

Hunting in the Dark

by Kolik

“How can you claim the gods are merciless
when they robbed the snake of its limbs to give
the other creatures a sporting chance?”

—flavour text, *Python*, Magic: The Gathering

I

Chloe realized that she didn't know where she was going. The wolf girl stopped in her tracks and looked around to get her bearings. It was the middle of the night, and the murky jungle swept away from her like a wrinkled silk sheet. She could see where she was going easily enough – the moon was a perfect white disc in the middle of a cloudless night sky, and her eyes had adjusted hours ago. Between the warm, still air and the dark indigo that saturated everything around her, it was really quite beautiful.

Normally, walking through the middle of a jungle in the dead of night was a great way to get killed, but this was territory very near to her tribe's village. Every predator and wild animal knew to steer clear unless they wanted to become an easy meal or a pelt on a wall. Chloe didn't even need to worry about tripping and falling on her spear: none of the plants around her poked above her knee except for the trees that shot up and joined into a sparse canopy well above her head.

But the nagging question of *where* still pressed at her. *Where* exactly had it happened? If she could find the places, then maybe the other questions like *how* and *when* would begin to crack.

Who and *why* already had answers: Schaal, the local lecherous snake, and several wolf tribeswomen; because the girls were young and pretty. *What* didn't have a hard answer, but given the girls' appearance it was easy to guess. Each one of them had her fur matted with something sticky that smelled like snake, flushed and panting faces, creases in their fur where something sinuous and strong had wrapped around them and dug in, and that look in their eyes.

Chloe spat. That look was what bothered her the most. She had seen it before, in the eyes of newlywed women or wives trying for children. It was a faraway, happy look that said more than words ever could. Something like "I'm happy and safe" or "I just spent the night making love to my stud husband so he could put life in my belly." The latter often went with wobbly legs and a visit to the shaman for *discreet* medicine.

It was not supposed to say “a giant snake hypnotized me, fucked me raw for half a day, then erased my memories.” But their legs were just as wobbly.

Chloe tightened her grip on her spear. It had been dumb of her to come out here alone – the girls Schaal had abducted had all been alone – but she just couldn’t sleep knowing the serpent was slinking around without paying for his crimes. So here she was, walking through the jungle in the middle of the night, hoping against hope to find some clue that none of the scouting parties had.

The wolf girl sighed and trudged over to a big, smooth root sticking out from one of the larger trees. She sat down on it, stacking one elbow on her knees and her chin in her hand. It had been a long time since Chloe had moped but she didn’t know what else to do.

The victims were no help: the only thing they remembered was a hazy blur of pleasure that lasted for hours. Each of them had been alone and far from the village on routine errands like picking herbs or scouting game; there was no particular place that narrowed the search area. All the likely hiding spots for a snake Schaal’s size had been checked and double checked.

If I were a perverted snake who abducted girls and had sex with them, where would I be?

A wave of heat passed through the wolf girl’s chest as she considered the gritty details of what Schaal must have done. The serpent was a creep through and through, and no tribeswoman would so much as speak to him, but having a mesmerizing glance was enough to plaster over that problem. Then came the “seduction,” if you could call it that, and the poor girl’s fate was cinched just as surely as her body. Her body, wrapped in writhing muscle and bound by sinuous scales, gasping for breath and moaning in ecstasy. Chloe was breathing heavier than normal when a leaf fluttered down and landed on her nose. She huffed and nearly brushed it off when she realized a few things.

One: the trees around here did not shed their leaves this time of year. Two: the night air was perfectly still, so a breeze couldn’t have blown it off. Three: the leaf perched on her snout was a healthy green, so the tree it had come from was not dying.

Holding her breath, Chloe's purple eyes rose to look at the tree above her. She couldn't see anything in the murky heights of the canopy, so she strained her ears and listened. For almost a minute there was nothing but the faint beat of her heart and the buzz of insects flying through the humid air.

Then, above her came a sort of soft rasping sound that was over as soon as it started. It was so faint the wolf girl wondered if she had imagined it. Then it drifted down again and she recognized it: that was the sound of something rough scraping against tree bark.

Chloe reached down and picked up her spear very, very delicately. Without making a sound, she moved one shapely leg, then the other, behind the root. A few careful steps brought her into the deepest shadows behind the tree. She knew her dark grey fur would make her almost invisible to anyone looking down.

