



THE SNAKESKIN DRESS

The Naga

Si'ress yawned and looked up from her large, padded bed. The dark scaled naga stretched, a shudder running down her long, serpentine body. The glossy, red and violet diamond pattern which ran from her flared, cobra-like hood to the tip of her rattlesnake tail shimmered. She flicked her tongue, tasting the warm, dry air.

“I sssuppose I should do sssome work today,” the naga murmured, looking around her dual-purpose lab/bedroom in a lazy unfocused fashion. “Shetari hasss been quite... insssistant on me sampling those alien perfumesss.”

Si'ress closed her eyes, rolled over and groaned. “How am I sssupposed to concentrate on so empty a sstomach? The food here... it jusst

isn't the right thing to make me feel right,” she moaned under her breath. No matter how much she ate of the usual 'normal' shipboard fare, it always left her wanting. “I need to get sssomething nice and warm and living in me... it's been sso long.”

The naga began to think about big, fuzzy, ferret-like critters that were the normal source of sustenance on her homeworld. “A kikkit... jusst one kikkit and I'd be sset for a week,” she thought, shaking her head. “With thiss... cat food... I have to eat twice a day. It's sso... unnatural.”

“There must be sssomething I can do,” Si'ress muttered as she slowly slithered from her bed and struggled to pull herself upright. She looked dejectedly at the clutter of bottles and vials which covered the counter of the lab workstation. Her heart sank at the seemingly overwhelming amount of sampling and testing that needed to be done, and soon. She began to

wonder if it would ever be possible for her to meet the demands of her assignment. “Sso much to do... sso much to do.”

The naga pulled her form fitting uniform top from her small dresser and slipped it on. “Jusst one kikit... that's all I want,” she moaned as she zipped up the only piece of covering attire she had ever owned. “Why doesss everyone else think kikkits are sso cute? Petsss, the call them! They're sssupposed to be food!”

Si'ress sighed, looking toward the door that lead into one of the ship's four big bunk rooms. A sudden, strange and totally unexpected thought crept into her mind. “Catsss are warm... and furry... and the right sssize... Wait, what am I thinking? They're not animalsss!” she thought, running a hand along the rim of her snake-hood, trying to make sense of the outlandish idea. Then she began to think of a special market she had once seen back home. “But... we do eat them every now and then, don't we? Willing delicaciesss

for the highborn. Expensssive. Hmm...”

For a while, the naga contemplated the idea in silence. “Why not, hmm? It can't hurt to assk, can it?” she finally concluded, though not without some reluctance. “The worssst that can happen is they all sssay no.”

“But... how to assk,” Si'ress murmured, frowning. It was certainly going to be awkward, at best. At worst, she might well offend everyone. “Hmm...”

The Cat Girl

Mew'shi stretched as she entered the bunk room to which she had just been assigned. The slender, small-chested lepr'dess was exhausted. She had just put in a long first day as a deck hand aboard the Fexy Explorer, helping shuffle cargo and supplies around the ship's lower decks and holds. Now all she wanted to do was slide into bed and relax a bit before heading up to the ship's big lounge for dinner.

She picked her way down the room, counting numbers on the bunks until she finally reached her own. It was a middle tier bunk, impeccably clean and with a blue gel mattress but no sheets or pillow. "Odd," she muttered, looking around in some confusion as she loosened the fastener at

the neck of her uniform suit. Then she noticed an occupied bunk not far down the passage. Her eyes widened as she gawked at the curvy ty'gress... fully encased in the material of a largely expanded mattress. "Oh... wow. That's... new."

Mew turned back to her own bunk. There was a control panel on the inner wall near one end. "Hmm, feels nice," she hummed as she gingerly slid herself onto the mattress. She lay back and stared at the smooth, featureless underside of the bunk above. When nothing happened, she turned to the control panel and began to fiddle. "I wonder how this thing works?"

