

# Cake for a Snake

*By Dragonien*

"Who's my grumpy little guy?" Kinachi teased.

The snake showed no visible response, even when Kinachi reached up to rub a plump finger underneath the snake's chin. The most reaction Kinachi got was the snake wrapping its coils the tiniest bit tighter around his upper arm, most likely more for stability in response to his movements rather than reaction to the affection. Thankfully the snake was barely larger than your average garden snake so its constriction caused no real discomfort to the Pokémon it was perched atop. Not one to let the snake's seeming disinterest dissuade him, Kinachi continued happily rubbing and petting at the pale brown-colored hide of his little pet snake as he worked. He had just put the finishing touches of icing on his latest cake, giving it a little swirl of pink frosting around its edges until its white and pink coloration matched his own. Proud of his completed product, the pudgy lugia held the cake up on its plate in front of him with glee.

"It's me, except as a cake!" he giggled to himself, even as his mouth flooded with saliva at the thought of taking a bite.

His little snake seemed less than enthusiastic, however. It simply stared blankly ahead off into the middle distance with no more care for the cake Kinachi held than it would have had for paint drying on the wall. The Pokémon baker didn't let his pet's disinterest dampen his enthusiasm, though. Carefully he set the plate down before using his free hand to pick up a fork and scoop a healthy mouthful of the cake right into his muzzle. What followed was a series of near-narcissistic groans and moans of bliss at the taste of his own cooking, exclamations of "Oh god, so goood" and less coherent sounds of approval all mixed together with the joyful wiggle of his backside as his weight shifted from left to right in time with the wagging of his chunky tail. His sugary ecstasy quickly faded, though, as he turned his attention towards his real goal of the night. Placing his fork down, Kinachi then raised his now empty hand back up. Holding it palm-up, his face screwed up in concentration as he focused intently on the space just above his hand.

Were anyone to be watching, they might have been surprised to see the faint glimmer of multicolored light starting to form above the Lugia's hand, like someone had peppered a fine dusting of glitter in the space and were shining a flashlight on it from above. The glimmers of light slowly began to spin in a narrowing spiral before abruptly condensing with the almost cartoon-like popping sound effect of a cork popping out of a bottle of champagne. Where the glitters of light had been a moment before now lay a small slice of white and pink-frosted cake, visually identical in every way to the one that Kinachi had just finished baking. From anyone making a purely visual inspection, it would have been completely the same from the bounciness of the cake breadding to the thickness of the icing. Despite this, Kinachi eyed the offending sugary treat with a look of intense skepticism. He wasn't the only one. Though the Lugia hadn't noticed, too busy examining the suddenly-materialized cake, his snake was now sitting upright and staring intently at the pastry as well.

Raising the slice of cake up to his muzzle, Kinachi took a bite from it with the same nervous reluctance that a child uses when eating a green vegetable they hate. Instantly he began coughing and hacking at the seemingly vile taste of the cake, though he still made sure to swallow down the bite he had taken. To be truthful it wasn't actually that bad at all. But to Kinachi, who spent most of their days baking delectable and high-quality sugary treats for his high-end bakery, not bad might as well have been the equivalent to eating garbage. He was a pastry snob, who knew? He'd only recently discovered his odd ability, rooted within his fairy-type abilities, to

'summon' pastries and sugary treats that he had seen and eaten before. the problem that he had was that the treats that he summoned, no matter how seemingly identical they were to the original, never tasted as good. Again, they weren't bad. But their taste was the difference between a hand-crafted cake made from scratch by a professional chef versus a lazy bachelor tossing a cake in the oven made from boxed kit he bought at the grocery store. Seeing as the summoned cakes, at least as far as he could tell, had no other abnormalities too them besides the lower quality in taste he had seen no harm in experimenting with them. He'd wondered if maybe the quality was just a set level lower than the quality of whatever he was imitating. Thus, he'd put his all into making the absolute best version of this particular treat he could in hopes that it would then improve the taste of his summoned version. It had not.

