“Go get some towels!” snapped her manager, Nani acknowledging the order as she briskly walked off, to get the white linens that her boss had requested. The Hawaiian beauty rolling her eyes the moment she was out of sight as she could hear the pompous man chewing out another member of staff for some trivial task that they were not performing up to his stringent specification.

She hated this job, but she had to do it, as steady income was one of the criteria for maintaining her guardian status for her little sister Lilo, and as such she would weather the verbal tirades of a micro-penis challenged man if it meant keeping her ohana together. Walking briskly her luau themed outfit, a small strip of blue fabric covering her breasts in a floral-patterned marine green, a matching beach skirt going with it, the knot securing it on her left hip, giving a slither of tanned skin up the entire length of her hip to her foot. This was topped off with a beautiful pink hibiscus to be the cherry on top cementing the tropical vibe the hotel had been aiming for.

Walking at a brisk pace, the humid air of the Pacific day filing her lungs, Nani made her way to the laundry building. It was a small hut that sat a little way down a service path from the main pool. Normally this task would be for the maids, which with Nani been a waitress was normally outside her jurisdiction. Normally the environment was not so hostile, but with Mr. Jameson out of town on business he had left the Birds of paradise hotel in the hands of his business partner for but a few short days as the egotistical man was already abusing his power to shit on every member of staff lower down the chain than him.

To be fair he had good reason, as a visiting dignitary and their entourage was expected, so everything had to be perfect, and if picking up the slack meant he wouldn’t fire her, Nani was glad to do it as she needed to hold down this job to meet the criteria required for her to maintain custody of Lilo. This whole situation brought on by a likely soon to be out of work maid not coming in, and as such the dominos had all come crashing down as a chain in the logistics line was broken, that Nani had now been haphazardly tossed into the role to fill.

Reaching the laundry hut, she grasped the brass doorknob and giving it a wriggle opened it, to a sweltering gust of air as the dryers within had hotboxed the room. Wafting a hand in her face like a fan, she then corrected a loose bit of her bang, and entered the chamber to begin loading up one of the towel trolleys. Nani checking her uniform and hair was perfect to spare her getting reamed from being unprofessional looking even though the outfit she was in was more than a little revealing. Grasping a few of the Egyptian cotton towels, Nani began loading them into the trolly in a methodical way lining the bottom from left to right so that none of the hundred or so beach towels were creased.

She had just about filled the basket when she saw the door that she had left ajar to vent to room wobble for a moment, and she immediately picked up the pace fearing that her boss was about to barge in and reprimand her for being too slow.

“I am nearly done Mr. Welkin!” called out Nani, her voice calm and formal as she wanted to keep the short-fused man on his good side, though he in truth probably didn’t have one. She got no reply, and assumed it was just a sea breeze knocking the door slightly, and she finished loading the trolley without incident and began to push it out of the shed for its short commute to the towel holders that sat by the pool changing rooms.

She had no idea something was hunting her, the breath from her lungs and the slight scent of the deodorant she used to mask her body odour bringing something in the nearby shrubbery out of its sleep as it smelled a potential meal. A huge reticulated python, an exotic pet that had escaped, and unlike a dog no one would say it had escaped as the act of owning it was a federal crime in the state of Hawaii. The owner loving Mr Squiggles, but not enough to take a felony crime as punishment for owning such a serpent.

The drag brown creature flickering the air with its lounge, as its girth pressed against the door as it set up in what it assumed was a game trail, hoping to snag a doe or sow that might wander past its concealed position in the leaf litter. The creature could smell Nani, as it had circled the hut before coming to a rest on the side of the path, the smell of prey fresh, and it waited in anticipation, winding up like a spring, ready to lunge at the next creature to cross its path. if it were a simpler creature it might have lunged at the towel trolley, but its pit glands showed it to be little more than a nutrient devoid inanimate object, and it continued to wait as the cart pushed out of the shed, and a moment later the sweaty Nani emerged from the cold blues of the hut. The woman sticking out like a sore thumb in the sea of blues and greens as she was a vibrant red and orange, her body heat betraying her, and the moment she came into range the snake struck.

She let out a yelp, as sharp fangs sank into her thigh, the impact knocking her to the ground in a sprawled heap. The Polynesian beauty for a moment unable to register that had hit her, as she landed hard, the air from her lungs vacating leaving her winded. Placing a hand on the ground she attempted to return to her feet, a damp stinging traveling up her left side, as the impact had sparked a spring of crimson blood. this attempt was kicked out of her as the snake immediate coiled around her with its telegraph pole like body, the glossy snakeskin encasing her from ankles to breasts and immediately put the pressure on.

