

# A NAGA-ING FEELING

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Gran was truly at a loss on this one. In a team, he always felt like an asset. His friends were his strength, and he theirs. He was the Singularity, he was supposed to be strong! And yet... At times he felt like he was weak by himself. Perhaps it was because, in the end, he was a mortal. It didn't matter how powerful one might be, for in the end there will always be moments when we doubt ourselves – our strengths, our abilities, our bonds.

In this case, this self-doubt and paranoia had arisen due to an upcoming operation. There was an upcoming tournament sponsored by an underground organization that was both kidnapping and selling off the participants, but the organization's leader only ever met with the winners of the tournaments he hosted. That meant that the only way for Gran and his allies to thwart that evil man once and for all would be to *win*.

But they could only submit one participant, for the risk of being found out would be too great if they sent in the many hoards of the Grandcypher's crew to more or less guarantee that they obtain the top spot. So Gran had been selected. He wasn't sure why, not when there were plenty of others aboard the ship that were better suited – his sister, Djeeta, among them.

It had led to him procuring a potion of strength, a brew made by Cagliostro herself. She guaranteed that he'd feel more powerful after consuming it but was a little sketchy in the details. Not the type to overthink things, he hadn't exactly seen this as the warning sign that he absolutely *should* have.

**“Alright, down the hatch I guess?”** Having retreated to his personal quarters, the young man yanked the cork off of the tiny glass bottle that had been given to him. The contents didn’t imbue him with much in the way of confidence based on appearance alone, not with their dark purple coloring. And was that a skull etched into the side of the bottle? Was Cagliostro *trying* to kill him? No... No. He trusted her! She’d likely just recycled the glass?

After exhaling his anxiety away, the boy finally tilted his head back and pushed the glass to his lips, allowing the contents to wash against the back of his mouth and spill down his throat. **“Blech!? What was mixed in there!?”** He immediately lurched forward, almost on the verge of gagging. Gran had consumed his fair share of nasty tasting potions in the past, but this one? It really took the cake and fully deconstructed it through awful flavor alone!

**“Uh... How fast was it supposed to work, exactly?”** Sitting his butt down on his bed, he looked down at his hands expectantly. Cagliostro hadn’t really given him a timeframe, and it was possible it might take several days to kick in, he supposed. Considering he could feel the contents sloshing around in his gut though and considering just how heavy it felt despite being a liquid, he certainly hoped that wasn’t the case. Else he certainly wouldn’t be in any shape to act as captain during the meantime.

Then again, that was why Djeeta was the backup captain, in case anything happened to him that might take him out of commission for an extended period of time. **“Maybe I should just call it a night and see how I feel in the morning?”** It was already so late that the sun had set, and most of the ship was silent. However, before he could think of retiring properly? A feeling struck him, one that made him shudder. It felt... *good*.

Was it arousal? Maybe something *like* it. It came with something else... an acceptance? Almost like all of his insecurities were melting away. Fear of not being strong enough? A voice bubbled up in the back of his head, and in a way it didn’t really sound like Gran himself.

## **I’M PLENTY STRONG! THE STRONGEST, EVEN!**

**“Eh? Is this the potion’s effect?”** Had Cagliostro gotten it wrong? Instead of making him stronger, had it instead simply made him more confident? If that was the case her heart was in the right place, but it certainly didn’t do anything to help him with this problem. He could believe he was the strongest man in the world, and the confidence that was coming to a boil? It certain felt like he might reach that peak. But it didn’t *actually* make him stronger.

A little disappointed, he stood up from his bed again and wandered over to his desk on the other side of the cabin. He placed the empty bottle down and was about ready to get changed for bed, but as he looked at the fingers grasping the bottle? An eyebrow was arched, for something looked rather unusual. The captain brought the hand closer. **“What’s... going on here?”**

Gran’s question was a warranted one. His fingernails had grown *longer* somehow? Black flakes were appearing atop them too, each one binding with each other and evening out. Nail polish? If that weren’t remarkable enough, he could feel the bones in his fingers stretching as well. It was a phenomenon that could be absorbed, each digit becoming thinner as it grew longer, the many callouses from training with every iota of his being softening into obscurity at the same time, palms convulsing for a moment before settling at a smaller sizing.