With a sigh, Kinachi started to set the half-eaten piece of cake down on the table. before he was able too, however, he was caught off guard by a sudden hiss coming from his arm. The snake's head shot forward then retracted in a flash, Kinachi swearing he could actually hear that sharp snap of air a whip would make when you cracked it. When he looked down there was now a significantly larger portion of the cake now missing in the shape of a large, messy bite next to his own. Looking to his side he saw the offending glutton and had to struggle not to burst out laughing at the absurd sight. His new little pet snake had apparently taken a liking to this pastry and had taken a bite for itself. Though it acted innocent and lazy as it had been moments before, as if pretending it wasn't the culprit, the clear mustache of icing around its snout made its guilt laughably obvious.

"Hah. Well, at least someone likes my summoned pastries. I don't know what you see in them over the good stuff, but I'm not one to judge." he chuckled aloud to the snake.

For a few moments Kinachi was content to just stand there, using a still slightly icing-stained finger to rub under the snake's chin affectionately. Then, as a yawn forced its way up his throat and he realized the time, he decided it was time to clean up the kitchen and go to bed. As he made his rounds sweeping up stray bits of flour and cleaning off the dishes and pans with his free arm, the snake kept its gaze locked on the forgotten piece of cake left on the countertop. Soulless, primitive animal eyes stared intently, hungrily at the sugary treat even as it slowly began to fade away, melting into a tiny puff of glitter as whatever supernatural forces that had summoned and maintained it faded away. Even when Kinachi had settled the snake back into its terrarium in his bedroom, it kept its head pointed towards the door leading to the kitchen. Its tongue snapped in and out multiple times, tasting the air as if searching for something. Kinachi was far too tired to notice the unusual fixation his pet snake was showing; it had been a long day after all.

"Good night." he murmured tiredly before turning out the lights. Leaving the only gleam of light left in the room being that peeking in around the window's curtains...

And the faintest gleam of pink light rimming the edges of the snake's yellow eyes as they stared off into the darkness.

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"Oh, my god."

It was the fourth time Kinachi had said this, still unable to kick his brain into a gear that would allow him to do more than simply stand there and gawk. The morning had been perfectly normal up to that point. A shower, brushing of teeth, putting on his trademark apron, and all the other dozen little things that were ingrained into his morning routine that he didn't even think about anymore. when he had gotten to the terrarium where he kept his recently acquired pet snake, however, the train that held his still somewhat sleep-addled thoughts derailed in spectacular fashion. The terrarium that only the night before had comfortably housed his

little garden snake was now full up! Stuffed to the brim with, of all things, snake! The formerly little reptile had somehow ballooned prodigiously in mass to the point that it now nearly filled the little glass enclosure. It had to be nearly the size of a small python by now! Though, thankfully, it didn't seem to be too annoyed at being crammed in such a confined space. If anything, it seemed to enjoy the light pressure the walls were placing on its sides where they squished against the glass; Kinachi also unable to help but notice the tiniest bit of additional padding to those sides that hadn't been there the night before. Could snakes get fat? Of course, rather than dwelling on the absurdity of the situation or the concern that most people might have felt at the sudden presence of a much larger and potentially dangerous reptile, when Kinachi's brain finally kicked into gear it went straight to concerned pet-owner mode.

"Oh my gosh you poor little thing you must be so cramped in there!" He exclaimed, quickly rushing forward to pull the lid off of the glass enclosure.

To be honest, with the snake's new mass and the minimal size of its container it would have been almost no effort at all for the thing to simply have bumped its head against the ceiling and pushed the lid open enough for it to slither free. Even a loving snake-enthusiast would get nervous having a snake that size hiding somewhere in their home and the thought brought a split-second shudder down Kinachi's spine.

"You must be starving!" Kinachi cooed as he scooped up the thicker coils of his snake. "Big boys like you need big meals, don't they?"

When Kinachi tried to feed the snake though, it outright refused its usual meals. Kinachi swore the snake actually looked disgusted when he tried to offer it the crickets that were its usual meal. Even when he tried to tantalize it with a small mouse, the 'special treat' he'd give to the snake on rare occasion, it simply turned its head away in disgust. Instead, it coiled itself rather firmly around the arm Kinachi had hoisted it up onto and began snuffling its snout around Kinachi's hand. Even Kinachi's carefree demeanor faltered slightly at the feeling of the hefty snake coiling around him, a momentary twinge of involuntary fear trickling through his head. Thankfully though he was given no reason to reaffirm this fear later as the snake neither constricted further nor bit at him. It was simply getting a firm grip on the arm it was perched upon almost as if possessively. It took a few moments for the Lugia to finally catch on to what the snake was doing. When it hit him though, he couldn't help but grin with an odd sense of pride and satisfaction. If he were a cartoon his lips would have been pulled up so far into a smug grin that his face would have been two-thirds chin.

