

Chloe and Zoey's Cancelled Catnap

by Kolik

I

Chloe yawned once and blinked. Something had woken her, but the sweet summer sunshine and her sister Zoey's clinging body made it hard to crawl out of her stupor. Chloe glanced down at her sister to find her fast asleep and snoring gently. The two were pressed together in a hammock that hung at one end of their hunting camp. The other end, about 10 metres away, had a firepit and the remains of the deer they had killed and prepared earlier. The deer's pelt hung over a small wooden rack, and the cooked meat the sisters hadn't eaten hung from a small branch out of reach of scavengers.

Chloe scanned the hunting camp – even sleepy, she would have noticed if something was wrong. A big, dangerous jungle predator would have announced itself clearly, but she did not want to wake Zoey over nothing. Hunting the deer had been the end of Zoey's tiring quest to prove herself as a huntress of the tribe, and she deserved to sleep. The two of them had decided to soak up some rays together, and their skimpy tribal clothing certainly made that easy.

Each of them wore a simple brown loincloth, and while Zoey's was average, Chloe's looked more like a thin brown strip dwarfed by her meaty legs. Chloe's chest was covered by a leather tube top that pressed her large breasts together pleasantly, and Zoey's much smaller chest was loosely covered by something more like a bra made of leather.

In a decision she would regret, Chloe decided the noise was nothing. She closed her eyes and nuzzled closer to Zoey, who was wrapped around her right arm. "Grzfhuzzat, sis," Zoey breathed.

"Nothing," said Chloe. "Predators know better than to mess," she yawned, "with us."

Zoey made a noise somewhere between a chuckle and a hum. "S'riiiiiighhhhh . . ." she managed before falling asleep again. Chloe soon joined her.

Above them, wrapped around the hammock tree nearer the girls' legs, was not nothing. It was a serpent named Schaal with a dark green back and a lighter belly, who often found himself at odds with Chloe and Zoey's tribe. According to him, he was an enchanting and romantic gentleman who only lived to brighten the lives of beautiful women in the jungle. According to the tribeswomen, he was a

lecherous pervert who kidnapped she-wolves, hypnotized them, and returned them when they were too tired and sticky to jerk him off anymore.

According to the tribesmen, he was to be killed on sight.

Schaal found their opinions rather unfair (if not unjustified), so he tried to “meet” she-wolves only when he knew that he would not be rejected. This usually meant when they were alone, or distracted, or asleep. Right now he had two prime examples of young womanhood who were alone, distracted *and* asleep: perfect targets for his hypnosis. Chloe and Zoey’s hunt had driven off all the prey animals in the region, and the unintelligent predators with them, but Schaal was no simple beast.

Right now, he was deciding the best way to enjoy the two girls after his eyes caught their attention. Should he get right to it and take them both at the same time? Perhaps it would better to wait and make two wolf girls warm each other up first—

Schaal caught himself. *Don’t get carried away.* Just let them fall back asleep, move into position, and make sure they didn’t get the chance to escape. It was a foolproof plan – even more than his usual methods. Heck, the girls had practically delivered themselves to him by falling asleep out in the wild jungle like this.

“Hi. What are we looking at?” came a voice from in front of Schaal. His head jerked up to see a snake wrapped around the other hammock tree. She had a pleasant smile on her face, and her body pattern was similar to his with different colours: deep, solid blue along her back and a light red on her belly. She flicked her tongue out once and only then seemed to notice the warm canine bodies beneath her. “Oh, I s—”

Schaal unspooled from his perch and shot forward, headbutting the intruder and pushing her back almost all the way into her tree. “*What* do you think you’re doing?” he spat under his breath. “Can’t you sssee these two are mine?”

The blue snake blinked, obviously startled. “Well I don’t—”

“Sssh.”

She managed a whisper. “Oh, sorry. Look, I was just making friendly conversation.”

“I don’t even know you.”

Her grin returned. “Where are my manners? I’m Setra, and I live in this part of the jungle.”

Schaal rolled his eyes. “I don’t *want* to know you. I’m in the middle of a hunt.”

Setra glanced down, then back at Schaal. “Doesn’t look like you’re working very hard at it.”

“That’s my style.” He couldn’t help but gloat. “I specialize in exploiting the ignorance of youth.” In the hammock below, Chloe stirred again.

“Mrrnff,” she grumbled. *What was it now?* This time Chloe realized the sound had come from above her, and she looked up blearily. The sun filtering through the canopy filled her sight with bright golden spots, but she could make out a dark green blur and a dark blue blur stretched out above the hammock. The coloured shapes swam around in her head as she tried to find a word to describe them.

More words drifted down, barely audible. “. . . two of them and two of us.”

“I found them . . .”

“. . . want to eat . . .”

“Absolutely not!”

