

Of all the things to be blessed by the size fairy, why did it have to be her *tail*?

It wasn't as if it didn't have its merits; there were plenty of people who absolutely loved her look, and plenty more who were head-over-heels for the "long-tailed snake giantess" that everyone kept hearing about in the news whenever she accidentally knocked a building over or got that damned thing stuck somewhere and needed emergency services to come bail her out of her bind. It used to be embarrassing, especially in the latter situations, but after having it happen so often that the city she lived in had its own special emergency code for it, it stopped being worrying and became nothing short of a mundane occurrence. Sure, Matilda *tried* to stop it from happening, because it *was* still public and private property she was destroying with her twelve-hundred-foot-long appendage, but after a certain point it was just hard to care about it as much as she used to, especially given the confirmation that she'd never get rid of it no matter how hard she tried.

The snake had given everything a shot, from high-stress workout regimens, every diet recommended by specialists and several more that had a singular seal of approval by some random "health and wellness guru" on the internet, experimental medication that was almost certainly not legal in her country and just about every genemod that she could think of, and yet for some reason, her body *refused* have fat settle anywhere but on and in her tail. Nothing to her hips or butt, nothing to her thighs, certainly nothing to that practically non-existent bust of hers, or even a set of balls and a cock that were as gushing as she was long; just a single, sinuous tail that continued to grow and lengthen regardless of how much she desperately tried to make it go away or transform it into something else. It made for a wonderful ice-breaker, of that there was no doubt, but having to look down at herself to see absolutely nothing of worth, then veer her head back to watch as her coils went out of her house, down the side of the building and into the underground repository that had to be built to house them... well, it was tiring.

There was once a time where her tail was the best part of her, back when she was still in puberty and foolishly believed that having such an immense boost to her size compared to her other serpentine friends *must* mean that the boob and butt fairies were going to visit her just as often. Matilda even held out the belief that maybe she was just a late bloomer, even when she came of age and was just as flat as a board and as curvaceous as a muddy brick left out in the sun for too long. Sure, she had a tail big and strong enough to turn buildings into heaps of scrap and concrete, one that made it impossible for her to go anywhere without calling ahead and asking whether or not the installations were ready to receive a hyper of their size and caliber... but wouldn't it be better if she had to do so for *other* reasons? Wouldn't it be better if she had to worry about constant lactation or precum flooding, or whether or not her tits and hips could fit through doors, or having to ask if the hotel had a warehouse for all the condoms she'd have to fill during her stay? Matilda certainly seemed to think so, given the amount of times she fantasized about such things in her free time, but rather than any of these wonderful concerns, all she had

was the same-old tired shtick: asking if they had enough room for a “tail, roughly twelve hundred feet, requires heating”, then inevitably being asked if hers was some kind of prank call. It had become tradition at that point, unfortunately enough, and Matilda was just about ready to give up trying to change that.

It was a constant struggle, she wasn't about to deny that. Having one side of her mind trying to convince her that it was better to let go of her fantasies every single day of her life had been a chore, especially in her worst days when it rang truer than it really should; atimes it was difficult to really ignore, during those quiet hours when she perused through her folder of failed ideas and was forced to come to terms with the reality that, regardless of how hard she tried, nothing ever really came of it. At no point had her body really done anything but *lengthen*, and regardless of how many things she threw at the proverbial wall, none of them stuck. Even her latest attempt was nothing short of a Hail Mary, a desperation move that wasn't really intended to work so much as give her *something* to hold onto, the ficklest, feeblest of hopes that maybe, just maybe, she could still achieve her dream size goals regardless of the mountains of evidence that it would only serve to make her tail even bigger.

It didn't help that it was about as unassuming as it could be, nothing more than a hormone supplement that was nominally supposed to “deregulate” one's natural cycles in order to better adjust them to one of their liking, hence the many differently-coloured pills that came in the box... completely unorganized and lacking any sort of separating barrier, as befitting something that she bought off a second-hand salesman that a friend had directed her towards on a website that could be charitably described as “shady at best”. She wasn't worried about her health though; after the sort of beating her body took on a near-daily basis during her wilder experimental years, she'd develop a resistance to genetic alteration and chemical imbalances about as great as the one she had for her own venom... which, now that she thought about, was probably the reason why none of the more radical treatments even worked, not that it explained why the initial ones failed to do anything at all either. Still, Matilda had made up her mind about further treatments: if this one didn't work... she would try *very* hard to convince herself that more weren't needed and her current size would just be the one she had to deal with. There were no promises made; the snake knew herself far too better to really believe that she'd ever give up trying to transfer some of her mass to more erogenous areas, but she could at least pretend like she would give it her best shot, as opposed to wrestling with the thought for a few days and then going back to the exact same routine of trying to make herself bigger, just like before.

