

Lost in the Thick of Things

by Kolik

He was so hungry.

Sylvester took a long, deep breath and tried to think about anything except food. The wolf man was lying draped across the branches of a stout tree, where he had remained almost motionless for the last three days. Water wasn't a problem, but he hadn't seen a scrap of food for several weeks, and to make matters worse small animals and birds kept zipping by as their own little food chains played out right before his eyes. Sylvester looked down and spied a small scruffy-looking thing (cat? marten? he didn't care) with another smaller piece of scruff in its mouth, trotting off to curl up in a corner somewhere and enjoy the spoils of its hunt.

He could have easily slunk down, overtaken the thing, and gobbled it up. But he simply lay in the tree, unmoving except for his eyes which tracked the feral animal until it vanished into a bush. He sighed. His stomach growled, and being that his stomach was more than ten feet long it made quite a racket. He winced and turned over to examine himself.

From the waist up, Sylvester was a normal-looking wolf man: lean and muscular, with black fur over most of his body, and a lighter gray tone over his chest and abdomen. Glossy black hair fell down just past his shoulders and chin, with a bang covering one eye and part of his face. His tail was dark on top and lighter on the bottom, as usual. From the waist down, Sylvester was certainly *not* a normal-looking wolf man: he had a strong and heavy snake's body, with rich shiny black scales on the back while the same light gray continued from his chest downwards all the way to his tail. Large gray circles ran down the entire length of his body in a regular pattern that could arrest the attention of any onlooker. The only piece of clothing he wore was a loose red sash around his waist for modesty.

As he stretched himself out for a proper inspection, the true depth of Sylvester's hunger finally began to dawn on him. Once lustrous black and gray scales had dimmed to pale tones, their glossy finish worn off by the elements and yet to be renewed. His fur was dull and matted down unevenly, devoid of the healthy coloration it should have had. He arched his back and sat up, flexing the bands of

his long and sinuous body until he was interrupted by a fierce pain. The wolf naga hissed as agony rippled up his spine and ribs, a protest from muscles and tissue ignored and left to sag into unyielding wood.

Swearing under his breath, Sylvester slowly and carefully began to vacate his perch, delicately unwinding himself in a reverse of the path he had taken up there. Things had been bad when he had first retreated to the tree, but they were positively awful now. *When had it all started?*

Sylvester considered himself the apex predator of his own food chain, which consisted mainly of tribal women who made the mistake of wandering into his neck of the woods. There were a few different tribes whose territory came together near his grove, which meant he often had a revolving buffet of athletic babes who wore little clothing and were exhausted from hunting or hiking. After securing her own quarry, a huntress would often rest before beginning the long trek back to her village, which provided the naga with the perfect chance to descend from the trees, catch her eye, and spend the next day turning her into a plaything with the help of his hypnotic gifts.

A single luminous white ring pressed outward from his red irises unconsciously as he salivated at the memories. Svelte wolf girls with fire in their hearts, who tried so hard to fight back but never quite managed to break free; bunny girls with fat and fluff in just the right places gasping in awe at the sight of him, softly sinking into his coils and begging for more; deer girls with their wide, curious eyes that always got hooked on his body before he even had to make a move.

And after he was done playing with a woman she would satisfy his hunger. Sylvester licked his lips. He could still remember the last girl, a doe who had been rather top-heavy and altogether too trusting of strangers far from home. She had almost been too good to be true.

Maybe she had. She'd been the last person he'd seen or heard since the new moon, and since then it had waxed full and waned down to a sliver. Sylvester could go for fairly long periods of time without eating, thanks in no small part to the abundance of prey he'd turned into body mass over the years, but even he had limits. Had the tribes finally realized why their women were disappearing? Had

something outside the grove caused them to start avoiding it? Had they simply decided to move?

Impossible to say, and frankly he didn't care. Sylvester just knew he was hungry, and that offended him. His mind wandered. Maybe the scruffy little things on the ground wouldn't be so bad . . .

The naga shook his head. "No. I'm the biggest, most captivating thing for miles around, not some common mongrel. I am *not* going to go slithering after something like that no matter how desperate I get. It's far too small to satisfy me, anyway, and can you imagine the taste?" He finished lowering his body to the ground and began to inch forward, not wanting to trigger another spasm. His stomach, dragging behind him, growled again. Sylvester rolled his eyes. "Be patient. It's been a long time since I had to hunt something."

II

Sylvester had been slinking around in a low and wide valley for several hours. It was hot and muggy out, with only a whispery breeze flowing through a large copse of trees where he was now taking his afternoon rest splayed out on the ground like an unruly spool of rope. The naga fanned himself with one hand and panted, doing precisely nothing to make himself feel cooler or more comfortable. Normally the sun would have been a welcome feeling after a good meal, but with an empty stomach he felt like an overheating machine. *I can't believe this.*

The one saving grace were the fruit trees which made up the copse, whose branches grew so thickly they formed a well of deep shade that was a few degrees cooler. The dots of light that pierced down into the gloom poked against his body like little pieces of burning wood but he'd still take it over the oven outside.

