

SERPENTINE PRAYERS

BIG STORY #38

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Ngh...”

Link, the hero of Hyrule, had always been of the quiet sort. That *hadn't* changed just because he had found himself lugged off and thrown into a dimly lit jail cell at the behest of a woman with... spider limbs. She'd had a weird laugh, too. Like a... *AHUHUUHUU!* But how had Hyrule's hero even *ended up* in a situation like this? Well, it had all started several hours prior when he had accompanied Hyrule princess, Zelda, and Paya, a woman of the Sheikah, into a newly discovered set of ruins.

Hyrule was in the process of reconstruction after the defeat of Calamity Ganon. It had only been about six months since its reign of terror had ended after 100 years, and the people were only in the beginning phase of attempting to make a recovery. In this process, however, Impa's people had unearthed an entrance into this newly discovered ruins system on the outskirts of Kakariko Village. It had seemed like a fairly standard expedition that inspired the princess.

At least until they had *fallen*. A hole had opened up beneath the three and they had plunged into darkness. There had been a brief moment where the trio had wondered if they were about to *die*, but that didn't end up being the case. They landed in some extremely big and extremely *strong* spider webs that had been alarming for *different* reasons. Yet they had been saved by this purple... spider... girl... One who had called herself 'Muffet'.

“Oh, you three just won't survive down in this society looking like *that*. Not human *nor* monster. But I'm sure we can fix that. Ahuhuhu!” She had said after pulling them down. Incidentally,

she had mentioned this *after* taking them into a cute little tearoom and having them drink a gentle tasting tea. **“Hm... Well, out café chain could always use new *performers*. I added just the right *touch* to that blend of tea. I call it *Serpentine Prayers*, you know? There’s a special, *snakey* ingredient. Now away with you!”**



Aside from the three being dragged off *one at a time* by dozens of little spiders that had bound them in webbing, with Link going first, that was the full extent of everything that had happened to them. Once he’d been tossed into the cell? The webbing was loosened so that he could break free, and he ended up tearing it all off. “...?” The hero had a *lot* of questions, but he was also smart enough to recognize the vague meaning behind the spider woman’s words.

Was something in the tea? A drug?

Link didn’t really know *what* she could have put in it. After all, this was a world well below the surface of Hyrule, and he didn’t even know what *she* was. He wasn’t even the only one in danger here, the princess and Paya were as well. Should he have cut that woman down immediately, even though she was humanoid and could communicate? He couldn’t do that now, not with his weapons stripped away.

In fact, he had other things to worry about almost immediately. **“HYAH!?”** A typical noise escaped the young man’s lips, suggestive of the idea that something *atypical* had occurred to him. He keeled forward and gloved hands reached down to his crotch. A realization evidently dawned on him, because he uncharacteristically blurted out **“THE HELL!?”** Well, it probably would have been more accurate to say that *she* blurted those words out, because she didn’t need to be wearing tight pants to tell that... her dick was *gone*!

This realization led to the boy – now *girl* – quivering in place for a moment. Link tried to calm herself down. She had to get her bearings! Being changed into a woman wasn’t really *that* big of a deal, right? She *wanted* to hold onto this belief, but that vacancy between her legs was *distracting*. And she slowly came around to realizing that multiple aspects of her body were beginning to feel the same way.

Her chest was rubbing up against the underside of her blue tunic that was *uncomfortable*. She could tell that her nipples were erect, and with a glance downward she was privy to the sight of said shirt being pushed

forward. The base of her tunic was lifted higher and higher as she gradually grew what could only be a pair of— “**TITS!?**” Well *yes*, but wasn’t Link being oddly *chatty*? The things the girl said were far cruder than what you’d expect to leave her mouth, too.

Something snapped in the back of her mind, and she ended up groping at the fleshy mounds that were developing on her chest. “**Mmn!?**” She ultimately blushed at the *moan* that escaped her lips, featuring a pitch that felt higher than she had expected. She hadn’t anticipated that they’d be so *sensitive*, and even as she grabbed at that she could feel that they were *continuing* to grow.