Chloe’s brow furrowed. She had heard that voice before – in fact, she knew it belonged to a green snake named Schaal. Long and green like the blur above her. That meant it was probably Schaal, who was a snake. That meant the other one was probably a snake like him too. Chloe put her free left arm behind her head, happy to know what the noise was: a giant, hypnotic snake.

Perched above her and Zoey.

While they slept.

Oh.

“Zoey, wake up!” Chloe shouted, grabbing her sister by the shoulder and shaking her. Zoey mumbled a complaint as she blinked her eyes open.

Schaal and Setra cut their talking and looked down, then back at each other. “Look what you did!” they cried before slithering quickly down their trees.

They took a few seconds to reach pouncing distance from the wolf girls, which was long enough for Zoey to wake up and both of them to scramble out of the hammock. Schaal lunged at Chloe. She barely dodged and felt the rush of air as the serpent’s body passed her. Schaal curled his neck and swung around the wolf girl, trying to encircle her. Chloe jumped back from his advance, but that took her closer to the tree where much of his body had unspooled and lay waiting. Her left foot landed next to this mass of coils: in a flash, her entire calf had been snared.

“Ah!” Chloe shouted as the snake yanked her off balance. Her hands shot down to free herself, but the distraction was all Schaal needed. His head swooped forward as he made a coil with his neck and looped it snugly around Chloe’s head like a blindfold. “No!” Chloe tried to pry the new coil off her head, but Schaal cinched tighter around her. The pressure on her skull was making her lightheaded.

“Yesss!” Schaal said, quickly forming another section of his neck into a loop around Chloe’s arms. When he pulled this one tight, the wolf girl’s hands were pinned helplessly against her throat and bent at the wrist. Chloe struggled and tried to push away with her free leg, but Schaal made fast work of that: her other leg was bound in seconds and Chloe teetered with both of her shapely legs pressed tightly together.

Schaal’s coils pressed into her supple flesh as they slithered higher and tighter. “A collar for the little doggy!” he laughed. All Chloe could do was whine.

Zoey did not fare much better. She had managed to get away from Setra before the snake had reached the ground, and made a dash for the girls’ weapons on the other side of the clearing. Setra slithered after her, just behind Zoey but unable to gather herself for a pounce. “Ssstop!” the snake yelled.

Zoey glanced back. “How dumb do you th—” was all she managed before Setra’s tail swung down from the canopy and swatted her. The impact stopped Zoey dead in her tracks and stunned her.

She had the presence of mind to stagger to the side and duck, which would have been enough to make Setra's lunge miss – but Setra hadn't moved. Instead she simply watched where Zoey stepped, then darted her tail in, wrapped it around Zoey's tail, and pulled. "Gah!" said Zoey as her butt was dragged backwards towards Setra's head and body. The wolf girl spun around and did all she could to untangle Setra's grip, but the serpent's tail was corkscrewing forward. For every band of scaly muscle Zoey pried off, a thicker one would push forward.

Zoey's heart pounded in her chest as she grew more frantic, trying desperately to free herself – but she had given Setra a lot of slack. The snake's tail squeezed casually around Zoey's ass, then wound down the front of her loincloth, cementing another solid grip. "H-hey!" This time Zoey's cry was distinctly embarrassed, and her hands went to her crotch to fight over her modesty.

Setra dragged Zoey closer before sliding her head and neck around the petite wolf girl's shoulders. "What'sss the matter?" she asked, pressing her brow against her quarry's. "Don't you like my hugs?"

Zoey ignored her, still fighting. "Let go of me!"

"On one condition, my little *morsssel*," Setra hissed before flicking her tongue out and tickling Zoey's ear. The sensation made Zoey shiver and glance up, where she found Setra's eyes had been replaced two swirling vortexes of colour. Red and blue were the only shades, but the way they shifted and swirled and faded into each other was intoxicating. Zoey found her arms becoming sluggish as the thought of escape seemed to fade. "*That'sss* it. *Jussst* let all–"

"What do you think you're doing?" shouted Schaal. Zoey blinked, her stupor interrupted. She squeaked, closed her eyes, and clamped her hands over them.

Setra heaved a sigh as her eyes shifted back to normal. "What does it look like I'm doing?"

"It looks like you're helping yourself to one of my girls!"

“Not this again,” Setra muttered under her breath. She coiled around Zoey’s upper body and plopped her head between the wolf girl’s ears. “Take us over to your sister.” Her tail retreated up into the canopy, moving to where the rest of her descended near the hammock.

“Why should I?” asked Zoey. She knew she was caught, but she was still defiant.

“Because I,” Setra languidly flicked her tongue down to Zoey’s nose, “want to *eat* you, and he just wants to . . . *ssseduce* you.”

Zoey gulped. “O-okay.” She started walking.

II

Zoey brought Setra's front half to the rest of her near the hammock, and only then did she get a good look at what Schaal had done to her sister. "Chloe!" she said, stepping forward.

