

Scales Like a Mirror

by Kolik

“No man really knows what he looks like. The mirror only shows you what you want to see.”

“Monkeys are superior to men in this: when a monkey looks into a mirror, he sees a monkey.”

I

Zoey trudged along, nursing a few bruises to her legs and shins, but the bruise to her pride hurt most of all. “Stupid, stupid boys,” she grumbled.

The wolf girl had been playing with her sister and a few tribesmen around their age: a simple ball game that helped train them to hunt in packs. Once the game was over, they had jogged down to a nearby lazy river and hopped in for a swim. It was normal for them to bathe nude, but Zoey had never truly been comfortable doing that.

Things got even worse when her sister was involved. Chloe, the taller and *considerably* better-endowed of the two, had practically hopped out of her clothing – all two scraps of it – before jumping into the water. She made a big splash with the boys, which left Zoey as the last one standing on the bank, awkwardly fiddling with the knot that held her modesty together so she could . . .

Could what? The thought had struck her as the spray from Chloe’s cannonball settled down. Why should she do this? Why should the boys have the satisfaction of watching her strip like they were her mates? The wolf girl had hesitated, which had given one of the boys the bright idea to encourage her. Loudly.

“Take it off! Take it off!” The others took up the chant like dry grass takes up fire. “*Take it off! Take it off!*” Zoey had never been a social butterfly, and the half-dozen strong young men panting and howling at her made her face turn beet red with embarrassment.

“Sh-shut up!” she shouted back at them. Her hands swept away from the knot on her waist and balled into angry fists. “I have more to take off than you do, you idiots!”

“So take it off already!” one of them called back. He was tall, handsome; could be chieftain one day if he hunted and fought well. In that moment, Zoey hated him and the stupid, cocky, nothing-can-stop-me grin that sprouts on the faces of all young men.

“Leave her alone, you mutts.” Chloe stood off to the side of the group but her voice cut across the water’s surface like a warning shot. “Zoey, come on. You can get in over here.” Zoey took a

cautious step upstream towards her sister. The water there was deep enough to reach her armpits, which would give her some kind of modesty.

“Hey, you think she can *float* like her sister?” another boy snickered. He pointed a thumb at Chloe, whose prodigious breasts rested on the surface of the water like two ripe melons.

“Naw,” said yet another, “she doesn’t have the meat for it.” Zoey choked, embarrassment and anger making her throat close. She whipped back towards the group, ready to scream her lungs out before freezing in horror.

One of the boys was holding a piece of dark burgundy cloth in his hands. Zoey recognized it as her underwear. She normally wore them under her loincloth but they must have fallen off when she had loosened the knot on her hips a moment earlier. The boy holding them was the tallest, the first who had chanted at her. He looked her dead in the eye, tugging the cloth between his index fingers. “And speaking of things she *doesn’t have* . . .”

A warm, refreshing gust of jungle air picked that exact time to blow through the trees and around Zoey’s waist. She shrieked, hopping in place and swatting at her billowing loincloth like it had come alive. The boys howled with laughter, but not hard enough to close their eyes and miss the show.

Chloe was wading back across the river to help her sister. “Zoey!” she called in a voice heavy with concern. If she could just make it a bit further—

“SHUT UP!” Zoey screamed as hot, angry tears streamed down her face. She spun around and sprinted away.

Chloe turned and glared at the boys. One of them had raised his fingers to his mouth for a whistle, but his breath sputtered and died when he saw the look in Chloe’s eyes. “Um.”

“You are going to *regret* doing that.”

II

“Stupid, *stupid* boys,” Zoey grumbled again. She had run and run and run just trying to get away from her shame and embarrassment, but her fatigue had finally caught up with her. She knew the way back to the river, but she wasn’t ready to start hiking back yet.

In front of her was something more interesting. Hidden behind a thick cluster of trees and bushes was a path leading to the largest pond she had ever seen – it was almost a small lake, with a tiny strip of sand ringing the shore and a large tree never more than a few metres away from the water’s edge. The trees and brush surrounding the lake were dense but didn’t reach far inward, which meant there was a large gap in the canopy over the middle of the water. The afternoon sun shone down in all its glory.

The water was perfectly still, and its surface was like a mirror. Zoey walked softly to the water’s edge, rapt at the sheer natural beauty in front of her. She crouched and looked at her own reflection. Red, puffy eyes. Dark streaks where tears had flowed down her cheeks. The light grey mop of hair on her head was matted with sweat from her desperate sprint.

Zoey chuckled thinly. “At least I found my own private bath— Huh?” The wolf girl glanced up at the treetops looming on the far shore. She thought she had seen a smidgen of movement in the pristine reflection, but the real trees were perfectly still. She turned back to the water and found it showed the same plain tree branch.

She’d probably see those jeering boys in every blade of grass if she looked too closely. “I am *not* going to jump at shadows,” Zoey said to herself. She stood with all the grace she could muster and began to remove her clothes.

