

Becoming a Snake Goddess

For Haddex455

By TheSpiralledEye

When Luke finds and merges with a mysterious scale he finds his body and mind expanding as he transforms into a powerful Lamia queen.

~

Luke kept his head low; hunched over the box of trinkets he'd bought back from his latest dig. He could feel the eyes of everybody he passed burning into him with hatred. There had only been enough money in the archeology departments budget for one travel grant this year and after weeks of everybody arguing and vying for it; he had been selected.

Two weeks in the wilderness of Greece on the university's dime; searching for the fabled Temple of Lamia which he had been so sure was more than myth. The area held promise, it was certainly home to more snakes than usual, which would explain why the ancient cult set up shop there. He even found a few snake skeletons and mummified scales in the first few days which only increased his excitement.

He had gone to sleep each night of the trip dreaming of his great find, how he would return triumphant with his colleagues begging to co author papers and help him sift through the mountain of artefacts he was sure to bring home.

But that wasn't what happened.

Instead he'd spent two weeks growing increasingly frantic as he searched the area he thought contained the temple and found nothing but a few crumbling buildings; likely old huts of no significant value. No gold, no jewels, nothing to indicate the area had been anything but a potential village.

There were barely any artefacts to speak of, a few places, a stone trinket or two, but nothing of any great value. Not even the sort of thing that could be used to study ancient cultures, at least nothing that hadn't already been studied a dozen times over. If he was lucky, some small museum somewhere might buy them from the university for a few hundred euro.

Now he was back, his head hung in shame as everybody stared; all hating him for wasting the grant money they could have used for 'real' work. What discoveries might be

missed or delayed because he'd used the money to travel around digging up snake scales and finding nothing?

He made his way to his desk and gently lifted out the first artefact; a broken utensil, and began to work, cleaning and studying it carefully. Maybe if he was lucky he would find some sort of engraving to at least prove the cult existed in some capacity.

“Well, where is the triumphant smile?”

Luke flinched and looked up to see Raphael standing over him. The man was the archeology department's darling; handsome enough for press tours with his blonde hair and olive skin, but also the brains and brawn to impress anybody. Unlike remedying, pale Luke, he was loved by everybody.

“I still have to go over all the artefacts...” Luke replied quietly, “I could find something.”

“Oh in all these artefacts?” Raphael snorted, “Well, I'd better leave you to it. It'll take you forever to go over all five of them.”

“Twelve.” Luke corrected quietly before realising his mistake.

Luke spread open his arms wide and raised his voice.

“A whole twelve artefacts! Wow! What a find.” He jeered, “I sure am glad none of us will get any grant money till next year because twelve whole artefacts, I suppose each one is special and rare, some proof of that crazy snake cult you were insisting existed?”

Luke stayed silent; he had nothing to say that could make Raphael less angry.

The bull of a man rolled his eyes and stalked off to his own desk where a priceless Greek vase was sitting. He'd been meticulously restoring it and those like it for months. It seemed like each one he cleaned he discovered some new, intricate painting that was worthy of praise. And what did Luke have? A fork.

He tried to keep positive; there was still a chance he could at least find some evidence on these trinkets. Then again, snakes weren't exactly rare embellishments in ancient Greek artefacts, he would have to find something damn near unique to prove the existence of the Lamia cult.

He worked on the fork, then a broken piece of dish, neither of which yielded any results before he switched gears. Perhaps one of the mummified scales or snakes could prove interested, an ancient species yet to be discovered? Zoology wasn't his specialty but if he knew about one thing after years of trying to prove the ancient cult's existence, it was snakes.

He reached into the box and pulled out a scale; it was quite old and crusted over with what almost looked like stone. Immediately his mood brightened; the scale was almost twice the size of his thumb nail, much bigger than any natural snake scale could be. Perhaps it was an art piece from the cult!

