

Swinging with devastating force, the man-serpent's tail struck Ezra in the chest. The air was knocked from her lungs and she sailed across the room. Her spine striking the stone walls of the ancient dungeon. Paralyzed by the blow, she slumped over onto the sandy floor. Torchlight glittered against the golden hoard across the room and the steel sword in the center of the room where it fell from her hand.

Rising tall above her, freed when she touched a clay idol, the black serpent's golden eyes glowed in the dim light. As thick as a human torso and astoundingly long, the great serpent gazed upon her as though she were a mouse. Iridescent black scales covered the cobra, its underside grey. Across its inner hood was a dark, glossy, eye-like pattern. Beneath its serpentine head, a muscular, slightly humanoid torso connected to its snakelike coils below. Distinguishing it further from the common animal, two human arms emerged from its torso, covered in scales and its fingers tipped with sharp claws.

Forked tongue scenting the air, the massive serpent slithered her way. Ezra rose to her hands and knees, fighting desperately to resist the approaching creature, but the resounding blow still leaving her stunned and weak. She reached desperately for the dagger strapped to her leg, but the swift tail struck her again. Curling around her, it pinned her arms to her side and dragged her closer. Looping more and more coils around her, it wrapped twice around her chest and throat, around her upper waist, and once around her legs, all but immobilizing her.

She yelled out as it dragged her close, cursing the rumors which led her to these ruins. Even beneath her light plate armor, she felt the immense strength of the coils which bound her. The naga lifted her to face it, playing with its food. She took solace in the minimal resistance she could muster, spitting at it with weak breath and seeing the points of her armor drive into its softer underside.

Golden eyes gleaming in the half-light, the terrible creature lifted her to meet it, looking over her pained expression with the curiosity with which a scholar studied insects. "Burn in hell!" she hissed, expecting the creature to strike and finish her. She only wished she could have damaged it further, at least drawn blood. This was a rather terrible awakening to her failing as an adventurer.

Hissing words in a forgotten tongue, it flicked its forked tongue in her face and opened wide its jaws. She closed her eyes and gritted her teeth, expecting her life to flash before her eyes, expecting a swift pain before she moved on to whatever followed. Yet she saw only the darkness of her eyelids, felt only the scales around her and the hot breath on her face. Suddenly, a moist, hissing sound reached her ears, like steam rising from boiling water. Just as she opened her eyes, she saw a miasma of black fog pouring from its throat.

Holding her breath, Ezra felt only cold air washing over her. It ceased as swiftly as it began. Looking down, she saw the mist leave her flesh untouched, but her steel coated and colored by

the stuff. As if the sands of time flew by, her armor dulled and corroded, fading away into dust and nothingness in mere moments.

Left bare in the creature's clutches, it shifted its bindings, able to grasp her firmly without the impediments. She gasped, feeling it tighten its grip with every exhalation she took. Smooth scales rubbed against her skin, the force soon leaving her able only to take tiny breaths. Body contorted into whatever shape it forced upon her, she grew light-headed and dizzy as only wisps of air entered her. Chest barely able to expand, she wondered through hazy thoughts why it did not simply finish her. Its powerful coils clearly carried enough strength halt her breathing entirely or crush her bones entirely. Yet it ceased at limiting her to little breaths.

Pulling her close, the naga held her close to its closed jaws. It ran a clawed finger against her cheek, pressing just hard enough to draw blood. "What do you want?" she gasped softly through pained breaths.

"As you are in my temple, that ought to be my question," it hissed, its voice raspy after untold centuries sealed in stone. "But I suppose that answer to that is rather obvious," he chuckled, tilting her to the side to reveal his hoard. His voice was obviously male but carried a quiet hiss and curious lisp of an inhuman creature. An air of command and power resounded in his voice, instilling a greater fear and respect with only a few words.

"I am no toy," Ezra managed, most her energy spent just by holding her head up. "Just finish it," she almost pleaded, shaken by the serpent's massive fangs, each glistening with venom. She remembered no such creature from her studies, no massive serpents who spoke the human tongue. But it mattered little, nothing from some dusty tome would save her from the monster.

"Finish it? You think that I desire something so trivial as your life?" he chuckled, examining a drop of her blood on his claw. He turned, placing her on an empty patch between the wall and himself. His coils loosened, though not enough so to release her, or even free her arms. He sat her upon one of its coils, loosely enough to shift slightly, but always remaining close enough that the soft, smooth scales pressed against her. "No, I was never one for human sacrifice," he mused nostalgically, licking the blood from his finger. "Too bitter."