Her top was the first: burgundy cloth that covered her small breasts, with two strips reaching over her shoulders. She undid two knots and the fabric slid off her like a whisper. Zoey folded it into a neat pile and set it down on the ground. Her loincloth was next and just as easy; she barely touched the knot on her hip and it fell down next to her top on the grass. Zoey flicked it away with her toe and stood there, naked as the day she was born, relishing the warm breeze ruffling through her fur.

Her light grey fur was even lighter on her chest, belly, and crotch, topped by a cute little tuft at the centre of her collarbone. Her nipples were pert black dots on top of her small breasts, which barely stuck out from her ribs. Her entire figure was thin, lithe, and wound tightly around her bones: the picture of youthful womanhood about to blossom.

Zoey pinched at her breasts dully. “. . . Meat.”

She sighed. A big part of her hoped she was in fact *about* to blossom, and not already blossoming. The wolf girl’s eyes rolled up to the sky as her mother’s admonishing, gentle voice came into her thoughts.

Not all flowers bloom the same way, Zoey.

“I *know* that, Mom, but all the boys seem to know what kind of blooms they like.” Zoey blinked, then looked around nervously. Still alone. No-one to hear her have an imaginary conversation with her mother about being jealous of her sister’s boo—

“*Allright*, time to clean up.”

Zoey strode forward into the water, which tingled as it ran over her toes and up her ankles. “Ooh,” she cooed. The top layer was warm from the sunlight, but the sandy bottom was cool and soft. The water’s cloying, twofold embrace crept up her thin legs and towards the tight curves of her butt. Zoey might not have been as voluptuous as Chloe, but she was beautiful in her own way.

But it was hard to appreciate yourself when all the boys your age just saw you as a skin and bones copy of the girl they *really* wanted. Zoey sighed and sat down, letting the sand and water cushion her fall. She plunged her head into the refreshing, warm-yet-cool water and ran her fingers through her hair. No soap to get the sweat and dirt out, but even a rinse made her feel much better.

The wolf girl sat there, up to her ribs, leaning forward rhythmically. Zoey scrubbed at the fur along her legs and arms when she wasn’t dousing her head, digging her claws into the skin in little grooves and feeling the rush of warm blood and cool water follow after them. She leaned back on her

elbow and closed her eyes so that only her head stuck up from the surface with an easy smile. “Now *this* I don’t mind,” she said. It was a good thing to clean yourself up after a hard day’s work or play.

Zoey’s face wrinkled. But it was quite another to be embarrassed and humiliated by the only boys in the tribe who were around her age. Didn’t they know what it was like? Didn’t know how she was always careful not to give herself away? The wolf girl’s face changed into a new expression, tense but with the beginnings of a smirk.

No. No, they must not. They couldn’t have had any idea how she felt around them. Otherwise they wouldn’t have stood in water that only came up to their—

Zoey’s head jerked forward and her eyes sprang open. She locked her gaze on a point on the far shore. There was a ripple there, spreading languidly across the still-as-glass water towards her. For the second time, she felt as though something had slipped by her without her noticing. A primal feeling halfway between panic and anger flooded through her as she tried to sort out what happened.

Alone. Bad. Weak alone.

Had something made that ripple? Should she go look?

Pack strong. Go to pack. Good to be in pack.

Zoey slapped her hands to the sides of her head and dug her fingers into her scalp. “*Enough.*”

The voice inside her said nothing. Zoey sighed with relief. Okay. Now what? She stood and looked out at the lake, weighing her options as droplets of water fell from her frame. After a minute of dead silence, she figured that her primal voice had been barking sense: it was a little *too* quiet for midday in the jungle. She didn’t really know what was out here, and her packmates didn’t know where she was, either. If something happened to her they wouldn’t be able to help.

The wolf girl smirked at the thought of the six boys dashing out to save her. Would they fight over her like would-be alphas? Would they snarl and bite at one another for the chance to protect her? Would the tall one be there? Would he—

“A-*hem*.” Zoey brushed aside her daydreams with a huff. She turned to walk the handful of metres back to the shore and nearly tripped as she caught her foot on something big and solid. It felt like a submerged log, heavy with water.

There hadn’t been a log when she walked out here. Zoey stared dumbly at her foot, just barely able to see the log’s outline in the shallow water. It ended just off to her left in a tapered, organic-looking shape. She watched a single bubble creep up to the surface and pop, sending small ripples towards her. But logs didn’t breathe.

The brown head of a snake rose from the water abruptly, coming to rest at eye level with Zoey. Rivulets of clear, silvery water ran down his scales before splashing back into the shallows around her shins. “Hello, wolf cub,” he said.

“Oh,” said Zoey.

III

“I thought I was the only one who knew about this little *oasis*, but you are a pleasant surprise,” the snake continued. His head drifted left and right, peering down at her from different angles like a one-man crowd. “Tell me, what brings you here?”

