New Prime Evolution

It was a typical balmy summer night at the SHIFT Institute; for Serathin it meant that he was much more active during the night, the draconic sabrewolf trying to beat the heat by avoiding the sun and shifting his hours. Since the Institute didn’t care when he did his data gathering as long as it wasn’t urgent he kept to what he called his summer hours so that he could spend his days in his air conditioned apartment playing video games and avoiding the outdoors. It meant seeing less people and having less options for food when he got done with work but it was worth it to avoid being a hot mess. Though the timeline rooms where they work in were also climate controlled the combination of the heat outside and the equipment monitoring his alters combined to make it still a bit warm.

That meant when Serathin opened his eyes and laid there in the reclining chair he groaned audibly from the heat. He had just got done dealing with a timeline of his that had been investigating a group of nagas that were all one gender and finding out exactly how they managed to propagate. He could still feel the phantom sensation of his swollen stomach even though it was flat as he ran a hand through the purple fur. Another successful data collection, the hybrid thought to himself, and with that being the last work order for the day he figured he would call it.

When he looked at his watch he found that it was nearly three in the morning as he ran his hands through his mane. While the cafeteria the institute had on campus was still open there wouldn’t be much there and he knew of one or two takeout places that were similar in nature. While it wouldn’t be anything substantial he would just go to bed later as he swung his feet over the bed and got used to being on two legs again after spending so long with a serpentine lower body. As he looked over at the small lounge area that came with the pod rooms there was also ramen he could make for a quick snack as he checked the temperature and finding it still rather warm.

About four minutes later Serathin had a steaming cup of noodles in front of him, the hybrid’s growling stomach prompting him to opt for a quick snack. While it was just a shrimp ramen noodle bowl the smell was heavenly as he inhaled through his nose. As he was about to exhale though he felt something that caused him to pause, getting a taste as he felt his tongue flitting out. That was… unusual, and as he looked to the small mirror over the nearby sink he stuck it out once more…

…and found a forked tongue pushing out past his lips.

Seeing the snake appendage there caused him to gasp and nearly knocked over his noodles as he took a step back. While it wasn’t rare for certain events in a timeline to shift the prime form it was often minor like when his eyes went from gold to green after his Bal’Kar encounter. Having his tongue completely changed was a major shift in his form and from a rather innocuous deep dive. While he had gotten transformed into a naga in order to better study them it wasn’t the first time that one of his alters turn into a creature like that or be filled with eggs or parasites or whatever caused it.

But given Slypher’s existence there was always the potential that things could go wrong, but as Serathin was having panicked thoughts he went up to the mirror and opened his mouth once more. The forked tongue was gone and he hadn’t even really felt it shift back. He moved it around but it looked normal once again along with the rest of his mouth. After doing one last check to make sure his saber teeth were still as long as they were before he shook his head and grabbed his noodles once more.

Perhaps he was working too hard, Serathin thought to himself as he slurped down the noodles. He had been putting in a lot of overtime since the night shift hours had a bump in pay which caused him to stretch himself to work more. It didn’t feel like a hallucination though and if artifacts of his shifts were manifesting again he probably should check it out. Since it wasn’t really an emergency and the regular clinic was closed he resolved to do it when he got up the next evening, though he found himself still looking at his reflection and watching himself eat until he was done with his late meal.

Nothing else seemed to happen and Serathin decided to head out and get back to his apartment. His thought of hitting up the clinic tomorrow was becoming less necessary in his mind as he made his way through the humid air that caused him to frown. He was not a fan of the weather and found himself grumbling all the way back to the apartments while he panted. It felt like he was practically swimming through the air and as he thought about that his back suddenly twitched and his muscles tensed.

The sensation was enough to brace himself on a nearby bench as he let out a huff. Since there was no pain Serathin thought that he perhaps had been spending too long in the chair, unaware of the dorsal fin that was pushing out from the black fur of his back but feeling his shirt tighten. What he was aware of was that as he looked down and saw the tip of his tail starting to fan out. He looked at it in confusion as the fur melted and formed into a shiny, almost rubbery flesh as it stretched out into a more fin-like shape, but as he watched it the changes receded back and he had his draconic tail once more.

The dorsal fin also disappeared unnoticed but Serathin noticed enough of the changes for his concern to grow. The last time he had done anything aquatic was a few weeks ago when he had been transformed into an anthro shark man by a mutagen some scientist in that timeline had developed, which he had deliberately taken in order to essentially steal the formula. It had been a fun time that caused him to grin, which revealed sharpened teeth that were almost back to normal, but the weight of what he saw snapped his focus back. This wasn’t just an artifact of a shift into another timeline… but once again with his body back to normal and not feeling anything strange anymore he decided to push getting it looked into until tomorrow.

