

Sexy Snake Woman from Outer Space

by Kolik

“Ooh, I love the sexy slither of a lady snake.”

t. Barry White

“God, I wish that were me.”

t. YouTube comment on a video showcase of the XCOM2 Viper’s bind attack

I

The man stepped through the doorway into a small side room. It was rectangular, five metres long and two thirds that distance wide. The end closer to him had a small “bed,” although it was more like a circular, flat bundle of cloth woven tightly and resting on the floor. It reached halfway up his shin. The other end had a table that was slightly taller – up to his waist – with a tray and some food he didn’t recognize on it. There was no other furniture.

Instead of windows, there was a narrow opening a foot down from the roof which reached around the room, punctuated at the corners. He’d have been able to reach it if he jumped.

The blazing desert sun was bearable in here, with both light and fresh air comfortably filtering to the floor. He began to undress, and only after removing his boots did he realize the floor was solid stone: smooth, cold, and spotless. He pondered this while removing his shirt before the opposite door slid open and interrupted him.

He turned and beheld the creature looking at him: she (and she was female; he had asked) looked like a cross between a snake and a human woman, with a long thick tail beginning where her waist should have been. Her scales were dark brown. A creamy yellow underside ran from her snake belly onto her human one (they weren’t actually separate, but that’s how he thought of it) before stopping on her lower jaw. She didn’t have breasts, exactly – they were more like handful-sized lumps on her chest, with no nipples that he could see.

Her arms were human enough, with only three digits instead of five, but her head was truly alien. It resembled a hooded cobra, with large golden irises and vertical black slit pupils. Her hood, which reminded him of a woman’s hair done in a conservative bun, folded into her shoulders. She was “standing” about eye level with him.

Her tongue flicked out. “Greetings, captain. I ssee you are comfortable.”

He stepped out of his pants, which meant there was one piece of clothing between the two of them. “Yep. This is practically luxury compared to some of the places I’ve lived.”

She slithered forward and after a few seconds her tail finally passed through the door, which slid shut behind her. With all of her body in the room, there was about four metres of her lying on the floor, and most of her length was nearly as thick as the man’s ribs. Accounting for gravity, she must have had three or four times his mass.

That is a lot of woman, he thought. She pointed at his head, which was bald, then down to his upper body. “I did not realize your entire body was without hair.” She continued looking down to his legs. “And your walking arms as well. Are you sssick?”

“They’re called legs, and I’m not sick. I had gene therapy when my mother was pregnant with me because my parents thought space was the future. Not having hair makes it easier to stay clean and slightly reduces my nutritional needs – both of which are useful on spaceships.” He tapped his eyebrows, then his heart print boxer shorts. “These are the only places I have hair, for vanity and comfort.”

She made a slow circle around him, sizing him up, and her scales just grazed his toe when she came around to the front again. “Your parentsss had great foresssight.”

“Yeah, they knew I’d have to impress you.”

“Tsss,” was the only noise she made, and the universal translator embedded in his neck gave no help with that. She glided to the circular cushion and lay down on her side – with mild interest, he noted that she did not need to use an arm to prop herself up. “Join me and we shall begin.”

Most of her was resting on the floor or around his feet, so he had to be careful when he thumbed the door panel to lock it and even more careful when he shed his underwear. He walked over to her and knelt. “You seem very calm about this.”

“I have known many males in my life, captain, and you are a sssmall, oddly shaped mammal. Should I be worried?”

“I’ll let you be the judge of that.” He sat, pushing his hips forward and showing her his flaccid length. She placed one of her hands on him, then began to rub. He had felt this many times before, either from himself or other women, but the scales on her hands were surprisingly smooth and very pleasurable. He grew hard quickly and each pump made him breathe deep. They sat there for a few minutes as sweat formed on his body and precum formed on his cock.

“Use your other hand, too,” he said.

She brought her other hand to his balls, raising herself slightly and leaning towards him. “I have always wondered how mammals sssurvive dessspite having a common vulnerability.”

“We don’t just let anybody near them.” He closed his eyes and started to thrust softly into her grip.

“I’m flattered.” By now, his member was leaking more and there was almost no friction between her scales and his skin. She couldn’t cup his balls properly with only three digits, but the contact still felt good. Another few minutes passed. Both of her hands were covered with precum, and the two of them had settled into a simple, slow rhythm: he thrust, and she gripped him just a bit tighter until he pressed against her palm. Then he pulled back and she released him until the cycle repeated. Occasionally she switched the position of her hands, and he would aim to the left or right to get slightly more contact.