Suddenly, a cloying scent caught Sylvester's attention. His nose worked curiously, dragging his face this way and that as he tried to figure out where it had come from in the still air. The fruit in the branches above was full and ripe, but this wasn't the same smell – the new scent was so sweet it threatened to choke him if he didn't clear his throat and nose every few breaths, and eventually Sylvester grew so annoyed he finally sat up and looked around. He could just barely hear a kind of low throaty sound coming from his left, interrupted by deep breaths. Then there was a hard impact on the ground, but everything he could see under the dark boughs was still.

Sylvester slowly drew towards the noise, crawling with his face nearly to the ground as he closed in on the first promising trail he had seen in many days. The commotion grew just a bit louder, and now that he was paying attention he could feel more regular impacts through the earth. Finally the naga reached a wide, stout tree and crept around it inch by inch. Sylvester dared expose no more than his eyes, but the person the other side of the tree stood out enough she'd be impossible to miss.

“... can't *believe* she had the nerve to say that to me. Me, of all people! Ooh, if I *ever* see that stupid flat-chested stickbug and her fatass sister again . . .”

By any measure the fox girl was an appealing specimen, with an even orange coat that brightened to a pale cream on the front of her torso and the tip of her tail. Her tribal leather clothing left much of her body exposed, showing a slim but capable physique. She obviously cared very much for her hair, whose bouncy scarlet locks curled down beneath her shoulders, giving her a dignified and regal profile.

Her personality did seem not match her looks. The girl's features and hands were twisted in anger, flailing wildly whenever she cast her arms around to swat at ferns and other plants. She was furious, spitting half-formed words in a voice that was strangling itself into nothing, eyes locked on points in the far distance that did not at all line up with her surroundings. She was wearing a groove into the earth, stomping back and forth and cursing whoever had done her wrong. Sylvester was startled for a moment as she seemed to look past him, thinking she had seen the rest of him behind his peeking spot, but her eyes passed aimlessly above his dark body on the dark earth covered in dark shadows and she turned to continue pacing. Then he saw it.

Her ass. Her wide, life-giving, child-bearing hips supported the most supple ass Sylvester had ever seen. The paltry piece of leather she wore rested around the top of her cheeks like a ring of pastry decoration, inviting his eyes to glue themselves to her glutes and not dare wander. Somehow even her raging steps and stomps were dainty, emphasizing her ass's soft curves and the solid physique it was attached to. There was heft, but not too much fat. There was jiggle, but not flab. There was power and tension and grace. With every motion the fox girl took her hips and her ass swayed in cantilever, balancing against the rest of her frame in a picture of feminine beauty and sex.

Then she opened her mouth again. “. . . dared to *apologize* after what they'd done, as though they weren't—*mrmphgrah*—laughing the whole time! They can pretend like I didn't see them smirk and hear them giggling, but I will never believe . . .”

The naga ignored her words and licked his lips. *Now this is more like it.* The scent was much stronger here, obviously coming from her – a little present with a little mystery to satisfy his physical and mental hunger. He withdrew to his own side of the tree and began to plan his approach, but like a

starving man presented with a banquet feast he had no idea where to begin. Every time he tried to collect his thoughts, his mind's eye drifted back to her form and he was rendered thoughtless. This cycle repeated itself until a primal, starving voice inside of him interrupted with a mighty bellow.

Pounce! Eat!

The mantra was pounded out with every beat of his heart: pounce, eat, pounce, eat. Yes, she would keep him fed and warm for many sleeps. Pounce! Eat! Pounce! Eat! Sylvester fought against his instincts, but the scent of his prey had infiltrated his system and he was bound to her as surely as if he'd been tied with a rope. His eyes dilated, flickering to life with hypnotic rings of red and white and green and blue, and suddenly the world was more vivid. He could feel every twig and blade of grass pressed beneath his body, and the scent of the fox girl practically hung in the air before him as a bright cloud. The subtle tap of her footsteps on the other side of the tree came to a stop, and some deep bestial part of his mind knew she was leaning against the trunk. She was resting. She was vulnerable.

Pounce! Eat!

The naga licked his lips and slithered back around the tree without being truly aware of himself, clinging to the trunk just above the lowest branches. Time to satisfy his hunger, after too many long weeks of nothing but air. His head was nearly motionless as his black and gray body undulated up the tree in a wide S, deftly avoided any loose patches of bark that might be torn off and give him away. He could see her below, standing against the base of the tree with her arms crossed in a huff. His jaw stretched unnaturally wide while he drooled and loomed over her like a nightmare come to life. The snake monster lunged. *Pounce! Eat!*

Thwack.

