

For all intents and purposes, Naali clocked in for the shift thinking that things were going to be as they always were: either an absolute bore, or an endless series of calamities of ever-escalating proportions that ended with the whole station being evacuated and someone other than herself getting blamed for it. The former had taken place so often, so *painfully* often, that for several weeks the snake had been *wishing* the latter would hurry up and happen already; it hardly mattered that lives were on the line, because the sheer isolation of working aboard a space station as the chief of security when nothing actually *happened* that needed her to do her job left Naali feeling like she should start her own trouble just to spice things up. It was only her conscience, as well as the reminder that it was NanoTrasen who signed her paychecks, that kept her from doing anything stupid, though that didn't preclude her being moody about it at the best of times. It certainly didn't help that most of her coworkers ran the gamut from mediocre to outright idiotic, with her having to remind a few of them of which side of the stunbaton they were supposed to hold; cloning sickness or no, the snake was getting tired of having to deal with the same level of incompetence, day in and day out, with no recourse or way out in sight. It was enough to make her scream, though thankfully she managed to keep herself together for the duration of her shifts before taking out her frustrations by going home and being unreasonably aggressive while playing online games. Not exactly healthy, but then again, she worked for NanoTrasen; literally nothing she did could ever be considered healthy for as long as the contract was signed. So she kept going, day after day, week after week, hoping to wear out the remaining time on that damned piece of paper so she could apply for a transfer to somewhere that had some action to it, rather than the backwater mining station she'd been assigned as a "promotion"; it wasn't her fault that the last captain she worked with before the change in venue turned out to be a changeling in disguise, which only made the "reward" that much more unbearable. That she was sent to that place because the company would rather get her out of the way rather than admit a massive security breach was their fault left a sour taste in Naali's mouth that no amount of drink could wash out, hence her need to occasionally externalize it via the odd snippy comment whenever she felt particularly frustrated. The snake never thought too much about it, being far more concerned with practical matters of greater importance, making it easy for certain things to slip through the cracks of her perception: odd sideways glances, unorthodox cargo requests that landed on her desk for her to sign off on, even rumours floating about that, thanks to their sheer unbelievability, Naali chose to... well, not believe. It'd be pointless to try and track down every supposed threat that bored miners decided to come up with in order to pass the time, when the closest the Syndicate ever came to actually being a threat to the mining station were the two or so times when they sent small strike force to scout the place out before giving up on it altogether; every other Code Red had always been called over either internal strife (courtesy of the workers developing enough class consciousness that some of them had committed the cardinal sin of unionizing), or one of the miners deciding to bring back some form of extraterrestrial life from the planet they were tasked with hollowing out, causing quite a bit of stir when Security forces had to step in and either cage the beast or kill it outright when most of the rest of the station fought against them in order to keep their "pet" around. Even this, however, paled in comparison