He began to dust it off but found the grime and stone clung to it stubbornly. Growing impatient and forceful he felt his heart stop when the sound of cracking stone met his ears. For a second he despaired; he'd broken it, his one chance, but no. Instead the stone fell away to reveal a glimmering, perfectly preserved, *natural*, scale.

It shimmered, the green flashing blue and pink as it caught the light. It was the most gorgeous thing Luke had ever seen. How was this possible? How could it be so perfectly preserved? It must have been his imagination but it almost felt warm, as if it had just been plucked or shed from whatever creature grew it.

"Look at this!" he cried, jumping to his feet and holding the scale aloof with pride.

Only to realise the room was empty and most of the lights were off. Luke glanced at the clock and blushed; the working day had ended hours ago and he'd been so desperate to find something he'd not even realised.

The realisation made his eyes burn with tiredness; he'd skipped lunch and everything, no wonder he was exhausted. Carefully, he packed away his artefacts in their safe but paused when it came to the scale. Logically, he knew this university department was the safest place for it but leaving it behind felt...wrong. It was almost as if the scale was calling to him, begging not to be left alone. So against his better judgement, Luke slipped the item into his pocket, stroking along the smooth grain with his finger to remind himself it was there and safe as he made his way home.

~

Luke felt as though he was walking through a fog. The trip home seemed to take an age and yet he remembered none of it; it was as if he were sleepwalking, getting on the correct train and walking the rest of the distance out of inertia and habit. His full focus on the scale in his pocket and the subtle warmth it gave off.

That night he slept fitfully, dreaming of a woman who was simultaneously the most ugly and most beautiful thing he'd ever seen. She sat upon a golden dais, her snake-like bottom half coiling around him tighter and tighter until he couldn't breathe. And yet, he wanted more, he wanted to be closer to her, he wanted to meld into her very being; which is exactly what happened before he woke up in a cold sweat. The scale clutched tight in his hand.

A little too tightly in fact.

Even as he opened his palm fully the scale stuck firm and to his horror, Luke realised it was embedded in his skin. He pulled and yanked at it but the scale wouldn't come free. His first great find and he'd...merged with it? How the hell was he going to explain this one to his colleagues and the university?

In a panic he paced his room, running his other hand over the scale that had merged with his hand and feeling that in fact, it wasn't a single scale after all, but several rows of smaller, smoother scales. How had he missed that? Luke had been sure it was just one solid one last night.

"My tools!" He grinned, back at the lab.

Surely those delicate tools would be able to remove the scale from him! A quick glance at the clock dashed any hope of getting there early before anybody could catch him but if he was lucky, he could still walk in unnoticed.

~

"There's our shining star! Any fantastic breakthroughs last night while you were burning the midnight oil?" Raphael taunted as he walked in. "I assume so, or you wouldn't have the audacity to be late."

Luke just ducked his head down and hurried over to his desk, his palm was itching and even though he knew it was impossible, he swore the scales were spreading. Hiding behind several book stands he began to try and pry the scale from his skin, only to find...no seam. It was a seamless transition between his skin and the scales that were now taking up most of his hand.

"What the hell?" He whispered to himself.

“Not how I would have put it but the same question nonetheless.”

Luke fumbled with his scalpel and spun around, quickly hiding his hand behind his back. Mr Archer, the archeology department head was standing there looking serious; his bald head practically glowing under all the harsh lights. Luke swallowed nervously, Mr Archer had put his neck out for him, giving him that grant money. It wasn't surprising that he looked so angry.

“So, I gave you a day to look over your finds, anything that was worth the frankly stupid amount of money you wasted with that trip?” He asked, taking off his glasses and polishing them. He always did that when he was angry.

There was something about an older man in a suit casually polishing glasses on his expensive pocket square that made him look so intimidated; at least to Luke. Normally, it would have him cowering; most interactions did really but for some reason today Luke felt righteous anger burn through him.