When the fox girl had leaned against the tree, she had done so with the exaggerated harrumph of a child who has finally come to the end of her tantrum. The impact of her not inconsiderable butt had carried up to the tree branches just barely enough to dislodge one particularly ripe and heavy fruit. The fruit's hard, stubby rind had spent exactly half a second whistling through the air before making

contact with the back of Sylvester's head and tumbling to the ground like a cheeky little nuisance that knew it had gotten away with something.

"Hey! I like those!" Vivvy's eye caught the fruit as it sped away from her. She went after it, quickly disappearing into the wash of sunlight outside.

Sylvester blinked. He could see stars but it wasn't night outside. His snout was pressed against tree bark. He could feel blood rushing to his head from hanging upside down. What had happened? Pain answered him. He moaned softly, clutching his bruised skull. Right. He lifted his torso up from the tree trunk, rotating in the air to look upwards and see if any other fruits had decided to ruin his day. One had. He caught it an inch before it made contact with his snout, and snarling he threw the wretched thing away. It split open against a tree trunk and spilled lurid red juice in foamy trails.

So much for pouncing and eating.

If Sylvester had been offended about his hunger before, now he was absolutely furious. But he wasn't completely losing his grip on things yet – he had thrown the fruit in the opposite direction of the fox girl, after all. She didn't know he was here. She was obviously not aware of the dangers of his neck of the woods. There was still time to remedy things and slither out of the situation with a full belly. He moved to the bush where the girl had gone, allowing his eyes to adjust to the bright yellow sunlight that shimmered onto a field of waist-high grass. She was walking away from him, munching happily with all her troubles forgotten. Her fur and hair positively glowed.

The naga licked his lips. Oh yes, he still had time. He began to follow her.

III

Sylvester knew he stuck out against the vivid green and yellow blades of grass and his wake would be a dead giveaway if he moved too quickly, so he kept himself very low to the ground and slunk forward at a speed that just barely gained on the fox girl. Seen from above, he looked less like a naga and more like a sinuous shadow, and he closed his eyes to focus on the little vibrations the fox girl sent out as she walked. Her pace had been slower while eating the fruit but she'd discarded it a short while ago and was now making her way into the heart of the savanna sprawling before her. The grass fields continued to grow full and thick, but Sylvester preferred having a height advantage and there were only small hills of clumpy rock and mud with a few crooked trees thrown around every thirty or forty yards. It was not his ideal ambush environment, but he kept sliding along behind his prey without missing a beat.

Smooth and steady. She's not going to get away from me now. Once I have a shot, I'll introduce myself and charm her the usual way.

The fox girl's pace hadn't faltered for half an hour, and she clearly had no idea she was being followed. The naga decided he could risk a peek to see if there were any useful landmarks coming up. He raised his head just enough to glance above the grass and saw her perhaps twenty feet in front of him, still oblivious. Just past her was a small earthen cliff, almost sheer on the close side and about fifteen feet tall. Before he could see anything else, the girl turned to walk around it and the naga quickly lowered himself back to the ground. It was possible she had caught a glimpse of him in her peripheral vision, but he had no way to know without risking revealing himself. Sylvester was totally quiet and still as he tried to feel any further vibrations. One step, two, three – then nothing. He waited, silent as dirt, but no more came through.

The hill's muffling her footsteps. She must be around it by now. He risked another glance and confirmed his guess: the fox girl was gone from his sight, and the only place she could have disappeared to was the other side of the hill. Sylvester's stomach growled as the thought of her bolting

across the savanna and disappearing beyond his ability to track, and it was with great difficulty that the naga suppressed his instinct to chase. *Have a look around first. Don't give yourself away.* But Sylvester did allow himself to move faster, hastily making his way to the earthen cliff and slithering up it. Once he was at the top, he would get a good look around, find a good ambush point, and get back on her trail. Then he came face to face with the fox girl.

Sylvester had raised his head and shoulders above the clifftop without really thinking, and he now found his target had been closer than he'd expected. The cliff was a much gentler hill from the other direction, and she must have simply gone around to take the easy way up. She was lying face down on a clean section of soft-looking grass no more than a couple inches high, with her arms crossed in front of her and her head resting atop them. Sylvester was about even with her knees.

The fox girl looked over her shoulder quizzically. "And you are?"

Hello, I'm Sylvester the naga and I'm here to eat you. The wordless desire to pounce on her instantly sprang up, as did a very sensitive part of his lower body now that he was within grabbing distance, as did the not-quite-magic that powered his hypnotic eyes, and he went silent as his higher thoughts tamped down his savage impulses. "I'm Sylvester," he said after a staring at her for a few seconds longer than was polite.

". . . Whatever. My name's Vivvy. Don't wear it out." She glanced over his body in appraisal, and after a moment she smirked. "Oh, I see why you're here."

Sylvester gulped. His hands dug into the earth on top of the cliff. "You do?"

