Medical Breakthrough

As a broke college student Flynn sighed as he looked at the bulletin board looking for part-time jobs and potential paid internships. Unfortunately being a psychology major most of the internships were taken up by those that were seniors and the part-time jobs often took up more time than they let on. He wasn’t looking for a huge time commitment but there was nothing he could see that wasn’t either the wrong field or unpaid work. When he got to the end of the board he sighed and made his way back out into the quad in order to head back to the dorm and study instead.

“Hey Flynn,” a voice called out, the young man looking up to see his friend Chet run up to him in a track suit. He was a member of cross country and while Flynn wasn’t a member of any sports teams the two were in the same major and had become friends after sitting next to one another several times. “Anything new on the job board?”

“Nothing that pertains to us,” Flynn replied. “How about you, any leads?”

“So far everything through the college is full,” Chet explained with a sigh, though as he thought about it and pulled something out of his pocket that he handed to Flynn. “There is something that I did find while checking out the mental health clinics, some sort of call for lab rats for a medical study. I can’t do it myself because of the contact with the team, but if you want to give it a shot knock yourself out.”

“Well after that glowing recommendation,” Flynn said, which caused them both to chuckle slightly as he looked at the number on the torn piece of paper. “I’m heading back to the dorm and looking on-line for any freelance gigs, you want to hang out later tonight?”

“Got practice later tonight and a test the next few days,” Chet replied. “But the weekend is free and could use some help with next week’s simulated labs.” Flynn nodded and said goodbye before he continued back towards the dorms, taking a moment to glance down at the slip of paper that he had just been given. A lab study, it wasn’t unusual for focus groups and such to look to college campuses for a source of cheap test subjects that were hard up for money…

…which sort of described him.

Unlike those that usually signed up for such things he didn’t have the same feeling that he was invincible like them and instead once he was back in his bedroom he started to search for other opportunities. Just like with the bulletin board however he found that there was nothing out there for him, although unlike with the jobs in the college these were all for positions that he couldn’t apply for if he wanted. The problem with his field was that he even if he did graduate he would have to be supervised if he wanted to get a license and get a real job. After an hour Flynn decided to cut the search short and started to study instead, but as his stomach growled he realized that he hadn’t eaten all day and when he went to the fridge he remembered that he also hadn’t gone shopping due to lack of funds.

This was ridiculous, Flynn thought to himself as he scoured his room for enough to get something at the fast food place that he could walk too. As he put the change he found in his pocket he felt the piece of paper in his pocket. When he pulled it out and looked at the number he sighed and realized that there are worse things he could do for money…

The next morning Flynn found himself sitting in the waiting room of a small private office that was located in a strip mall less than a mile away. He had called the number the night before and they were more than eager to pencil him in for that morning. While they weren’t specific they had said that they were giving him a sum in the realm of four figures just for one test. While he didn’t like the fact they were being rather cryptic with what they were testing for he knew that sometimes they had to be intentionally vague to keep their results.

It didn’t make him any less nervous when Flynn heard his name was called as he was brought in. When he was brought to a small office they did a number of standard physical, and even a few cognitive, tests before they brought him to another room. There they administered some sort of drunk in a blacked out syringe and then told to wait in the room for half an hour. When he attempted to ask what he was being given the doctor told him that the nature of the experiment meant he couldn’t even know or else it might skew the results and that he was being paid handsomely in compensation for being left in the dark.

While getting shot up with some experimental liquid wasn’t exactly what Flynn had thought of when he answered the ad the pay was good, and not only was there a fifty percent chance that he was just getting a placebo and they assured that the real thing was something akin to a health supplement. After sitting for half an hour he was asked another series of questions about how he was feeling at that moment. When he stated that he felt fine, which he did, the doctor thanked him and scheduled him for a follow-up in a week for the conclusion of the experiment. Flynn was fine with that and especially when he got the money for the first part of the study.

