

# FE3H: MILF MADNESS

## CHAPTER 4: SNEK OIL

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At the moment things had gone awry, Seteth was seeing to the end of his paperwork in the church office. The night sky the backdrop at his window, it was through the light of the moon and torch only that he could see the words upon the pages of parchment sprawled out before him. Receipts, marching orders; all sorts of documents that were necessary for the upkeep of the Monastery.

But he didn't have the foggiest clue what Rhea had gotten up to in the underground catacombs beneath Garreg Mach. The Archbishop had things she didn't even tell her right hand after all, which just made it all the easier for him to be cast as another victim. But then again, Rhea didn't quite realize how far reaching it was either. She had assumed her wish would be granted with the apparition of new individuals, not by transforming the *entirety* of Garreg Mach's population.

The evening was a chilly one and there was a ruckus building on the campus below, making it difficult for him to concentrate. **“Why are we paying the guards if they can't keep even the noise level down?”** He hadn't the foggiest what everyone was excited about and had no intention of going to see for himself until all of the papers were in their correct places. Naturally there was no way in a million years (and he could certainly live that long) he might anticipate that the ruckus was actually born from all of the students and faculty turning into busty, older women.

Nor that he would soon be counted among their ranks.

Staring down at the paperwork, Seteth couldn't help but feel a little drowsy. He wasn't as alert as he normally was and it was evident to the

man himself, but he couldn't ascertain the reason. After all, he'd just enjoyed a cup of coffee only an hour before sitting down. But unknown to the child of Seiros, some abnormalities had begun to form on his body; hidden sharply by his priest's attire.

One by one, sections of his skin had begun to harden. Spots raised, color a bright red, before new ones raised beside them. There were noticeable grooves between these red spots, and the spots themselves took on a smooth sheen while somehow remaining rough to the touch. Anyone familiar with a reptile could easily tell what these ruby blemishes were: they were scales.

Three large scales emerged on the edges of either cheek, connected to his elongated ears (*which had been so since his conception*) as the scales spread there too. Slowly the points of his ears began to poke out from behind locks of his emerald hair, the slider on their length option clearly pulled farther along until they were about five inches from the sides of his head to their points each.

Otherwise, equally large scales were very quickly plastered on the sides and backs of his leg, creeping as far south as his feet and as far north as the sides of his hips. The insides of his legs on the other hand? They told a different tale. The scales there were larger and oblong, color white as they stretched horizontally and almost made his legs look a little wobbly; but wearing his pants at he did Seteth didn't have the foggiest idea it was even happening.

Instead the priest was taking an increased notice of how *cold* it was, and that notice led to his fatigue increasing. His posture drooped lower and lower, eyes becoming heavier as dilated pupils appeared to pull into serpentine slits. **"I suppose a quick nap... won't be an issue..."** And he ultimately collapsed with his arms, chest, and head resting on his desk.

The quick and sudden fatigue was a side-effect of his transformation, but it wasn't like it had happened with the intent of making him pass out. It was actually more relative to the scales and his biological makeup overall: his blood had turned cold in his legs and face, like a reptile, and the cold air had slowed body and mind alike. Now with his body unresponsive it provided the perfect opportunity for it to, well, be *more responsive* in the transformative respect. There was little chance he'd catch onto what was happening while he was so fatigued.

Most evidently? There was a very prompt flare up as Seteth's mind wandered into la la land. His chin was, *gradually*, lifted off the table although not through any fault of his neck. Instead it was the weight of his chest acting as mounts, hoisting up the torso and head as a pair of

sizable breasts took shape beneath the folds of his priest robes. They had begun as little more than tiny mosquito bites upon his chest in the beginning as all of the hair across his broadly designed torso appeared to get slurped back up into his skin. Nipples appeared a little swollen - that was all. But things changed ever so quickly.

After only a few moments the cavities beneath the man's nipples had begun to engorge with weight. Clothing strained as breasts budded rapidly towards B-cups in the interim, but it was clear the integrity of his attire would definitely outlast the pressure of the building bosom beneath him. That was why room had to be made somehow, somehow, and a solution was found in the collapse of his figure. Shoulders crunched inwards, torso shortened; all in the pursuit of accommodating breasts that surged past plump D's. His clothing had grown more spacious and so there was more room for the tits to breath even as they burrowed into F's, and by that point they were so huge his head was resting lopsided against them as if they were the softest of cushions.

As the man took breaths in his slumber, after a while something bizarre seemed to be jutting out of his mouth. It was his tongue, but it was thin, forked, and seemed to flicker out longer each and every time it momentarily escaped. Like a snake. He'd even earned the fangs to match. Eyes opened groggily, mind stirred from softness of his breasts, and in that moment golden irises made themselves known. **"No... I'm not looking for another mate right now honey..."** As if he was dreaming this peculiar statement slipped from his lips in a voice that was sickly sweet, and not at all masculine.

That more or less played into how he was appearing now however. Forked tongue flickered between lips that were increasingly pronounced, the shape of his eyes rounder with longer lashes. And his facial hair? While it had reddened it was quickly stripping to leave the man's face otherwise bare. That very same red permeated through Seteth's head of hair, emerald locks inverted to ruby as their length spilled far down his back, all of the way to the floor.

Effeminate fingers twitched against the paperwork on the table as something else began to twitch: *his dick*. It was shrinking, and fast; yet it was a pleasurable experience that turned his dreams to those of being plowed by a strong mate. Dong diminished to the point of obscurity, leaving naught but a woman's pussy in its place, but oddly enough all of her pubic hair retreated no sooner than it had changed.

Hips popped wide, leaving her gait upon the seat an impressive one thanks to scaled ass cheeks clapping into swollen vigor to match. Thighs thickened too, and as they did the fabric of his pants were strained as they threatened to pop out. This all seemed very standard for a budding

transformation into a hot mom, but things went awry. There was nothing *standard* about this.

The middle of the boxers she was sporting suddenly snapped loudly, cloth between both legs eviscerated as the phenomenon moved downward rapidly to chew up her leg wear as well. It was the oblong, white scales that had spread across the insides of her legs earlier. As if drawn by invisible magnets they snapped each leg towards one another, gaps that had existed between them before filling painlessly and ultimately fusing each limb into a single, super limb. This phenomenon continued down the full length of the woman's pants until it reached her feet, and while footwear fell in tatters to the ground as they fused as well...

*It did not stop there.*

Instead her feet moved farther and farther away from where they'd rested, what was once her legs growing with haste and wriggling beneath the table. When the tail end, the point that had once been her feet, ran out of room it merely escaped the table and began to occupy space around and behind the chair. *Six feet... Seven feet...* Before long the length of this appendage, this *very* blatant snake tail was ten feet long without even counting her torso.

Its growth had forced her pelvis to push forward with more prominence, pussy swollen and raw with a design that wasn't quite like that of a human's. Yet it wasn't exposed for long, and white scaled flaps folded over top of it to keep it concealed (*as well as keep debris out as she slithered along*).

Despite it all Seteth was still asleep, mind wandering to thought of being railed by a strong male mate; even though she could recall having a daughter of her own already. When she'd awaken she would be confused and wouldn't even remember her whole name, but who knew when that would be. After all, it was going to be a chilly night and winter was quickly approaching. It wasn't the time of year where snakes thrived.

*Or lamia for that matter.*