Another small eternity passed while Chloe crouched and waited for something to happen, clutching her spear with the easy strength of a hunter. She peered up at the tree above her, unable to see anything but too rapt to look away. Could she really have been lucky enough to find Schaal by pacing around in the dark? There was another rasping noise above her, and another leaf fluttered down out of the dark crown of leaves. This time Chloe stared up as hard as she could, eyes keened to pick up anything important.

Soft moonlight and the night sky washed against the leaves above her, flattening every colour into dark blue and pale white. Each leaf was a small dark shape with a bright outline, and Chloe found it hard to say where one began and another ended. Just as she began to wonder if the falling leaf really did mean anything, she saw something.

Well, not so much saw something as she noticed a conspicuous dark line moving softly across the canopy, only visible because of what it blocked out. As the wolf girl followed the line, she realized she was looking at a tail. A very long tail. The kind that belonged to a snake.

Chloe grinned.

If Schaal's tail was in this tree, then the rest of him must be somewhere else. The wolf girl crept around the tree trunk, trying to figure out where the rest of the snake had gone. Now that she knew what to look for, Chloe spotted a black ribbon of empty space reaching across the starry night sky. The ribbon was a conspicuous trail of blocked stars reaching from the tree next to the huntress out to a nearby branch on another tree. She couldn't see too much, but the far branch was clearly bending under a lot of weight.

The wolf girl let her mind's eye fill in the details: Schaal's green scales wrapped around the branch for stability. The soft rasp – there it was again – as his muscles gripped tree bark for purchase. The curling, slithering length of his serpentine body coiling away somewhere in the far tree like a primordial predator biding its time—

Chloe tapped her chest, trying to calm her beating heart. This was no time to get worked up and lose sight of her quarry. She looked out at the far tree and noticed that the jungle floor in between her hiding spot and Schaal's destination was bathed in bright moonlight. The same break in the trees that had let her see Schaal meant that she would have practically no cover if she wanted to follow him.

Chloe hesitated. She could make it back to her village and return here with a hunting party at dawn, but by the time day broke Schaal could be anywhere. Her best chance to catch him would be to follow him and wait for him to hole up somewhere and go to sleep. Then again, her little patrol had already been a success and the snake didn't even know he was being followed, which was an even bigger victory considering what he could and *would* do to her if she made a mistake.

A slightly nervous gulp made its way down Chloe's throat. Hadn't she already been dumb and risky enough coming out here alone at night? Hadn't she already gotten what she wanted? Even if she didn't know Schaal's exact hiding spot, her tribe had enough hunters to close a circle around a few kilometres of jungle and flush him out.

She began to stand from her crouch when something caught her eye – a light, glowing and flickering through the crown of leaves in the far tree. Chloe froze and stared at it. The light pulsed and

changed colours as she looked, slowly drifting side to side but never being totally obscured by leaves or branches. It was the size of a pinprick from this distance and glimmered like it was underwater. The wolf girl decided to look at the light more, just to be sure what it was. It was probably a star, right? There were plenty of weird stars.

She glanced around at all the other stars in the sky to make sure they were weird. She got the impression they weren't, but it was hard to tell because her gaze kept drifting back to the weird star in the tree. Chloe could see the tree star changing colour in regular waves, blue to green to pale yellow. She looked away to find a blue star in the sky, but couldn't. Her eyes slid back. Green now. Green star? No. Should get another look to be sure. Yellow. Yellow? Look again and she'd see blue. She began to turn her head back.

Her vision swam. The weird star was gone. Her leg was sore. Chloe looked down and found her leg shaking as though she had been tensing it for a long time. She knelt back down and the ache went away. She scratched her chin, trying to remember why she had been half standing in that awkward pose and why her leg had hurt; she couldn't have been standing like that for more than a few seconds.

Seconds . . . I don't have time!

Chloe's head jerked back up and she found the blank ribbon in the sky was gone. Schaal must have slithered the rest of his body over to the other tree and hidden in the darkness at its peak. He had done that while she was . . . while she was what?

Chloe shook her head. Well, she wasn't going to lose any more time and let Schaal escape her. She grabbed her spear and loped across the patch of bright moonlight before giving herself the chance to second guess herself. Her heart thudded in her chest. This would be a big night for her.

She had no idea how right she was.

II

Chloe padded along the jungle floor, eyeing the treetops carefully. She had been following Schaal for a while now and he showed no sign of stopping or settling in for the night. The wolf girl didn't know exactly how long snakes could go without sleep, but she didn't care. She would track him as far as it took.