The sight of her leaning forward and staring intently at his crotch gave him an idea. “Open your mouth,” he said.

She glanced up and stopped. “What?”

“Open your mouth. I want you to use your tongue.”

For the first time since entering the room, she blinked. He saw at least one nictating membrane underneath her normal eyelids. “Why?”

He rolled his eyes. “Because I want to see how deep in your throat I can get. Now open up.”

She slowly opened her jaw. Rather than the sultry pout of a human woman’s lips, what greeted him was a horizontal opening of pink skin – no fangs, though. Her tongue poked out of a tube along the bottom of her mouth, and she held it out. “Now wh–” was all she managed to say before he grabbed the back of her head and roughly shoved his cock between her lips.

She made a startled *krssiss* sound and arched her neck, trying to get away, but he had both hands firmly planted on the back of her hood as he pumped himself in and out of her mouth, with one of his knees pinning her “waist” to the cushion. Her tongue flailed wildly, lightly flicking his balls and the underside of his dick as she struggled. He could feel her alien saliva wash over his length with every push, and he relished the squelching sound his tip made every time he pressed it against the roof of her mouth. She was soft, wet, and warm.

The man ignored her even as she planted her hands on his legs and pushed back – her arms were spindly and weak, and she couldn’t squeeze her lips shut enough to hurt him. He loved the feeling of overpowering her, and he started to thrust stronger and rougher. Every stroke sent a shiver from his tip back into his hips, and he knew he was nearly ready to blow.

But he had forgotten about the rest of her. Just as he was beginning to grunt with each thrust, he felt her tense sharply underneath him. He glanced back and mumbled “whazzat?” just in time for the end of her tail to slam into him.

“Hoof!” he cried as he went toppling backwards off the cushion – but he didn’t hit the floor. Instead, he found himself braced by a snug coil reaching from his shoulder, down and around his biceps, and comfortably ending on his chest. He tried to sit up, but the motion only moved his legs towards his torso. He was pinned as surely as a pit wrestler.

“*What* was that?” she hiss-shouted at him, sitting up and peering down. The sight of her angry face peeking up over his dick was too much. He started laughing. “I demand an anssswer!” When he still didn’t say anything, she squeezed him, and the *hurk* sound from his throat indicated he was ready to listen.

“I told you I wanted to put my dick in your mouth.” He couldn’t stop a grin from tugging up one corner of his mouth.

“You *sssaid* you wanted me to use my tongue.”

“And your tongue is in your mouth.” His left arm was a bit freer than his right, so he pointed at his glistening member with it. “So now that we’ve settled that, if you wouldn’t mind . . .”

“Tsss.” Again the translator failed him. “If you had not ressscued my craft from those raiders, I would never forgive what you did.” She leaned forward, and he realized that her hood was flared open and he could see the bright yellow scales on its underside. It was a trick as old as evolution, but it did the job: she looked big and angry. “I will humour you, jussst this onccce.”

He tried to ask her what exactly that meant, but the question died in his mouth when she dragged his lower half back onto the cushion. She slithered more of herself onto it as well, pinning down his legs, and the final result left him profoundly vulnerable: back on the floor, hips raised, dick wet and needy, while his arms and thighs were immobilized under at least 150 kilos of alien snake woman.

All in all, he was having a pretty good time. He started having an even better time when she leaned forward and lightly flicked her tongue against his cock. She repeated the action a few times, getting a taste for him (*or was it smell?* he wondered), before sliding her tongue around him. Her exploration was almost aggravatingly slow, but she took her time slathering a thin coating of saliva onto his sensitive skin. Once she had finished, she slowly wound her tongue around his cock, taking care to press in and squeeze him as much as the small organ could. Squeeze, one, two, three, relax.

Squeeze, one, two, three, relax. Finally she slipped her tongue back into her mouth, leaving him twitching.

“I hope you are sssatisfied.”

“Very,” he mumbled from beneath her. It was getting tough to think straight, and he could feel the familiar pressure building up. He did his best to stop it.

Her tongue slithered out and wrapped around him from the other direction. She languidly ran up and down his length a few times, pushing her snout against his cock and dragging the tight but soft circle of muscle with her. Finally she stopped at the base of his shaft and slowly slid her tongue back into her mouth. She reared back up and looked down at him. “You know, I sssee why you were sso insssstent earlier.”

“Yeah.” He tried to shrug out of her scaly embrace. “Now lemme up and–”

She tightened again, pushing him back to the ground. “I think I know what you want.” She went back to working him, but this time she pushed her snout to his tip and took it very slightly into her mouth. Then her tongue slipped out down the bottom of his shaft. Slowly, ever so slowly, she wound down and around until finally she reached his balls.

