

Both of them had made their neighbor's lives a living hell for the whole duration of the night, and if it weren't for a few of them banging on the walls then the couple might not even have tried doing "the tail thing" that wrapped things up in quite literally every sense of the word. The dragon had been making allusions to it for some time already, and though the serpent was initially reluctant to use her long body for anything more than locomotion, she was willing to try it out at least once, convinced as she was that it would be the last. As it would turn out, it *was*; albeit not in the way Sylvia intended it to be.

Her draconic boyfriend had a thing for her tail. A *very* big thing for it, so much so that he constantly used it as a sort of improvised body pillow whenever he wasn't actively lusting after her. It was partly embarrassing and partly baffling; for the snek it was just something she used to get around, so for it to have such a profound effect on her special half was... confusing, to put it mildly. Even more so was his constant desire to be tugged at and coiled between it, both actions that she maintained were far more dangerous than they would ever be arousing; but perhaps that was the whole point, seeing as dragons like him seemed to have a hard time telling harmless fun and mortal danger apart. Probably the whole "near-indestructible scales" thing they had going.

Nonetheless, Sylvia did her best to live up to expectations, even if she had no experience whatsoever in using her body the same way her ancestors might have; she'd lived her whole life with store-bought meat, making her ability to constrict anything at all spotty *at best*. Still, Blake seemed to like it, or at least those moans escaping from his throat *appeared* to be pleasurable in nature; any questions or worries the snake might've had were eventually made short work of after the dragon muttered the word "Harder~" right about the same time as she was getting done wrapping around his torso. At no point did it seem to register with him that she could literally snap him in half, though granted, the moment his cock moved into place, neither did Sylvia give much thought to it either; she had to fight against every instinct in her body not to focus on the draconic shaft thrusting into her, instead having to finish coiling around her mate in bed. The end result, if anyone was unfortunate enough to walk in on them, was a very flustered-looking Sylvia, her mouth around the edge of the bed's frame, her fangs digging two holes into it, and her body throbbing oddly rhythmically; within her coiled curves, the dragon was making short work of her, pushing her closer and closer to the edge while quickly getting there himself.

It still took the better part of ten minutes before either of them finished, and that was after the two hours or so of foreplay that had already left them sweating all over. The experience was meant to be appreciated in "quiet": Blake muffled by his partner's body, Sylvia biting down on something to stop herself from moaning too loudly. It worked, technically speaking, so much that even after they both crossed their lines and tumbled down the edge, not one of their neighbors complained about the noise. It made for a hell of a mess though; as soon as the snek recovered from the shock of orgasm, the first thought in her head was how much work it would

be to clean up after they were both done. Eminently practical, and yet still stricken by so much residual lust that she couldn't help but release her stranglehold on her lover; climax had forced her to clench so tightly that the poor thing could barely breathe at all, and while his face did betray how much the experience was something akin to *transcendent* for him, Sylvia herself had no intention of becoming a murderer that night. Much to Blake's disappointment, she unspooled and slithered back to him, pulling them both into a tight embrace; enjoyment after-the-fact was almost as important to her as the act itself, and though the dragon would probably be ready to go after just a couple of minutes of rest, *she* was completely spent for the night. In actuality, so was Blake; he just liked to pretend to be a lot tougher than he actually was.

The two exchanged the customary sweet nothings, eventually devolving into meaningless not-words and then just low-key moaning when their lips met. It was the kind of thing one did before their minds shut down completely, desperate for some sort of rest after such a long beating; rest that they were both happy to fall into, their eyelids growing heavy enough to glue themselves shut and their breathing becoming heavier and more spaced out. Within a few short moments, both of them were fast asleep in one another's arms, utterly unprepared for what was about to happen next.

Unbeknownst to them, their experiment had awoken *something* within the snake, either some kind of primordial power or just a massive well of untapped potential. The first signs of change manifested all around her, with her long tail beginning to fatten and thicken over the course of the first hours of sleep, easily doubling in size and then carrying on relentlessly. Her upper body in particular was especially blessed in this regard, and without much delay began to reap the benefits of her sudden surge of growth. Each breast ballooned with newfound size, first to match her head, then big enough that she could stuff the dragon's face in her cleavage and even larger still, encompassing most of her partner's draconic body in their warm folds and threatening to spill over the side of the bed. The springs below them creaked menacingly as they reached their weight limit, both of them just vaguely aware that something out of the ordinary was happening; the snek's tail had already begun to slither into the rest of the house, its tip being about a dozen or so feet further away from her head than it used to be. Not that Sylvia consciously took in any of this; she was still soundly asleep, dreaming of big things to come and even bigger ones further down the horizon.