A surprised yelp was the young woman's response as the control panel beeped and the mattress began to rapidly expand around her body. It stopped just as abruptly, just over half-way up her sides. "Oh... alright... that isn't so bad, I guess," she sighed, doing her best to shake off the shock. She let her body relax. "I really should learn to read instructions... especially in a place

like this.”

Mew closed her eyes and began to savor the sensation of being partially encased within the gel. “So warm... and tight. It must feel nice naked,” she thought, trying to imagine the sensations which were currently being denied her by the thick material of her uniform. “I wonder if it gets inside... there. That would be pretty sexy. I really should read the instructions... later.”

The lep'rdeess began to daydream. She had seen stranger things aboard ship than a body-hugging bed of gel already. The real muscle moving cargo came from an almost steampunk mechanical tauroid that everyone called 'Chista'. She found it hard to believe that somewhere in that almost skeletal looking metal creature was the living brain of the Tannit woman she had once been. Even harder to believe is that she had been converted into a machine willingly, or so Chiteti, the ship's Tannit cargomaster had told her.

Chista was only the first of the mind bending

things she had seen, however. In one lab, she had watched a beautiful, dark-skinned Ashiri playfully slip into a mermaid-suit made of living rubber, only to become an animate rubber mermaid moments later. In another room, she glimpsed a ty'gress getting turned into a shriveled up, gray something which a bunch of other women watched. Then she'd seen a group of visitors get turned into solid gemstone by a floating robot in the ship's vehicle bay.

“I don't get it,” Mew thought to herself as she lay in the much too comfortable embrace of her bed. “All of them seemed to happy with what they were doing. Heck, most of them were positively excited. But... there were doing such strange things. And that shrivelling thing... that was just... disgusting!”

The young woman shrugged and sighed. “I guess I'll understand it eventually. A lot of this stuff is pretty popular, so it can't be all that bad,” she mused in silence. “Who knows... maybe I'll

even do one of those things some day. Well... maybe..."

Mew took in a deep breath and shifted about a bit. The gel giggled a bit, sending a shiver up her spine. "Mmm," she murmured as she let her mind wander back to the feeling of partial encasement in so fascinating a material. She began to wonder what else the gel could do.

Decisions, Decisions

Si'ress quietly slithered into the large bunk room. She had to squint in the bright light. The lightly textured, metallic gray paint which covered every surface didn't help, leaving her what, in other circumstances, might be called 'snowblind'. "Sso bright in here," she muttered, shaking her head as she waiting for her eyes to adjust. "How can anyone sssleep in this?"

"Hmm... what do we have here today," the naga finally thought as she looked down the room's two long, curved bunk passages. For the most part, the bunks were empty, most of the crew from this particular room either out for dinner or working second shift. She sighed. "Not much in the way of choicesss right now. This isss

going to be tough. I may have to wait a bit.”

All the same, Si'ress began to move down one of the passages, looking at the occupied bunks. “Hmm... a pan'tyress... a ty'gress... an Ashiri... no... Ashiri won't do,” she thought as she looked at the fully gel encased women. “Sso pretty when they sssleep though... and no fur.”

“Only two catsss,” the naga sighed in disappointment as she reached the end of the first passage. She turned to look down the second passage. About half way down was a youngish looking lep'rdess, only half-encased. “Ah... now there's a nice, ssslender piece of meat. I'll bet she'ssss awake too. Hmm...”

Si'ress turned back to the first corridor and looked at the other women. “I don't know,” she thought, frowning. “That younger one looksss really nice... but she's probably not going to go for it. All the young onesss go for transsssformation. I should just try one of the otherssss. They'll be more receptive... and less inhibited.”

“She looks sssso tasty though,” the naga mused, looking back to the lep'rdeess. A quick flick of her tongue inspired a sense of predatory longing. “That fresh girl-ssscent... it must be her, so sssweet and salty and... tasssty.”

Si'ress flicked her tongue a few more times. “Yes... she'sss what I want,” she thought, smiling broadly as she began to move toward the unsuspecting object of her desire. “She'll taste really, really good. I can't wait!”

