

Author's Note: If you are under 18 turn back now! This is NOT for you.

And now for something completely different! I actually had a lot of fun putting this together. I hope you like it! Feel free to follow me on deviantart at [a-spooky-ghost](#), which coincidentally is also the best place to contact me.

Danger Noodle

Kassandra, or Kas to her friends, had been working nonstop for thirteen hours. As a volunteer at her local zoo, she knew very well that no money was coming for her efforts, either. Just the year previous, she had graduated university with a master's degree in zoology with a double major in animal behavior and animal science. Between working a full-time job outside of volunteering and her student loans she was a consistent bundle of nerves.

All of those worries, however, melted away when Kas was working in the reptile exhibit. Even coming to the end of an exhausting day left her feeling exhilarated. Best of all on that particular day she got her first chance to work with the zoo's snakes. Rearranging the smaller snakes' vivariums was easy but the serpentariums that the larger constrictors lived in could take upwards of an hour.

The hard work was worth it. Kas found snakes adorable, moreso than any puppy or kitten. When she had the chance to feed the snakes a few of the smaller ones would shimmy around on her hands. Some of the older handlers warned of the occasional bite, and bite they did. Luckily the constrictors lacked the fangs to do much damage but one of them had tried to grapple her legs.

At 5'2" Kas could hardly boast that she was the tallest volunteer at the zoo. Furthermore, her chest sat at the lower range of an A-cup. Much as she tried to be happy with what she had, a small part of her fantasized about being more than she was.

"Oh, to be a snake," Kas would muse.

When Kas retired from her shift to return home, nursing her right hand which had taken the brunt of the biting. She failed to adequately notice that something about the air tasted funny. Upon arriving home, she let her curly black hair out of the tight bun in which it had been bound for the preceding thirteen hours. Glancing around her tiny studio apartment a shiver ran up her spine. Even with the heater running she felt like she was going to freeze.

Some quality of the cold compounded with the long shift sent Kas right into her bed. In an instant she passed out. Dreams of hanging in tree branches, lounging on a rough with her tail in the water and hunting prey played out as she slept. A splitting headache tore Kas from her restful slumber. Upon waking she noticed she was no longer in bed.

Kas had, at some point, taken her pillow and comforter and curled up next to the radiator. Slowly but surely, she unsteadily rose to her feet. The brown-skinned woman started her morning routine; she made it as far as getting out of the shower before truly catching herself in a mirror.

“Oh! Oh, my goodness!” Kas exclaimed gleefully. For twenty-five years she had become accustomed to staring into the reflection of her soft blue eyes. Instead, brilliant orange serpentine eyes stared back at her. She brought up her still-wet hands to touch and tug at the skin around her eyes. When she thought to blink no eyelids came down to do so.

“I’ve either been assaulted by a renegade plastic surgeon,” Kas mused aloud, “or one of those snakes was radioactive!”

As Kas finished drying off and changing she felt absolutely giddy. Every few minutes she turned on her phone’s camera to marvel at her transformed eyes again. A rumble in her stomach tore her away from her literal self-reflection. She strode over to the fridge thinking she would maybe prepare a breakfast shake before heading out. Upon opening it, however, she caught sight of the uncooked tuna steak sitting on the top shelf. Before Kas knew it she had set it on the counter.

The back of Kas’ mind was trying to connect the dots between her sudden urge to eat raw fish and her serpentine eyes. However, the smell and taste of the uncooked steak weighed heavily in the air. She took in a deep breath and went about unwrapping the tuna.

“I’m not just going to eat this with my bare hands!” Kas remarked glibly. Still at the counter, she managed to transfer the tuna onto a plate she had set out, alongside a knife and fork.

With a deep breath, Kas cut herself a portion of the raw fish and took a bite. Her instincts seemed split in two: one team favored just eating the fish, while the other was certain she wasn’t supposed to eat any raw meat. When she began chewing all thoughts to the contrary melted away. Kas’ tastebuds felt like they were about to burst.

