

The Road to Change: The Serpent Diadem

(Man to Naga Priestess TFTG)

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A Commission for AI

The world has entered a glorious new age, but mercenary and dungeon delver Brimstone Taggart is having none of it. He has a crew, and they plan to violate an ancient and sacred temple to steal the mystical Serpent Diadem and make off with a fortune. Little does Brimstone realise that the artefact's magic is real and primal, and will transform him to more suitably aid the temple's restoration, whether the new naga wants it or not!

The Road to Change: The Serpent Diadem

A grand new age had begun, and the world had entered a time of peace, prosperity, and beauty. The new King and Queen of Aenir had been declared, and the kingdom had been renamed Astrea in their honour, as the pair shared the same day of birth, a surely divine sign. The coalition of kingdoms, fiefdoms, nations, empires, fae denizens, centaur herds, and so many others had waged a mighty battle led by the pair, and in doing so the Demon Lord had been finally defeated. Evil was vanquished. Good had prevailed. And Brimstone Taggart was having *none of it*.

"Those godsdamned fucking assholes," he muttered as he slashed his machete through the thick forest growth. "Those sex switching ingrates! Those stupid do-gooding heroes with their *peace* and their *freedom* and their *love*! Way to ruin a fine thing we were all having!"

He slashed through another thick growth, making his way into a clearing. His band moved behind him; broad Stoic and stick-thin Limsy, violent one-eyed Ericka and her lover Harteem, and last of all the nervous, bumbling woman they'd brought with them, the bespectacled archaeologist with olive skin and almond-shaped eyes from the empire of Taiva.

"I - I mean, isn't it a good thing?" the slender woman named Yin said as she adjusted her hair back into a ponytail. "The Demon Lord was causing such great terror! My own Emperor was in his thrall for a time. And many people were suffering beneath the villain's yoke."

"Bah, people are always suffering!" Brimstone said, pulling to a stop. He was a large, broad-shouldered man with dark skin and a large scar over his cheek, and a near-fatal one across his neck. Other scars riddled his body, which was packed with muscle. He wore no armour, preferring instead to rely on his surprising speed in a fight, and his own dirty tactics.

His sleeves were rolled up, showing his powerful biceps, and a whip and a scimitar rested on the left side of his hip. His hair was dark and curled, and his beard similarly thick. All in all, he cut a swarthy and manly figure, but not one without a hint of dangerous menace.

"And there's always some villain somewhere," he continued. "But having a bit of chaos at least gives people like us some opportunity, while peace brings competition, it brings restrictions, and it lowers the price of the goods we find. Can't exactly provide a transportation fee, can we?"

"Besides, the Demon Lord gave us some good contracts," Ericka said, picking her teeth with her dagger.

"Damn right, Ericka!" Brimstone said. "Damn fucking right! This bloody King and Queen killed our best business, and we can only hope someone does us all a favour and kills them right back! Ain't that so, fellas?"

There was a chorus of agreement from his band. They were treasure seekers, mercenaries and hunters. They did the nasty jobs, the opportunistic jobs, the jobs that required no moral compass, and Brimstone Taggart was their charismatic leader.

Yin adjusted her spectacles, a sign Brimstone had learned to associate with her habitual nervousness. The woman was a weak link, and clearly uncomfortable with their work, but her hiring rate to find the mythical Serpent Temple had been generous, and it was clear that she was brilliant, so he had to put up with her. For now.

"I - I suppose I hadn't thought of it that way," she said. "But . . . but it's peace!"

"Let me lay some real wisdom on you, chicklet," he told the younger woman. "Peace is a lie. Peace is an illusion. The natural state of man and all the other races in this world is conflict."

"I refuse to believe that is true, or else civilisation would never flourish."

He bellowed out a laugh. "Someone's spending too much time in the ivory tower lately! Tell me, Yin, you ever actually been in the streets of your Taivan cities? The slums? The places of destitution and poverty, eh?"

She looked down. "N-no, not really. I mean, I've read about them-"

"Oh, she's read about them, everyone! Well, that's the same thing, innit?"

There was another titter of laughter from the group. He fixed his eyes upon her.

"Well, I *did* grow up on the streets, girly. You're a fresh meat graduate from some fancy university, but I know how things really are. And me and my band are never gonna live on the streets again now, are we?"

A chorus of agreement followed.

"So that means being mean when we have to," he hissed.

Yin nodded slowly, wiping her forehead from the jungle heat. The region of Yolep was inhabited chiefly by orcs and, beneath the ground, by dark elves. But the thick, tangled

jungles were, for the most part, untamed and unsuitable for civilisation. They were, in many ways, off the edge of the map here. But once, legend told, a grand empire had existed here, one belonging to the Serpent People, so the myths and stories went. Their civilisation had been one of gold, splendour, leisure, and *sacrifice*, until it had finally fallen. Ruins turned up occasionally, but none had found the grand Serpent Temple which supposedly held its grandest treasure: a diadem that had been worn by the snake ruler, and had gifted not just immeasurable wealth, but immortality and power, too. And even if it didn't, it would fetch Brimstone enough gold to buy his own kingdom.

"I understand why you are here," Yin finally said, though she couldn't meet his eyes. "And I understand why you brought me. You are thieves, and I am assisting you. I am not a fool. But I am here for a great find that will bring so much scholarship to—"

"No, you're here for glory, just like us," Brimstone cut in. "You want your name on the map. The fresh-faced young graduate of some fancy university, famous for finding the Serpent Temple. You wouldn't be here otherwise. You know that the fancy schmancy new King and Queen of Astrea or whatever they call it now have declared these lands are off limits as part of their new treaty with the orcs and dark elves. You're a criminal, like us. So you might as well grab some plunder once we find this place."

Yin was about to argue in her own meek, academic way, but then her eyes widened, and she adjusted her glasses.

"By the Gods," the pretty young woman murmured. "That waterfall . . . the stone faces atop it. We're close! Brimstone! Everyone! We're close!"

"You hear that, you knaves!?" the leader shouted. "We're close! Get your bags ready! We're gonna raid this place!"

Yin winced, but otherwise said nothing. The man's words had cut her deep and he knew it. He wasn't wrong. She was a thief in her own way.

She just hoped that the discovery of the temple, after she had played her part in plundering it, would make up for her sins.

Limsy actually cried when he saw the temple, actually *cried*, the ridiculous beanpole of a man. Stoic just patted him on the shoulder. Ericka, meanwhile, was already picking gemstones out of the columns before the temple, and Harteem was helping her in his silent way. Brimstone Taggart, however, just marvelled at the spectacle, grinning from ear to ear.