Unfortunately, the girl had to guide another hand elsewhere. Down behind her, back where she could feel her pants getting tighter. Her fingers contacted her body *much* sooner than anticipated, namely because the size of her rump was *swelling*. It made quick work of whatever space was afforded within those pants and some of the flesh even peaked out over the waistband. Each cheek nearly rivaled her *head* in size, but this had the added effect of widening her hips in the process.

This inflation concluded around the same time her tits reached their peak as a pair of *F-cups*. “**This body’s so heavy. Ugh.**” Was *that* the problem with it? Its *weight*? Should Link have not been more concerned about what had just happened? She was a *woman*! And one with big tits and a *huge* ass! Yet, she seemed way more concerned with how inconvenient it was rather than the base cause behind that inconvenience.

Slenderer fingers idly tugged at her own bangs as she weighed what to do next. But even as she did so? The nails on these fingers lengthened, and there was something *odd* not only about the bangs she was playing with, but with her hair as a whole. The messy blonde coloring of it all lightened, and lightened, and lightened some more until it was a whitish silver. But the style also became neater and more stylish, rearranged into a shoulder-length bob with her bangs parted in the center to leave her left eye visible, but it covered the right one.

Link’s pubes would have met a similar fate, but they were erased altogether. Namely because for *some* bizarre reason, her pussy was traveling higher up on her pelvis.

“**Bleh!**” But before an answer could be found regarding what was happening with her *loins*, the girl was *shocked* to find her own tongue suddenly rolling out of her mouth. “**Whath the fuckth!?**” It spilled out about *six inches* long, drooping against her shirt before she managed to recall this monstrous growth into her mouth again –

slipping in between canine teeth that were far more similar to *fangs* than anything else.

This came as her face seemingly *matured*. The femininity of Link's otherwise androgynous face was skewed unapologetically into the realm of the feminine instead. Full lips concealed her fangs and lengthier tongue, while her nose shrunk, and her chin narrowed. An almost eerie lime green seeped into her irises while the shapes of her eyes narrowed and gained long lashes, with a silver eyeshadow gracing her eyelids. Silver brows thickened... just in time for her Hylian ears to narrow in shape ever so slightly.

“Eh. This might as well be happening. Like, why the fuck not?”

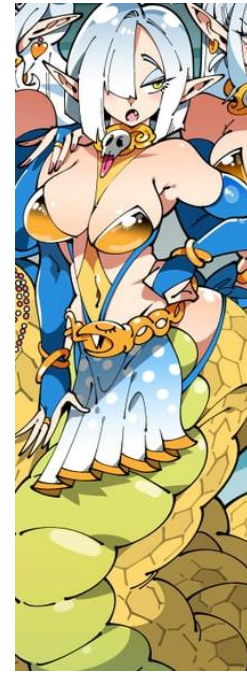
The woman now looked like she was around the age of twenty one or so, but that wasn't what she was acting so *flippant* about. Her legs felt *cold*, but they felt *swollen* at the same time. Her posture slumped as if her feet had given out under her, and her feet *seemingly* pushed out behind her body in a very unnatural way. None of this made much sense without being able to see what was happening within her pants.

The cooler feeling came courtesy of her skin, which was *really* skin anymore. All of the flesh beneath her hips was paved over with *yellow scales* around the sides and back, sealing the crack of her ass in the process. Her legs gradually bound themselves together, making it obvious why her pussy had been forced slightly upward – as beneath it, lime green skin hardened into row after row of muscles. The sort that *pushed a snake along the ground*. And that was what it looked like. Her lower body was lengthening *and* thickening into that of a snake. Link's pants tore and her feet mended together at the cost of her boots, eventually completing a *twelve foot* tail.

It was more than evident that what she'd been wearing no longer suited her new form, but as it turned out? The special tea she'd consumed had a plan for that too. The clothing she'd been wearing was erased, leaving her momentarily naked (during which time she rolled her eyes). She didn't have to linger in the nude for long, though. A golden choker with a skull design appeared around her neck, stretching matching skin tight material down *between* her tits and over her bellybutton.

Her nipples were concealed by matching golden cups, but they were largely exposed along with her hips. Fingerless, blue, arm-length gloves comforted her hands while pink paint spread across her nails. All she really wore otherwise was a baby blue wrap across the front of her loins – a curtain held up by a golden belt in the form of a snake.