The fires sputtered before rising higher, illuminating the dim room in dancing orange. Above the entrance were archaic symbols, but with an arcane word from the serpent, she understood them. *Once the sight of worship, now the tomb of profaned Sessero.* She could sense his antipathy for the words, clearly carved more recently than the engravings and pictures of patronage.

"You failed to bow before me. Ye even thought it wise to raise blade against me," he chuckled, his deep voice seeming to reverberate through her skull. "Has my glory been forgotten by you lowly apes?"

“If not me, then what do you want?” she stammered, her skin tingling uncomfortably as his scales massaged her. Sessero lowered himself, hood flaring as he placed his snout an inch from her face. She attempted to pull away, but the tail behind her prevented escape.

She recoiled as he ran a finger across her cheek again, this time using a gentlene touch and the back of his finger. “This land is due for an encore, but first, I will need a far better congregation behind me. I do want from you, but not for blood or meat,” he said, hesitating only a moment before lunging forward. She yelped pitifully as his fangs sunk into her shoulder. A quivering whimper escaping her as burning venom spread through her veins, numbing her senses.

Ezra’s skin felt thick, numb to the touch and shifting beneath the surface. Looking down, she saw a pattern beginning to form on her flesh. It felt like mud was secreting from her flesh instead of sweat, the pattern on her shoulder growing more pronounced as all but her upper layer of skin were converted to scales. The skin on her shoulder parted, falling away like a snake shedding its skin, cream scales showing beneath.

Her stomach turned, the pattern and sensation beginning to spread across the rest of her form. *No... No, he can’t!* she shouted internally, seeing her humanity fall away and thinking it a worse fate than if he had just slain her.

His coils got to work, rubbing against her as though kneading dough. She whined in disgust, seeing the line separating her legs shorten as flesh shifted like clay and her two limbs became one. Wet crunching sounded below, her bones shifting, and an intense pressure built in her back. With a pop, the pressure released, and her spine extended through her new, short, tail. More off-putting was the lack of pain. She expected it to hurt, almost missing something as it did not. Instead, finding warmth and pleasure, her flesh growing flushed growing flushed as her heart raced. Looking up, he had a predatory smile and a shine in his eye, delighting in her confusion and the form she would soon wear.

A strong scent filled the air. No, it had done so long before, she only now became capable of sensing it. A musky but sweet fragrance which overpowered all others and flooded her mind. Focusing her mind, she noticed his coils beginning to slow. One bore a horizontal slit on its underside. Another wave of scent struck her, filling her nose and mouth. Without thinking, she drank in the scent, opening her mouth in want as her tongue began to round and split. A sensation distracted her from the scent. Shuddering as warm churning filled her lower half, her entire form quivering with pleasure. Her tail flicked back and forth as a now useless instinct to cross her legs activated. Glancing down, she saw her sex thin and widen into a cloaca just above her tail.

His own slit opened wider. Twin, barbed hemipenes emerged, glistening with moisture and hovering tantalizingly close to her own opening. She shook her head, attempting to dispel the

desire she was beginning to feel, knowing it the work of the monster before her. “Why?” she murmured, looking terrified into his eyes.

“My dear, you are blessed with the highest honor. Those of my creation are born for greatness. And you who freed me shall be the mother of lords,” he promised. She opened her mouth to protest, but he pressed forward. Coils tightening around her, she gasped as a ridged rod drove into her. A low, constant moan rung from Ezra’s mouth as Sessero twisted around her, rubbing against her cheek as her face was buried in his hood.

Their contact only accelerated her changes. The numbness spread out across her chest and neck. Her back seemed to pop and expand, first feeling hollow and liquid, before stiff and rigid. Her spine stretching, and new vertebrae forming as her body extended and her tail grew less distinguishable from her torso.

Tails curling around one another, he slowly rocked his coils against hers. The barbs on his hemipenis dragged against her inner walls, the soft scrapes sending sparks through her entire body. She only briefly pushed against him, quickly realizing their strength was not comparable, and soon after finding little reason to do so.

Still partially mammal, she panted and sweat as her breath quickened and heart raced. He was an expert, his member twitching within her, prodding at areas she never knew existed. Scales absorbed her neck, the passage quickly widening to match her body. Covering her chest, she felt her breasts inflate against her lover, growing more sensitive for every millimeter they expanded.

Ezra felt ablaze, her flesh washed with pleasure and warmth as the new flesh covered her waist and spread down her tail. Somehow more sensitive than her old flesh, her other senses seemed to fade as extasy burned over her. She collapsed into him, submitting to him and the pleasure as her muscles gave out and he held her aloft. Her nostril’s flared as scales covered her face, the new organ opening into the roof of her mouth as her tongue thinned and split in two.