Every part of Kas’ body tingled with delight as she savored the meat. She became so enthused with the tuna’s incredible taste that she did a little dance in place, rocking back and forth on her heels. For a moment she was standing entirely on her toes before coming back down. Kas didn’t notice that her head remained at the same extended height despite now being flat on her feet.

Now humming to herself, Kas took another, larger bite of the tuna. Her body began to stretch upward in short, pulsing spurts for each passing second that she spent chewing. Even though her clothing was beginning to feel restrictive she paid it no mind. Her blue denim jeans began rising over her ankles as her t-shirt slowly became a tank top.

Kas soon noticed that in little time she had gone through half of the tuna. She swallowed the piece she was chewing and felt the need to stretch. That her fingers brushed the ceiling did not escape her notice. What did, briefly, elude her notice was her breasts beginning to surge outward, distending her shirt somewhat. Having finished her stretch, she looked back down at the unfinished tuna steak.

“This...” Kas found herself grasping her newly-developed breasts, “is amazing!”

Furtively, Kas looked herself up and down as she replayed the past few minutes in her head. Instantly she ruled out that she was entirely gaining snake powers. Not one species of snake that she knew of, and she was quite familiar with snakes, grew larger when it ate. Still deep in thought, her bifurcated tongue briefly whipped out of her mouth before drawing back in. The taste of the tuna was still heavy on the air, drawing her attention back to it.

Kas absentmindedly reached down to grab the tuna and took a bite out of it as one might eat an apple. Her curly black hair began straightening itself out and extending further down toward her lower back. Unbeknownst to her, orange scales began spreading from the base of her feet up toward her ankles. As she took another bite her breasts began pouring outward non-stop until she swallowed the chunk. Feeling the ever-constricting bra rub against her sensitive nipples elicited an aroused moan from between her lips.

As soon as Kas opened her mouth again she saw her forked tongue whip out to taste the air once more. Immediately, she squealed giddily at the sight of her transformation. She realized, however, that the taste of tuna had vanished from the air. Sure enough, there was nothing left in her hand to eat. Immediately, she felt the need to seek out more food in place of any other directive the day had previously.

A few minutes of broken speed limits later Kas arrived at the zoo. Passing comments from onlookers and coworkers alike fell beneath her notice. She could hear people were complimenting her “cool new contact lenses,” or saying “her shirt was inappropriately small.” Kas hadn’t bothered to take stock of the fact that she had grown nearly eight inches and three cup sizes. The only alteration she’d made to her outfit was to remove her insufficient bra.

Chaos erupted throughout the zoo in the moments following Kas arriving at the serpentarium. Witnesses had seen her climbing in and approaching that section’s main attraction: a sixteen-foot reticulated python. The massive serpent was an albino specimen; rather than an intricate pattern it sported a consistent layer of bright orange scales from head to tail.

Reports that the python had escaped overtook the zoo like a wildfire. Both the zoo’s own security, city police and animal control were all called to the scene. A swarm of the armed enforcers descended on the last known whereabouts of the python: the shoebill exhibit. One particularly enterprising officer split from the others to pursue the animal directly.

When the fellow officers caught up, they came upon the sight of the python curled around something in the middle of the exhibit. The golden tail seemed to have doubled in girth from the average python. As the serpent unfurled her head was raised aloft.

Kas began closing her previously-unhinged mouth. From within, an object vaguely resembling the top of a man’s head could be seen descending. The formerly mousy woman regarded the agents with a crooked smile. What had previously been a reticulated python now somehow only existed in the form of a tail.

Kas was recognizably human from her head down to her thighs, having retained her buttocks and vagina. Orange scales had formed as high up as her stomach, becoming denser until meeting the very bottom of her thighs wherein the snake tail began. As she continued rising it was clear that her tail alone reached a length of around four feet. Including her torso, she boasted a maximum height of around ten feet of scaly, supple flesh. She had cast off her clothing and ‘stood’ before her panicking audience utterly naked.