Regardless, nothing could happen until she took the pills themselves, so Matilda set to reading the small instruction manual before immediately throwing it away after realizing it was written in some sort of flowery script that she didn't even recognize. Honestly, it wasn't necessary; all the snek needed was to dump the whole box into her hand, make sure to gather whatever pills dropped on the floor in order to give herself the maximum possible chance for a

size boost, and then promptly down all of them at once, making good use of her anatomy to prevent her gag reflex from getting in the way. It was a move that could potentially endanger her very life, but Matilda no longer cared; if it was powerful enough to actually *do* anything to that hunk of solid iron she called a liver, it would probably be strong enough to wreak some havoc on her actual form, and potentially give her something more than even more body to work with.

As usual though, it didn't happen straight away. Even for the most hyperactive of medication courses, it still usually took a few hours before the effects made themselves known, and at the size she was at, Matilda was all-but certain that she could have several yards added to her tail without even realizing it, and hours before the sensations trickled up to her brain in enough quantity to make her realize something was off about herself. Long gone were the days where she actually felt the effects of the meds themselves on her main body, such as upset stomachs or random aches anywhere; despite it having every reason to go in the complete opposite direction, her physiology instead grew far more potent and capable of dealing with the volatile cocktail of chemicals that its owner dumped into it on a whim, fully able to wash out and clean up its interior without so much as a bit of a hassle. This was mostly why Matilda didn't hold high hopes for this "last attempt" really doing anything; odds were far better it would just go through her and she'd be pissing it out in a few days after gaining another hundred feet of tail or so.

Again.

As such, the snek thought it'd be best to just carry on with her day and keep on doing whatever was on her to-do list, which just so happened to be a whole bunch of clean-up that she'd procrastinated on for quite some time. Working anywhere other than from home was literally impossible in the webdev field, and given that Matilda was surprisingly good at getting things done on time if she was actually paid for them, she always found herself with a glut of free time in which she was *supposed* to do the things that would keep her house livable, but mostly resorted to playing video games or watching TV, only occasionally bothering to do a full clean-up of the apartment from top to bottom once she started to notice the amount of scales she left behind was beginning to look slightly embarrassing. And that day would be no different; with well-practiced motions, the snake coiled herself around corners and backed up wherever needed to execute the complex series of steps required for her to even move around the house at all without getting tangled with herself, taking a broom, mop and cloth to every surface that looked even remotely dusty and only considering it done once it was so clean she could see her own reflection on it. Getting *started* was the worst part; once she broke through that initial barrier, her perfectionism took over and didn't allow her to stop until everything was to specification.

Usually, this sort of major cleaning operation only took a couple of hours at best, help by her being fully able to access any place in her home just by moving her immense tail in the way

needed to get there, plus the fact that her body itself could be covered in washcloths and used as an enormous mop of sorts. She might be huge, but Matilda was so used to her coils being the size that they were that it had become child's play to use them to her advantage... until that day, at least. Because things didn't progress the way they usually did, with her speeding from place to place and swiftly adjusting on the fly in order to get to the harder-to-reach nooks and crannies of her home; instead, Matilda began to feel heavier, more sluggish, with her movements becoming more ponderous than they used to be, just enough for her to actually *notice* what was happening to her. Rather than panicking, however, the snake was overjoyed; this was the most that any medication had ever done to her in literally *years*, so clearly something was bound to happen! Even if it meant her hugging a toilet for the next several hours, the fact that she was feeling heavier *had* to translate into what she wanted for herself... surely.

