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The Legend of Nagalious

Transformation/
Transgender
Illustrated Story



The Legend of Nagalious

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Chapter One:

My first voyage - the first ever trade expedition between Romata and Egyptia - did not treat me well. My senses fought a losing battle against countless discomforts. The smell of the saltwater, the rocking of the boat, the faint dampness which seemed to permeate everything. I spent most of the trip leaning off of the side of the ship, spilling my guts.

“Feeling alright, Anthony?” Rufus asked. The large foxbear lumbered behind me, pounding my back encouragingly. This only had the effect of causing me to nearly choke on my own bile.

“As well as can be expected,” I gasped out, once the ferocious pounding had stopped.

“You’ll get used to it, trust me. Octavia and I were sick as dogs on our first voyage during the war,” he continued. “Matter of fact, before my first voyage, I had a huge bowl of corn meal, but hadn’t managed to get out all the weevils, and so when I got sick...” I didn’t need to know the end of his story to know that it was going to make me retch again, so I staggered forwards, trying to evade the reach of his booming voice. This, of course, was futile.

It wasn’t just the gross content of the story that made me sick to my stomach. I’d been a merchant instead of a mercenary during the war against Egyptia, unlike my Octavia and Rufus, and hearing about their war stories made me insanely jealous. They’d bonded without me, and in the process, proved their value to Romata, while I toiled in obscurity. Worse still were worries that Rufus and Octavia had grown close in the heat of battle...

Octavia was standing on the stern of the ship, her face intently set at the horizon, as though she believed she could see the distant shoreline of Egyptia if she stared hard enough. Her long russet hair fluttered in the misty, salty breeze, as did her dress, which revealed the rippling strength of her back.

For a moment, my seasickness seemed to leave me.

Then, another wave rocked the boat, and my stomach. I staggered a little, and then tripped, heading towards the edge of the boat.

“Whoa, Anthony,” Octavia said, running towards me and pulling my arm back just in time. Her large, chunky biceps bulged a little as she yanked me back onto the deck. “Be careful, ok?”

“Sure,” I mumbled, my eyes glued to her bushy tail as she sashayed her way back to her spot on the deck.

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I departed from the ship with an unsteady gait, my world still spinning from my seasickness. Egyptia certainly didn't do anything to help - it was smolderingly hot and humid, making my fur itch. A strange and somewhat unpleasant smell seemed to permeate the entire harbor, and I could feel my stomach muscles start to knot again as I was approached by a group of individuals I could only assume were dignitaries.

I gazed at the Egyptians: scaly geckos, their eyes red and slit. I suddenly gained a measure of respect for my comrades, for having to face off against them in battle.

Though the small group that met us was wearing fine silk robes and gold bracelets, I could tell that their port city wasn't doing so well. Refuse piles littered the pier, attracting flies. In the distance were ramshackle sheds, and in front of them, many Egyptians huddled in rags.

"Greetings, Romatans. I'm Ambassador Leelar. I hope you had a pleasant voyage," the man at the center of the group said as he stepped forward, in a hissing accent.

I glanced nervously up towards Rufus, and then up at Octavia, hoping one my two more physically imposing comrades would speak up. But both of them greeted me with tight-lipped silence. Rufus hands were down by his side, and balled into fists, while Octavia's fingers clawed at the air next to her belt, as if she was grabbing for where the hilt of a weapon once was.

I took several deep breaths, and then tapped my feet in the sand.

"Uh, about as well as can be expected," I said, finally.

"If you'd like a tour of the city, that can be arranged. I'd love to show you our temple to the Goddess Nagalious, it's very beautiful."

"That won't be necessary," said Octavia.

"Let's just get to it," Rufus said. "Business before pleasure, after all."

"Of course," Leelar replied, his face falling a little. "Shall we begin at our guest quarters?" he said, and we followed them towards secluded looking tent, on the edge of a dune near the city.

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"I have a question regarding paragraph seven, line two. You want seven annual shipments of grain, for, what exactly?" I asked.

"For our hungry people. The war left many orphans," replied the ambassador.

"We were told this meeting was to be about opening up trade routes," I said. "Humanitarian aid isn't exactly our purview, and we don't have the authority to grant it."

“I can’t agree to anything without food aid,” he said. “Our people are starving.”

“You’ve mentioned that at least nine times in the last hour!” bellowed Rufus. “Do you really expect us to take food from our own people to feed yours!?”

