

UTI – Naga

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“Hello, and welcome to the United Transformation Institute, or as we like to call it, UTI. Please hold still for just a moment.”

“Nngwha?” says the handsome man lying face-down on the medical bed in the middle of a white room.

There is a soft ‘pfft’ sound followed by the man’s screaming.

“AAAAH!” he yelps, leaping off the bed and backing immediately into a corner. “What the hell just bit me?”

“Thank you for your cooperation,” says the voice. The man notices that it’s coming from a speaker set in the middle of the ceiling.

Careful to not take his eyes off the rest of the room, the man’s hand slides down to where he had felt a stabbing pain in his butt-cheek just a moment before, and his fingers brush against soft feathers and hard metal. He pulls the dart out of his butt.

“What in the hell?” he asks aloud, examining the tiny syringe against the bright fluorescent lights of the room.

Suddenly static and feedback noise blares from the ceiling speaker, followed by a few thumps and a new voice saying “Is this thing on? Testing one-two... hello?”

“I can hear you!” shouts the man. “You’ve got to help me! I’ve been kidnapped!”

“Oh yes, good, it’s working. Hello good sir, my name is Dr. P, and I apologize for kidnapping you. You see, we’ve already used up all our ‘willing’ subjects, and if progress is to be made we need more data! Lots and lots of data! So, naturally, we moved on to the next available source of subjects. We are extremely grateful for your contribution to our organization!”

“What? No! I never agreed to any of this!”

“Ah, alas, that is the problem... nobody ever wants to be experimented on by poor old “mad” Dr. P... But there is good news! I have found through extensive testing that the serum works equally well on ‘non-willing’ subjects. No harm done, and testing can continue. Isn’t that wonderful?”

“What in the world was in that dart?!” screams the man, his face turning purple. He doesn’t like being held prisoner, and likes being experimented on even less.

“Oh you’ll love it! It’s this new dna pattern I’ve created, absolutely gorgeous...”

“I don’t care about gorgeous dna! Let me go!”

“Oh, you don’t know what you’re saying... this dna is beautiful! Such intricate patterns... in any case there’s no backing out now, the changes are commencing!!”

“Changes?” mutters the man. This Dr. P must be looney.

“Yes! Changes! See for yourself.”

“Now look here: if you don’t let me out of this room right now I’m going to break down that door, come find you and your friends, then skull-fuck each and every last one of you!”

“Ooo, such energy! This is good! Edna, are you getting all of this?”

The man roars in anger, then stomps over the door. He raises one of his legs to kick it in, but finds that he can’t lift his leg up high enough to kick properly. It feels as though his thighs are sticking to each other.

The man’s pants and boxers are being pushed downwards as his skin fuses together and his waist narrows his hips widen. Very soon his legs are completely fused together and he’s standing in a pile of his clothes.

“What’d you do to me?” says the man, wide-eyed in wonder. The bones in his legs are moving towards each other, and he can already feel his spine extending to connect with them. His knees, ankles, and feet disappear altogether as the bone slowly melts and reshapes to become a growing tail. Already his waist is becoming covered in scales, and they’re flowing steadily downward.

His legs gone, his new tail rapidly becomes incredibly muscular. The man finds it easy to remain upright.

“Holy hell...” he murmurs.

“To answer your question, we have given you an injection that will turn you into a human-snake hybrid, or a naga. Turns out it’s actually fairly complicated, and got a big messy towards the end, but our scientists here at UTI pulled through! I’m sure proud, aren’t you?”

“You can undo this, right?” he says dazedly.

“Nope,” says Dr. P cheerfully.

“Fuuuuuuuuuck.”

Scales have covered almost all of the man’s new tail, and now are encroaching upon his manhood, quickly covering it up.

This, more than anything, causes the man to panic.

“Hey. Hey! What the... wait! Where’d it go? Where’d my thing go?!?”

“Wait for it...” says Dr. P.

“Wait for what exactly? Is my dick just pop back out like a jack-in-the-box or what?”

Laughter can be heard on the other end of the intercom, along with several people shouting ‘jack-in-the-box’ hysterically, and other’s laughing that ‘he hasn’t got a clue’.

“Hey!” says the man. “Stop laughing and answer me! Whoa...”

Suddenly he feels extraordinarily strange. The strange feeling is coming a lot lower from where his groin used to be... did his dick relocate?

The man looks down at his thick, scaly black tail and reaches to touch the pleasantly changing area. He can feel changes happening inside him too. It feels rather nice. Hell it feels good!

He touches the scales, and finds that indeed that is where his sex has relocated... but as the scales part and the vent opens up it’s definitely not what he’s expecting.

The man stares dumb-struck at his snake-pussy for what feels like the longest time while people on the intercom cackle and laugh. Somebody asks for another beer.

“Hey,” he says, slowly at first. His pussy spreads wider. It feels warm and flushed.

“Hey!” he says a little louder. His pussy is getting wetter now, and a tremor shakes his body.

“HEY!” he yells, and the laughing stops.

“What THE FUCK is this supposed to be?” he says at the top of his lungs.

“Oh, don’t tell you don’t recognize it my dear boy? That’s a snake’s pussy!”

“Pussy!” foams the man, growing red in the face.