The trail of drifting leaves and rasping scales on bark had been easy to follow. The shafts of bright moonlight piercing into the gloom had become fewer and farther between as Schaal wound his way into a deeper, thicker part of the jungle. Chloe could see a few stars through the trees and bushes around her, but anything past them may as well have been hidden behind a black curtain. There was a small but insistent part of her mind that told her she should go back and pick up the trail with a pack of hunters from her tribe, but that was impossible for one simple reason: she had lost her quarry.

She had been following leaves and sounds, both of which had stopped abruptly a few minutes ago. Now Chloe found herself in even more dire straits. The oppressive silence of the lightless woods pressed in around her as she knelt. No leaves, no telltale rasping. The only thing left was to rely on her sense of smell, but even that had its limits. She raised her head and sniffed the air, taking long, deep gulps to try and find so much as a wisp of something serpentine. Her eyes closed as she concentrated.

Nothing. On a still, clear night like this she should be able to smell anything, but Schaal must have been too high above her. Chloe opened her eyes and would have begun to grit her teeth if she hadn't caught sight of something familiar.

That weird star again, glimmering and twinkling as it pulsed blue-green-yellow. Chloe trained her eyes on it even as she began to wonder. Hadn't that star been towards the west the last time she had seen it? She could have sworn she was looking north now. The thought *that should be impossible* drifted through her mind and she tried to look around to get her bearings. The dark forest spread away in every direction, impenetrable and identical. It would be easy to get lost in here.

She didn't like looking into the dark. Back to the light. Couldn't be a star. What else glowed like that? The light was larger than the pinprick it had been the first time Chloe saw it. Now that it was larger, she could see the movements more precisely – it wasn't swaying back and forth, but instead jittering around. Chloe squinted as she tried to keep a bead on whatever it was.

The glowing light reached across the darkness and distance to her. Absently, she began to walk towards it. There was something kind of comforting about looking at it, which made sense because the last time she had seen it it had helped her. Chloe knew it had helped her but the details kept slipping out of her mental grasp like a word on the tip of her tongue. Her thoughts stirred around as she tried to recall exactly what the light had done. She had been tracking Schaal, and then seen the light, and then and then and then—

It showed me which way to go. The words tumbled into her head like a pile of rocks.

Oh, right. Chloe almost felt dumb for not remembering because it was so simple. The light showed her where to go. She was almost under it now, walking dreamily with her hips jutting forward and her spear dragging on the ground. Every shaky step caused her breasts and ass to jiggle. Her foot brushed against a small plant and she teetered, nearly tripping, but then she recovered and continued her drowsy walk. That was okay. The light would show her where to go. No need to worry.

Chloe yawned once, stretching her mouth wide. She really did feel kind of sleepy, which only made sense since she had been running around for half the night. The light was soothing in its own way, steadily shifting from one colour to the next. The wolf girl tried to line her steps up with each new colour, but that was just a *little* too much effort for her. She staggered forward and slumped against the bark of the tree with her head pointed straight up.

“F-fireflies,” she muttered. That made sense. The lights (*there are two now had there always been two i can't say but it's okay*) had stopped jittering and they were hovering in place pretty close to her muzzle now. Her breasts pressed against the bark. It felt nice.

“Wrong *anssswer*,” said the lights.

“Ssorrriyy . . .” Chloe said, fighting back a yawn.

A sound between a hiss and a laugh drifted down. “*That’sss* quite alright. I can tell you’re *ssso* tired.” Chloe lost the fight. The wolf girl squeaked as she stretched out her arms and flexed her fingers in a trembling V shape above her head. She wasn’t holding her spear anymore. “*Ssso*, if I’m not fireflies, what am I?”

Chloe pursed her lips and took a good long drink of the lights in front of her face. Her other guesses had been totally wrong: the lights were two circles (or maybe very slight ovals) hanging in the pitch black air. That meant they couldn’t be a star, even a weird one, and they couldn’t be fireflies either. She knew a lot about the jungle but she couldn’t match the lights with anything she knew.