Setra tightened around her, squeezing the air from her lungs with a puff. "That's close enough." Zoey stopped and Setra let her breathe normally again. "You know, Mr. Snake, I don't think I caught your name."

"Schaal," said Schaal. He had completely unwound himself from the tree but most of his body sat in a large pile next to Chloe, whom he still allowed to stand. "I'm kind of a big deal to the wolf tribe." His voice was smug despite the fidgeting and straining Chloe was doing in his iron grip.

"We must be quite far away from the tribe's territory," said Setra. "I've never heard of you."

"He's a lech!" spat Chloe. "If it weren't for his hypno powers, nobody'd ever talk to him!"

"No accounting for taste with the wolf tribe, sadly." Schaal's voice was pained in the same way as a banker's might be when telling his clerks he'd only be able to eat caviar twice a day.

"Speaking of *tassste*," said Setra, flicking her tongue out again and tickling the bridge of Zoey's snout, "what are we going to do about these two?"

"Ah, yes. I appreciate your help in fixing your mistake. You can hand her over here and be on your way. Thank you. Ta-ta." His tail slithered out and wound around Zoey's leg. She squirmed.

Setra was stunned for a moment. "... You're serious."

"Of course I'm serious. What did you expect to happen?" He pulled Zoey a few teetering steps closer so that all four of them were within a couple metres of one another.

"I told you earlier: there are two of us and two of them. It's simple math."

"Ah, *sharing*. I've heard of the concept but never really understood it."

Setra squeezed tight around Zoey again, forcing her to gasp for air. Her voice was like dry ice.

"I don't mind eating cold food, but you rather need them to be warm and kicking, yes? You have something to lose here. I don't."

Blackmail was something Schaal *did* understand. The green serpent swept forward. “Alright! You’ve made your point!” Setra released her hold from Zoey, who breathed in deep gulps. “Tell me what you think we should do.” He clearly had to force the words.

As the two snakes had talked above their heads, Chloe had been working one hand up through her scaly collar and slipping it underneath her blindfold. Finally, she was able to push up enough to see with one eye. “Psst, Zoey,” she whispered.

Being choked twice in the last minute had made Zoey forget about her sister momentarily. “Chloe?” she whispered back. Zoey tried to keep her voice low, but couldn’t quite prevent a shaky grin. “I’m so glad you’re in one piece.”

“Thanks, but I might not be for long the way they’re talking.” She pointed up. “Look, this isn’t going to be easy. Do you remember what I told you about fighting big hypno snakes?”

Zoey tried to remember. “Um, don’t let them grab you and always keep one eye open?”

“One eye *closed*,” Chloe corrected her. “They use their eyes to charm you, but they need both eyes for it to work.”

Zoey shuddered as she recalled the shifting haze of blue and red that Setra had showed her earlier. It had allured her so easily that she almost hadn’t realized anything was wrong. “Right. It seemed, um, really strong,” she said in a small voice.

“It is. I wish I’d been able to prepare you more, but the most important thing right now is to hold out until we have a chance to escape.”

“Got it,” said Zoey. “I’m a real huntress now. I can do this.”

Chloe’s face broke into a loving smile. “That’s the spirit.”

Schaal interrupted them. “Alright, girls, listen up.” He removed his tail from Zoey’s leg and gestured with it to punctuate his words. “We have decided what to do with you. I think you’ll find it’s quite fair and very kind.”

“You’re letting us go?” asked Zoey.

“Of course not. I’ll fuck one of you and Setra will eat the other.”

There was a pregnant pause. Chloe broke it first. “Are you *crazy*? How is that kind?!”

Schaal looked at her blankly. “I’m not sure what you mean.”

“You’re talking about rape and murder!” Chloe thrashed and growled in her bindings.

Schaal stroked his chin thoughtfully, then lit up. “Oh, I think you misunderstood me: it’s very fair and kind *for us snakes*.” His tail waved at himself and Setra.

Zoey spoke nervously. “W-what about us? Don’t we get a say?”

Setra unwrapped her top coil from Zoey’s body and brought her tail over to stroke the wolf girl’s head. “Don’t you worry your *sssweet* little head, puppy. I promise you’ll enjoy it either way.” Her face swung slowly in front of Zoey’s. “Now just let me get a *good look* at you,” she cooed as her eyes began to swirl.

Zoey knew what to expect this time, but it still overwhelmed her. “N-no . . .” The blue shades made her shiver and the red ones made her want to pant; seeing both together made Zoey feel like she was drifting off on a cool, silky cloud. Zoey tried to slap Setra’s head away only to feel a new coil binding her hands together. *When did she do that?* She couldn’t move. With new desperation, Zoey used all her will to pull her head away. She only managed a quarter turn, but it was enough – the petite wolf girl was able to close her left eye. “Please stop,” she mewled.