"You found it, Yin. You fucking found it."

"Yes," she murmured. "I did. The ancient maps I found . . . all my research and translations . . . the information you got through the Demon Lord's contacts . . . I did it."

He slapped her lightly on the shoulder. "And now we can get our treasure, and you get your fame. C'mon! Take us to the heart of this place. I want that diadem."

He stormed ahead, admiring the wealth on display, the overgrown ruins covered in vines, yet still a wondrous spectacle that displayed the grandeur of this fallen civilisation. Yin followed after the rest of Brimstone's band, but unlike the others, she bowed several times in deep respect, particularly to the statues of the serpent folks. Limsy pointed to one and cackled; it displayed a figure with snakes for hair and a kind of sari that displayed much of her body.

"Still would!" he cackled.

But Yin simply bowed. "I am sorry," she said. "I give you my humblest apologies, great ones, for what we are about to do."

The Serpent Temple was massive, a large stepped ziggurat construction twelve levels in height, with a long, long, *long* set of grand stairs leading up the centre to near the very top. Trees and roots and vines had grown across this architectural wonder, causing many statues to fall over, but as they reached the very top (to the annoyance of the group, they had to pause for the very unathletic Yin several times until Ericka threatened her with a dagger), the grandest statue was clearly displayed above the massive entrance. It was a huge snake, circling the top of the ziggurat, its form immense.

"Get us in," Brimstone said to Yin, gesturing to the huge doors before them.

Yin nodded. This was her specialty. She was one of three people in the entire world who could read the glyphs of the long-gone Serpent Folk.

"This will take time," she said.

"Lady, we've got all the time in the world."

Still, it took the better part of three hours for her, working with Harteem, to disable the traps that were indicated by the runes. It was late afternoon when finally she indicated that it was safe to open the doors, and Brimstone gave a mighty push. They yawned as they did so, and musty air that had not been breathed in over a thousand years rushed out to greet them, causing fits of coughing.

"By all the Gods and the Black Mountain beyond," Brimstone whispered as he took in the sight of what was beyond.

Grandeur.

Splendour.

An inner chamber that was untouched and preserved. There were magnificent fountains still spilling forth water, and several pools for bathing and cleansing. Numerous antechambers broke off to the left and right, but sparkling, bejeweled decorations were everywhere. A great dais contained a throne within, and several huge statues displayed

what appeared to be the legendary nagas: the priestesses that Yin had told them about, the most blessed of the serpent people, for their bottom halves were those of enormous snakes.

"Would still do them," Limsy cackled, ruining the moment of wonder.

"Shut the fuck up, Limsy," Brimstone said. "Okay, we're in. Grab everything you can, boys, Ericka. Yin, you're with me." He pointed to the gold and jewel-encrusted throne, where a sparkling jewel resides. The Serpent Diadem, ready to be taken. "There's our prize, young missy."

He strode forth confidently. Yin had assured him that no traps existed in the heart of the chamber - it was too sacred to the fallen Serpent People. Still, he wasn't lacking in caution. He gazed around for traps, for that last boot to fall. But instead he was just met with further grandeur in this once-sacred space.

"Ready to be famous?" he asked Yin.

"I . . . I'm having second thoughts."

"Well, just don't go sharing them with me. I intend to be rich as a god, and perhaps even as immortal as one too."

They reached the throne, ascending the steps of the dais to reach it. It was intricate, with carvings and reliefs displaying the glory of the race that had made it. And yet the diadem was just there, upon the throne.

"Heh, seems almost too easy," he said. He reached out a hand and hesitated. "It's alright to grab it?"

Yin bit her lip. "I . . . I believe so."

"Then you do it."

"No! I - I told you, I'm not here to steal."

He put a hand to his side, and she got the message. Yin tentatively took the diadem. It glimmered in her hand, the multicoloured gems flashing beautifully. It was gorgeous, and seemed to thrum with magical power.

"It's beautiful," she whispered.

"And it's not setting off a trap," Brimstone replied, snatching it from her. "That's good enough for me. Well, time to see if the rumours are true."

He placed it on his head and smiled broadly. Nothing had happened, which was exactly what he expected. "Well, what do you think lads and lasses!" he called out. "How do I look as a king, eh? Reckon I could do a damn site better job than that bitch and bastard ruling from 'Astrea,' or whatever they want to call it!"

"Fucking oath you would," Stoic intoned.

"And get us all rich doing it," Ericka added.

He grinned at Yin, who frowned a little seeing a sacred and ancient artefact treated so casually. "Well, looks like the people have spoken!"

Yin was about to give a retort, but the second time that day she noticed something odd. This time it wasn't a waterfall in the distance, however, but a strange tingling in her scalp. There was a pressure that was growing there; it wasn't painful, but it was strange, and it seemed to push out from her skull against her scalp.

"Nghh," she groaned, trying to catch her breath. "I don't th-think you should wear that, Mr Taggart! Ahhh, I think there c-could be a risk!"

Brimstone was too busy cavorting with his merry band by this point, however; the group was stuffing their pockets with gold. Stoic and Harteem were literally smashing down pillars and cracking open statues, desecrating the temple. It caused another throb in Yin's head, one that terrified her.

"Mr. Taggart!" she cried, louder this time. "Brimstone! You n-need to tell them to stop! Something's wr-wrong!"

He was cackling, grabbing fistfulls of rubies and using his shovel to smash open carefully constructed decorations to better haul away the riches.

"MR. BRIMSTONE TAGGART! NGNGHHAAAAAYYYHGGGHH!!"

Yin let loose an animalistic and primal cry that saw the group finally stop and pay attention. The slender academic moaned, clutching her head, the pressure at its top becoming unbearable. Suddenly, the pressure finally broke, and something long and cylindrical *burst* from her head before coiling around, darting about as if it were alive.

"Ohhhhhh!" she cried. "What just - NGHH!!"

Another tendril burst forth, followed by another. They billowed out from her head, her lovely black hair falling from her scalp as it was replaced by the strange tentacle-like growths.

"What the actual fuck!?" Limsy said. "What's happening to her?"

Ericka took a step back. "Watch out, everybody! Curse!"

They all shuffled back as Yin continued to groan. She was on her knees, trying not to collapse completely, but the strange head growths kept on coming. She reached out for Brimstone to help her, but he had his sword at the ready, fearful of another danger. It was only then that she stopped clenching her eyes shut, at which point the cute archaeologist was met by a shocking sight: a snake was staring right at her, its green-scaled face flickering its tongue right between her eyes, licking her.

