

Snake Stuff

By Abe E Seedy

Jessica woke up slowly, then all at once. She must have fallen asleep on the couch but she'd been nudged awake by her head feeling weirdly heavy. When she tried to roll over she found she was stuck, leading to a sudden surge of panic that yanked her fully from her sleep.

Her eyes snapped open, then struggled to interpret what she was seeing. It was dark, much darker than the room should have been. More than that though, her perspective was all wrong. Her head was too high for her to be lying down and after trying increasingly desperately to move she realised she'd been tied up at her wrists and ankles. It was like she was manacled spread-eagled to a wall in an old-fashioned dungeon, which was nothing like how she went to sleep.

Something stirred next to her. "Jess? Are you awake?"

She recognised the voice, and found that if she rolled her head to the side she could just about make out her housemate in the darkness. "Angela? What's happening? This is a hell of a prank..."

"It's not a prank", she whispered back, soft and scared enough that Jess started to wonder if this was serious. "Something happened. There was... a ship, and a light, and then I woke up... here."

Jessica stopped struggling, squinting to get a better look at Angela in the dim light. She was only wearing her night clothes, and somehow even with her blonde hair being a tangled mess around her shoulders she still looked unfairly good. Some people could get pulled out of their bed in the middle of the night, get stuck to a slick green wall in nothing but their bra and panties and *still* make it look like a porno. Jessica wasn't sure if that counted for or against this being real, having known Angela long enough that she couldn't really put it past her. "So, what, we got abducted by aliens?"

Angela shrugged theatrically, putting her much more at risk of breaking out of her underwear than her restraints. "I... guess?", she answered. "Have you seen Simon?"

"Your boyfriend? No. Last I remember seeing him was when you two went to bed. He's not here?"

She hung her head. "No. When the light flashed I felt myself being lifted up, and then he was pulled away from me, and then I was..." She didn't complete the sentence, instead turning back to Jessica. "You really don't remember anything? Did you just sleep through it all?"

Jessica frowned. "I... how could I? This is way too much, it doesn't make-"

There was a crash and light flooded into the room, momentarily blinding them both. Jessica turned away as best she could, giving her eyes a second to adjust. When she looked back up there was an open doorway a few feet in front of them, with a brightly-lit corridor on the other side. But silhouetted in that light was a person cutting an action hero pose, an image that only got more ludicrous when she realised who it actually was.

"Simon?!", both Jessica and Angela called out at once.

"Hey girls." He answered with a level of suave confidence Jessica had literally never heard from him before. "Need a hand?"

He was inexplicably shirtless, with exactly the lack of muscles that made that a bad idea. His noodly arms looked like they could barely lift the ridiculous sci-fi gun he was holding, and he was somehow still wearing the raggedy jeans he always did. In short, he still looked exactly like who he was, someone much more suited to programming VR novels than starring in them. And yet here he was, apparently just about to sweep in and save them both.

Angela called out before Jessica could finish processing all this. "Thank god you're here! Quick, get us free!"

Simon dropped the gun on the floor, seeming to spring back up an extra inch now that he was free of its weight. He sauntered forwards casually, apparently unconcerned about whatever dangers he'd overcome to reach them. "No worries babe", he said. "You wouldn't believe the pushover these guys are. It was the easiest thing in the world to break out and find you!"

Jessica was just getting past frowning in disbelief to making a comment when sudden movement in the doorway caught her attention. A small black shape slithered into the room, looking like a foot-long little black snake as it shot towards Simon. "Behind you!", she called out, only succeeding in making him spin around fruitlessly as it curled over his shoe.

"Huh?", he said, shaking his leg absently to displace the sudden weight. In moments the indeterminate creature climbed up to his chest, and he barely had a chance to look down in confusion before it sprung up to his head. He flailed, stumbling blindly backwards until he was just a few steps away from Jessica and Angela. Both of them could only gasp as his face was completely enveloped; the amorphous, inky black goop almost shining in the weak light as it erased his features. Then the alien thing started pulsing, and rapid movements in his throat made it clear that he was repeatedly being forced to swallow. His spine tensed then went limp, leaving him standing bent awkwardly backwards as he shuddered and spasmed.

"Oh god", Angela whimpered. At first Jessica thought she was just having an understandable reaction to what she was seeing, but then more motion in the doorway caught her attention too. One more of the snake things entered the room, then another, both of them wasting no time as

they beelined towards the subdued Simon. He offered no resistance as they each climbed one of his legs, joining up once again at his crotch. There they stopped, curling patiently over the top of his jeans before abruptly slipping down.

