Apophis Versus Colossal Snake

~~Apophises are a type of lamia. Snake girls whose lower body is that of a snake, and whose upper body is that of a human. In particular, apophises are venomous species, not constrictors. They’re serpentine half is a dark purple, and their human half is a lighter shade of purple. Their eyes, black and yellow, and they don an ornamental hood that mimics that of a cobra. This character is from the Monster Girl Encyclopedia if you’re interested in more information about her.

No sooner did she stumble across the massive snake was she attacked by it. His head lunged at hers, grabbing her face with his powerful jaws and attempting to coil his body around her. In self-defense, she tried to coil herself around him, leaving the two of them intertwined with each other, squeezing, trying to subdue each other.

“Let go of me, you vile beast! I’m not food. We’re of the same kind!!!” She screamed directly into his mouth.

The snake no responding to her pleas fought on. And he was all too strong for the apophis however. His specialty, hunting via constriction outmatched her, she was a venomous subspecies of lamia. However, the venom surging through her fangs was nothing more than an aphrodisiac to subdue potential mates. A completely ineffective concoction against beast she was entangled with. Completely defenseless against the hungry snake that was much larger and stronger than her, her only hope was for someone to intervene on her behalf.

After a few minutes of intense struggling, the apophis was left exhausted and could no longer put up a fight, allowing the snake to take complete control of the situation, holding her firmly in place. Once she had stopped putting up a fight, the snake released her face from his maw, only to reposition his mouth to the top of her head, so that he could finally take in his meal in earnest. Without hesitation, he began to take the apophis’ head into his mouth, his saliva thoroughly soaking into her luscious, violet colored hair. As his jaws expanded to accommodate the apophis’ head, the pace at which he was taking her in slowed. While he was a large snake, swallowing a lamia would not be an easy task. Still, he persisted. The apophis’ exquisite taste wasn’t something he was going to give up so easily.

The snake’s slimy maw made its way further down the apophis’ head, inch by inch. Upon his mouth reaching her nose, she was overcome with an awful stench. As the stench invaded her nostrils, her instantaneous reaction was to gag and cough. Unconcerned with how his food reacted to his putrid maw, the snake slowly continued to slide his mouth down the apophis head and soon her neck. And now with his mouth firmly over the apophis’ neck, the top of her head was now pushing against esophagus.

Here came the most difficult part for the snake, expanding his jaw fit around her shoulders. The snake readjusted his grip that he had around her upper body with his tail, and he squeezed the apophis to scrunch her shoulders inwards to make the transition from neck to shoulders much easier. She could only clench her teeth in pain as breathing became so difficult from the snake’s vise grip around her torso. Screaming in pain or for help was an impossibility.

With just a little more effort, he managed to establish a grasp on her upper body with his stretched out maw. And now that he made it past the shoulders, her head was forced into the esophagus. Working his way down the apophis’ chest, the snake reached the most difficult part of the girl to swallow. Her large, ample breasts were quite the obstacle, but he inched ever slowly down her large breasts, putting in a tremendous amount of effort to make it past her boobs, squeezing them down against her chest with his tail to make swallowing them a bit easier. Finally to the snake’s relief, he managed to down her breasts, and finishing the rest of her off would be a much easier task.

Once the snake had taken in her breasts, she knew she was done for. That was the widest part of her body, and if he managed to get that part of her down, then that was it. It would be smooth sailing from there for the snake.

Inch by inch, she could feel her body slowly being being forced further down the snake’s innards. Slime and saliva thoroughly coated more and more of her body as he continued to devour her. With the snake’s tail no longer grasping her torso as it was now engulfed by his flesh, she was finally able to muster up the strength to scream for help. Maybe, just maybe, someone else would be in this remote part of desert to come to her aid. Unbeknownst to her, every scream she made, every plea for help, fell on deaf ears. Not only was there no one around to come to her rescue, but the snake’s thick flesh muffled nearly all sound coming from within. Her screams were nothing more than a faint whisper on the outside.

Several minutes passed by, more and more of her long body continued to be gulped down by the eager snake. A new, overwhelming stench that reeked of vomit and blood attacked her senses. The chamber that her head was finally pushed into was less constricting, but to her, it was a dire sign. She was entering his stomach. Almost completely fatigued at this point, she accepted her situation. No one was going to save her. She can’t break free. She’s too deep within the snake’s body to realistically fight against the snake’s undulating muscles and slide her way out. She was doomed. She could only hope that the fate that awaited her would be over, sooner rather than later.

Bile and small, minute chunks of previously and partially digested food found its way on her face, in her hair, and even violating her mouth as she gasped for air. The smell and taste of it was awful, but for her predator, the opposite was true. He was blissful as she was delicious, succulent treat.

Nearly an hour passed by before the tip of her long, serpentine tail was taken into her predator. Any slight hope that she had was now lost. She was lost, gone, never to be found. All she had left were her thoughts.

The reoccurring theme in her head was self-reflection, “so this is what it’s like to be the prey. This must have been what every victim of mine felt as they were devoured by my hands. I, the predator, have become the prey.”

Her consciousness slowly began to fade as the lack of oxygen began taking its toll on her. Her entire body had not even reached the stomach before she passed out. And if there was any consolation, she would not succumb to the pain of melting in the beast’s belly.

It took nearly a whole hour before her body was fully in the stomach. The snake slithered off into the small desert bush where he would remain camouflaged as he enjoyed his meal in peace. Nearly two weeks passed by before his bloated belly returned to its normal size, and all that was left behind was the occasional piece of jewelry that scattered the ground, mixed in with his excrement, that littered the ground.