Why was everybody acting like this was his fault; he had a theory, he tested it and thanks to the scale, he was sure he was on the right track. So the trip had been a bust, so what? Was that his fault? No!

“Just give me more time and I'll have something.” He hissed, feeling his tongue tingle in the oddest way as the words left his lips.

Mr Archer looked like he was about to yell at him for taking that tone but then his eyes took on an odd glassy look and he blinked a few times as if confused.

“Y-yes, of course. More time. As much time as you need.” He muttered dreamily.

Luke blinked in surprise; Mr Archer never gave second chances. The scale on his hand burned, growing over his fingertips and a strange buzzing filled his skull. A new instinct, one Luke had never felt before filled him and he stepped forward, staring Mr Archer right in the eyes.

“And you won't bother me again until I call for you.” He said clearly, forcing that strange, tingling feeling from his own brain outwards towards Mr Archer's own skull.

Mr Archer nodded, his lips slightly parted as if in a trance before turning on his heels and walking away. Luke let out a shaky breath; what the hell was that? He looked down at his hand, it was now totally covered in shining green scales that were slowly melting into his skin, fading back to regular normal skin but leaving behind...something. A feeling almost.

Luke watched, fascinated, as the scales disappeared completely, his nails blackening to thin points almost like claws as they did so. After a few minutes the scales were gone entirely, his pointed, talon like nails the only sign that anything had changed at all. That and the fact that his fingers suddenly seemed longer somehow.

They may have disappeared from the eye but Luke could still feel them, the scales inside him now, spreading through his body. It should have made him panic but instead he felt an odd sense of peace and more importantly, power. He should probably tell somebody about this, a doctor most likely, but he didn't. Instead, he sat down at his desk and waited.

Something inside him told Luke that he should wait and see how these new powers manifested.

~

As the day went on Luke found his mind wandering; the other artefacts he'd bought back no longer entertained him. He knew, deep down, they were all worthless, the scale had been the only thing of value. And now he didn't even have proof that it existed since it had merged with his very being. Something nobody was going to believe.

He had to figure out a way to get it out, but how? He couldn't even feel it anymore, not as one solid mass anyway. Just a vague tingling that was spreading through his entire body.

Especially his ass for some reason. He shifted awkwardly in his chair, trying in vain to find some comfortable way of sitting but it was hopeless. The clock struck one and he gave up, maybe a bit of exercise would help; the cafeteria was serving pasta today, a good meal would help him to focus.

Food fled his mind in an instant though as he heard the sound of ripping fabric, more importantly, so did the rest of the room. Everybody froze for a second before slowly turning toward the source of the noise; him. Cold dread drenched him like a bucket of icy water as Luke slowly turned and looked down, twisting to see two giant rips right across the cheeks of his pants.

His bare skin was showing through, his ass cheeks on full display; he'd ripped his pants *and* underwear. His back was still to the rest of the room, maybe they didn't know but as he

turned back Luke knew it was hopeless, his face betrayed everything. Raphael leaned back and let out a bark of laughter that set off the rest of the room.

Their jeers burrowed into his ears and Luke felt himself growing bright red as he ran from his desk. His ass bouncing with every step. How was it possible, sure people put on weight without realising but not like this and not so quickly. He could feel every jiggle of his butt cheeks as he raced for the men's room; Raphael even wolf whistled as Luke passed his desk.

Luke dove into the bathroom and locked the door with shaking, sweaty palms before rushing for the mirror. Twisting awkwardly he gaped; his ass was...wrong. A peachy, bubble butt stared back at him and before his very eyes he watched as it continued to grow, almost as if it were being inflated.

What the hell was happening to him? It had to be the scale right? It had melded with his body and started to change it from the inside out. Luke could feel his heart hammering in his chest, how was he going to stop it now? It had already melted into him! Maybe an X-ray could find it? But what if it had already grown and infected his entire body? Was that what was happening? Was he going to explode into scales?