For the rest of the day after Flynn put his newfound money in his bank account he got himself some real food and ended up buying more than he had originally intended. He also bought some liquor for him to share with Chet to share on the weekend and with his finances secured for the moment he went into his bedroom in order to study. One of the proposed benefits they had told him about was increased focus and higher cognitive functions, and even though it was the first day he felt like he could grasp the concepts in the book a little more easily. By the end of the night he was already done with his studies and found himself famished once more and made himself something else to eat before heading to bed.

That night Flynn found himself tossing and turning as his body felt hot, and though it didn’t become concerning it was enough to make the pajama pants and t-shirt uncomfortable. In the haze of his sleep he shed them and tossed the clothing to the floor before he flopped back onto his bed. He found himself still squirming back and forth even as he slipped back into unconsciousness, and as he did his newly exposed body heaved with every breath. It wasn’t just his chest rising each time but also swelling outwards, his skin shiny with sweat as he let out a groan…

When Flynn woke up again it was with a gasp, his eyes snapping open in shock. He had been having such vivid dreams; strangely most of them had been his memories, but they were so crystal clear it was like he had just relived them. It was like his whole life had played before his eyes that night and when he got up the rush was so intense that it left him panting heavily. As he looked around his bedroom he found that despite it being late at night he could still see fairly decently around the room, which at least made it easier to get up and find his way to the door in order to go outside and head to the bathroom.

After getting to his shower and turning on the water to let it heat up Flynn began to take off his clothing… only to realize that he was already standing there completely naked. That was strange, he thought to himself, not only because he had gone to bed with his usual nighttime attire on but also because he didn’t feel the usual chill in the air. With the sudden realization that there was nothing between his skin and the air he found himself rubbing his hands against his arms even though he still didn’t feel cold. Must actually be warm out for once, his mind rationalized as he went to test to see if the water was up to temp, but when he stuck his hand underneath it he found that he couldn’t feel the heat. Well, as he continued to keep his fingers under the steaming water, it was more like he could sense the heat but it wasn’t affecting his skin.

When he pulled his fingers back he also found that there strangely was no hair on them anymore. At first he thought something happened from the water but when he rubbed his hand up his arm again he found there was nothing there either. As he went over to the mirror to look over himself he found that other than the hair on his head he had lost everything from the head down, including the tangle of pubes that used to frame his groin. Even though he found it strange there was one thing that Flynn had to admit, which was as he rubbed his fingers against the root of his cock that started to twitch that not only did it feel good but also made him look bigger down there.

Before he could start to get too aroused though Flynn shook his head to regain his composure and instead quickly washed himself off while thinking about what to do next. It was strange to rub against his smooth skin and once more while his mind registered the sensations it was like he couldn’t feel anything. His shower quickly ended and just as he was about to get out he noticed something that caused him to pause. At first he didn’t know what it was but when he went down and poked it he found his eyes widening at the clump of hair from his head that was down there.

That was enough for him to wrap his towel around his waist and make his way back to his room. He remembered on the form that he had gotten from the people at the clinical trial that there was a number to call in case of emergencies or unexpected side effects. The first thing he found was his phone and as he was about to look for the papers he had gotten he looked down at the keypad and found the numbers floating up from his memory. He rationalized that he must have memorized them when he was nervously waiting for the shot and put them into the phone, then held it up to his ear in order to wait for it to connect.

Except that as soon as he pushed enter into the phone he was greeted with a harsh notice followed by a voice saying that the number was disconnected. Flynn could feel panic starting to rise inside of him as he attempted the number several more times only to get the same result which each press of the enter key. Part of him wondered if he was putting in the wrong number but deep down he knew that he had gotten it right the first time; it was like he could see it printed on the paper in his mind’s eye and after checking the screen he was sure he hadn’t put it in wrong either. Perhaps they were just having phone issues… but as he pressed on the button to close out the phone and saw a fingernail pop off his jaw dropped and he knew that he couldn’t wait to see if his hypothesis was true.