Until his hands looked as if they belonged to a *woman*, not a man.

This was startling to say the least. **“Is this because of the potion? How could Cagliostro do this to *moi*!?”** The sudden, unprompted insertion of French aside (*and evidently Gran was ignorant to the fact that he’d done so*), the danger was making itself clear. Cagliostro was reliable, but sometimes she had a bad habit of playing pranks for the sake of gathering data – usually without telling her subject of choice. Gran was suspicious that this was the case here.

## **BUT SINCE I’M SO STRONG, WHY SHOULD I WORRY ABOUT IT?**

**“No! I definitely need to worry about it!”** Maybe it was odd to have an argument with your own thoughts, and Gran wasn’t normally the type of guy to do so, but... There was something happening here, and it wasn’t simply reflected in his body, and *boy* was there more that was happening to his body than just a changing pair of hands.

All of his skin had been softening, giving flesh a gentle sheen that made him appear much more appealing. Any skin that followed this trend was likewise renewed, with scars and beauty marks evened out until his complexion was absolutely *flawless*. *Just another thing to be insanely confident about, really!*

Gran began to pace. **“This isn’t good. Should I go find her now? But it’s so late. But what if this gets worse? But what if it isn’t that bad? It’s probably reversable, right?”** This eccentric manner of rationalizing out his problems was not typical for the boy. He usually

kept his thoughts to himself, and this was the result of the potion's influence beginning to enforce new mannerisms on his ego.

As he paced though, a sudden disjoint in his posture forced him to stop in place. "**Ow!?**" It had been briefly painful, almost like his hips had suddenly been jabbed. But now? The feeling could best be likened to having someone grip both thighs and pull, for his waistline stretched in response to its contents growing wider. His hips were expanding, and *dramatically* at that. "**Okay. So it's getting worse.**"

The captain's lower body began to lurch back and forth, widened hips quickly revealing their change to be naught but a precursor for greater growth – although not for the hips themselves. A tightness claimed his boxers in the back, yanking the front against his groin before the cause of their compacting became visually apparent in the rear of his pants as well.

His ass had not only swelled up, but it was swelling even now. Manicured fingertips reached behind him, gingerly rubbing the ballooning rump before those fingers eventually pressed in. "**Ah!?**" Gran's cry was born of pleasure. Did groping your butt usually feel this good? But it had already grown to twice its usual size and continued to swell, his pants tightening their grip around his waist to the point that panic set in, and he was forced to pull both them and his boxers down before he was too late.

It was a good thing that he did, because even as he drew the cloth down past his thighs they ended up getting snagged. The considerable, enticing gap that had been left between his thighs after his hips had parted was promptly being filled just as his ass was, and shimmering skin was stretch firm across bulging fat that disguised more muscle than one might expect.

In fact, those thighs became so thick that even after he returned to a standing position after dropping his pants all of the way down and stepping out of them, his dick was being suffocated between them. "**Wow! This feels!?**" Maybe it was the fact that his nuts were getting crushed, and his lower half looked like it belonged to a gratuitously sexy woman, but did his voice sound *higher*?

Yet pain and pleasure alike swirled about as a result, at least until pleasure overtook that discomfort since, well... His cock and balls caved and diminished, before ultimately being pulled within *her* pelvis at the behest of a rather deep and well-oiled pussy. From how swollen her lips were to how wide it was within, it no doubt belonged to a woman with a great deal of sexual experience.

## A WOMAN AS CONFIDENT AS SEXY AS MOI? OF COURSE I'M EXPERIENCED!

“N-No! I’m not... I’m not a woman!?” Even Gran didn’t sound so sure of what she was saying. Thicc thighs rubbing together with nothing between them certainly said otherwise, as did the pubic hair above them that found itself growing long, bushy, and surprisingly *purple*. Also, were her legs longer? Not just them, but her body in general looked as if it had grown a few inches taller, with arms hanging farther out of her hoodie, which likewise rested above her navel now.

The woman’s stomach groaned a moment, and after a short burst of cramping her waistline decreased, pinching in above her hips to make them look even wider than they had before, while the abs in her tummy itself softened to leave it squishy but attractive. Her navel deepened as well, likely deep enough to drink from, and in the end it all appeared just as feminine as the rest of Gran’s lower half did.

