

# The Snake Idol (Naga TG)

**By FoxFaceStories**

*A week after Nate the archaeologist finds a serpentine fertility idol in a tomb, he is shocked to find himself transform into a sensual cobra naga woman. Even more shocking is that she now has a biological mandate to procreate thanks to the idol's influence and her manly best friend Thomas is there to help fulfil her new desires . . .*

## The Snake Idol

Nate could hardly believe it: he, now *she*, had become some kind of busty, sexy half-cobra woman, with a big serpentine tail and everything! The sight in the mirror was as impossible as it was undeniable: she now had golden-copper scaled skin for her lower half, which now consisted of a nearly fifteen foot-long snake tail, thick and strong and coiling, with impressive patterns along its length. Her upper half was far more human, though her forearms and her back still had the same scales, and she now had a large cobra hood that fanned from the back of her head with bright red and blue colouring. Her mouth had sharp snake fangs, and her eyes had dark slits. Yet despite this, she was incredibly beautiful, with an exotic Cleopatra style look that her remaining dark hair gave her, and an hourglass shape to her torso that would have most women jealous if not for the monstrous parts. Her breasts - utterly knew to her - were full and large and heavy. Very big, in fact. Bigger than any girlfriend she'd had. Bigger than any supermodel she'd seen. Her breasts bobbed and wobbled with each serpentine movement she made by instinct.

"I'm a naga. The fertility idol, it changed me. Thisss can't be happening, and yet it isss . . ."

God, even her voice was sensual and attractive, just like her gorgeous body. Yes, even with the snake lower half, there was something frighteningly beautiful to her, something that made an instinctive pride rise up within her. A warmth in her belly and in the coil of her tail. A heat. A stirring need.

"Mhmmm," she moaned, rubbing her breasts and midriff and flicking her tail slowly about in the large living room space. "F-feel sssoooo arousedd."

Her forked tongue flickered as she felt that need. She was a woman now. A female monster. The magical change had made it impossible to think of herself otherwise: it had done something to her mind. Altered it, leaving her a busty, horny naga woman. She shuddered, teasing her new nipples, unbelieving what she was doing with her bizarre yet wonderful new body.

"I can't even fight thissss," she breathed, cooing in ecstasy, her body desiring a mate to fill it up. "Thissss need. Ohhhhh, where is Thomasss? Why can't he b-be here? This ssstupid idol, what hassss it done to m-me!?"

She knew of course, and it all flashed before her as the handle to the apartment door opened. Nate - not that the name felt appropriate anymore now that she was a luscious snake woman - was a trained archaeologist. While exploring the deep jungles of South America, he managed to uncover a small hidden tomb nested away beneath an ancient tree. It was the discovery of a lifetime, and he immediately set himself to recording it and what was within. While the interior was tiny, there was an impressive and ancient idol: a gold-covered snake fertility statue that appeared to be some kind of animal goddess. It was in the image of a naga: half woman, with prodigious breasts and swollen belly, and half snake. Around her coiled tail were numerous eggs. It was an entrancing sight, and Thomas made sure to take hold of it to inspect further. At the very moment he did though, something strange came over him. A need for secrecy, an overriding compulsion *not* to publicise what he had found. Instead the snake idol was *his*. It had to be. He needed to keep it nearby, take it back with him and ponder over it in secret.

So that was what he did. He couldn't understand his own behaviour, or why he was being so irrational. But he flew back to the states and took the idol with him, telling no one. When his best friend Thomas inquired how the find had gone, he told him that it hadn't, and that was that. Thomas was a highly successful gym owner, and a very buff man, and for some reason Nate found that far more intriguing upon return. He dreamed of the man for reasons he couldn't say, but the dreams over the following week also featured sensual dancing women, rooms full of writhing snakes, gorgeous girls with scaled skin, and the ecstasies of birthing. It made him aroused, yet despite this clues that something was wrong, he couldn't stop looking at the idol, or from holding it in his sleep against him like a teddy bear.

