

YEAR OF THE SNAKE

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BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Where am I? What year is it?”

As she rolled over out of her slumber, the blue haired Lyria posed these questions to no one in particular out of a bout of relative silliness. It was New Year’s eve – or at least it had been when she had gone to sleep – and the crew of the Grandcypher had been through a busy day of landing near the yearly Divine General shrine and checking in on the local festivities. This year in particular was the Year of the Snake, leaving the dragon behind.

It was a little funny to think, since most of their day in town had been spent *with* the dragon Divine General, helping with a local ramen shop. They had yet to even meet the new year’s general, but that would likely come in the morning. *Later* in the morning, seeing as a quick glance out the nearby window revealed to Lyria that the moon was still high in the sky.

Djeeta and Vyrn were still fast asleep within the inn room they had rented for the night, so she tiptoed out into the hall on her bare feet with the intention of getting some fresh hair. She’d wrapped a blue scarf around her neck before sliding the wooden door open into the courtyard. But was a scarf really *enough*? There was roughly four feet of snow on the ground. It was *winter*.

“Brr... Maybe I should have grabbed my gloves too?” The Girl in Blue didn’t appear to be *as* bothered by the cold as she probably should have been without a coat or even socks, much less boots. But she *did* legitimately have a higher tolerance for the cold than most people did because of her powers. But even then, she wouldn’t do something as

daring as step off the shoveled, wooden path that surrounded the inn and into the snow.



With her fingers laced behind her back, she delicately followed this path her blue eyes trained on the starry sky. There wasn't any particular reason she'd woken up. Sometimes it was just as simple as being restless for no reason. But she was glad she did if she was able to take in *this* view. **"They're so pretty! Maybe I should have woken Djeeta up to come along?"** That would have been kind of *romantic*, right? But it was too late to make that call.

"Eh? Is *that* a star?" Among the dark backdrop illuminated by millions of glittering lights was one that seemingly stood out among the rest. It was a very bright *teal* – a mix of lime green and sky blue – and it seemed as if it was growing brighter and brighter... and *brighter*? It was beginning to take up more and more of Lyria's vision, until... **"Wait, is it— AH!?"**

This light had been flying *at* her. She'd been fearful that it was a meteor that was about to hit her, but she screamed from *within* the light. It had hit her, but there were no solid objects inside of its glow. Just a blinding light that swallowed her whole for but a second. It eventually passed, leaving the girl stunned and her skin tingly. **"Wh-What just happened?"** She had *multiple* questions, but the most obvious one was what escaped her lips.

Before she involuntarily *licked* those lips with her tongue, revealing that it was now forked and *green*.

Not that Lyria herself realized in the moment. She was checking the rest of her body over for harm. She couldn't *see* any damage or notice anything wrong. **"M-Maybe that was just a harmless glowing beam of green light?"** That felt a little *too* optimistic, and based on what had happened to her tongue? It was *definitely* wrong. It was just that the earliest indications had been kept out of sight, namely because they were in the one place she *couldn't* see without having access to her reflection.

The girl's *face*. Her tongue was one of those indicators, but there was actually *plenty* wrong with her facial design all of a sudden. The girl's lips were seemingly *growing*, the skin around them pulled tight and rosy as they bulged to a sizing that was far too atypical for a girl of her perceived age. But that more or less became the concept that plagued

most of her facial features. Whether it was her nostrils flaring a little, her cheeks pulling wider, or her small eyes seemingly being stretched outward as the vaguest of Crow's feet were etched into their corners.

Not to mention the pinch of yellow that was dropped into her irises, turning them a shade of bright *green* instead.

“N-No. Something’s wrong! Just listen to my voice! It’s so... old.” Lyria *had* been speaking on how *off* she felt initially, but the deeper and notably older hum to her voice stole her attention away from that thought. It was *definitely* reflected in a face that now looked like it belonged to an adult woman that might have been as old as in her *forties*, but it looked terribly out of place on her short, more child-like body. But it was weird. *She’d* been the one to say she sounded old. So, why did she scoff right after like she’d also been *offended*?

Something was wrong with her subconsciously and she was in more ‘danger’ than she even realized. But it was hard to stay focused on a single problem when they only became more numerous. And the one that came next was *especially* difficult to ignore, seeing as it affected her *entire* body and was the first physical change that was made expressly apparent to her. **“H-Huh!? Oh.”** What began as shock ended up transitioning into a calmer acceptance.

But the former reaction was *definitely* the more correct one. After all, she was experiencing a rather *dramatic* change to her body’s entire build. There was a pulling sensation in her limbs and torso as her body *climbed*, giving her dress no choice but to lift away from her hips and pelvis as her shoulder pushed away from her lower body. Her meager height was *rising*, and as it did? The girl’s shoulders broadened, widening her ribcage along with them so that dress ripped down the sides. Her hips swung out even *wider*, but her skirt had been lifted above them by that point regardless.