“What am I thinking?” the naga stopped herself, shaking her head in an effort to stifle her predatory urges. “I have to assk first!”

Si'ress shook herself from head to tail and moved toward the lep'rdeess' bunk. “If she says no, it's no big deal. I can just find sssomeone else. There's sssso many on this ship... I'm sssure I can get sssomeone,” she thought as she worked to control her instincts. “If she sssays no, that is. I really hope she doessn't.”

Hello There

Si'ress quietly slid up to Mew's bunk. The unsuspecting young woman lay still, eyes closed. For a moment, she thought Mew was asleep. "What should I say?" she thought increasingly giddy though as she looked the leprechaun up and down. "Oh, she's so... lean and... and... beautiful!"

Mew was still daydreaming about the things she had seen while working when she began to get that strange, disconcerting sense that someone was watching her. She slowly opened her eyes and looked out from her bunk. Her heart jumped. "What the?!" she yelled, startled by the serpentine face which was staring back at her. She jerked upward but was only spared hitting her head on the bottom of the bunk above by the fact

that her gel mattress was hugging her so closely.

“Oh... I'm sssorry I startled you,” the equally surprised naga stammered, looking away sheepishly. “I thought you were asleep and I was wondering if you were new here sssso I came to look... I really didn't mean to ssscure you like that.”

Mew struggled to get up, her heart still racing. “Who... what... I... where did you come from? I didn't even hear you!”

“I'm sssorry,” Si'ress replied, her heart sinking as she realized that she had really gotten off to a bad start with the object of her desire. “I didn't think I wasss that quiet, what with sssso much of me ssslithering along the floor. I'm really, really sorry.”

“Oh... it's alright, I guess,” the lep'rdeess sighed as the gel mattress finally began to shrink away from her body. She slid out from the bunk to one side of the naga's upper body. All at once, she found herself up to her thighs in the naga's

coils. She stumbled and fell forward with a yelp.

Instinctively, Si'ress tightened her coils around the falling lep'rdeess, catching her. "Oh... oh, I'm sso sorry!" she again stammered. "I should have said something... I forget how big I am."

Mew stood still, staring down at the shimmering coils which now firmly hugged her legs. "Um... uh," she stuttered. Her eyes worked their way around and around the coils before moving up the shapely, feminine torso and back to the hooded, reptilian face. "You... you're... a... snake?"

"I'm a Ny'gasssa, actually," Si'ress replied, smiling softly. She was finding it very hard to look the young woman in the face. "But... yeah, I guesss I'm still a sssnake, when it comes down to it."

"Thanks for catching me," the lep'rdeess said, smiling nervously as she shifted her legs against the firm grip of the naga.

Si'ress giggled shyly, pulling just a tad tighter to keep the young woman in place. "Before I let you go, I'm curiousss about sssomething," she inquired, trying to turn the situation to her favor. "Which feels better: being sssnug in your gelbed, or sssnug in the embrace of a sssnake-girl?"

Mew raised an eyebrow. "... I don't know," she replied, shrugging her shoulders.

"Oh, come now," the naga laughed, smiling broadly. "You can be honessst. I won't bite. Well... probably."

"I did like the gel a lot," the lep'rdes replied sheepishly as she looked back down at the powerful coils which were keeping her in place. "But... this feels kind of... strange. You know... in a nice way."

"Indeed," Si'ress hissed coyly, looking her prize over with a soft grin. "I don't suppose you have anything planned for this evening?"

Mew looked at the naga with some surprise. "Um... well, no. I was just going to go to dinner

and... I don't know.”

“Ah,” Si'ress responded, nodding as she slowly loosened her coils. “Why don't you stop by my quarters after you're done? We can talk and maybe enjoy a little fun together, hmm?”

“Well, I guess that would be... nice,” Mew replied, unsure of just what the naga had in mind but too polite to refuse the invitation.

Si'ress smiled and pulled away from her new friend. “I live in the private room just off this bunk area,” she said, gesturing toward the door to her quarters. She was finding it very difficult to hide her elation at befriending the young woman despite the awkward start.

