Hair colored a deep blue with cheap hair dye and cut in a messy homemade bob, eyes a doe-like brown, and a rather average body build clad in a cheap black long coat. Her name is Blaire. She’s 29, single, never been kissed, and currently walking down a dark alley in the rain toward a little place with a hot pink neon sign that says “Dark Appetites Only”. A cheap alternative to the super expensive vore whorehouses in uptown. This is no dark marble building furnished with only the finest furniture and most skilled predators money can buy.

No. This a desperate final destination that takes all comers regardless of income or shame, no wills or appointment required. Waiting and willing stomachs ready to ingest all the women who show up with fistfuls of cash.

She clasps her last scraps of cash in her pocket. Her final withdrawal from her bank consisting of a single hundred note, and a few tens; the last of her money. Freshly unemployed, no sympathetic family, home foreclosed by the bank, and nowhere left to go.

This was it. This was the only option other than staring down the barrel of homelessness. She’d rather burn and suffer horribly in the belly of a snake than accept a life on the streets. Without prey urges though, her suffering would be legendary and there would be no pleasure before her death. She only hoped that the snakes at this brothel could make her last moments at least a little enjoyable.

As she closes the gap between her heavy sorrowful feet and the three steps in front of the door, she doesn’t even contemplate the circumstances that brought her here. The massive corporation she slaved for ten years at that unceremoniously tossed her out as soon as she politely asked for a raise. The non-committal attempt at a girlfriend who only seemed vaguely attracted to her at best before rushing off to go digest alive in the stomach of an anaconda in a one-night-stand. The parents who didn’t offer a single finger of support in regards to helping her through her financial troubles, but never stopped to pester her constantly about when she was going to squirt out some babies.

None of that was there this night. Not in her head, her heart, or in her dried out from crying eyes. Why kill herself with a noose or the one pair of scissors she has, when she can spend every last dollar she has left on a faint chance that she might enjoy herself for once and leave nothing for the monsters she surrounded herself with. So what if it would burn like absolute horror? At least she’d be filling a belly, and might get a decent fuck before the jaws came down.

She walks up the three steps and opens the metal shack door, stepping inside. The foyer, lit by dimmed lamp lights under hot pink lampshade had the air of a cheap novelty fuck motel about it. Past the foyer was an excruciatingly long and dimly lit hallway reeking of sweat, sex and mildew. But before the hallway, a little ways past the entrance door and the foyer, was a desk on the left and a little service bell. She walks up and is about to ring the bell before a powerful shiny yellow scale covered hand stops her.

“I’m right here, there’s no need.”

Blaire’s eyes scroll upward as her head remains motionless. The hand belongs to a golden-skinned naga; an extremely rare thing to see, especially in the city. A humanoid torso, a supremely long serpentine lower half and head, these beings were a leftover from Teleru’s attempts to use snakes to resurrect men. To Teleru’s credit, there were males among them, but since the females as well as the males needed to eat women for viable DNA to reproduce, all Teleru ended up doing was doubling the number of women who got eaten. They were expelled, and now thousands of them live their artificially elongated lives in mountain villages.

Except this one. And yet, despite how rare these beings are, Blaire barely registers the uniqueness or rarity of the serpentine man. Wrecked by emotional devastation and resigning herself to the end, she’s on full auto-pilot.

“You seem out of it, don’t you… Probably a story to tell, huh?” The golden naga, with his deep bass-filled voice says, resting his chin on his hand as he leans against the counter. “What brings you here to our humble little whorehouse, hmm?”

Blaire reaches into her coat and pulls out one hundred and thirty two Thandran copper notes without saying a word.

“Oh, no… You too?” He’s seen it before, the women who came from scenarios where the world was set to deliver itself on a silver platter, because these women who didn’t have prey urges were destined for greatness. At least that’s the garbage they’re told when they’re kids. Except that silver platter never came, and non-prey privilege exists only for those born into wealth. ”Another non-prey looking for a way out. Sorry to hear that, but I can tell this place isn’t for you, hun. Trust me, only prey women would enjoy what’s here. Nothing waiting here for you except blistering pain and regret.”

“I’ll give you everything I have… Please eat me…” She barely has any strength left to speak, her hand grasping her money shaking from shot nerves and exhaustion.