Flynn quickly resolved to go to the place itself, picking up the detached nail and tossing it in the trash only to have another one fly off with it. When he glanced down at the two fingers he found that there was no bleeding or even any redness as well as not feeling any pain, it was like the skin decided it didn’t want to hold them anymore. He did find that the tips of them were slightly bloated but that was the least of his concerns as he moved to put on his coat and could feel more locks of hair get taken with the fabric sliding over his head. Things were beginning to escalate and the only thing he could think about was getting the antidote or whatever to counteract what was happening to him as he ran out the door as fast as he could while putting his hood up over his head to hide his patchy scalp.

By the time Flynn got to the strip mall the hood was no longer needed, the man rubbing his hand against his bald head as he looked at the entrance to what had been the clinic. Not only was the door locked but the windows were boarded up too and when he tried to look in through the cracks he couldn’t see any furniture much less people. It was like no one had been in there in months but the sensations in his body were steadily growing as though in assurance that something had happened to him there. After a cursory glance of the building though there was nothing that hinted at the organization that had just been there, but as he felt his hands tremor as they pressed against the cold metal of the door he decided to take more drastic measures in his investigation.

A few moments later there was a loud clang as the door swung open after he had slammed his shoulder into it. Though Flynn had expected to feel some sort of pain from the force he had used he was surprised not only by the power of his blow but also that it didn’t even face him. He did feel something happen around his bicep but there was no blood there and he ignored it for the moment to look around the place. As he looked around Flynn could see the rooms that he had been led into in order to receive the treatment, but as he walked from place to place he couldn’t even see the imprint of the furniture that had been not long ago.

This is insanity… and when he got to the lobby where he had come in the first time Flynn found his vision swimming and his legs starting to shake. He made it to the middle of the room before he felt himself fall to the floor, teetering on his feet like he was wearing high heels before he finally fell to the ground. In his quest to find any shred of evidence this clinic existed he hadn’t realized that his clothes were getting tighter on him, but it wasn’t just that as he found himself panting slightly. It was like his body felt too small, and as he went to grab onto the hoodie he wore in order to pull it off of him he heard the sound of shredding fabric and looked down to see that there were large gashes where his fingers had held on.

Though Flynn hadn’t turned any lights on there was a street lamp outside that allowed him to see what had caused the damage to his hoodie. His eyes went wide as even with his distorted vision he could see that not only had several more of his nails fallen off but the tips of his fingers were completely black like he was suffering from severe frostbite. But it wasn’t his skin that had gotten his attention, which didn’t even hurt, but something that was poking through the tips that glinted in the light that streamed in through the window. At first it looked like he had picked up some sort of metal splinters but as he reached over with his other, more normal hand he found himself sliding the skin of the digits down and watching as a chrome claw pushed its way out of his middle finger.

That was enough for Flynn to properly panic and he reached into his pocket for his phone, this time to call for an ambulance as a shiny silver liquid started to ooze from where the claw protruded. Fortunately he had programmed his fingerprint recognition with both hands as the blackness on his fingers on his dominant one were starting to warp and swell. From the way the corrupted flesh protruded outwards he guessed that his middle finger wasn’t the only one growing a claw, but as he opened his phone he saw that the screen was flashing with strange code that he had never seen before. At least… he thought he had never seen it before, but the more he watched it fly by the more he seemed to understand it.

“Sync in progress?” Flynn read out load as he furrowed his brow in both curiosity and frustration, only to feel something split on his forehead that caused him to nearly drop his phone. Since he couldn’t see it for himself he went over to the nearby window and managed to catch his reflection in it to see that there was something shiny and purple there. “No… no way…”

The skin of his forehead had split completely over his eyes and instead of bone underneath it was metal as silver liquid dripped where blood should have been. Flynn found himself at a loss for what to do as he cautiously brought up his hands to examine the cut only to see that there was a growing silver splotch on his t-shirt in the area where his shoulder had impacted the door, using the claw on his fingers to tear away the fabric to see a similar patch of shiny deep purple metal scales underneath a split in his darkening skin. Panic began to rise up in him but he started to hyperventilate there was a chirp that came from his phone and he suddenly felt a calmness sweep through him that ran counter to what he knew he should be feeling. When he looked down at the screen of his phone he saw that along with the programming being displayed it showed an alert of elevated stress levels and that the nanites within him had countered with a cocktail of calming chemicals.