Feeling this attack she realised some animal was assaulting her, but the alien sensation made it impossible to place. Nani’s instincts triggering as she tried to scream, but instead of a call for aid it was but a hissing screech, barely audible as the python throttled her with its constricting embrace. The bear hug too much for the woman as it slowly tightened like a snare, growing snugger and snugger as she tried to struggle. This was but erratic twitching as her arms were pinned to her sides leaving just squirming fingers and fidgeting toes as she began to wheeze like a beached shark.

She was like a stranded whale, her movement completely suppressed by a tube of muscle that had wound around her, like a strangling vine. She knew it had to be a snake, but there were no snakes on Hawaii; right? This so-called fact was proven false as a triangle shaped head emerged from her peripheral vision to have a gander at its haul of calories. Nani was a fine haul, something to hold off the hunger pangs that the creature had suffered as rats were not sufficient for a creature of its bulk, so it was grateful to have found a real meal taking the form of a 19-year-old native woman.

Nani looked at the slit-like eyes of the snake, a warm wet emanating from between her legs as she began to suffocate. The stench of urine hitting her nose a moment later as the snake's strong grasp caused her bladder to spasm involuntarily, a blue hue coming to her honey-like skin as she began to asphyxiate. With every beat of her panicking heart the bindings drew that little bit tighter, her lungs a fire as she tried to breath, but her lungs occupied the space required for them to expand leaving her to gag on her own tissues.

Her heart felt like a hot air balloon set to rupture, each breath shorter then the last as she tried to resist but from her compromised position, she could do nothing. This inevitability didn’t register in her adrenalin fuelled mind, she was not just fighting for herself she was also fighting for Lilo, Stitch and the rest of her ohana. She had always thought it would be one of Stich's cousins that would do her in, but as her vision grew dark well, she wallowed in a puddle of her piss, it became clear that a flesh and blood earth predator would be the one to end her tragically cut short life.

Lip quivering, lungs no longer ventilating Nani saw the maw of the snake open over her face as it didn’t even loiter long enough to be sure she had expired, her spasming muscles enough indication to start her induction process. Nani feeling a damp veil upon her skull as the snake yawned and slotted her noggin into the space casting her vision into the darkness of her new snakeskin dress.

The snake giving a rolling gulp as it adjusted its grip on its barely clinging onto life meal, who’s chest danced at this little bit of give as it tried to grasp a drowning breath. This pull from the keen throat turned Nani’s entire head into little more than a spherical bulge behind the snake’s head, her face contorting in a straining cringe as if she was taking a nasty shit, her body unable to muster anything more dramatic.

The snake now wasting any time, as it knew it was on a path, and it didn’t want to be caught inhaling this meal, lest it have to regurgitate it and flee when another predator wandered down the path looking for something to fill its own belly. Pulling Nani in with its coils, the snake wobbled its head before with a squelching pop its maw began to dilate over the bare shoulders of its quarry. The snake relishing in her taste, salty with a hint of pineapple, though this was lost on the creature that was more interested in the hormones and pheromones that coated her oily skin, a sweat overcoming her as she choked to death.

The snout going between the twin mounds of her breasts before flattening them as the slick jaws overcame the minor obstacles by smooshing the fatty flesh under its throats overwhelming pressure. The snake unwinding slowly as it oozed down Nani’s body, the woman now just a lump of spasming meat as she drifted in and out of consciousness as her brain short-circuited after the starving effects of the Snakes squeezing was replaced by a peristaltic flow. Her upper body damp and getting compressed like a bubble of slimy living linen had entombed her like a mummy.

Nani had to escape her fingers scratching at the hard scales of her assailant, but failing to get a grip, as it just slid over her ribs and forearms, before with knock it pinned her rapidly shortening arms in its restraining throat. The bulge in the snake’s pipe like length growing larger as its meal gained a formfitting morph suit with its throat lumen. Nani’s fingers twitching erratically before being shrouded by the snake’s dank throat. The snake pausing for a moment as it released Nani’s legs, enough of her wrapped in its gullet for any meagre struggles she might muster were irrelevant in denying the inevitable.

Her hips bucking weakly like an unenthused whore, as even drowning in saliva that was oiling her up like she was about to bask on a beach, greasing her up for the long slide that was the snakes' slip and slide of a body. Her top clinging to her skin as it was now soaking, the cotton holding the water like a sponge, as in normal tropical conditions it would have kept her cool, but now it was just a clammy rag chaffing her tits.

This rocking of her pelvis was soon lost as the snake’s jaws mattered down the skirt fabric as it drew dark with drool. The billowing skirt clumping up as the drool made it sit tight to Nani’s skin, as the jaws coasted over the hips like it was a fellside on an after church stroll. The thick thighs following suit and soon the upper jaw of the snake was gliding down Nani’s shins, leaving her to her ankles in straining snakeskin. Her painted toenails wafting in the comparison to the scorching snake interior cool Pacific air.