“Alright, I guess I'll see you in a little bit then,” Mew replied, nodding and smiling as she turned to leave.

It took every bit of effort for Si'ress to surpress the girlish giggles that were trying to force their way out as she stared at Mew's tight ass the young woman headed out into the

corridor. The moment the door had closed, however, she just couldn't hold it any longer. "Yes! Yes!" she thought, her mind spinning with near-euphoria as she slithered to her room. "She's going to come! She's going to listen! I can get her to say yes! All she has to do is say yes!"

The Naga's Chamber

“Uh... hello?” Mew called from the open door to the naga's private quarters. She hesitantly peered into the darkened room. At first, all she noticed was the clutter which covered almost every available flat surface. It seemed so strange and out of place aboard the neat and clean starship.

“Welcome to my private abode,” Si'ress cooed as she lay reclining on her big bed. She grinned widely and flicked her tongue with barely repressed glee.

“Oh!” the lep'rdess exclaimed, turning to look at the naga with some surprise. She had been so focused on the mess that she had forgotten all about the naga. She smiled shyly. “I'm sorry. I

didn't see you there.”

“Well, little one, come and have a ssseat,” Si'ress laughed, patting the mattress next to her. “No need to be shy. There's sssomething I'd like to ask you... something very ssspecial.”

Mew felt a bit uncomfortable sliding onto a bed with someone she didn't know at all. For a moment, she searched for somewhere else to sit. To her displeasure, she found not a single chair in the room. It took her a few moments to realize that naga have no need for chairs. She shrugged slightly and gingerly slid onto the edge of the bed, taking care not to get too close to its owner.

“I'm sssorry for all the unseemly clutter,” Si'ress began, gesturing quite casually toward the mess. “Shetari keeps giving me more and more work. It tendsss to pile up.”

“What kind of work do you do?” Mew inquired, looking at the naga with a raised eyebrow.

“I ssspecialize in the categorization of

ssscents, pheromones and perfumes,” Si’ress replied. “Each of those containers has a sssample of some odd, alien thing that Shetari wants me to examine. Sssome are just perfumesss. Otherssss have more ssspecialized applications which may find their way into one of the ship’s ssspecial projectsss.”

“Sounds interesting,” Mew responded somewhat dryly.

The naga laughed. “Oh, it’s quite interessting, especially when I get to the aphrodisiacsss. Quite often I get help with thosse. It can be quite fun,” she hissed softly, leaning toward the young lep’rdess with a smile. “Perhapsss you’d like to try one. I have something really ssspecial in my collection. All the girlsss think it’s extremely arousssing.”

“Um... I... uh,” Mew stammered for a moment. She wasn’t sure she liked where the conversation was headed. “Are you... are you asking me for... sex?”

“Oh, no!” Si'ress giggled, shaking her head. “Not sssex. Maybe something elssse though... once you relax a bit.”

Mew sighed as the naga slipped a small perfume bottle from beneath a pillow. “What's that?” she asked, leaning away with a frown.

“Thiss? Oh, this is just a little sssolution of kykress sssweat and iprix pollen with a touch of moyloo berry juice for good measssure. I made it myssself,” Si'ress explained, quite proud of her special concoction. She reached out and offered the bottle to her new friend. “Conssider it a gift. Go ahead and try it... if you're girl enough to dare. I can guarantee there'sss nothing else quite like it.”

Mew took the bottle but hesitated to sample its contents. She carefully sniffed at the nozzle. It smelled like fresh berries.

Si'ress smiled and lay back on her pillows. Her heart raced as she watched the lep'rdess toy with her gift.

Mew glanced at the smiling naga. She looked back to the bottle. Was she girl enough to try the naga's special concoction? She wished she knew what kykress sweat and iprix pollen were. Soon, her reluctance was overcome by the same curiosity that had led her to the naga's private room in the first place. "I guess I'll try it," she murmured, squirting a small puff of the perfume into the air in front of her. She leaned forward and inhaled a bit of the fine mist. It was sweet and fruity, but not as alien as she was expecting. "That's... that's pretty nice, actually."