The circles had *blue* dots in the centre and those *green* dots would grow into *yellow* rings which slowly expanded *blue* to the edge of the *green* circles before disappearing again and *yellow* turning back into *blue* dots and if she could just think *green* for a second without the *yellow* lights interrupting her or changing *blue* colours then she would be able to *green* call them what they were and *yellow* that would be the end of it but the *blue* rhythmic pulsing was distracting her *green* because every new colour was so *yellow* pretty that she just had to look at *blue* it and that meant she couldn’t remember what kind of *green* thing in the jungle had two *yellow* big eyes full of *blue* rings that lived in *green* trees and talked with hissing *yellow* S sounds and *blue* and *green* and *yellow* and on and on and on.

“Pretty,” Chloe slurred. Her arms sank down.

Another hissing laugh. The lights shook. “Not the answer I was expecting, but I do adore flattery. Why don’t we continue this conversation somewhere more private, mmm?” The lights floated to the side and the very sleepy wolf girl turned her head to follow them because what else could she do and saw the lights were hovering in front of a gap between two trees. Behind the lights was the darkest spot in the woods: a little clearing without a speck of moonlight, ringed by ominous trees with thick crowns and low-hanging branches. Chloe couldn’t see anything beyond the trees and they all looked the same. Not that she looked very closely, because that would mean taking her eyes off the lights and

it was really hard for Chloe to do that because the lights were so nice and they kept changing and sliding and catching her attention. If she went into that grove, she might get so turned around that she wouldn't be able to find her way out.

That's okay. The lights will show me where I should go. Chloe stepped forward into the black. The lights strobed.

III

Chloe was finding it very hard to think, but that was okay. The lights were pretty. The pitch blackness of the grove made the lights stand out more. Every vibrant pulse was magnified by the surrounding void. “Thank you, wolf pup,” said the lights. “I was getting so lonely tonight, but I’m sure we can pass the time together.”

“W-welcome,” Chloe said, fumbling for words as her brain went numb. She drooped forward, arms and spine slack as spools of rope.

“Oh, let me help you there.” Something smooth and scaly slid underneath the wolf girl’s chin, propping it up. It felt like an armful of ice water was flowing down the front of her neck, around her shoulders, over her collarbone, before plunging between her breasts. “Hope you don’t mind . . .”

“Mmm,” Chloe moaned softly as cool scales pressed into warm flesh.

“Does that feel good?”

“Mmm,” Chloe took a deep breath in, nodding shakily around the scales that tickled her chin.

The scales kept flowing down her body, slithering out the bottom of her cleavage and beginning to creep around her belly. “Lovely. You have such an *inviting* figure.” The serpent’s body was getting thicker now and it slithered down in waves. The feeling of so much cool, supple muscle pressed comfortingly around her body made Chloe melt on the inside. Every downward slither meant another full-body shiver as the serpent coiled her up. Then the snake would pause, gathering his strength for another surge, and oh how she could *feel* every inch of him gripping her like a ragdoll. Then he glided down again, green scales groping grey fur. The colours in his eyes changed to a new rhythm that punctuated his slithering descent.

Chloe’s neck was pinned by a coil that grew thicker by the minute. The serpent carefully bound her arms with a loop around her ribs, preventing her from struggling but still letting her squirm. Then his tail crept down, just touching her loincloth. “Would you like to take another guess?”

The wolf cub barely heard his words, transfixed by the lights. “Wh-gess?” she managed.

“As to who I am, of course.” His tail tapped lightly against her pussy, separated by little more than air.

The wolf cub shuddered, torn between the hazy pleasure of the lights and the knife-edged ecstasy tapping at her womanhood. She couldn’t move her body. She couldn’t move her thoughts. Her tongue lolled out as she sank deeper into the inviting glow of the serpent’s eyes. “Want . . . t-to . . .” was all she could pant.

The snake sighed; time to hurry along. He pressed his face to Chloe’s until their brows met and her world became two sets of glowing rings. “Watch closely, now,” he said. The wolf girl didn’t even manage a single word before his eyes strobed into a frenzy. The slow and inviting rings were flushed out by a torrent of the three lovely colours. Rings poured forth from the centres of his eyes – ten, twenty, thirty, more – and shot to the edges like flashes of light reflecting off a glittering jewel.

Chloe couldn’t keep up. Her drooping eyes shot open, commanded by the chromatic onslaught. She felt her breath hitch as the serpent’s gaze poured into her own like syrup and the first colourful shades appeared around her purple eyes. A ring of deep ocean blue formed on the outside of one eye and slowly began to shrink inward towards her pupil. A ring of green followed it, then yellow, then back to blue. The colours took hold in her other eye, lopsided but just as delicious.