Zoey was frozen with a cold, creeping dread. She had been warned by every man and woman in the village about snakes like this – smart enough to talk, big enough to gobble up a wolf cub whole. She had paid enough attention to their stories to know how much trouble she was in, but not enough to remember how to get out of it. She stole a glance at the shore, trying to reckon if she could dash for it.

The wolf cub’s glance had not gone unnoticed. “Now *that*’s not very polite,” the snake drawled. As Zoey watched, more sections of his body rose up and broke the surface between her and the nearest shore. There must have been at least a dozen sinuous curls spread out in a fan between her and dry land, and those were just the ones she could see.

Zoey gulped and turned back to the snake. “U-umm . . .”

He sighed and rolled his eyes. “Bit tongue-tied, are we? Let’s try something simpler: what’s your name, little one?”

“Z-Zoey.” She felt her throat closing like when the boys had been staring at her, but this snake didn’t need friends to make her feel like she was on display.

“Zoey! Zoh-eee. *Zoey*. What a *sssplendid* name you have,” the snake said. “Would you like to know mine?” he asked, leaning forward conspiratorially. Zoey nodded stiffly, not sure what else to do. “It’s Kaa.”

Zoey had been trying not to shudder before, but now she couldn’t help it. Kaa. Not just any giant snake, but *the* giant snake. The terror of every childhood story Zoey could remember, and the target of more than a few curses from hunters whose quarry had mysteriously vanished.

Kaa batted his eyes innocently. “Oh? Is something the matter?”

Zoey felt her teeth pressing together like magnets but couldn't seem to open them. "Y-you eeh phhple," she said in a voice that felt terribly distant and weak. His body was still pressed over her foot, clamping it to the sandy lakebed.

"Hmm? You mean to say I *eat people*?" Kaa asked. Zoey nodded. "And you must be worried that I'm going to eat *you*, I suppose?" She nodded again. Kaa threw back his head and laughed. "What has your tribe told you about me?"

Zoey hadn't expected him to laugh like that – it was a genuine, easy sound that was not altogether unpleasant, rather than the sinister cackle she thought he would make. She twiddled her fingers, looking up at him while her snout pointed down glumly. "Um, that . . . that you're the most dangerous predator in the jungle, and that you'll eat m— *us* if we stray too far away."

Kaa laughed again, a softer chuckle that swam down to the part of his body still draped across Zoey's foot. "Well, have I eaten you?"

Zoey really, *really* didn't want to say *not yet*. "N-no."

Kaa slung his head down closer to Zoey's, which made him realize just how big he was. His neck was comfortably wider than her thigh, and the rest of his body didn't seem to be much different. "Well, if I wanted to attack you, squeeze the life out of you, and have you for lunch, then I've had plenty of time already, haven't I?" Zoey didn't say anything. "So *thusssly* I must not want to, right?"

The wolf girl blinked. That . . . almost made sense. Kind of. "Um . . . right."

Kaa swept around her in a wide loop that circled his body around her ankles and left his neck draped around one of her shoulders. "What if I told you I *sssimply* wanted to talk?"

A blush crept under Zoey's fur. "But I'm naked."

"So am I, but you don't see me bragging about it."

"Bragging?" asked Zoey. "Oh, no, no, not me." She shrunk inwards, covering her breasts with one arm and her crotch with the other. "I wouldn't. I couldn't. I would never—"

"Why not?"

The question pierced Zoey like an arrow. “What?”

“Why not?” Kaa looked at her with one eyebrow raised, half mischievousness and half curiosity.

“W-well, I don’t, um . . . I don’t have . . . I’m not . . .”

“‘Meat?’” Kaa asked. Zoey stared at him. “You said it when you were *undresssing*. Something about ‘meat’ and ‘blooming’ and so on.”

Zoey’s blush grew into a wildfire. “You . . . *saw that?*” Her arms crept up to cover her face ashamedly. “Oh no, oh no.”

“Tut tut,” Kaa said, “don’t get yourself into a tizzy, wolf cub. What on earth is the problem?” He pulled back to hover in front of her, which happened to slide more of his body around her legs and shoulders.

Zoey was too young and naïve to realize that evil is often enticing and sympathetic. She thought about how she had ended up at the lake and the words just poured out of her mouth. The game, the boys running and snarling at each other, the walk down to the river being surrounded by the heady scents of youthful men.

Did Kaa really care? She paused, looking up at him— no, looking at his eyes. His inviting eyes, two soft yellow pools with black dots in their centres. They were soft and comforting, just like his friendly smile. The wolf girl went on, spilling out how it felt to feel the boys’ eyes on her, how ashamed and angry she had felt when one of them picked up her panties.

“A-and then I ran all the way here,” she managed just as her voice began to crack.

Kaa swept in softly. “Oh, you poor thing. How *sssimply* dreadful,” his voice was dripping with pity. “I’m so *sssorry* you had to go through that.”