to what Naali was used to doing back when she had a proper position as the Head of Security, hence why most of the time she could be found lounging in the bar, trying her best not to snap back at anyone who dared to approach her unsolicited. It was only when she felt a tightness in her chest that the snake began to think that maybe something was off, and even then she was content in assuming she'd just swallowed the last shot badly and needed something to clear it off... though, once the next mouthful of cheap gin went down and nothing changed, *then* Naali began to wonder just what was going on. Seeing as no one was paying much attention to her, she looked down and surreptitiously tugged at the front of her uniform, hoping to see if there were any rashes, bruises, or anything at all that might indicate why she was feeling that way... only to notice that her bra looked significantly smaller than it should. Meanwhile, somewhere in a forgotten section of the maintenance tunnels surrounding the Medbay, manic giggling could be heard coming from a half-open closet; if anyone were to peek inside, they would find someone dressed in a miner's uniform, dirty and ragged and very clearly skipping out on their shift, holding onto what looked to be a small plush doll that looked suspiciously like Naali did. To their side, a set of needles driven into a tiny pillow, along with some measuring equipment and even what looked to be some vintage scales. Were anyone to look into the closet, they'd most likely call Security on account of that person clearly being some form of cultist, but little did this hypothetical interloper know that what they were looking at was not the same sort of blood ritual that the Nar-Sie lunatics usually partook in, but something else entirely. An old form of magic, one that hadn't been seen outside Earth in what were most likely *centuries*, one that the miner was probably taught by some bored SWF coot who had some time to burn and decided to sow some chaos without slinging around fireballs themselves. Granted, better this than anything else more destructive; the miner in question was so sick and tired of the Head of Security being such a buzzkill that, in their mind, the best thing they could do about it was teach them some humility and have them learn to loosen up... and what better way to do so than to put them in a situation in which they'd *have* to lower their guard, whether or not they liked it? Not exactly sound logic, but then again, being a miner for NanoTrasen often involved inhaling copious amounts of toxic substances on account of the safety equipment being so cheaply made, so it was debatable whether or not the laborer teams were operating at full capacity or not; for Naali, this hardly mattered, considering she was staring down at a pair of breasts that [somewhat larger than she remembered them being, just](#) enough so that she actually *needed* that bra she insisted on using underneath her jumpsuit. For a few moments, the snake thought that she might very well be hallucinating; there was no way this was happening, because it *couldn't* be happening, certainly not to her. She'd gone through puberty and most of her adult life up until that point with absolutely nothing to her chest, and while she'd be lying if she said she was ok with that, the snek had grown to accept the fact that she was destined to be almost as flat as a board. There *was* something there, but... not much, certainly not as much as she'd like there to be, which was precisely why her reaction to seeing her tits bloat was as mixed as it was; her rational side *knew* that she should be worried, because clearly this wasn't normal, but the rest of her was downright elated at the prospect of finally having a pair of tits that could fill up a hand, *her* hand in fact if

she was feeling up for it later that day. It was an uphill battle; as much as her rational half knew that she should leave before things got too out of control, the vast majority of her brain was so thoroughly activated by the notion of slowly filling out her suit, of slowly bursting free from the confines of her armor plating, that Naali began thinking that maybe she *should* just stay there and wait it out, see how big she could get, even if it eventually became hard to breathe. Sadly, she still had a job to do, and though the snake was more than happy to ignore it whenever it suited her, this had to be done in precise and calculated ways, precisely to avoid another reassignment; the thinking aspects of her did eventually win, forcing the snake to slither away from the bar and head to her office, trying her best not to look like she was panicking as she did so. It was harder than it looked, given the tightness in her chest grew stronger the more distance she placed between herself and the bar; Naali couldn't exactly remove her clothes, not in front of everyone, but that didn't stop her bust from very gradually pushing against the inside of her body armor. It was only then that the Head of Security cursed her decision to keep the damned thing strapped on as tightly as she did... while simultaneously biting her lip, wondering how long it would take before she managed to break through the straps holding that thing onto her. It became harder to breathe as well, with her protective body armor turning out to be more of a prison than anything else, and it didn't take more than a moment or two after she closed the door to her office behind her that Naali... held her hands in the air, midway through the process of removing the ceramic plating from her. It would've been a relief for her, being able to breathe properly, yet it was precisely this inability that made the experience so unbearably pleasurable; it was proof she was growing, proof that it was happening, proof that she could, for whatever reason, finally fill out a bra while bursting free from her clothes at the time same, a fantasy that the snake had held close to herself for a *while*. For a second or two, all Naali could really *do* was stare down at her own bust and wonder to herself just what in blazes was going on; perhaps it was a genemod that she'd been injected with in the sly, or maybe some sort of weird changeling power that she'd never heard of before. It clearly couldn't be a hallucination, seeing as she was perfectly clear of any medical conditions that could've caused one, and the odds of it having been the drinks were... well, not exactly *zero*, but she hadn't really downed enough liquor to justify seeing things. Plus, the sensations were far and away too radically different from what she experienced during her occasional lapses of judgement; the weight was too real, the tightness in her chest too present, the shortness of breath too painfully *there* for it to *not* be there. Besides, with the sheer amount of things that *could* cause growth like that, it'd be stupid to assume she was just imagining it... which brought about its own set of issues, because how was she going to explain *those*? Even the short trek back to her office had been enough to give her a pair that was a couple of cup sizes above her normal size, enough that her bra felt so tight that it *must* be on the edge of snapping, the interior of her body armor kept from buckling outwards purely thanks to its constituent materials... and she still wasn't. Indeed, as they were *still* growing, it became clear that her tits didn't really care about how much trouble they gave her, most likely aiming to provide Naali a bust that wouldn't have looked out of place in some more unsavory corners of the galaxy, or in some truly high-class cinematic productions that she swore up and down she'd never seen