Just how long is that tongue of hers? he wondered before blanking out as the forked tip started caressing his scrotum. He jerked left and right, but she never allowed him to escape her. Every soft lick on the underside of his balls just made him want to push up into her mouth again, but whenever he tried she would pull back *just* out of reach. No matter what happened, the rest of her tongue wrapped around him would tense and twist, slithering along like a miniature version of its owner.

He was being teased from top to bottom. He couldn’t take it anymore. As his self-control finally broke, he gave one last, desperate thrust into her mouth – which she easily deflected and pointed towards a wall. She pulled back from him. He didn’t care. He came. “Nrrgh.”

Once the first hot spurt left him, she gripped him tightly with both hands and started to milk each thrust. Every hot, heavy pulse made his head feel fuzzier, and the electric feeling from her grip melted together with the fuzziness in his brain to form an overpowering, numbing slurry.

Four shots now, then five. “That’sss it,” she said. “Keep going.” But he was running out of steam. His pace slowed, and there was a big gap between the sixth and seventh. After that, he twitched

once final time, produced nothing, and sank down. He was breathing deeply and heavily, and struggling not to fall into a dead sleep on the spot.

She had no such troubles. “All mammals have a common vulnerability,” she said, licking a few stray globs from her hands. “I consssider my debt to you paid in full, captain. Thank you for sssaving my life. Travel well.” She loosened her grip on him, then turned to leave.

He could barely hear anything. His ears were ringing. She was halfway across the room before he noticed she’d moved. Her tail had already pulled away from him but he rolled over, flung his left hand out, and grabbed the very tip before it left his reach. It was enough to make her turn around. “What now?”

He cleared his throat, trying to remember how to speak. “You said you’d spend the night with me.” He raised his right forearm and shakily pointed at the light slit near the top of the room. The yellow daylight of the desert sun had faded to a burning orange sunset. “It’s not even dark yet.”

“Tss. You are in no condition to continue. It would be pointless for me to remain here.”

I’ve got to look up what that sound means when I’m done here. He chuckled. “You’d be surprised how fast a man can recharge.” He began struggling to his feet. The shock of cold stone against his sweaty, warm skin was helping him focus.

Her eyes and pupils widened in a look that was so close to human surprise he figured it must have been exactly that. He was right. “You truly mean to ssstay the entire night?”

“Yep.”

“The nightsss on thisss planet are sssixxxteen and two thirdsss ssstandard sssolar sssubcccycles. You sssimply—”

He held up a hand. “I’m gonna stop you right there, because first: I don’t care. Second: if you keep hissing like that my head’s gonna spin worse’n it already is.” He took a few steps towards the other side of the room.

She hiss-sighed. “Are all human men ssso literal?”

He grinned. “Only the good ones. Now tell me: what kinda food is this?”

II

The table's tray had a few cans of what he recognized as water next to the food, so he opened one and took a sip. The mystery food turned out to be dried meat, cut in squares and wrapped in some tough woven material. He was suddenly very hungry, and took a bite almost before he had unwrapped it. It was like jerky without any taste, but he was happy all the same. He examined the table itself – circular, four legs, made of dull blue plastic – and was unsure what to think. It was too short to use standing up, but too high to use sitting down.

He was about to ask his host what the table was meant for when she slithered over to it and laid down with her “hip” on the floor and her arms comfortably resting on it. “Oh.”

“I have been told that my people have little . . . what was the word, *furniture* compared to other ssspeccies.” She looked up at him. “But I am cccertain you recognize a table, captain.”

He finished his meat square and took another. “I do. But I wonder if you’d recognize a chair, though.”

She tilted her head but didn’t take her eyes off him. “Chair? I do not know thisss word.”

“I figured.” He walked over to his clothes and retrieved a small silver rectangle from the pocket of his pants before putting on his underwear and returning to stand behind her. “It’s mostly used by species with legs to make themselves more comfortable – some quadrupeds use cushions instead.” The silver rectangle was a small tablet computer, and with a few taps he brought up an image of a human family eating dinner together. He reached over her shoulder and placed the device on the table.

She peered at it. “Fassscinating. I had no idea your *furniture* was sssso common. I apologize for there not being any here.”

He took a few steps around the table in the direction of her tail, then stepped over her body, standing between her and it. “That’s fine. I think I can make do,” he said before sitting down on her. Her body jolted from the contact and her head whipped to state at him. He returned her look, munching calmly, and took another sip of water to wash it down. *If you have a problem, say something.*

“Captain, I am not,” she glanced at the screen, “a *chair*.”