So these were medical nanites, Flynn found himself wondering as he found himself licking his dried lips only to feel one of his teeth fall out as a metal needle-like fang pushed out of the left side of his mouth, although this was more than just keeping him healthy. Even with the program keeping him sedated the changes that were happening to his body continued to bother him, especially as he felt more of the strange silver goo leaking out of his nose that had started to swell out along with his upper lip. Whatever was happening to him seemed to be accelerating but when he tried to think of how to stop it he found the thoughts evaporating form his mind. Another glance at the phone the nanites were syncing with revealed that they had reached his brain and were not only converting it like his body but also rewriting his neural pathways to accept the changes to be more efficient.

The tiny machines converting flesh and bone to metal and wire could sense that the creature it was tasked at caretaking was trying to resist these changes, but the programming that was inside of them had a somewhat insidious trick up its sleeve in order to make their host more compliant. As he thought about flinging himself out the window in order to attract attention or potentially set off an alarm the sensations of his body grew beyond the almost anesthetic quality and began to be replaced with a far different feeling that caught him off guard. He found himself letting out a moan as his shoes that had been straining and bulging with the transforming feet within it finally popped at the seams and allowed the growing toes to push their way out. Flynn looked down and when he saw large chrome talons burst from the top of his shoe he knew it should have freaked him out, especially when instead of continuing to groan in the pleasure that it caused he found himself hissing instead.

The noise that came from his mouth caused Flynn to put his unaffected hand to it only to realize that his face was starting to swell outwards and the same blackness was affecting his other hand. By this point the arm that had received the injection was almost completely black and as he tore away his ruined t-shirt and hoodie he saw that not only was there the tear in his shoulder but another appeared when he flexed his bicep. The nanites had created a synthetic muscle that was much bigger than his own and while the fact that he he could see light purple metal on the underside of his arm it was reinforcing the power that came with it. Even with his mind being influenced heavily by the robotic creatures the unaltered Flynn would surface and as he let out a snarl of frustration he swung his corrupted arm and felt it punch through the nearby wall like it was tissue paper.

Once more the nanites sensed the spike in adrenaline and countered it, and as Flynn stood there panting he found his breathing slowing to the point where it stopped completely. While the lack of air intake should have prompted more concern he found himself more enthralled by the arm that was still embedded in the drywall. As he attempted to pull it back he could feel the skin on his shoulder start to tear away like it was a sleeve, revealing the synthetic arm underneath. While it was humanoid in nature that was where the similarity with his old limb stopped as the deep purple metal scales were accented with chrome and had a lighter lavender on the underside. It was also more muscular than the skinny arm he was used to and even as he slowly pulled it out to reveal more of the mutated metal he found himself flexing to see that the nanites were still growing it.

When Flynn had fully pulled his arm out it was not one that belonged to a human; if he still had to breathe it would have caught in his throat as he pulled out the synthetic, muscular clawed arm that was attached to his otherwise human form. Though there were a few droplets of silver that dripped from his shoulder, which was growing just as big to support the new limb, it looked more like he was some sort of robot wearing a human suit. A sudden twinge in his spine however brought his attention back to the rest of his body and as he turned around, which he found that he was able to look behind him despite no human being that flexible, he saw that something was pushing out the blackened flesh of his back all the way down to his pants that started to stretch outwards from something pushing against the waistband.

But he wasn’t just in the back as a sudden jolt of pleasure caused Flynn to spin back around and groan. He hadn’t been paying attention to his groin up until that point but as he felt his back arch slightly he looked down to see that the zipper of his fly was straining at the tines. Even though he didn’t have to breathe he found himself practically panting as the bulge grew even bigger as both his still somewhat human and completely transformed hands drifted towards it. In the back of his mind he knew if he succumbed to the pleasure that was being fed to him that the nanites could probably do whatever they wanted with him, but it was growing increasingly harder not to see this body as being more beneficial as the machines converting him referred to the process of being upgraded.