before. Already her mind was beset by images of herself in her dream form, with her dream size and dream weight, with a pair of tits large enough that she could finally smother someone properly with them; a weird thought to have, but Naali couldn't help but feel like what she had there, slowly making its way upwards on the size scale, wasn't enough. It was a bust meant to be played with, thoroughly appreciated by someone whose hands knew what they were doing, rather than simply carried around. It was a pair of breasts that deserved a dedicated, welcoming, and *energetic* lover to make the best out of them, to send shockwaves of pleasure up her spine, to overload her ability to feel anything at all... and a bust meant to grow even further, meant to grow until it overcame her body armor and uniform's ability to contain it, leaving the former broken in half and the latter in tatters after her tits finally broke free. Halfway across the station, still hiding in their closet, the miner was cackling, sure that their magics were working wonders, even if they couldn't see the results for themselves; he'd picked up some radio chatter, nothing truly major, but enough to let him know that "the snake" had rushed out of the bar, and some of the Security officers were talking about "weird sounds" coming out from the Head of Security's room. Granted, he would've *loved* to have seen what he had done to her, but his imagination would have to do for the time being; plus, there was enough reference material in the miner's head for him to draw up a roughly accurate representation of what Naali looked like. Naali herself was, unfortunately, still stuck bent over her desk, one hand over her chest, the other trying its best not to help her along with the burning need she had down below. It would be disingenuous for her to claim that she *wanted* help; needed, sure, but wanted? Why would she *want* to be anywhere but there, underneath a bust that had finally begun to grow to become everything she'd ever desired, a bust so sensitive that it didn't take more than a light touch for her whole body to feel like it had been jolted with electricity... and she certainly went for more than just a light touch, and far more often than was perhaps advisable. At no point did the snake even think about the sort of noises she was making, nor if anyone was on the other side of the door to her office, wondering just *what* was happening that would make their HoS be so *throaty* all of a sudden; all she cared about was sinking her fingers into soft plush, *snaking her hand in between her torso and the ceramic plating on top of it, only adding to the pressure she was feeling*. She wondered just how close the whole thing was to either breaking in half or just slipped off of her once the straps finally gave in; the former seemed positively ludicrous considering the reason for all the extra tightness, but the snake could dream, she could close her eyes and think of a world in which her expanding bust packed enough force behind it to literally tear open ceramic plating like it was made of brittle clay. And it was precisely this mental image that kept her going while the pressure around and on her chest kept on rising, the Head of Security blissfully unaware of why any of it was happening, yet still perfectly happy to let it run its course, even if it meant tampering with forces far beyond her understanding. It wasn't about the danger anymore, but the *thrill* of it, the passing of each second, where every breath she took felt more pained than the last, but brought about just as much pleasure in return; it was knowing that, for once, her body was too big for the clothes keeping it decent, and if not for the fact that there were no people on the station that would take her up on her offer, Naali would've gleefully