“Yeah, I know.” He decided to change the subject. “So what are the men on your planet like? Snakes on my planet have two dicks.”

More silence. A couple minutes later, he had finished the meat squares and his first can of water. He reached for a second, and only then did she relent in the little game they were playing. “Tss. You ssseriousssly want to know about our reproductive behaviour?”

There’s that hiss again. He shrugged. “I asked.”

“One moment.” She reached out and took her own can of water, opened it, and began to drink. Instead of tipping the can up, she poked her snout into it and began gulping up water. The captain watched her, noticing every pulse of her creamy throat and appreciating the way her scales quickly expanded and contracted. After downing the can, she noticed him staring. “Captain, is there a problem?”

He sat up sharply. “Ahem. No. Go on.”

She gave him a look he could not decipher before turning her “human” section to face him, which meant the rest of her rotated belly-up. He nearly fell from his seat, and she quickly wrapped her tail around his waist in a firm grip. He was now straddling her, with a large coil of brown serpentine muscle piled around his ribs and the remaining metre and a half trailing off to the side away from their table. “Comfortable?” she asked. He nodded, absentmindedly tracing one of his hands along her scales. She said nothing further, but the heat pits near her mouth let her notice the flush of warmth that rose through his skin when she embraced him.

She was beginning to get a better idea of why this human had been so eager to meet her after dragging her wounded ship back to the drydocks on her world. “As you sssaw when departing your craft, thisss world is a desert. Ssurvival is difficult, and our mating behaviour was shaped by that. When a clutch of eggs hatches, we monitor the young and choose the ssstrong from among them. They are permitted to mate with the ssstrong from other clutches.”

“But how do you actually do it? The snakes on my planet can get into these things called *mating balls* where the female is swarmed—”

Her tail flicked his ear. “I am not an animal from your planet. We are paired individually for each clutch. One healthy female will mate with many males before her ideal time is done.”

It seemed she was unwilling to describe the anatomy of her species in detail. He decided to follow her lead. “I take it ‘ideal time’ means your sexual peak. What happens when that’s finished?”

“We take on other duties as guards, hunters, and sssso on. We do not mate.”

He scratched his chin. "How long do you live for?"

"Around two and a half of your earth cccenturiesss. Do you really find usss that intriguing, captain?" His cock was tucked between her belly and the lowest of her loops around him, and she had noticed it hardening. "Or maybe you feel sssome other emotion?"

He thrust softly between her with a wide grin. "Can't hide anything from you. One more thing and then we'll get back to it."

She leaned onto the table with one arm. The gesture looked very casual. "And what is that one more thing?"

"How many children do you have?"

"A healthy female has between four and—"

This dumb language of mine, he thought. The translator was good but not perfect. "No, how many children *dost thou* have?"

She instantly sprang from the table and reared up. "*What* did you asssk me?" She was a head taller than him and her hood was beginning to flare.

He had been around enough aliens to know when what a reaction to bad manners looked like. It was one of the galaxy's few universal constants. "Hey, look," he held up his hands, acutely aware that she could crush him to death with little effort. "I didn't mean to offend you – I'm just curious since you said you had known 'many males' earlier. I figured you had a big family."

After a pregnant pause, she lowered herself back to eye level and deflated. "I sssee. I am regretful for missunderssstanding you." She glanced off to the side for a moment. "We care for our young as a community, sssso I do not have a family like a human would. But I have contributed very much to my community's population." He got the impression she was remembering something very old. "I am happy to have done that."

He stood and extracted himself from her. "So that'd make you a MILF, then," he said standing in the middle of a pile of her coils.

She tilted her head. "What does that word mean?"

He wished he thought about things before saying them. "Oh, er, untranslatable human slang. It's a compliment. Don't worry about it. Anyway, you wanna fuck some more?"

III

“I will keep my promise to you, captain. How would you like me to present myself?” She leaned back with her arms behind her head in a very relaxed, humanlike pose. Her hood had settled back to its normal size and he could have sworn she was giving him a sultry look.

He looked at her, drinking in every detail and crease in her scales, then pointed to the other end of the room where they had entwined earlier. “Lie out from here to there. I’d like to see how big you really are.”

“I believe my size to be normal for a female of my age, but if you would truly like to see me then I will comply.” Her front section slithered away while the rest of her unspooled from around his legs. His calves were briefly encircled by the cool, smooth sensation of her belly sliding over his skin, and he considered telling her to do more of that – until he turned around and beheld her properly.