“Ohoho, all right.” Setra took pity and returned her eyes to normal. Zoey blinked, trying to shake the hazy pleasure out of her mind. “I can tell Schaal is going to have a lot of fun with you.”

“I’m going to what?” said Schaal, drawing his head away from where he’d perched it atop Chloe’s prodigious breasts.

Setra looked at him. “This one’s yours, isn’t she?”

“Don’t be silly. I have my choice right here: just look at her,” he squeezed into Chloe’s thighs with a pleasant squish and returned his head to her cleavage. “I do like a woman with some heft on her,” he said, muffled by the flesh and fur pressed against his mouth.

Chloe had been blushing earlier, and this only made it worse. “I’m not some piece of meat for you to feel up!”

“I half agree with her,” said Setra. “Schaal, need I repeat myself and tell you—”

“That you’re hungry, yes,” Schaal said with an aggravated hiss. “So have your little snack and stop bothering me about it.”

“I need more than a *little snack*,” said Setra, dragging Zoey forward. “Have you looked at this one? There’s practically nothing to her – skin and bones!”

“Um.” Zoey wasn’t sure whether to feel lucky or insulted.

“Not my problem,” said Schaal. He had buried his head between Chloe’s soft grey orbs. Her leather tube top strained to contain his head and her large handfuls of titflesh. The wolf girl was growling furiously but could not stop Schaal’s cool, scaly body from sliding down her chest.

“Oh, I’ll *make* it your problem,” said Setra. “You expected me to be satisfied with this while you’re ploughing a three course banquet?” She spun Zoey around and gave her tight ass a tail slap.

“Ow!” Zoey squeaked. *Insulted. Definitely insulted. Wait, a banquet – that’s it!*

Schaal heaved his head up for air. “Look, Setra, I made my choice when I— when *you* startled them. If you had wanted the buttery one to yourself, you should have struck then.”

Chloe had a high opinion of her physique. “*What* did you just call me?!”

Just as Setra was drawing breath, Zoey spoke. “Pardon me – Setra, was it? – but I might be able to help.”

Setra turned back to her captive, smiling sweetly. “I’m glad you’re on board, honey, but being eager doesn’t make you any bigger.”

Zoey gulped. “No! No. I m-meant that there’s more m-meat than—” she forced herself to finish, “than just me and my sister here.”

Now Setra was genuinely curious. “What do you mean?”

“Let go of my arms and I’ll show you.”

Setra looked at Zoey for a moment, then unbound her arms. That left a few blue, scaly loops of the serpent wrapped around Zoey's chest and torso. "Thanks," said Zoey. She pointed over to the far end of the camp, where a couple large sections of deer meat hung on strings from a low branch. "We ate most of it when we caught it and we were gonna turn the rest into jerky – but it's still really good right now. Cooked and everything." Talking about the deer reminded her of the happy hunting trip she and her sister had gone on. She tried to push the memory away.

Setra glanced between Zoey and the hanging meat, flicking her tongue. "That meat doesn't smell like any deer I've had."

"Well, yeah. We cooked it."

"That word again. *Cooked*. What does it mean?"

Zoey blinked. "You really don't know? Well, I guess a snake wouldn't need to. Um, it means that we hold the meat over a fire to make it cleaner and taste better."

The serpent's eyes widened. "You put fire in your meat? But fire is too hot to eat and it leaves black powder that tastes like dirt." Setra gagged. "How can you eat that?"

"No, no," Zoey waved her hands. "We use fire to make the meat taste *better*. We don't put fire or ash *into* the meat."

Setra kept giving Zoey a hard, unreadable look. The snake turned back to Schaal and Chloe: Schaal had gone back to fondling his catch. Chloe was ignoring him and peering intently at her sister and Setra with her one free eye. Finally, Setra looked back at Zoey. "This had better not be a trick."

Zoey held her arms wide. "No tricks. I promise."

Setra flicked her tongue one last time. "Take us over to this 'cooked meat' of yours."

"Okay," said Zoey. She started walking.

III

As Zoey and Setra walked off, Schaal was able to turn his full attention to Chloe. Normally the snake would think of his toys as just that and never bother to learn their names or personalities – there were always more where they came from, he felt. But this wolf girl was different, and as she squirmed in his grasp there was something that distinctly reminded him of one of his earlier escapades. “Sssay,” he said, “have we met before?”

Chloe froze. “No.” She had managed to free her right arm from her collar, but Schaal had fixed his grip and the coils around her eyes, throat, and left wrist were firmly set. The only visible things on Chloe’s head were a tuft of her grey hair and her muzzle. “I don’t know where you’d get that idea.”

