

"This could've been much worse," said Chloe, examining the small gash on her sister's shin.

"Ah, you're *making* it worse," hissed Zoey. Chloe, the older of the two by about a year, was rifling through a pouch on her hip while holding Zoey's left shin in her free hand. They were both on the cusp of full adulthood within their pack's hierarchy, and while Chloe had taken to the additional responsibility easily enough, Zoey had catching up to do. They were huntresses, after all, and even though their wanderings over the last week had been to scout, the two sisters caught their fair share of game while in the unfamiliar jungle acres.

"Oh, grow up," said Chloe before releasing her sister's shin and walking to a nearby bush. "You'll have to live with it a bit longer, anyway, since I'm out of stitchleaves." She began looking for the small, triangular leaves which the hunters of their tribe used to cover wounds when proper salves were not handy.

Zoey, who felt she *was* a grownup thank you very much, stuck her tongue out at her sister's back, but there wasn't much malice in it. The two had been tracking the hoofprints of a boar down a run before the younger wolf had carelessly tripped over a tree root and dashed her leg against a rock. She wasn't bleeding much, but she and Chloe had a lot of ground to cover to return to their tribe and infection was always a risk. "Do we even know if those grow around here?" she asked, restraining her bright blue eyes for the umpteenth time from ogling the way her sister's breasts were so fat she could see them from behind her back.

Chloe turned around, shrugged, then turned her slate purple eyes back to her search. "Can't hurt to look. As far as I can tell, no reason they shouldn't be." Zoey stood, leaning against a nearby tree while she gingerly put weight on her injured leg.

The two wolves, being sisters, had nearly identical features, but their colouration set them apart well enough. Both had solid grey coats with lighter fur on the lower half of their muzzles, which continued down the front of their torsos, flowed over their unmentionables, and ended about halfway up their asses. Chloe's outer fur was a deep, dull grey (with some darker spots on her cheeks looking like nothing so much as freckles) and her inner fur was only slightly lighter; Zoey's outer fur was lighter still and her inner fur was pale white rather than grey. Chloe had roughly an inch of height on her sibling, but neither was exceptionally tall or short. Both had plain mops of hair the same colour as their fur.

The girls' similarities ended there. Chloe's figure was full and soft, her meaty breasts held in place by a single loop of leather about a hand wide – not quite a tube top, but close. Her crotch was covered front and back by a loincloth, obscuring her wide ass and plump thighs. Zoey was only a year younger, but was smaller in almost every way: her tits were pert instead of full (and she wore a bra, lacking Chloe's volume), and her ass was taught rather than soft. Where Chloe's loincloth hinted at a woman's wide hips and legs, Zoey's almost covered her slender figure. An unkind narrator might call her underdeveloped or skinny, but the cultured reader will recognize the naive beauty found in such women.

Schaal certainly did.

The snake's head was a spade just over a foot wide by his back teeth. He had devoured more than his fair share of unlucky animal women over his lifetime, and he licked what passed for scaly lips as he examined the two morsels underneath his tree, one plump in all the right places and the other slim enough to emphasize her otherwise modest curves. He restrained himself from drooling as he listened to their conversation – it was not every day his meals delivered themselves to his doorstep.

"Ah, finally," said Chloe. She strode back to Zoey, who had realized she could walk normally except for a stinging below her knee. Chloe knelt and pressed a handful of stitchleaves to her sister's

shin.

Zoey inhaled sharply, briefly filling her bra, before sighing as the familiar tingling set in. "So where do we go from here?"

"Well, there's a river that way, remember? We should get this rinsed before following that boar. The tracks are pretty old, anyway, so I wasn't hopeful to begin with."

"Do you think we'll find some fish?"

"I don't see why not. I'm sure we can catch something for dinner."

Schaal hiss-chuckled darkly in his perch. He knew exactly the river Chloe had mentioned, and although she was right to say dinner would be caught, her idea of what dinner would be could not have been more wrong.

=====

"Even when you're fishing?" asked Zoey.

"Especially when you're fishing," said Chloe. "The fish only gives you one chance. You need to be focused if you want to take it." She pushed through the final tangle of plants blocking her way to the river. "Speaking of which, here we are." The river was a long stone's throw wide. The close bank was an easy slope into the glittering current, then nothing but blue for a dozen metres until the water met a sheer face of earth twice as tall as either girl.

There was a small beach with a handful of large, flat rocks which Zoey found quite nice for sitting on and licking her wound. Chloe waded into the middle of the river after ensuring none of the fish were piranhas. She stood hunched over, motionless, waiting for the fish to get used to her legs in the water. This was her least favourite part of fishing, with good reason.

Out of the corner of her eye she noticed Zoey, sitting bored on the near bank. She did not notice the suspiciously thick vine woven around the canopy above her sister. "Hey, Zoey," she called, "if you aren't gonna fish, tell me the two most important things to do when you're hunting. We were just talking about them."

Zoey scratched her chin. "Be ready and be aware, duh. You keep telling me that but I don't get what the big deal is. It's just common sense." She crossed her legs and leaned her head back just in time to notice a serpentine head descending towards her out of the trees. "What," was all she had time to whisper before Schaal's eyes broke into a dizzying cascade of green, yellow, and bright blue.

While Zoey was being overwhelmed, Chloe rolled her eyes and kept her gaze levelled on the water in front of her. "What I keep telling you is that hunting takes your full body. You can't just rely on one part of yourself. The first piece of that is being on your toes at *all* times. As soon as a fish comes by, I'll be ready!"

Zoey's head already buzzed pleasantly with white noise, her sister's voice a hundred leagues away. The font of her confusion lowered towards her, commanding more of her attention as Schaal hissed softly. Zoey, dimly aware Chloe was giving her advice (orders?), stood up and moved forward onto her toes. Her arms hung weakly by her sides as Schaal brought the tip of his tail down to stroke her head. Whatever resistance Zoey had mustered flagged quickly as her pupils shrank and the first peek of prismatic rings appeared in her eyes. "Jussst look at me, wolf cub. Good girl, jussst watch me and go to sssleep . . ."

"Chloe," Zoey muttered. Thoughts of escape had flooded her mind but the more she watched Schaal the more absurd it seemed. The serpent's head dangled in front of hers, and she swayed back and forth to follow him. Losing sight of him was unthinkable.

Chloe continued. "The second part, and this is even more important, is to keep your eyes open and on target." She pointed at a dark shape about half a metre long in the water ahead of her. "That guy

right there? That's our dinner. Now all I have to do is wait and be ready."

Zoey always had been a good listener, so she opened her eyes wide as a grin crept onto her face and drank in the colours flowing down towards her. She was completely under Schaal's spell – with a final, muttered "C-Chloe . . ." the young wolf girl went ramrod straight, then gave a deep, content sigh. She looked off into the distance at nothing in particular, Schaal's coloured rings flowing steadily out from her own pupils. A soft flush ran through her face and bust like a not-quite-dead forest fire as his eyes faded to their normal black iris and dull yellow sclera.

The snake hissed happily before winding his head and neck around Zoey's throat, the pale green of his underbelly pressed against her soft fur and the venom green of his back sliding across her shoulders. The darker green spots spaced regularly along his spine flowed with him, swathing Zoey in circles. He drew his head forward, turned back to his catch, and gave a playful lick along her snout. She just giggled.

*Delicious already*, he thought to himself before bodily hoisting the girl into the leaves.

"Unless it's a snake, of course, especially the hypnotic ones." As luck would have it, Chloe's fish drew half an inch too near at just the same time Zoey's body was rustling through the tree cover, and so she didn't hear anything but the splash of river water and the wet slap of a fishtail against her wrist as she grabbed the catfish and lifted it triumphantly by the tail. "Knew I could get the damn thing. What would you do without me, sis?"

Silence. Chloe turned back to the river bank. "Sis? Hey, where'd you go?"

"Wouldn't ssshe like to know, mmm?" Schaal mused to himself while dragging Zoey through the treetops away from the river. The catch had gone off without a hitch – all he needed was a quiet place to eat before the wolf cub's sister found them. She would never leave without her sibling, so Schaal was not worried about missing a potential meal. Zoey, pleasantly entranced, lay limply atop an arch of Schaal's green scales, with one loop snugly around her neck and another securing her ankles. She smiled sweetly, looking up at nothing, and her arms swung heavily as Schaal pulled her from tree to tree. Every moment was another slither past a branch or around a trunk, and every slither was a soft moan from Zoey as her body was gently raised and lowered by the softest bed she could remember. Her breasts moved back and forth rhythmically, jostled by her breathing and Schaal's navigation.

After Schaal was confident he had left the other wolf cub behind, he curled his vast length into a resting position around a high tree branch before focusing on his soon-to-be-departed guest. He let go of the young wolf cub's feet to swing her around and plop her onto a length of his body just above the branch itself. She sat heavily as he loosened the ring around her neck, then moaned as he nimbly plucked the clothing from her chest with his jaws. Her black nipples were stiff and her face was flush as she panted slowly. Now that Schaal's face was in her vision again, she leaned lazily towards him.

She would have fallen forward if he hadn't raised the length in front of her to squish pleasantly against her belly and chest. Her arms swung forward and there she lay, limbs dangling delicately with her head supported on top of Schaal's body. He wasted no time admiring his catch: he was a snake with a plan, after all.