Nothing else seemed to happen the rest of the way to his home except for the fact that his clothes seemed to tighten and loosen a bit, though since he just had on a pair of shorts and a shirt it wasn’t too noticeable. By the time he got to his apartment and got inside he ditched the latter and sat shirtless while thinking about what to do next. He had kept looking at himself but other than when his body changed enough for him to notice he didn’t feel all that strange. It made it hard to notice when he was shifting and missed things like his horns curving in a different direction or even losing them all together while his wings briefly became feathered.

One thing that Serathin was feeling was tired and he knew the sooner he went to bed the faster he would get up. The draconic sabrewolf flopped down into bed and even with the cool temperature he set his room at he laid there on top of his sheets. Sleep came rather quick but when his eyes closed he continued to shift about even while he was out. His fingers and toes twitched as they morphed while his muscles swelled and retracted, his feet kicking out as his tail briefly merged with them while his mouth opened and closed while his jaws stretched open. The natural proclivities of the hybrid were starting to manifest as well and Serathin’s shorts started to tent as even while asleep the changes happening to his body were making him aroused while he dreamed.

Hours passed like that and finally it was a loud hissing noise that roused the exhausted hybrid from his slumber. At first he thought that it came from his own mouth but as his vision adjusted to the darkness he could see something happening at his groin. His hands went down to his shorts where he saw that the bulge in the silky fabric had grown considerably as his body tremble in pleasure. What was happening… Serathin’s eyes widened slightly as his crotch continued to twitch while the lump continued to grow bigger until something poked out of his waistband.

Serathin let out a gasp as he saw the purple head of the snake push out from his shorts, though he already knew that it was also his cock as it hissed at him. “Damnit Slypher,” Serathin said as he got over the initial shock, as well as pleasure, at realizing his maleness had transformed. “If you slipped me that parasite you’re going to be in huge trouble for messing with a prime form like this.”

As his cock continued to push down his shorts while showing just how big his new two-foot body was wiggling in the air Serathin quickly realized that this was something different. Having been in the one that was taken over by the hive snakes of the phoenix he knew the alien intelligence that came with it, but this felt more like a part of him than anything. That was confirmed when he tried to talk to it and instead just got it moving around and leaking a bit of purple goo when he rubbed up and down his shaft. It appeared this snake cock was under his control… but that didn’t explain why he had it in the first place.

It was also strange that his shaft was the only thing that had become a snake as the transformation was usually far more intrusive to his body, but he didn’t have much time to think about it as he felt his stomach gurgle. His horniness was rising even despite the situation and as he looked down at his chest he could see that the muscles were starting to thicken. While he always had a decent build his body was becoming stronger, his pectorals thickening and his stomach muscles becoming more defined while they twitched. When he felt something slide up between his cheeks he thought that perhaps his snake cock had wanted to stimulate him further, but instead he found that it was his tail instead that was wiggling between his stretched legs.

Serathing saw his toes swelling and becoming furry instead of scaled as the tip of his tail transformed once more, but instead of another snake he saw that the tip was changing to something else. The black fur melted and turned shiny once more before it split, becoming four petals with a number of smaller tendrils on the inside of a hollow. This wasn’t hive snakes, Serathin reasoned as he saw the transformation progressing, and he remembered that this was from an alien species he had turned into. He found himself gasping as his appendages were as horny as he was, his hand reaching down towards his snake cock right as his mutated tail latched onto his furry rear.

The second the tendrils began to push inside of him the sensations of pleasure and lust were rising, and that seemed to cause other changes to start happening. When he started to stroke his snake cock he saw his hand practically ballooning out with the clawed fingers curling around it. With his digits growing increasingly shiny he also recognized the changes as from a species known as a vulcanthrope. A rubber werewolf, a hive snake, and an alien tail… the changes were far more significant then what he had gotten before as the tendrils continued to push deeper into his tailhole causing him to moan.

As Serathin’s head started to thrash back and forth his massive rubber werewolf paw could feel his cock moving once more, and when his eyes opened up he saw his serpentine member had drifted towards his own head. He could feel something happening to his wings as they became more prehensile with the membranes melting and flowing into the main limb, but that was dwarfed by what was happening to his mouth. As his maw opened the head of the snake cock drifting towards it began to illuminate with a green glow as something he hadn’t felt in his mouth in a while pushed its way out. It was the unmistakable slurper of the Bal’Kar and as green goo leaked out of his mouth he found the thickening appendage pushing out past his sharpening teeth and saber fangs.