From here it was just a flick of the jaws and a slurping swallow and Nani was cast to the stomach, to seep down the throat in a gentle flow of one continuous gulp. The pretty nails giving one last salute before disappearing past the throat flaps, as the snake gently realigned its jaws and with a bit of flexing closed its black hole of a gob.

The hourglass-shaped bulge quaked its gut on the way down, in animated motions of frantic fidgeting. Nani was no longer alive, this motion was just her brain trying to process the erratic signals her no longer manageable nerves were giving her, like an overloaded circuit board trying to reboot but the issues at hand not allowing any of it. her mind before death coming focussing on Lilo and hoping that Jumba and Pleakley would take care of her, as she literally was swamped in spit, that flooded her lungs leaving them like water balloons in her chest. Her death spasms carrying her to the stomach where she came to a rest, the snake taking her clothes and all in a single long swallow. The reptile’s penchant for swallowing its prey whole leaving no evidence of any wrongdoing, as now a lot heavier it slithered off to nurse the bulge in its midsection. The only evidence of anything being amiss was an abandoned towel trolley that had been left unattended with by a woman who had a lot more to worry about then her future job prospects as she stewed to chyme in a snake’s belly.

The beast lugging its load a distance from the path, coming to rest in a drainage ditch, that it then followed until it found a tunnel allowing it to drain under a road. The creature squeezing its female filled gut into the artificial cave, an ideal place to juice its feast in peace. Nani already softening up and in about a week she would be nothing but soup sloshing through the snakes rapidly regrowing intestines, this meal a feast after a famine and the reptile appreciated it immensely. For now though she left an attractive bulge that even now was shaking, as random muscles spasmed as nerves began to snip causing misfires to rack across her body using any remaining oxygen that lurked in her cells.

Nani’s body soon losing its composure and in sizzling snaps, turned from a luscious body to hunk of festering meat. Her hair falling out, skin rubbed raw, her entire body looking like she had been massaged by a cheese grater as her skin flaked away. Her airy summer clothes doing nothing to protect her as the cotton began to denature in the kneading space, the claustrophobic walls stripping it off her as easily as it did her own epidermis. Soon this outer layer of meaty broth was squirted into the intestines and immediately the protein was used to reinvigorate the waning organ. All the while the snake was giving wide-mouthed yawns, its white mouth flesh exposed as it burped up any Air that Nani had brought down with her, including the lingering gases pushed from her still lungs. This allowing the stomach to get a full grip on her body without any annoying bubbles of air to interfere with its connection with her limber form.

No one would notice Nani’s disappearance at first, the first flag being raised when Lilo called David to say her sister had not come home. This started a trail involving a missing person report and after that a few searches to see if she could be found. These amounted to nothing as the snake lurked in its manmade cave, the bulge in its gut smoothing out and rapidly diminishing in size as it deflated as more and more woman gravy was turned into fat and muscle on its frame.

By the end of the week there was nobody to be found, the snake proficiently segregating it into nutrients and scat. A thick turd around 5% of Nani’s weight lingering in its bowels until it fed again as it would use Nani’s dead weight to give it more bulk to subdue its next meal. Though before then it would need to evict the squatting remains that still rotted in its stomach, as it would need full capacity if it was to ingest another of these delicious hairless apes.

Emerging from the tunnel, the snake streamlined again baring a swelling the size of a football in its stomach, it began to retch, its mouth flailing like a fanged flower, before the mass shifted and began to move up the creature’s slender length. The mass stopping at the back of the creature’s head, and with a few bobbing gurgles and a splash as it hit the shallow watercourse lining the ditch; Nani was reborn.

It was a greasy hairball of phlegm caked hair, clumps of acid bleached fabric adding colour to the rounded knot of hair. A few teeth caps lingering in it, the enamel denatured but proving resistant to the snake’s caustic bath, as like the hair the snakes' well-tuned biology deemed the nutritional value of such things not equal to the effort that would be required to metabolize it. the Hairball steamed in the morning air, fly’s already flocking to inspect the vomit-scented pellet. The concise package of indigestibles ejected just as easily as Nani had slipped down the gullet a week prior, her peachy skin simmering nicely, and her digestion had been smooth cementing humans as a possible food source for the gargantuan snake as they were not as aggressive or hard to keep down as the boars that roamed the woods.

Slinking off in search of food, the snake left the remains of Nani to wallow in mud as she cooled as it went back on the prowl for food, as space had opened up in its stomach. The pellet would be found a few days later by a man walking his dogs, the canines enamoured in rolling in the foul-smelling lump of waste the snake had upchucked in an unceremonious eviction of what it deemed of Nani to offer it no practical application upon its frame. From this point the Hawaiian police department was then looking for an escaped snake, which even now was hunting in the lowland forests of the island.

This was not the last the world would see of Nani though, as well the snake was subduing a certain blonde lifeguard it shat out the former big sister as it inhaled its second human meal, leaving her as a grave marker to mark its taking of a second scrumptious female.