His breathing got faster and faster as his panic grew. There had to be a way to stop it right? He just had to calm down and think logically about this for a second. Gripping the basin he took several slow, shaky breaths and splashed his face with cold water. A few minutes of quiet and he would be fine, he just needed-

"Looking hot, sweet cheeks." Raphael chuckled, "Is there something you want to tell us, Luke?"

Apparently his hands had been shaking badly enough that he had, in fact, not locked the door. Raphael was standing there with a shit eating grin on his face, eyeing off Luke's exposed ass with malicious glee.

That righteous anger burned in him again and Luke stopped in his tracks. Yes, his ass was...feminine but he felt oddly protective of it all of a sudden. It was hot, full and round in a way that most women would kill for. Why should he be made fun of for it?

"You know what Raphael, I am getting real sick of your bullying bullshit." Luke spun around and glared at him.

Raphael looked surprised for a second before grinning cruelly.

“Well, well, looks like the little mouse found his teeth.” He taunted, “Whatcha gonna do little man?” Fight me?”

Raphael stepped forward, crossing his muscled arms over his broad chest; fighting him would be suicide for Luke and they both knew it. And yet...he wasn't afraid.

“You're an asshole.” He hissed, his tongue taking on that strange tingle again, stronger this time.

“Yeah, you would know a lot about asses, wouldn't you, sweet cheeks?” He chortled.

Luke felt his tongue begin to move oddly in his mouth, thinning and turning forked at the front so that it brushed against the back of his teeth. The change felt oddly pleasant and he took a step forward, boldly staring right into Raphael's eyes.

“Leave. Me. Alone.” He hissed, his snake like tongue darting from between his lips and leaving that same pins and needles sensation brushing across them.

Luke watched as Raphael's eyes darted down and spotted it; looking horrified for a moment before an odd sense of calm seemed to wash over him. His eyes took on that glassy look the same as Mr Archer and he stood down.

“Yes...of course.” He muttered, “I'll go now.”

Luke felt a surge of power move through him and decided to press his luck.

“Actually, give me your pants.” He ordered, “now.”

Raphael seemed to sway on his feet for a moment, his eyes flicking back and forth between glassy and furious, almost like he was having some sort of mental battle within his own mind.

“I said, give me your pants.” Luke repeated, trying to force that strange buzzing at the back of his mind forward again.

His eyes felt like they were burning slightly and he felt another surge of power as Raphael's face grew limp and placid once more.

“Of course.” He mumbled, unbuckling his belt and stepping out of his trousers before handing them over.

Raphael was taller than him, bigger in most ways really. As swollen and rotund as Luke’s butt was now, Raphael’s pants would work for the rest of the day. He slipped into them, barely needing to use the belt at all since his ass was more than big enough to keep the pants from falling down. Raphael was still standing there, swaying slightly looking lost.

“You can go.” Luke dismissed and the man turned on his heels, still in his shirt, tie and boxers and started heading back to his desk.

Luke snorted as he heard the jeers and cries of shock from his other colleagues as Raphael walked back into their area without any trousers on. He could hear the man’s own confusion as he tried to explain but of course he couldn’t. A smile played across Luke’s lips; perhaps a big ass was worth it for the other powers that seemingly came with it.

~

Luke dreamt of the snake woman again; only this time things were different. He was basking in her glow, absorbing it...becoming her. He could feel the power she held, the power that was now growing inside him. He turned and saw a crowd of thousands all kneeling before his glory; in the front row knelt Raphael. His eyes were wide with awe and want and Luke felt an odd sense of satisfaction knowing that the man desired him.

He slithered down a set of stone stairs, taking the man’s face in his hands and staring deep into his eyes. He would be his...

~

Luke woke the next morning and groaned; his body felt warm and sensual; the lingering arousal from his dream no doubt. But there was something else; a heaviness in his chest that only grew as he sat up. He’d gone to sleep in nothing but a pair of boxers so his chest was bare; meaning there was nothing to hide the small but prominent set of tits that now adorned his chest. They were only A cups in size but there was no denying what they were. Luke cupped them with a mixture of confusion and fascination; the scale, why would it cause this.