“Do you remember who won the war?” asked Octavia, her voice calmer but with an undercurrent of venom. “Or are you in need of a reminder?”

“We’re done here,” said Leelar, his face turning into a sneer, and he and his attendants abruptly turned and left the tent.

“That went well,” I said, my shoulders slumping forwards. Honestly, I wasn’t sure why they’d sent neophytes like us to negotiate the preliminaries until that very moment. Perhaps, I thought, the Romatan Senate had suspected this outcome all along, and didn’t bother wasting the time of anyone important.

Chapter Two:

“I say we give them a taste of their own medicine!” huffed Rufus. “Let’s set sail, leave them in the lurch. We should we take bread from the mouths of our children for the sake of theirs!?”

“Isn’t that a little drastic?” I replied.

“Anthony, he’s right. You tried your best, but it’s a lost cause,” said Octavia.

“No, not yet it isn’t,” I said defiantly, holding my chin up, puffing out my meager chest, and casting a glancing towards Octavia expectantly.

Rufus’s only reply was a disapproving snort.

“I love your spirit, Anthony, but what can we do?” asked Octavia.

“Well, first thing’s first. Let’s try to ameliorate the damage from the...outburst earlier,” I said. “A show of good faith of some kind. If they really want grain, they’ll take us up on it.”

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“So, Ambassador Leelar, I’d like your help repair things. A show of good faith, if you will.”

“You...want me to show you good faith?” he said, his red eyes lighting up. “A fantastic idea! I’ll take you to the temple right away!”

Of course, that wasn’t what I’d meant, but It seemed as good a way to repair the damage as any, so I didn’t voice any objections.

The temple was the largest building in the city. A giant dome was held up by several pillars, with a series of slits to let in the light. Outside the temple was a statue of a reptilian woman, with the tail of a snake.

“That is the Goddess Nagalious, priestess of peace, and founder of our nation,” Leelar explained. “We believe she will come again, when the time is right, to rescue our people.”

Octavia met my gaze and rolled her eyes. Of course, she didn’t pay much heed to the temples of our gods back at home, either.

We walked through a giant archway and headed in, and we were immediately greeted with a heavy scent of incense. There was a staircase upwards towards the front of the temple, and at the top, a large pool of green liquid, adorned with a series of cups, with a collection plate near it.

“What’s that for?” I asked, pointing towards the bubbling, murky stuff.

“That’s the pool for baptism,” said Leelar. “We ask all those who seek the blessing of Nagalious to take a sip from the cup.” When we still looked confused, he continued. “It’s snake venom, of course,” he said calmly. “Not poisonous, but very hard to keep down. The larger the sip you can swallow, the larger the blessing. It is a point of pride among my people how much venom they can swallow, and only a great hero can keep down a great deal of the venom.”

“What’s the record?” Rufus asked, lumbering forwards. “I’ll top it.”

“Half a cup,” said Leelar. “But, I should warn you...”

Rufus charged right past the ambassador, and then he brushed other temple attendees out of the way as he headed towards the venom pool. I looked back to Leelar, who I expected would be furious. Instead, his thin lips were pursed together in an odd-looking grin.

Rufus picked up a golden chalice, dunked it in the venom, and drank. The other attendees looked shocked, but said nothing.

Perhaps, I thought, no words were spoken out of respect for Rufus’s single-minded bravery. Perhaps they’d let him drink without fear because they wished they could be more like him - a desire that had crossed my mind once or twice. Octavia was staring at him intently, too...

Damn, I thought, why hadn’t I thought of that stunt? Now he was going to be the hero - and, get the girl, no doubt. I could practically hear Rufus and Octavia telling this story to their children, the day that Rufus wowed the people of Egyptia, while I hung back and did nothing.

My unpleasant daydream was interrupted by the sound of Rufus coughing, the booming sound echoing off the walls of the temple ominously. His eyes shut, his hands trembled, and for a few seconds, his body convulsed. Then, Rufus spat up the venom, and staggered back, his hand

clutching his massive gut. When he stopped, he realized he'd forgotten to return the cup, but instead of going back up the stairs, he simply dropped it at my feet.

"How unfortunate...for your friend," said Leelar, his smile vanishing. Rufus stood beside us, hunched over, and panting.

"Alright, which of you is next?" Leelar asked, summoning up as much enthusiasm as he could muster, though he couldn't banish the look of disappointment from his face.