"AAGHH!" she screamed. "Snake!"

She leapt back, but the snake followed her, and several more followed. She almost cracked her head on a statue, but then several of the tendrils on the back of her head pushed against it, softening her fall. It was then that everyone, including Yin, realised that the snakes were *part* of her.

“She’s become a gorgon!” Ericka said. “Like the legends! If we see her eyes, we’ll turn to stone! Fucking run!”

“No, wait!” Yin cried. She stumbled forwards, but she was unused to the strange weight upon her head, and the snakes all around her were still terrifying the living daylight out of her. The mild-mannered woman began to shriek as the snakes moved around to lick her face or nuzzle against her cheek and neck, and she shrieked as two of them - one brown and one yellow - rested on each of her shoulders. “Get away from me! Get away!”

“That’s what we’re doing!” Brimstone cried. He ran with his group for the entrance, carrying bags of enough gold and priceless gems to set them up for life. But the doors were starting to close, and the gems that remained in the building began to glow with a brilliant green light. The sound of serpent hissing spread throughout the chamber, a dreadful intonation of a thousand reptilian voices that echoed right into their minds. Ericka nearly fell over, and Harteem had to clutch her.

“You have come!” rattled a serpentine voice. “And you have stolen! You have touched the diadem, and placed it upon your head! For this, you will take our blessing and our curse! You will usher us forth once more! You will serve ussssss!”

“What the fuck!?” Brimstone yelled. “Run! Get the gold and go!”

He grabbed the diadem and tried to pluck it from his body, but instead it shone so brightly that everyone was briefly blinded. Brimstone staggered forwards, still struggling to remove the foul artefact, but instead his hands seared painfully. He screamed and quickly raised his hands to see the wounds, but instead he was greeted with sharpened talons at the ends of his fingers, and pale green scales that receded back into his dark flesh.

“No. NO! RUN!!!”

Behind him, something was happening to Yin. Her clothing was changing, and the woman was moaning as her face altered subtly. He didn’t dare look too close, and instead continued to run after the others. He was close; Stoic was already onto the steps outside. But then the voice returned.

“Priestesssss. You are summoned! Obey your dutiessss! Restore the Serpent Empire, and earn your atonement!”

The eyes of the naga statues around them glowed that same ominous green, and once more the elaborate golden and jeweled diadem upon Brimstone’s head radiated power. This time it surged into him, and the lights of the statue shifted and fell upon his form as if they were beams of sunlight between the canopies of the jungle trees outside. The mercenary man was hit by the full force of ancient primal energies, and he fell to the ground, dropping his bags of booty.

“Ahhhhh!” he grunted. “S-someone g-get me! Someone help m-meeee!”

Ericka looked back, as did Limsy. For a moment there was hesitation, and he knew his loyal band would save him, even from this predicament.

"Become . . . NAGA!"

The force exploded within him. Brimstone gasped as his clothing was burnt away by the outpouring of green light. He tried to stand, but his feet started to fuse together, followed by his calves and then his thighs. The man screamed, horrified by what was happening to him, and again when his lower half started to stretch like Taivan taffy, elongating out at a rapid pace. He grunted, squirming pathetically in response to his bones changing shape.

"I said f-fucking help meeee!" he cried, though his voice had begun to squeak and crack, rising in octave as his hair started to grow longer.

"He's becoming one of them!" Limsy yelled. "I'm getting out of here!"

He started to run, as did Stoic, and Harteem followed after them. Ericka looked back, cringing a little. "Sorry sir," she yelled over the thrum of ancient magic. "But you always say to cut your losses when something like this happens! I'll take care of the group, promise!"

She turned and ran, making it through the enormous doors before they closed. Brimstone cursed them out, but could only get out a few particularly violent insults before the changing pressure in his body proved all too much, causing him to start moaning and wailing again.

"Ngnhhh! This can't b-be fucking happening! You can't m-make me a goddamn snake person! I'm not - ahhhh!"

But the changes were happening whether Brimstone wanted them to or not. His tail grew long and longer and longer, the central spine lengthening, the numerous ribs forming to give it its snake-like structure. Dark green scales bloomed across its surface, which left the man scratching away at his hips as he tried and failed to move himself to the equivalent of a standing position.

"What's h-happening to meeee!?"

Somewhere behind him, Yin was still yelping, struggling with her changes. He didn't care about her; she was expendable as far as he was concerned. His real worry was the fact that he was losing all of his damn humanity, because his tail was by that point over twenty feet long and still growing, gaining muscle mass and coiling about, twisting in response to his discomfort.

"Become our priestess! Become the holiest of nagas, to usher forth our dominion over this jungle land!"

"Fuck off!" Brimstone snarled, but his words did little except rise further in tone, cracking to the point where they were almost womanly. It was only then, as his tail grew to an immense thirty feet in length, that he realised the strange serpentine voice had said *priestess*. As in, a *female priest*.

"No!" he managed, but new pressures rose across his upper body, even as his dark green scales finished filling in, leaving an intricate series of black patterns across his lower half. His skin, coarse and manly and battle-hardened, immediately began to soften, turning smooth and hairless. He shrieked, gripping his waist as a pincer-like compression made itself known.

"Aghh! MMHM!"

Suddenly, his waist pulled in, while at the same time his hips flared out to smoothly align with his new serpent lower half. His muscled stomach lost its scars, and the same was true of the scars upon his shoulders and back, until only the single scar upon his cheek remained, the sole reminder of his past.

"What the f-fuck is happening!? Yin! Where are you, Yin!?"

He turned to face her, remembering only too late the legend of the gorgon, but to his shock he didn't turn to stone even when her now-golden eyes turned upon him. Her skin had become a lush forest green, her pupils were vertical slits, and her hair was a writhing mass of dozens of snakes of various colours; some red, some green, some black, some yellow. They even looked to be different species of snake, and they were writhing constantly on her head, some dangling low on her back and others rearing up high, fascinated by Brimstone's transformation.

"Gargh!" Brimstone cried. "What in the hells!?"

"I can't get rid of them!" Yin cried. "Oh God, I can feel them all! They're part of me and they're alive and - are you becoming a female naga?"

"What!?"

"Your face! Your chest!"