Things progressed without them knowing for some more time, at least until the mattress finally gave in. The dragon was the first to wake, for even the two colossal mounds he was buried under couldn't muffle the sounds of the springs breaking beneath him... though they did pose a surprisingly durable obstacle for him to free himself from, and then wonder just how he'd been caught in there in the first place. Blake's push to release himself ended with him ejecting his body from within Sylvia's cleavage directly over the side of the bed, crashing on the ground

and knocking the air out of his lungs. As soon as his eyes were done watering he took a good look upwards, and what he saw left him completely speechless.

It was Sylvia... or two parts of her at least. The snake was still sleeping on the other side of the bed, and yet those were undeniably her breasts looming over him, their swollen nipples dripping with thick cream, pouring it over him and inviting the dragon to take a large mouthful and gulp it down. Which he did, without hesitation; it was extremely sugary, excessively so, and yet urged him to keep drinking until he had his fill and then some, which is why he felt it to be completely natural when he stuffed his face onto one of his partner's areolae, opening his mouth wide and letting her swelling teat invade it, filling it with increasing amounts of soft flesh. As for Sylvia, it would take more than that to wake her up; Blake already made a habit of playing with her tits when she was asleep, so it wouldn't be this that broke her out of slumber. What happened next, however, was a different story altogether.

They didn't live in a large mansion, making the amount of room for her tail rather limited once the layout was taken into consideration. Didn't take long for her long, muscular body to snake its way around some very delicate things, one of which happened to be their flatscreen television. That thing was wide, heavy and, perhaps most importantly, not bolted to the wall in any way; thus, when a particularly strong spurt gave Sylvia's tail a few more feet, the jolt was enough to knock it off its stand, sending the TV flying directly onto her coils, the screen itself shattering and showering her with debris. The yelp the snek let out was so loud it actually got Blake to dislodge himself from his "tap" and ask what was wrong, which was promptly followed by Sylvia herself screaming in shock.

To see her dreams come true in such a manner was simultaneously exhilarating and so far beyond her ability to understand it that she had no other recourse but to stare at it in disbelief, in the few minutes she had before the house became far too tiny to contain her growing body. Sylvia would be lying if she said she'd never wanted a larger pair of breasts or a longer tail or even a fraction of the thickness just being bestowed with, but what she was experiencing at that moment was so overblown that the snake had no real way of mentally processing it... at least not without deliberately welcoming the sensations and being subsumed by the madness of it all. Poor Blake got maybe five seconds to ask what was wrong before every ounce of wind was knocked out of his sails by an exploding wall of breastflesh, his body flattened against the wall when the nipple he was suckling on suddenly grew to several times its size and threw him backwards; not that he felt it that much, seeing as the wall itself was reduced to rubble by the snake's still-growing body.

It felt so good to surrender herself to the inexplicable growth burst that Sylvia forgot she was supposed to worry about something so out of ordinary taking place. For her it felt perfectly

natural to have her head occupy a large portion of her former room while the far end of her tail was already snaking its way over to the other side of the street, into the apartment building opposite hers. Something had clicked inside of her, and what *would* have once registered as mad, nonsensical and fairly dangerous was now little more than another day in the life. And if this was the case, then why should she stop there?

It stood to reason that if her natural state was to be perpetually growing, then she was very much an underachiever in that regard; why, she could barely even fill two buildings with her coils, let alone the entirety of existence! And while the rate at which she occupied more space was impressive, from a certain perspective, it was still far too slow for a proper take-over of reality as she knew it. And it was that realization that led her to another, far deeper one: why *was* she so tiny? She alone decided how large she was, so why even bother being at that scale? Surely, if she was as powerful as she believed, then growing larger and quicker would be child's play.

And it was.