“Stupid, dumb, idiot boys,” Zoey said. Looking at Kaa’s kind, welcoming eyes made some of the memory’s pain go away. It would have been easier if he had stopped swaying back and forth, but he was doing it so gently that she didn’t think about it. The wolf girl just followed him back and forth, softly rocking just a bit too far to one side, winding widdershins in a circle too slowly to notice.

“*Ssstupid* boys indeed. And you ran all the way here?” He curled his body around the back of her neck ever so slightly. Zoey thought it felt like a hug, and she gave a small smile as she snuggled into his embrace and nodded. “I don’t blame you.”

“... Thanks,” said Zoey. She wasn’t nervous or shaking anymore. The act of baring her soul to Kaa seemed to have pushed out all the dark clouds gathering around her heart. It felt good to look at Kaa and feel his body slinking around hers. No boy had ever hugged her like he was. “You know, I don’t think any of the boys would have listened to me.” She smiled. “I don’t think they’re even happy to see me most of the time unless I’m with Chloe.”

Kaa returned her smile with smugness that she mistook for sympathy. “I can think of one boy who’s happy to see you.”

Zoey looked at him blankly for a moment before a blush lit up her face. “Aww, s-stop...” She squirmed, wobbling with her legs bound at the ankle. She glanced down. The fact Kaa was binding her had slipped her mind, which she felt was odd. Shouldn’t she—

“No, it’s true. I *promisse*.” Kaa just kept swaying even as he leaned closer. Zoey’s eyes slid back up to his. “And if you want to look like your sister, then I can help.”

Zoey looked at him curiously. “How could you do that?”

“Oh, I have my own *sssubtle* little ways,” the words slithered out of Kaa’s mouth like streaks of oil. “Just raise your arms and stand still.”

Zoey lifted her arms without really thinking about it. The nagging doubts about Kaa restraining her had vanished into thin air. She watched in rapt silence as his coils moved up her body, caressing her soft fur with the tender grace of a lover. The first band stopped at her chest and the second at her hips. When Kaa stopped, he had his body draped across her shoulders, tits, and hips in a fat corkscrew. Kaa’s head still hovered in front of her, rolling this way and that. “*See?*”

Zoey lowered her arms and prodded at her new “bra.” It was scaly and smooth to the touch, but she could feel the immense power of his muscles beneath the skin. “Um...” Kaa leaned to the side

ever so slightly and Zoey took a step towards him to keep her balance. “Hey,” she said. Kaa simply pulled again, and Zoey stepped again – that’s when it hit her.

Looking down at herself, Zoey finally understood Kaa’s plan: her small chest had been comfortably covered up by his coils, and her skinny hips had gained an armful of snake. The end result meant she was “endowed” in the same places as Chloe, if not quite in the same way.

The wolf girl stepped forward on her own, gradually getting used to the new weight. “Oh, I see!” she giggled as she walked towards dry land. “That’s neat! Just like Chloe!”

Kaa kept his usual smug, patient smile on his face. “I’m glad you approve. Please, keep going.”

Zoey did. She strode and sashayed back and forth along the beach, all fear forgotten as one of her most juvenile fantasies came to life. She shook her hips heavily and swung her chest around, testing how well she could balance. The new weight clung to her like fungus growing on a tree, and with a few twists and twirls she began to get the hang of moving.

And dancing. And jumping. Zoey giggled, watching her new snakeskin tits and ass jiggle with every bound and hop. Oh, to have the *real* fruits of womanhood on her body, to tempt boys and women with something meaty and inviting instead of just a girlish tease. Zoey’s smile turned into a broad grin. What would Chloe say about her looking like this, or her mother, Trinity? Finally she wasn’t just skin and bones the boys didn’t want to look at. Finally she had blossomed, just as beautiful as any woman of their tribe.

Just as heavy, too. Zoey swung her new butt out to the side just a smidgen too far. “W-whoa!” She teetered, snapping sharply out of her daydream and flailing for balance with her arms and free leg – but it wasn’t enough.

She would have toppled over if Kaa’s body hadn’t clenched around her, coils twisting tight in an instant like flash-drying cement. The wolf girl hung in the air at a crooked angle with Kaa’s now-iron grip around her, stunned. The change in sensation was instant and huge: Kaa had been so light and fluid while she danced around, but now she couldn’t have gotten him to move an inch if she tried.

Zoey squirmed, realizing how true that was. “Um, Kaa?” she asked.

“Yesss, wolf cub?” came a sonorous voice from above and behind her.

Zoey tried to swat at where Kaa’s voice had come from. “I’d like t— hey!” She felt Kaa’s neck snag her grasping hands and pull them together. She wiggled her fingers and flexed her body, trying to break free and get her feet back on the ground. “What are you doing now?” she asked with a fleck of worry in her voice.

“Why, after all that prancing around you did, it seemed like you should *ressst*. Don’t you agree?” Kaa’s voice was implacable and calm, even as his body began to slither around the wolf girl.