A flash of panic filled him as he realised what was happening; he was turning into a woman! That wasn't right and yet, that wasn't the only change taking place. After both Raphael and Mr Archer there was no denying that his new body also gifted him with some sort of psychic power. The power to make people do whatever he wanted.

He realised all of this sounded oddly familiar and quickly jumped out of bed only to immediately stumble. His centre of gravity felt off and he realised it was because he'd grown a full foot overnight! Luke had never been a tall guy, but now he was almost six and a half feet tall. It felt...nice. He would be on eye level with that idiot Raphael now. Maybe standing up to him wouldn't be so hard now that the man couldn't loom over him. That and the fact that it seemed he could hypnotise him at all will of course.

Luke riffled through his notes on the snake cult that had started him on this journey and came across an old pictograph; a woman, beautiful and terrifying, with the bottom half of a snake, commanding legions to go forth to do her bidding.

A Lamia Queen.

All at once he knew what was happening; he was becoming a Lamia queen himself, that scale must have belonged to an ancient one and fused with him once he'd freed it from its stone prison. Now he was the next queen, destined to lead a horde of loyal, mind controlled followers.

The realisation should have left him panicking; he was losing his masculinity after all, but Luke honestly couldn't bring himself to care. Perhaps it was the instinct of the Lamia in him now, but he *wanted* to transform. Finally he would have the respect he deserved, people would give him love and adoration whether they wanted to or not. He could feel the rest of his power, still growing and developing beneath his skin, it was only a matter of time before it burst forth.

A cruel, excited smile split across his face and his snake tongue licked at his now plumped lips. His transformation was well underway and he couldn't wait to see what was next. Checking in the mirror he could see he was indeed taller; slightly more muscular, with small tits and a fat ass but there was more to come he was sure.

He could already see the feminine features starting to take shape on his face and it made him smile. His pupils glinted and he watched in real time as they turned to slits; his blue eyes fading to a paler green, no doubt on their way to yellow.

Going out in public should have been a no good; half formed as he was, but Luke didn't worry. Anybody who gave him trouble, he could take care of. As a power move, he put on Raphael's belt and pants but even they struggled to fit him now with his added height.

His shirt was tight, basically a crop top with the buttons threatening to split at any second so that his still growing breasts were on display. It would do for now, he was sure his new followers would get him new clothes if he asked. He wouldn't even have to do it nicely.

Power and authority flooded through him; he felt almost drunk on it and he grinned ear to ear as he made his way to work. It was time to turn the archeology department into his domain. And after that, he might expand to the rest of the university and then who knows?

~

Luke felt like a totally new being, in a way he was. He walked into work with his head held high, his ass swaying side to side sensually and prominently, his new breasts already swelling in cup size to the point that his top button popped. He walked into the archeology department and let his eyes scan over the half dozen or so colleagues who had made his life a living hell these last few years.

It was time to teach them a lesson.

“What the hell!?” Raphael was the first to notice him, and his new appearance. “Luke uh...that’s sure a look.”

It was a light jab, far lighter than Raphael would normally use and Luke smiled at him coyly; he was scared. He could taste the man's fear with his tongue as it scented the air, Raphael remembered what happened yesterday and was worried it would happen again. A worry that was well warranted. With confidence Luke walked right up to him, feeling his powers buzz in the back of his mind.

“Do you have sssssomething to ssssay about my appearance, Raphael?” He hissed, feeling his face fully morph to that of a woman, pretty green scales pricking at the side of his temples.

“W-what the fuck are you?” Raphael stammered, stumbling back against his desk.

Luke scented the air, Raphael’s fear was delicious; but his devotion would be even more so.

“I’m your queen.” Luke hissed and as the words left his lips he knew they were true.