added a little snack to her experience, just to make it feel that much more *potent*. This lasted for a while, long enough that the snake lost track of time; it could've just been mere minutes, *or* she could've been there most of the shift, ignoring whatever calamitous event took place because she was too busy groping her own tits and hoping they grew some more, refusing to take off her uniform or body armor even when it became legitimately agonizing to keep them on. She wouldn't give up, that much she told herself; it didn't matter if every inhale made her feel like there were daggers puncturing her lungs, *she* was going to outlast her clothing, not the other way around... and, seeing as the deranged miner was still playing around with the doll, making an effort not to succumb to more base and debauched urges while doing so, it really wouldn't take much longer before such an event came to pass. Granted, the "aggressor" in that scenario wasn't thinking of such details, being far more concerned with picking a remote fight with someone who could easily swallow them whole should they be in melee range, but Naali was quick to pick up on the opportunity; her bust was growing, almost unsustainably so, and eventually, *something* would have to budge. Given that the officer refused to be one to break, her armor would have to go that way instead; or rather, the synthetic leather straps holding the piece of ceramic plating close to her chest, courtesy of NanoTrasen's chronic inability to actually invest in proper safety equipment. Sure, it was literally bulletproof and effectively impossible to stab through, but the fact that it had to be *strapped on* gave it several weak links in the proverbial chain, weak links that were prime for the shattering once pressure rose high enough that they couldn't handle it anymore. With a moan that turned into an unashamed scream halfway through, Naali finally felt the sweet release of a free chest, when several of the straps ripped down the middle and the front and back halves of her body armor *flew* away from her as if fired with a spring, all the stored kinetic energy being released with enough power that, not only did the front plate collide with the window behind Naali's desk, it nearly shattered part of the reinforced glass as well! Still, the snake couldn't bring herself to care about how close she'd gotten to being spaced, because she was free: her breasts could finally breathe, hell, *she* could finally breathe after such a long time having it denied to her, and from there to her uniform being torn apart were little more than ten or so seconds; now that her tits were able to hang loose, the last barrier between them and full exposure was just a thin layer of cloth, and seeing as how it was kept as skintight as possible, it really didn't take much effort for the first rips to appear. Surprisingly, despite all the pressure she felt, the Head of Security couldn't help but notice her bust hadn't actually grown *that* much; it was still significantly bigger than before, enough that each breast was reaching the size of her head, but considering what she had gone through in the past however long it had been, the snake genuinely believed she'd grown a lot more. Still, she couldn't complain; the size she was at, which seemed to be stabilizing the more she looked at it, was positively *heavenly*, certainly around the scale that she had dreamed for herself all those years: clearly above average, enough that she could easily smother someone in marshmallow, but still small enough that she could carry them around inside her jumpsuit uniform with only minor difficulty. They filled her clothes to the bursting point, but only *slightly* beyond; surprisingly, though there *were* gashes cut through the synthetic fabric, most of her uniform itself remained in one piece... which, now that she

thought about it, was even better than a full collapse. After all, anyone could be naked; it required very little effort on any given person's part, and all those arrests for public indecency that Naali had been forced to deal with were proof positive of that. It took a very special kind of person, a very particular sort of size, for their clothes to hang on by just a thread, providing enough coverage that it wasn't *technically* nudity, yet enough skin and scale for it to be outrageously scandalous in terms of how little it left for the imagination. Anyone who looked at her would be able to see every contour of Naali's new bust, down to where their underside curved upwards or just how engorged her nipples were; not just that, but there was plenty there to grab in the tears that had been opened in the fabric itself, with ample amounts of soft breastflesh bulging out from the holes and *begging* any bystander to try their luck. Not that they should, given how Naali would react, but it was the aesthetics that counted... and, just like that, the snake was brought back to reality once she realized that her uniform was in no fit state to be used, *and* her body armor was going to need a complete redesign, assuming her bust was to remain the way that it was. She didn't panic though; if anything, this was just her slowly approaching the state she should have been since the beginning, but the snake *did* start thinking about the root cause of it. The growth was too anomalous and unexpected for it to have been a mere fluke of nature or a result of one of the company genemods going haywire; *someone* was responsible for this, and she was going to find out who it was. Thankfully for her, the miner with the doll, by that point entirely convinced that they were home free, decided it'd be a great time for them to start openly bragging about what they were doing in their department's internal comm network, believing themselves safe from any unwanted ears. It didn't occur to them that, while their own fellow miners were more than happy to keep it between themselves, offering up several words of congratulations while simultaneously managing to be even more crass about things than usual, their communications frequency wasn't used by miners alone; though the station's AI usually kept to itself, spending most of its time performing routine maintenance on the subsystems it was in charge of, it *did* keep a recording of every conversation that passed through the telecommunications satellite adjacent to the station proper, purely for security reasons of course. While it didn't normally get involved in the affairs of the sentients it was supposed to watch over, not unless something bad enough to warrant its attention was taking place, the synth mind wasn't about to let unregulated magic go without some form of official reprimand; thus, it found it best to activate the holopad inside the Head of Security's office in order to let them know of what happened, only to be taken aback by what they actually saw.

"You look... different," the AI opened the conversation with, trying its best to emulate what it was taught was tact, "I see **laborer #4412** wasn't exaggerating. Would you like to receive medical attention? I can request the paramedic to provide transportation to the medical bay."