Zoey’s reply became a squeak as she felt the giant serpent’s body press into her fur and skin. Kaa’s belly was smooth and soft, but when he flexed his vast muscles it became as hard as stone. The wolf girl squirmed as the snake inched his way farther around her, securing her snugly and tightly.

Two hot pinpricks made Zoey gasp when the coil over her tits moved. The strange, smooth-yet-rough touch of Kaa’s scales was pressed so firmly against her nipples that she could feel every inch of him wrapping around her. Her black, pert nipples hardened as the snake kept slithering, massaging and hugging and fondling her all at the same time. “K-Kaa,” Zoey gasped as her eyes unfocused.

“Yesss, wolf cub?” Kaa asked innocently.

“My . . . my t-tits . . .”

“Oh, those little pieces of meat on your chest? What about them?”

Zoey tried to plead, to beg, to do *anything*, but Kaa’s body tightened around her like a corkscrew vice. More and more coils slid slowly up her body, spooling around her like twine as thick as her leg. She could barely draw breath and whatever air shuddered into her lungs was promptly squeezed out with another slow, ceaseless grind across her sensitive nipples. The wolf girl could only sputter as Kaa strangled and molested her.

The snake chuckled. “Oh, well. I suppose it isn’t important if you can’t be bothered to say it.”

Zoey saw her vision shrink, blackness creeping in at the corner, until finally her eyes closed and her struggles ceased. Kaa kept her there for a moment, relishing the feel of her limp body, before his grip loosened. He laid the wolf girl's waist and legs – now completely covered with his body – onto the ground but kept her chest and head sitting up on a pile of his thicker coils.

After a couple false starts, Zoey finally took in a full breath of fresh air as her body fought against the fuzzy numbness. Her chest began to rise and fall with gentle breaths. After a minute she opened her eyes and mumbled small nothings. Her head hurt. Where . . .?

Kaa was in front of her, swaying back and forth. She focused on him. There was something odd about his eyes; they had been yellow and inviting before, which she had liked, but now they were a different colour. Green? Blue-purple? She couldn't figure out what colour they were so she kept staring and wondering when they'd settle on one.

Her voice was a bubble trying to break the surface of murky water. "Kaa?"

"*Husssh*, little wolf cub," said Kaa. Left. "You need to *ressst*." Right.

"Kaa . . ." The word poured out of Zoey's mouth like vapour. Left.

"*Jusst* forget your worries," right, "and *sssimply* follow my eyes." Left.

"Follow," Zoey said sleepily. Right. His eyes were doing some slip-slip-slip thing that made it really hard to focus on them. Left. "Your eyes . . ." her voice dissolved. His voice dissolved. Right. He kept saying things, hissing sounds, making his words slide around like coils sliding around her tits making her feel good. Left. He slid around her body and her mind and it felt good both ways. Right. Circles his eyes were circles but not the same colour all the time. Left. She wanted to keep looking at the circles and hearing the hisses but the words were too slippery. Right. Zoey tried to grasp at the words falling down from his mouth and onto her head and slithering around her ears and her mind and her tits left and her ass and the rest of her body felt good right and her mind felt good like swimming in warm water but it was left a snake all around her hugging like water and feeling right and good—

"*Sssleep*." Her eyes fell shut.

IV

Kaa looked over his treasure fondly as his tongue flicked out and drank in her heat. The wolf girl was like a little bundle of kindling, ready to burst into flames with the right spark – Kaa could set her ablaze or keep her cool within his stony grasp.

He preferred his meals warm. “Wolf cub,” the snake whispered as he hovered over her face, “wolf cub, can you hear me?”

Zoey breathed in and out deeply, already fast asleep and submerged under Kaa’s spell. “Yeah . . .” she said.

“Mmm. Good. Wolf cub, are you dreaming?” Kaa flicked his tongue lightly against her snout, tasting her fur and skin.

“Yeah . . .” Zoey squirmed cutely whenever Kaa’s tongue tickled her. “Nnf . . .”

Kaa kept prodding his new toy, flicking the tips of her ears or part of her face as punctuation while his head floated around. “What are you dreaming about?”

A smirk made its way onto Zoey’s face. “Boys,” she sighed.

Kaa smirked too. “Tell me about them,” he said, unwrapping himself slightly from Zoey’s chest.

The wolf girl stretched herself out with her newfound breathing room. “Big,” she mumbled. “Tall. Gonna make . . . make me feel good.”

“How will they do that?” Kaa lead Zoey along delicately, never pushing or forcing. His tail appeared near her cheek and she promptly nuzzled into it.

“Kisssss . . .” Zoey said in a weak imitation of Kaa’s hissing.

“Like *thisss*?” he asked. Kaa moved his body away from Zoey’s nipples and swung his head down onto one of them for a love bite.

The wolf girl tensed as though she’d been shocked. “Ah! Yeah,” she moaned. The serpent continued to nip and suckle, digging his snout into her sensitive flesh. Zoey shuddered underneath

him, pushing back against his invading mouth while more moans flowed out of her. Her fingers curled above her head and grasped at air.