It was only then that Brimstone realised that the green light was *still* transforming him. His ribcage had shrunk, his broad frame now slender, and though he still had a very well-muscled midriff, it was still flat and toned in the way a woman's would be, rather than a man's. Worse, however, was what was occurring to his member and his chest. The former was shrinking rapidly, pulling up inside of his serpentine body where the scales had already formed, while the latter was pushing outwards.

"No! Turn me back, Yin! I'm fucking paying you for this! Find some rune, some spell, some goddamn thing!"

His screams were now those of a woman's, albeit a female voice that was commanding and almost regal, with an accent far more refined than her coarse speaking voice was meant to be. Small fangs pushed out from her top jaw, adding to the serpentine flavour.

"I - I don't know how!" Yin cried, trying to push away her own snakes, which moved to comfort and lick her, despite her desires otherwise. "I've never read anything about this! I wouldn't know where to start!"

"You will be the naga priestess. You will lay the priesthood. You will restore this temple to glory and be freed!"

Freedom. Was there a way to freedom? Restoring the temple could provide it, but the interior was smashed to pieces, desecrated nine ways to Aenir. And it was far too late, because his nipples were throbbing and growing, turning even darker as wide areolas expanded outwards.

"Ohhhhh!" he moaned, cupping his breasts as they formed. He tried to force them back in to no avail. With each curse, they grew outwards, getting larger and larger, until they were impressively ripe fruit upon his chest. "Damn you, Ericka! Damn you, Limsy! Ugh! Damn you - ahhh - Stoic! Damn y-you, Harteem! Damn you - mmmm - all! Ahhh!"

His voice reached a high feminine wall at the very point that his breasts finally surged forth for the last time, overwhelming his palms until they were each half the size of his own head, large and bouncy, exactly as he liked them on his barwenches, and yet so shockingly rare to truly find. And now they were *his*. Or better (and worse) to say, *hers*, for at that same minute *her* member withdrew, leaving the new naga entirely female. She squeaked as her balls retracted and melted away within her new naga body, eyes bulging in terror. Everything seemed to shift towards the feminine once this final threshold was crossed. Brimstone's hair spilled forth, his tight black curls extending all the way down to his lower back, large curtains of the most gorgeous hair that a dusky woman like her could possess. Her blemishes disappeared, and her eyelashes became longer, her nose more defined and no longer obviously broken. The female naga writhed, finally rising off of the ground, her tail spasming and sending her higher and higher up as womanhood increasingly possessed her. Within Brimstone's lower stomach there was the formation of her womb, pushing aside her other organs and eliciting a shriek from her. She wrapped herself around an enormous stone column, her tail coiling around it as she pulled at her hair.

"No!" the now-beauteous dark-skinned woman cried. "I'm not some fucking priestess! Give me back my godsdamned cock, you Serpent bastards! Ahhh!"

But the pleasure of the change hit her too much, causing her to cup her naked breasts and moan with unwanted delight. Yin watched this whole scene with fascination, not knowing what to do or say. One of the brown snakes that pushed out from above her left ear twisted down and rifled through her satchel, pulling up her notebook and passing it into her hand. The yellow taipan at the back of her head retrieved her set of fine inks and writing pens. Astonished, the woman realised what they were doing.

"You're . . . helping me?"

The snakes hissed pleasantly, and seemed to send warm signals to her mind.

“Th-thank you.”

She began taking furious notes immediately, turning her mind away from her strange, green-skinned transformation and towards the spectacle before her. Brimstone looked like a goddess now, a snake goddess to be precise. Golden earrings with hanging emeralds formed, followed by a thick golden necklace that covered her entire neck and descended over her shoulders, though it left her breasts bare. Shining silver bracelets manifested around the naga’s wrists, and even her talon-like fingernails were adorned in gold. The diadem stayed where it was, as if pronouncing her a ruler of serpent folk.

“A naga reborn,” Yin said, and the dozens of snakes that formed her new and strange hair hissed in agreement, sending understanding to her. “She’s the priestess of the temple, and I’m . . .”

She looked at a series of runes upon a nearby tablet and her golden, vertical-slitted eyes went wide. There was an image of a gorgon with paper and ink, posed as a wise counselor to the high priestess naga.

“Oh Gods, I’m meant to be *her advisor*. Her *aide*.”

But Brimstone took notice of none of this. Instead, the buxom, bare-breasted beauty writhed, her enormous tail sweeping across statues and causing even more wreckage. She snarled. Her fangs bared and anger exploded from her much more womanly, yet much more powerful body. Yin had to dodge the incoming tail attack that cracked the tablet to pieces.

“FUCK THIS!” the naga screamed, gripping her chest. “I’m not some godsdamn priestess!”

She laid waste to more of the temple, counterproductive as such an action was, but needing to vent her rage at such abject humiliation and emasculation. Her upper body was perfect; with a muscular waist and large, pert breasts, her face that of a regal beauty, full-lipped and with an arching nose, her eyes large and imperious. It was not at all matching the true nature of Brimstone’s coarse and opportunistic nature, and both of them knew it. Her anger was only paused when she caught her reflection in an immense mirror, presumably one intended for the naga priestess’ own gaze. At this, she stopped, jaw hanging low at the sight of the near-naked goddess with a fit yet incredibly curvaceous figure, one that melted into her powerful snake tail.

“Brimstone?” Yin managed, stepping closer, trying not to agitate her own snakes, which did not seem so scary now. The green-skinned gorgon waved a hand, and some of her snakes bobbed and waved for emphasis. “Um, Mr Taggart? I think we’ve become guardians of this temple?”

At this, the mercenary-turned-naga-priestess cackled madly, low at first and then with an insanity that exceeded even her recent destruction.

“Guardian? Guardian? I’ll tell you how well I’ll guard this damn place!”

And with that, she slashed her tail across a row of statues and tore open a section of the wall, her fury rising to the fore once more. Yin could only sigh. Why had she thought this was a good idea? Her snakes pressed themselves against her cheeks to comfort her.

In the meantime, Brimstone continued to destroy the most sacred discovery in over six hundred years.

They couldn’t leave. That was the first thing that Brimstone discovered, of many in the weeks that followed. The beautiful naga priestess-to-be utterly rejected her role with such immediacy that shocked even Yin, who was struggling to get used to her new ‘friendly hair’ as she tried to put it. As soon as Brimstone adjusted even partly to having a thirty-foot long tail, she was sliding out of there, using her newfound strength to *burst* through the walls and descend down into the grand, region-spanning jungles of Yolep. It was an entirely alien and *wrong* experience for the usually sure-footed mercenary, and so there were more than a few accidents, many of which involved getting her tail tangled around thick trees or, at one point, even accidentally tying herself into a knot which Yin had to aid her in untangling, much to her utter humiliation.

