

The Will of Quetas



Lilia sat shackled against the wall of her tiny, dirty cell, blood and grime coating her tanned skin and tattered tunic. She wore nothing on her lower body, though the tunic went past her hips. Messy, long brown hair went down to her back. A few days prior, she was a confident mercenary brimming with life. Now, she would be sacrificed to Quetas, a snake god who demanded fresh blood.

Cultists in deep green robes approached her cell and opened the door. She didn't have the will to fight anymore upon getting untied from the wall with her hands tightly bound.

"Let's move," one of the men hissed, roughly grabbing her arm as he pulled her away.

Lilia thought about her friends and family as she was led down a stony, torch-lit hallway. Would it hurt to be sacrificed? Who would support her feeble mother and young siblings now? She barely noticed as they made it to the altar room. She also didn't have it in her to care that one of her C-cup breasts was visible through her ripped tunic.

Gray, stone walls enclosed the massive room, with ornate engravings depicting various scenes etched into their surfaces. The torches lining the path toward the altar were coiled snake statues, with their upward-facing, opened mouths letting out a crackling fire. Lillia walked down the room's center toward the altar, her eyes glued to the floor before her as she cycled through various stages of grief. Robed figures stood in the shadows, staying close to the walls.

Upon reaching the altar, she was marched up some steps and stopped in front of a massive black iron basin, intricately etched and inlaid with gleaming emeralds and rubies.

A man stood behind the basin, wearing a robe more extravagant than the others. Silver jewelry with glistening rubies adorned him, including a pendant that hung from his neck and multiple rings on each hand. The green fabric cloaking him strongly contrasted against the gems. He had a long, braided dark red beard with similarly red, sunken eyes and a bald head. His weathered, wrinkled skin gave the appearance of someone in their early fifties.

"The great and benevolent Quetas has entrusted I, High Priest Tethis, with the duty of appraising sacrifices. Before I begin, are there any who challenge my claim?" The man asked in a booming voice, scanning the room. While the robed men did get closer to the altar, they all stopped and remained silent in anticipation of the ritual.

Liliana's fear returned as she began to tremble. She had heard terrible things about the High Priest. This was it for her. *'I should have listened to mom. I didn't need to be a mercenary,'* she lamented.

"Very well," Tethis continued. A faint red aura suddenly cloaked him as he stepped toward Liliana. The men who led her up to the altar stepped back and joined the crowd.

Liliana winced and closed her eyes when Tethis' hand reached out and laid upon the top of her head. Before she could freak out further, a warm sensation suddenly coated her whole body. Now trembling, she opened her eyes again and saw her body glowing with the High Priest's aura. "Ahh..." She groaned as a hot tingle permeated every cell of her body.

After another twenty seconds, Tethis' eyes widened. He took a step back in shock. "It-- it can't be... This woman's mana," he muttered under his breath. The audience members cast one another glances but remained utterly silent.

Liliana's heart threatened to beat out of her chest, and her insides kept swirling. *Something* was happening, and she had no clue what it was. "W-- What are you doing?" She choked, tears falling from her face.

"By Quetas' glory, the day has truly come." Tethis' lips curled into an ecstatic grin, his body trembling as he held his hands up in the air, his fingers outstretched as if trying to grasp something.

"I don't und-- ooooh!" Liliana's hips began to crack as a prickling sensation enveloped her lower body. At the same time, her breasts began to ache. In a matter of seconds, her body was drenched in sweat. A sudden compulsion echoed through her mind.

Put your thighs together.

She was utterly helpless, unable to fight this new urge. "Why?... What is happening to me!?" She cried, pressing her bare legs together. Her legs suddenly felt sticky, and when she tried to open them, it was difficult to peel them apart.

"Do not worry, Miss Liliana," Tethis warmly replied. "We are both extremely lucky, you see. You get to keep your life, and I witness the birth of Quetas' queen."

"Queen? What-- what are you saying!? You're ins-- ahhh!" Liliana suddenly groaned as her tits started to grow. She felt her inner thighs split open as her legs remained stuck together. She expected blood to gush out and let out a cry of desperate confusion. Instead, however, the split flesh of each thigh immediately fused, gradually merging her legs into a single limb.

"N-- NOOO! STOP THIS, PLEASE!" Liliana begged. She desperately tried to pull her legs apart but couldn't. Everything above her knees was now conjoined. A profound itchiness overtook her bottom half, immediately followed by patches of ebony scales appearing and spreading.

Her vulva throbbed and reshaped, nestling into the front of her body right above where her scales started. She panicked and wanted to feel what was happening but had no energy or willpower.

Her breasts grew further, causing both to rip through her tunic with a healthy bounce. "F-- Fuck!" She cried. Unable to run or walk, she was about to fall over.

Tethis gently caught Liliana. "You should not stand during your rebirth," he insisted, guiding her into a lying position. As this happened, the cultists raised their hands into the air just as Tethis had and began praising Quetas.

Liliana had no energy to fight Tethis as she was lowered to the ground. "Oh-- oh please-- Helisa have mercy," she moaned out the name of the gentle goddess she followed.

Soon, the skin below her knees began to fuse, moving down to her ankles. By now, half of her lower body was coated in lustrous black scales.

Despite Liliana's fear, something within urged her to calm down. Her instincts told her she truly would keep her life. She didn't want to lose her humanity, but a slight excitement took hold regardless.

Once her feet had merged, her bottom half started to grow while her bones and muscles rearranged. "Ooooooh!" She groaned as her leg bones painlessly fractured and merged, becoming something more like her spine. Extra ribs took shape as her new anatomy took shape. "Errgh-- I... I can't believe this," she moaned as her serpentine body took shape. Her lower body and tail lengthened by the second.

Her tunic was ripped off completely, falling to the ground in a heap. "I-- I am turning into a snake?" She muttered in pure confusion while scales coated her arms and horns sprouted from her head.

"Agggh!" She moaned. The fear in her head gradually dissipated as the changes progressed.

"Praise Quetas! Praise Quetas!" The crowd changed as their new queen was christened.

As Liliana's tail finalized in shape, it felt near orgasmic. Pleasurable pulses cascaded through the length of her serpentine body. When it was over, she was left panting while she felt a cool, collected sense of calm. '*My body...*' She instinctually moved her body, rising, so her torso was upright. When she glanced back, she couldn't help but stare in awe while admiring the glossy sheen of her scales. Snake or not, she was alive. She immediately contemplated how to use her new status to protect her family.

"M-- My queen... Please, tell me. How do you feel? Our God, Quetas, will meet you soon."

Liliana paused, scanning the room with her eyes. Everyone had kowtowed to her, bowing in a show of subservience. A grin suddenly cracked across her lips. "Listen here. You want your new queen to be happy, correct?" She asked with a playful purr.

Tethis knelt low to the ground and nodded his head. "We must treat our God's consort with respect."

"I see." She smirked. "In that case, I have a few requests..."

END

Image was found [here!](#)