“A snake? Nah, guess Lamia would, like, totally be a better word for it.” It was literally in her new name, after all. *Lamiella*. A fitting name for a snake monster living in the Underground. **“Well, this is totes my new life now, huh? Whatever. I’m hot, so who the fuck would even care?”** Her life as Link felt like little more than a *bad* dream that she’d just woken up from. Now she was awake.



Awake as a smoking hot Lamia woman who worked as a dancer at one of Muffet’s cafés. **“Makes sense though. Totes couldn’t live down here as an ugly ass Hylia. The king wouldn’t even want that soul, so he’d probably just’ve killed me. Eh.”** She flipped her hair as she slithered over to the prison cell door. It was unlocked. Had it not been locked in the first place? She couldn’t really remember, and she didn’t really care. **“I’m soooooooo hungry! Wonder if the boss had got any tasty treats?”**

And she slithered down the hall in search of baked goods. Did she care if they were made of spiders? Absolutely not. Every monster needed protein, right?



“U-Unhand me!” Paya wasn’t an especially *forceful* young woman. She was definitely a huge pushover, so after Link had been dragged off, the Sheikah didn’t do much to resist her own, similar experience. The little spiders creeped her out just as much as Muffet did, and she absolutely *did not* want them crawling all over her! Thankfully they had just been tugging her along into the pink depths of whatever building Muffet had taken them to.

It got darker and darker, and eventually the single jail cell that Link had used came into view. He was already gone, and only because it was Paya’s turn. Muffet had given them different dosages for this reason. Link’s was the weakest so it activated first and provided less bombastic results, while the opposite would be gradually true for the other two. **“Oof!”** Paya was eventually led in and the door closed behind her. She managed to pry the webbing off quickly.

But it was already too late for her.

“H-Huh!?” Paya was barely given a chance to adjust to the sight of her new surroundings when she... *fell forward*? It almost felt like her feet had just *given out*. Her legs felt more like *gelatin* than solid objects, but this was because she was suffering from a bizarre phenomenon that had already been observed at the end of Link’s transformation previously. While it wasn’t as thick as Lamiella’s, she was still privy to the sight and sensation of her lower body exploding into a twelve foot long *snake tail*, with her own pussy pushed upwards on her pelvis.

Fortunately, since she was wearing robes it didn’t really disturb her outfit much. **“Wh-Wh-What the— *FUCK!*?”** The Sheikah girl *certainly* wasn’t one to curse *ever*, but she couldn’t contain a flash of *anger* that only grew as her normally quiet voice swelled both in volume and depth. **“What the hell is up with this snake tail!? I look like some kind of *freak*! Am I turning into some kind of monster? Did that fucking spider do this!?”** The young woman crossed her arms under her chest – a gesture that wasn’t that difficult when you had a cup size that was more or less average.

The folds of Paya’s robes began to unravel suddenly, though. **“What now— *MMPH!*?”** As much as she’d *wanted* to contemplate the subject of her robes, where were seemingly coming apart as her upper body was pushed gradually forward, her mouth had suddenly felt *full*. She spat out the length of her own tongue, its now forked tip slipping back in between her lips once she managed to figure out how to control it again. Yet, that brief moment where she struggled with that snake-like tongue was all her chest had needed.

Needed to grow so that that pushed *over* the perimeter of the one arm that was still wrapped beneath it, that is. Her robes had *clearly* been unraveling beneath her neck because their contents had been growing, with breasts that had once been C-cups that had looked smaller with what she was wearing swelling into *G-cups* that parted the cloth so much you could see her cleavage within. They were *heavy*, though the muscles of her back then tightened to support their weight with ease. **“These tits are so damn big. People are going to stare at them. What a pain in the ass!”**

Or so she *said*, but she didn’t actually *feel* that way. A *tsundere* personality was etching itself into the lamia’s ego.

