been weakened by the Jajuka's tail and the snake's enjoyment over watching him squirm and shudder in his grasp as well as the powerful, long-lasting hypnosis that plagued his mind with thoughts of servitude. His master was swallowing him, that was good; it was something to please him, feed him, and that's all a good servant could ask to do.

His head was drawn deeper into the depths of Jajuka's throat, and the muscles began to drag him inside once it had an inch of his head inside its grasp. The tightness was similar to the coils outside, but slippery rather than scaly as it drew his head inside. His view had been restricted down just to the inside of Jajuka's pink maw that dripped with anticipation for swallowing its eager meal, with only brief flashes of green from either the tight binding tail or the tree canopy surrounding. Drops of saliva dripped down his features, lightly pooling on the tail beneath Alpen's chin, soaking him for a little easier passage.

Then darkness as his head disappeared into the tight tunnel of the snake's throat. The squeezing force of those wet walls around his face was tighter than he expected, and the feeling of the muscles dragging and pulling so eagerly made him want to jump in, had his master not been controlling it and his swallowing. The tight tunnel parted to allow his head through to lead the path for the rest of his body, which was sure and quick to follow in its wake.

Shoulders were next, and from there the rest of the bunny's body would nearly slide in by itself. An extra push was needed to get the width of the shoulders into that throat, as it had passed

the lips with room to spare, but nothing was immune from Jajuka's voracious appetite. His tail would push up and unwind from the top of his body, almost as if he was unwrapping a simple treat to snack upon, ensuring that at no time his prey could escape. But, even if the snake had forgotten to properly incapacitate using the strangling and breath-play, the hypnosis would guarantee that the prey, like many before, would be begging to take the slippery, tight ride and assist Jajuka in his hunt for more prey.

Alpen was slim enough that past the width of the shoulders it was very easy for the snake to push his tapering body in. The large tail pushed him inside further and further, uncoiling from around his bound chest one coil at a time. Breath rushed back into the body of the bunny for his last trip, ensuring he'd remain conscious but drugged for as long as possible. The job of the tight grasp around his body was shifted from the tail to the throat, which eagerly took on this new responsibility by seizing him and pulling him in with gusto. With the tail retracting, it laid across and around the thick branch that held them, making a small space for the resting period after every large meal.

By now, Alpen was more inside his master than out, and the snake's big mouth lightly closed and opened to allow the muscles in his throat to pull the prey inside further. He was not immersed up to his waist with just his legs sticking out and a useless coil loosely wrapped around them. Once the arms had passed into that deep, wet gullet there was no escape at all. Not one prey had managed it solo, though multiple had taken advantage of his weakness during consumption, thus why Jajuka now stuck to trees.

"Sssquirm for me my prey." Jajuka managed to speak with a mouth full of bunny, the vibrations of his speech travelling through the tight throat that stuck and clamped all around Alpen, who was having the time of his time. Either he heard Jajuka's voice or the hypnotism worked deeper than he expected as the bunny began to struggle and shuffle as best he could within the soft, squishy and wet throat.

Alpen twisted and shifted his shoulders and legs as much as he could inside the tight, damp throat, playfully struggling at the request of his master. In Jajuka's neck that seamlessly transitioned to the rest of his thick body, the movement of the bunny could be seen slowly as he was pulled deeper inside, a bulge travelling further into that green scaled body. Each struggled squirm from Alpen was also visible, though the tightness of the throat and his dulled mind prevented too much movement.

No sound from the outside reached Alpen's long ears now, it was all filled with the wet sounds of sloshing from the imminent belly of the beast, as well as the slow heartbeat and the squishing of the wet walls pulling him in tighter. Sight was all dark like pitch, and Alpen had closed his eyes once his shoulders had passed in, though the memory of the blissful pink maw of his master consuming his body was the most prominent thing in his mind.

Jajuka's tongue flicked lightly over the paws of the bunny that were the last thing in his mouth, urging to squirms and struggles that only served to draw him into his body further and further. The tail fell away from the shape of tightly wrapped coils it had held into slow, draping lengths hanging from the tree. This allowed Jajuka to lift his head up, looking to the sky instead of the ground to let gravity assist in the swallowing of this prey. It worked, and soon the bunny's paws were taken into the wet, tight throat and Alpen was seen no more besides a fading bulge in the profile of the snake.

Jajuka's mouth shut once the last of Alpen was securely swallowed, his tongue slithering out and licking his lips wetly. He had been a fun prey to wrap himself around and squeeze, but now, like

all prey, his role was to become part of Jajuka's coils; to give himself over to the superior predator and assist in the survival of the fittest. He looked down, observing the large bulge in his body from the softly squirming body inside him. Jajuka could feel him struggle and shift slightly in his throat, but there was nothing Alpen could do, even if he wasn't hypnotised to enjoy this. Alpen's face held a orgasmic smile as his mind told him he was being used like he should be, like a prey...sssshould be.

The snake laid down to rest on top of the tree, drooping his long, thick tail over the edges of the branch. Though now he was in his most vulnerable state, there was not another predator or prey in the jungle that would dare attack or get close. They didn't know if he had room for another, or if he'd just make room for their foolishness. His eyes closed and his dreams were that of resistant prey so eager for the moulding they needed a little sssqueeze, a bite and a little gaze to asssssst them.

Oh, to be a predator was sssurely the best.