She turned onto her back, and the twist rippled down her body pleasantly, rolling the rougher back scales to the floor and presenting her softer underside. After she was done, she made a river of inviting beige scales nearly seven metres long, worn smooth from a lifetime on desert sand. He knelt, pressed his hands against the base of her tail, and began to rub. The scales there were tougher and less fine than the rest of her, so he didn’t figure she would exactly enjoy it, but there was the telltale slit that he wanted to open up. It was a small dark line about a metre from the end of her tail, and as his massage continued, he began to wonder what she would look like on the inside. Would he even be able to see?

She interrupted his daydreaming. “Captain, why are you doing that?”

He looked up and met her eyes, which were unimpressed. “This is your . . . you know, your slit. Doesn’t it feel good?” He was certainly enjoying the sensation of rubbing her, and he wasn’t sure he would stop even if she didn’t like it.

“Why would my defecation vent feel good?”

He froze. Dead silence for half a minute. “Your what?”

She rolled her eyes, and her voice belied her impatience. “The opening in my body I use to defecate. I do not know what your species views as *normal*, but I can assure you—”

Now he interrupted her, hopping forward so that he straddled her and his dick pressed comfortably into her smooth belly scales. “Aha, oh, no. You see, on my planet, the snakes have only one opening. We call it a cloaca and—”

“I am *not* an animal from your planet.” Her voice turned to velvet. “If you *ssseek* to pleasure me, then you may try again *here*.” She sat up and pointed at a spot just below where her “hips” were, which had another telltale slit he had been too distracted to notice before.

“Love to.” He began crawling forward, taking his time and being sure to press the front of his body against her. The contrast of his pale skin against her creamy scales was emphasized by the difference in texture: she was smooth and soft, but there was a layer of strong but forgiving muscle underneath her belly, which he could feel any time he pressed down with the side of his leg or one of his hands. His frame was muscular but bony, and as he progressed, he realized that he greatly enjoyed poking into the small grooves between her large belly scales.

His pace slowed, and now he wasn’t so much crawling forward as he was absently tracing his hands across her. He doubted he could have hurt her if he tried, but there was something enticing about pressing his finger into the creamy scales and making a dimple an inch deep. After one poke deeper than the rest, he felt a twitch run through her from head to tail.

He glanced up, prepared to deflect another question or tail slap, but she was looking pointedly to the side. In fact, she had turned her “human” section a quarter turn sideways, giving the impression of a woman lying on a bed and trying not to look at someone. Was she ignoring him? That was odd – before, she had been observing his every move. As he considered this, his hands kept moving. “Is something wrong?”

She turned to him as though pulled from a daydream. “Not at all. In fact, your hands feel good.”

He grinned. “Glad to hear it. By the time I get up there—” Another twitch, this one strong enough to put a kink in her spine and shift him slightly across the floor. He looked down and discovered his fingers had pressed deeply into the section where her belly became her sides. He moved them slightly and she twitched again.

“Captain.” Her voice was still velvety, but stretched thinner than before.

“Wait a minute, are you sensitive down here?” He began poking and prodding with vigour, hungrily closing the distance to her torso. Now that he knew what to target, she didn’t stand a chance;

in a moment, she was convulsing under him every time he reached for a new handhold in his horizontal climb.

“Captain, it is only normal for my undersside to be *ssensssitive*.” Her composure was quickly draining. “It is helpful to be able to *ssenssse vibra-SHUNSSS . . .*” she trailed off, melting into the cushion. Her soft, pleased hissing continued as the captain fondled his way up her body. Every so often he would lean down to kiss or nibble at her, but he was getting almost painfully hard again and didn’t want to waste any time.

When he arrived at her torso, he paid special attention to the area she had pointed at earlier, and her convulsions sped up. She was a flowing river of smooth muscle now, hissing and curling between his legs as he massaged her Venus. He could see her slit begin to open slightly as she relaxed and settled deeper into his rhythm. After another minute of intense caressing, she arched her back and tensed underneath him so strongly she lifted him clear off the floor. She held the position for a few long seconds before relaxing and falling back to the ground. She fixed him with sultry, burning eyes and let out a long, deliciously satisfied hiss.

Finally, they were face to face. Her previously straight lower body had been scattered across the floor. Several sections of her body lay one atop the other, and he could tell she was breathing heavily from the way he rose and fell sitting on her – he wasn’t sure if she was biologically capable of panting, but it sure felt like it.

He looked down at her with his arms on either side of her body. “I aim to please.”