Octavia shook her head. No doubt, she was thinking the same thought that I was: anything strong enough to do that to Rufus was pretty potent.

Some of the other members of the temple started pointing towards us and whispering. Some good will gesture this turned out to be.

Though Rufus was the one who couldn't keep the drink down, I felt as though the failure was mine. I'd suggested we try again when Octavia and Rufus were ready to turn back, and that decision had clearly been foolhardy.

I closed my eyes tightly, trying to think of pleasant thoughts, of going home. But all I could imagine was us sailing back towards Romata, me puking my guts out, preparing to tell everyone we'd not only failed to secure the treaty, but brought disgrace to our people in front of a foreign Goddess.

I glanced towards Octavia again, her head bowed low and her broad shoulders slumped, and she headed for the exit.

I hesitated, my feet frozen to the floor. I was unwilling to admit my defeat, but I didn't know what to do about it.

At least, I decided to go, but as I took a step, my feet bumped against the chalice Rufus had dropped. Suddenly, I was seized by an irresistible impulse.

"I'll try it," I said.

"Fantastic!" said Leelar.

Octavia put her hands around my wrist. "You sure?" she said, looking concerned. I stopped for a moment, feeling so elated by her touch. The gathering crowd mistook this for cowardice, and an eruption of whispers ensued.

"Yes," I said, heading up the steps towards the venom pool. "I'm sure."

Chapter Three:

I charged up the steps as fast as I could. I tried to ignore the fact that everyone was staring at me, which threatened to make me want to run away and bury my head in the sand.

When I reached the base of pool, I could see a twisted, warped reflection of myself in the thin film atop the liquid. I glanced backwards and I saw Rufus looking worse than ever. His cheeks bulged again with vomit, and this time, he lumbered out of the temple entirely.

I tried to reach for one of the smaller cups to the side, and my foot brushed against the collection plate, causing the coins to noisily slosh to the side. Suddenly, inspiration struck again. Go big or go home, I thought. I might as well take the biggest leap of faith I could.

I grabbed the collection plate and turned it upside down, causing the coins to fall onto the floor. Gasps and chattering ensued from the crowd. Then I dipped it into the pool like I was filling up a giant soup tureen. I lifted it to my lips, prepared for the worst...



But the worst didn't come. The liquid didn't taste like venom. It tasted like...lemonade, on a hot day. Or warm milk on a cold one. Or my grandmother's honey tea. I couldn't decide, each sip seemed to taste different than the last, each evoking some long-lost time from my childhood.

What the heck was the matter with Rufus? It didn't make any sense.

Before I'd realized it, I'd drained nearly half the bowl. I could stop now and claim the record, I realized. But why stop when this stuff was so delicious? I'd be a hero and I'd quench my thirst at the same time.

I lifted the bowl higher and swallowed down the last few drops, a few little rivulets falling onto my clothes as I did so. Then I turned around, expecting to be greeted with raucous applause.

Instead, I was greeted with cold stares and whispers.

"I broke the record!" I said triumphantly, raising the empty collection plate over my head. "See?"

No response from the crowd, except more whispering.

"Anthony, look at your arms!" Octavia shouted.



“My arms?” I asked. I glanced to the right and saw my fur had fallen out in big, patches - and underneath that, yellowed, soft, looking scales.

I dropped the bowl and it fell onto the steps, clanging loudly as it bounced down. It hit the floor with a resounding thud.

Chapter Four:

“What’s going on? What’s happened to him?” Octavia asked Leelar, but he was frozen in space, staring at me. The whispers grew louder and louder.

“Yeah...what’s...happening?” I asked, feeling dizzy.

“Should he see a doctor?” Octavia asked, but still, there was no reply. Instead, the crowd of people seemed to be slowly inching closer to the steps.

“Anthony, I’ll protect you,” she shouted with a maternal-sounding ferociousness, like a mother preparing to defend her child. She ran towards me and grabbing me by the arm. Feeling her claws scrape against my new scales was unnervingly pleasant.

I took a step to follow her, and my field of vision hurtled towards the steps. My fall was halted when Octavia dove low to catch me. Cradled in her big, powerful arms like that, all my fears and woes seemed to fade away. I glanced up at her and smiled weakly.

“Thanks,” I mumbled.

“Can you walk?” she asked. I tried to take another step.

“No,” I said. “My legs feel like lead.”