“I don’t think you should go!” Yin cried, her serpent hair hissing with her speech, an experience the young human-turned-gorgon was still trying to get used to. “We have work to do! The ‘Blessed Curse of the New Priestess’ demands that we restore the temple!”

“Fuck that!” Brimstone yelled, before sliding through the forest once more. “I’m finding a wizard, or a druid, or some other fucking mage. I don’t care if I have to go to that bloody bitch of a queen Melanie, I’ll drag them down from their towers to help me!”

She crashed through the forest, keeping her human half above the ground and her snake half doing all the work. It was utter madness, to feel such power and muscle behind her, to effectively have most of her body be little else *but* pure muscle. It allowed her to race through the jungle at a maddening pace, one that could not be matched.

And yet when she reached the edge of what had been the Serpent City’s borders, Brimstone’s body automatically halted. She urged it onwards, but her snake tail would not obey her. It was as if some magical limit had been reached, preventing her from going beyond the gates she had strode through days ago. The same was true of the other ruined gates throughout the jungle, and the bordering mountains and valleys that served as a series of invisible borders.

“By the godsdamned Black Mountain!” the woman shrieked to the sky, raising herself up on her immense tail and snarling at the heavens, venom dripping from her fangs. She

extended her arms, her perfect teardrop breasts bared to the Gods. “What must I fucking do to turn back, huh? HUH!?”

But she received no answer, and in the end had to slither down from the mountain range, defeated and despairing and hungry, feasting on what fruit she could find and a local boar she uncovered. At least she didn’t have a snake’s distending jawline, she noted with some grim humour to herself, though she did use her fangs to bring it down. She dragged the carcass back to the Serpent Temple where Yin was poring over books, as she had been for a whole week at that point. The gorgon, remarkably, seemed to have adjusted amazingly to her new body despite her initial terror at it. Two of her longer snake ‘hairs’ were stacking various books on the desk she was hunched over, and another was using its tongue to delicately turn the page for her, while a fourth helped pass food and drink to her. The green-skinned gorgon academic wore a lovely white robe that clasped over one shoulder and left the other bare, with a golden belt around her waist that showed her figure. For the first time, Brimstone realised that her form had most certainly improved as a result of the change; she was taller, her bust was more prominent, and she had a set of lovely hips as well, to judge from how they swept out even as she sat at the desk. Too bad then that the once red-blooded male was now a damned naga woman with curves that outshone this woman with ease, except in the leg department. She didn’t exactly have *those* anymore. No, instead she had a long tail and the kind of upper half that she would have fallen on the knees and thanked the Gods for . . . in a woman she was going to sleep with that night.

“Brimstone! You’re back!”

“Yeah, I’m back,” the naga snarled. She slithered in, uncaring what she knocked over or how cumbersome her entrance was. Having practised a great deal while she was searching for a way out, she was able to coil her body up and then ‘sit’ on top of her own coils, as if she were a maid upon a bench or a mermaid upon a rock. Her skin was dirtied from her explorations, but all of her cuts had healed miraculously.

“I imagine that you did not, in fact, find a way out,” Yin said.

“What the fuck do you think!?” the naga said, spreading her hands out and gesturing to herself. “Not only did I *not* find a way out, but I’ve been having to sink my fangs into wild animals and cook ‘em, and learn how to piss in a gigantic naga body, oh, and I learned that I can’t wear any frickin’ clothes, either!”

Yin’s eyebrows raised. “Come again?”

She raised herself up and cupped her large breasts. They were so full and pert upon her chest, and she knew from peering at her reflection through the double mirror she’d found in an old tower that her chest was so large that one could see the sides of her breasts even when looking at her lovely back, that’s how large and round they were. Their active state of movement irritated her, as if her body was *meant* to be shown off.

"The only things I can wear," she intoned, teeth bared, is all this jewellery nonsense. "I tried to take some of it off, but it won't go. It's like this damn invisible force keeps stopping me, like those invisible magic walls keeping me trapped around this lost city. Don't you get it, chicklet? I'm *stuck* showing off these stupid enormous *tits* I'm not even meant to have! I'm flashing all my skin - scaled or not - and I can't even wear a fucking bodice or brassiere or chestwrap or anything."

Yin nodded slowly. "That makes sense."

"What?"

The gorgon academic petted one of her snakes and whispered to it, and the creature fetched her a book.

"Oh, not that one, Kina, the other one."

"You talk to your fucking hair now?"

Yin blushed red upon her pale green cheeks. "Well, they're part of me and they're . . . not. They are their own living beings. We're symbiotic, I suppose you could say, so I thought it would be good for us to be caring neighbours and-"

Brimstone slithered forward and coiled around behind Yin to peer over her shoulder. The smaller woman was very conscious of the large, dark-skinned breasts that were hanging right in her peripheral vision, begging to be noticed.

"Great, fine! You're bloody coming to love being a snakegirl freak! But I've spent the last fucking *week* failing to poke holes in my magical jungle prison, so tell me you've been doing enough research to found out how to get us out of this shithole."

Yin frowned. To her, this was hardly a shithole. In fact, if her punishment for helping such vandals desecrate this temple was being turned into a beautiful gorgon advisor and saddled with the responsibility of learning the fallen civilisation's ways, well, she could certainly accept that! But what she'd read hadn't been all positive, and so she had to stop focusing on her employer's new beauty and more on how to carefully reply to her question.

"Well, there is a possibility. I have found an entire library of preserved tomes, as well as numerous runes and laws and-"

"Get to the point!" the naga woman said. "I'd like to be able to wear a fucking tunic again instead of having these enormous tits out for show! And that's not even getting into this giant snake ass your incompetent research has saddled me with."

"Hey, that's not - ugh, never mind. Look, Brimstone, there is still much to read, but all the glyphs and tomes in the ancient Serpent tongue are very clear on the role of the High Priestess; once an individual is 'ascended' into the role, they are only released from it once their holiest duties are complete, and they can then willingly opt to pass the role to another."

Brimstone folded her arms beneath her ample chest. The tip of her tail slapped happily against the ground. "Finally, some fucking good news! Well, what do I have to do?"

Yin swallowed. She adjusted her spectacles, though she garnered that they weren't so necessary now that her eyes were so sharp, they still felt innately . . . her.

"Well, um, we have to, uh . . ."

"Spit it out, or I'll cut one of the snakes from your head!"