Zoey could feel the boys all around her like shadows with no weight, pressing down on her legs and arms with their strong bodies that were thin as air. They were running their hands all around her hips and thighs like a long river that slid and slithered across her fur in waves. Zoey's heart raced quietly while she was under their hands, wishing for their touch to spread all across her skin.

One of them – the tall one, the one she liked the most – had laid his jaws on her nipple and was looking at her while he tongued and bit into her skin and made her chest prickle with little bolts of lightning. “Enjoying *yourssself*?” he hissed like wolves don’t.

Zoey didn’t care or notice his hiss because it felt good and every time he did it a wave of (*sleep rest fall down*) poured over her. She *was* enjoying herself but there was something more she wanted, a new kind of pleasure to make the heat in her belly feel even warmer and even brighter. “L-lower,” she breathed, thrusting her hips up against the long sinuous hands of the other boys.

They acted as one and slid down from her hips and thighs, leaving her pussy exposed. “Here?” the tall one asked, dragging his muzzle down between her nipples and across her tummy. He stopped there, kissing and flicking and nibbling. It felt good but she whined because she wanted him to go lower, and so he went lower, slowly ever so slowly moving down to her Venus and near the warm part of her belly. The wolf girl bucked again, trying to press the heat inside her against his wonderful mouth and tongue.

“*Oh!*” The tall wolf boy’s snake tongue pressed into her pussy and her clit and she was awash in pink pleasure that swept over her belly like friendly flames. The wolf girl’s body writhed with ecstasy against the wolf boys’ coils that bound her top and bottom, curling with every flicking tickling lick of that tongue against her most vulnerable place. The shadows curled too, keeping her pinned down like big strong wolves as they had her way with her. The wolf girl threw herself against her bonds and squeezed her legs together but the tall wolf at her honey was implacable, always sliding in and always

finding a way to touch her with his long tongue no matter how tight her legs got. There was a rhythm to her struggles, pressing in and pulling away in time with the slithering pleasure. The boy and girl kept like that for a while as his tongue pushed further into her and lit up her pussy with sparks of molten metal.

One of the sparks caught fire in her insides and she twisted harder than ever before. Her nose pressed against something hard. The wolf girl looked up with closed eyes that let her see clearly and hanging in front of her were two big cocks. They looked shadowy like the rest of the wolves that weren't really wolves, but the shadows were red and heavy. She sniffed, trying to figure out what she was supposed to do. They smelled like sex, two red rods hanging near her face and sometimes twitching like they were alive.

The wolf girl stuck out her tongue and licked one of the cocks in front of her. It moved and she thought it turned more red but that might have just been a trick of the clarity her new eyes gave her, like how they made shadows look like wolves and feel like a snake. "Go on," the wolf said from between her legs.

She opened her mouth and craned her neck up so she could suck on the cocks like a good little girl was supposed to, and they plunged into her waiting throat like a big bad wolf was supposed to.

Zoey was startled by the motion's raw force but she kept her mouth open and slid her tongue around the cocks. They were rough, not shaped like how she had imagined, but they tasted good and meaty and filled her mouth and nose with their scent. She had been close to boys before and knew the smell that made them different from girls, but her memories were nothing compared to the assault pounding against her lips. It smelled like (*big strong manly*) and she could only melt onto the pile of shadows underneath her as the boys used her throat like a pussy.

The wolf girl felt the tongue come back to her pussy, and she smiled and moaned around the dicks in her mouth. She made wet, slippery sounds as the cocks invaded her throat, ramming and

prodding and sometimes getting her tongue caught between them. They throbbed, heavy and strong like the boys all around her, roughly sliding in and out.

“Ghlrk.” She felt them split her lips at the start of every powerful thrust, then press forward for inches and inches before hilding at the back of her throat. They were usually thrusting back and forth like wild animals, but every fourth or fifth thrust the cocks would stop, filling her mouth and sitting in her jaws, twitching and throbbing and dribbling something salty and sour. The forked tongue in her pussy always picked up when the cocks slowed down, which meant her legs went back to twitching and her throat clenched around the two sticks of meat while she tried to draw breath.

Then it would stop and she was free to gasp and choke around the cocks while they went back to thrusting. The cocks battered her and the tongue made her writhe, but after a few minutes the wolf girl had trouble breathing through all the heavy meat and musk in her mouth.

“Blyf!” she sputtered, “p-plfs sthp!” The wolf boys lifted their cocks out of her, and she was able to gasp for air. There was a lot of sticky, sour stuff in her mouth that made it hard to inhale.

The tall boy’s head – no body, just shadows – pulled away from the tight pleasure between her thighs and made its way back up in front of her. “Sssorry,” he hissed, “I got a bit carried away there.”

Zoey smiled, no idea how dirty her mouth and face had become. “It felt good.”