His tongue traced greedy lines of drool around her ears – pleased with their softness, he drew one into his mouth and gummed it while the rest of his meal cooed and moaned. She had a peculiar taste, although it was far from bad. It reminded him of the fruit he sometimes chased a meal with for flavour, and that was just her head. Schaal hurriedly brought his face to hers and pushed her backwards; she now sat in the bottom of a U made of his muscular length and the wolf cub moaned more deeply as she shifted to sit upright and her crotch dragged along his scales.

Schaal spoke to her now, punctuating his words with licks along her upper body. "Wolf cub, can you hear me?" lick, neck, shudder. She nodded weakly, trying to follow his head as it moved around her. "I'm glad you ssshown up when you did," lick, nipple, moan, "sssinccce I've been ever sssso

hungry and now here you are,” lick, cheek, twitch. “Why, I could jussst sssnap you up right now,” nibble, belly button, coo.

“But I won’t.” He rose back in front of her face, and she whined when he stopped tonguing her. “Do you know what I’ll do insstead?” he asked, beginning to move himself back and forth beneath her. Wetness coated his scales and he smiled smugly while she shook her head weakly. “Well, what kind of hosst would I be if I didn’t ssee to it my guesstsss were taken care of?” With a flick of his tail, her loincloth was gone. Now he could clearly see his scales grinding against her vulva, the dampness spreading across his green scales like oil on a knife.

“I find pleasure helpsss sssweeten the meat, in cassse you didn’t know. Ssso just relaxxx and enjoy yourssself, wolf cub.” Zoey was happy to oblige; if her pupils had been visible they would have been rolling up to the top of her head. Between the blissful warmth of Schaal’s hypnosis, his calming voice, and the *wonderful* friction of his body beneath her, she was quickly approaching orgasm.

So when she felt Schaal’s tail whip one of her sensitive nipples, she broke. Drool poured out of the side of her mouth as she leaned back and screamed. “Aah-mmph!” Schaal’s maw closed around the tip of her muzzle before she could do much of anything, and she came while he gave her another dose of hypnotic colour. The wolf cub quaked and shuddered harder than she ever had before, and all the while their eyes were locked, his tongue circling delicately around her lips. She felt herself falling deeper and deeper under his control, pleasure greasing her way like mud on the side of a ravine.

But instead of a ravine, she was sliding down a slippery pink mouth, with a python’s teeth awaiting her at the bottom.

Zoey shuddered and spasmed for another minute, breathing only the python’s recycled breath and seeing only his eyes and feeling only the stinging ecstasy of his tail slapping against the meat of her bust. As the pleasurable lightning drained into her feet, she sleepily moved one hand to her clit and rubbed herself dumbly. Schaal, aware of her every move, pushed her hand out of the way with the section of his body supporting her and began slithering over the wolf girl’s womanhood as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

She whined hoarsely, feeling her heat revving back up at her captor’s attention. The snake’s jaws, an iron vice around her delicate muzzle, parted a fraction of an inch. Zoey inhaled on instinct and found Schaal’s bright, fleshy red tongue wrapped around hers like a ribbon. He drew back slightly, forcing her to gag on herself.

“Ghhk,” Zoey said, loving being choked. Schaal considered leaving her that way, but the vinegary taste of her saliva was too enticing. Slowly he lowered himself back down to her and the two joined in a perverse, carnal kiss – if you could call it a kiss. He led, sucking her tongue, and she followed. Left and right the two swayed as the serpent’s tongue drew back from hers only to coil around it yet again and drag her the other way. The strong, rhythmic slide of his scales on her sex was the one constant throughout their depraved embrace, and Zoey adored the attention he lavished upon her. She bucked herself weakly against the strong muscle of his body, begging for more and moaning hotly into his mouth as the heat in her honey rose through her chest.

This time she set herself off, groping hungrily at her modest breasts topped by nipples almost painfully erect. Euphoria rushed through her from head to toe, and instead of screaming she moaned heavily as Schaal’s maw covered her muzzle again. Again she was bombarded, again she came harder, again she dragged herself pitifully forward and back on his body: please more friction please more color please more pleasure please more more more.

Zoey came twice more, never fully descending from orgasm and Schaal never fully breaking eye contact with her. After the wolf cub had run herself dry and was suitably docile, Schaal pulled back from her and inspected his work. She breathed daintily but heavily, her arms and legs twitched as she sat in a puddle of herself even as her juice dripped to the forest floor a dozen metres below. Much of

her fur was smeared with his drool, her drool, and other fluids – even if she had been ambulatory, there was no way this wolf cub could stand, much less resist him.

“I think it'sss time we finisssshed thisss, don't you?” he asked her. Her only response was a weak, happy sigh as he moved his jaws to dangle over her head. “Glad you agree,” said the snake as he chuckled to himself. A strand of drool plopped onto her nose and she looked up just as Schaal's maw engulfed her. The line of his lips slid smoothly past her cheeks as he settled around her neck. With a moment's pause, he widened his jaws before sliding them over her shoulders and pressing onto her breasts.

Schaal took his time now, slipping out his tongue and sliding it across the sweet flesh of her tits. This one was a bit lacking in meat, but her petite frame reminded him of some of the finer meals he'd had: the small stature of her bones complemented her narrow curves. The small *slp* sound his lips made sliding over the bottom of her breasts was sublime – ah, if only he didn't have to rush. Her fur obscured her taste, but the seasoning of her sweat, drool, and girlish ecsstasy was something he wanted to remember. Schaal didn't know what cupcakes were, but if he ever ate one it would surely remind him of this wolf cub.

With the broadest part of her body devoured, Schaal continued down across the smooth expanse of her belly and back while she did her best to jill off. Her fur here was almost oddly smooth – had she not finished growing yet? The thought made Schaal's gut rumble with excitement; it had been ages since he had last tasted veal. The snake moved his tail tip to the wolf girl's honey before sliding it and his tongue into her. There was a drunk “mmph!” from somewhere past his neck as he leaned backwards, pushed with his tail, and let gravity do the rest.

Shuddering with a final, deathly orgasm, the wolf cub's body slipped further into his gullet with each of Schaal's mighty gulps, her fate all but sealed. Schaal would have laughed with an evil mirth if his throat had not been so deliciously full. Her juice was a tangy, powerfully sweet burst on his tongue and her tail, although plain, was a welcome texture against the roof of his mouth. The sensations did not wear off until he reached her knees: gulp, past her hips, gulp, past her ass, gulp, past her thighs. Just as Schaal was preparing his last swallow, his tongue flicked over her shin and his breath stopped.

The most awful, repulsive flavour he'd ever tasted surged onto his taste buds like a torrent of swamp water. He fought back the urge to gag, frantically looking over the back of the girl's legs to find a cause. Seconds crawled by, each worse than the last, until finally he could bear no more and started gagging. Zoey, blissfully unaware, was wrenched from Schaal's throat. After half a minute of concentrated heaving, she plopped from his mouth and landed straddling him. The serpent wasted no time and quickly threw loops of flesh around her neck and arms to prevent her from moving; this must have been one of her tricks! He had been sliding his tail across his tongue desperately to remove the awful, horrid taste, and once he could think straight again his head levelled angrily at her.

He needn't have bothered. Zoey sat where she had landed, eyes at half-mast and pulsing rhythmically with green, yellow, and blue. She fingered herself gently. Nothing about her had changed except the damp coating of drool she now sported. Schaal scoured her with his eyes – he knew he had missed something and there was nothing he hated more than being outsmarted. His eyes locked onto his meal's left leg: there, halfway between knee and foot, rested one of the awful triangular leaves he loathed so much. It sat upon his meal's skin like a sore and his tongue still stung with the distant, familiar pain of allergy.

So he had forgotten the stitchleaf in his hurry to consume the wolf cub. This would not do. But how to remove it? Any part of him that touched it was sure to–

“HEY!” Schaal turned just in time to see an angry, familiar wolf girl throw herself at his head. Stunned, he didn't think to move as she crashed into both him and Zoey and sent the three of them tumbling out of the tree.

=====

A dozen metres, two dozen branches, and several sprained ribs later, Chloe landed heavily with Zoey on top of her. Zoey hadn't moved during the fall, but the shock of impact had knocked her towards consciousness and she groaned sleepily. The rings were fading from her eyes, which was all Chloe needed to see to know her desperate attack had been worth it.

Of course, Zoey had been attached to Schaal's body and he had followed their descent too. No sooner had Chloe pushed her sister off of her than a pile of snake muscle at least as big as she was fell from the lowest branch and bundled on top of her. She and Schaal both wheezed sharply as the serpent's head thudded into the ground and his body thudded into Chloe.

"Ugh . . ." Schaal found himself facing the unpleasant realization that not only had he cost himself a meal, his would-be lunch's sister had found them. Still, the snake had not lost yet. He was winded but not down, and persuasion had always come naturally to him. He turned to Chloe, who had extricated herself from underneath him (normally he would have loved to be in such a position but he was simply too disoriented to do much more than talk). "Ah, Chloe, was it? I'm Ssschaal," he managed before the wolf girl shoved the business end of an obsidian knife in front of his face.

"That's enough from you, creep," she spat. Schaal gulped, playing up his apparent powerlessness: Chloe had realized he couldn't do much with the knot of himself on the ground next to Zoey, who was awake enough to wonder why her fur was so sticky, but his tail trailed out the other end and he could move that easily enough.

"O-of coursse." His tail started moving towards Chloe. "Whatever y-you sssay, huntressss." Just another metre and he would have her . . .