"You like Lugia Cakes, don't you Squidward?" Kinachi accused through a barely contained giggle at their own reference.

The snake, for its part, either didn't get the reference or simply didn't deign to offer a retort. More than likely it didn't understand anything the Lugia was saying, much less his vague old cartoon references. That didn't stop the Lugia from offering the snake what he believed it wanted, though. Lifting his arm up and gently nudging the snake further back a bit away from his wrist with his free hand, Kinachi spread his palm open. With a momentary look of concentration, Kinachi pulled forth that inexplicable kernel of power buried within him that was the source of his unnatural fairy-type abilities. Power coalesced in his hand, tiny crackles of unnatural energy culminating in the warping of the very fabric of space itself. Energy was forcibly rewoven from its intangible masses in the air as Kinachi rewrote reality itself. He summoned a cupcake.

The snake's eyes light up with a gleam of recognition that Kinachi wasn't used to seeing and immediately snapped its neck forward. Jaws clamped down, fangs tearing through icing and breaching like it were an ephemeral cloud of sugary cotton candy. If snakes could purr, Kinachi was positive his whole arm would be vibrating from the contentment and glee the snake was showing at being offered the sugary treat. The

Lugia knew he probably shouldn't be feeding processed sugars to a feral reptile. Then again, he probably shouldn't be able to summon pastries out of thin air either so he figured if the reality police wanted to get him, he had worse offenses on his rap sheet. Not to mention the mixture of seeing his little pet snake so happy as it snapped up another mouthful of the cupcake and the self-satisfaction only a baker could understand at seeing someone enjoying the taste of something they had created made it a bit difficult for Kinachi to even consider not providing the treats the snake clearly desired. He was a pastry chef after all; providing people with unhealthy foods they probably shouldn't be eating but doing it anyway just to see the satisfaction they got from the treat was pretty much the job description.

Once the snake had finished off the lion's share of the cupcake it had happily settled its head down in the middle of Kinachi's palm. He almost squealed at how adorable the slightly pudgy reptile looked, basking in his body heat in the aftermath of what must have been a sugary feast for the reptile. He was loath to disrupt the snake, but after a couple of minutes of petting the adorable creature he was forced to carefully unwind them from his arm. He nestled the snake's hefty coils back into the now too-small terrarium, not bothering to put the lid on it this time and instead simply raising the heating lamp up a bit higher so it could more comfortably shine its light and heat over the whole enclosure.

"Daddy's gotta go get some work done now, Ok big guy? You just relax here and digest. If you're good I'll let you have another cupcake at lunchtime!"

Some part of Kinachi's brain knew he should be far more concerned about the abnormal growth of the snake than he was. Unfortunately, that part of his mind was buried beneath the giddiness of finding someone that liked his summoned pastries and the pet-fanatic glee at seeing his chubby little pet being so adorable as they ate. As he waddled his way out of the room and towards the bakery's kitchen, the snake lay there beneath the heat lamp to do exactly as he was told. Digest.

Minutes turned into hours and the snake's body obeyed the order its owner had given. The supernaturally manifested cake worked its way through their system and began once more to facilitate changes to the snake as it had done over the night. Its body slowly began to thicken at first, the supernaturally high sugar content in the pastry digesting into a disproportionate amount of fat that spread across the coils of the now rather pudgy looking reptile. Then his body began to elongate slowly, gaining inch after inch of length only as an afterthought as if its body were trying to compensate for the weight and make more of itself to spread the fat around on. Most notably though was the look in the snake's eyes. The honey-gold eyes stared around the room with its slit pupils in interest, examining every little detail they could. Thoughts well above what were the normal eat, sleep, or get warm that the snake usually consisted of rolled through its mind like a hurricane. It started recognizing shapes as more than just surfaces it could travel too, distinguishing individual parts like the clothing draped over one corner of a dresser separate from the dresser itself. It became aware of the pressure constricting it in the enclosure and bumped its head against the near-invisible barrier of the glass terrarium's wall as if testing whether or not the see-through barrier were really there. It was getting smarter