His hypnotic powers activated and he watched in delight as Raphael's eyes turned glassy and he nodded.

"Of course, my queen." he replied with a voice filled with awe, genuine love wafted off him and Luke lapped it out of the air.

Perfect.

He turned to the rest of the group, all looking on with a mixture of shock and awe. Within seconds his mind had reached out and ensnared them all; it was almost too easy. He filled their blank, empty minds with devotion and love for him, their goddess. Yes, he was a goddess; a female.

He groaned in pleasure, feeling his breasts expanding further as his shoulders sloped. His cock seemed to melt away as his legs began to expand and fuse into a long, serpentine tail. Yet, he could still feel his sex, a pussy was forming, hidden behind a small sheath of scales in his front that he instinctively knew he could move at any time. Perhaps he would order Raphael to touch him later.

Oh yes, that would be the ultimate payback, having his former bully pleasure him for hours on end all the while loving it. Seeing it as a reward for his devotion and service. His new cult formed a circle around him, watching his change with fascination.

His tail grew, bursting out of the trousers and leaving only tatters behind. His new limb felt long and powerful and the rest of his body swelled to match its size, his whole body growing several feet in a manner of seconds till he towered over the regular humans at his former feet. Now it was *him* who towered over them.

He coiled himself loosely around the archeology department, the beginnings of his new, devoted cult. He could feel the adoration wafting off them, growing steadily with each passing second, soon he wouldn't need to concentrate at all in order to keep them under his control.

He had them in his power, the question was...what to do with them now? He thought for a moment; he'd never had such a golden opportunity. The first thing he should do was solidify his power and that meant finding out as much as he could about his new form.

"Go about your research," he ordered, "My research I should say. All your little projects are meaningless now. Devote yourself to learning about the cults of old so that I can better model myself on them."

They all bowed low.

“Yes, mistress.”

“Misssstresss.” He hissed, placing a claws finger to his lips, “Yessss, I like that a lot. Luke was old news. It’s time for a change.”

He slithered back to his books, perhaps an ancient Greek name would suit him, or rather, her, now. Yes, she was a her. Between the tits, pussy and face there really wasn't anything male left, or human for that matter and she couldn't be happier.

With a snap of her fingers she had Raphael and the others make her a comfortable place to lounge using all the couch cushions in the building, it wasn't perfect, but it would do until they could secure her a throne worthy of her glory. She read through ancient texts and history books lazily, never quite finding a name that suited her.

Then understanding struck her; she was looking at ancient names, she was a Goddess for a new age, she needed a modern name. Something beautiful, yet simple and elegant. A sweet scent wafted through the room and she scented the air, following the trail to one of her colleagues Lisa’s desk. A vase of lilies was sitting there, a little note from some admirer hanging from one of the stems.

“Lisa!”

The woman was at her side in an instant.

“Who, of the two of us, is the most beautiful?” The new queen asked with a coy smile.

“You my queen.” She replied quickly.

“Then, which of us deserves flowers?”

“You of course, my queen.” She picked up the bouquet and handed it to her without any hesitation.

The Lamia smelled them deeply and sighed. Lilies, such beautiful flowers. Yes, Lily was the perfect name for her now. After all, lilies were beautiful, delicate...and entirely poisonous. Dangerous venom lurking beneath a beautiful exterior; what name would better suit her now?

With the help of her new followers her research went unimpeded. She no longer had to worry about waiting for references, or money for that matter. Mr Archer was all too happy to provide whatever funding she needed to buy or borrow artefacts and texts from other institutions. Fast tracked to arrive as quickly as possible of course.

At the end of the day Lily didn't even bother going home, why would she, when everything she needed was here? The University had a wonderful ancient Greek display room which his followers were all too happy to move for her. She would have to replace the fake pillar with real stone ones at some point but for now it made a lovely home. All her new mind controlled servants unfortunately, couldn't stay, not yet. She didn't want to arouse suspicion after all. Lily thought she was being subtle but apparently not because when they returned the next day, new books and tomes in tow to research the cults of the past, the director of the university came with them with a face that was red with anger.