"You aren't the first *admirer* I've had. Though you might be the best looking." Sylvester was too dumbstruck to open his mouth, so Vivvy went on. "This is one of my favorite sunbathing spots. You can't beat the view." She flicked her tail, drawing Sylvester's focus away from her bare shoulders and towards the curves of her lower body.

He found new hills and rolling valleys to wander in, orange and creamy and fluffy. "Yeah. The view."

Vivvy put a finger to the edge of her mouth and pouted. “But you know what really complements an afternoon in the sun?”

A belly full of stupid, vain fox girl. “What?”

“A massage.” Her lower lip quivered. “I don’t suppose . . .”

The naga finally relaxed, putting on a suave tone of voice and leaning forward with his head propped up on one hand with his bicep on the earth – only half a flex, nothing too dramatic. “Oh, I know exactly what you mean. Just leave it to me.”

Vivvy giggled. “Great.”

Sylvester had been fortunate to stop just the way he did when coming over the cliff. From Vivvy’s position she could only see down to his abdomen, which meant she probably thought he was some kind of supplicating caveman who could be turned docile at the first sight of a woman – the likes of which she had attracted in the past, if her words were any hint. Not the first girl Sylvester had encountered with an inflated ego. The naga lifted himself up to his waist, which gave him just enough reach to lean forward and begin massaging the fox girl’s shoulder. She was warm to the touch, with a soft layer of silky fur and the skin of a woman who had lived her entire life in the lap of luxury. It was almost criminal that he could caress her this easily after so much trouble getting this close.

Sylvester began ingratiating himself. “So, do you roam around these parts a lot? I *definitely* would have remembered seeing you.”

“Normally I keep to a part of the jungle a ways off from here, but today I wanted to find a new food source – it’s important to have variety, y’know?”

“I know *exactly* what you mean. There’s nothing like finding a new favorite treat. But, and do pardon me for asking, are you normally this . . . *fragrant*? I’m surprised you didn’t catch the attention of something less charming than me— oh, that is a tense spot right there.”

Vivvy grew silent for a moment, bristling and tensing. When she did speak again her voice was clipped and curt, more like the anger Sylvester had seen from her in the grove. “Well, I had a great

idea – because, like, I spend enough time looking for food, so why not make the good stuff come to me, right? Instead of getting something big and scary, I can get something smaller, then use it as bait for something big and go home with twice the meal. And there are these wild pigs that roam around here, so I got one of those for bait, went to predator territory, and set up the snare and everything, and waited for something good to come along.”

“Right.” Sylvester realized he had hit a sore point, and rather than say something to set her off again he stuck to monosyllables and focused on his handiwork. “So . . .”

“And then those two *stupid* wolf girls with their *stupid* tribal hunting tools came along and messed everything up!” Vivvy’s shoulders were threatening to work themselves into knots as fast as Sylvester could coax them into relaxation, and with his attention diverted he only caught the broadest gist of what she was saying. Something about the snare being tied wrong, and one wolf girl having big tits (and they were obscene), and Vivvy testing the snare but it getting caught around her ankle and flinging her away, and the other wolf girl having to rescue her from some kind of nectar-filled plant, and *that* wolf girl had small tits (and she was obviously jealous of Vivvy), and both wolf girls were very mean and rude. And stupid.

Vivvy came to the end of her story and stopped abruptly. “So I’ve been looking for a way to get rid of the nectar smell. Hey.” She rolled her shoulders experimentally. “I normally get *super* worked up when I think about those two. You really know what you’re doing.” She looked back at Sylvester with a glimmer of genuine respect.

“Happy to help.” The naga’s eyes roamed hungrily over her body, twice as intoxicating now that he knew she had been marinated.

The fox adjusted herself, rolling into a sultry pose and curling a finger. “Why don’t you come a bit closer and help, handsome? I’ve got some itches I really need scratched.”

“Aw. You’re sweet.” He exploded over the cliff in a geyser of sinuous muscle, pouncing on her before she could even scream. Sylvester’s arms grew strong with the promise of a long-awaited meal,

and he pinned the fox girl to the ground beneath him as more and more of his body slithered into the top in a circle around her.

Vivvy's façade shattered, replaced with the wide-eyed fear of an animal who has been caught by something far greater than herself. "Wh-wh-what!?"

"I'm a naga. And I'm hungry. And I'm looking at you, honeysuckle." Sylvester swept down, pressing his forehead against Vivvy's. His eyes began to fill with hypnotic rings, bright and commanding in their vigor. The fox girl's mind fell away even as her fear tried to ignite into full-blown panic. The clashing, cascading corona from each of her suitor's eyes was impossible to ignore. Blinking was suddenly beyond her, with each attempt covering less and less of her vision.

Vivvy knew what was happening to her. "No," she pleaded, unable to look away. "P-please . . ."

"Yesss," Sylvester hissed.

Something in Vivvy snapped, giving her just enough strength for a desperate flex. "No!"