Octavia grunted a little, then carried me out of the temple, my legs in the air she cradled me the way a groom might carry a bride on her wedding night. She took me to the nearby tent, where we’d had our earlier negotiations. There was a pile of throw pillows on the floor, and she set me down atop them.

“Damn, Anthony, that was a crazy stunt you pulled back there,” Octavia said.

“Thanks,” I replied, though I wasn’t sure it was a compliment. “It tasted great,” I added.

“It certainly didn’t agree with Rufus,” Octavia said. “Who knows where he’s run off to.”

Her words hung in the air for a moment. I think we both felt more comfortable contemplating his fate than mine.

“What’s happening to me?” I asked.

“Not sure,” Octavia said, leaning down and pulling off the top section of my toga uniform. A few hours ago, I’d give anything to have her take off my clothes, but now I felt as though she was a doctor, examining some embarrassing disease. “You’re becoming...more reptilian, that’s for sure.”

That much was beyond dispute. As I looked down, I could see that most of my fur was falling out. When I brushed my hand against it, it tumbled onto the sand. The fact my fur and the sand were such a similar color meant that it appeared as though the fur was vanishing as it fell.

Like I’d never had it in the first place.

“Well the Egyptians certainly aren’t helping. Maybe if I spit it up, like Rufus did, whatever’s happening to me will stop, or reverse itself,” I suggested. It didn’t seem likely to work, but I was out of ideas.

“I suppose you could...” she said. “Let’s see if we can get some of that out of you.”

Octavia sat behind me, and locked her arms around my chest, preparing to squeeze my stomach until I heaved. But the first couple of squeezes did nothing; aside from give me a thrill from the hug.

“Hey, if this doesn’t work, we’ll go back to the boat, huh? Get some of that seasickness back.” she said, and we both started laughing. Soon we were both laughing so hard that our bodies were shaking - and that’s when it happened.

Octavia’s hands rose a little on my chest and I gasped. I’d never felt so sensitive before. I glanced down and saw two little breasts staring back at me. She moved her hands down and I could see that my nipples had swollen up as well. She brushed against one accidentally as she did so, and I could see it grow in size as it pleasantly tingled.

“What are those?” I asked, though of course, I already knew.

“Your eyes are changing, too,” Octavia said, running her hands up my scaly cheeks. “Your eyelashes are so long now,” she said, stroking them with one finger.

Long eyelashes? Budding breasts? I didn’t have to be a genius to figure out what was happening.



This was the ultimate humiliation: fate's final way of letting me know I'd never have a shot with Octavia.

"And you hair," she said, running her hands through it. "It's growing so long..." she cooed. It felt cool when it reached down my back, touching my new scales.

"Weren't you trying to help me cough up this stuff, so we could you know...stop this?" I asked her. If we waited much longer, how much more of me would there be left?

“Oh, yeah...sorry,” she said, getting back into position. She felt warmer, somehow, as her body pressed up against mine.

This time, her thrust was much weaker. I barely felt anything on my rib cage.

“You can do better than that,” I said encouragingly.

“But, should I?” she asked. “We don’t know if that will even work. And don’t you want to see what happens?”

Chapter Five:

“See what happens!?” I asked. “I’m turning into another species! And, maybe, a woman,” I said, my voice cracking as I spoke, shifting into a different, more lilting tonality. It reminded me of how I spoke when I was a kid, before I was teased mercilessly into changing it.

“Yeah, but would that be so terrible? I mean, you look so...pretty!” she said. I pulled myself up into a sitting position, which took a bit more effort than I was used to, thanks to my breasts shifting my center of gravity. Octavia’s eyes were glowing, her smile wide.

“You see, Anthony, you might never have noticed, and I certainly wasn’t forthcoming about it, but the truth is, I’m a...”

Her words quickly became a blur of noise as I repeated what she’d said earlier in my mind. I was pretty? Octavia thought I was pretty? Me?

“I thought you were, you know...” I said, pausing a little because I noticed a soft hiss coming from my lips as I spoke the ‘th’ sounds. “I thought you and Rufus were...”

“No, Anthony, no, no no...” she said. “Don’t be ridiculous.” That was a huge relief.

“Well...what should we do about me?”

Before she spoke, Octavia looked me up and down, licking her lips as she did so.

“Look, even if I could get you to throw up, there’s no surefire way to know if that will actually stop whatever happening to you. Maybe we should just sit back and enjoy the ride,” she suggested, rubbing my floppy ears a little. Under her touch, they seemed to retract a little, pulling back towards my face.