“You wouldn’t be an easy woman to forget.” Schaal leaned closer, tongue flicking lightly around Chloe’s ears. They twitched. His coils slowly crept up her body, cinching her thick thighs together and beginning to touch the wide crest of her hips. *Yes, those certainly were distinctive features.* The serpent brought his tail to the underside of her breasts, still held together tenuously by the leather strap she called clothing.

He lifted up, feeling the weight and heft of Chloe’s boobs. He fondled them for a moment, then slipped his tail away: they fell with a pleasant bounce and jiggle. Schaal chuckled – now *that* he would never forget. He liked Chloe’s chest so much he began to repeat the action: lift, drop, jiggle, lift, drop, jiggle. Every second or third lift he would find himself distracted by the soft, inviting flesh and would stop to squeeze and squish the wolf girl’s tits.

“I’m sssure I remember you now,” said Schaal. “There was a rather large tree you in which you took refuge for the night.”

Chloe drew her free arm across her breasts, holding them tightly to her ribs so that Schaal couldn’t play with them. “Y-you’re perverted *and* crazy,” she panted without much strength – but under her scaly blindfold, her cheeks were getting hot.

Schaal could almost smell the heat rising from her face. He smacked his lips. Oh, he was going to enjoy this. “I might be, but did you know there are some she-wolves of your tribe that *ssshare* my perversions?” His tail darted into Chloe’s cleavage and quickly coiled around both her arm and her leather clothing. He began to pull her arm away.

“That’s a lie.” Chloe strained against his tail with all her strength but it was a losing battle. Her arm shook with tension, but Schaal’s tail pulled it up slowly.

“Do you ever wonder why the women of your tribe can never quite remember when or where they meet me?” Schaal asked. “Most of the time I just turn their memories hazy so there aren’t any inconvenient mobs sent my way – but sometimes a ripe young girl will decide for herself she wants the *thrill* of my attention.”

Chloe was past words. She struggled to ignore Schaal’s venomous whispers even as she felt his coils creeping higher and higher over her waist and womanhood. One of them pressed in and she gasped as the cool, smooth scales slithered over her Venus. Chloe’s lapse in focus was enough for Schaal to wrench her arm up. The leather was almost at its breaking point.

“I have a special offer for those girls. Instead of just taking them right there, I give them a special word to remember me by.” Schaal’s head hung in front of Chloe’s. Every other word he would flick his tongue out and lightly touch part of her face. She tried to crane her neck and get away but it was hopeless.

All at once, Schaal released Chloe’s head. Her head swung back and her eyes shot open, startled and staring forward.

“That word is *hypnossslut*,” said Schaal. With a final tangled flex, his tail ripped Chloe’s leather bra and arm away from her chest. She gasped as her grey breasts heaved under their own weight, black nipples hard as coal and sticking out, while Schaal’s posthypnotic trigger struck her. The memories of that dark night in the tree came back to her in a flood of emotions: Schaal talking to her, Schaal coaxing her to admit her fondness for snakes, Schaal promising not to tell anyone, and—

Schaal promising that he'd give her what she wanted if they ever met again. Her eyes blossomed into the vibrant green-blue-yellow rings that were his calling card. "Master!" she yelped with the adoration of a long-lost lover. She belonged to him now.

"Hello, puppy. So nice to sssee you again," said Schaal as Chloe leaned forward and wrapped her arms around him lovingly.

They wasted no time: Chloe practically threw herself into Schaal's coils, and he was happy to oblige her every whim. Every part of her was squeezed, squished, coiled, massaged, or poked. The one exception to Schaal's ministrations was Chloe's bosom, which the serpent engulfed with his mouth and sucked like meaty candy.

By the time they actually got around to fucking, the wolf girl was hopelessly lost. Every slither made her shiver with pleasure, and her view was washed over with Schaal's rings. She did not so much hear him as perceive his words as absolute suggestions: to disobey was unthinkable, and to obey made her quake with writhing pleasure knowing that she made Schaal happy. As soon as Schaal penetrated her, Chloe orgasmed and felt herself be reduced to a sweaty, twitching mess in his coils.

"Thank you, Master," she panted between shaky breaths as the serpent began to thrust. Somewhere out there, she knew Schaal was watching over her and that things would be all right.

Chloe had completely forgotten about her sister. She had forgotten she even *had* a sister.

IV

Zoey stood next to the firepit with Setra still perched around her upper body. She could have made a break for it if she wanted but the wolf girl knew that even if she could escape, her sister would not be so lucky. She could hear some sounds from the other side of the camp – slapping, sticky sounds – but Zoey tried to clear her head and focus on what was in front of her. Her life depended on being a good host.

“Here we are,” she said, waving invitingly at the venison that should have been feeding the two wolf girls on their return trip. “I’m not the best cook in my tribe, but I know a thing or two.”

Setra scrutinized the meat. “And you say it tastes better than a normal deer.”

