

# UTI - Vixen

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*Requested by Bond84kyle*

*Submissive Vixen Programmer/Animator*

"Um.. do I really need to use the basement chamber?" asks the skinny white dude as the door opens.

The room beyond the door is reminiscent of a sterile examination room circa 1940's mad scientist. Located deep underground, its walls are made of thick cinderblock painted white, with a concrete floor and a solid steel door that locks from the outside.

He's guided into the room with a pat on the back and with a whisper of 'good luck Kyle' and 'congratulations'. The door shuts behind him with an audible click. There is no longer any turning back. The test will continue whether he wants it to or not not.

The intercom, set into the center of the ceiling and obscured by the glow of bright white fluorescent lights, crackles to life. Underneath the speaker is a stainless steel medical bed with white sheets, a soft pillow, and a thin mattress.

"Hello? Can you hear me? Blast this infernal microphone!"

The speaker system blares feedback as the microphone on the other end is banged against some hard surface.

"Yes! I can hear you!!!" shouts Kyle over the noise.

"Oh? Wonderful! Please have a seat while you wait: I'm afraid our ninja is missing. We're attempting to locate him as we speak, but he is a ninja."

"Have you checked the bathrooms?"

"Of course! First place we looked in fact. He's been there we think, but that's not where he's gone off to."

The skinny man walks over to the bed and sits down. He's wearing a white dress shirt and blue jeans with a belt. He laughs.

"My luck I guess. Just let me know when you find hiiiiieey! That hurt!"

Kyle reaches behind him to pull a long stemmed steel dart out of his buttocks. It has red feathers.

"Oh, I suppose it has started then, hasn't it? I wonder what he was doing.... but perhaps

it's better if I don't know. Let us begin: My name is Dr. P, and this is my lovely Institute of Transformation. I'm sure you're wondering why you're here..."

"Aw, come on Doc... do we have to go through this? I know who you are and why I'm here. I'm voluntary, remember?"

"Ah, yes well... most of our volunteers are involuntary, and this is a scientific procedure after all. We must try to eliminate all variables. Now where was I, oh blast it all!!!"

The sound of cue-cards falling on the floor is rapidly followed by explicatives, the sound of clicking, then the sound of a flamethrower.

"Ah, much better..." says Dr. P with an audible sigh. "I never liked those cards anyway."

"Sir! Your coat's on fire!" shouts someone in the background.

"AAAIEEEEE!" screams Dr. P shrilly. For several seconds slapping noises can be heard, followed by a fire extinguisher, followed by gunfire. Kyle waits patiently as the ruckus on the other end of the intercom continues without any sign of stopping, then turns his attention to himself.

As Dr. P and his associates proceed to wreak havoc to the observation room Kyle shifts uncomfortably on the bed. It's growing hot in there. Is the change beginning?

His insides are gurgling a little bit... but that might just be indigestion... and then he notices that he's feeling a bit of pressure around his waist and lifts up his shirt.

His waist is definitely thinner than it used to be! Progress! And his hips feel like they're widening! It's so slow and subtle he can't tell if he's imagining it or not.

But the next stages of the transformation are anything but subtle.

He was starting to get a boner, but quite suddenly it goes totally limp. Fur is starting to sprout on his arms and legs, spreading and thickening rapidly. His muscle tone is on the rise even as muscle bulk goes down. And then his breast starts expanding!

Kyle reaches up in amazement to feel the development of new fatty tissue, his nipples changing slowly as well growing in size to match.

His butt tickles, and he reaches down to find a tail slowly extending from the base of his spine. His back is loosening up as all of Kyle's joints and muscles grow more and more limber.

He quickly pulls down his pants to free his growing tail, and strokes it in wonder as it begins to rapidly lengthen. It's fur is soft and silky, a luxury he never before imagined

becoming a part of his body. His hair lengthens on his head, falling down to his shoulders, and color shifts to a shimmering red. Whiskers sprout on his face as his nose becomes cold and wet, and a muzzle forms to house a elongating tongue and transforming canine molars and other teeth. His shoes fall off his feet as they both become too thin and too long to fit properly, and his shirt is becoming tighter and tighter around the chest even as it hangs loose around his midriff. His nipples press against the fabric sharply, and the sensation is to die for as Kyle caresses his changing body.

The commotion on the intercom has begun to die out, and someone makes a remark that gets Dr. P's attention.

"Really? Damn! How much have I missed?"

"He's about to become a she sir..."

"Oh good then! That's the best part anyway."

Dark brown 'socks' mark Kyle's forearms and shins as the fur all up and down his front comes in stark white, as does the tip of his tail and the inside of his ears. The rest of him settles on a dusky shade of red slightly softer in color from his headful of hair. His ears have migrated to the top of his head, becoming large, furry, and pointed along the way. He swivels them experimentally even as his hands continues to rove along his furred body.

"Oh!" he moans, clutching at his fur as wonderful sensations overwhelm him. His breasts are nearly fully developed now. His figure undeniably athletic and flexible. His glistening coat of fur pristine. His brown eyes change color to become ocean blue, and then the moment everyone has been waiting for.

With a sharp pinching sensation his balls are vacuumed up into his body, leaving behind only the sad remains of his sack and his penis, which quickly get their own transformations into full swing. His penis shrinks drastically, it's urethra closing up and it's anatomy changing as it becomes smaller and smaller. A cleft begins to form in his groin as his loose flesh retracts and new flesh forms underneath it. Spongy tissue floods with blood to raise his mound, labia majora quickly forming as a clitoral hood pulls down over his steadily shrinking manhood which is completing its final transformation into a clitoris, hiding it within the top of the cleft of his groin as his labia majora close over the hood and labia minora quickly form within as well. His urethral opening relocates and settles into its proper place as his insides rush to finish forming his new womb and connect it through the vaginal canal to open up at the base of his brand new pussy.

Kyle is left panting for breath. The changes are complete. He's become a vixen, just as he always dreamed. This is his moment, and he finds himself at a loss for words. Tears well up in his eyes as he brims with gratitude.

“It worked!” she whispers.

Shouts and whooping cheers break out over the intercom as Kyles colleagues offer him their congratulations.

“Kyle?” asks Dr. P. Everyone else hushes.

“Yes?” she says meekly.

“If you don’t take care of that body I will personally hunt you down and turn you into a slug.”

“Yes sir!!”

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(Planned to be concluded in a Part 2, with no definitive date set)