"I said yes, and I—oh . . ." Now it was Sylvester's turn to blink, briefly distracted. Vivvy wasn't nearly strong enough to challenge him, but her hips were roughly even with his own and her struggle had pressed her svelte, barely clothed waist into his. His cock grew hard. It had been starved of stimulation just as long as the rest of him, and here was a little lass ripe for the taking. The sudden heady rush was enough to make Sylvester's eyes short out and fade back to their regular look. He gave another thrust, growing harder. A gruff moan escaped him. The naga's eyes closed as he lost himself in this newfound pleasure, so long absent and so vivid now that it had returned. The struggling girl beneath him pleasantly cushioned every thrust, every hardening and stiffening throb.

"H-hey, stud." Vivvy's voice woke Sylvester up. He saw that she had managed to wrest her hands free of his grasp, but instead of fighting him she traced lines down his chest and belly. She delicately untied the red sash he wore and drew it away, revealing his manhood. It was a fleshy pink, standing out against the black and gray fur around it. The fox girl began to fondle him without missing a beat, drawing out another groan. One hand worked smoothly up and down his shaft while the other

cradled his balls, cupping the left and right together in the warmth of her palm. Sylvester began to relax, lowering himself to press his chest against Vivvy's. The naga had mostly ignored her breasts in favor of her prodigious ass but they were still big and perky. It was like letting his body slide down onto a couple of pillows, soft and firm and giggling.

No, wait. Sylvester focused on the sound of Vivvy's voice as it bubbled up from her chest. "I guess you were h-hungry for something else, huh? There, there. J-just let me take care of you, snaky boy." The fox's voice was nervous but trying to be strong, like something valuable wrapped in paper that was being blown apart by the wind. "Don't think about eat—I mean, just think about me. O-okay?" The naga nodded into Vivvy's tits and sighed. Eat her? Strange idea. He'd never be able to enjoy her, and she was so enjoyable right now.

Sylvester rose and Vivvy stiffened – until he lazily tugged her top up to reveal those creamy mounds and the bright pink nipples sitting atop them. "Okay." He lowered his mouth to one pert cap and began to suckle the tender flesh while groping the other with a free hand. The fox had more than a handful of meat in each tit and he was eager to taste and touch all of it. Now it was Vivvy's turn to moan. The naga was surely the most dangerous predator she had ever seen but from this angle he was a handsome man who just wanted to enjoy her. His hair fell roguishly over one eye, making him look unkempt and wild. He was too enraptured with the taste of her to come up for air, instead inhaling and moaning with her nipple caught firmly between his lips and occasionally his teeth. The light sting of his love bites made Vivvy realize how ravenous Sylvester truly was. She had to keep diverting him.

"You know, there are other ways to use a girl's tits." Sylvester perked up, blinking like a man wandering the desert in search of an oasis. Before he could say anything, Vivvy pulled her top back down partway, leaving the bottoms of her breasts uncovered. She took a deep breath and arched her back, pressing her titflesh into the leather to form an inviting cream-colored valley. "Come on in." Sylvester didn't need to be told twice. He moved forward and leaned up, trailing his cock across

Vivvy's belly and pressing the tip into the bottoms of her tits. He barely stopped to brace himself with his hands on either side of the fox's head before plunging in.

Her breasts were completely different from her hands, pressing in on both sides and holding his cock down at the top. He dragged her tits up with him, poking his tip through the fluff and nudging against her chin. The naga slid down and fell into a rough rhythm, slapping his balls against the bottoms of her tits and making them jiggle. He got harder and harder, growing longer and longer with every thrust. At last he was totally erect, back to his true impressive length that was now enough to press up past Vivvy's chin and into her lips. She was quick to welcome his shaft, cradling the tip between her lips and agile tongue. For the first time all day the scent of nectar was interrupted when the naga's masculine musk that invaded her nose and his precum dripped into her mouth.

Sylvester normally drew out all physical pleasure, but after so long by himself he was at the mercy of this woman, this soft embracing pleasure that made the savanna and the sun and him blend together into molten gold. He reached his climax suddenly and unceremoniously. His dick snapped into a painful stiffness, the hardest he could ever remember being, and the naga's arms became pillars as his back arched, joints locking together. He pressed up against his titillating leather prison, now wet and slick with the same fluids that gathered on her breasts, until finally something gave. Her top ripped open. Her tits spilled out. He came.

Hot, heavy spurts shot from his tip, covering the fox girl's face and hair and ears with white strands. She snapped her eyelids and lips shut, but not before globs of the naga's seed had made it past her teeth and clogged her throat. She coughed as more and more warmth fell over her in sticky strands. The fur of her snout, her collarbone, even her tits underneath him were all inviting targets for the naga. He pumped mindlessly, thrusting forward into empty air, balls and shaft tensing and shooting, until finally his orgasm released him.