The wolf smiled. “I can make you feel better,” he said in a lilting, inviting voice.

“How?”

“Open your eyes.” Zoey did, and the first thing she saw was Kaa’s face in front of her. His eyes had turned back to pools of strobing colours and she fell back into their pull like a leaf on a river. Kaa started talking and Zoey started nodding along dumbly with a broad, sleepy grin on her face. She realized that this snake and the wolves that had fucked her mouth and tongued her pussy were the same, but they were different too. Not just their bodies, but something deeper about them.

“Do you *underssstand*?” Kaa asked. Zoey sighed her agreement like a good little girl.

Even before Zoey was done exhaling, Kaa's body shifted and slithered around her nubile body, moving her into a different position. Zoey was now on her hands and knees with a few coils around her torso, and one around her thighs. She could have moved a bit if she wanted too, but she was too busy staring straight ahead at Kaa's eyes as they melted from one ring to the next.

He had been speaking in his low, susurrous voice. Zoey couldn't make out a word he said but the soft buzzing from his eyes and his hisses was enough to make her nod. She would trust him to do what was best. "My, are you *sssure*?" Kaa asked. Zoey nodded heavily. It was so hard to lift her head back up. "There's really no going back."

"Yesss . . ." Zoey kept nodding, struggling more and more on every upswing.

"Wolf cub, I'm going to *ruin* you." A vibrant pulse made his warning impossible to resist.

"Yesss, pleassse . . ."

"Well, if you *insistsst*. You must feel *ssso tired* after all that, mmm? Just lie back and *ressst*."

Zoey went out like a light and slumped into Kaa's coils. Her last conscious thoughts came together just in time for her to realize the difference between Kaa and the (*stupid stupid boys*).

They were boys. They couldn't protect her. He was a man. He was going to claim her. She had been a girl, but now she was going to be made a woman. "Make me yoursss . . ." Zoey trailed off as Kaa adjusted part of himself behind her.

"Gladly," he said. His cocks pierced her, and she would have screamed if she hadn't been asleep within a veil heavier than death. Kaa's dicks were each big, and together they made her feel like she was going to split in half. The rough texture was painful, and it ached as he speared her again and again without slowing down. Zoey's pussy had been slick and ready for Kaa, but the sheer size of both his rods at once was just too much for her.

Seconds ticked by, thrust after painful thrust. Zoey whimpered and her brow furrowed. Kaa took notice, and his head slunk down to nuzzle against hers. "*Jussst relaxxx*," he whispered.

Zoey felt the words slide into her mind and become part of her soul. She had been trying to relax, but now she *relaxed* and let the tension seep out of her muscles and hips. It was still painful at first, but as she got used to Kaa's size and pace, it hurt less and less. With each thrust of his girthy cocks, the wolf girl stretched to welcome him into her deepest part.

After a couple minutes, it didn't hurt at all. Zoey smiled in her trance, happy to make her man feel good – and he was doing the same for her. His cocks slid in and out of her, steady as the beat of a drum. Kaa's tongue had made her pussy and clit feel light and electric, but the fullness of him fucking her was satisfying and filling in a different way. She twitched whenever his tips prodded against the inner walls of her womanhood. The wolf girl could feel every inch of him pulling in and out, thrusting into her honey just like her mouth.

But the throat fucking had been raw, carnal – this was gentle and slow, almost loving. Kaa brought his tail up to Zoey's head and ruffled it across her ears and the fur between them. "Better?" he asked softly. Zoey felt too weak and fuzzy to move. A deep, contented moan rose from her core. "I'll take that as a yesss," Kaa chuckled.

Zoey's twitches grew larger as Kaa's thrusts grew stronger. Deeper and deeper he plunged into her, stretching the virgin lips of her flower open to hold his cocks. Zoey could feel something sticky and slimy leaking out of Kaa's dicks. It made him slip in and out of her more easily, and Zoey liked the way it felt.

Forward and back, rocking softly. The snake added twists and different rhythms to his movements: sometimes he bottomed out in her and cinched the coil around her thighs tightly so she was forced to squeeze onto him. Sometimes he would lose control for a few seconds and rut her like a wild animal (she liked that a lot) and bring her to ragged gasps. But always he came back to that slow, gentle pace that let her know the wolf girl was secure within her bindings of scaly muscle.

He was in control. She was his now. There was only one thing left for him to do. Zoey had never been with a man before, but her instincts knew something big was coming. Beneath her eyelids,

her eyes were full of rippling colour and a clarity she could never have imagined. She felt peaceful and safe within the grasp of his coils. She knew they could turn to iron and protect her from anything.

Anything except Kaa.

She didn't have to wait much longer. Kaa's thrusts grew stronger and faster and deeper, barely giving her time to recovery from one full-body shiver before ploughing into her with another slam that made her squirm. Zoey thought he was going to slow down, but he never did.

"Wolf cub," said Kaa with a strained voice, "do you remember what I told you?"