"Issn't it?" Si'ress replied, laughing. "Now why don't you lay down next to me and let it do its work for a bit."

"Wait... what?" Mew questioned as the naga leaned closer and began to gently massage her shoulders. At the same time, she began to feel strange. Her body seemed almost fluid. For a moment she felt like she was going to pass out.

"Well, we were talking about aphrodisiacs,

weren't we?" Si'ress giggled, drawing the nearly helpless young woman down onto a particularly big and puffy pillow beside her.

"Oh, yeah," Mew replied softly as she fell nearly limp onto the pillow. The strange feeling of amorphousness began to fade. It was replaced by a sensual hypersensitivity to touch. Every pressure on the surface of her body filled her mind with sexual desire. The pillow, the naga's gently caressing hand, even the all-encompassing hug of her uniform suit conspired to make her want nothing more than to be massively penetrated and fucked like an animal. "Oh, goddess! This is... this is..."

"Isssn't it the most absssolutely amazing thing you've every felt?" Si'ress hissed softly, running her hand over the lep'rdess forehead. She drew up over the young woman and looked down into her quivering eyes.

"I... I... yeeeeeah," Mew moaned softly, fearing to move lest her mind be totally overcome with

primal urges.

“Little kitty brains,” Si’ress thought in silence as she watched the young lep’rdess try to cope with the compulsions which threatened to turn her into an utter, if only temporary, nymphomaniac. “All ssex. Sso much fun to watch, though.”

“Can I... can I just lay here?” Mew asked as her body shuddered with barely repressed sexual energy.

“Of coursse,” Si’ress replied, laying down close beside her. She flicked her tongue along the young woman’s neck, savoring the sweet flavor of the sex pheromones which were now being emitted in copious quantity. “Once it’s worn off a little, then... we can talk about that sspecial request I mentioned earlier.”

Mew nodded and closed her eyes. She fought the sexual urges with all her might. It seemed impossible that she could hold out long. She began to pray that release from the naga’s gift

would come soon. Very soon.

The Naga's Request

“How do you feel now?” Si'ress asked softly as Mew stared up at the ceiling of the naga's quarters. A half hour had passed since the young woman had sampled the powerful aphrodisiac and she was starting to show some signs of recovering from its most powerful effect.

Mew rolled her head and stared into the naga's eyes for a few moments. She no longer felt compelled to fuck anything and everything, but she still felt a need for an oddly undefined, sexual something. “A bit less... nympho,” she replied softly, smiling shyly. “Why didn't you tell me it would do that?”

“Sssexy surprises are more fun,” Si'ress replied, laughing softly. “I think you handled it

quite well. The last two girls fairly forced me to please them for quite a long time before they came back to their senses.”

Mew blushed through her short facial fur. “It was really hard to fight it. I almost couldn't resist,” she admitted somewhat sheepishly. “I've never felt so compelled to do something like that before.”

Si'ress grinned. “Indeed,” she laughed. The little leopardess had quite a bit more willpower than she had imagined. She began to wonder if she'd be as resistant to her request as she was to the aphrodisiac's sheer power. “Indeed. Now... there's something I'd like to ask you. A special favor of very... exotic nature.”

“What's that?” Mew inquired, sitting up a bit to get a better look at the naga. Strangely, she found herself wanting to immediately agree to whatever it was that her crewmate requested. It was a new compulsion that didn't seem quite as unnatural as the one produced by Si'ress' special

brew.

“I'd like to dresss you... in snakesssskin,” the naga replied, flicking her tongue at the young woman's nose.

Mew was confused. “What does that mean?” she asked, shrugging her shoulders.

“Well, it means... can I... um... I...,” Si'ress fumbled, desperately searching for the right words as she gently caressed Mew's shoulders. She became more and more anxious as she strained to find an appropriate way to describe what she wanted. “Can... can I dress you in... me?”