She smiled. “You *cc*certainly did,” she said, thick and inviting. She looked down at the space between them where his erection pressed tightly against both his boxers and her scales. “And now you are prepared for more mating. Are all mammals *thisss* energetic?”

“Nah. I’m just that good.” He reached down and practically tore off his boxers before tossing them to the side. His cock hung down, hard and ready, just above her vent. What had been a tiny slit was now more of a dark opening into her body. Although he couldn’t see anything, he guessed she would feel soft. “Talk dirty to me.”

She stared at him. “What?”

He felt his simmering passion begin to cool. “More human slang. Tell me how much you want me to fuck you.”

“Oh.” She brought a finger to her chin and thought for a moment. “I would like very much to engage in intercoursse with you.”

Cooler. “No, no. You’ve got to be passionate about it.”

“Yesss, I jussst was.” She blinked. “Captain, do you doubt my sincccerity?”

He’d get soft if this kept up any longer. “Tell me in explicit detail what you want me to do with my cock and your pussy.”

She hesitated again, then: “I wish for you to insssert your mammalian internal insssemination gonad into my oviposition canal. I believe it will be very pleasurable for bo-*aaahhh!*” He plunged down, interrupting her before her cold blood could spread to him.

As it turned out, he had been right about her insides being soft. He pressed his entire body down onto her, nuzzling at her neck and digging his hands behind her back to embrace her tightly. The first few thrusts were awkward and shallow as he adjusted to her alien womanhood, but he quickly found his bearings and pumped down harder.

She returned his embrace as best she could, but for now she was happy to let him press her down both with his hips and his eager, nibbling mouth. “Captain, I want you to know that allowing your mouth near my neck is a sssign of great intimaccy.” He mumbled something from below her jaw that she couldn’t quite understand, but it made her happy. His pounding at her slit made her even happier.

The sensation of her wrapped around his cock was addictive. His dick was obviously too short for him to bottom out in her – that made sense, given their sheer size difference – but the pressure on the sides of his shaft made up for it. Every time he thrust, it was like parting tightly woven sheets of silk. Every time he pulled out, he could only bear to retreat enough to make the next thrust feel good.

Their rhythm continued for a while, as they comfortably got to know each other in a way only a man and a woman can. Eventually, his pace began to slow. She noticed and removed one of her arms from his back to lift up his chin. “Are you alright, captain?”

He blinked a few times before managing to focus on her concerned eyes. “Y-yeah. I think I’m just more tired than I realized. You’re a big woman, and you might need more loving than I can give you right now.” He sounded disappointed.

“I have a sssuggessstion.”

“What’s that?” was all he got out before she sat up sharply, lifting him with her and flipping onto her tail.

“Jusst let me show you.” He puffed as the wind was knocked out of him, although much more gently than before. He was pinned underneath her torso above him, which curled down under his legs and became her tail under his back. The impact had pushed him deep into her, but he scarcely had the time to appreciate it before she rolled to the side. He felt her tail tense as she dragged him sideways.

Her body curved to the side at the small of his back before beginning to wrap around the two of them. As they rolled, one loop went around his abdomen, then another around his ass, and the rest of her coiled pleasantly around his shins. At the end of it all, their pose was similar to when they started, but bundled tightly together and practically fused at the waist. He was only free from the chest up.

“Cozy,” he said.

“Oh, that’sss not all,” she murmured, using her arms to pull him him closer for a quick lick at his nose. “If you’re too tired, then let me sssatisssfy usss both.”

He was about to ask her what she meant when she *squeezed* and he immediately got it. He gasped, plunging deeper into her than before, with their hips pressed almost perfectly flat. He could still breathe, but forcing air into his lungs was a chore. On instinct, he grabbed forward and held on for dear life as she began to grind the two of them together between the sandy coils of her body.

Now she was panting. “I hope . . . you are . . . pleased . . captain,” she cooed between thrusts. The repeated constriction was taking a lot out of her, but she was so deeply full that she didn’t care. She could feel his tip just shy of bottoming out in her, and it seemed some of his enthusiasm had rubbed off on her.

The captain was pleased, but he was also being ground into a fine paste. The sheer strength in her body was unlike anything he had ever felt, and having so much of it concentrated on his hips was equal parts torque and titillation. After the initial discomfort, he found himself adjusting quickly to their rhythm – with her clearly in the lead. He could safely breathe when she loosened, and he could pull out a bit as well. Once she started pulling him in again – *or was she pushing?* he thought – any space between or inside them disappeared. Their earlier lovemaking had felt silky, but this was more like being thrust through a dense patch of soft, interwoven grass that touched every part of him. He grit his teeth and tried to last.