IV

Sylvester wilted onto a nearby section of his body, arching backwards with his arms sprawled wide and his head nearly touching the ground. He stared unseeingly into the sky. His cock twitched, half hard and leaking. His hundreds of ribs heaved up and down as he took in air. “Man, your tits are fuckin’ great.”

Vivvy wiped her face off and cleaned her hand on the grass. “Thanks, stud,” she said with a fake smile that turned to a scowl as she looked for the best way to escape. When the naga had surged onto the clifftop, most of his body had ended up piled between her and the gentle descent. Even now his coils stretched and twisted languidly in afterglow, never letting more than a square foot of green grass show between the dark muscular scales. Navigating through there would be precarious, but the only other ways down were sheer drops.

Vivvy picked her way through the thicket of snake, tiptoeing and hopping from one spot to the next. Progress was slow and unpredictable, and she had to retreat a couple times when no way forward presented itself and a band of muscle drew dangerously close to her ankles, but after a minute she was only one coil away from freedom. She tensed and jumped.

Gray and black sinew impacted her gut with the strength of five men, instantly binding her and dragging her backwards onto another coil thicker than her leg. Vivvy was pinned supine again, staring up at Sylvester who loomed above her head. “Where do you think you’re going?”

Vivvy gulped. “Oh, I was just thirsty.”

Sylvester licked his lips. “So am I, now that I’ve worked up a sweat.” He plucked her from his coils by the armpits and lifted her up – and up, and up. Vivvy’s protests died as she saw the ground pull away beneath her. The naga’s body slithered across the grass with a singular sinister purpose, forming into a circular base as his torso rose higher and higher. The drop became five feet, then ten, then fifteen before he finally slowed to a stop. Almost every muscle in Sylvester’s body was taut, rippling beneath his skin like ocean waves that looked calm from a distance but would drown those

foolish enough to wander close. The fox girl was now the one gripping his arms for support as she made nervous squealing noises.

She shrieked as Sylvester tossed her up and caught her by the hips, her back against his belly. Her head swung down next to his dick, hard as ever before and covered with a mix of his own masculine fluids and the saccharine floral scent that now clung to both of them. “Second course!” he announced, shoving his nose up against her slit and exploring her with his tongue.

Vivvy could barely think straight: fear crept into her mind from the front, eyes darting to and fro while she dangled, desperate for a way down that wouldn’t kill her. And yet, even as she looked futilely for some way to break her fall, she could not ignore the streaks of pleasure from her pussy. Had he noticed her jumping over his coils and let her get close to freedom just to dash her hope for the fun of it? Had his collapse been just an act? Sylvester did have more stamina than she’d thought – not to mention a forked, frighteningly agile tongue.

The fox girl grit her teeth. This had gone on long enough. “Hey!”

Sylvester had closed his eyes while he sampled her. One opened curiously. “Hmm?”

“Let me go *right now!*”

“And why should I do that?” he asked with his mouth full. Vivvy clamped her legs around his shoulders and hooked her feet together, threatening to strangle him. The naga, not allowing his tasting to be interrupted, slowly drew his tongue into his mouth and earned a shiver from Vivvy that somewhat undermined her defiance. “Mmm. Nice pair of leg pillows you’ve got there. Tell me, is there any part of your body that *isn’t* a pillow of some kind? Your ass, your legs, your tits, even your tail—”

“I warned you!” Vivvy clenched her thighs together, cutting off Sylvester’s air. She could feel his windpipe held shut, and no matter which way he moved his neck he wouldn’t be able to wrest free. She braced herself and held on with deranged strength.

Sylvester rolled his eyes and went back to eating her pussy out. At first Vivvy thought he was just bluffing, but as the seconds wore on he showed no response to her other than a bit of red in his

cheeks. The fox girl tightened her grip as he unflinchingly, impossibly continued to make her shudder and bite back moans with nothing but his tongue and snout lavishing attention into her. His pace hadn't even slowed; it must have been some kind of trick. But she couldn't figure out how he was doing it, nor how to stop him. Tensed and quivering, she couldn't breathe properly herself.

Vivvy's thighs collapsed to jelly. Sylvester didn't even bother separating her legs. "Okay. Have you had your fun?"

"But . . . but how?"

"Sweetness, my lungs are bigger than you are. Don't feel bad about it. In fact, let me help you feel *good*." He winked. His eye opened flush with hypnotizing ripples.

Vivvy looked up fiercely from next to his dick, fangs bared and eyes wide and bright. "If you so much as *think* about swirling me again, you can kiss your pecker goodbye!"

Sylvester smirked. "Try it."

Vivvy reared back for a bite, but the instant the naga's gaze had hooked her again she was finished. Her movements were sluggish, arms growing weak and falling beneath her red locks. Succumbing by inches, her body was paralyzed from toes to collar as the swirling, hazy rings filled her vision. She became subdued, then still, then totally docile. Her mouth hung open in a snarl, the last part of her with any kind of defiance. "B-bite . . . you. . ."