"I say," Chloe spun too fast for Schaal to follow, snap kicked his probing tail out of the air, then faced him as though she had not moved at all, "that you should keep your tail to yourself and your eyes normal." Schaal was not particularly hurt by her kick, but he was surprised to see her move so quickly. Chloe pounced on Schaal, leaping behind his neck and forcing his head into the ground (and his eyes away from her). Her knife was quickly at his neck. "Any last words?"

"I wouldn't do that if I were you." His supplicating tone was gone now. The snake was all business.

"Oh, and why not?"

"Chloe . . ." Schaal had not been making eye contact with his captor, but he *had* been looking almost directly at the wolf cub he had hypnotized and fondled moments earlier. Zoey was more prepared this time and her mind had not buckled completely, but it had buckled enough for her eyes to pulse dimly with Schaal's trademark. Schaal's tail slithering tightly around her neck was no help, either.

"Zoey! Let her go, you freak!" Chloe's knife pressed more tightly against Schaal's throat.

"I think not. By rightsss, ssshe was too feeble to defend hersself and is thusss mine. I haven't ssseen you two before, but cccertainly you don't releassse your own prey out of the goodnesssss of your heartsss." Chloe growled, but she saw what Schaal meant: if she harmed him, he would strangle Zoey and there would be precious little she could do about it. Even now Zoey's pupils were less and less visible underneath the cascade of Schaal's hypnotic rings. "I ate a cartographer onccce," Schaal mused, clearing his eyes as Zoey stiffened blissfully in his grasp before slumping. "I think thisss is what ssshe would have desscribed as an impasssse."

Chloe's free arm shook with anger. It was so unfair: she had tracked them by tiny movements of leaves, found her sister's discarded clothing, attacked with the advantage of surprise, and all that *still* wasn't good enough? "You tried to eat my sister," she said flatly. "If you think I'm letting you out of this, you're crazy."

"Of coursse, of coursse. You sstab me, I ssstrangle her, I bite you, and you ssstagger off to

perisssh of exxxposure. It'sss wonderfully heroic but I have an idea that may be a bit more productive."

Chloe hated the conversation she was having. "Go on."

"It'sss a sssimple wager: we're both hunters, and we're both interesssted in her. We ssshall have a duel and the winner will walk away with your sssisster."

"Did you forget what I've got here?" Chloe softly drew the knife's point across Schaal's scales.

"Not that kind of contessst, obvioussssly. I mossstly work in sssolitude, but I can ssstill apprecciate the exxxploitsss of others. I ssshall tell you my greatessst hunting sstories and you the sssame to me. Whoever runsss out of adventures firssst is the loser."

Chloe sat back, perplexed. "Stories? You want me to wager my life on *stories*?"

Schaal laughed softly. "If you'd rather wager your sssisster's on that sssliver of ssstone, be my guesst." Then Chloe felt his neck tense underneath her – he was much stronger than she had thought, to the point he could probably lift her up with just his head and neck. "The challenge has been offered, wolf cub. If you find it unsssatisfactory, well . . ." Schaal trailed off. They both knew what would happen.

"Alright, alright, fine. But how will I know you won't lie? And how will I know you won't try to cheat?"

"You mean my hypnosssiss? Wolf cub, do you really trussst me ssso little?"

"Yes," Chloe spat.

Schaal hiss-laughed. "Can't fault you for that, I sssuppose." He craned his neck to regard her, and she let him. "We are predators. I may not think of you as my peer, but we are both a cut above the mindlessss beassstsss we hunt. I would never lie to you about sssomething thiss important, and I know you would give me the same kindness." Chloe was a bit shocked at his bluntness, but she supposed that was the kind of animal focus bred by feral life. She tried and failed to find dishonesty on his face.

"Fine," she said at length.

"Then it'sss sssettled." Schaal slid his head backwards from between her legs. Chloe yipped and jumped off of him, breasts bouncing softly. She would never admit it to him but the slick green scales had been startlingly pleasurable through her loincloth. Schaal faced her at eye level. "I challenged you, ssso you choose which of usss begins."

Chloe sheathed her knife, not quite believing she was trusting him, but a glance at Zoey's enraptured face was all she needed to steel herself. Her sister was still blissfully entranced, fingering herself as though she were a piece of machinery. Schaal's tail had slithered past her neck in the minutes the two had been talking. Now most of his body had migrated into the canopy of small trees above their little clearing, and Zoey had to stand to avoid being choked. Green muscle flowed down to loop around her throat like a noose. Chloe knew one end must lead to Schaal's head, but she could not see which.

She faced her would-be predator. "You start."

=====

*Ah, where to begin? I ssshall dessscribe one of my more atypical dinner guesstsss.*

*Picture, if you will, a vixxen dresssed much as you are – to let her natural beauty ssshine through, no doubt. Ssshe wore a ssshift of finely detailed auburn sssilk about her waissst and more of the sssame covering her ample breassstsss: sssquint and the fabric bled into her coat. Ssshe ws almossst as delicciousss as you to behold, and the black gloves and bootsss of her fur helped greatly. In ssspite of her sssimple clothing and long, unkempt hair, ssshe had the presencce of a noblewoman.*

*Odd indeed, then, that ssshe passsed underneath my tree as I was sssettling in for an evening*

sssnooze – doubt I'd have missssed her, though, sssincce ssshe clearly knew little about the jungle or the importancce of moving quietly.

Being the graccciousss hosst I am, I lowered myssself down to her, and as I did ssso I noticcce ssshe was being followed by a wild dog a hundred metresss back.

“Missss,” I said, “are you lossst? I can't sssay I've sseen you around here before.”

“Yeah, I bet you say that to all the girls.”

Only the onesss I like, wolf cub. Ssshe gave a quiet ssshriek at the ssight of me, then sssighed.

“Pardon me, sir serpent. I should be more grateful to see a smart, friendly face. I hope you can forgive my fright and give me some directions.”

“I'd be only too glad to, but may I be ssso bold as to feel your fur on my ssscalesss firssst? It hasss been an age sssince I have had company with whom to ssshake handsss, as it were.”

Her giggle was like wine, wolf cub, and the feel of her fur and ssskin like fine mossss. I'm ssure you two would have gotten along— oh, don't give me that look. This is my ssstory and I intend to tell it as I felt it.

“So tell it and stop wasting my time.”

Fine. Well, asss we were exxxchanging pleasssantriesss and I wasss sssliding myssself around her arm and acrosssss her back, I noticcce the dog prowling towardsss usss. “I'm afraid not all your company isss asss niccce asss me,” I ssay. Ssshe looked at me quizzically before whirling as the dog growled and flung ittself at her. With her ssspin I had a coil on her. Like any kind sssoul I pull her upwardsss and away from that filthy mongrel on the foresst floor.

Ssshe'sss in hysssterciss – the sssudden hoissst really wasss indelicate and I would have preferred to ensssnare her more gently – but by the time we arrive at my branch, her ssshrieksss have given way to ssobsss. Naturally my first instinct is to embrace her more thoroughly, but ssshe recoilsss and nearly plungesss over the ssside of the branch before I can grab her wrissst. “What'sss wrong, my sssweet?”

Ssshe can hardly find the wordsss, poor thing. “I've b-been harried left and right ever since I-I wandered away from the beach. I was sailing with s-some friends a-and there was a storm, a-and, and—”

“Ssshh, ssshh, there'sss no need for that. You poor thing; you mussst be so frightened.” Ssshe nodsss, and I perch myself on her ssshoulder. Ssshe ssshiversss ssslightly at the touch and I can tell ssshe likesss it. “I don't blame you. And here I thought you were a lady of means out for a stroll from a faraway palacce.”

Ssshe giggles in ss spite of herssself and a wonderful sssmile ssslides onto her lipsss. “Oh, I'm just a vixen who likes good clothes and a little adventure. This is a little more adventure than I signed up for, and a little less clothing.” I hadn't noticcce before, but her clothing was ripped, and clearly not as a fassshion ssstatement.

“Goodnessss, I hardly noticcce. You make it look so purpossseful,” I ssay, ssslipping over the nape of her neck and nuzzling her cheek. My tail windsss its way around her waissst, and given the dizzying heightsss ssshe doesn't protesst.

“I'll be happy if I can find my way out of here in the morning. You will help me, won't you? I don't know what I'll do if. . .” Her focuss is torn away asss a gussst of wind nearly grabsss the cloth from her shouldersss. Ssshe grabs the blowing corner, then retiesss it almosst asss fassst asss it came undone. Ssshe is quick and lovely, but I ssstill sssee her nipple harden in the chill.

“It would be my pleasssure. In the meantime, perhapsss I can do sssomething about this breeze.”

“Oh, would you? A-and could you? That's the best news I've heard all day.” Ssshe bringsss her handsss up to ssstroke my neck – a hundred feather tipsss, wolf cub, a hundred feather tipsss – which givesss me ssspace to wrap my tail around her belly and my head around her neck.