Kina and the rest hissed angrily, but Yin settled them with her hands. So strange, to feel living things moving and writhing upon her - part of her and yet not. "Calm down, girls. Calm down. I'm sorry, Brimstone, but this is awkward to say, but we have to . . . restore the temple."

She gestured to their surroundings, where numerous statues were smashed, pillars cracked, entire runic decorations shattered, and an unbelievable amount of gems plucked. Slowly, Brimstone realised the sheer scale of what would have to be done, and how long this could well take.

"You're - you're fucking kidding me, right? Tell me your godsdamned kidding!?"

Yin gave a nervous grin. "Well, we'd better get started right away, huh?"

The project was vast, and the months that passed proved it. Neither knew anything about architecture, and likely the previous ancient high priestess naga rulers didn't either, but they'd had serpents to help them, and Yin and Brimstone only had one another. Thankfully, mountains of tomes, instructions, ritualistic guides, and various city maps all existed. For every problem that Brimstone was desperate to solve, it turned out one needed to first solve ten or twenty others first. To fix a column one needed to know its construction, which then meant knowing where to get the necessary materials, which meant using her incredibly powerful naga body to unearth entire buildings from the fallen Serpent City where such minerals, artefacts, and so on were stored. Each day the two got to work, Brimstone often complaining about her lot in life, and Yin reminding her that, technically speaking given that they were the only two members of this barely-restored nation, she was "technically the queen of an entire empire, of sorts!"

That actually made Brimstone chuckle a little. Yin was surprisingly tougher than she thought, and had a resilience she felt she needed to match. Likewise, she occasionally enjoyed showing the woman how to do practical work, even hunting and the like, and after weeks of wrestling with the idea she eventually made the gorgon a bow.

"My Gods," Yin said. "This means so much. Thank you, Brim."

"Brim, huh? Well, I guess you've earned the nickname, what with all the work you do. It's just . . . it's just to help us, alright? It's a little gift. Don't mean much."

And yet Yin *made it* mean a great deal. She hunted regularly, and while she would never match Brimstone's predatorial instincts, once more Brimstone found herself revising her estimation of the woman, including how she used her snakes to help her steady the bow, which was ingenious. And, weirdly, a little bit arousing. The two started eating together more often, conversing about their plans for the next day, what idle projects on the side they were starting, and what they could learn from one another. Yin soaked these moments up, and Brimstone found herself drawn into the conversations until it was far too late into the night.

"Damn it, I've got to coil up and have my nap. Good thing I soaked up so much sun today, not like I can wear clothing!"

Yin blushed a little, hesitated, then dared to speak. "If it helps, I admire how strong you're being about this. I still struggle a little with my 'hair,' much as I love them. I can't imagine what it's like for you, Brim. You're very strong."

As strangely touched as it made the former human male feel, it was little consolation for Brimstone. She couldn't stand always being naked, especially since her body found it so comfortable. She couldn't stand how much she loved lying languidly in the warmth of the temple sun room, moaning with increasing ecstasy as she played with her sensitive breasts and felt her hidden womanhood, nestled between several scales where her human half met her serpent half. She couldn't stand that Yin found this stuff so bloody fascinating, or that she could understand it at all.

"What do you mean I've got to do a fucking *bellydance!*?" she asked several months after this vast project had started. "What's that got to do with restoring the temple?"

Yin blushed, trying not to appreciate the thought of Brimstone's form undulating, her jewellery clinking, her breasts jostling with each sensuous, snake-like movement. Her snakes gave little purr-like hisses, as if infected with her own arousal at the idea.

"I swear, I'm not making this up!" she said, trying not to stare the naga priestess in the chest, which was hard because the woman was currently *hanging upside down from the ceiling*, which caused some rather lovely . . . *gravitational effects*. That wasn't even getting into her long mane of curly dark hair, which hung all the way to the floor while she was upside down. Somehow, the Serpent Diadem stayed on, a permanent fixture resting upon the woman.

"Then explain it, chicklet."

"I mean, my snakes *eat* chicklets, but - ah, I'm getting off track. I've been pouring over the texts, and it seems that fulfilling your responsibilities to finally turn back will require you to take on all of them. That means learning the holy calendar dates, and performing the dancing ritual before the rising sun and falling sun each third day. I can . . . teach you the moves, if you wish. My own body, while not as marvellously, um, elegant and beautiful as

yours, is better in tune with rhythm, perhaps. At least, since I took dancing back at the university.”

Brimstone folded her arms and smirked. “You? A dancer?”

“I do have multitudes. We all do, Brimstone. Even you. I’ve seen you resting and enjoying yourself in the holy pools, cleaning your form. I’ve heard you singing the ancient songs I taught you.”

“Bah! It’s just a catchy tune. Fine, fine, you can teach me how to dance. Just don’t think I’m gonna like it. I’ll be a pain in your ass - I should know, since I *don’t have one*.”

Yin smiled, joyful. “Thank you! I’m sure this will help-”

“Oi, no hugs, thanks!” Brimstone said, lifting the woman up with her tail and then hanging her upside down too. For a moment, the two regarded one another, and then Yin realised the crass, mercenary former male was actually blushing, realising how intimate this moment felt. She put Yin down gently.

“Well, ah . . . so long as that’s all, then.”

“Um, I don’t think it’s the start of it.”

“Gods, fuck me! What else?”

Yin smiled sheepishly, her snakes posing in a rather cute manner around her head. “Well, you’ll have to change your name to one of the holy ones on the official ancient registrar.”

Brimstone groaned and hid her face in her hands. “This just keeps getting worse and worse!”

And yet still, she learned the dance, begrudgingly at first, and then with a little more enthusiasm once Yin got into the groove of no longer being the teacher but instead the instructor. With her gorgeous serpentine form and immensely sensual humanoid half, Brimstone was able to undulate her stomach and tail both, and beneath the sun’s warm rays there was something almost . . . relaxing in it. She practiced, knowing this was her way out, but she couldn’t deny that Yin’s enthusiasm did make it a little easier. The little ‘chicklet’ was nothing if not enthusiastic, and her look of awe didn’t hurt things either.

“Have you thought of a name yet?” Yin asked after another dance session, one in which they’d intoned the serpent tongue together, paying homage to the sun god.

Brimstone looked away a little, having coiled up around herself. She was lying on her own tail, her breasts pressing against her own scales. It was a surprisingly erotic look, and she didn’t even realise it.