The wolf girl looked up at him dumbly with eyes that struggled to rise more than halfway open. Somehow she knew the answer. He had told her why he was happy to see her. "Yeah," she breathed.

"Sssay it."

"I'm your . . ." Zoey reached for words that she didn't remember ever hearing. "I'm your snake snack." The phrase felt good to say.

"Again. Keep it up," said Kaa as his composure dwindled. His pace was wild now, and Zoey could feel little twitches and pulses running through his body.

"I'm your snake snack." The words didn't mean anything to Zoey – she was too focused on the warm, overbearing pleasure that came from Kaa fucking her – but saying it meant he was happy and that meant she was happy. "I'm your—ah!—snake snack! Snake snack!"

Zoey's eyes widened and the insidious rings were there in all their brightness. Both she and Kaa were panting now. "Snake snack!" Breaths ran into and out of their lungs in desperate puffs. "Snake—ah! Snake sn—"

Kaa uncoiled her thighs and wrenched her into a sitting position, slamming her down onto his cocks deeper than ever before. Zoey threw her head back and screamed in the first and last orgasm of her life. "*Snake snack! SNA—*" was all she managed before Kaa's mouth engulfed her head and the rest of her ecstatic cries died deep in his throat.

The wolf girl shook and shivered as the cocks inside her swelled and throbbed. Her toes and fingers curled in the soft grass even as Kaa greedily gulped his way down her neck and collar. Then finally he burst within his prey, filling her even more as both dicks spurted hot, wet lines into her pussy.

Zoey drunkenly brought her hands to her belly, feeling every pulse through her skin. Kaa's mouth was wet and warm and tight, and even as her snout was forced into the back of his throat her eyes closed in bliss. She rocked back and forth on the two spears stuck inside her, grinding herself against them to make her belly swell, make her feel more of that warm, fulfilling pleasure.

Her efforts worked Kaa into a frenzy, coils crushing and gyrating across the wolf cub's body uncontrollably. She was squished, massaged, fondled, and everything in between as his head slid farther down her body.

The snake's jaw met her nipples now, and his tongue snuck out to get a final taste – sweet, just the way he liked – before forcing himself around her ribs and tits. Zoey's shoulders were moving past his mouth into his throat, and the feeling of being encased in warmth only made her love Kaa more. Her screams of were becoming less shrill and more muffled now as her orgasm started to die down. “Snff snck! Snff snck!”

Kaa kept pushing down, over her belly, over her elbows, over her waist and finally onto her hips, loving the flavour of the pert meat and muscle that made up Zoey. He stopped at her thighs, as far down as he could go before pressing against the ground. His orgasm had also run its course, but his sensitive cocks were still plunging into the back of her honey. The serpent gave one last *deep* thrust and grind to feel the pleasant, just-shy-of-painful tingles run through his manhoods before pulling out and lifting up his head.

Zoey felt very empty all of a sudden, but then she was instantly standing on wobbling feet. As soon as her knees locked, Kaa pushed back down, pressing her legs together and ensuring none of his load would leak out of the wolf girl's ruined pussy.

Fully half of the wolf girl's body was inside of the snake's throat now, and as Kaa gulped carnivorously at the rest of her, she began to finally drift off, basking in afterglow. But her mantra persisted: "snake snack, sna . . ." she yawned. "Snake . . . snack . . ."

Kaa finished his meal slowly, leaning back once he got to her knees. Now the great serpent was fully vertical with the wolf girl slinking down his throat with barely any help from him. His tail licked up and down her thin, pretty legs to give him just a bit more of her taste. "Mmm," he moaned as Zoey's feet sank down to his mouth. "*Delicccciousss.*"

He *gulped* languidly, sending the stupid wolf cub sliding gently down his gullet with barely a bulge against his skin. She had been very tasty and quite a lot of fun to toy with – but her lack of meat was one thing she couldn't make up for. The snake smacked his lips as the after-meal haze began to set in. He looked down at himself.

The wolf girl wriggled every now and then, but otherwise she was just a suggestion in his form, a muffled mantra that was getting weaker with every refrain while peristalsis moved her towards her final destination. Kaa leaned his head down and brought his tail over to curl around his meal and massage her. The soft rustle of his scales against themselves was almost enough to cover her voice, but there was one final break in the mantra – a single, quite message from woman to man.

"Thnnk yhh . . ."

Kaa hiss-laughed. "Don't worry, Zoey," he said, "the pleasure was *all mine.*" Kaa untangled himself from the pile of coils he had gotten into while his tail reached over to Zoey's clothes and plucked them off the ground. With a deft twist he crumpled them into a ball and tossed it into the centre of the lake.

Then a voice drifted in. "Zoey? Where are you?" Kaa perked up and turned his head to look at the path where the wolf girl had entered. "I got the boys to clean up and leave us!" There was a rustle in the leaves just out of view.

"Ah," Kaa hissed, "*a sssecond coursse.*"