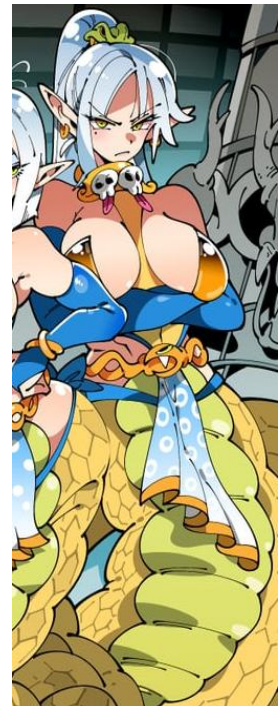
There was nothing *as* dramatic as what had unfolded thus far throughout her transformation’s tail end – no pun intended. It solely focused on everything *above* her neck. Her face rapidly matured. Thicker lips, a sharper nose, narrowed eyes with long lashes, and yet she didn’t

look much like Paya at all. She looked like a woman around the age of *twenty five*, one that would have been immensely beautiful if not for the seemingly permanent scowl on her face. She even developed a beauty mark under her left eye. “*Tch.*” The Sheikah markings on her face faded with time too.

All the while? Her silver hair’s shade was skewed slightly to have a bluish undertone to it. One that resembled Lamiella’s... which more or less coincided with her face. Paya did look different. She looked like she was *related* to Lamiella, like an *older sister*. One whose silver hair became thinner and tidier, shortening to the center of her back as her bangs were brushed to either side, revealing the green that possessed the woman’s irises.

She was stripped naked for a moment, prompting her to click her tongue irately. But it wasn’t long at all before she was redressed in an outfit that was nearly identical to Lamiella’s. The only differences were minor, like two skulls being on her collar instead of one, or her hair being pulled into a high ponytail by a snake-shaped hair tie. A pair of hoop earrings also clamped into the bases of her thinner, but still long and pointed ears.

“**What the fuck! If Muffet was going to turn me into this sexy, huge-titted Lamia bitch, then she could have at least sent me somewhere *nicer* to experience it in!**” While her complaints probably *should* have been about the fact that she had been transformed in the first place, *Lamiette* seemed to be more concerned about the prison cell she’d been tossed into And, she was expressing it in a *very* bitchy way. She wasn’t anywhere near as easygoing as her little sister, Lamiella.



Quick to anger and overly vocal, Lamiette brought a charm to their dancing routine that Lamiella didn’t. She was always barking at customers and slithering over them with her fat tail, and the customers *loved* it! “**What an idiot! ...Is what I’d say to her if I didn’t want to get fucking fired!**” Her personality was basically a 180 of how Paya had been, and nothing disgusted her more than the memories of that quiet, boring brat she had been before. “**Ugh. Whatever! I better be getting a nicer paycheck for this!**”

And so, she slithered off in the same direction that Lamiella had after opening the unlocked cell door.



“Those tracks... They look like they belong to a snake?” Princess Zelda had naturally been alarmed when she had been thrown in the exact same prison cell as the other two. She hadn’t been told where her friends had gone, just that Muffet had left her with those regular spiders until it was her turn to get dragged off – and they weren’t much for conversation. But once she’d been locked up? Being the scholar that she was, she had begun to notice things.

The markings leading out of the jail cell on the ground? They were clearly the scuff marks a snake’s tail would leave. Maybe two of them? But at the same time, those markings were *very* big. Larger than any snake she’d ever seen would leave. **“They’re also only *leaving* the cell? How did those snakes get in?”** She had a lot of questions about this world underneath Kakariko Village. Muffet had called herself a ‘monster’ at one point, but she was just as eloquent as any person she had met.

Well, she was about to get her answers one way or another.

The tea’s effects began a little subtler for Zelda than it had her friends, however. It seemed to be fixated on altering more subtle traits first and foremost, and this could be observed as a tinge of yellow was dropped into her bright blue eyes. Their shades shifted to a bright green that should have been familiar by now, while her surrounding eyelids narrowed in design and fluttered with *exceptionally* long lashes. **“So why am I, *like*, in here? Where did the other two go?”**

It had been too subtle of a change for her to notice it in the moment, but why had she tossed that ‘like’ in there? Zelda was a young intellectual and was a very coherent speaker. She wouldn’t stray from proper sentence structure like that without good reason. But, then again, there wasn’t much of a ‘good reason’ behind what was happening to *any* of them. Take the girl’s ears, which were drawn longer at the cost of their thickness.