"Shut up." Sylvester lowered his body to the ground, leaned back, then twisted his hips and let go of her. Vivvy slid along his belly from one sinuous arch to the next, reaching his tail with arms brushing limply through the grass. The naga coiled her up in a heartbeat. Smooth, cool curls of gray and black muscle surrounded her, pressing into the fox girl's body like icicles falling into a drift of snow. Every bit of venom left in Vivvy drained out as the naga claimed her totally, bringing her up for a good stare. Her head lolled this way and that, barely able to keep upright, but her gaze was always fixed on him. The wavy rings of red, white, green, and blue had appeared in the whites of her eyes, closing in on her pupils in narrowing waves.

Sylvester crossed his arms imperiously. “Listen, you stupid pile of meat, because I’m only going to say this once. I tried to do this the easy way. I tried to be quick and charming. I even tried to make you feel good. And what did I get for that, huh? You threatening to choke and bite me. Now, it was cute seeing you try to resist me, but—”

“Puh . . . pleas—gllk!”

“I said *lisssten*.” He drew his hair back and presented his two shimmering eyes. She was quiet. “Right. So now that you’ve proven yourself to be a stupid little slut fox who doesn’t know what’s good for her, I’m going to do things the *hard* way. I’m gonna fuck you every way I want. I’m gonna squeeze you into pulp. I’m gonna swirl your brains into smoke and make you forget you were *ever* anything other than a toy for me. And *then* I’m gonna eat you. Got it?” The naga’s coils had tightened with each word, cinching around Vivvy’s neck into a noose. She couldn’t move, much less nod. He tipped her head up and down. “Good. Now show me that ass and say thank you.”

“Thank you, Sylvester,” Vivvy said with a distant voice that was quickly lost as his coils moved over her, dragging his prey face-down beneath the surface of an oily black and gray tangle. Her butt and tail stuck up from the dark mass, pert and waiting. The naga took a moment to savor the sight.

With the rest of her body hidden from view, Vivvy’s butt seemed even larger than the first time Sylvester had seen it. She was bound in a jackknife, forcing each generous cheek to stretch taut. The line separating her ass from her back was a pleasant little border, beneath which her appeal truly began. The naga idly ran his fingers across the layers of padding, pressing in here and there. He worked his way downwards to her thighs before being stopped by one of his own coils. He gave one cheek a healthy smack and watched the jiggle race to the other and back again. Another smack, then another, until each cheek was a creamy wobbling mound. A string of drool hung down from Sylvester’s mouth. He drew his cock across one cheek, making a matted trail through her fur, then rested it atop her crack. His smacks turned to kneading that made each half of her moon press inwards, surrounding his shaft

like a bun. It was only appropriate for the doughy flesh, supple and firm but yielding enough to sink into. He finally broke away and let her butt return to its original, perfect shape.

How did you ever survive this long when you were walking around with that?

Whatever. She was his to ruin. Sylvester shoved his cock into her slit, hilding himself and grabbing her tail roughly. The naga fucked the fox like a savage animal, mashing his crotch to hers, bouncing back and plunging in wantonly with wet, muffled impacts. Every thrust made him more vigorous and ravenous, hunching forward to dig his fingers into her skin. Her outside had merely been soft, but her inside was *warm*, flush around him at every point in every ramming stroke. Push in and she split apart like a ripe peach, pull out and she pressed the tiniest bit of friction against him. He longed for her in the split second it took him to push in again, harder and *pounce* and deeper and *eat* and faster. The naga lost himself within her, eyes screwed shut and coils tensed like rock. *This* was what he had so sorely missed. *This* was what he was meant to do. *This* was what they had both been born for.

Finally it was too much. He buried his cock into the deepest, warmest part of her and the let the familiar numbing pulses begin. Sylvester came like his life depended on it, mindlessly spurting his strands out even as memories rushed to the forefront of his mind. The other jungle girls had been mere distractions before her, the slightest drops of water compared to the fox girl's nourishment. The longest seconds of the naga's life dragged by.

Eventually he returned to sanity, hazy but lucid enough. Blinking, creaking, the naga leaned back from his prey and gingerly pulled himself out of her with a wet *slp* sound. A white strand hung from his tip to her vulva, as though she was unwilling to let go even after all that. Sylvester slapped his own jaw a few times, trying to wake up. He was deeply tempted for seconds, but even his stamina had limits. His coils worked their sinuous magic, relinquishing her head and righting her into a sitting position.

“—ester, thank you Sylvester, thank you Sylvester, thank—” She had continued her mantra with every thrust and slap, which was more than the naga had expected from her. He leaned down to get a better look: she was gasping for breath, covered in sweat and his cum, red in the face, barely clinging to any species of thought. And she loved it. He had told her to love it.