*"Cccertainly. But I haven't even thought to assk your name." Another low loop, thiss time againsst the sssoft warmth of her breassstsss, and another high loop loossse around her ssshouldersss and the top of her bussst. I can feel her hard pointss through the fabric.*

*"Let's not worry about formalities, shall we? You can be Sir Serpent and I can be Lady Vixen." Ssshe pullsss her handsss down from my head to find them quickly presssed against her sssidesss by the rest of me, and by that point I have enough control over her body to ssstart lifting her legsss up and ssslithering round their elegant length. "Although I didn't expect your embrace to be quite this intimate. I confess, I would prefer a bit more space."*

*I pull her head near to mine, our eyesss almosst touching. "Don't you trussst in me? I would be honoured to keep you warm and safe."*

*Ssshe hesssitatesss, ssscanning me and consssidering her sssituation, feet disssappearing beneath my ssscalesss. Jussst as my patienccce iss about to exxxpire, ssshe gathersss her courage. "Yes. Yes I do."*

*"Then close your lipsss," my tail tip pressssesss againsst her muzzle, "and keep your eyes open." I pour myssself into her eyes and ssshe meetsss my ssstare, wide-eyed. Ssshe muttersss sssome sssweet nothing before my hypnosssiss overtakesss her. A minute later, I—*

=====

"I get the idea," said Chloe, pantomiming a gag and turning her head. In truth, she could feel the skin on her cheeks flushing with heat. It was so *wrong* to be turned on by this, but the way Schaal had described the vixen's capture and, well, *seduction*, there was hardly any other way she could feel. Even looking at Zoey, all she could see was a dark branch and a smiling, voluptuous, prism-eyed fox woman with her mind blissfully buzzing. It was almost better that way: Zoey had started fondling her breasts and pinching her nipples, squeaking softly with each tweak. Every so often her hand would droop back to her crotch and her squeaks would turn to moans. She was a far cry from the naive girl Chloe had been travelling with.

Chloe's clothing felt itchy and tight, and she unconsciously ran one arm up to scratch her neck, letting it rest heavily against her cleavage. She struggled to get ahold of herself, hoping Schaal would mistake her emotion for disgust rather than the embarrassed hotness she felt.

She did not need to worry. Schaal's heat pits had detected the flush in her bosom and face almost before Chloe herself had been aware of it. While the snake had begun the story honestly enough, once he noticed her not-quite-panting, he described the coiling and hypnotizing of the fox he had only known as Lady Vixen in romantic detail to see if this wolf cub was actually reacting the way she appeared to be. She was obviously hot and bothered despite her efforts to hide it. Even now as she looked away from him and tried to calm her breathing, he could see his story had piqued something in her.

But could she really be affected by the description of his coiling and hypnosis? She had spoken to him with nothing but naked disgust, and even now turned to face him and tell the first of her stories. Too early to say – he would need to remember that detail.

Chloe forced herself to be nonchalant. "That was nice for you and all, but hardly what I'd call a hunt. Listen up."

=====

*My tribe's coming of age ceremony involves walking out for two days, fending for yourself in the jungle for two weeks, then finding your way back. I got through it last year, but it wasn't easy.*

*The first bit was fine: pick fruit, set traps for game, find a tree to sleep in. Then, as I'm checking my traps on day five, I notice one of the snares is snapped clean off, which is odd since those vines can hold almost anything. I don't think anything of it since I have other stuff to do, but two days later the same thing happens and a snare half a league away is broken.*

*Something's fishy. Over the next three days, I take some of my rations and bait the snares with them. Nothing happens to them, so I spend another three days catching wild rabbits and using them as bait. Every time the rabbit is gone by morning with its leash snapped.*

*So now that I know something's happening, I stake out a handful of the false snares I've baited. I'd run myself ragged tracking this stuff, so I drift off around moonhigh and this rustling, snapping sound beneath me wakes me up. I look down and what do I see? A giant freaking tarantula making off with my rabbit!*

*Without wasting a second I leap onto this thing's back (seriously, it was at least twice my size, black with a giant white spiral on the big part) and it gives this awful screech as I drive my spear into it. It bucks me off, and of course the tree is blocking the moon so I can barely see anything as this giant wounded bug is scurrying around me.*

*In the nick of time I see the glint on its fangs. I parry the lunge and turn to stab it when the marking on its abdomen starts moving. It was . . . I don't know how to describe it. I knew it was doing something weird but I couldn't look away.*

*"I think I get the idea."*

*Hmmph. Yeah, you would. Anyway, it disorients me long enough to get a lucky bite in. I stab it back, so now it's down an eye and wounded twice, but I can feel the venom crawling up my leg. Another minute of this and I'll be too paralyzed to move, so I know I need to finish it now. Just as I move towards the thing, it jumps back and hoists its butt and the spiral starts moving again, and glowing.*

*I don't remember what happened then. The next thing I know, I'm on the ground wrapped in silk from waist to toe and the freaking spider is dripping ichor all over me. It had wrapped my hands, too, but I couldn't feel my left arm so it wasn't much of a loss.*

*"The mighty hunter indeed."*

*As a matter of fact, I was. Know why? These babies right here – of course, I'd only have one chance to bite him, but it was no big deal. The next time that creepy crawlie moved up to my head I snapped up and got the underside of his . . . where the legs meet the body.*

*"Cccephalothoraxxx."*

*Whatever. He couldn't reach me under there, so he starts hissing, trying to scratch me, and dragged me a horizon and a half while I'm hanging on for dear life. Finally keeled over as the sun was coming up, which gave me time to unwrap myself, drink some medicine I'd made earlier, wash my fur off, and turn his fangs into knives. I still have them at home above my fire pit.*

=====

Chloe stood in front of Schaal, arms crossed under her bust and sticking her tongue out at him. She tried not to think about the vixen's last, blissful moments and ignore the way her leather top pressed tightly against the soft grey globes of her breasts. "When was the last time you did anything the old fashioned way?"

Schaal rolled his eyes. "I prefer to ssstay in control of my huntsss." He lowered himself towards Chloe. "But what about you, wolf cub? If I didn't know better, I'd almosstt sssay you *enjoyed* being caught."

Chloe almost spat. "W-what? You're crazy." But Schaal had seen the quick rush of blood to her

face.

“Am I? Let me sssee,” he hissed as his tail slunk closer to Chloe's shoulder below her field of view. “All alone, food mysssterioussly disssapperaring, and you run yourssself ragged tracking down your prey without ssso much as an afternoon to ressst? What if your little antivenom hadn't worked, mmm? You'd have been trussssed up in ss silk like so much meat in a larder.” The snake punctuated the final word by slithering his tail around Chloe's shoulders. She started, gasped. He played lightly with the fur on her chin. “I can sssee you now: mummified, hanging from the cceiling in a loathsssome cave sssomewhere, nothing to do but wait for your turn as a meal or a hatchery.”

“I musst wonder, which would you prefer? There is a ssensssual finality in being devoured, knowing your ssstrength will go to sssomething more deserving,” he flexed around her neck and began another loop with his tail, “but would you prefer the womanly gift of motherhood to be your life'sss end? Ssstuffed with eggs, bathing them in your warmth, completely ssshut off from the outssside exxxcept for the tickle of a ssspider's legs acrossss your bulging gut as they control your temperature like a plump, meaty oven or the pierccce of fangs when they milk your pregnant breassstsss like the cow you'd be? It'sss perfectly natural, you know. Prey animals often give in oncce they realize their resssisssstancce is worthlessss.”

A sharp jab at his lower jaw interrupted him. “I'm no prey animal,” said Chloe as she gripped her knife tightly and held it half an inch below the serpent's jaws. “And don't you remember what I told you about keeping your scales to yourself?”

Schaal was instantly humble. “A thousand pardons, wolf cub,” he said as his tail slithered off Chloe's frame. At length she stepped away and smoothed down the shallow valley the snake had traced in her fur. “Well, now we're two sstories down and no closer to a ssolution. Why don't we go again – you'll ssstart thiss time, won't you?”

Schaal had not expected the wolf cub to submit then and there (there was always a chance despite any outward appearance of determination), but his groping had told him everything he needed to know: the wolf cub's body temperature was notably higher than her sister. Hypnosis tended to have a regulating effect on the body's systems, but the absence of it certainly did not mean fever. This left Schaal with only one conclusion: something about the stories they had told was stimulating her.

She could be itching for a fight, true, but he had another idea which he found more likely given her reaction to the coiling and devouring of the vixen and her jump at his touch a moment ago; in spite of what she said, this wolf cub was downright *turned on* by the idea of being eaten, especially under a serpent's thrall.

Schaal had never met a biped with a combination of traits quite like that, and he would need to consider how to proceed carefully. In the meantime, her story was starting.

To the side, Zoey kept playing with herself. She had discovered she could *just* reach her nipple with her tongue and she tasted great.

=====

*This happened a couple years ago, so neither Zoey nor I was a full-fledged huntress. We'd had a run-in with a snake in the grass like you a couple days before on a scouting trip, but he'd escaped. We were tracking him on the way home to our tribe. You remind me of him except his scales were blue and black, and he did this weird thing with his tail that got your attention – I learned that the hard way when he ambushed us at night.*

“That doesn't ssound like me at all.”

*Oh, he was just as perverted and creepy as you. Anyway, as we're following his trail – not easy, I might add, since he's a tree climber and tracking something with no claws up a tree is a real chore –*

when Zoey asks me how we're going to get his attention. I'd been thinking about it all morning but I couldn't find a good answer, but I'll be damned if I let something try to eat me without paying it back.

Morning turns into afternoon and I can tell we're getting closer to this guy, so we stop to think up a plan. Zoey and I are throwing ideas at each other but nothing sticks, and it isn't until Zoey steps on a sharp pebble the wrong way and I give her some stitchleaves that it hits me.