As they once again shifted from a jumble of coils and limbs to an airtight knot, he began to realize that his earlier musings about her had come true. Feeling her spool around him at the table had given him ideas about this, and the real thing surpassed all his fantasies. The slithering, silky scales surrounding him made the constriction bearable. Every other second he was flung from an aggressive deep-tissue massage to a serpentine hug so gentle it could have lulled him to sleep.

Her soft belly was pressed all around him from the waist down, and whenever she moved he could feel every inch of it subtly flex and glide along him. There were three broad coils of her body wrapped around his back, butt, and thighs, and when she loosened again they slithered pleasantly across his skin. There was nothing between the two of them to get in the way, and he could feel his sweat being swished around where they touched and pressed together.

His legs were a different story because her tail thinned there: instead of pressing inward, her body would contract its smaller coils around his knees and calves. When she released him, her tail would slither down to his toes again and get ready for the next tug. He felt his lower body begin to tingle slightly – at last, he could bear no more. “This is great, but I can’t—*pfff*—take it any longer,” he said.

She moved her arms to wrap comfortingly around the back of his neck. “I am sssurprised you endured thisss long in one of my mating rituals.” Her voice was a whisper he could barely hear over the sound of constricting flesh.

“Rituals?” He was getting woozy and didn’t entirely trust his hearing.

She hiss-laughed, but there was no malice in it. “I told you, captain,” she said with another deep squeeze, “I have known many males in my life. They did not all have the sssame tassstesss.” She moved a finger to his chin. “Are you ready now?” He could only nod. “Then prepare yourssself.”

He was just shy of boiling over, and beginning to lose control. His hips started bucking erratically, sometimes joining with her squeezes and sometimes wriggling against them like a fish on a hook. It felt so *good* to try thrusting and sinking deeper insider her, but there was something about her being so damn implacable that bugged him. Was she really going to milk him like this? Was he really going to lie down and say Thank you, ma’am and ask for thirds?

Well, maybe. But that didn’t mean he couldn’t at least try to get one up on her. With great effort, he waited until she loosened before pulling his right arm in and shoving it down between them. She glanced mildly at his motion but said nothing. She had gradually increased the speed of her constrictions and now he had little more than half a second of free time in each cycle.

Come on, come on. He managed to force his hand to where their hips met – a hot, sweaty cage of flesh and muscle. As she squeezed him again, he shoved his middle and ring fingers into her honey.

She mistook his intent. “Do not worry about your sssize, captain,” she said laconically with another slithering hug. “You are quite sssatissfying for a bipedal male.”

He grunted something that sounded like “nht wrreed bt szzz” from between clenched teeth. Hell, he could feel his own dick twitching now, and he knew he had only a few seconds left. With all his focus and willpower, he curled his fingers into a rough hook and started rubbing the top of her insides.

At first she didn’t react, but after a few seconds he felt her shudder *very* nicely around his cock. “Captain, what—oh, *OH!* . . .” She tensed twice fitfully, then closed around him a third time tighter than any before. He started cumming. He could hear her voice hitch in her throat while her head lolled back onto the floor. She still hadn’t let him go, and wasn’t going to any time soon. He kept cumming. He was cumming harder than ever before in his life. She had lodged him deeply within her, too deep to do anything but shoot his brains out and hope he didn’t die.

Seconds ticked by as his cock and fingers shuddered. He could feel his orgasm stretch out, an unbroken stream of white-hot ecstasy that felt like it was cutting his body in two. She still hadn’t let go of him. Distantly, he tried to remember to inhale. He could feel himself bottoming out in her – impossible, but he didn’t care. It felt so damn good to be united with her like this, drawn into a carnal Gordian knot and pumping her full of everything he had.

After a small eternity listening to his heart thud against his ribcage, his stream turned into the usual pulses. After five or six of those, he reached a gasping, frayed end and fell forward onto her. Only then did he realize she was still locked in her own throes of ecstasy: her head was still planted firmly on the ground and her body was wrapped around him just as tightly as when they had started.

His free arm pressed against her coils, but she may as well have been made of rock. All he could do was rest and appreciate the hazy pleasure running through his system. His first orgasm had nearly made him pass out; this one probably would if she didn’t let him go.

Eventually she tipped her head up to meet his eyes. She looked drunk and hungry. “Captain,” she purred, “if you had been one of my people, you would have made a *fine* sssire. Many females would have desired your sssseed.”

“That’s real kind of you.” He breathed twice, deep and shaky. “I can’t feel my legs.”