Simon stiffened once again, his whole body rigid as the tips of their wriggling tails disappeared inside his clothes. His hands went from pawing uselessly at his smooth face to tearing at his pants, and once again there was a chorus of gasps as he flopped his junk free with visible satisfaction. The creatures must have merged with him, it was the only way he could possibly be that large, his cock slapping wetly at his thigh as his fingers fumbled over its slick black surface. Below his grasping hand Jessica could see his balls visibly squirming, whatever changes the creatures had wrought apparently flooding and overwriting his body in mere moments.

The dripping blackness was pouring out of him now, washing over his fingers as he wrapped them around his oozing shaft. A sudden sound pulled Jessica's attention reluctantly away from that sight, and looking up she saw his head stretching outwards. It was impossible to know if it was the creature shifting around or his own body rearranging, but slowly the mass of blackness settled into place, sinking down to reveal a surface of scales over his face. It had piled high in the middle, revealing a reptilian muzzle that opened in a hungry grin. Fangs dripped inky venom as a forked tongue flicked between them, while all his frazzled hair seemed to have solidified into something like a cobra's hood.

Slowly he opened two glowing yellow eyes, staring intently at Angela. She flinched, unable to read his inhuman expression. "Simon?", she said softly. "Simon, are you still in there? You need to - ah!"

He flicked one hand across her front, his new black claws slicing through her clothes in an instant. They fell open, and before she could do anything more than gasp Simon was on his knees in front of her. Another twitch of his spine and Jessica could see that wasn't quite right - the distinction between his legs was softening, melding seamlessly together as the wave of shining black scales swept downwards. He seemed not to register any discomfort as his stance shifted, until eventually instead of kneeling he was simply curled up closer on a long serpent's tail.

Angela took this all in distantly, far more focussed on Simon's intentions with her than what was happening to his lower body. Since removing her clothes he'd stayed mostly still, his eyes closed as the alien corruption finished remaking his form. The only exception was the clawed hand that still curled around his cock, stroking absently at himself.

Just enough time passed for Jessica to think that maybe he was too exhausted by his transformation to do anything further, before once again his eyes snapped open. His arms wrapped around Angela's waist, making her bend outwards from her restraints as he pulled her close. Then with an excited hiss he fell forwards, burying his snout into her exposed crotch.

"Ah-ahhh!", Angela cried, her fists clenching tight. Her head lolled backwards, and at first Jessica thought he'd bitten her, perhaps choosing the most vulnerable location to inject his new venom, but the growing flush on her cheeks made it clear that something else was happening. By now her eyes had adjusted to the lighting enough that she could make out smaller details, and together with the sheen of sweat that quickly coated Angela's thighs she saw that Simon's throat was... pulsing.

Jessica wanted to ask what was happening, to get some sort of clear information on what all of this was, but she couldn't tear her eyes away from the scene. Besides, it didn't look like Angela was in any state to answer coherently. Instead she just panted wordlessly, a tremor running up and down her spine every time the creature that was Simon distended his maw to press yet more of whatever this was into her.

With a long, slow sigh, Simon slid away, releasing his grip on Angela's waist and settling back on his tail. For half a second Jessica thought his tongue was still stretched between them as he moved, but it was only when the shape slipped free from his lips and stayed attached to Angela's crotch did it become clear that that wasn't the case.

Both women's eyes bulged. Standing at distractingly eager attention between Angela's legs was what could only be described as an alien cock, fully formed and already slick from the tip to the base with its own, inhuman slickness. It was the same rich black colour as Simon's version, although at least his matched the rest of his new body. On Angela the feature still stood out as a monstrous transplant, completely out of place surrounded by her pale white skin. She lacked his balls too, the slow drip of his saliva down the base and over her body highlighting her still-present pussy. Jessica had to imagine this new organ was a twisted perversion of her clit, occupying as it did the same place on her anatomy. But that didn't seem to be any barrier to either its function or its size, because if anything it was a little larger than Simon's was.

"Oh", Angela said flatly, directing Jessica's attention back to her face for the first time in a while. Her expression was an unreadable mix of emotions, although the flush in her cheeks was some indication of how she was feeling. "That's... I..."

From his position at her waist, Simon once again put his hands on her thighs. When that got her attention he held eye contact with her fixedly, while sliding his snout slowly along her entire length in one smooth movement.