"What the hell is going on?!" He damned, facing a glassy eyed Mr Archer. "Your department has already used its entire allotted budget for the year and co-opted several displays we use for public viewing! Without permission I might add!"

Lily watched from behind a silken curtain she had set up for privacy and smiled, poor fool, he had no idea he'd just walked into the snake's den.

"It was required." Mr Archer replied simply and Lily held back a giggle as the university director's face went even more red.

He was a stuffy old man, not very handsome, but monied, he would be useful in turning this campus into her new domain.

"For what exactly?" He asked through grit teeth.

"For our queen." Mr Archer replied simply and Lily took that as her cue.

She emerged and watched in triumph as that same mixture of shock and awe played over the director's face as she approached him, her hands now big enough that she needed only one to fully cup his face and tilt his eyes toward hers. She let her will burrow into him, filling his heart with loyalty toward her until his knees shook and he fell into a bow.

"Beautiful." He whispered, seemingly trapped between the need to lower his head in respect and the want to keep looking at Lily's beauty.

She smiled at him, feeling her body swell further as she became big enough to brush the ceiling. She was growing in power and size still, now almost a full storey tall. Her clothing ripped into tatters around her, leaving her chest bare for all to see, but she wasn't embarrassed. Why would she be? Her body was glorious and judging by the looks of arousal and dedication in her followers' eyes, they thought so too. Soon she would not be able to hide even if she wanted to.

“My time is coming.” She told her newest servant, “This campus shall be my palace, make it suitable, I require a throne of course and a central courtyard in which my followers may bask in my presence. Go forth, make it so. Oh and bring anybody else in power here. It's time we expanded.”

The director bowed low and Lily watched him go with a confident smile; she could feel her power growing with her body. She'd never felt more alive and in control in her life; she almost felt drunk on it. It made a warm, sensual feeling build within her core and she felt her nipples hardening.

Dramatically, she flopped down on her soft bed, made from every blanket and pillow her followers could find. She stretched out on her back, arching it so that her breasts were on full display and her tail coiled around her body. She raised the tip to explore her growing form, shivering as it tickled her sensitive scales.

Lily turned and tilted her head to see the rest of the archeology department kneeling by her side, watching her touch herself with fascination and awe. It made her smirk, she no longer felt any shame, why should she? She was a Goddess, and she was going to give them a show.

The Lamia queen teased herself, stroking along her breasts with the tip of her tail and playing with her nipples while she moaned softly. She could see how desperate her followers were looking, wet patches appeared on the front of the ladies pants and the men had obvious hard ons. But of course, they would never touch themselves, or her, without permission.

She found that little sheath of scales keeping her pussy protected and retracted them, dipping the tip of her tail into the folds and moaning as she felt them touched for the first time. She flicked her clit and shuddered; it would be easy to dive her tail straight into her hold like a shaft but where was the fun in that?

“You,” She ordered, pointing to one of the women, “Massage my breasts.”

“Yes, my queen.”

The woman basically fell over herself to do so, grabbing the Lamia’s giant tits in her hands and tweaking the nipples with both of them. Lily moaned, quickly motioning for another woman to do the same on the other side while she played with herself. After a few minutes of indulgence her eyes met Raphael’s and a wicked idea formed in her mind.

Gently, she moved her tail and coiled it around his middle, lifting him until he was placed right before her pussy.

“Touch me.” She ordered.

She was so big now he could use his whole hand to squeeze and play with her clit. It was a level of dexterity no normal sized woman could ever experience and she arched her back in pleasure. The ecstasy only built as he pushed his second hand inside her, all the way up the elbow to stroke her inner walls.