“Oh, definitely,” said Zoey. “Raw meat is just gro—” Setra glared at her, “—*great*, great, but it doesn’t hold up against cooked meat.”

Setra glanced around the firepit and decided on a spot. With a long, sinuous pull she wound herself further around Zoey and let the front half of her body pile up on the ground. Zoey tensed at the strange movement, but it was far from painful; the snake’s body was almost like a stream.

Setra ended up with most of her body on the jungle floor and a several thick, comfortable loops around Zoey. The blue snake’s tail had plenty of slack behind her quarry. “You may impress me now.”

Zoey stepped up to reach the branch the meat was tied to and unstrung the smaller of the two pieces, although it was still quite hefty: she needed both hands to hold it and had to lean back and bear the weight with her hips. She turned to her captor. “So, uh . . .” The serpent’s tail poked her butt. “Ah!” she squeaked, stepping forward.

“I’m right here,” Setra purred, letting her mouth hang open greedily.

Zoey realized that Setra actually expected her to plop the meat into her maw. “R-right.” The wolf girl leaned forward, holding the venison out as far as she could without tipping over. This gave her a firsthand view of Setra’s mouth, which was something she had wanted to avoid: the snake’s blue and red scales contrasted sharply against the delicate pink flesh inside her gullet. Zoey could see a tube

along the bottom that held Setra's tongue, and two rows of wicked, hooked teeth along the top and bottom.

What most held her attention was the . . . finality of it. There was a dark spot where Setra's mouth met her throat, and it was so dark it seemed like nothing could ever possibly escape once it went in there. The venison she held represented her transformation from a girl into a woman: she was a real member of the tribe now, and there was something Zoey distinctly did not like about feeding the spoils of her hunt to a demented snake. Then again, consider the alternative . . .

"You're *ssstaring*," Setra hissed. Zoey realized she had been leaning forward for half a minute.

"Sorry," she said, struggling to find the right words.

"That's quite alright. I am often told I am rather *enticcing*," said Setra as her eyes began to swirl blue and red.

Zoey didn't give her the chance. As soon as she saw the snake's eyes change, she shoved the chunk of meat forward into Setra's waiting mouth. Setra was taken aback by the interruption but her anger died in her throat – the venison really did taste better than a regular deer! "Oh, *mmf*," Setra said as the meaty, hearty flavour rolled over her tongue for the first time in her life. No wonder all the tribesmen she'd seen were so keen on keeping fire around if it could make meat taste like this.

Setra pulled her jaw forward, taking more meat into her mouth with each gluttonous gulp and making little moans of carnivorous content as she went. After a couple minutes of struggling, the snake returned to normal – except for the conspicuous bulge just beneath her neckline.

Zoey was about to ask if Setra was alright before the serpent locked eyes with her again. This time, the wolf girl didn't have the chance to look away as the shimmering haze grabbed her attention. All Zoey could do was force one eye closed and try to keep it that way. "S-S-Setra," she tried to say.

"That was *deliciousss*, my little *morsssel*." Setra's head swayed back and forth slightly. "Do you mind helping it go down?"

“N-no,” said Zoey distantly. She did want to help Setra, so the warm, floating feeling Setra was giving her was her reward for being helpful. Setra was helping her feel good and she just had to return the favour. That was why Zoey could keep looking at the cool, warm swirls. Right. She was strong. Zoey knelt slowly, eye locked on Setra as her hands moved to the snake’s neck. “How . . . how . . .”

“Just push down when I ssswallow.” Setra gulped, and the bulge in her throat dropped slightly.

“O . . . kay . . .” Zoey said as her hands started to coerce the mass of venison down Setra’s body. She was being helpful. If she was really helpful, Setra might let her go. But it was tricky to push when Setra swallowed because Zoey could only look at one thing and that thing was Setra’s face because that’s where Setra’s eyes were and Setra’s eyes were really pretty and made her feel floaty. Zoey wanted to open her other eye but that was bad because she had to keep one eye closed. *Why was that?* Right, Setra would eat her if she opened her other eye. *But I have to help Setra—*

Zoey lost her balance and fell onto the bulge. The air puffed out of her, and she blinked the spirals away with her face buried in red scales. What had she been doing?

“Are you alright?” Hearing Setra’s voice felt like drinking honey. Zoey hated it.

“Um. Yes. Just fine.” Zoey kept her face pressed against Setra’s belly. *Just don’t look up.* “Are you done with this piece?”

“I suppose. Oh, and you can get up now; I promise my eyes are normal. Do you know the word for what just happened?” Her tone of voice was unbearably normal, as though she hadn’t just tried to coerce Zoey into becoming a meal.

Yeah, extortion. Zoey slowly, carefully raised her head. Setra’s eyes were normal and she was smiling evenly. “No, I don’t.” She stood up.

Setra’s grin widened. “*Perissstalsssiss.*”

Zoey stared. “Parra-what?”