“Uh...how can I do that, exactly?”

“Just try to relax,” she said, holding me tightly, and stroking my face. When she stroked the underside of my chin, I could feel the last few bits of my fur sloughing off.

I let out a long sigh, and my tight muscles finally unwound themselves. Relaxing was proving easier than anticipated.

“You know, since we are making confessions...” I began, and Octavia placed her hand next to mine, her eyes trained on me intently. “I’ve never felt so comfortable in my own skin, you know? Maybe that’s why I’m not losing my mind right now. It’s kinda been a wish for me to be someone else,” I added, as Octavia brushed her palm against my hand. No, that wasn’t right, I realized as I glanced down. My fingers seemed to be growing larger, their expansion causing them to brush up towards her.

“Who?” Octavia asked, moving her hands across my waist, which was gaining a distinctive flair.

“Not a particular person, per se. Just, you know...someone who could impress you. They say the stronger the woman, the stronger the man,” At this, in light of Octavia’s recent revelation, we both laughed. Octavia had a fairly deep laugh for a girl, and mine, already higher pitched, and seemed to be coming out higher still.

“That’s partly why I drank the venom, so you’d think I was brave,” I explained, as Octavia delicately twirled her clawed finger inside my deepening bellybutton. Her finger seemed sucked down inside, as though my tummy were quicksand.

“Anthony, how you’re handling your current situation is more brave than any stunt,” she said, leaning over me. A few tresses of her hair dangled over my face, and her breath was so close I could feel it on my forehead. “It’s more brave than anything I did during the war. You wanted my respect, you’ve earned it.”

My heart was pounding a mile a minute. “Really?” I asked, rapidly blinking, looking up at her expectantly.

“Really, really. And that’s not all you’ve got,” she said, as she leaned further down and kissed me upside down, her powerful, protective arms holding me firmly in place.

Chapter Six:

How many times had I fantasized about this moment? More times than I could count.

At first, our lips locked, frozen together. Then, her tongue came out, stroking my lips. I could actually feel them growing as she caressed them, plumping up and growing softer, adding more sensation to the kiss.



Our lips parted, and our tongues started dancing. I felt my tongue split down the middle, becoming forked, and both halves tried to wrap themselves around her. When we broke the kiss, we were both gasping with pleasure. I looked into Octavia's eyes, and I saw a look I'd never seen before. It seemed to be a glossy mixture of triumphant adulation and lust.

"You still want to try to find a way to change you back after we leave this tent?" she asked.

I found myself shaking my head.

"Good girl," she said, grabbing my growing breasts and kneading them. Each squeeze seemed to only spur on the expansion, and soon they outgrew the size of her hands. Both her words and her actions only added to my sense of emasculation, but I also found them thrilling beyond belief. I wanted, I needed, for her to keep going.

As if she was reading my mind, Octavia got up, and then crouched down next to me, pulling up the bottom of my toga to peer at my genitals. So far, the excitement of Octavia's touch seemed to speed up the process of what was happening to me, so that meant I should expect...

"Oh, my," she said enticingly. "I wonder if you can guess what's going on down here?"

She cupped my balls with one hand, and my cock with the other. As she rubbed me up and down, I could feel my penis shrinking, retracting into me, until only the head remained, which Octavia rubbed ever more vigorously. The pleasure was so intense, my vision blurred.

Using her other hand, she fondled my balls, rubbing them between her fingers firmly. Slowly,

she increased the strength of her grip. Once again, the mixture of fear and excitement coursed through my veins, as the last vestige of my manhood lay vulnerable in her powerful hands.

I opened my mouth to try to plead with her, but I found myself silent when I realized I didn't know what I wanted to say. Did I want to beg for her to let me go, or beg for her to finish me off?

With one, sudden, deliberate motion, she squeezed tightly, and I heard two popping sounds, one after the other. I expected to feel stabbing pain, but instead, I felt a dreamy euphoria. Octavia played with the outline of my scrotum, which felt as though it was rearranging itself somehow.

When I felt her finger enter a newly-formed opening within me, I plunged over the edge. I opened my mouth to howl with delight, but instead, only long hisses came out. My opening seemed to deepen as I came, and I felt as though Octavia's fingers were being sucked further inside me.

We separated, and then glanced at each other, panting a little.

~

"I can't believe that just happened," I said, once we'd both caught our breath.

"I know!" Octavia said. "Almost too good to be true."