It didn’t take long at all for her to reach a height of 5’7”, with her silhouette now more akin to that of a woman that you would find in her newly perceived age group. **“What in the world is happening?”** That calm from earlier hadn’t been dismissed. She was *acting* more mature, and she felt more *curious* about what was happening than panicked by it. New memories were swimming amidst familiar ones, and on some level, she felt like they would soon overwhelm her.

The stronger this mental stimulus became, the stranger her *hair* seemed to appear. The long locks of beautiful blue that typically reached her ankles had not only been *shortening*, with strands practically pulling back into her roots. Their colors also dulled from blue to a faded silver, the quality of these hairs ultimately thicker and fluffier. By the time her

transformation in its totality would come to an end? She'd be left with a fluffy head of hair that puffed out to the sides and curled into her shoulders.

“I’m beginning to remember something. A... duty?” A *responsibility*, more like. Something she *had* to do. This responsibility established itself as a key pillar of the new identity that was forming, and it prompted a sharp and sudden change in her personality as a wry smirk spread across her thickened lips. Lyria felt oddly *powerful* all of a sudden. *Sexy*, even. And while she had no grounds *to* feel that sexy at first?

Plenty of justification for it grew as the *rest* of her body began to grow into its new age. Her thighs led this charge, quickly taking advantage of how her hips had widened to supplement lengthened bones with an abundance of fat. And yet, because she was clearly not that young, there was a looseness to the four inches of fat that burgeoned forth that made them much more prone to jiggling if left unchecked. There was a similar fate in store for her *ass*, too. The woman’s small panties had been the only things covering her lower body with her dress hoisted up so high, but they wedgied her ass cheeks and exposed cameltoe in the front thanks to the impressive heart shape her rear end had developed. **“Well, that’s uncomfortable.”**

The woman *was* referring to the wedgie at first, but the breadth of her complaint soon spread to her *dress* too. It had already torn at the sides, but it soon tore *further* because it was constricting another part of her body that was now flourishing: her chest. Lyria had always wondered what it might be like to have a bigger chest, and she was *receiving* just that. They’d once practically been devoid of any weight whatsoever yet ultimately ballooned into a pair of *E-cup* orbs that yanked her neckline down and pushed the golden, blue-gemmed pendant right off her chest.

“Hm...” Based on the look in her eyes, the woman appeared to have some understanding about what was happening to her. In fact, she now embraced it. **“My clothes should change next, yes?”** That said, she’d gotten a little ahead of herself. Pressure was building at the base of her spine as well as on the sides of her head. **“I guess not. I’ll put up with this discomfort for a moment further.”**

A moment was really all she needed. New appendages pushed out of these pressure points. The two on the sides of her head? Sharp, white bone emerged, lifting up and then snapping downwards into a separate, smaller bone. Skin coated them just in time for black and bright green feathers to coat them, effectively granting her a pair of small wings on her head’s sides. There was only *one* kind of appendage that could grow from the base of her spine, too. A *tail*. One that *slithered* out from her

tailbone and began to whip about behind her. There was nothing soft about this tail. No fur, no tufts of hair. Only black scales that stretched out about *seven* feet behind her. It wasn't the tail of an ordinary lizard.

It looked more like the back half of a *snake*.

“There we are.” Lyria's prediction became true immediately after. The clothing she had been wearing that no longer fit was *erased*, and the weight of a newer, warmer outfit fell onto her body as if she had been wearing it all along. A soft, white dress that hugged her body tightly was worn underneath a puffy jacket with decorated sleeves. Fingerless gloves warmed her hands, and black tights delivered relief to her legs all the way down to pointed, black heels. There was a plethora of *belts* on this outfit, just as there was weaving, teal rope around the jacket's exterior. It was an extremely *unique* outfit. Just as unique as the staff in her left hand.

While a black serpent's tail *did* flick back and fourth behind the *forty two* year old woman, the pair of green wings that jutted out of her head made it clear that she wasn't *just* part snake. Indeed, *Ho'olheyak* was a *Kukulkan*, a unique race from another world that harbored the traits of both. But it was *because* it was now the year of the snake that she had been summoned into the skydom. **“Now this is an intriguing situation. A world above the clouds, hm?”**

Lyria's ego might have been gone, but her memories remained as a means for Ho'olheyak to understand her surroundings. She was glad that her clothing had been summoned along with her else she would have been *dreadfully* cold standing out in the wintery environment. **“I suppose I'll need to chronicle the events of this realm from now on? But where do I begin...”** She was by no means a *good* person, but she had responsibilities as a Kukulkan.

The next generation always inherited the ancestral memories of the previous one, and so those living were always tasked with taking in as much knowledge and as many experiences as possible. To explore a new world *must* have been an extension of this task. But she wasn't interested in pursuing it immediately. **“According to these**



memories, that girl had a companion staying nearby, right?”
She was thinking of Djeeta, naturally.

“She might make a tasty snack.”

If she could convince her to sleep with a 42 year old woman, at least.