“Oh, hell…” The naga sighs as he sits up and leans back against the wall behind him with his arms behind his head. “I could… Hmmm… No… We have some silks but… Maybe some dupe juice… Nah…”

“If you’re considering using painkillers, I don’t have that much money. I’d rather just be eaten and get it over with.”

“Hush for a second.” The naga says as he gets off the wall, looking like he’s in deep contemplation. “Alright fine. Come this way.” The gilded serpentine man slithers out from behind the counter, unspooling the coil of some thirty feet of serpent behind him. “What the hell am I doing?” He says as he shakes his head a bit, grabbing his phone off the counter and slithering toward the hallway.

“Come with me, okay?”

The naga starts down the hallway, motioning for his wayward visitor to follow behind. As she walks behind the serpent to the right of his extremely long and powerful tail, her eyes are facing only forward and half closed. She doesn’t notice the labels on the doors, some with cartoon pictures of frogs, snakes, birds, and plants. Specific rooms tailored for specific predators. Almost thirteen doors down the bending hallway, the naga stops in front of a door with no label on it.

“Here we are. Come in here.” The naga swipes his phone over the door lock and it clicks open. As he motions her inside, the lights come on automatically. Inside is a room that seems more like what one would expect in a motel rather than a vore brothel. A queen-sized bed, one bathroom, folding tables, and a tiny kitchenette, all accompanied with cheap assembly line furniture and wood-paneled walls. He bids Blaire to sit down on the bed and opens the tiny motel room closet, rummaging inside. “This is the room we use for clients who can’t decide what predator they want or are unsure if they’re ready to die. We give them this space to think it over.”

“I want to be eaten.” Says Blaire in a quiet moody tone as though her words had the edges sanded off.

“No you don’t. I’ve been at this for a long time and I know prey when I see it.” The naga, without taking his attention away from the closet, points with his thumb over his shoulder down toward his tail. “Check my lower body and you’ll see what prey looks like.”

Down his tail, were several bulges, each one a woman in various states of digestion, some more obvious than others but getting more difficult to discern the further down the tail one looked. Could be three, could be four depending on where you draw the line between the terms ‘woman’ and ‘mush’. The more recent ingestees were still writhing and giving muffled screams of ecstasy and pain, unnoticed the whole time by Blaire who was simply going from point A to B like a robot resigning itself to the scrap yard.

“These girls came in all shapes and sizes, but they all had one thing in common. They were each soaking wet between the legs and they wanted to be digested alive, specifically by me. These girls were horny as hell and total gut sluts looking for the perfect predator.” The naga pulls out of the closet with a box in his arms and slithers to the kitchenette. “You, on the other hand, came here not smelling of wet pussy, with bloodshot eyes, and not caring how you went but just wanting to go. You’re not looking to get eaten, you’re looking to end it all.”

“Does it matter? You still get paid and fed.”

The naga places the box down on the kitchenette counter with just enough force to emphasize his point.

“Yes, it goddamned matters!” The naga looks at Blaire like a disappointed father. “One, this is a whorehouse, not assisted suicide. We do passionate last moments, not self-destructive favors. It’s the difference between a last wish, and putting down a sick dog. One is a good time with significant emotion behind it, the other is gut-wrenching, pathetic, and does no good for anyone.”

Blaire looks down at the floor, her hands in her lap grasping at her coat.

“And two, if you’re not prey than being eaten is not enjoyable in any regard. These girls here, in my stomach? They’re having a ball, loving everything happening to them even though it’s killing them. The pain, suffering, and eventually dying only makes it better for them, because the peril enhances the pleasure. Masochism at its utmost.” The naga says carrying the folded clothes from the box over to his temporary houseguest. “But you? If you jump in my stomach, the only thing waiting for you is fear, panic, torturous pain, and longing for death to make the pain stop.”

“……………..” She had nothing to say.

“What’s your name?” inquired Hyrre.

“Blaire.” She replied.

“Hello, Blaire. I’m Hyrre. Here, put on these clothes. Sorry, but silky skimpy stuff is all we have here, this being a brothel and all. We don’t usually have guests overnight.” Said the naga.

“I’m not here to-“ Blaire tried to protest.

“Stop. Just change out of those wet clothes before you get sick.” Said Hyrre.

Blaire, still clutching her money, tries to place it in the naga’s hand.