Raphael was moaning even more than she was and it was glorious; the amount of pleasure he derived just from pleasing her, it was delicious. Yet it wasn’t humiliating enough, not after everything he’d put her through as Luke. She decided to add an extra layer to his blissful torture and with the held of her dexterous tail, began to palm the front of his pants.

“Do not cum before me.” She ordered breathily, “Understand?”

“B-but my queen it’s so g-good I...I have too.” He moaned, hips bucking as she touched him.

His hands were shaking inside her, only adding to her pleasure.

“I said, no cumming.” She hissed, before ordering the rest of her cult to join in on the orgy. They kissed, licked and stroked her entire body all over until Lily could feel nothing but pleasure.

The pressure began to build and with each shiver she felt herself getting closer and her power and size swelled until finally she fell over the edge. Her body exploded not only in ecstasy but size as she grew, her long tail crushing through the walls of the building and her arms through the roof as she reached out. Her followers clung to her body for dear life as she thrashed through her orgasm, bursting through the room of their building and out into the open.

Still in the throes of aftershocks Lily looked around at the destruction around her, it would take many hands to make this sort of work light. Luckily, the university had plenty. She looked around, people had gathered to see what caused the loud shrieking moans and destruction and Lily smiled as she forced her will upon each and every one of them. She hadn't expected to take control so quickly but when life gives you lemons, you make mind control lemonade.

Within minutes hundreds of students, faculty and even people passing by on the street were kneeling before her. Praising her name and devoting themselves to her cause. Lily smiled; now she was truly a queen.

~

Epilogue

Lily relaxed back on her giant chaise longue. It had been meticulously carved from stone over a matter of weeks by a lovely construction crew who, after making her acquaintance, had been more than happy to drop their current project in favour of building it for her. Of course, they had to keep on making adjustments for her ever growing size and figure. It seemed that with every new follower her shape and size grew and Lily couldn't be happier.

Now standing at almost three storeys tall Lily required many of the university's buildings to be reconstructed for her in order to fit. It also added a nice touch of grandeur to the place which she enjoyed.

All around her, dressed in identical green silk outfits patterned to resemble her scales, her followers worked. Being so large she required quite a lot of food to sustain herself but one meeting with the city's mayor sorted that out without issue.

Her life was one of luxury; where her only responsibility was giving a sermon to her followers once in a while about how worshipping her was the right thing to do. Despite having thousands on her side now, she barely had to use any concentration to keep them all in her thrall. After a while it became second nature, or perhaps her programming became permanent, either way, they were all happy and content at her side.

Raphael dropped a large bowl of grapes off a ladder into her waiting mouth and she chewed on them with a happy sigh; sweet, with a slightly tard after taste, just the way she liked them. She gave me a small smile of praise and watched as he shuddered; pleasing her was the ultimate gift.

"Excuse me?"

A voice, she turned to see a man in what looked like government issued army clothes. He held no weapon of course, her followers would have seen to that, but he was wearing thick sunglasses and a pair of earbuds. Another lackey sent by the wider government to try and control her, or perhaps persuade her to stop ensnaring all who crossed her path. Fool, many such people had come, some bearing hands in friendship, many more with threats of violence; she had taken care of them all the same way. If he thought a pair of earplugs and sunglasses could stop her he really was a fool.

“I am here on behalf of the Greek government in order to-”

“To what, darling?” Lily asked lazily, “Ask me to pretty please go away?”

The man kept talking, clearly the earbuds deafened him and Lily smirked. No matter. She stretched, letting her power flow down to him, burrowing deep into his mind before he'd even gotten to the third sentence of his little speech.

“I...I uh...I'm here to..to..” He swayed on his feet and Lily smirked.

“To what?”

He removed his ear buds and fell to his knees, removing the glasses so that he could better take in her stunning visage.

“To worship.” He shuddered and Lily threw back her head and laughed.

She felt her bust grow an almost imperceptible amount as she gained a few extra inches in height. A new follower meant more power and more sex appeal.

“Of course you are, darling. Welcome to my cult.”