“Wait... what?” Mew questioned, raising an eyebrow. “What do you mean... in you? In your belly?”

“Well, yesss,” Si'ress replied, somewhat embarrassed at her verbal floundering about. “I'd like you to ssslip into my warm, wet, sssnug naga-belly.”

Mew's eyes opened wide as she realized just what the naga was getting at. "You... you want to... to eat me?"

"Um... well... yesss," the naga responded, nodding slowly. She tensed as she waited to see how the lep'rdeess would react.

Mew wasn't sure quite what to think. "Why?" she asked, curious as to why the naga would even think to consider her food.

The naga took a deep breath and collected her thoughts. "You ssee, I have all this work," she explained, drawing the young woman close. "But the food here... no matter how much I eat it just doessn't make me feel like I've actually eaten anything. I need sssomething warm and ssoft and alive in my belly... but that sseems impossible here on this ship. No one likes it when ssnakes eat their cute, fuzzy kikkitt petsss."

Mew shrugged her shoulders. Kikkitts were cute, that was for sure. She couldn't imagine

anyone trying to eat one, let alone eat one alive and whole.

“Without a kikkitt in my belly, I just can't concentrate and do any work,” Si'ress sighed. “Shetari's ssstarting to get annoyed and I'm afraid I'm going to be out of work unless I find a sssubstitute fast.”

“How could I possibly be a substitute for a kikkitt?” Mew questioned, not quite able to equate herself with an oversized ferret. “How do you know I'd make you feel right?”

Si'ress looked Mew in the eyes longingly. “You sssee, on my home world, the very wealthy dine on things other than kikkitt,” the naga answered. “The mossst exclusive and sssought after are willing kittiesss... jusst like I'm hoping you'll be.”

Mew was taken aback at first. The whole idea of being eaten alive and passing on to her next life seemed at first to be utterly abhorrent. Then that strange compulsion to agree crept back into her

mind. "I... I... I don't know," she stammered, perplexed with what she was feeling. The more the thought, the less fearful moving on to a new life seemed.

The naga laughed quietly and licked at Mew's chin. "Jusst think... think what it must feel like to be dressed in warm, living flesh rather than your cold, artificial sssuit. I can't think of anything more erotic than that. Can you?"

"I... I guess not," Mew replied, shrugging her shoulders. She tried to imagine what the interior of the naga's body might feel like.

"Then give yourssself up and let me dress you with my living body," Si'ress cooed, running a hand down the young woman's side and over her tight, firm ass. "Nourish me... and I'll give you the mossst amazing and sssexy passage to the next life you can possibly imagine! Will you do it... for me? Pleasse?"

Mew looked away from the naga and took a deep breath. She felt no inhibition whatsoever to

the idea. Instead, she felt a bizarre desire, to experience the physical sensations of entering the naga's body, welling up inside her. She more than just wanted to know what it felt like. She needed to know what it felt like. She couldn't resist. "Yeah... I'll do it."

Dressing In Snakeskin

Mew slowly knelt on the bed in front of Si'ress. She smiled shyly and looked up into the naga's wide open eyes. Some nagging feeling told her she ought to be frightened, but she wasn't. All she felt was the desire to feel and know. "I'm ready," she whispered, her voice wavering with nervous anticipation.

Si'ress smiled broadly and began to peel the young woman's form fitting suit from her shoulders. Her tongue flicked playfully around her willing meal's face and neck. "Just relax and let me do all the work," the naga cooed softly. She could barely restrain herself. "Let the physssical sensationsss fill your mind. Sssavor it."

"I'll try," the lep'rdeess replied meekly as the

naga slowly unhinged her serpentine jaw. She gasped as Si'ress' maw opened almost impossibly wide. The pink flesh of the naga's mouth shimmered in the dim light as the young woman's eyes were drawn to the tight, dark passage which led deep into her crewmate's body. "Be gentle... please."

The naga laughed. A wave of giddy excitement flooded her mind as she felt her predatory instincts start to take over. The adrenaline rush felt ridiculously good as she closed her eyes and began to lean over her little friend.