In reality, no such changes seemed to want to manifest, no matter how hard the snek stopped and stood there looking at herself, mentally willing her tits to grow, her waistline to burgeon outwards or her slit to be adorned with a bloated pair of nuts and a massive cock for her to shove into her mouth. The discomfort was still there, still rising in intensity in such a manner as to actually worry Matilda, making her wonder if taking all those pills at once had actually been a mistake and if she was about to pay for it by having to clean up the living room all over again. She held onto her stomach, hoping that hugging herself would at least alleviate the mounting pain, and after a while had to close her eyes from just how bad the aching had become, collapsing on the floor as she became unable to hold herself up, eyes watering and one of her hands struggling to try and reach for the phone she had on a nearby table. Unbeknownst to her, the transformation had already begun: far down in the repository where most of her tail was coiled up, the amount of room available for it was actually *increasing*, as her tip seemed to regress into itself, shortening the length of her immensely long body by a few yards without noticeably fattening any part of it whatsoever. The vanishing mass instead travelled all the way through the many feet of length of that colossal tail, ignoring the laws of physics entirely as it coiled around the coils and made it way directly to where Matilda had always hoped it would, passing through every inch of her long self until finally it reached her "torso", and from there... well, from there, it was all down to the imagination, really.

For years she had fantasized about what would happen if a mass transfer like this occurred, wondering what it would be like if one day she could just snap her fingers and sacrifice a length of tail for an equal amount of herself to settle on her bust or other, more masculine accoutrements. For years she had envisioned herself as this perfect hybrid of form and function, shapely in all the right and best ways, and the end result for this endless fantasizing had been a very well-defined mental image of herself, one that never really left her mind even during the worst of times... one that was very much present in her thought process after the discomfort made itself known and Matilda convinced herself that it *must* mean the medication was actually doing something. The chemical maelstrom triggered by her overdosing on those experimental

meds thus had something to work off of, an inner desire that could be inspected, analyzed and then reproduced as her body was moulded to better fit the dream shape it had set up for itself now that it had the raw material to do so.

The discomfort went away almost as quickly as it first appeared, washing from her body so suddenly that Matilda was left wondering if she had just hallucinated it, or if her physiology had finally gone tits-up from all the beating it had taken in the past few years. As it turned out, “tits up” was an appropriate choice of words, albeit not for the reason one might be expecting... or, in the snake’s case, *exactly* for the reasons she was expecting. Looking down at her chest, it took her brain a few moments to process what it was seeing: they were two things, big, round, very soft to the touch and apparently still growing, attached to her torso where her non-existent tits should be, and they felt *really* sensitive to the touch. Where they breasts? They had to be breasts, didn’t they? Surely they were breasts.

And indeed, every single one of Matilda’s neighbors got to listen to her screaming her head off in unbridled joy once the realization hit her and she came to fully understand just what had happened to her. She couldn’t even form coherent words anymore; all that left her mouth was a stream of nonsense noises that conveyed nothing if not unending glee and the most childish sort of happiness possible, the kind one experienced when being given a shiny new toy that one had desired for years, the kind that could only come by having one’s innermost, basest desires fulfilled after they had completely given up hope of such a thing even being possible. It was hard to put to words, almost as hard as that cock she brushed up against in the process of kneading her breasts as eagerly as she could, drawing an even louder squeal of approval from the snake and causing everyone else in the apartment building to start packing up and calling their families in order to secure a place for the foreseeable future; whenever Matilda was *that* happy, things were sure to be destroyed soon after.

But there was no rampage coming, no mindless festival of carnage where the entirety of that city block and several others around it would end up turned into rubble by a giantess finally unleashed; rather, Matilda was only given the absolute barebones of what she desired for herself: a pair of breasts, a wider waistline, and a heavy set of nuts to go along with that shaft she now sported. They were large, yes, large enough that her whole front was completely covered and her balls dragged along the floor if she wasn’t careful, but nowhere near the exaggerated proportions the snake had once envisioned for herself... and yet, they were there, they were real, which was far more than could be said for any of her fantasies.

Matilda spent the rest of the day hoping that more was coming, but even after her body stabilized she couldn’t find it in herself to be said about it. None of her clothes would fit, she was leaking milk and cum everywhere, and now her body bounced and swayed with each motion! If

nothing else, it was proof positive that all it took was a significantly higher dose than usual to force her body to finally transform the way it was supposed to. And frankly?

That just gave her more ideas.