IV

They spent the rest of the night cuddled together. He did not need a blanket and she could think of no finer heat source.

The next morning, they left the building with her practically draped around him. “Thank you very much for sssaving my life and showing me . . . all of that.” She sounded possessive and deeply satisfied. “I hope our time together repays what I owe you.”

He started to say it was no big deal, but corrected himself. “You’re welcome. I was real mad when I learned your people hadn’t started using the Ducat yet. Luckily, the local sheriff had enough to cover the bounty on the raiders that attacked you.” They walked out from the low, brown stone buildings that made up the village.

She still hadn’t let go of him by the time they reached the drydocks where his ship was parked, which were really a series of large grey landing pads spread out across several square kilometres. The repair crew had done a good job with his ship, and the battle damage was almost invisible against the silver hull. They had even repainted the red stripes along one wing that had been hit hardest. “Your guys handled this well,” he said. “They must have been able to fix your ship, too, eh?”

She paused before replying. “They would have been, but I could not afford it.”

He looked at her. “Oh?”

“I am not a wealthy woman, captain. As you know, my people mossstly ignore galactic businesss, and that means we have little trade with other planetsss.” She looked to the side, slightly embarrassed. “There are many villages around here that continue to use barter.”

He rubbed the back of his neck. “I didn’t mean to embarrass you.”

She waved a hand. “Think nothing of it,” she said, drawing across the front of his body and coiling him from the knees down. “I am happy jusst knowing I will sssee you again.”

Now it was his turn to pause. “Well, that probably won’t happen.”

She stared. “What do you mean?”

“I’m a bounty hunter. I move around a lot, and I don’t usually visit the same star system twice unless there’s work.”

“Ssso I’ll never sssee you again?”

“I wouldn’t count on it.” He shrugged. “I only came this way for other business, and I still have an appointment to keep. Your ship’s distress signal happened at the right time.” He stepped out of her embrace and strode towards his ship.

She slithered in front of him. “You ssseriously plan to leave?”

“Uh, yeah?”

Her voice turned sour. “You join me in—” she hissed some word the universal translator couldn’t pick out, “—and now you will leave me here?”

He frowned. “Hey, most people would be *happy* to be home and safe. You’re welcome.”

“You will take me with you.” Her hood flared as punctuation.

“You want me to . . .” he couldn’t even finish the thought. It was insane. “Look, the ship is cramped enough as it is.”

“I will find room.” She crossed her arms.

“My work is dangerous,” his voice grew louder, “and it’s usually a hell of a lot *more* dangerous than the small-time crooks who nearly killed you.”

“I have lived a long and happy life here. I am willing to take that risk.”

He ground his brow into his palm. One eye glowered at her from between his fingers. “Look, I’m not good at being faithful to women, alright?”

She rose and leaned forward. “You have *obviously* never met a woman like me, captain.” Her tongue flicked out smugly. “I am *sure* I can cure you of that.”

They had been so focused on talking that neither one had noticed the ship’s cargo bay ramp start to lower. Now it hit the landing pad loudly, and a man tromped down it. He wore dark, dirty clothes and industrial boots topped with a pair of black goggles that bit into his shock of blonde hair. The only clean thing on him was the multitool clipped to his belt. “Howdy, Ray!” he called with wave. “Breakin’ another heart, are ya?”

“Shut it, Vince!” the captain called back.

“Yessir!” Vince saluted before walking back up the ramp.

Ray turned back to the snake woman, but she spoke first. “I thought you worked alone.”

He chuckled. "I'm the face of our little business, which is why you only saw me on the viewscreen when we rescued you. Vince is a gifted mechanic, but he doesn't really know how to talk to people."

She turned her head sideways, curious. "And you do?"

"I'm good at getting into people's good graces. Staying there is a different story. Half the reason Vince and I get along is just because I let him alone when he's with his machines." Then they were both quiet. The wind picked up, blowing a soft cloud of sand across the landing pad at knee height. "I wasn't kidding, you know – about being unfaithful. I've broken a *lot* of promises."

She took his hand. "Captain, I very much enjoy being with you." Her golden eyes glittered in the desert sun. "Your passst does not bother me."

Ray half frowned at her but didn't draw away. "You have no idea what my past is like."

"Then why don't you let me find out and sssee for myssself?" She nodded towards the yawning cargo bay.

Ray looked at her for a long time before saying anything. "Space is cold. I don't want to hear you complaining."

She swept around him, cinching onto his waist and draping her arms across his shoulders. "I know jussst how to keep warm."

He felt like sighing, but decided to laugh instead. It felt good.