“Peristalsis. The motion of muscles used to drag something down a tube.” She gulped again.

“Or a throat.”

Zoey failed to suppress a shiver of disgust. “That’s really interesting,” she lied. She tried to walk back to the hanging meat before Setra’s tail tip stopped her with a bop on the nose.

“I’d like to hear you say it,” said Setra. Zoey raised an eyebrow at her. “Yes, really. You have a lovely voice and I think the word would sound *sssublime* coming from you.”

Small price to pay. Just do it. “Alright, fine: pair-a-stalls-is.”

Setra shook her head with theatrical sorrow. “No, no: *perissstalsssisss*.”

“Parry’s-tall-iz.”

“Peristalsis.”

“Parsley-toeses.”

“*Peristalsis*.” Setra was getting slightly annoyed.

Zoey finally grasped the word. “Peristalsis.”

Setra broke into a delighted smile. “Yes. Thank you.”

“You’re welcome. It’s kinda fun to say,” Zoey said as she glanced back to the bulge in Setra’s neck. The plump red scales of her underbelly looked pink where they wrapped around it. The bulge had nearly disappeared into the larger pile of Setra’s body next to the firepit. *Must be tight in there.*

Zoey cleared her throat. Where had that come from? “N-next course.”

Setra just grinned. “Looking forward to it.”

Zoey took down the other slab of meat – it was even larger and bulkier than the first one – and turned back to Setra. She had kept one eye closed since getting her wits back and was determined not to let Setra hypnotize her any more. To her surprise, the serpent’s eyes were still normal as Zoey approached, and she merely opened her gaping maw without a word. Zoey gave her the venison just like the first time, and before long it was just another bulge below Setra’s neckline. “Would you?” the snake asked, pointing to herself with her tail.

“Sure,” Zoey said flatly. She couldn’t fathom how anything Setra’s size could be so bad at swallowing food, but if it made her would-be predator feel better, she would do it. Zoey waited for the

bulge to move down a bit, then straddled Setra with her hands on the bulge – and her body facing away from the serpent’s face.

“Oh, you’ve *outsssmarterd* me now,” taunted Setra even as she gulped rhythmically. “How shall I ever encourage you to jump down my gullet like a good little morsel if I can’t see your pretty little eyes?” She moved her tail tip so it hovered just above Zoey’s own tail.

“I’m sure you’ve got something planned,” Zoey muttered under her breath.

“I certainly do,” said Setra. Her tail plunged into Zoey’s loincloth.

Zoey made a noise somewhere between a shriek and a squeak. The feeling of cool, smooth scales sliding against her nubile pussy was so good and so weird she didn’t know how to handle it. She whipped around in shock only to be met with a brilliant wall of red and blue. Setra had lunged her head forward to press her brow against the petite wolf girl’s, and her eyes were like an endless stream of warm, soothing water cascading over the shores of Zoey’s mind.

If Zoey had had both eyes open, she would have been gone then and there. Her closed eye bought her a shred of time. “S-Setra.” She tried to pry herself away.

“Tisk tisk, don’t forget to help me,” said Setra. “The meat needs to go *deeper*.”

“Deeeper,” said Zoey. She could do that. That was helping. Helping and Setra’s eyes felt good, like running for a day and jumping in a cold river basin.

“That’s it. Just keep doing what you were. Deeper.” Her tail writhed against Zoey’s honey.

“Deeper,” said Zoey with more conviction. Setra’s head danced lightly around to her front and Zoey remembered why she was kneeling there in the first place. Setra gulped again, and Zoey’s hands were there to push the bulge deeper. Deeper. She liked that word. It made her feel good. She thought about it whenever Setra gulped.

Setra puppeteered Zoey halfway down her body before commanding her to stop. “My oh my, you’ve been such a good host,” she said in a doting voice. “And I’m so full that I almost don’t know what to do.”

Zoey's open eye was totally covered in vibrant red and blue swirls, but the other one was still shut tight. Something inside her flickered back to life. "You aren't gonna . . ." she trailed off.

"Eat you?" Setra sighed. "Honestly, I don't know. I thought you were just another meal in this jungle, but this 'cooked meat' stuff is *excellent*." She removed her tail from Zoey's crotch.

"Glad you like it," Zoey said distantly. The serpent's eyes were still a river of rapture, but there was something beneath it that she had not felt before – like an undertow or an eddy that threatened to drag her away from the surface foam.

"And you really are *ssstubborn* about that one eye of yours. I've never had anyone or anything last this long." Setra pursed her lips. "Oh, it's just too much. I don't know how to feel about this." She glanced at Chloe and Schaal. "Do you suppose your sister would miss you if I ate you?"

Zoey slipped beneath the surface – suddenly the warm whitewater became a cold torrent rushing through her system. The swirls in her eye faded slightly. "My sister?"