“Cum.” The second he spoke the word her conquered eyes rolled back into her head and her voice finally gave out. Her chorus dissolved into scratchy, ragged squeaks as her frame shivered under the rushing waves of pleasure. The crushing muscle around the fox girl kept her from doing anything but desperately pressing her body into it. Finally she wore herself out and came to rest with her eyes looking up, silent and reverent. “Thank you.”

Sylvester cupped her chin in one hand. “Cum.”

The fox girl repeated her spasms, squealing and making a mess of his coils with her fluids. “Th-thank . . . you . . .”

“Cum.”

Again she was reduced to ecstasy. “Th . . . *thank* . . .”

“Cum.” Sylvester was merciless, repeating his instruction until his prey was too tired to speak, too tired to do anything except lie in his coils as limp as a cut of meat. Maybe she had even forgotten how to use words at all. *Well, let’s make sure.* “Cum for the rest of your life.” The naga drew in a great breath through his nose. The air was filled with the scent of sweat, a woman’s pleasure, and sweet nectar. He was hungry. Time to eat. “Which,” he said to the mass of endorphins and sex beneath him, “should be about another half hour.” There was no reply.

Sylvester relaxed his coils and looked over her twitching body. This was always the hard part: headfirst or feetfirst? He did enjoy the mewling *yes-please-thank-you-master* he got when he started at the feet, but the slut fox was too far gone for that. It would be nice to get a final view of that ass as he climbed her legs, but if he started with her head then he could fondle her butt instead – surely that would be better. *Decisions, decisions . . . Hmm.*

There was another option, one he hadn't done in a long time. A little awkward to be sure, but perhaps just the right fit for a meal with her assets. The more Sylvester considered it, the more sense it made. Yes, there was no other choice.

He withdrew all his coils from his prey, sat her on part of him, and before she could fall his tail deftly curled a single loop around her from under her knees to under her arms. When he lifted, her ass sank down like heavy ballast, with her chest and legs squished together. Her arms and shins and head dangled over the top of his coil. Sylvester lifted his prey above his head and *stretched* his jaws impossibly wide. He lowered her in buttfirst.

Her tail was the first thing to consume, and the most awkward, but after he had gobbled it down like so much fluff he was at the real meat. The matted, ruined globes of her ass still retained their perfect shape but were a little less tight. The naga sank his teeth into her where he had sunk his fingers moments before, and now it was his turn to roll his eyes back in pleasure. She was creamy and full, almost too much even for his predatory jaws to engulf, and the taste of her flesh was seasoned with sweat and nectar in perfect balance. She sank one inch at a time, bulging out his cheeks, forcing him to walk his teeth up and over her truly prodigious derriere. The naga was a glutton who had often forced his meals to dress themselves with fruit and their own fluids, but nothing he had ever tasted compared to this slut fox.

Her ass met the start of his throat, and for a few moments he genuinely wondered if he would be able to take her all in. Relaxing his gullet and jaw, he leaned back and let gravity do the work. Slowly, gently, she began to disappear. He withdrew his tail, her body now held up only by his mouth. She continued to sink, letting Sylvester sample her legs. The taste here was subdued compared to her ass but it was fitting given that she was now almost completely inside him and would soon be subdued herself. He would have her now, no matter how long it took. Gulp after implacable gulp dragged his prey deeper, pressing her body together in a tight V shape. Her tits were tight against her thighs, with her arms and legs and head the only things outside of the naga's mouth.

He swallowed again, covering her head in darkness, not that she could tell. The fox girl's limbs twitched errantly as they were pulled in, perhaps in the final throes of pleasure. Perhaps in the final screaming survival instinct that just barely pierced the veil of Sylvester's hypnosis. No-one would ever know.

Sylvester swallowed, licking his lips to chase every last bit of nectar. He looked over his body in the late afternoon light. His meal had made it to the start of his snake body, bulging out his belly with an odd but distinct feminine shape. Her width and pose meant it would take longer than normal for her journey to his stomach to complete, but he had wanted to savor her anyway. The naga stretched his arms, starting a shiver that carried down his body all the way to his tail. He was laid messily on top of the cliff, black and gray scales absorbing sunlight to help the primal work begin.

It had been one of her favorite sunbathing spots. Now it was his.

The naga glanced around for his red sash, couldn't find it, and realized he didn't care. He had climbed to the top of the food chain and all was right in the world. Why shouldn't he slither around nude, catching the eye of any who wanted to look at him? He was a gift to this primal jungle and people deserved to know it.

Thoughts of returning to his old grove and wasting away for another few weeks did not entertain him. He hadn't wanted to hunt for a long time, but if this was the quality of prey walking around out there then maybe he should change that. He would find new hunting grounds, new horizons, and new delights. The slut fox had mentioned encountering two wolf girls with enticing figures, and where there were two there must be a pack.

Sylvester smiled easily, sinking down onto a bed of his own body. Yes, there were good and gluttonous things ahead for him. But for now all he cared about was enjoying his food.