“No, no. You hold on to that.” Hyrre said, laying the clothes next to Blaire. “You can stay here tonight, okay? But only for a day or two to clear your head. I don’t need money. I know what you’ve been through.”

“…………Thank you, but I don’t have anywhere to go. If I leave here I’m going to find someone to eat me. I don’t have any more money, just this. And I don’t have anyone to help me.” Her words tremble as though she wants to cry again but has nothing left to fuel the motor.

“I know, I’ve dealt with your kind a few times before. This city loves taking bright-eyed non-prey and chewing them up worse than any prey would ever know.” Hyrre slithers toward the door, heading back to his desk, but stopping to lean on the doorframe. “And I’ve always helped when I could. You’re lucky you came when you did.”

“I can’t repay you.” lamented Blaire.

“Hmmmm… Don’t be so sure.” Replied Hyrre with an open hand to brush away misconception. “If you really need a place to stay and don’t mind earning it, then I can give you this room as a worker’s quarters. That is, if you want the work. Most of the women I help end up getting back on their feet in one way or another, but if you truly have nowhere to go, then I can keep you up here as long as you’re willing to work.”

“You… You’re offering me a job? Why are you being so nice to me? You just met me.”

“Well, to put it purely and simply, no one wants to work at a whorehouse unless they’re either eating or fucking. I need someone that wants neither. This place needs serious upkeep and people to go get things that I can’t, and if you’re up for it, that’d be you. I don’t pay enough to pay rent, but if you live here you won’t have to worry about it. No food though, that’s on you.”

“……….!” Blaire’s tear-crusted eyes light up somewhat, the tiniest of sparks of optimism piercing through the bloodshot surface. “I… I don’t know what to say… Thank you…”

“Don’t worry about it. You may not be thanking me in a few days. I’m not ruthless, but the work I need help with is not exactly nice.”

“Anything is better than a dead-end cubicle job.”

“You may change your tone before long, but we’ll see about that when you wake up. Have a good sleep, and when you wake up we’ll talk about what you’ll be doing here, and get you a work uniform, okay?”

“Okay…… Thank you, Hyrre.”

“No problem, night night.” The naga exits, pulling his long body full of writhing women out through the door, and gently closing.

Blaire, unsure of what to think about her sudden brush with boundless kindness, takes off her long coat and tennis shoes, both soaked with rain. She stands up and puts her last few scraps of cash on the counter and walks into the tiny bathroom, placing her gifted skimpy silks on the bathroom sink. Peeling off her drenched cotton T-shirt, raggedy nylon bra, and old jeans. Drying herself off with the stiff old cotton towel, she eyes the light blue silk panties and nightie wondering if this will be her work uniform when she starts.

Moments later she walks out clad in what she feels is the nicest fabric she’s ever worn. She peels back the comforter and sheets and lays her head down on the overly thick pillow. As she pulls the comforter and sheets back up, a sudden thought enters her head.

“Hyrre… For a snake man, he’s really nice… And… He doesn’t look too bad either… I don’t have any options, but I think I’ll like working here.”

Her emotional toll, exhaustion, and relief ensures she doesn’t lie in bed to ponder very long before the best sleep she’s ever had washes over her. Her dreams of a damsel in distress, and the brave serpentine knight that rescues her from being thrown down a pit bring a smile to her face. The first she’s had in a long time. As the damsel takes off the serpent knight’s helm and she kisses the handsome scaly face, Blaire’s silk panties become lightly touched upon by a wetness that has nothing to do with the weather outside.

Meanwhile, back at the counter, Hyrre finds himself in a conflict as he tries to continue the puzzle magazine he was doing before his new prospective employee arrived.

“Why did I do that!? Just taking in a random woman off the street? Giving her a job and a place to stay? Yes, she’s cute but, it’s way too sudden! And way too convenient!” The naga’s doubts pervading his mind, he puts the magazine down and hangs his head in defeat. “You know why… For all these women in your gut, and as many as you fuck… Not one of them ever knew your name for more than a few seconds before they were gone, digesting away. She did, though… Enough to say it back to you, which is more than any other woman can say. Mostly because they’re all dead. You’re lonely, Hyrre. You’re lonely and want a woman. One that’s not prey, or here to compete with you. One that’ll stick around.”