"Yes, over there with what's-his-face. They're certainly having a good time. I don't even know if she *could* miss you anymore." Setra pointed with her tail.

Zoey turned to look. Through the haze of red and blue, she could see something that looked like a she-wolf surrounded by a green tangle. There were flashes of pink as the two shapes ground against each other. *Is that Chloe?* It must have been. But it didn't sound like Chloe – there were pants and moans and wet slapping sounds, and a lower masculine voice.

That was Schaal, she knew. He was the one who had ambushed them because he wanted to fuck her sister. Her sister Chloe. He was fucking her right now. He had given up Zoey and the deer *she caught* to be eaten just to guarantee that he could fuck Chloe.

The river froze to ice. Zoey stood up.

"Where do you—" said Setra.

Zoey looked down at her. There was murder in the wolf girl's eyes, clear as crystal. "Let go."

Setra was a coward at heart. "Okay." Her coils fell to the ground.

As Setra fled, Zoey took exactly five steps to reach her hunting spear. She had used it to kill the deer the other day. It was still sharp. She remembered how her quarry's blood had flowed over the wood in hot red streams. She turned exactly ninety degrees and began to take exactly twenty steps towards Schaal and Chloe.

Schaal noticed her on step fifteen. He pulled himself away from giving Chloe's neck a love bite. "Oh, you're alive. Come to join us? There's plenty more— what is that? What are— no, wait. Stop! Aah! *Aaaah!* I'm sorry! Please, I'm sorry! *Stop! Aaaah!*"

Chloe yawned once and blinked. Something had woken her, but it couldn't have been Zoey because—

She shot up. “Zoey!” she cried.

“Right here, sis,” came a voice from the other end of camp. Chloe's brain finally caught up with her eyes: she was sleeping in the hammock just like she had been earlier in the day. Across the camp, the firepit was lit and crackling. Zoey sat on the near side of it, looking over her shoulder. The orange light painted her in silhouette. “You're finally up.”

Chloe noticed that her own leather bra had been replaced by a loose ring of grass and leaves around her shoulders – not perfect, but more modest than nothing. Her loincloth looked rougher than before, but it was intact. She stood up out of the hammock, swaying and nearly losing her balance. Suddenly Zoey was at her side. “You were asleep for a while.”

Chloe looked up. It was the dead of night and she could see every star in the sky. “Half a day.”

“A day and a half,” Zoey corrected her. Chloe stared at her. “Yes, really. Schaal's tricks did a number on you, not to mention all the other stuff . . .” her voice trailed off. “Not that it's your fault or anything. We both should have been more careful.”

Chloe nodded as Zoey walked her over to the fire, trying to find her most recent clear memory. “What did that other one do?”

“Setra? She ate our food. Probably would have eaten me if I hadn't remembered your advice and chased her off.”

They had arrived at the campfire. Chloe looked at her sister. “Wait, you handled her all by yourself?”

“She's still out there somewhere, but I don't think she'll bother us again.” Zoey flashed a toothy grin. “And Schall *definitely* won't.”

“Speaking of Schaal,” Chloe sniffed the air, “why do I still smell him if he slithered off?” She got no reply. After a minute, she looked at her sister. “Zoey?” Zoey cleared her throat and made a point of looking somewhere else. “Zoey, seriously,” said Chloe as a horrible thought occurred to her.

Chloe looked down at her body and sniffed again. Sure enough, there was Schaal’s scent – and there were the sticky, matted spots in her fur that positively reeked of him. “Oh, *ew*. Did he really have to do that on my boobs?”

“Not just your boobs,” said Zoey quietly.

Chloe’s head swivelled to her sister, then back to her boobs, and her belly, and her legs, and her ass. “Oh, *eee-yeew*! How much did he have *in* him?!”

“Oh would you look at that, the food’s ready.” Zoey sat down and grabbed two skewers from the campfire, each heavy with chunks of meat and fruit. She held one out to her sister. “Eat something; you’ll feel better.”

Chloe took the skewer and sat down, dumbfounded. “You said Setra ate all our spare food.”

Zoey nodded. “Yep. I got more.” She started on her skewer.

Chloe took a bite from her skewer. She chewed. “Sis, this is deer meat.”

“Yep.”

The campfire crackled and popped as Zoey ate and Chloe looked at her sister. A wave of pride swept over her. “All by yourself?”

Zoey rubbed the back of her neck and glanced away. “Look, it was a yearling, and it was limping when I found the tracks, and it was separated from the herd, and—”

Her sister cut her off with an arm around her shoulders. “I am *so proud* of you.” The love in her voice was as strong as a beating drum.

Zoey basked in the hug until she realized what she was pressed up against. “Um, sis.”

“Yeah?”

“Thanks and all, but can this wait until *after* you’re cleaned up?”