Stitchleaves are versatile little plants: crush them in your hands and they'll help seal a cut, but boil their extract into tea and it's poison. That's a good start, but the problem is we don't have a fire and if we start one there's a chance our "friend" in the treetops will catch a whiff of it with his heat pits. I tell Zoey my idea, and she isn't thrilled with the plan but she agrees. We take the risk to make a fire, but I'll tend it while Zoey covers herself in mud so the snake doesn't see her as easily.

"Clever. Did you help ssslather the mud over her sssupple young body?"

Ugh. So she jogs off and not 15 minutes later I get this odd feeling I'm being watched, so I just keep tending the fire and boiling stitchleaves and pantomime looking around the forest – in every direction but up, of course. Another couple minutes after that, there's this hiss from behind me and a tap on my shoulder.

I turn around and of course it's Mr Long, Blue and Creepy doing the thing with his eyes. I'll spare you the details, but he wraps me up and starts gumming my head before eating me for real. "Oh your hair is sublime" this and "what scrumptious ears you have" that. Fortunately he can't talk with me in his mouth so I'm spared the narration.

"I can sssee he was a ssserpent of good tassste. Your sssissster's ears were ssscrumptiousss."

Not like you'll ever get a second chance at it. He hadn't put me under very much so I come to while I'm in his throat. It was a pretty weird feeling – I couldn't see much except for some light shining through his skin. Mostly I knew what was happening because I could feel him dragging me across the ground.

After a minute or two, I can feel him reaching up like he's going to climb a tree, so I brace myself and swing my feet forward and back as hard as I can. I can't really hurt him, obviously, but he can't climb anywhere with me bothering him. I guess you'd call it an "impasse." He's pretty single-minded but even he isn't dumb enough to try climbing a tree with his throat rocking every which way, so he puts me back on the ground and slithers his head near mine.

Naturally he makes it sound like he's doing me the biggest favour in the world and I'm too dumb to see it: "girl cub, won't you settle down; girl cub, won't you let me find us a tree." I tell him I'm not interested in going anywhere thank you very much, so he'd better do something if he doesn't want me to make it hard for him.

He knows he messed up by not putting me under more and he knows I know he messed up. Of course, he can't exactly let me back out so his options are limited – at least, that's what I thought. I knew about his eyes and his tail-scale-colour-whatever, but now I hear him catch his breath and he starts speaking to me – only this isn't how he was talking before. He kind of hissed his S sounds, like you, but it was just how he talked. Now he starts doing it, but every time he hisses there's this kind of . . . I don't know how to describe it, it's like this zinging, ringing sound underneath his words.

My ears feel kind of numb listening to him talk about "sssilly, sssmall girlsss who ssshould know their placccsss" and all that. I try to backtalk him but he just keeps going without letting me get a word in edgewise and soon enough that numbness in my ears spreads to my head and it isn't too long before I'm having trouble thinking straight.

" . . . Well? Is sssomething the matter?"

It's n-nothing. Just a lot to remember, being eaten alive and all.

"By all means, take your time. Would you like to sssit while you ressst?"

On what, your tail?

“Preccissely. I've been told it makes a wonderful hammock.”

*Cute. I let my guard down and you grab me when I least expect it, huh?*

“Chloe, you wound me. Did you really not believe me when I ss spoke of the mutual ressspect hunters have for one another? I can sssee you dissslike reliving thisss memory, and I am ss simply offering to make it easier for you.”

*And that stuff you said earlier about prey animals?*

“Merely a jessst, Chloe. I am being completely ssinccere.”

*... Fine. And thanks, I guess.*

“Think nothing of it. Go on when you're ready.”

*Right, so (huh, you are actually pretty comfortable) after the buzzing spreads through my head I can't really remember what happened so this is what Zoey and I pieced together afterwards. I know he started slithering up the tree again but there's a sudden tension in his body that almost squeezes the air out of me. I hear the start of a scream, then we go tumbling to the ground.*

*You're probably wondering what happened. Zoey did go off to cover herself in mud, like I said, but she kept a close eye on our fire from her hiding spot afterwards. After the snake grabbed me and slithered off, she doubled back, grabbed our spears and knives, then coated them with the stitchleaf poison.*

*We agreed I'd delay my struggles until there was something for her to use to sneak up on him with, so when I held him up near the base of the tree that was the signal. She had watched him, I guess you'd say serenade me, from the tree's lower branches, then leapt at him as he'd turned back up. Between the spears and the knives she stuck him good in the scramble, and he didn't have the energy to hypnotize or strangle her before the poison kicked in.*

*He had more tricks than I'd heard of any snake having, but it wasn't good enough against the two of us. After Zoey pulled me out we cut off his head and skinned him.*

=====

Schaal struggled to keep his composure as Chloe bragged bloodthirstily from her seat on a band of his body which looked almost like a swing made of vines. Her ass was large and firm, and he relished the feeling of her warm skin through the loincloth she wore, but was this worth it? He reprimanded himself: obviously this was some kind of trick meant to nauseate him, and even if the mental image of his serpentine brother being turned into leather was disgusting, he could not let her see she had affected him.

“Pretty decent if I do say so myself,” said Chloe. She swung lazily on Schaal's body, moving her toned legs in and out. “We made the most of a losing situation and used his overconfidence against him.”

“Yesss, well,” said Schaal, making sure to keep his voice even, “I can sssee that'sss a habit for you, wolf cub.”

“What's that supposed to mean?” Chloe stopped swinging and coasted on momentum.

“Your greatessst huntsss appear to involve losing, and having your prey's incompetencce do the work for you.”

Chloe planted a foot on the ground, then crossed her legs indignantly. “I took down two dangerous hypnotic predators – and that's just what I've told you so far. What are you talking about?”

Schaal reached his tail up to poke her lips. “Well, you did triumph in the end, but over the courssse of these tales you've been hypnotized, poisoned, nearly cocooned, hypnotized again by the ssounds of it, eaten alive, and ss serenaded while inssside a ss serpent'sss ssstomach.”

“It was his throat,” Chloe said quietly. She had tried to protest each mistake Schaal listed but his tail

pressed against her lips each time, silencing her. He permitted her to speak only once he had finished.

“And had it not been for either sssimple dumb luck, or the advantage of numbers, you would have perissshed in each of these ssstories.” The snake looped his neck into a circle and plopped onto Chloe's head. She barked before trying to push him up and off.

“Get off of me!”

“Poor choicce of words, wolf cub.” That was all the warning she got. Schaal darted upwards, dragging Chloe's arms with him. In a flash, the loop of muscle just below his head slipped over her wrists and tightened. The venomous green of Schaal's scales pushed Chloe's hands painfully together – he could feel her tendons straining against him and she could not move her wrist enough to stab him.

“Stop it!” Chloe, suddenly as helpless as a display mannequin, struggled fruitlessly to pull her arms down. Schaal swung himself down in front of her wide, panicked eyes.

“I think not, wolf cub. You have told me two rather uninteresssting ssstories, neither of which gave me reason to think you are anything but an exxxtremely lucky piecccce of meat,” he rose to snatch the obsidian knife from her hand and flick it into the bushes, “ssso now I will have you as my dinner.”

He began to wind down towards her head, flexing the thick muscular bands of his neck as one ring, then two, was slowly added to Chloe's handcuffs. She tried to kick only to find he had lifted her seat up: her hands were useless and her feet were a solid metre from the ground. Almost no part of her was restrained, but she was wholly unable to move.

Pressure at her elbows drew her eyes back up to see Schaal coiling around her again. He was pushing her arms together with enough force to press her biceps against the sides of her head; she could not move except to look up and down. Looking up had proved a mistake, she realized as Schaal languidly opened his mouth and used his tongue to guide one of her ears between his gums. He slowed his constriction, nibbling contently and darting his tongue across the exposed fur.

It was all too much for Chloe. She did the only thing she could think of and shoved herself forward off of his body – or at least she tried. She plunged briefly before jerking to a halt, barely closer to the ground and now with her entire body dangling from Schaal's hold on her. “Going sssomewhere?” he asked, letting go of her ear to wrap himself around her arms in a figure 8 instead of a simple circle.

*Dammit, why is he so strong?*

Chloe instincts screamed at her to do something, but the more she waved her legs and tail around the more she realized she was a piece of fruit and Schaal the vine: he had her, and she was not going anywhere. It had not occurred to her to move her hands – they were gone already. “Here, allow me,” his voice droned from above her. He moved the U-shaped measure of his body under her shapely butt and then up, raising her thick thighs and pressing them against her belly, then her calves to her arms.

Chloe looked up again, raw fear creeping into her. “N-no.”

“Yesss.” Schaal slid forward and casually circled his neck around her ankles before slithering back past her arms. His next loop was right underneath the previous one, and she dangled in a jackknife when he finished: her upper arms and lower legs were almost completely covered in green scales and there was now so much of Schaal wrapped around her his movements had slowed to rhythmic forward pulses rather than the steady stream of snake he had used to grab her wrists. She could not see anything but the green of his body and the tufts of her fur poking through his coils.

Schaal's tail grabbed hers, which had been wagging frantically, and began spooling around it. In a moment he had secured her from both ends and his tail moved with frightening speed around her plump ass. After he had purchase, he squeezed, drawing a short, startled moan from Chloe. His tail wound its way between her legs and across her sex, pushing the front flap of her loincloth up just as her neck went limp and she whined at the sudden, unwanted pleasure. “S-Schaal,” she squeaked, finally finding words.

“Whatever is the matter, wolf cub?” Schaal asked. His upper half stopped but his tail tip continued

to tease her, drawing lines up and down across her mound.

