

GRAB THE SNAKE BY THE TAIL

MAY REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“What am I looking at exactly?”

“What!? You haven’t heard of a lucky snake charm!?”

One hand rested triumphantly upon the hip of a young-looking girl with long, silver hair as the other dangled a tiny object in between herself and her blonde captain. It dangled from a tiny chain, a grotesque caricature of a red snake, big eyes clearly over-dramatized. Captain Djeeta could only wonder if this was part of the trend that everyone was calling *‘uglycute’*. Before her, holding said keychain, was the Primal Beast Medusa. She took the appearance of a younger girl that had troubles expressing her true feelings, a well-meaning young woman who had difficulty being understood more often than not.

“Look! I’m giving this to you! As a present! For always helping me out! They say you should give those to the people you want to be there for you when you need it, so!” She shoved the charm into Djeeta’s hands before storming off, forced confession clearly weighing on her nerves as she turned away with crimson cheeks. It only allowed Djeeta a moment to call out her thanks in passing, still not sure what this charm was supposed to do.

“Guess it’s just you on me.”, she murmured to the charm before she dropped it into the pouch at her side before continuing to her previously decided designation. They’d arrived in a village port not too long ago and she’d been itching to get a proper bath.

45 minutes later...

“W-WAIT!? WHERE DID MY CLOTHES GO!? WHO WOULD DARE BE SO DISRESPECTFUL!?” Medusa’s shrill voice echoed throughout the walls of that very same bathhouse Djeeta had intended on visiting a short time later. Apparently the two had held the same idea, with the Primal Beast arriving earlier. Djeeta was off in another change room at the time, completely unaware as Medusa had a little fit about her missing bodysuit. **“Nghnghngh... I was going to invite Captain but I chickened out, I’m sure if she were here she could help me...”**

Meanwhile in the opposing change room, a faint glow began to radiate from the tiny pouch Djeeta usually stored her most important belongings within. It was a red glow matching the color of the snake charm she’d been given, but as she’d put it in a locked as she prepped to strip down to bathe she hadn’t quite noticed it.

What Medusa had said? About giving the charm to someone you wanted to always be there when you needed them? It was almost too literal of an explanation for the kind of wish-granting it unknowingly performed.

Djeeta was suddenly overcome with a strong desire to go meet with... someone. Still mostly dressed short of her boots and leggings, she suddenly dropped everything and made her way towards the changing room door. It was like a voice was calling for her. She was needed. Was it a threat to the Skydom? Perhaps something less dangerous? It wasn’t like she hadn’t been compelled this way before, but usually the source was something more obvious.

And weren’t the halls unusually empty? The design of the bathhouse was rustic, but she was sure when she’d entered it had been bustling with people. But as she wandered into the hall she found no one wandering. It didn’t take her long to make it to the next change room, and upon entering she found herself staring at a toweled-up Medusa whom seemed to be fretting over the loss of her clothes. Was that all it was? Did she just need to find the culprit?

The captain went to open her mouth to reassure the Primal Beast, but strangely enough no words came out. She stood there, mouth hanging open, words absent. What’s more even though she was only a few feet away from Medusa, the girl hadn’t seemed to notice her even after looking straight at her. Weird. Djeeta reached out to her. If words failed then surely contact would? And yet mid-gesture she was suddenly overwhelmed by an inability to control her muscles properly and she spilled forward, landing on the damp tiles beside the snake. On the way down Djeeta had accidentally grabbed Medusa’s towel however and it was torn from her body, accompanied by a loud shriek as she did her best to cover up.

“Who!? What!? Is there a peeping tom in here!?” There was no one else of course. Even as Medusa frantically looked around the room, she didn’t seem to catch sight of the fallen Djeeta at her feet. Was it a trick of the mind? The captain herself couldn’t figure it out. Try as she might, she couldn’t even get a good look at

Medusa's face laying on the ground, but her muscles didn't seem to want to cooperate so that she might pull herself back up. What she *could* see plenty of were the Primal's feet. The girl's toes wiggled as she rocked back and forth out of concern for the idea that someone else was in the room. Her shins? Petite and cute. And the towel was wrapped around her so high up that Djeeta had a full view of Medusa's supple thighs and the shadow of her pussy upward.

She shook her head. Why was she starting to drool? It wasn't like she had any sexual attraction towards Medusa and even if she did it wouldn't manifest with such an intensity! Sure, her legs rocked and her butt was so firm that she just wanted to wrap herself around her cheeks-- *NO!* This was all weird. Very, very weird.

Made all the weirder by the unintended loosening of her grip on the tiling. She'd caught herself with her hands when she'd fallen, an automatic response to avoid smacking her chin off the ground as most would do. Yet what had been keeping her at least semi-upright seemed to collapse unnaturally, and she soon found her cheek pressing up against the cold ground, most from people walking through after bathing. She had a clear view of where one of her hands was, at least, and what she saw sent a shiver throughout her body.

Almost like she was wearing gloves, her hands were a deep charcoal color that glistened under the dim light of the room. Had that been all she might have considered the possibility that someone had merely stuck a pair onto her hands, but a more concerning phenomenon soon followed. Starting at the tips of her fingers they began to flatten. It was almost like watching the air flow out of a balloon as it worked its way down each finger, the shell that remained settling flat on the ground. But even then those flattened fingers began to regress, following the deflated bone and flesh until each finger was gone, with her palm following soon after.