Warmth spread throughout Kas’ body as the fruits of her conquest began manifesting. She instinctively placed her hands on her already-sizeable breasts. Her tits began to push outward into her eager palms. All the officers that had arrived to handle the escaped animal watched, slack-jawed, as her boobs inflated larger and larger. Soon, Kas’ hands were overwhelmed by her breasts which commanded more space with each passing second. Though still firm, her swelling mounds drooped just enough that they would hang an inch above her belly button.

As Kas gave one of her nipples a tweak a startled yelp rang out from one of the officers. Her breasts had ceased their conquest of her torso. However, her head was gradually reaching even higher. Her tail squirmed as it, too, swelled in size to keep up with the rest of her. A long, forked tongue whipped out from her soft, plump lips long enough to taste fear in the air.

Kas moaned softly as she caressed her enlarging figure. What remained of her thighs and buttocks had gained a few inches of mass, too. As her growth slowly came to an end, she towered over the officers at around fifteen feet tall. Her breasts defied cup size but swayed and jiggled gently on her chest as she surveyed her improved body.

Just then, the sound of a gunshot rang throughout the exhibit. One of the police held his smoking gun, hands shaking in preparation to let off another shot. Not one person had identified themselves or given so much as a verbal warning. Enough humanity remained in Kas that she was afraid of the gun until she felt an impotent impact in her tail. A predatory smile infected her face as she eyed the one that had shot her.

“A snake isn’t a funny noodle like the internet would have you believe,” Kas said venomously. She slowly slithered toward the officer while lowering herself enough to look him directly in the eye.

“You are the food,” the lamia stated, “and I am the hunter.”

In that instant all those in the area attempted to flee. Kas lunged forward, surrounding and constricting the offending officer. The struggle ended as quickly as it began, just as it had before, with the officer being wholly consumed. Then, she set about taking her leave of the zoo entirely. Along her way she felt herself growing once again.

The shimmying movements of Kas’ tail caused her breasts to sway back and forth. Each time her tits bounced to one side they returned slightly larger than before. The rest of her body grew in tandem with her breasts this time. Her hair grew further out, too, until it was long enough to touch the top of her tail. Her lips began to plump and soften each time her tongue whipped out to

taste the air. It seemed that the further she made her way the further her tail extended; the more her hips and ass expanded.

While Kas' body remained soft, the innate power within that stopped the bullet seemed to increase. Moving her body was effortless—her enormous breasts created no strain for her back, and her tail had no problem raising her torso aloft as she moved. By the time she had reached the exit her growth slowed to a stop. Once exposed to the outside air she stretched upward as far as she could reach. The enormous lamia extended to no less than thirty feet tall, sporting jaw-dropping breasts that both needed no support and covered her belly button. Her enormous brown nipples held stiff as a slight breeze blew over her.

A short, blond-haired woman approach the titan with a clipboard clutched tightly in her hands.

“Excuse me!” the woman called out. Kas had tasted the woman's perfume before she arrived, but hadn't expected to actually be approached. In one movement she lowered herself until she was laying directly on the concrete. The speed and heft of the movement created a sudden burst of air pressure that nearly knocked the blond woman over.

Squished onto the ground, Kas was able to comfortably rest her chin on just one of her enormous tits. A calm expression had made its way onto her flawlessly beautiful face.

“Hey there,” Kas offered the blond woman a pinky nearly the size of her body, “I'm Kas!”

The blond woman was clearly frazzled, and the paper on the clipboard had been blown away in the commotion. Still, she brushed herself off and did her best to shake the lamia's extended pinky.

“Glad we can talk. I'd like to extend to you an exciting and unique offer!” the blond woman beamed, “I'm our company's recruiter. You can call me Trudy.”