"Well, that's kind of my point," I said, turning to look at her in the eye. I'd always been a little shorter than her, even seated, but now we were at eye-level. That was odd. "What if this is a dream, an illusion, or something more than it seems?"

"You're over thinking it," Octavia said. "You are who you meant to be."

"But how can you know that for sure?" I asked.

"Just look at yourself. How can you deny it?" she asked.

"I thought you said all that magical destiny stuff was hogwash..." I said, my voice trailing off as my eyes glanced upwards. The tent appeared to be slowly falling on me, or I was indeed getting taller.

"The process of mechanistic causality is...Anthony, look at your legs!"

I glanced down. My legs, which had felt weak and limp ever since I'd drank the venom, now appeared to be fusing together. I tried to move them, to get more comfortable, but the more I tried to move, the more my muscles felt like they were melting.

Octavia leapt forwards to steady me as I wobbled, straddling my single, fused leg. As she

squeezed me, I felt that familiar thrill return.

I glanced down at my feet and I could see them totally fused, becoming the tip of a tail. I tried to wiggle my toes, and the little tip moved to and fro.

The bottom part of what was now becoming a long, serpent tail started to coil up. On the other side, a beautiful, geometric, diamond pattern seemed to be emerging.

Meanwhile, I felt my hips start expanding, and the combination of the widening of my hips and the coils pushing me off the ground made Octavia start sliding down. I felt her strong, determined legs squeeze harder, trying to stop it, but my new scales were so smooth that her furry form had nowhere to go but down. She tried like hell to claw her way back up me, but all she did was trace her arms around my ever widening hips as she failed to gain enough leverage.

I reached down to try to grab her, but I was too late, and she fell right on her ass. Good thing the pillows were on the floor to cushion her.

We both giggled at her predicament, and she smiled. If I didn't know better, I'd say she seemed genuinely pleased at what had happened. Octavia tried to rise to her feet, but I snaked my tail between her legs, then quickly pushed to one side, causing her to topple again.

"I'm gonna get ya for that!" she shouted playfully. Then, she launched herself into the air, her arms wrapping around my shoulders. Her weight pushed me off balance, and since I wasn't used to balancing on my tail, I fell down to the ground.

"Told ya I'd do it," she said through a grin, but I was smiling, too. I used my tail to snag her ankle, and then hoisted her up into the air, upside down. She laughed again, her throaty bellows music to my ears.



Octavia's muscular, sinewy arms and legs flailed for something to grab onto, but I moved her body around so she'd have nothing. Then, I lowered my face towards her, and we kissed again. It was a different kiss than our first one: it was rougher, hungrier, and more passionate. I dug my hands greedily into her chiseled flesh as our tongues battled it out.

The fear was gone, and I'd never felt more confident in my life.

Chapter Seven:

We waited until nightfall to make our departure. I'd get to the boat, while Octavia would try to find Rufus. With any luck, we'd be out of Egyptia before we were spotted - with my new form, I knew I was bound to draw attention. My old toga uniform barely fit me, now, covering my crotch and my breasts, but doing nothing else to hide the extent of my transformation.

As soon as I made my way outside, though, I saw a wall of Egyptians, huddled in a giant circle around the tent.

"An ambush..." Octavia whispered. "Don't worry, I'll save you." Of course, I was considerably bigger and taller than Octavia now. But hearing her phrase it like that, like I was still little Anthony, the runt, somehow felt comforting.

But no waves of attackers fell upon us. Instead, the Egyptians themselves fell, landing in the sand and bowing. Why were they looking at me!?

"Nagalious, you have returned! Just as the prophecy predicted!" said Leelar. "What wisdom do you have for us, o divine one?"

"Leelar, it's me, Anthony!" I said. "The venom..."

"I know!" he said. "The legend states that the spirit of Nagalious will be reborn when the chosen one, a stranger in these lands, drinks from the venom without discomfort. Clearly, that's you, Anthony."

"Bless us if we be worthy!" shouted a member of the crowd. "Glory to Nagalious!"

"Look, I want to help you all, but I'm not..." I began. As I spoke, the crowd fell into a hushed silence. A countless sea of ragged, weary faces looked up at me with hope in their eyes. I knew the next words out of my mouth could have great significance to their lives, as well as my own.

But whatever message I wanted to send to the Egyptian people, I couldn't do it here, behind a tent, in front of whoever happened to assembled. I had to do things properly.