He was getting smarter

That thought felt strange to the snake. He. Me. I. The possessiveness of the thought threw it for a loop for several moments as it tried to grasp and come to terms with its sudden and growing sense of self. Not minutes before the snake had simply existed. Now, though, the snake actually was something; was someone. He saw himself, looking down the length of his bunched-up coils even as they strained against their enclosure. He instantly decided that he hated being contained. It was so uncomfortable! Spitefully, he pushed his coils out against their constraints, only to hear a sharp crackling sound as the glass almost instantly shattered under the force. His coils were abruptly flopping across the top of the desk with some of them spilling over the edge to

hang in the air. The snake gave a contented hiss at his 'escape' from confinement. Then, he began to look around the room in earnest; really examining it for the first time in his life. He could still remember everything that had happened in his life but his memories up to this point had a strange gray fog over them as if he had only been paying fractional attention and picking out details in those thoughts was a struggle. There was one thing that he was able to focus on, though. Treats.

Tongue flicking out to taste the air, the snake swung his head back and forth looking for his... owner? That didn't seem right. He was a person; people didn't have owners. He felt like the word was just barely out of reach, like someone straining their arms up to try to grab at the cookie jar on top of the refrigerator. His fingers could just barely graze the edge of that 'jar' but couldn't get a grip on it to retrieve it. Refocusing his limited attention span, the snake scented the air once more until it found the scent trail of the other one; the one that gave him the treats. He wanted more, he NEEDED more of them. Something in his head told him that's what he needed to do... something. Yet another thought the snake found himself increasingly annoyed to find was just out of reach.

The trip off of the desk top was a bit disorienting for the snake. Not that it was difficult, mind you. Rather, the issue was the scale of everything. Limited as they were, he still was able to rely on memories of his younger self to navigate the room but his budding consciousness struggled to rectify the change in scale between what his much smaller self remembered about the room versus how it actually was now. He made due, though, and quickly was able to adapt. Slithering his way down the side of the desk had been a bit difficult at first. More than just his overall scale, his body had become a bit... thicker in places. The extra girth to his coils made moving noticeably more difficult, but not too much more so than it had been normally. He found he didn't mind. Something about his larger self pleased him. He liked being bigger. Before long he was slithering his way across the carpeted floor; out of the bedroom and down the hallway towards where the small apartment connected to the bakery at large.

Kinachi was completely oblivious to anything out of the ordinary. Happily humming along with the quiet music playing from the little Bluetooth speaker hanging on the wall, giving a light swish of his hips back and forth in sync with the rhythm even as he happily whisked the ingredients in the large metal bowl he held. So, lost in his own personal little world he didn't even notice the feeling of something brushing against his leg until the snake had completely constricted it and was working its way down one of his arms.

"What th-AAH" the Pokémon yelled out in surprise, dropping the metal bowl to spill its contents across the floor.

Eyes wide, he frantically shook his arm for a couple of seconds before calming down enough to realize what it was that was actually on him. His eyes went wide again, this time from surprise rather than fear, as he recognized the now significantly larger snake that was constricting around his leg and arm. The Lugia watched in a mixture of nervous confusion and amazement as the scaly tube of muscle and now, from what Kinachi could see, a noticeable layer of fat slowly slither its way around his arm to rest its now near shoe-sized head against his wrist. The snake's nostrils flared and its tongue flicked in and out multiple times as it tasted the air above Kinachi's palm; clearly searching for something. This brought an amused grin to the Lugia's face. His amusement at the snake's clear pastry craving overpowering his otherwise confused amazement at what was happening to make the snake both so large and active.

"You chubby snakeskin sock. you're just looking for more treats, aren't you?" He accused with a faintly nervous smile.

With only a split second of hesitation, Kinachi reached a hand out to gently pet over the enlarged snake's head as he attempted to keep the nervousness out of his chuckling. to his surprise, the snake actually began pushing his head up into the petting affection. the front half-foot or so of the snake past its head arched up into Kinachi's hand in an almost cat-like act of demanding further attention. It was the first time Kinachi had ever seen the snake really react to any kind of outwards affection he showed it. His heart already more butter than steel, Kinachi couldn't resist doting on the adorable reptile. He knew what it wanted, and happily began summoning another little pastry for it.