“More,” she whispered even as the first blue sunk into her pupils. It covered her purple irises like quicksilver flowing over stained glass.

“Of *coursse*,” said the snake. He giggled softly.

Chloe’s eyes were no longer her own: a torrent of rings pressed inward, faster and faster as she lost more of herself under the serpent’s glare. Every shrinking ring was like a small coil around her mind, not choking her but just suggesting: to rest, to surrender, to enjoy a warm and comforting blanket next to a crackling fire. The serpent’s eyes pulsed so quickly the rings blurred together into a single shining pane. He gently squeezed her.

She broke. The wolf girl's body snapped tight as her defeat washed through her. The blissful feeling of submission cascaded down from her head to her body to her legs, fingers and toes curling as she squeaked and moaned. The colours were in her eyes now, in her head, in the very fibre of herself so deep she would never get them out. They danced in mesmerizing patterns across her limbs, wrapping tightly around every joint. The colours felt like they were seeping past her fur and skin into her blood.

Chloe coasted along her blissful peak for a long while, rapt like a tame animal. Her feet left the ground as she writhed to the rhythm of the serpent's eyes, tied to him like a puppet on strings. Eventually, sadly, she had to come down, and the buzzing haze of the snake's gaze had gone. His eyes were normal now: two blue slits in two fields the colour of egg yolk.

But the colours were still there, if she knew where to look for them. She could see hints of them shimmering across his face and body at the edge of her vision. If she had looked in a mirror she would have seen the shrinking rings still going strong in her own eyes. Her tail wagged desperately.

His tail was still tapping against the lips of her pussy, threatening to plunge in but stopped by that damn strip of cloth. Her top strained to contain her meaty breasts and his thick body. "Hello, wolf cub," said Schaal.

"Hello," she said.

"Know who I am now?"

Chloe broke into a smile. "*Master*," she said reverently.

"Yes." He ripped away her modesty. She cried out.

IV

Chloe's breasts were large and heavy, each one a grey orb topped by a stiff black nipple. They jiggled as her tube top fell away, fluttering down into the black abyss below. Schaal darted to one breast, clamping his jaw over her nipple and beginning to suck. "Mnah!" the wolf girl cried. The black skin tasted good – salty from her sweat and sweet from her hotness. He suckled harder, flicking his tongue against her nipple and twisting his head back and forth to tweak it.

Her loincloth was gone just the same as her top. The serpent's tail curled over her sex, sliding across the supple flesh of her clit and vulva. "Haah! *Ahh!*" moaned Chloe as her legs thrashed. She ground her crotch into Schaal's scales, spreading wetness across them and sending jolts of pleasure through her hips. Her shaking hands met at her crotch, mashing clumsily against her womanhood even as more of Schaal's body spiralled downwards to bind her and more of his thickness slithered across her sweetness.

She felt coils creep down across her hips and thighs, pressing her legs into the scales and making her lip tremble. "M-more," she managed between pants. Most of her body was wrapped up now, and all she could do was twitch.

Schaal removed his mouth from her tit with a smack. "*Cccertainly,*" he said before clamping onto her other breast. This time his gaping mouth engulfed as much of her as it could, gumming and gnawing softly into the sensitive flesh. Oh, what a wonderful toy he had found tonight. His body slithered around hers, cinching the wolf girl tighter into his embrace.

They grew into a carnal rhythm, slithering and writhing against each other. The wolf girl mewled in ecstasy, pressing her hands and fingers into her crotch and trying to pleasure herself inside her coiling prison. The serpent took his time, enjoying her like a banquet of candies and sweetbread. She was an exquisite plaything: twist her nipple like *that* and she moans, rub her pussy like *this* and she gasps, squeeze her breast and she shuddered like a willow tree in a storm. He would dearly love to see her again, but alas her tribe would make that impossible.

An idea formed into dark, lustrous crystal inside his head. Then again . . .

Schaal suckled her nipple one last time, enjoying the mewl Chloe made. Then he stopped his writhing and waited for her to notice. She was bound from head to toe, not completely covered in scales but obviously trapped and at the mercy of his supple coils. He had spooled around her so much that his tail had plenty of room to move. Her eyes were glazed over with his calling card, and she bucked her crotch weakly. Even through the colourful haze, he could tell her eyes were unfocused and distant.

He kept waiting. At length, she blinked and glanced left and right weakly – the best she could do, given her scaly collar. “Mnuh?” Chloe mumbled. “Master?” Her grinding stopped.