Yet, taking a break from down below, things were happening up north as well. Her head was finally succumbing to the potion’s effects, and both her previous and sex alike were being drawn into question based on facial features alone. Her lips practically exploded for one, triply in density and taking on an entrancing sheen that would draw most to want to kiss them.

Gran’s eyes, strangely enough, swirled for a moment almost like she was under some kind of hypnosis. It wore off after just a few seconds, but one it had her eyes were a purple not quite different from that which had colored her pubic hairs. Though, these eyes also widened and met at sharper points, giving her a more slanted and mature gaze that was only heightened by the growing length of her lashed and the delicate cut of her jaw and cheek bones.

Elsewhere, that purple returned with the vengeance, painting the entirety of the captain’s head with purple looks that then grew at a hastened pace. Strands barreled down his back, quite messy by design by incredibly luscious at both a glance and to the touch. In a way there was something very 90s about the style they settled on, with long bangs flowing up and then parting to the sides, with an equally long and messy tuft shooting straight out of the center of her scalp.

She was growing warm. Her sweater certainly didn’t help, but it absolutely wasn’t the cause. Something about this? It just made her incredibly aroused. She just felt so *strong* and *confident* and *sexy*, and that was really getting her motor running. But yeah. The sweater also



didn't help things. **“Let allow moi to remove this stuffy old thing...”**

Evidently, while still aware of the fact that she was transforming, it was also becoming more difficult to *care*. Going with the flow just felt much more natural to Gran, and so she grabbed the bottom of her sweater and yanked it up. But it got caught. **“Huh? COME... OFF... DAMN... YOU!”** A little clumsiness ended up coming into play, as while the sweater did end up flying off, she also slipped on slender tootsies and fell onto her back with a *THUD!*

Upon landing, something slapped her in the face before bouncing back into position. **“I have tits now!?”** Her purple eyes went comically wide as, while on her back, she caught sight of the comically large bosom that was jiggling to and from upon her chest. She scrambled back up and onto her feet, each jiggle and bounce felt and building her arousal to new heights. It certainly didn't help that they'd *still* been growing, big milkers so huge that one could easily make out the veins flowing from gold coin-sized nipples.

Her transformation now complete, she felt *amazing*. Beyond amazing, even! Never in her life had she felt so powerful and confident, let alone so damn *sexy*, but here she was! Naga the Serpent! Not only in body, but in mind as well. All of the reservations she had possessed about what had been happening to her were now basically yesterday's news, and she was keen on forgetting about the sad, little boy she'd once been for the rest of eternity!

**“I'M THE STRONGEST, DAMNIT!”**

And this time, she called it out for real.

**“Uh... Who are... Naga the Serpent?”** At some point the door had opened, and now Djeeta stood flabbergasted by the sight of a buxom woman with purple hair standing more or less naked in her brother's room. It took her a moment to figure out where she had seen her before, but eventually it clicked. A visitor from another world that had caused the crew a great deal of trouble a long time ago: that was *Naga the Serpent*. And, as Djeeta could recall, she'd been quite strong. **“Where... Where is my brother!?”**

Were the two of them doing the dirty deed!? Djeeta was too innocent to think very much about it, much less keep her eyes fixated on the naked woman before her. Rather than getting an immediate answer though, Naga simply cackled. **“You mean Gran!? I'm sorry, sweetie. He won't be coming back! He's gone forever now, but at least you**

have me in his place, hm? At least he'll remain within me, now and forever. He and I are now entirely the same!"



This revelation seemed to shock the blonde, and so the black-haired beauty took advantage of the moment to draw closer. She felt too powerful and proud to give up her new existence, not that she had a means of doing so even if she so wished to. But during her approach, Naga's full ineptitude came into play, and... *she tripped.*

She fell forward towards the blonde, the full weight of her huge breasts slapping down upon Djeeta's head and knocking the two of them to the floor, with Naga mounted on top. Djeeta would have cried out, or at least tried to – but

she'd taken a mouth full of Naga's nipple during the fall by mistake. "Oh! Are you getting frisky with me, girl?"

***"IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!"***