This time the snake didn't even hesitate. The moment the sparkles had faded to reveal the icing-covered treat its snout was stuffing itself into the piece of cake. Huge chunks of it were ravenously snapped up and swallowed whole in that way only snakes seem to easily manage. The aggression the snake showed in devouring the offered treat startled Kinachi, those unconscious fears of even just accidentally being bitten sneaking back into his thoughts and making his fingers tremble momentarily with the urge to try to pull them away from the snake's snapping jaws. in less than a minute the entire pastry had been devoured and the snake was left licking back and forth over Kinachi's palm in a very un-snakelike manner to savor any lingering crumbs or flecks of icing. Sated, for the moment, the snake happily began slithering its way further up Kinachi's body until it was draped heavily across his shoulders like some over-sized scarf and settled itself in to drowse and digest.

The Lugia was reluctant to disturb the slumbering reptile, his mind still struggling to come to terms with the oddities going on. As many people do in unusual situations, he chose ignore it and instead to focus on something he knew rather than trying to suss out the unnatural and unusual. Ignore a problem and it will go away... right? Content in his willful ignorance; he went back to baking, doing his best not to let the heavy scarf of scales and flesh around his neck hamper his movements too badly. Once or twice throughout the remainder of the day the snake began to stir, but it usually didn't take more than another fairy-manifested cookie to put them back to sleep. Were Kinachi paying more attention to their surroundings rather than actively trying to disregard them he might have noticed that his scaly scarf was ever so slowly increasing in weight and size over the course of the afternoon.

After a long, tiring day of baking with the added strain of lugging around an increasingly heavy reptile on him Kinachi was ready to collapse in bed by the time evening rolled around. The few times he had tried to extricate himself from the snake's embrace it had tightened its grip on him almost possessively, refusing to be parted from its owner. The only way Kinachi had even been able to get it to let him go long enough for him to take a shower and clean up was by leaving a full-size summoned cake on the floor and quickly hopping backwards before the snake could snap its head out to reach it. Forced to choose between its warm perch and the tasty treat, the snake had quickly decided its stomach took precedence over its perceived comfort. Kinachi told himself he would deal with the snake in the morning. With that thought repeating over and over in his mind rather than letting it dwell on the oddities he finished showering and started crawling in to bed without even bothering to turn on the light in his bedroom. This became a brief issue when he stumbled into the dark room and tried to lay down on his bed only to find it already occupied. Tiredness transforming to disgruntlement, the Lugia simply began pushing and shoving at the thick coils of the now pudgy snake until he was able to make a space for himself to sprawl out as well. Not even bothering to cover up, Kinachi quickly faded away into sleep even as he felt the snake's coils slowly slithering their way atop him; helping to keep him warm while greedily basking in his body heat at the same time. He didn't even notice how heavy even those few coils were, the room far too dark to notice that the dimly outlined shape of the snake was far, far larger than it was even just thirty minutes prior before he had made his way into the shower.

"More..."

The word seemed to resonate through the otherwise silent bedroom and echo off the walls; magnifying its volume to the slowly waking lugia.

"More...!"

The word repeated, more urgency in its tone. The voice spoke like it had a case of cottonmouth, the word coming out slurred and clumsy as if the speaker weren't used to talking. Kinachi groaned tiredly in response to the insistent words, trying to roll over to turn away from their source. It was when he found that he was unable to move that his brain started kicking into gear rather than stubbornly trying to go back to sleep.

"Want... more..."

This time the voice caught Kinachi's attention. There was something... off about the speaker. Their voice was ragged and strained, sounding more like a parrot imitating the sounds of words rather than speaking words themselves. When he opened his eyes, the room was still barely lit despite it being well past sunrise. Only a small gleam of light peeked around the blackout curtains on his bedroom window. That was enough though for Kinachi to see a silhouette, if not the full visage, of the speaker's face hovering directly above him. It was the snake. Or at least, he thought it was. What made him question this was the sheer size of what he was looking at! The shadowy muzzle of the snake's head hovered directly above Kinachi's face and looked to be big enough that it could have spread wide and fit his head, neck and shoulders inside its maw with ease! Glancing down, Kinachi saw that the reason he was unable to move was that he was constricted by the thick coils of the snake's now-enormous body! Each coil wrapped around him looked to easily be as thick around as Kinachi's waist, and the Lugia wasn't exactly known for his narrow waistline!