Angela stiffened. When Simon withdrew Jessica could see his forked tongue curled all the way around her cock, apparently milking her encouragingly even as his lips pressed back and forth along her shaft. He only broke off eye contact when he increased his rhythm, leading Angela to follow his lead as she closed her eyes and let her head drift backwards. A low hiss emanated from his throat, provoking a shiver along her spine as he found yet another way to tease at her. Beyond that he seemed content to simply put in the work, diligently sliding back and forth along her new cock for as long as it took.

Meanwhile, Angela deteriorated. She went from huffed breaths to eager panting, her head rolling side to side against the wall as she tried desperately to lean into his stimulation. With her hands and legs restrained she was completely unable to either guide his approach or set a pace, even if she'd known how to work with this new anatomy. All she could do was rock her hips and moan encouragement, clearly betraying how far she'd fallen from trying to resist his actions. Before long her lips curled back in a snarl, Simon taking the cue to sweep in and engulf her cock, his tongue no doubt squeezing her eagerly. Whatever he was doing must have worked, Angela's triumphant cry echoing around the room when she finally came. Simon swallowed it happily, letting his throat bulge one more time as she shared her first load back with him.

Her climax lasted longer than Jessica could have imagined but eventually she slackened off, hanging limply from her restraints. Simon made a noise that sounded somewhere between a hiss and a purr, and Jessica could just about make out a rich sheen of black slickness clinging thickly to her shaft as he slowly pulled away. He looked extremely satisfied, while in turn Angela seemed dazed, sweat dripping from her face as she stared blankly at nothing.

Simon straightened up, revealing how easy it was for him to stand a full foot taller than both women as he reared back on his tail. His forked tongue chased the last drops of Angela's lust from his lips before once again regarding her with cool detachment. Jessica's heart was racing. What could possibly happen next?

His claws flashed out, making two quick cuts before Jessica could even register the movement. She flinched, but the only response was Angela falling forwards, the substance tying her wrists to the wall neatly severed. He caught her gently by the collarbone and lowered her down, her ankles slipping free as her stance shifted. The shock of falling snapped Angela out of her haze, and she stepped haphazardly out onto the floor as Simon slid gracefully to the side. His hands released her as soon as she was free, slithering calmly away to take up a position in the corner of the room.

Jessica's mouth was dry. Everything seemed so unreal, so fantastical, that trying to think clearly about any of it was like swimming against a strong current. Her mind kept wanting to just drift off, to relax and treat this like the dumb VR stories she indulged in. "You should go", she found herself saying distantly, as though she was reading off a hokey script. "Escape while you still can. Get help."

Even said without enthusiasm, it spurred Angela into motion. She found her feet eventually, stumbling forward into the centre of the room. Meeting Jessica's eyes, Angela looked concerned in a distracted way, as though she couldn't entirely put a finger on what she was supposed to be worried about. Her attention shifted slowly, her head tilting downwards as though pulled by an irresistible force. "Yeah", she answered eventually. "I... I should go."

She stepped forwards, moving more fully into the light from the door. A sudden gleam caught Jessica's attention, and she realised that even though Angela's cock was still coated with the

dripping slickness of her earlier actions it was once again beginning to stiffen. It pulled her arm towards itself almost magnetically, slotting itself into her waiting palm apparently without any conscious thought.

"But first", she added, "maybe I could take care of something... really quickly..."

A lazy grin grew on Angela's face as one finger after another curled around her shaft, her steps slowly turning away from the door and towards the nearby wall. Simon seemed content to simply watch at a distance as she braced herself with one hand, clenching the other around her shaft and leaning into jerking off her new cock.

Biting her lip, Jessica knew she should turn away as her friend pleased herself, but she couldn't quite bring herself to do so. "What are you doing Angela?", she asked, trying to keep her tone level.

"I just... hnnh... need to cum!", came the halting response, moaned helplessly into the crook of her elbow as she leaned all her weight against the wall. "You know how it... uhnn! is, right? When your cock feels so... good! And full, and you need to just... let it out... ahnn! Then I can get right back to... whatever it was I was doing."

Jessica was as enthralled as Angela was oblivious. The look of sheer, overpowering lust on her face as she embraced her needs, the way a steady trickle of inky blackness flowed over her curled fingers and fell unregarded to the floor, her tongue stretching just a little too long out of her mouth as she panted in desperate heat. How would it feel to be so utterly taken with corruption like that, until you couldn't even question the alien urges you were following?

She was pulled back out of her thoughts as Angela gave a low moan, her fist first upping then slowing its tempo along her shaft. "I just...", she hissed through clenched teeth. "I just need to cum. Why can't I cum?"