And then one week later, the dreams became far more fantastical. In the dream, he was *growing, changing, becoming more*. He could feel the power of an ancient snake fertility goddess imbuing itself into him, causing his legs to intertwine, his manhood to shrivel away, his chest to bloom wonderful breasts. His skin became golden-copper coloured, glorious and shiny and smooth-scaled, and his entire being took on the essence of the sensual and fertile. Of course, it wasn't entirely a dream. The new *her* woke that way, her long scaled tail spiralling out of the bed, her body horny and needy and *womanly* and monstrous, yet monstrous in a way that was undeniably enticing.

At first Nate tried to wake up, tried to explain it rationally. She couldn't leave the apartment, at least not without the cover of night, and she was still getting used to moving on a tail. Every internet search, every bit of research into the idol did nothing - the idol wasn't

even something she could bring herself to destroy or harm; it was too important! She had to order food to be dropped off, all while struggling with her needs. She masturbated that very first night, teasing the womanly folds hidden upon her upper tail, and causing her coiled length to writhe and squirm.

It wasn't enough. Thoughts of breeding, of fulfilling a greater godly purpose, filled her mind. She hissed and purred at the thought of finding a worthy mate, someone who could fill her tunnel and flood it with his manly seed. Someone who could make her pregnant and swollen with eggs that she could lay in glorious ecstasy months down the line. A great brood that would grow every larger with each act of lust. She shivered in anticipation, even as she tried to fight these urges.

Only now, the door was opening, and she could *smell* who it was. His scent was manly, his testosterone clear in the air. Thomas entered, his strong, buff figure obviously fresh from the gym and a shower. He had a confident swagger as he entered.

"Hey Nate, I thought I'd just drop by and see - holy shit! What the hell!"

"Thomasss!" she hissed, drawing nearer. "Pleassse, don't freak out! It'sss me! It's Natasha. I mean, Nate! The sssnake idol I took on my trip, it'sss changed me. It'sss made me thiss, and I need . . . oh God, I need you! I need you sssooo badly!"

She *launched* herself at him. Ordinarily, her friend would have fled in fear, but Nate/Natasha's body now had the power of a fertility goddess emanating from it. He recognised her beauty and was borderline hypnotised, his body instantly responding with arousal. His dick hardened, and he couldn't stop himself from kissing his transformed friend. Nate was pleased; she needed to have this man. She coiled around him, sucking on his neck, licking him with her forked tongue, letting him caress her large, soft breasts and touch her smooth, scaled skin.

"I don't understand," Thomas said. "But I'm s-so fucking turned on. I need you too! Fuck, I need to be in you!"

"Then do it! I've been going m-mad! I need your seed inssside me! I need to bear your eggs!"

This didn't turn Thomas off. Instead, he became coiled up within her tail, and the pair made ravenous, greedy, passionate love. He inserted himself inside her, and Nate/Natasha cooed in ecstasy, astonished at what she was doing. It was beautiful. It was perfect. He thrust into her, and she carried him up on her tail so that he was born aloft, his face in her massive tits. It didn't take long before the lovers climaxed together, and true enough, her tunnel milked him for all his seed, drawing it into her waiting womb.

When they collapsed onto the bed it practically broke, but neither cared.

"H-holy hell," Thomas said, the spell only partly broken. "Did that just happen?"

“Yesss, my mate,” Natasha said. “It’s p-permanent. You’re my m-mate now, Thomas. I’m sssorry, but not very sssorry. This body needs it, needs you.”

Thomas could obviously feel the magical connection that now bound them as lovers. “Damn, wow. Okay. We’re going to have to find some place remote.”

“Very remote. And private. A place for us to have our many eggsss.”

“Eggs?”

“Mhmm, I can f-feel them. I’m a fertility snake goddesss now, Thomasss. Your goddesss. We’re going to make quite a brood. Ohhhhh, it’s sssso strange, but it feelssss so right.”

Indeed, the new snake goddess was even starting to like her new fate. And while the connection was magically formed, she could tell that her best friend-turned-mate was too.

“Perhapsss we could make our way to Sssouth America, sssomehow?” she mused.

**The End**