With the presence of something Bal’Kar related appearing on his body he braced himself for timeline containment to come and sweep him off to quarantine. But as the seconds passed there was nothing that happened except for the waves of pleasure cascading through his body, especially as he felt the base of his growing tail starting to wiggle about unnaturally. Even though his body has been mutated by several different powerfully mental creatures the hybrid felt remarkably clear-headed save for the fog of lust that was flooding through his mind. It all felt like his body, even with his body becoming that of a strange amalgamation of creatures.

As the other hand of the transforming creating becoming webbed it stroked his stomach as the tendrils pushing into him continued to tease and stimulate his tailhole. With no mental corruption and the Institute not knocking down his door the only thing he could determine was that the changes were purely physical in nature. It was not something he had heard about before but as he found his own snake cock pressing against his lips in a lewd kiss his thoughts were becoming increasingly focused on other things. Between the tendrils pressing against his prostate, something bulging out his tail that was traveling through it, and his new tongue pushing into the mouth of his snake cock his eyes were practically rolling back into his head.

Serathin let out a muffled groan as he could feel his still growing tongue stretching out the maw and throat of the serpent, which was also his urethra that caused his toes to curl while they grew bigger. With no apparent risk the horny sabrewolf found himself growing less concerned about his situation and more enjoying it as his snake cock started to push into his muzzle. At the same time the object that bulged out the end of his tail that was latched onto his tailhole began to bump up against the opening, his hips bucking upwards. He was egging himself, a process he had been acutely familiar with as he found that his opening was particularly stretchy in order to accept it.

While he wasn’t exactly sure what had formed in his swollen tail it certainly felt like an egg as his stomach bulged out even further with something sliding inside him. His belly was beginning to grow gravid with the snake cock pressing against it as it was growing bigger and longer, the transformation seemingly spurred on by his arousal. The back of the snake’s head was pressing into his throat and his slurper tongue was starting to bulge out his shaft more while the tentacles his wings had turned into caressed his ears. With his shaft practically bulging out his own throat he could feel the tips not only slide into them but the rubber that his wings had become started to wrap around his head.

Muffled grunts were the only things that escaped from the creature as the shiny material of his own wings spread over his head, Serathin feeling the tentacles pushing into his skull feeding him even more pleasure as he sucked himself off. Though he couldn’t see it, or anything for that matter, he could sense that his facial features were smoothing out and becoming more drone-like… a feature he had had quite a few alters have before. The rubbery membrane also sealed his snake cock into his muzzle, his tongue still plunging in and out of it as more spherical objects began to fill his belly. As his belly swelled the transforming sabrewolf continued to writhe on his bed as his vulcanthrope hand sealed itself to his shaft so that it could only be slid up and down.

But as Serathin became fully inundated in pleasure it wasn’t the end of his body changing, his swollen stomach being accompanied by two more lumps that pushed their way out to forepaws as his torso stretched…

It had been an intense, orgasm filled night until he passed out and the next afternoon when Serathin awoke found himself back to normal, though he still felt… mutable. It was like when he had become a rubber creature or something like that in another timeline, or those strange times he had actually turned into a living suit. Even though he was in his old form he still needed to figure out what was happening, especially since he found subtle changes even with everything still back to normal. Fortunately the clinic was still open, though that meant a trip through the blazing sun to get there.

After taking a few moments to recompose himself after getting to the building, in this case quite literally as his form had started to become gooey until he concentrated, he went and got himself checked in. Eventually he found himself clad only in a gown in the examination office waiting to see the doctor while his leg shook nervously. It didn’t take long until the cheetah named Timothy came in, Serathin recognizing him as he got up to shake his hand. He had known the doctor as the one that normally presided over his physical as he was told to hop up on the table.

“What seems to be the problem Serathin?” Timothy asked as he went to the computer after checking the draconic sabrewolf over.

“I’m… not quite sure how to describe it,” Serathin replied as he sat on the examination table. “I got done working last night and I thought I had an artifact from my timeline, and then felt like I was changing on the way home as well. I had also undergone… significant transformations during the night but reverted back to normal by morning, to the point where I wonder if it was a dream now that I’m sitting here.”

“Physical distortions and anomalies are always good to check up on,” Timothy replied. “Let’s go through what happened and I’ll type everything up, then we’ll run a few tests.”