“Don’t you worry, my little toy. I’m right here.” He hovered in front of her face.

“Then . . . why’d you stop?” She sounded sad.

“I wanted you to tell me something,” he cooed. “It would make me very happy.”

Chloe’s ears perked up. “Anything.”

“Do you want to see me again?” He looked away melodramatically.

She gulped in surprise. “Yes, I do!”

Schaal kept up his act. “But after tonight, you’ll go back to your tribe and I’ll never see you again.” He sniffed. “Oh, woe betide me if I could never again play with you.”

“Please don’t leave, master!” She tried to struggle forward and reach his head, which accomplished exactly nothing.

“Well,” he drawled, “there is one way to *ensssure* we could see each other.” His tail curled up and draped across her head as though he was petting her. “Would you like to hear it?”

“Y-yeah,” said the wolf girl. “Do it, master.”

He chuckled. “But you don’t even know what it is. Do you really *trussst* me that much?”

Chloe’s voice quavered. “You’re my *master*. I trust you with anything.”

He idly flicked her mop of grey hair. “Very well. Listen *carefully*,” he said as he began to whisper darkly into her ear. He pulled back once he finished.

“Forget about you?” whined the wolf girl. “Master, I *never* want—” His tail bumped into her nose, silencing her.

“You won’t. There will always be part of you that knows you belong to me. Whenever I wake up that part of you, the colours and rings will come back and you’ll feel that wonderful rush all over again.” Schaal leaned closer as his eyes began to glow. “Do you like the *sssound* of that?”

He nodded. Chloe nodded along with him. “Y-yeah,” she breathed.

“Good.” His eyes sped up. “Now pay attention.” The wolf girl didn’t bother responding. She was too busy looking into the twin vortexes in front of her. She went limp in her serpentine hammock as Schaal raised his head directly over hers.

“*Jusst* focus on me. Just focus on the sound of my *voiccce*.” His hissing words spilled down onto her like flakes of snow. “What is your name, my little plaything?”

“C-Chloe,” said the wolf girl. She yawned but was interrupted when something warm and stiff bumped into her face. “Mmm?”

“That is your *sssurface* name. That is what your tribe calls you, but I am not one of your tribe. I am your *massster*.”

There were two somethings, both very warm and smelling very strongly of her master. They pressed against her face, forcing themselves into her open mouth. “Shorry,” the wolf girl said around the hot hard things.

“I will give you a new name, a deep down name that only you and I know. When I tell you to forget, you will take all your memories of this night and hide them deep within you. When I call you by your *deep* name, you will uncover all those memories.”

“Mmmf,” the wolf girl said, keeping her eyes locked on her master even as he began to thrust into her mouth. The things filled up her jaw and pushed against her tongue. She licked them,

savouring the meaty flavour and the overpowering male scent. “*Mmm*,” she moaned as she began to rub herself.

“Remember this pleasure well,” said Schaal. “It will connect us.”

“Mmm-hmm,” Chloe tried to nod but her master was thrusting harder into her mouth now and she was having trouble concentrating. The pulsing lights above her made her feel warm and fuzzy, while the thrusting things in her mouth were a different kind of pleasure that pounded into her and reshaped her around them. Her light, gentle fingers playing over her clit and piercing into her pussy were like little sparks of electricity.

“*Ssspeak* it. Tell you me you will remember.”

“Ahh wll rmmbr,” the wolf girl mumbled around the snake dicks in her mouth.

“Again.” Schaal’s voice was strained.

“Ahh wll rmmber.” The wolf girl’s mantra poured forth even as her master’s cocks ruined her maw and his body pounded into her snout. “Ahh wll rmmber.” He forced himself deeper into her throat with every thrust, spreading her jaw wide and making her gag. “Ahh wll rmmber.” Her fingers’ ministrations made her hips swivel and squirm around the thick snake body they were pressed into.

“Ahh wll rmmber.” Above all, above her, were the lights of her master’s eyes. They didn’t just make her feel good, they made her feel *complete*. He had taken her. “Ahh wll rmmber.” She would remember she had been taken by him and that he would own as much of her as he wanted for the rest of her days. She was a shell. “Ahh wll rmmber.” She would remember she was a shell for him to fill with his body and his rings.

Then he pulled back. Her mouth lolled open, dripping drool and other fluids. “Your name is . . .” he said.

“Yes, master. Please, master. Anything, master.”