Surprisingly, what was most eye-catching for Kinachi wasn't the enormous size of the snake, nor even the fact that apparently it was actually speaking to him as he watched it repeat itself; muzzle and tongue clearly struggling to form the words. What drew his attention most was the snake's eyes. Both of the amber-colored orbs seemed to all-but glow in the dim bedroom light, reflecting the tiny bit of sunlight coming in around the curtains like mirrors. It wasn't the gleam of light that made them so amazing though. Rather it was the look of abstract intelligence in them. They portrayed complex, human emotions Kinachi never even thought a reptilian face would be capable of show much less expected to actually see. They gleamed with the light of intelligence, eyes occasionally darting away from their owner's captive to examine something around or behind the Lugia only to quickly snap back to him. They were curious and interested in their surroundings yet still showed an adamant determination and demand in them each time they drew back to Kinachi that told him despite their curiosity this snake clearly had a goal in mind.

"Give...More!"

This time when the snake repeated itself this time its coils squeezed tighter around the trapped Lugia, emphasizing the words as a demand rather than a request. The pressure was more intense than Kinachi had expected and his breath was forced from his lungs in a pained gasp. To his surprise though, the pressure had relaxed almost instantly upon hearing his discomfort and he suddenly had the snake's muzzle nosing in between its own coils, tongue flicking out as it inspected the various parts of the trapped Lugia for damage like it was concerned about damaging him. Yet more confused about what was going on or how to handle it, Kinachi decided to try a bit of diplomacy. It's not like he could have struggled his way free anyway. He was fairly

confident that even with the noticeable flab softening the coils around him they still could have easily crushed a refrigerator like a soda can if they'd wanted too. Keeping him in place would be no effort at all for the creature.

"Uh... Hi? How uh... how did you sleep?" Kinachi asked lamely.

For a moment, the snake's head cocked to the side. Its eyes focused on him in a look of intense concentration. Kinachi could practically hear the gears turning in the snake's head as it worked to process his words. Then, to his surprise, it responded!

"Wwww... Well... but. Hungry... Want more."

Its jaw shifted and squirmed at odd angles, tongue slithering around as it struggled to properly form the sounds. It was clearly an effort both for the snake to comprehend speech much less actually talk back. The fact that it was doing it at all, however, was absolutely nuts. When it spoke of hunger Kinachi quickly caught on and almost laughed aloud at the absurdity of what was going on. Here his pet snake was, grown dozens of times its normal size and apparently able to talk now! What was the first thing it spoke about? Wanting sweets. Wondering if he was simply dreaming, Kinachi decided to just play along.

"Oh. Uh ok. Yea, Sure we can get you something to eat. But can you uh... "

Kinachi trailed off at the end of his sentence. rather than speaking the last part aloud he shifted his right arm, pushing it lightly against the inner coils of the snake constricting him. The pressure was clearly too weak to be taken as an escape attempt and, thankfully, the snake seemed to catch on to the unspoken request. Though it clearly had no intention of releasing him entirely, the thick coils slithered around him and spread apart enough that the Pokémon was able to pull one of his arms free. A small part of him wanted to immediately pull it back into the protective coils surrounding him when he felt the chill of the morning air compared to the relative warmth of the snake's embrace. Pushing that thought from his mind, Kinachi instead focused his attention towards his now exposed and upturned palm. Like before, glitters of light quickly coalesced together into a small, sugary treat. The moment the pastry had finished forming the snake's head snapped forward and snatched up the pink cupcake up in a flash. To his amusement, Kinachi watched the snake's tongue hang slightly out of the edge of its muzzle as it let out what he was sure was the hissing, snake-equivalent of a purr. For a few moments the snake seemed perfectly content to simply roll its head back and enjoy the feeling of the sugary pastry sliding its way down its gullet. As it did, Kinachi's eyes slowly widened as he noticed the tiniest tinge of pink at the edges of the snake's yellow eyes. an actual glow unlike the mere reflected light the yellow parts of his eyes produced. As that pink seeped around the edges of the snake's eyes he felt the snake shifting ever so slightly atop him. At least, that's what he thought was happening, until he looked down and noticed, in the slowly brightening light, that the snake wasn't moving at all.