“Schaal, y-you can't just do this.” She wriggled uselessly against his molestation, fat breasts wobbling.

“Oh? And why not, might I assk?” He grabbed her loincloth and pulled, exposing her damp labia to the humid jungle air. The cloth fell to the ground in tatters. “We agreed to tell good ssstories, and you told poor ones. Ssseems fair and sssquare from where I'm sssitting.” His tail went back to playing with her.

“B-because,” Chloe stammered, trying desperately to think through the haze of her treacherous arousal and Schaal's constriction. There had to be some reason, there had to be some way. She would *not* just surrender “fair and square” to some snake who had not even bothered to—

*Wait, that's it!*

“Sssorry, wolf cub. Time's up.”

“Because you didn't tell me a second story!” Chloe's voice, laced with more than a little panic, exploded from her mouth. After that, silence. Silence for a long time, broken only by soft, lustful moans as Zoey slipped another finger into herself.

Schaal stared at the wolf cub in his grasp as she hyperventilated. Her pupils had dilated and the blood vessels in her sclera were engorged as they frantically carried oxygen to every part of her, hoping to find some way out of the macabre situation into which she had fallen. Her vulva was wet with her honey – he had barely even touched her – while her torso radiated heat like a bitch in search of a mastiff; her body was practically begging to be consumed, even if her mind was unwilling. The idea he would still care about a pathetic promise made with the intention of looking for an opening to exploit (which he was at this very moment) was only something a girl as desperate as she would consider.

But, dammit, she was right.

He sighed, relaxing his grip on the wol– no, on *Chloe's* limbs, he corrected himself. She had delayed her fate honestly and that was worth something. His face settled just in front of hers. “You are very frusstrating, do you know that?”

Chloe grinned in spite of herself. “It's kind of my thing.”

Schaal rolled his eyes. How to tell her another story? She would need to be unable to resist if he wanted to eat and slither safely into a tree by nightfall. Even now the sun had moved from midday to afternoon, and he did not want to take any more chances. A delightfully dark idea flashed into his mind and knew it was too good to pass up. The serpent could not hold back a toothy grin. “Now, Chloe, I get the impresssion we can both jussstify jussst about any low opinion we have of each other's ssstories, am I right?”

“Well, we definitely hunt differently,” said Chloe, slightly surprised to hear her name.

“Exxxactly. Ssso let'sss make thiss one for keepsss, mmm? We could ssspend all day going back and forth, but that wouldn't help anyone.”

Chloe gulped and tried not to sound afraid. “F-fine. But you'd better do something more than just ask for my opinion and throw it out afterwards.”

“Oh, I will.”

Shaal abruptly let go of her arms and Chloe fell backwards. “Whoa!” The wolf girl swung once upside down before craning her neck to see Schaal staring down at her from his perch around her legs. She was still out of reach of the ground and still at his mercy. Leaves and sunbeams wreathed his head like an ancient deity as he hiss-laughed softly. His tail had not moved, and now he gave her tail a tug to make sure she was listening.

“Alright, wolf cub, I'll tell you the ssstory of my greatessst hunt. What I want you to do is tell me if you think I'm making up anything. Catch me in a lie, or realize the truth of the ssstory, and you're both free. Sssimple enough for you?”

Chloe did not want to trust the grinning snake head lying on top of her thighs like a young lover, but she was out of options. Besides, if he had stopped constricting her to tell her this, she had to hope he was telling the truth.

What she tried not to think about was the grim back half of that thought: *because if he really wanted to, he would have eaten me by now.* “Fine, but how will I know when you're lying?”

“Oh, I'm sssure you'll recognize thiss one. It begins near a river with two grey wolf cubs trying to catch their dinner. One of them was disssracted and I took the opportunity to sssnatch her away from right under the other's nose. Am I telling the truth sso far?”

“You're lying. That hunting story was a bust for you,” Chloe growled. Her defiance became a squeak as Schaal's tail penetrated her womanhood and began to thrust. “Ah!”

“Oh, did I not mention? Every time you guessss wrong I'm going to ssslither around you a bit more. If I get to your head, well, I'm sssure you can guessss what I'll do.” Schaal giggled maliciously as he wound his head twice around her legs, covering the distance from her knees to her pussy.

The wolf girl tried to protest, tried to stop him, but every time she bent forward Schaal thrust deeply into her and she gasped at the bolt of heat that shot throughout her body. He was relentless, never slowing while fucking her, never completely withdrawing. After her fourth unsuccessful attempt to resist him, Chloe was reducing to using her hands alone to try to push his tail out of her. She found his tail to be too slick to grasp – with a shudder, she realized she was practically dripping wet now that Schaal was inside her.

The realization stunned her, and her hands slowly slipped away: she could not stop him, so why bother? Schaal took the opportunity to press his face against her clit and softly clamp his muzzle around it. Chloe arched her back, looking straight at the ground, unable to focus on anything except the evil serpent pleasuring her. Her breasts hung pendulously out from her pectorals, barely contained by the last scrap of cloth on her body. A single bead of her honey ran down her belly before disappearing into her inverted cleavage.

Schaal smiled as he wracked the wolf cub with another ecstatic spasm. Her sister had given him plenty of ideas to try and he could not wait: either she defied him, and he got to taste her again, or she agreed with him, and went into his gullet. His plan was only so impressive given his absolute control over the two wolf cubs, but he was happy nonetheless. Finally he would eat – and if the rest of her was half as delectable as her sex (juicy, full-bodied, and just a touch less sweet than the other wolf cub had been – cheesecake compared to Zoey's cupcake), it would all be worth it.

Chloe quaked once, twice, then came suddenly. She barely had time to cry out before the wash of pleasure trampled her higher thoughts to rubble. Her hand shot back to her crotch, but instead of a defending against Schaal's intrusion she grabbed his head and pushed it against the sweet flesh of her clit, grinding her hips against his tongue while she went half mad with ecstasy. He was only too happy to oblige, sucking and slurping her honey. His tail, which had been thrusting furiously, slowed to a gentle lover's rhythm.

Chloe came down from her high, momentarily forgetting where she was. She straightened with a shock. “Y-you,” she sputtered weakly.

“Yessss, me,” Schaal practically sang back without missing a beat. “The nexxt part is sssimple enough: I pleased the wolf cub I had taken in order to make her finer dining. Emotions are the besst ssseasoning, you know, and pleasure is the mossst heady of all. After she had been reducced to a pile of giggling, girlisssh flesssh–”

“Hah, yeah!” Zoey giggled girlishly from her spot as she masturbated.

“–I bundled her into my throat and *would* have eaten her if it had not been for her overprotective sssibling and some curssed leaves.” Schaal's voice became more grim the longer he spoke, his muscular coils tightening around Chloe's thighs. “Well? Am I telling the truth or not?” he asked. His

question was punctuated with a deep thrust into her blissfully aching vagina.

She managed a weak, defiant grin, peering up at him over the bulge of her bust. "The mighty serpent? Outsmarted by a leaf? Doesn't sound likely to me."

"Have it your way."

Again his tail plunged down. Again Chloe moaned, this time a deep *Ohn*. "You're p-pretty good at this," she whispered without focusing on anything in particular. All she could see was the grassy green of the forest floor and all she could feel was Schaal clutching her lower body like a mountaineer on a rock face. Her hand moved distractedly upwards to paw at her sex while the snake wound his head further around her. Schaal's tail pushed deeper and coiled within her even as his head circled downwards, softly pinning Chloe's arm to her side and her hand to her wetness.

The wolf girl panted while the snake *filled* her so deliciously. She tried to move her other hand down to pleasure herself only to find a layer of green blocking her. "No! Let me—" she stopped abruptly, realizing what she had been just shy of saying. *When had he? . . .*

Schaal, who had been busy licking the faint trace left by the bead of her juice, stopped short of her prodigious bust. He raised his head a few inches, locking eyes with her. "Yesss, wolf cub? Sssomething I can help you with?" He rather enjoyed the way her jaw sagged whorishly whenever the loop of flesh he had inside of her slithered against just the right spot.

Chloe was experiencing quite a lot at the moment. She struggled to keep pace with it all while finding her words. "Nnn," was all she could manage. Her civilized brain said not to trust Schaal, but he was *so good* . . .

His head plopped atop her tits like the prime roast on a banquet table. *I wonder if they'll be like butter or cream*. "Don't hesitate, please. If you need me to help you, jussst sssay the word."

"L-let me," Chloe stammered, not quite able to look away from or at the serpent binding and fucking her.

"Let you what, wolf cub?" Schaal's tongue slid languidly from his mouth and began sampling the flesh of her breasts. The wolf girl's eyes tracked the fleshy red line moving around her collarbone as though she were a cut of meat to be appraised.

"Let me," she said, lowering her voice too much for Schaal to hear anything more. Her free hand scratched the outside of his scales like a treasure hunter confronted with a lockbox.

"I can't help you if you don't talk to me, wolf cub."

"Let me touch myself!" Chloe gasped. The two of them rocked back and forth from her outburst. She whined softly, trying futilely to make contact with her second hand. Schaal had continued thrusting and sliding inside of her throughout their conversation and it was driving her insane. Her hand and his tail together had excited her, but she could not push herself over the precipice.

"Oh, is that all? I can do you one better than that," Schaal said. He pulled his head back before slipping his snout into the bottom of her bra. Chloe's breath caught in her throat as his probing tongue wedged itself between the sensitive globes of her chest, followed closely by the thickness of his head. The leather strained, barely containing him and her before the snake drew his head up and ripped the wolf girl's last shred of modesty to tatters.