“Yes, yes. You now have a pussy!” says Dr. P. Somebody in the background is weeping with laughter and somebody shushes him. “All the bits and pieces are there... nothing left out I promise you! What you have there is the finest bit of craftsmanship money can buy! We spent *days* working on that pussy.”

“BUT I’M A GUY!” rages the man.

“Oh, so I take it you won’t like the breasts either then?” shouts a woman. More laughter.

“Breasts, wait...” the man looks down at his shirt and sees two small tents poking out the fabric. He immediately rips it off to discover that his nipples are much more... distinct, and that his chest is swelling outward rapidly even as he watches.

“NO!” he shouts, spinning in place as if to escape his growing bust. His skin is soft and smooth, and any chest hair that may have existed is long gone by now. The same goes for his facial hair.

“God damnit NO! I can’t have breasts! I can’t have a fucking pussy! Undo it!”

“Sorry, transformations are a one-way street,” apologizes Dr. P. “But no doubt you’ll grow into your new body. Everyone does. It’s only natural to reject change at first... just give it a few months and you’ll see.”

“A few months! I don’t want to be like this for another hour!! What if somebody sees me? How am I supposed to go into work tomorrow looking like this?”

“I don’t see the problem,” says Dr. P, “Your new body is plenty strong enough for construction work...”

“I don’t care how strong I am!” he yells back. “Just look at these tits!”

The man squishes his now double C cup breasts together. At least they’ve stopped growing... although they’re pretty damned sensitive. Sore even. He stops squeezing them.

Dr. P picks up on this though.

“Oh, I’m sure you’ll manage just fine,” he says. “And that soreness you’re feeling is natural. Young women’s breasts are often sore while they’re developing, and you just developed your breasts in record time!”

The man’s arms drop down to his side. He doesn’t know what he should do. He wants to kick something... but he can’t now. Maybe punching things will make him feel better?

Sudden fury sparks him to punch the solid steel door as hard as he can. He immediately regrets it.

Yes, he leaves a fist-shaped indentation in the steel... but now his hand really hurts!

And that fucking pussy! Why the hell is it doing that? It feels nice, yesss... but he doesn't care what it feels like! He wants it gone!

"It would appear the transformation has completed, and is a complete success! Congratulations everyone!" Applause is heard on the intercom before it shuts off.

"Hello?" shouts the man. Nobody answers. He's alone.

He slithers over to the medical bed and lifts his bulky tail up onto it and sits. As he curls his tail around himself, however, his pussy ends up right in front of him, wet, red, and demanding. He pretends it isn't there.

The man rubs his tender breasts, his nipples perky in the cold air, and shivers as a flush of heat propagates across his skin.

He rubs his breasts more... and a little more.

Hey.... This feels pretty nice! Hell, this feels awesome! The man moans as he gently strokes and rubs his breasts, playing with his nipples, and fondling his new body. His hands move down his new curves. His newly girlish face blushing deeply. He's completely unaware that on the other end of the countless hidden cameras in the room, a room full of perverted scientists have leaned in close to their monitors.

"This didn't take long at all did it?" murmurs somebody.

"Dammit turn your mic off Edna!" whispers Dr. P.

The man doesn't even notice. They could have yelled and he would have been oblivious.

His pussy is really starting to heat up... and as the man plays with himself his attention is brought back to it.

His curiosity peaked, he looks at it closer. It couldn't hurt to just... touch it could it? What does it feel like?

He touches it, and electric sensation floods his mind. His pussy is hot and ready for action alright!

He touches it again, and quickly dissolves into furiously rubbing his pussy lips, his clit sending shocks up his spine every time his fingers brush it, and without considering what he's doing starts to insert his finger inside himself. Then two fingers. In no time he's finger banging the fuck out of his pussy, grunting

and moaning as his tail twists and his belly flutters and micro-orgasms cause his hands to shake and halt ever few seconds until, with a screeching wail, he orgasms, then shudders and quails on top of the medical bed until he blacks out, his new pussy spasming for several minutes more before, after many minutes pass, shrinking and disappearing into a discretely hidden slit hidden by scales.

“Please tell me you got that Edna,” whispers Dr. P.

The man slowly comes to in his own soft bed, and sits up carefully.

“Man, I gotta stop drinking coffee before I sleep...” but then he freezes.

His hand reaches up to caress a boob. His other slides down underneath the covers and feels scales.

He yanks the covers off the bed and discovers the long snake-tail waiting for him underneath, curled up and comfortable.

“Fuuuuck...” he groans, then slides off the bed. He immediately goes over to his closet to get his work clothes on, and sees his reflection in the full length mirror. He no longer looks like a handsome young man... but now looks like a naughty hotty from the waist up with short brown hair, and like some sort of giant anaconda from the waist down.

Welp... pants are out of the option, but his hips are wide enough to carry a tool belt on them anyway, and he can still wear shirts and a hard hat, so he puts it all on, gets in the truck (he needs to use the side seat to fit in all of his tail, and operates the pedals with its tip), and drives off to work.

The first person to speak to him got a fist-full of pain.

The rest went more smoothly.

After convincing his boss who he really was (didn't take long actually), he went back to work as per usual... only now he has to knock more heads than normal and his best friend Paul is now his *very* best friend Paul.

They got married two years later and had children together. Yes, the children were nagas too, except for Paul junior, who though born from an egg inexplicably came out otherwise normal.