It was growing!

The thick, pudgy coils thickened millimeter by millimeter around Kinachi. The bed beneath the two of them groaned softly in protest of the shifting weight though the snake didn't seem to either notice or care. What was almost as shocking as the realization that the snake was growing was what it did next when turned its gaze back down towards Kinachi and hissed in a happy, and notably more coherent voice.

"Yes... More please...still hungry."

"Um... That's a lot of sugar for the morning. You sure you don't want to wait a bit?" Kinachi asked nervously. This time, there was only a second or two of delay before the snake's response.

"No... More please. Like little treats."

Kinachi didn't know how to react. Not five minutes ago it had taken the snake nearly thirty seconds to comprehend a simple sentence and nearly as long to form its response. Now, it had done so in only a couple of seconds! Not only that but it clearly had learned far better control over the muscles of both its tongue and mouth, each word no longer nearly as much of a struggle to articulate. It was like the difference between someone trying to talk when they had a swollen lip and their face half-numbed from Novocain and someone that was just waking up. It didn't take a genius to realize that the snake wasn't just getting larger, he was getting more intelligent smarter as well. Part of Kinachi was a bit scared at the implications of this. The rest of him, however? The rest of him wanted to see just how far he could take this.

He lost track of how long he lay there, feeding the snake. It had started with little cupcakes and cookies, but soon had upgraded to full sized cakes and pies as the snake had grown. At some point the bed had collapsed underneath the two of them but the pudgy girth of the snake's coils had been more than enough padding to ensure Kinachi barely even felt the impact. He probably should have been worried at the sounds coming from the rest of the room as the snake grew. The sounds of shattering lamps, breaking furniture and eventually even the snapping and crumbling of support beams and drywall. Though his view of pretty much anything besides the snake was obscured by the thick coils of scaly flesh around him, he was pretty sure that the back end of the snake had finally outgrown the room and broken through into the kitchen beyond. By the time the snake seemed contented enough to be willing to take a break in its gorging it had long since uncoiled from around the Lugia. It was a bit hard to constrict someone who was barely taller than his body was thick. Instead, the now gigantic reptile had curled itself partially around him, shoving furniture and walls alike out of the way to make room for its now nearly car-sized head to rest beside the Pokémon as he leaned back into the crook of its neck. Yet even as they took a break from feeding the growing behemoth, the lingering effects of all it had eaten so far continued to show themselves as the snake grew yet larger with each passing moment.

"I have a question." The snake suddenly asked.

Kinachi was a bit surprised at first. Both from the inquiry itself, as well as from the tone of voice. The snake's voice was now perfectly coherent, no sign of the forced struggle to form words that it had shown earlier. Nor did it seem to take any time at all to comprehend what was being said around it, leaving Kinachi feeling like he were speaking to just another person. Save that this person speaking had a voice deep and loud enough it vibrated the floor beneath them.

"Uh. Yea. Go ahead, what's up?" Kinachi encouraged.

"I was your pet, right? Because I was smaller and simpler than you, yes?"

Kinachi suddenly felt a cold sweat break out across his body. Nervously he coughed into his hand to buy himself a second or two to collect his thoughts. He was suddenly very concerned that the snake might not have taken kindly to having been treated like a dumb animal, even if that's what he had been before. It's not that he had been treated badly or anything, simply that any self-aware person would find being treated like a pet to be humiliating at best. But he had said he would answer. Besides, what did he have to lose?

"Well. Yes. Back then you were... different. You weren't as much of a person as you were now so you were my pet. I took care of you, fed you, cleaned you, and cared for you best as I could." He answered truthfully, if maybe playing up the service he had done the snake a bit in hopes of mollifying the snake. To his surprise, the snake flew right past that and instead jumped to another question, one that left the legendary Pokémon a bit dumbfounded.

"Then. Since I'm bigger, and smarter than you now, that makes you my pet, right?"

First, apt confusion overtook Kinachi. A brief wave of indignation followed after in response to the assumption of superiority, only to be instantly drowned out by a wave of fear at the thought of angering the creature. Finally his thoughts settled in a sense of humorous resignation as he realized the truth of the question.