Or her *hair*. Once again, a familiar color emerged. A silver that bordered white and blue weaved among golden strands until it replaced it entirely. **“H-Huh!?”** It went unnoticed until the clips that helped hold her bangs back popped off and the braid across her crown unraveled – solely because that *already* long hair was growing even *longer*. Her loosened bangs rose until they almost resembled *vents*, keeping revealed silver eyebrows that appeared to thin from their fuzzier forms.

“My hair... It’s so long and *totally hawt*! E-Eh? What am I say— ACK!?” The princess had sounded so *stupid* there for a second! A lot was happening, so at first she thought she had choked on her spit or something. That *wasn’t* it, because her *tongue* rolled out from between a pair of lips that were growing puffier and puffier. Like the others, it was about six inches long and had a forked tip. She seemed to withdraw it naturally, but by then... **“Well, what’s wrong with having a long tongue? I bet I could wrap it around all sorts of things— This is bad!”**

Zelda’s voice was deeper and sultrier now, matching the changes that had continuously affected her face in the interim. Her lips aside, her nose was larger, and her eyes had narrowed. She now bore a clear familial resemblance to the other two lamias, but looked more like an *older* sister to the both of them with how this new face of hers suggested an age of around *thirty*.

She was struggling with the things she was saying. They sounded dumb, like some sort of *bimbo*! **“What kind of phenome... phenomer... thingy could be doing this to me!?”** Try as she might, she couldn’t put together any coherent theories. Any intelligence she’d possessed was slipping through her fingertips. She was getting *dumber* but also obviously *hornier*. Her loins and chest *ached*, and for good reason on both points. Her aching pussy was relocating itself higher on her pelvis, while her chest...

RIIIIIIIIIIP!

“Oh *yeah*!” That probably *wasn’t* the correct reaction to the sudden *ballooning* of a once average-sized chest. Despite the integrity of her top? The growth was so sudden and so gratuitous that fibers had no choice but to succumb and part, allowing the girl’s tits to flop messily against a widening stomach. They bounced with a weighty jiggle as lengthened fingers sunk into them. **“My titties are like, so huge!”** They *really* were. So large, in fact, that the princess failed to notice her verbiage had degraded even further. Or maybe it was more like she just *didn’t care* anymore?

It was hard to care when you couldn’t really think critically. She was too busy tweaking her own swollen nipples with lengthened fingernails, her forked tongue flickering out here and there. It was so bad that the sound of her pants splitting wasn’t factored in as a major issue either. At first they split at the back because of her *ass*. Cheeks bloated into a full heart sharp that mirrored the mass of her *J-cup* tits, but then widening hips split the sides of those pants, too.

From there, it was a simple process of the same yellow and green scales running across her legs as they fused together, spewing out chewed up inner pantlegs while her feet slipped and stretched out behind her into a mighty snake's tail. It was only *then* that she grabbed a handful of her scaly ass, savoring how firm it was despite how *thicc* she was in kind. **"I feel sooooo good right now! But..."** She was horny as all hell, but there wasn't anyone around to relieve her.

She still had to undergo a change of attire, and it was *also* a near identical costume to what the other two were wearing. Her gloves weren't fingerless, her collar had three skulls, and she wore heart-shaped earrings – but other than that it was basically the same. The three were wearing matching costumes on purpose, because they all worked together under Muffet's control.

"I am totes waaaaaay too horny to be all the way down here in the dungeon!" *Lamballina's* long, serpentine tongue escaped her lips while she moaned with an aroused need. For how smart and composed the princess of Hyrule had been, *this* Lamia? She was stupid. Horny and stupid. A total bimbo. **"All those thingies about my past life are soooo annoying! I might've had a perky ass and stuff back then, but my new bod is waaaaaay better! Not only is my ass ginormous—"** She gave her scaled rump a playful slap.



"—But I have the fattest tits, too!" She followed up by groping her own breasts around the golden top of her leotards. Her nipples were so sensitive that she felt like she was close to release even without the involvement of another party. But *Lamballina* was going to find someone. **"I wonder if there are any super cute customers at the café upstairs? I'll need to totes do something about this before we dance, or I might make a mess of the show..."**

Muffet hadn't counted on one of her new performers being so *hypersexual*, but it was something that she'd have to work around in the end.