Serathin nodded and as they went back and forth the cheetah turned away from him to put everything into the computer. As the draconic sabrewolf continued to sit there he still had trouble trying to put into words how he felt, but as he continued to look at the cheetah he felt a strange sensation pass through his body. His lupine muzzle began to shrink and his horns shrank until the point they had retracted back into his shorter purple mane. After last night Serathin was more than acutely aware of when his body was changing and he found himself panting as he looked down in shock at his body transforming right before his eyes.

“Alright, I looked up everything and ready to get you registered for your tests,” Timothy said as he finished typing, swiveling back around to his patient. “So let’s see what we… need to… look… for…” Timothy trailed off as he saw a black and purple furred cheetah staring right at him, the silver spots finishing up as his body otherwise looked identical save for the pair of saber teeth that had a sheepish look on the former hybrid’s face. “Okay… well then, I think I have a good idea where to start…”

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

A few hours later Serathin laid back on the rather uncomfortable bed inside the quarantine containment cell, listening to music as he stared up at the ceiling clad only in a hospital gown. Though he had stopped manifesting whatever was happening to them those that were higher up deemed it important that he remain in quarantine until all the tests were run, citing that the last time something like this happened resulted in the creation of Slypher in his previous timeline. Since he was technically a new version of Serathin he had no idea of what happened that created the phoenix and this was the first time he was in one of these cells. All he could do was wait at this point and listen to his tunes while waiting for someone to tell him what was going on.

When Serathin finally saw movement again his head perked up in surprise when he saw that the containment doors were opened and a familiar face walked inside holding a folder. It was his supervisor Murray, and before the draconic sabrewolf could say anything the bull motioned for him to get up and follow. While he was grateful to get out of containment he still found himself in the clinic except this time in one of the initial examination rooms. He was also just in a gown and as Serathin sat staring at Murray while he opened the file he could feel his lupine nose starting to swell.

“Looks like since I’m out of quarantine and I’m not looking at another version of myself that I’m not about to get Ouroboros Protocoled.” Serathin stated, Murray nodding in response with a slight grunt. “So what’s going on Murray? What’s happening to me?”

“Seems all your fooling around is finally catching up with you,” Murray replied as he sat down in the nearby chair. “We got the results and your prime astral signature has become destabilized due to the effects of all the times your alters have gotten changed in some way, shape or form. Apparently it’s not the first time that this has happened either, the medical professionals call it Timeline Corruption Syndrome.”

“Timeline Corruption Syndrome?” Serathin repeated. “I’ve never heard of that before.”

“It doesn’t happen very often and fortunately for you it isn’t contagious nor detrimental towards your prime form,” Murray explained. “In fact I imagine that it’ll be right up your alley considering the side-effects of what TCS are. As I mentioned it happens when a shifter starts to accumulate different forms to the point where it starts to reflect back on the prime version of the alters.”

“So… every time I have an alter transform it started to destabilize my prime body?” Serathin asked.

“In a nutshell, not to mention that the variety of different species and such will increase the chance of TCS happening,” Murry continued to show. “Most shifters tend to have fifty to sixty different changed alters, with even a few hundred still being relatively safe from developing this.”

“How many do I have?” Serathin inquired curiously.

“…one-thousand, four-hundred, and seventy-two,” Murray sighed.

Serathin found himself blinking several times, partially because he briefly felt a second pair of eyes form under his own before they sealed back up as he raised a swollen, webbed paw hand. “That is… slightly more than the usual,” Serathin finally stated. “So is there a treatment? You said that it’s not detrimental.”

“You’re going to need a few months of physical therapy so that these spontaneous changes don’t keep happening to you,” Murray informed as he handed Serathin another smaller folder that was inside the first. “It is also advised that you stay away from your alter ego, considering that he can be a rather bad influence on you and I imagine you’re going to want to keep your draconic sabrewolf form as your primary identity. The medics say that these first few months may cause permanent mutations to what they call your passive form so if you want to stay the way you are you’ll have to control yourself as quickly as possible.”

Serathin nodded and after being informed of a few other things Murray gave him a schedule showing that his projects had been put on hold as well as his schedule for containing himself. The bull then mentioned he was busy and said that as soon as he was ready he could put on his clothing and go, gesturing to the pile on the nearby table before heading out. The hybrid thanked him and watched his supervisor leave before flipping through the paperwork that he had just gotten. It was all the standard liability and notices as well as his official diagnosis for TCS, but one thing he did find interesting was that there was a new identification card that looked a lot like the old one save for one big change.

“Species: Shapeshifter,” Serathin read out loud, his grin growing a little as he thought about what Murray had said while licking his lips and feeling his tongue stretching this time. The photo was blank and from what the paperwork said he would be given something that would cause the picture to change when he was transformed so they can keep track of him. “Interesting… I think I can work with this…”