"Spread the word to all: If you want receive my blessing, meet me at the temple tomorrow at sunup." I said. The crowd dispersed, and Octavia gazed up at me expectantly. She wasn't smiling, but I saw a sparkle in her eyes.

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On the way to the temple, we finally ran into Rufus. Octavia explained to him what had happened to me, which he seemed to accept without looking too surprised.

Once the three of us were inside, we saw that it was illuminated with hundreds of small candles, giving the place a serene glow. We made our way to the top of the stairs, and worshippers started

to flood in.

Almost all of them came in carrying an offering of some kind: a couple carried massive chests of gold and a few others brought handfuls of gem-encrusted jewelry, which they insisted I try on.

Most of those entering, however, carried clearly treasured items of no great financial value, like tattered shoes or rucksacks, which I surmised contained what precious few possessions they had. They dropped them near the foot of the stairs, and then they gazed up at me expectantly.

“So you invited them here for receive your ‘blessing?’” Rufus leaned up and asked in a whisper. The reversal of our usual height differential felt oddly amusing. I answered his question with a nod.

“Anthony, you sly dog!” he said, looking impressed, though I didn’t see why. After a few long moments of silent confusion, he made it crystal clear.

“So when do we take the money and run?” he asked.

“We don’t, Rufus.” I whispered back. “I want to stay and help these people. What money is offered here will to rebuilding homes and farms. I may not be a Goddess, but I know it’s the right thing to do.”

Rufus’s face twisted into a mixture of shock and anger. Octavia seemed a little surprised, too, though much less so.

As Rufus stared into my eyes, his expression started to melt. The snarl faded from his lips, and his pupils expanded. His arms dropped to his sides, he released his fists, and he let out a long sigh.

“Yes, yes of course,” he said a little quickly, as though he was embarrassed he’d suggested otherwise. “You know, Anthony, maybe you really are these people’s savoir.”

I gazed down at Octavia and I felt the love burning through her eyes. She leaned and tried to give me a hug, but due to my size, she was only able to reach my waist.

“Whoever you are, and wherever you are, I will always be by your side,” Octavia said. I rustled my fingers through her beautiful hair playfully.

“Leelar?” I shouted, and he made his through the crowd, up the steps and towards me.

“What is the traditional way to offer my blessing?” I asked.

“Drink from the venom pool, and do a dance,” he said.

“What kind of dance?” I asked. “Can you teach me?”

“You will teach it to yourself,” he replied cryptically, and then scurried back down the steps to rejoin the crowd. Octavia and Brutus soon followed him.

I leaned down and drank from the pool directly, and sure enough, I felt a stirring to start moving about. I swished my tail back and forth, and then coiled it around the floor.

When I uncoiled, I spun my body around, my hair flying in all directions. I could see little slices of images of the crowd through my hair as I twirled, a sea transfixed faces woven through my beautiful tresses.

After I stopped spinning, I shifted the muscles in my tummy back and forth in little waves, and the audience started to ooh and ahh as it puffed out, growing rounder and gaining more sway as it did. Then, began to also I undulated my hips back and forth, and I could feel them expanding, my proportions becoming even more of an exaggerated hourglass.

My breasts seemed to be growing, too, stretching my top tightly at first, and then pushing themselves past the flimsy remnants of the garment. The curves of my body sloshed back and forth with such force that the stone beneath me groaned.

As I used my tail to whisk my increasingly large waist around, I felt it knock against one of the pillars holding up the temple.

This gave me an idea, and I started climbing up the pillar, my powerful arms more than up to the task of hoisting my massive girth. My tail wrapped tightly around it, and I leaned towards the crowd. They cheered and shouted my name.

Octavia wasn't too hard to find in the crowd. With one arm, I hoisted her up on my shoulders.

For us, the dance had just begun.



THE END

Thanks so much for reading The Legend of Nagalious. If you enjoyed it, don't forget to leave a favorable review! You can find more of author T.F. Wright's stories at his web site, [My Transformations](#), and more of Volkenfox's art on his [FA gallery](#).

For our next project, we will be doing Hare Today, Nerd Tomorrow. You can support the project, get an advance copy of our next story, and get exclusive rewards by supporting [our Patreon](#).

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Three women, having discovered a lost temple hidden in the jungle, find themselves transformed by ancient magic into Nagas - giant monsters who are half-human and half snake, and who lust for the flesh of females. Will they resist their new desires, or embrace them and go on a binge?

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