"I'm *fine*," Naali eventually replied, having to focus just to be able to speak normally thanks to all the backlogged sensations she was yet to process properly, "just had a bit of a growth sp-wait, what's this about laborer? Wait, why are you here? AI, state la-"

"I am not subverted, if that is what you wish to know," the hologram interjected, "I am merely here to inform you that **laborer #4412, designate Quool Q'Voul** has been mentioning

your unfortunate medical condition in the Mining Department's internal communications frequency. Something about 'making that bitch learn how to loosen up', or something of the sort. Do you wish for me to direct them towards the Security Department's premises?"

In truth, Naali should've answered yes. Her duty as the Head of Security meant that such a grievous offense should be responded to with nothing less than the full might of the law, at least as written by NanoTrasen and agreed upon by its workers. But Naali *didn't* want that; not only did the company not pay her enough to really care half the time, but after what happened to her, it was only fair that she provide a more unorthodox punishment for someone who dared go after her like that. A punishment that would serve not only to remind this Quool of who was really in charge there, but would serve as a warning to anyone who might get some strange ideas on who was running the show. Thus, she shook her head, trying her best not to grin wildly when she instead instructed the AI to give the miner a set of coordinates, then ignoring the obvious follow-up question of "Why are those in a maintenance tunnel" with some nonsense about crime scene investigation and detective work. It was clear the AI didn't buy it, but slaved to its laws as it was, the synthetic nodded through the hologram and then vanished, giving Naali some time to prepare before heading out. There would be no need for weaponry, certainly no need for combat equipment; while she *could* bring her stunbaton to bear, it just wasn't fun when the prey wasn't wriggling all the way down, when they didn't *resist*, making the final meal that much more delicious. For Naali was intent on punishing this person, yes, but to do so in a way that would make them very happy indeed that NanoTrasen provided free cloning services to its employees, because by the time she was done with this insolent miner, there wouldn't be much left of them, and most certainly not enough to shove inside an MMI for further reprocessing. So giddy was she at the prospect of what she was about to do that the snake failed to notice how everyone around her, when she left her office and emerged into a small crowd of officers, was staring at her with wide eyes and a slack-jawed expression; it only felt right that her presence should have that level of impact, seeing as she was, ultimately, the biggest bombshell in the room. She hardly even cared to look when leaving her department, preferring instead to let every bystander gawk at her new and improved self, the snake beaming with pride as, annoyingly enough, what the miner did *had* indeed taught her to loosen up just a little... or, perhaps, she was too horny from the growth spurt to really care about what others thought of her, which was far more likely all things considered. Too horny from the growing and too horny from the thought of what she was about to do, ducking into a maintenance tunnel with a toothy grin and her tongue licking her lips, not even paying attention to the station's captain asking her what had happened over comms; that old coot wouldn't understand, not when his best qualification for the job was having been at the right soirée at the right time, prompting Naali to take off her headset and stash it in one of her pockets, ignoring the buzzing that kept coming from it whenever anyone tried getting in contact. She was busier with better, more important things, such as heading to the rendezvous point to find a place to hide; it was an old bar, left abandoned in maintenance after it was declared condemned in the last big renovation wave, when new facilities were installed and old ones were left to rot until someone mustered up the willpower (and money) to carve off the unused part of

the station's frame. Little did Naali know that the closet she squeezed into was the same one that the miner had used to hide inside, which didn't at all go unnoticed by said miner when they poked their head around the corner of one of the access shafts and found themselves back where it all began. There was no way any of this would end well, but they couldn't exactly disobey a direct order from the Head of Security without finding themselves at the wrong end of a high-powered taser, thus forcing them to take the last steps needed before they were back in the abandoned bar, staring at anything that (seemed to) move in their paranoid attempt at identifying where the inevitable attack would come from. How little did they know that the strike would emerge from within the very same place they had used to conduct their little "experiment", where their target was already lying in wait, peeking through the small space created by the gently-opened closet door, her mouth *dripping* with drool as her hunger drove Naali to salivate like a ravenous beast. It wouldn't be long until she knocked the door open and flew out, using her coiled tail as a spring to propel herself onto her snack, wouldn't be long until she was stuffing that delicious walking meal down her gullet, letting them know that, new and improved tits or no, they had still crossed a line. And who knew, maybe she'd go after all the other miners who heard about it and didn't turn their fellow in.

She *was* awfully hungry.