Her breasts bounced from the motion, jiggling just long enough to give Schaal an idea of the musculature beneath them. Chloe beheld herself: two ripe, sensitive spheres of flesh covered in grey fur and capped with almost painfully hard black nipples. Every movement jiggled them pleasingly, and she gulped down fresh air without having to worry about her chest binding.

Upside down as she was, her breasts were almost in her face, and impossible to ignore. For Schaal, they were impossible to resist. His maw opened and he clamped himself around the wolf girl's right nipple. Her response was a few decibels shy of a loving scream, which he took as a good sign. He took her own hand pinching the sensitive skin of her other nipple as an even better sign. The two of

them worked quietly: Chloe stroked herself top and bottom with a fondness she had never thought she could have known. It was less intense than the electric pleasure of the snake licking her clit, but she felt warm and happy and intimate.

Schaal continued to suckle at her teat, watching the wolf cub's eyelids slowly fall shut as pleasure seeped through her brain. Her breasts were full and soft, more creamy than buttery but not without substance. Each time he would adjust his position, he snuck his mouth open a bit more. First he was sucking her nipple, then her areola, then the warm fur covering the rest of her skin. Each lick and slurp brought a new layer of flavour richer than the last. In a word, she was perfect.

*Butter. Definitely butter. Firmer than I'd have thought.*

He decided to reward her with a particularly deep thrust of his tail-loop against her sensitive womanhood. She yelped, startled awake. Schaal laughed. "Sssensssitive, are we?"

"S-shut up and bite me."

"Happy to oblige." Hit teeth dug softly into her flesh, not quite breaking the skin. The needle-pricks of delicious pain sent her over the edge, convulsing and gasping for breath as her climax washed through her. Eventually her senses returned to her and she focused on Schaal again. "Lassst quessstion, wolf cub."

She gulped. "Yeah, I guess it is." Her face was halfway between terror and elation. She still had trouble believing this was all really happening.

The snake was in front of her, hanging with friendly familiarity. "After I was ssso rudely interrupted, I ssstruck a deal with the more sssuculent wolf cub and exxxchanged sstories with her. Naturally I proved myssself the better hunter, and ssshe sssubmitted to my hunger after some tenderizing. Does that sssound true to you?"

Chloe had no facile reply this time. Schaal's thrusts slowed as he waited for her to admit what they both knew. He considered prompting her again but thought better of it: why not see her thoughts play across her face one last time? His tail slowed further, then stopped, then slickly withdrew; if she noticed, she gave no sign.

The wolf girl was too busy with her own thoughts. Chief among them was *If I say yes he'll eat me*, followed closely by *And if I say no he'll know I'm lying*. The two ideas rattled back and forth inside her head, getting along as smoothly as a match and sandpaper. Minutes ticked by as the sun lowered and late afternoon turned into early evening. Schaal had been enjoying his time with the wolf cub, but even he had his limits.

"Wolf cub, did you hear me?"

"I-I did, yeah." Her voice was soft. Schaal had heard the tone before.

"Sso? Am I lying or am I telling the truth?"

"Doesn't really matter, does it?" She tried to move her pinned arm and could not. At some point Schaal had collected her free one and her wrist was covered by a green loop. Her one free appendage was her neck, which could either look at green grass or green scales. She chose grass.

"You know, if you don't give me a resspsssse, I won't exxxactly give you the benefit of the doubt."

"What does that mean?"

He slithered his head closer to her and nuzzled her neck and jaw. She shivered lightly. "Sssometimes my prey deccides to go along at the last moment. You're relaxxxed enough for me to think so, but I can't ssshake the idea you'll ssstart ssstruggling at an inopportune moment." His tongue darted out to press against her lips and smother her reply. "Tut-tut, now. Jussst lisssten: good girls get a few orgasms and practically jump into my throat, and that'sss the end of it. Bad girls need more . . . convincccc." His eyes pulsed with a single hypnotic ring. "Which are you, wolf cub?"

Either the softer words or his softer tone made her able to answer. "With what happened today, I'm a bad girl. Do your worst." She looked at the serpent who had imprisoned her and brainwashed her

sister, and for a long moment it seemed as though he would make her beg. The pit of her stomach tightened with anxiety, not because she dreaded the idea but because she knew she would if he asked. She would do anything he wanted at this point.

It was too much. She closed her eyes and waited. "Wolf cub, look at me." The order was delivered in the tone of voice a nobleman would use to command a maid who had served him for years.

Chloe opened one eye without much thought and found Schaal's glowing eyes pressed against her own. Exposure was like a drug: her thoughts melted easily, but there was some inner tug that told her she should not be looking at this. "Hhh," the wolf cub breathed, struggling to close her eye and turn away.

"Oh, you don't want to look at me?" Schaal tried to keep the mirth out of his voice. "Then how about I look at you?" The flat of his tail curled next to her head and easily pushed her snout back towards him.

"P-please," she said, not able to finish her sentence. Even if she had, there was hardly any guarantee it would have made much sense. The hypnotic power in front of her drew, no, *commanded* her attention. Every time a new ring slipped out from Schaal's pupils – oh look, green – she found it harder to remember what she – there's blue – had been trying to remember something, hadn't she

–and yellow–

–and green–

–and blue–

–and again, and again and again and again

A dozen dozen thoughts tried to swim against Schaal's influence to the front of her mind, and a dozen dozen times Chloe felt she had just missed something on the tip of her tongue. No single impression on her mind was overwhelming, but there was just no end to them. By the time she processed one mental image of the serpent's eyes, they had changed thrice over.

Her mouth slowly fell open. Her eyelid slowly rose. Schaal's grin quickly sharpened. "Yesss, wolf cub, jussst look here."

Her eye opened fully and it was obvious she was losing what little fight might have been left. The wolf girl's pupil mirrored the pulses in Schaal's eyes, and as he observed her, colour began seeping outwards into the whites. The snake moved as little as possible, letting his prey's body try to turn away before her mind overrode her muscles and undid the motion.

With a pleasurable sigh, the ring of green reached the edge of her eye and disappeared beneath a chromatic cascade. Schaal was happy, but her remaining eye was irksomely closed. He drifted sideways to better position himself. Something left in Chloe knew what he wanted to do. "Schaal," she whispered.

"*Both* eyes, if you please." Her other eye snapped open and she was gone. The wolf cub gave one final shuddering moan, stiffened like an iron rod, and sunk into Schaal's coils. A cute smile blossomed on the front of her muzzle as she looked a thousand yards away, happier than ever.

=====

Schaal sighed. Finally, it was finished. The serpent stuck his tail into the wolf cub's mouth and she suckled obediently. He threw a glance at the other one, who had just about run herself dry and stood on trembling legs with her hands hanging onto his body for balance. Her eyes were as vibrant as her sister's in spite of the time he had spent neglecting her.

Good. Less good was the time of day: evening approached, and it would be nightfall by the time he finished with the two of them. Spending the night heavy and defenceless on the forest floor did not appeal to Schaal. A tree would be better, but he could not just climb it with two warm bodies dragging

him down.

Thankfully, he no longer needed to worry about his prey running off. The serpent gently lowered Chloe to the ground before releasing his coiled pressure and watching her slump onto the grass. Her fur was matted and creased, but her natural beauty (and, frankly, her enormous breasts) let her bear the imperfections with dignity. She looked up at Schaal and blinked once before falling asleep and snoring cutely.

The next thing she knew her sister was on top of her, coaxing her awake. "Sis, you were snoring."

"Mmm, sorry," Chloe breathed. She had been wrong: her sister wasn't on top of her, they were pressed together and surrounded by Schaal's unforgettable green. The two of them were covered from neck to ankle by the serpent's muscular body, and from the feel of it he had wedged his tail underneath their crotches for good measure.

Schaal needed good measure: from his perch in the tree where Zoey had nearly succumbed to him hours before, the snake was aware just how far the two wolf cubs would fall if his grip faltered. He had eaten carrion before and the taste did not agree with him.

Luckily for him, his grip held and the two wolf girls were soon straddling the tree branch where much of his length sat. They would have appreciated the sun's blazing gold if they had been able to focus on anything but Schaal and each other.

Schaal regarded his prizes: one slim and drunk under the weight of her own pleasure, the other meatier in all the right places and just aware enough to enjoy what was about to befall them. He had never snared two beauties at once before, which meant he was caught in a rare moment of indecision.

Zoey decided for him. Now that his grasp on them had loosened, she was able to act on her overwritten instincts and climb out of the serpent's body to walk sleepily towards him. She did not exactly know what she wanted to do when she crossed the distance to him, but something at the front of her head told her it would be worth it.

"Wait," said Chloe. She reached forward past Schaal's body to grab at Zoey's shin and plucked the now dry stitchleaves before tossing them away. "All set."

"Thanks," said Zoey. Chloe watched her sister sway towards Schaal – legs straight, waist bent forward, ass hiked high, tail flagging for anyone lucky enough to be behind her – with sleepy appreciation. Zoey had always been impulsive, and Schaal had preyed on that impulse. They deserved each other, she thought with a giggle.

"Well, if you insssisst," hissed Schaal. His tail darted out to hold Zoey's forehead just as she was about to trip over part of him, one foot trailing behind and one dangling forward. "Hold ssstill, please." The wolf cub's eyes drifted up as Schaal's maw opened above her head. Her tail began to twitch while his drool dripped onto her for the second time that day.