“Well, I, uh, did have one name in mind. One from that tome you showed me. Didn’t seem like the worst name, really. I mean, it’s not like anything I’d be used to. My old band would have mocked me for it, but they’re all traitorous bastards, so who gives a stiff what they think and-”

Yin dared to move and actually *sit* upon Brimstone's tail, placing her hand upon her former employer's arm and caressing it gently. Her snakes followed the motion, as if in agreement over this act of care. It was nice being a gorgon, she decided. More compassion to go around.

"Hey, Brim," she said. "It's okay. You don't have to be embarrassed. I want to know."

Brimstone nodded slowly, staring at Yin in a way she hadn't done before.

"Well, I rather liked the name . . . Bavira."

"Ohh, that's beautiful!"

"Don't start with that! I just said I liked it, okay?"

But Yin's snakes were already smiling, and pulling the newly christened Bavira's arm, tugging her to give the gorgon a hug. She did indeed give a light embrace, only to blush a little.

"Sorry, was always a bear-hugger of a man, but given that I've always got these big tits out, well . . ."

Yin bowed and turned away, trying not to cringe at her own stupidity. But she couldn't forget how that embrace had felt.

It was almost divine.

Yin massaged Bavira's shoulders as the naga rested in the sacred pools. After over a year's worth of effort, they'd managed to get the heating system working and clean up the muck and vine damage. In fact, Bavira actually took more than a little pride in her efforts, and it was one of the few things she was *vocal* in her pride about.

"My Dad was a stonemason and a carpenter," she said, moaning a little as Yin rubbed the tension out of her shoulders. "He would have found this ancient architecture amazing. Mhmm. Oh Gods, you're good at this. Are you sure this is part of your official duties as my advisor?"

Yin giggled. "Well, technically you should have your own handmaidens and male servants, but . . . I thought in the absence of those, I should step in. The rules allow for it, in fact!"

Bavaria chuckled, then moaned again. Her tail rolled slowly in the water, coiling and uncoiling. Funny, how used to it she was getting. How used to all of it, really. Each day was hard work, now that over twelve months had passed, she couldn't deny an increasing interest and pride in her work. She was uncovering a city! Not destroying something, or wrecking something, or stealing something, but instead *building* something. It hadn't really been part of her skillset, not ever. But now, this insufferably knowledgeable and passionate

young woman was teaching her how to sculpt, how to perform elegant serpent dances, and even how to sing! And she *did* have a lovely singing voice. Of course, in turn, she was showing Yin how to excavate, how to use scaffolding, how to uncover and repurpose. Together, their two man - well, two *woman* - mission was proceeding, even if the pace was quite glacial.

"Mhmm," she murmured again. "Where do you find the time, Yin? I swear, you're a go-getter. Would have been great on my team if we kept prospecting and adventuring."

"I don't think I would have. To be honest, Bavira . . . and I know this is awkward for you to hear, but I'm very glad I ended up here. I have my wonderful snake hair friends, I have all the learning and unique tomes I can imagine, and, well, I have *you*."

Bavira paused. The heat was already rising in the pool, and the tension with it. Yin's hands truly were deft, and the fact that both women were utterly naked - Yin by choice, naturally - didn't help matters. She was very aware that Yin was attracted to her, and she was well aware that she had been looking with interest at the pretty green-skinned gorgon with her nerdy ways that somehow enhanced her attractiveness. She wasn't Bavira's type at all, and yet . . . the naga wanted her. The last five times she had masturbated idly in her increasingly comfortable chambers, she had imagined fucking Yin. The last time, she had imagined *making love* to her instead. That was perhaps the most potent one of all. If she'd still been a man, she would have just made a move, but now . . .

"Why?"

"Why what?"

"Why is it good for you to 'have me', Yin? I've been nothing but an ass to you. A cantankerous mercenary who came here to rob the wondrous history you crave."

Yin leaned forward a little, just a bit more daring. She hugged her naked breasts against Bavira's back and placed her arms around the woman, just above her breasts, enough to give her comfort.

"Because I have seen the other side of you," she said. "The side you keep hidden."

"Please, I don't hide anything."

"You like to dance. I saw you dancing this morning, and it wasn't even a day for the ritual. You like to explore, just like I do. You build, and know things that I would never get in a book. You hunt for us."

"You know the right tropical fruits of these parts, with all that learning."

"Yes," Yin said, lowering her hands just a little. "But you have learned too. You are even learning the Serpent tongue!"

"I'm shit at it."

"You'll be great, in time. But you *want* to know. Without that band of traitors, as you call them, I feel like you're finding a new side of yourself, and I'm finding it with you."

"I'm just a rough, coarse bastard. A rough, coarse bitch now, I suppose. A naked one at that. With a snake tail."

At this, Yin lowered her hands just a little more. Her snakes were hissing with excitement, and several of them were rubbing the naga woman's back. "Here's the thing, Bavira. It has taken me a long time for me to build up the courage to say this, but . . . I rather like rough, coarse bitches."

Bavira paused. "You do? I mean, I've been seein' you checking me out and all, and I've been doing the same, but . . ."

Yin felt so close to this woman. She breathed in her luscious wet hair and smiled, butterflies in her stomach, her snake hair erratic with excitement and anxiousness.

"What can I say?" Yin said. "I have a type. I like strong, domineering women."

She lowered her hands, only to hesitate, fearing she had gone too far. Bavira helped her over the finishing line, because she used her snake tail to raise her own body, ensuring that Yin's hands cupped her breasts, her fingers sinking into their flesh.

"Ohhhhh," Bavira moaned, and again when Yin began to squeeze and grope her large mammaries. "Mhmmm. Oh Gods, that feels good. You've got no idea how much I've been fucking wanting you, Yin!"

"And you have no idea how much I've - whoa!"

Bavira cackled, pulling her tail around and lifting Yin up into the air and dunking her into the pool. The gorgon rose, her snakes shaking off the moisture.

"What on earth was that!?"

But Bavira was already sliding through the water, coiling around the woman and then lifting her up again and pressing her against her bustier and musclier naga body. Their nipples slid against one another, causing both women to moan, and Bavira to let loose an aroused chuckle. She gripped the gorgon and kissed her on the lips, and the snakes reared back, shocked by the audacity of this moment. When Bavira pulled back, Yin was practically spluttering.

"What?" Bavira asked, placing her hands on her hips and smirking. "You like bad bitches, don't you? Ones who take control? Well, why don't you let me take control, chicklet."

Yin giggled. "You know, I've come to like you calling me that."