“*Hypnoslut*.”

He slammed his cocks into her. She ground her honey against him and her fingers. The lights went out as he closed his eyes and came, pumping liquid heat down her throat. She coughed and gagged even as she climaxed. The heat of her master's seed fell down her gullet while the electric tingles in her pussy shot up – they met in the middle of her, whipping into a roiling ball of sex and ecstasy that lit up her body. The wolf girl felt her orgasm wash over her with every pulse of her master's cock and every squirm of her limbs. He squeezed tight around her and she melted into the hard grip of his coils.

Her new name pressed into the deepest parts of her mind, stamped over petty things like love and adoration and food. His words had branded her with a mark that would never fade. So long as she was with her master, she knew he was the most important thing in the world. That knowledge— no, that *fact* was like an iron spoke planted into the centre of her mind. Everything revolved around it.

Schaal and his victim hung in the trees for a few minutes more, drunk on each other and never wanting to separate. Eventually, he opened his eyes and withdrew his sensitive cocks from her throat. What he saw pleased him greatly.

His quarry's fur was matted and messy, covered with sticky patches where his seed and her drool had dripped onto her breasts and dried. Her arms were still pinned to the front of her torso, pressing her tits together around a thick section of his body and making her nipples jut out. Her legs were ramrod straight and her toes curled as she dully tried to grind her hips against his smooth scales. Her eyes were glazed over with rings that still swirled into her pupils. Her mouth hung open, sticky white gobs sliding around as she tried to lick up and swallow every last bit of him.

The serpent chuckled. "The mighty hunter. A wobbling, drooling mess."

Hypnoslut gulped. "Huntress," she corrected.

"Oh, pardon me. *Huntresssssss*," he hissed. The sound poured over her in a cool cascade as his body writhed and coiled around her. She shivered and moaned.

Chloe woke up. There were a couple beams of light piercing through the trees around her – indeed, one of them lanced onto her face. Morning? Seemed like it. She rolled her head to the side and smacked her lips as her eyes adjusted to the bright light. She was lying in the low-hanging branches of a tree. The branches were wide and grew thickly, cradling her body comfortably.

Speaking of which, she was naked. Her breasts sagged pleasantly, free of the leather tube top she usually wore. A spring breeze blew through the trees and Chloe hummed as the cool air drifted across her Venus and her nipples. It felt nice and peaceful, but why—

You got into a fight with a stranglevine.

Right, right; how could she have forgotten? The huntress looked at her fur, run over with crisscrossing matted patterns and patches of (*sap*). The vine must have tried to wring the life out of her and torn her clothing apart in the process. Her mouth and throat still hurt from it. Her hips were sore too. Good thing she had escaped.

Chloe glanced around the clearing. No troublesome flora. She spied a black glint a little distance away. She stretched, then hopped down from her perch and landed easily on the grassy ground. A few steps brought her to the glint, which turned out to be the black obsidian point of her spear. It was spotless, which—

You had to drop it to climb the tree and escape the vine.

—made total sense. That vine had been very close on her heels. Picking up her spear, she looked around again. The only things left were her ruined clothes. The band of leather she called a top was done for, but her loincloth was still mostly intact, with only one place where the strap had snapped. She could easily tie it around her waist—

You should travel nude.

—but then she wouldn't be able to appreciate the beautiful day that was surely waiting past the wall of trees.

Chloe blinked. That thought had seemed . . . different from the others. Instead of solid and reassuring, it had almost felt like her inner voice was trying to hold back a laugh. Was that possible? Could your mind play tricks on you like that?

No trick.

She guessed it couldn't. But having to travel nude was still confusing.

There's a stream not far from here.

Of course! She had (*passed a stream*) on her way into this part of the jungle, and it was deep enough to wash the (*sap*) off her fur. There was no point in wearing all this if she was just going to take it off again.

Chloe tossed her clothes into the forest where no-one would ever find them, then turned and set off to the stream. She breathed in a deep lungful of clean, fresh air, oblivious to the smell of sex and snake that hung around the clearing like voyeurs. Nothing like walking in the buff to get in touch with her body. As she paced through the deep jungle, a few fuzzy burrs about what had happened the previous night surfaced in her mind. They were quickly plucked out by (*her own memories*).

By the time she reached the stream, she mostly believed it. By the time she had bathed in the cool, refreshing water, she almost completely believed it. When she reached her village and had to explain what happened, she believed every word she said.