This was all, naturally, very alarming, but the paralysis that had slipped through Djeeta's body had taken hold completely. She could no longer move her head nor tongue, and her throat felt oddly full, so screaming was out of the option. And her legs? A similar phenomenon to her hands had occurred.

The very same blackness had taken her toes, wiggling them nothing by a long-passed dream at this point, but peculiarly unlike her fingers they had become laced together just moments before the deflation had set in. Nylon strands, the same material that was washing over her skin, reached out between the spaces between her toes to create bridges in case they were stretched. But while the sole and eventually heel of each foot eventually collapsed in on themselves, there was no loss of existence like there was with her hands. Instead, they seemed to shrink ever so subtly as the changes left little feet-shaped pockets behind.

Latex sheen inevitably claimed her ankles and shins next, any traces of body hair she might have had lost to the void as the upper 'skin' collapsed on the lower, but when it approached her thighs and pelvis, preliminary changes seemed to set in first to better accommodate them.

While they retained their supple nature, it was difficult to deny that Djeeta's thighs had become a little slimmer as the nylon encroached upon their presence. Their reshaping was accompanied by a similar change to the gait of her hips, which only collapsed slightly as butt cheeks shrunk smaller but firmer, a respectable bottom that was probably meant to be a charm point. As she laid on her stomach it was pointed skyward, covered by her skirt though as the nylon swept next through these new thighs and cheeks 'skyward' became a little farther away. The rump in her skirt subsided, ruffles laying flat against her own definition-less bottom. Her sex and crack had both found themselves stuffed before hand, orifices raised short of the definition of another woman. Worn stretch marks from someone else's behind created a crease down the center of Djeeta's rump, and subtle lumps were left formed where her pussy had once been.

In the meantime Djeeta's own head had become rather fuzzy. Her desire to call out of fear for what was happening had faded, largely because she wasn't sure what was happening anymore. The sleeve she could see had fallen flat, no arm beneath it to support it, but there was no longer any panic. She wasn't even fixated on it, her eyes still glued to the legs of Medusa. They were so soft, and the way they glistened in the light just made them more appealing. Looking at them? She felt complete. Things like identity and personal recognition as a person were beginning to wash away.

Strands of blonde hair above began to darken, their texture uncannily like the nylon that was sweeping throughout the rest of her. It didn't take long for her full mane to be consumed, giving her the uncannily appearance of a monster in human's clothing with how unnatural it all looked.

Pelvic bones became more prominent, though definition remained as their size conformed into the mold of their new wearer. Tummy pinched inward ever so slightly as black spread across abdominal, belly button filled but not absent in her new sleek design as the rest of her dress tumbled downward. Breasts, while not impressive to begin with, shrunk to a much more honest size before their skin, too, was reformed, any fat within drained to leave small cups in their wake.

Very little of the original Djeeta remained at this point, short of her clothes of course. At some point in time she'd stopped breathing (likely around the point in time her chest had collapsed), but the desire to even inhale wasn't something that she even carried anymore. Her mouth merely tasted of cloth, her face lost to the mass of nylon that was herself. Inevitably her vision waned as eyes were consumed by the black void, but she didn't even question it as her head regressed into her own neck, leaving a hollow space for a body to fit.

As she was she only had one desire. There was darkness, sure, but she knew what her fate was. A bodysuit was to be worn, and that was when she'd be most alive.

“Aha! There you are! How’d you get buried in captain’s clothes? I didn’t even know she was here.” Medusa’s voice came about as muffled as Djeeta felt fingers caress her ‘skin’. If she was being touched that meant she was about to be *worn*. Digits pulled her free of the clothing pile, her body dangling in the air free of any obstruction. Armless and headless, there was no denying that she was now a form fitting body suit. One that soon found the delicate foot of a Primal maiden sliding through the back and into its toes. From Djeeta’s perspective this was pure bliss.

She couldn’t see anything, but she could feel the toes squirm as they fit into their position. She could feel her own form hugging Medusa’s tightly, lapping up the remnant bathwater that had clung to her body and absorbing the girl’s warmth. She crawled up one of the girl’s legs and then the other as the next foot was placed in, and before she knew it she felt herself wedged into Medusa’s nethers. The snake’s pussy had already seen to creating an indent in her crotch from repeated use, and the same could be said as she hugged the girl’s butt, crack on full display through her skin-tight design as tail was threaded through a hole above the butt. Medusa’s pelvic bones were so clearly defined under Djeeta’s grip, and as she was pulled against the girl’s stomach and settled into her navel she could feel the Primal’s tummy rumble with hunger, and once cupping tiny breasts she could hear the beating of her heart.

Djeeta was more than satisfied when her collar was wrapped around Medusa’s neck, signaling the fact that she was now being completely worn. Medusa herself still had multiple golden decorations and armor to adorn atop of her, but it seemed she’d left those behind at the Grandcypher. **“Hmhm! I look really cute!”** Medusa struck a pose in a nearby, foggy, mirror. Djeeta could feel her thighs rub together, her heartbeat speed up. It was bliss, truly. If she could grow aroused she probably would, but the closest she could hope for was to be there when Medusa felt something similar.

And who knew how long that would take?