All it took was willing it into being for things to take a turn for the better and Sylvia to appreciate her newfound status as the goddess of that world from a much better vantage point. The serpent at least made sure that her tail didn't hurt anyone; it took some doing, and still flattened several dozen unfortunately parked cars, but it being so late at night and the city itself being more or less on health-related lockdown made it easy to avoid any injuries... though it *did* leave her body looking less like a snake's tail and more like an overstretched plasticine art project with how many curves and bends it had to it. Avoiding the natural instinct to clench and squeeze every building into dust took every bit of willpower she had in her, and even then it was avoided purely because she didn't want to hurt anyone; property damage and repayment thereof were the last thing on her mind when her torso began to rise over the skyline.

At least being outdoors gave her a good look at what was going on with her chest; ever since waking up Sylvia had felt it to be terribly tight, enough that it was somewhat painful even to her divine sensitivities. The snake could certainly see why Blake was so enamored by them; they were large enough that, even from her vantage point high up in the sky, they still reached all the way down to the ground, growing... no, *filling up* even more as she looked at them. Their productivity had skyrocketed to levels even she had trouble considering, enough that without anywhere else to go, her tits were forced to adapt to the sudden appearance of veritable lakes of milk inside of them; her scales were made to stretch and multiply in order to make room, leaving her with a set of mounds capable of flattening entire city blocks if she wasn't careful with them.

And yet, it didn't quite feel right. They were full, yes, but not so absolutely, positively stuffed that she had trouble functioning while being assaulted by how stretched-out they were, giving her something convenient to overcome in order to prove her superiority. They were big, *enormous* even, but she could still look over them and see something that wasn't her breasts' curvature. All in all, a very good start, but still woefully insufficient for what she had planned for herself... and him.

Poor girl was so enraptured by her own ascension that she almost forgot about the one person she wanted to share it with! Though it took a bit of sifting through the rubble and a fair bit of panic that he might've been injured by the sudden explosion of snek all around him, Sylvia found her draconic other half underneath half a couch and three walls, looking like he'd just been slapped across the back of the head from how stunned he was. He barely reacted when she carefully picked him up by the back of the neck, bringing his body over to the top of one of her colossal breasts. He was so tiny that it was difficult not to laugh at the size difference, especially when he began making passes at her; to think that even when so immensely outmatched, Blake still held onto his draconic pride like that! It was adorable, and for that, he deserved a *reward*.

A snake goddess like Sylvia deserved a consort of equal proportions and similar status, and to that end Blake would do wonderfully. If there was anyone she would want to spend eternity ruling existence with, it was that goof of a dragon who was now flexing to prove how he could still fulfill whatever need she might have. It was an act, and a brave one at that given how easily she could flatten him, but at least it let her know their love for one another wouldn't be hampered by something as simple as mere size. Then again, she was still a sentient being and had needs, and if Blake was to be her equal, then he had to be her *equal*.

The transformation process took about as much time as hers did, though given how much bulkier the dragon was he ended up being far more destructive to everything around him. While he was busy spreading his wings and roaring loudly enough to shatter glass, Sylvia was occupied sifting through the ruins and catching anyone that might've been caught in the blast zone, carefully placing them in the one place she knew was safe for the time being: her cleavage. The snake didn't really consider what was most likely to happen after Blake was done transforming into a giant, but even when the idea occurred to her she figured she had enough room in there to keep the tiny ones from being swallowed up by her god-consort's torso-length shaft.

In the end, there could be no matching of sizes... because no size was ever stable. Much as Blake struggled to grow, and grow he did, he would never be able to keep up with his partner, who was no longer in control of her ascension to godhood either. The city had long since been reduced to rubble and its inhabitants moved to the soft, tender surface of Sylvia's bosom, with the region around the former population center falling prey to a whole lot of smothering, but

even then the dragon still fell short. Not that this impeded either of them in any way; it just meant that he could throw himself into the middle of her goddess' breasts and enjoy the all-encompassing warmth of her cleavage while still being able to have her service his titanic shaft. If anything, the size difference had just given him exactly what he always wanted: a loving snek gal with enough coils to encircle him completely and keep him tightly wrapped for as long as he could possibly want. Of course, that much would have to happen later, *after* he was done appreciating the milk-stuffed mountains that continued to grow all around him; it'd be a crying shame *not* to give those things the love they deserved, especially after he was so rudely interrupted when playing with them before.

Besides, they had all of eternity to look forward to. Why rush things?