Face feeling like thick clay, it pulled forward and flattened, her jaw clicking into place as her bones settled. Sounds muffled as her ears pulled into her skull, vision briefly blackening as her eyes changed. Opening them again, she could almost see two images; one sharper but akin to her old eyes, the other of yellow and purple. Both scenes existed simultaneously, distinguishable yet one, a sight she found hard to describe as her brain altered to suit her new skull. Cold stone appeared a dark blue, almost invisible, while the flames burned white and her heaving body red.

His pace quickened and embraced him closely, pleasure coursing through her as she crossed the edge. Moans echoing against the walls, she clutched him close, involuntary muscles within her working at his shaft and catching the thorns and ridges covering it. Her mind fogged over as he spasmed within her, warm liquid filling her depths.

They remained linked for a short time, a glow emanating through her as it took hold. Separating, drops of their combined fluids leaked from her, and she rubbed her stomach as new life formed within her. "Make yourself comfortable my queen. Our day is soon to come," he praised, scales shimmering in the light.

Still panting as her blood went cold, she sat on new coils awash in the afterglow. Given the opportunity, she appraised her new form. For the most part, she had the body of a snake, though her chest seemed slightly more human, especially her large breasts. Her arms felt short beside her coiled, almost thirty-foot tail. Smooth, glossy scales covered her entire form, most off-white, a uniform broken by wavy, light-pink rings. Tongue flicking from her wide mouth, she ran her tail between both hands, admiring her new form. She knew she ought to fear or be revolted by her new form but felt very prideful about her new coils.

The reality of her situation set in suddenly. Through silted eyes, Ezra glanced at the king beside her, then back to the hall through which she had entered. She had always been swift, and her coils felt stronger than her legs ever had. While she appreciated her new form, she was no slave.

Maneuvering her new body proved difficult, and she slithered across only half the large room before Sessero's tail lashed out. Curling around her lower tail, he stopped her escape and dragged her back into his grasp. Coiling around her length, he pinned her to the ground. She hissed as menacingly as she was capable and slashed with clawed hands. He caught her attack and flared his hood. A new passion shone in her eyes, buried somewhere deeper, a trace of admiration.

"Such vigor," he marveled, his obsidian scales seeming to encompass her. "Tis fortunate that you were the one to happen upon my temple. With some adjustment, you will make a mighty and proper wife," he hissed, his tongue tickling her snout. Gasping, she felt a familiar tingle as his second hemipenis tickled her folds. Tingling with delight, her own cloaca opened against her will. "Do you wish to serve beside me?" he asked coyly, sliding into her wanting entrance. Even as her own body quivered with pleasure, she clung to her last vestiges of will, damning his question.

In the dark and shadow cast by his hood, two golden lights shone through the darkness. Ezra's eyes were instantly drawn to them. A beautiful light which enraptured her senses. She wanted to resist the entrancing eyes, but any resistance she mustered shattered with each thrust from her lover.

"You will be a proud mother to many," he stated, her mind softening in the light. Unable to look away from his eyes, she felt his will leaking in through hers. Filling her moistening passage, his touch stroked a blazing fire within her, the brilliant flames burning away all thought beside those gifted by her master.

Ezra felt Sessero's actions within her mind, felt her inner walls clenching tightly around his member. It was better than anything she had ever felt as a human, so wonderful that no longer had any need to hold on to her old memories. As he had shaped her body, she sensed his invisible hands working at the clay of her mind. She would be as he desired, as she was meant to be, as was perfect.

"You will be a queen," the eyes commanded. And she saw no reason for them to be wrong.

"Yes," she said, the flames consuming all that she once was. The blaze of the flame hardened her clay like a kiln, her new form locked into place, her mind complete in the image her king desired. Following shortly, bolts of burning pleasure shot through her body. She felt him fill her again, her many eggs fertilized, and the young lords bestowed with life.

Body glowing with pleasure, she rubbed her stomach, maternal instincts taking root in her mind. She stood tall beside her husband, tails still curled around one another. "How are you feeling, my dear?" Sesseros asked, the two slithering proudly for the exit.

"Strong. I am forever in your debt, my king," Ezra answered, envisioning their future empire.

"Nonsense. Now let us remind these humans what gods truly are." Soon a kingdom would be built upon these sands. A sovereign and his queen standing before the sun, their young ruling all lands they reached. They envisioned an age of once-lost glory, for which men would fall to their knees in worship.