"I mean. Kinda? Not like I could make you do anything you didn't want to do. You on the other hand... well." He trailed off for a moment and looked down, only to find himself staring right at one of the now tire-sized eyes of the snake when he looked back up.

"More."

The word was familiar by now. The first word the snake had spoken, and the word he had repeated over and over as the snake had grown. The only thing that had grown faster than its body and intelligence had been its appetite. This time, however, the word was different. It wasn't spoken with the same familiar, slightly pleading urgency that a child might use asking for a second cookie. It wasn't a hopeful request for something rare and valuable to them. It was a demand. A command to someone lesser to them, insisting upon something they felt they deserved. From that single question and his response to it, the snake had come to realize their situations and their entire power dynamic had shifted. The last vestiges of control that Kinachi had left over from the snake's time as his simple pet had frayed away, only to be replaced by the iron bands of servitude to something larger and greater than himself. For a split second, that fear returned. Then, Kinachi's eyes wandered briefly, and he caught sight of the snake's lips curled upwards ever so slightly at their edges. The snake was grinning. When he looked back at that eye, he saw amusement dancing in its gaze, despite the clear insistence of the command still hanging in the air. Their power dynamic had still shifted, but that leash upon the Pokémon wasn't held cruelly. There was no resentment in the snake. Only the expectation of what it believed it deserved while still offering the deference it believed he deserved for being the one who had cared for and raised it. His snake had developed its ego in a very big way, it seemed. Yet wasn't blinded by it.

That's not to say the snake wasn't damned full of itself. It just was still willing to give deference to its origin. The rest of the world, though?...

Within minutes of resuming his feasting the snake was bursting his way out of Kinachi's bakery. The more he ate the faster his growth became, and with him now in control of the pace Kinachi was working overtime to produce more and larger pastries for him to eat. Millimeters a second turned to inches, then feet of growth with every passing moment. His hefty coils flowed across the landscape like a tidal wave of flesh: bulldozing cars, buildings, and anything else in their path out of the way. Kinachi, thankfully, had been lifted to perch carefully on the bridge of the growing titan of a snake's muzzle. It was the perfect location both for him to see from the snake's perspective as well as throw the increasingly large cakes and pies he summoned out in front of the snake for its now highway-wide tongue to snap up. Soon feet turned into miles, Kinachi losing his ability to even guess the snake's monstrous size. All the while it happily hissed its excitement at its growth and the tasty treats being manifested for it. Normally people might be freaking out at the sight of a Lugia straining to summon cakes the size of houses out of thin air. But when those cakes were barely flecks of sugar on a tongue big enough to lick a city off the map it became a bit of a moot point.

As the snake grew, he continued to increase in intelligence as well. Far beyond the mental capabilities of any normal person, his mind roiled at the mysteries of the universe it was coming to understand. Air no longer became an issue, nor did the actual need for food as it learned to alter its physiology through sheer mental command. It continued to stay in communication telepathically with its little lugia pet as they became too small first to hear, then to see, then to even feel atop the mountainous continent of its muzzle. It even had the

forethought to coalesce some of the planet's atmosphere around its head. Not so much so it could continue breathing, but so Kinachi could. It was becoming more than it had been, more than even its owner had been. Truly becoming a god in all but name, yet still held a tender affection for the little germ of white and pink that lay sprawled out, exhausted from overuse of their abilities, atop its muzzle.

As the titanic snake's coils slowly encircled the entire planet its eyes roved across the landscape. From so high up the blue oceans and twisting greens and dark browns of the land masses mingled with the puffy swirls of clouds reminded him of the delicious treats his progenitor had summoned for him. Now he was far too large for even the entirety of what Kinachi could manage in a single go to even register on his taste buds. This, however. Perhaps this could be a substitute.

As Kinachi finally woke from the exhausted daze he hadn't realized he had fallen into, he stood up and stared out across the seemingly endless expanse of dull brown scales that was his new world. He couldn't even fathom how large the snake had become at this stage. The size of a state? A continent? possibly even more? When he looked to the sky, he got his answer. That answer made his eyes go wide. Staring out across the darkness of space towards an all-too-familiar ball of green and blue. The planet, his planet. Watching in those last few moments just as the serpentine god he had created bit in to its latest snack...