Even with both sets of claws hovering over the increasingly outlined cock, the other set of claws pushing out of his fingers as they twitched and grew, it was the button and zipper that broke first. Flynn gasped as his cock jutted out into the air, not only because it was shifting and writhing like there was something inside of it but because it had stretched to twice the length and three times the girth it had been before. As silver liquid began to drip from his eyes and ears his gaze remained fixated on his tool, the nanites pushing him to be in awe of his new member while it made more mental changes while he was in his lustful fog. As he watched it continue to grow there was something happening to it and as the seems of his pants split from his growing thighs to join the tatters that his shoes had become he could see two distinct points pushing out the head on either side of the tip.

As Flynn’s eyes began to glow he found himself clutching his head as the sensation of his cock being rubbed from the inside overwhelmed him, his claws pushed against his bald head as his hips began to thrust outwards. As his mouth remained open in pure pleasure that was growing stronger by the second his tongue was acting in a similar manner to his throbbing tool, his increasingly slit-like pupils looking down to see his lips peeling back to expose the purple metal muzzle underneath while silver liquid dripped from the tongue that extended outwards. Most of his teeth had already become razor sharp metal complete with a pair of fangs and as the tip of his tongue pushed out into two tines his neck and back of his head began to stretch and cause more fissures.

The nanites were reaching critical mass and as Flynn finally let himself reach down with his hands to encapsulate his cock he saw the skin rip right down the middle, his hips thrusting upwards as his one shaft became two metallic members that he gripped in each palm. They glistened in the light from the window and as soon as his palms made contact with them there was an enticing electric sensation that went through his entire body. The nanites were not just randomly feeding their new host pleasure, they were learning and adapting as he began to rub them up and down. His sack had already been drawn up into his body and adapted for the production of more nanites, the otherwise clear goo that his pre had become being flecked with silver as his new metal rods fused into one at the base where a port that would house them when not in use formed around it.

With his pants completely torn apart it allowed the thick tail that had been extending from the base of his spine to push outward as spines grew all the way up to the base of his neck. With his arms pumping along the still lengthening shafts the remains of his human skin quickly fell away to reveal more metal. At this point he was practically bursting out of what was left as a big tear down the middle of his chest revealed the pectorals that formed underneath while several more exposed the sculpted abdomen and sides that were the paragon of health that had been in Flynn’s mind. Even though being an anthropomorphic synth cobra hadn’t been part of the image the muscular creature was otherwise what he had secretly hoped he could have one day, though at the moment his only focus was the growing orgasm that was building as his face and head became the last human remnants that were growing increasingly distorted.

There was the crunch of the tile beneath his body as Flynn’s new talons dug into the floor as he came, his hemipenis spurting the new nanite-infused cum over his own chest as the metal hood that had been stretching his neck finally split the last of his flesh. His metallic serpentine muzzle had already been pushing out of his former human mouth and when his old face flopped down onto the floor it revealed the glowing silver eyes underneath. His forked tongue licked along his new lips as the sensors within flooded his augmented mind with new information, all of which he could handle with his brain being turned into essentially a quantum processor. With a powerful shudder whatever lingering scraps of the human fell away from the purple cobra synth as his cum was absorbed and recycled into his body by the nanites that maintained him.

After standing there for a while completely still the synth began to move again, pulling his hands away from his maleness to allow it to retract inside. As Flynn opened his eyes again a smirk began to grow on his face as he looked around, taking in all the sensory data and seeing the digital graffiti that had been left behind. The medical aspect of the nanites had been a ruse; the organization had known about the potential of his transformation and not only gave the former human the injection but had hoped that it would cause such a side-effect. As the creature tilted his head while processing the instructions on the wall he found that the group had one goal in mind, to create a synthetic creature that would spread the successful nanites until it triggered a brand new stage of human evolution to eradicate disease and the fallacies of frail human forms completely.

That was something that he was more than willing to do, the synth cobra thought to himself as he chuckled, perhaps even finding a use for his studies after all as lines traced along his new body that began to glow in an ever-changing hypnotic pattern…