Mew's breathing quickened as she stared up into the naga's maw. "Oh... oh, that looks so... tight," she whispered as her crewmate's breath washed over her. Again, she began to feel her womanhood tingle as the naga's mouth came closer and closer. Saliva began to drip onto her face. She closed her eyes.

Si'ress lowered her head until the young woman's muzzle was pressed firmly into the

opening of her throat. She gently closed her jaw over her meal's upper torso. "Oh... oh, sssweet meat!" she gurgled as the sweet, salty flavor of the young woman's body filled her mouth. It was better than any kikit she had ever tasted. No wonder the wealthy of her homeworld considered Ambwassi women to be such desirable delicacies!

The young lep'rdess was equally enthralled as she nuzzled into the naga's warm, moist throat. Excitement mounted as she felt her uniform being pulled down to her waist. She wiggled her hands free and grasped the naga by both arms. "Oh... oh yeah. Do it. Eat me! Eat me!" she begged softly as sticky saliva dripped down her chest. Her nipples swelled, poking out of her thick chest fur while her tail twitched about almost uncontrollably.

The young woman's soft, sweet begging filled Si'ress with absolute glee. She shivered with predatory excitement. The lep'rdess no longer seemed like a sentient being. She was meat. Warm, fresh, live meat. She grasped her meal

firmly by the waist and thrust her head downward.

Mew yelped at the sudden pressure on her head and shoulders. Her head thrust up into the naga's throat with a wet, gooey pop. "Oh... oh yeah," the lep'rdess moaned as the naga's maw stretched around her shoulders. She wiggled her head about, savoring the warm, snug interior of the naga's body. "Keep going. Keep... keep going!"

The lep'rdess' passive submission and continued begging pushed Si'ress over the edge. A nearly bestial desire to consume forced all other thought from her mind. She pressed down and gulped again and again, pulling her prey in bit by bit.

"Oh... this feels so strange!" the young lep'rdess thought as she wiggled her shoulders into the naga's throat. The creature's hot breath filled her lungs. Salty saliva filled her mouth. Her hands slipped from the naga's arms and pressed down between her legs. She began to stroke her

folds through the fabric of her rolled down uniform. She couldn't help herself. "Gotta... gotta get off! Fuck this is hot!"

The scent of Mew's arousal sent Si'ress into a near-frenzy. Her cobra-hood flared so wide it almost hurt. She tore at the wiggling young woman's uniform as she bore down with increased pressure. In moments, the lep'rdess was in down to her waist.

Mew let out a muffled shriek as the naga lifted her up and pulled the uniform from her feet. For a moment she forgot the erotic sensations and flailed about as she was grasped firmly by the hips and lifted into a nearly vertical position over the naga's head.

The naga was so now pumped on adrenaline that she shook from head to tail. Her tongue flicked along the young woman's exposed labia. For a fleeting moment, the young woman's most intimate of flavors filled her tastebuds. It was unlike anything she had ever tasted before and it

made her even more ravenous than she already was.

Mew wiggled and writhed as she slid downward with each pulsating gulp. Soon, she regained her sense of balance and found herself tightly encased in naga flesh right up to her thighs. She began to relax as she slid down even further into the naga's body. "This feels really nice," she thought as she took in the wet, felt-like sensation of saliva-soaked fur slowly sliding down the naga's throat. Her fingers again found their way to her thoroughly aroused pussy. Her mind swam with pleasure as she returned to stroking herself toward climax.

Si'ress swallowed harder and faster. Down the lep'rdeess slid until only her feet and tail tip were left exposed to the cool, dry air.

"Almost... almost," the young woman moaned as she wiggled her toes. Another gulp rippled down the naga's throat. Her feet slipped into the tight wet tube. The naga's mouth closed

behind them. Mew rubbed her pussy and giggled. "I'm inside her. She really ate me. This is so... so weird and hot and sexy. I just have to cum in here... inside her. Mmm."