Neither of the women saw more of those same slime-snakes entering the room until they'd started curling up over Angela's foot. Jessica went to call out a warning, but... didn't. Rationally she told herself it was because it was too late, that Simon had showed that once they'd reached you it was impossible to get them off. But even in the moment Jessica knew that wasn't the truth. The truth was that she wanted to see what would happen, she wanted to watch as the alien creatures piled into Angela's body and changed her more. So she blushed and bit her lip, egging them on silently as almost a dozen of them slid smoothly up her friend's thighs.

For her part, Angela seemed not to notice them until they brushed up against her fingers. For just a moment there was an expression of panic on her face, softening quickly into confused surprise before even that was overwritten with mindless lust as they made their move. The first of the slimes slipped seamlessly inside her waiting slit, provoking a shuddering gasp as her hand all but lost its grip on her increasingly slick shaft. Her cock surged almost immediately, the sudden orgasm hitting her so hard it knocked her off-balance. She fell backwards amongst the

slimes with a cushioned splat, lying dazed on the floor in the middle of the room. From there she had a second's respite as the creatures reformed, before they flowed smoothly over her body from all sides. Angela barely had room to gasp as they swarmed her entirely, one following the first into her slit, another pressing between her lips into her mouth, and still more seemingly just melting over her skin to coat it with a thick layer of shining darkness. She could only thrash as most of her body lost definition, with only a few points that Jessica could pick out clearly. The first was her head as it waved from side to side, her mouth open even as yet another slime absorbed itself into her tongue to leave it long and forked. Still more sunk into her hair, slicking it down in an increasingly solid mass. At the other end her legs kicked slower and slower as they were melded together, stretching out smoothly to form her long new tail. And between both stood her cock, throbbing maddeningly as yet more of the wriggling slimes found their way inside her. Each blissful intrusion provoked a hissing orgasm as they ceaselessly fed her corruption, her pooling cum quickly lost in the sea of alien slime coating her completely.

The scene went on almost for longer than Jessica could bear to watch, especially with her own hands too restrained to do anything. Eventually though the flood of changes stopped and slowly her writhing subsided. Simon slithered up next to Angela, apparently now content to return to center stage. He helped her rise into a standing position before the two of them turned to regard Jessica with alien eyes. In some ways it was hard to tell them apart - her face had the same serpentine look as he did, albeit with a much smaller hood, but enough influence remained of her previous features to tell who she used to be. That said, she'd kept her large chest, even if her breasts were now covered in smooth black scales that coated the rest of their bodies. As they looked her over each of them lazily toyed with their long, slick cocks, displaying yet another difference between them. Simon's balls visibly swelled at the attention, while Angela traced a finger over her still-dripping slit, clearly enjoying her unique configuration.

There was a slick sound in the distance, and Jessica saw a heaving movement through the open doorway. Dozens, no, hundreds of slimes poured into the room, carpeting the floor as they slunk towards them. Angela and Simon followed her gaze to take them in, sharing a predatory grin as they turned back to stare her down.

She was next. Her former friends would do to her exactly what had been done to them, and before long she too would be a horny, alien snake woman, mindlessly jerking off her cock and spreading this slimy corruption. She couldn't even pretend not to want it, her body burned to feel their touch, to have this slick intensity remold her completely. Sweat beaded on her forehead as they leaned close, her new partners slithering beside her as their cold breath tickled her neck from each side.

Simon's hiss filled her ear, and she only barely made out the words it contained. "You ssshould do the dishes more often."

She blinked, her brain sparking. Before it could process anything further, Angela added, "and don't leave your private 'entertainment' running on the living room screen."

They pulled back as all the air left Jessica's lungs in a wheezing gasp. "*WHAT*", she demanded.

The room dimmed, her housemates retreating with infuriating casualness into the darkness. "Sorry babe", Angela said over her shoulder, "but we thought this'd be the only way it'd sink in. I could have sworn you woke up when we got the VR set on, but I guess not."

Jessica thrashed, pulling at her restraints in earnest for the first time. "No! You can't just leave me hanging! Get back here and fuck me, goddamnit!"

Simon had the decency to look genuinely embarrassed, but Angela pulled him away all the same. "Maybe if you're good we'll run this again. Say, a month of *actually* doing your share of the house work?"

The only response was a wordless yell as the program shut down. By the time Jessica had fully logged out and resurfaced she was alone, a distant 'click' suggesting that Angela and Simon were safely locked in their bedroom. "You... you better be ready next month!", she spat, before heading back to her own room for the angriest masturbation session of her life.