"I know you do," Bavira said. She kissed the other woman passionately, holding her up in the air above the pool and ravishing her as she had been wanting to do for months now, only now having gained the confidence to embrace her female naga body.

Their feminine moans echoed through the halls all night, and much of the next morning. The pair were due a rest day, anyway.

Bavira lay in the sun room, her bosom pressed against Yin, who was sitting in the naga's coils and reading intensely.

"This is fascinating," Yin said. "Two years of restoration, and still many years to go. But it does indeed seem that we are effectively ageless during this process."

"Mmm-hmm," Bavira murmured as she shifted a little and kissed Yin's back. "That's nice to know."

She was feeling more amorous lately. And hungry. And tired, too; the sun room was her favourite chamber already, but she was addicted to it as of late. She needed to be more sensible, she knew. She *had* been putting on weight lately, something that she had thought was impossible, given that her body had remained pristine and glorious all this time, perfectly curved at the top and with serpentine beauty below. But in the last few weeks, her belly had become a little more distended, and her breasts subtly larger too. And the kaja fruits were right out; they made her sick lately. But she wasn't sick now, and she wanted her lover.

"Come on, Yin, put that academic shit away."

"You *like* my academic shit," Yin said, her snake hair turning the pages while several others nuzzled against Bavira's movements. This division of her snake friends made it clear that she herself was of two minds about what she wanted right now.

"Okay, fine, I *like* it. But right now I'm horny as all fuck. I could do my bellydance for you? You'd like that, wouldn't you? Put on a show, and then I can grip you with my tail and do all sorts of unholy things to that beautiful gorgon body of yours."

Yin grinned, still reading her book. "Ah, but you are the high priestess. That would make dominating your gorgon girlfriend quite the *holy* act, I should think."

"See? All the more reason for you to suck on my big, naked titties. You know, I'm starting to like being naked all the time like this. It's worth seeing you stare all the time."

Yin blushed, and her snakes made little purring sounds of arousal. The fact that Bavira was now circling around to face her, using her length to shift forward and press her large chest up against her book, had a little something to do with that.

"Stop it!"

"Never. You're the one who made me start liking this snake business, so now you gotta deal with the sexy consequences, chicklet."

Yin was about to pause her reading when she suddenly widened her eyes. She was looking at some glyphs and images that had been inscribed upon the ancient paper, detailing the duty of the High Priestess-Restorer, should the Serpent civilisation ever fall. It showed her looking quite gravid, with a clutch of eggs at her side on the next page, a little serpentfolk child at her breasts.

“Um, Bavira?” she said.

Bavira took the book and placed it on her coils, the ones that Yin was sitting on.

“Yes, chicklet?”

Yin was still very aroused, so very damn aroused, and her snakes were urging her on. Still, she couldn’t deny the slight dome of Bavira’s belly that gave her so much foreboding.

“So, I’m not trying to kill the passion here, but there’s something you should know.”

“Mhmm, I bet so, sexy,” Bavira said, pressing herself against the gorgon. “Why don’t you tell your smoking hot priestess?”

“Well . . . mhmm . . . ahhh . . . it can wait, I suppose!”

It had been over two decades of restoration to the Serpent Temple, and there was still much left to do. Still, news was slowly spreading to the outside world. Some came for plunder, and the priestess could easily chase those individuals away, while others came for knowledge, which Yin guarded well but provided fairly to those with honest intent. Others still felt a strange magical calling, something in their blood or in their souls that travelled all the way back to ancient history, and it brought them to the Serpent Temple. This was the centrepiece of what would be a grand civilisation once more; its statues slowly being restored, but its grandeur and beauty obvious, its gemstones remarkable, its glory manifest in every sight.

And most glorious of all was the naga High Priestess herself, who rested upon her throne or coiled about the room depending on her mood. Who danced sensuously with the rising and falling of the sun, and whose nakedness was not just mesmerisingly beautiful and attractive, but commanded a primal power. Who wore the Serpent Diadem always, a symbol of her power and responsibilities, which were eternal. Her advisor, the beautiful gorgon, was also her lover, and the pair were rarely without the other for long.

But to any visitor drawn to this place, wondering how on earth it could be restored, the answer soon became obvious from the constant swell of High Priestess Bavira’s belly, and the holy clutches of eggs that hatched yearly, which brought forth new serpentkind into the world to be fed from her lovely full breasts. And if one found this a truly holy sight, and found that they were drawn yet further to stay in the temple, then Bavira and Yin together could enact a rite they had discovered just two years ago, and welcome this newcomer into their ranks, blessing them with a serpentine form now that they had devoted themselves to Bavira and Yin and their teachings. It had also been something of an amusement when a quartet of snakes had arrived at their doorsteps, Bavira only punishing the group of her cursed former compatriots a bit before letting them enter the temple for respite.

All of this was truly grand, and was quickly capturing the attention of more explorers, adventurers, seekers, builders, farmers, and academics every day. To most eyes, Bavira looked like the very image of a snake goddess in mortal form, even when fully laden with eggs or labouring to birth them with her loving Yin at her side. She had learned all the ways to look regal and elegant, a true and proper leader who was a far cry from her old mercenary self. But to those who came to know Bavira better, or simply overheard some echoes from her chambers when she was finally alone with Yin, they would discover a different side to the priestess. A rougher, coarser side to her words that in many ways showed how far she had come.

"I'll tell you what, chicklet," one such sentence went. "I'm sure glad I ended up with you, no joke. But I won't lie, sometimes I really wish I had snakes on my head instead of growing in my belly! It's been eighteen years and I'm still not used to blowing up with eggs and nursing all these hatchlings of ours."

"You like it. At least, you like it *now*."

"I like how much *you* like it, chicklet. It's not like you're the one pushing big eggs out of your cooch almost twice a year. God, I feel big. When I complained years ago about how much my responsibilities were growing, I didn't expect how much growing I'd be doing!"

"Well, perhaps there is a way I can help you appreciate your holy duties more, Bavira? Some sort of special, intimate way?"

"Mhmm, fuck yeah. I can think of one or two. We could do that thing with the tail? The upside down thing you like so much. And with the tongues?"

And then one might even hear Yin the gorgon giggle as she replied.

"I would be delighted, my naga priestess. I am always happy to serve you."

"Gods, I love the hell out of you, chicklet. Come here, you!"

Of course, at that point, any self-respecting citizen of this new nation would back away quietly and leave the priestess and her lover to their passions. After twenty years of hard work and so many more, the serpentine pair had certainly earned it.

The End