The naga lowered her upper body and lay flat down on her bed. She gulped repeatedly, forcing her dinner down toward her waiting stomach. At the same time, she started to come back to her senses. "I really did it. I really did it. I ate her. She's going into my belly. I can't believe I really did it," she thought as her head swam. It felt so good and yet somehow so wrong. She closed her eyes and shook her head. What was the point in feeling bad when the lep'rdeess has practically begged to be swallowed? "She did it. She wanted it. She's enjoying it. Oh, she tasted so good!"

Mew felt her head press into an inner orifice. The sphincter quickly gave way and she slowly slid into the naga's tight, somewhat vinegary smelling stomach. A moment later, she came to a rest. "Oh... come on... come on," she begged her own

body as she pressed and rubbed her clit. She began to feel dizzy. Her skin began to tingle. The tension within her abdomen grew to heights she never thought possible.

Si'ress lifted herself up and looked back at the big bulge in her belly. It shuddered and flexed, making her feel a bit strange. "Oh, quiet down in there," she murmured, running a hand over the quivering bulge. "Go to sssleep sweet little morsssel. Dream."

Mew desperately wiggled and pulled at the soft flesh surrounding her clit as consciousness began to fade. Nothing else in the world seemed to matter. The only thing she wanted was that one last orgasm. On and on she pushed her body. For a moment, it seemed as if she would never obtain her final desire. Then, without warning, all of the pent up tension was released in a pulsating orgasm of mind-blowing intensity. Mew was overcome by euphoria. She fell limp. The world faded away. Mew was utterly spent.

What Have We Here?

The chi'tess let out a loud sigh as she looked at the slowly heaving lump in the naga's belly. It was hard to believe that her scent specialist had resorted to eating her fellows in order to get herself into a working mood. Then again, it was something she knew she should have seen coming. “Well, at least you got the backlog all sorted out. She's... she's not dead, is she?”

“No, Miss Shetari, just sssleeping,” Si'ress replied, gently patting her belly lump. “She may half-wake from time to time, but that'sss pretty much it. She'll fade away in a painless dreamy bliss.”

“Really?” Shetari asked, raising an eyebrow. It was hard to believe that the naga's meal was still

with the world two days after she had been consumed, let alone feeling no pain.

“Oh, yesss,” the naga answered, smiling broadly. “My inner juicesss are powerfully narcotic.”

“Interesting,” the chi'tess responded.

“Maybe you'd like to try it out for yourssself,” Si'ress offered, laughing softly.

“No thanks,” Shetari replied, shaking her head. “Do you think you'll be up to analyzing a new batch of perfumes at the end of next week?”

“I don't know,” Si'ress replied, shrugging her shoulders. She hadn't really thought about that before consuming the young lep'rdess. “I don't know how long Mew will keep me filled with energy. A week and a half isss long even for a kikit and they're a tad bigger.”

Shetari shook her head. “Well, if you're going to eat another crew member, at least make sure she's hooked up to the lifegate first.”

“It's not the sssame, Shetari,” Si'ress replied,

shaking her head. She didn't really know it would be any different. Still, the idea that a meal should be able to come back to life after being digested just seemed wrong.

“Then at least get some girl from a vore club or something, will you?” the chi'tess huffed. She'd never be able to recruit new crew members if the ship got a reputation for having a possibly aggressive girl eating naga on board.

“Fine. I'll tell you what, if you want me to have only gate-linked girlsss, I want one thing from you,” Si'ress demanded, crossing her arms.

“What's that?” Shetari inquired.

“Your hot ass isss first,” Si'ress replied.

For a moment, Shetari hesitated. Then she shrugged her shoulders. “If that's what it takes to keep you working, my ass is yours to digest,” she sighed as she turned to leave. “I'll see you when we pick up the new scents at our next port of call.”

Si'ress grinned and giggled as the door hissed

closed behind Shetari. The idea of having a girl for dinner every week or two seemed almost too good to be true. “You know,” she murmured to herself as she petted her belly bulge, “I really could get ussed to thiss.”

THE END