It happened quickly: his tail slipped away, she began to fall forward, and then her world was replaced by the black and dim pink of Schaal's gullet. The feeling of his skin stretching and sliding past her head was just as scintillating the second time, as was the soft slithering of his tongue around her slim breasts. He mouthed her more this time, digging his fangs into the succulent flesh of her under-bust and belly and practically dragging the wolf cub into his mouth.

Chloe watched it all happen from her spot behind them, surrounded by Schaal's coils as though she were sitting in a grand armchair. She could see her sister's vulva part around the fingers she dug into herself. There was a certain calming certainty to the way Schaal was devouring her: every gulp was a little less of her little sister. The grim finality would have worried and shamed Chloe if she had had her wits about her, but after Schaal had corrected her thoughts the only thing she could think about was how long it would be until she was next.

Her fingers drifted up and she began to pinch her nipples.

Schaal appreciated the sight almost as much as he savoured the younger wolf cub's taste, and as he

did he was struck by an idea appealing enough to halt his downward progress. Stopping with his mouth just above Zoey's petite hips, he pushed her backwards with his head and slithered the rest of his body to keep up. Zoey had no choice but to be walked back, blind and deaf, but she did feel a chuckle rumble up his throat.

After a few steps Schaal anchored his mouth, then drew up. Zoey squeaked as she was pulled off the ground and the muscle around her tightened wonderfully. Her breasts squished pleasantly against the serpent's interior and her hands slid to the outside of her hips as her wiggle room disappeared. Chloe had no time to react as Schaal swung forward and dumped the weight of her sister on top of her, her head between her sister's legs. She found her face close enough to Zoey's sex to smell it despite her tail drooping between her legs in a mockery of modesty.

Chloe realized something: her sister smelled *good*. Her nose twitched forward, dragging her head with it one sniff at a time. Zoey's tail was still moving left and right slightly, and with each movement a new wave of hot, raw, I'm-a-bitch-and-I-need-to-be-fucked washed into her nostrils and mouth. Chloe did not recall letting her mouth hang open, but she did not really care.

Zoey distantly felt her tail being lifted. Her "mmm?" quickly turned into an "mmph!" as Chloe leaned forward and licked her sister's pussy. Her tongue ran bottom to top, slipping wetly against Zoey's clit and losing contact almost as soon as she had made it. Zoey tasted like honey, Chloe decided, unaware that Schaal had reached a similar conclusion hours earlier.

Schaal, thoroughly amused, began eating again with a gulp that took Zoey's ass almost out of view. Chloe, who had been reclining and licking her lips, swooped back for one last taste. Her head was almost inside the snake's mouth and their tongues met briefly as the two of them slathered over Zoey's womanhood. Schaal tensed to gulp again, allowing Chloe a single playful pinch of her sister's inner thigh before it disappeared forever.

The serpent was anxious to move on, and Zoey's legs and thighs disappeared in short order. Her calves were next – he savoured the distant metallic tang of dried blood on her shin – before only her feet protruded. He considered their taste as his final gulp brought Zoey firmly into his throat; bitter, as they always were, but her ankles and the tops of her feet were smooth and easy. Sadly, they just did not compare to the rest of her.

Chloe watched Schaal's progress with delirious interest: her sister was a pair of legs, her sister was a pair of feet, and then her sister was gone, just like that, with a slow leathery gulp that left Schaal resting with his eyes closed blissfully and a broad smile on his face. Now she was stuck underneath a couple hundred pounds of weight with Schaal's coils pressing against her from underneath and beside her.

Schaal noticed Chloe's squirming and opened one eye narrowly. His colours were still radiating from her eyes, but they had dulled slightly. Easy enough to fix. "Wolf cub, please rub my ssscales."

Chloe's attention turned back to his head, which was resting placidly on her collarbone. "U-um," she stammered.

The snake sighed before grasping the crown of her head with his tail and pushing her face in front of his now glowing eye. "Wolf cub, I gave you a requeusst. Don't be rude."

"Right away, sir," Chloe sighed with bliss as her nagging thoughts were swept away like so much dust in a gale. Her arms lifted as though pulled by strings, and she began to stroke along the underside of Schaal's jaw and neck. She slid deeper beneath him as he rolled onto his right side, Zoey's bulk occupying half of the scaly nest.

Schaal smacked his lips happily as his slave massaged him, running her hands up and down the bright green scales facing her. She was none too shy about sliding her hands along the curves her sister made. If Chloe heard the soft snoring coming from the bulge where her sister's head was, she did not say anything. And why should she? Her master had asked something of her, and she was giving it. The normal coolness of his skin had been replaced by Zoey's warmth. Every press of her hands made

his interior muscles swallow just a little bit more: she could track the bulge moving down his gullet, which in a few minutes would be lying flat on the branch instead of halfway up the ridge of Schaal's muscle.

Neither said anything while Chloe worked. The silence of the evening hung over them like grey silk. Her hands traced worshipful patterns along his chin, his neck, the start of his belly like a couple of feather dusters across the surface of a priceless heirloom.

Finally Schaal broke the silence. "Wolf cub, look at me." Chloe turned from her spot straddling her sister, who had moved 20 feet down the snake's gullet. When he had her attention, he opened his gaping mouth and pointed his tail at it laconically.

Her eyes lit up. "Y-you mean," she said, not quite brave enough to finish the thought.

"Yesss."

Chloe bounced up, walking along Schaal's body towards the end of the branch and his head. "Oh, is there something I should do? S-should I pose a certain way?"

"Jusst ssstand ssstill, if you don't mind." The serpent moved towards her, bringing his tail to curl around her waist possessively before winding upwards over her arms.

"Right, still. I can do that." The wolf girl was navel gazing, transfixed by the patterns of green moving up her body. He was so large – would she really be enough for him? Would the two of them be? She tore her eyes away to look up, sure to find Schaal's jaws open above her and seeing only empty air instead. "Are you WHOA," she yipped when the serpent yanked her up half a metre.

"Going feetfirsst? Why, however did you guesss?" Schaal's coiling ended just shy of her neck, with his tail gently touching the bottom of her chin. Her arms and breasts were bound snugly. She could have moved her feet, but to do so would have run the risk of kicking her master in the face and that was unthinkable. He peered up at her, beneath her yet completely in control. "I'm going to eat you now."

She sighed happily and closed her eyes. "Okay."

Schaal was facing her, and so he tasted her toes before her heels. Slightly bitter from a lifetime of walking, but clean enough to eat given her recent time in the river. Her ankles were noticeably different, and bony as he had expected. In fact, her taste was unremarkable until he reached her knees and got his tongue on her thighs.

The serpent was no stranger to meat, and thus he knew for certain she was top grade. Fleshy and yielding, but no fat to speak of: there was a rich layer of muscle underneath her skin. Briefly he recalled his comments about her hunting abilities – with a physique like this, she *must* have enjoyed being caught. Her thighs were so wide, in fact, he had trouble fitting his jaw around them. After a few unsuccessful attempts to push himself up her, Schaal decided on a different approach.

Chloe had been enjoying the warm, engulfing feeling moving up from her legs but the jostling just below her butt had roused her attention. She blinked twice, sleepy, before Schaal's tail uncoiled and gravity thrust her deeper into his mouth. She looked down to find a hungry pair of snake eyes cresting her womanhood now that Schaal was past her legs.

He widened his mouth slightly to give her space at the front, where she obediently placed her hands without needing instruction. There was none of her honey for Schaal to taste this time, so he contented himself with slathering his tongue over the meaty weight of her ass. He tug his teeth into her, relishing the wolf cub's fullness. Each cheek was slightly different: sweeter close to her mons, but more bland and smooth as he worked his way up to her lower back.

She was more than half inside him now, idly stroking her fingers across her crotch while awaiting the inevitable. If hearing Schaal's story about the vixen had been arousing, and watching her sister be devoured was hot, then Chloe was damn near on fire. Every beat of her heart sent another pulse of warm blood through her veins, rushing up and down her like an overflowing river.

Gravity took hold once her hips slipped down and Schaal's muzzle met her midriff. He gulped languidly rather than aggressively pulling on her, taking the time to savour the delicate taste of her belly. It reminded him of the deer he had eaten, but much more lean and with a cord of physical strength underneath.

Pity it hadn't done her any good.

"Mmnf," Chloe moaned as the serpent jaws enclosed her breasts. She was no less sensitive than when he had brought her to orgasm before, and he knew it. His teeth were needles against her sensitive chest flesh, pain which made her carnivorous pleasure all the more intense. Then he gulped again and the only thing left of her was her face, turned up in ecstasy. She wiggled slightly inside him, but the circular muscles surrounding her were too strong to resist.

Schaal, in a final act of comfort, brought his tongue up from the back of her head and stroked her hair tenderly. She had done well and had nothing to be ashamed of, as far as he was concerned. Chloe tried to lean into the movement, but constricted as she was she could only be still and appreciate her captor acting upon her.

Then he swallowed and closed his mouth. Then she did not exist anymore.

=====

Schaal awoke from his spot on the branch where he had slept overnight after reclining. His latest acquisitions were sound asleep in his belly, which meant he had a date with a sunbeam to relax and warm up. Dawn broke, and once it did he scaled the rest of the tree to perch in its crown, two bulges in tow. The serpent curled himself into a ball of green muscle and waited for the sun to wake him fully.

Yesterday had been a good day, he decided with a yawn. A very good day indeed.