

PART ONE

“Good to go?” My colleague Joe asked, that hint of concern not lost on his face. He thought I was crazy for doing this. Hell, I couldn’t blame him. It was an experiment that no sane man would willingly undergo. If it hadn’t been something I’d secretly fantasized about for as long as I could remember, I would have outright said no. But now, being here, ready to embark on the most horrific change any human had ever undergone, I couldn’t imagine *not* doing it. When the possibility of this experiment came across our desk I practically *begged* to be allowed to be a subject. They needed someone with my particular background to make the procedures worthwhile, anyway. Months and months of physical and psych evaluations awaited me after that. But it had been worth it, to be here in this chamber, awaiting my first experience changing in a way that I’d never dreamed possible.

“Ready as I’ll ever be,” I replied, my voice echoing in the chamber where I was standing. I watched my labmates’ faces through the glass before sloughing off my lab coat and pants, down to my underwear. I paused a moment, gathering my nerve before pulling down my briefs, leaving me clad in only my birthday suit. Joe kept his professionalism, I’ll give him that. He went to work starting up the program that would monitor the habitat for the duration of my stay. If the small tank at the center of the room could be called a habitat, that is.

It had been a miracle in genetic recombinant technology, the ability to successfully integrate human and animal DNA without fear of rejection, and the cure to many diseases that have plagued mankind for centuries. With some unforeseen implications, of course. Like the ability to alter, change, manipulate DNA, and transform physiology in ways that no one could fully have expected. Why just have immunity to cancers when you could be as strong as a bull or a bear without having to lift so much as a barbell? Naturally, the technology was under strict regulations. Still, anyone hell-bent on it, for whatever selfish reason, would find a way to market it, billions of dollars to be made in underground markets the world over.

But none of that mattered in my particular case. We’d acquired the technology legally, on loan as part of a special research project. My lab had a slightly more...well, bizarre use for the technology. We were at the forefront of animal behavioral and sensory research, and now, we had the means to perform experiments in a matter of weeks that would have formerly taken many years and billions of dollars. How much easier would it be to learn of another animal’s senses than to experience them firsthand?

I'd dreamed all my life of experiencing another form, another body. Being able to fly like a bird, run like a wolf or a horse, swim like a dolphin. A true escape from the rigors of humanity. Not permanently, of course. I didn't want to lose my mind, my self of self, what made me, well, me. There was no fear of that with the nanites. My DNA would be altered beyond all sense of humanity, but my mind would be intact, carefully tucked away in the tiny robots, and I would be fully in control of my new body.

There was a catch, of course. I wanted to be a wolf, a horse, an eagle. But there wasn't much use in those forms from a scientific standpoint. That would be a vacation of sorts, I quickly admitted to myself. Animals like that lived in the same physical world as we did. Their eyes, their bodies, and their senses weren't too far removed from our own. There was much to be gained by experimenting with the forms or senses of an insect, a crustacean, hell, even a leech! Much more if the subject was willing to change fully, immersing themselves in another world with all their human facilities intact, to relay and describe in human terms what was surely far beyond the scope of anything a human would naturally experience.

I shuddered, feeling the tingling of the nanites in my system beginning their laborious work. Or at least I thought I felt it. There was no way I'd feel anything from the tiny robots. Still, my stomach was a little queasy from the notion of what I was to become. I was starting to have second thoughts. But if I backed out of this change then there was no way I'd be allowed on future projects. I had to bite the bullet and let the changes happen.

To my excitement, the transformation would not be instantaneous, and I'd get to experience a real full-bodied metamorphosis in all its glory. But in this case...I was skeptical. I didn't have much of a gag reflex, and I was thankful that my soon-to-be form wouldn't be able to vomit in the same ways humans did, even if the changes did disgust me. I wasn't sure why this was the first form on the list, being so different than what I was used to, but it made sense, in a way. It was a very simple form, all things considered. I think that's what worried me the most. How *different* my body was going to be. Nothing at all like the human form I'd worn my 31 years.

As I looked around the containment area, I began to notice how everything seemed a bit larger than when I had entered moments ago. I quickly began to feel dizzy from the sensations. Though the nanites removed most of the discomfort it was hard to eliminate the psychosomatic responses from my mind at such a transfiguration. I moved forward, spying the pieces of decaying flesh that smelled a bit putrid to my human senses. I knew I had to be as close as possible before I changed much more. It would likely seem so much better to my new body. Or at least I thought it would. That was one of the things I would report on from this experience.

The first real change was how dry my skin was. I found myself rubbing my chest and stomach, confused at how strange it felt to my fingers. As I touched its surface I realized that my human hairs were beginning to fall away. I shook my head a few times, feeling my long hair sliding down my head and forming a pool on the chamber floor even as the dutiful nanites dissolved them into nothing like a victim of Thanos's finger snap. I shivered, naked and cool in the room as my skin began to writhe and wriggle as if I had...well, the things I was soon to become crawling underneath. My skin felt loose on my flesh, as though it was thicker, all the skin and veins and fat and tissue dissolving, leaving this outer shell. I looked plaid, almost translucent as I watched the changing flesh envelop my own, wrinkling into segments, distinct from each other and evenly spaced.

All the while, my arms and legs were slowly, agonizingly weakening. It was as though the flesh was withering away, all the muscle, tendons, cartilage, vessels, and even bone was being dissolved. Though, I knew my new form wouldn't need them. I got down on my knees as the numbing sensation overtook my legs, not wanting to fall and injure my new body. I realized it wasn't enough, and my knees already felt weak like jelly. Still, I managed to get down on my stomach while I could, aware of a grotesque sloshing as the organs and bones around my stomach and rib cage began to wither and fade. I let out a moan from the discomforting sensation of my arms, my legs getting smaller, dissolving away, my trunk getting thicker as my ass swelled out. To my detriment, I soon realized I looked like a Lovecraftian horror being birthed into existence!

More disgusted now, I stared in the mirrors as my body continued to shrink. It wasn't just my arms and legs that were dwindling. I could feel a disturbing sloshing coming from my chest and my torso. It was a wonder that I could be kept alive during such a drastic change. The nanites took care of that, thankfully. They nourished my cells, keeping them oxygenated even though the organs were dissolving away into something that could never fathom supporting a human form.

The angle of my shrinking body made it difficult to maintain eye contact with the mirror. I tried to look up, but my neck hardly moved that way anymore. I wouldn't have minded so much, my curiosity abated as the horror of watching the grotesque changes gave me my fill. But I had a report to write and making observations of the change was paramount.

"Everything is alright on this end. How are y-?" I heard Joe's voice cut off suddenly. I tried to move my shrinking neck, a sickening crack as the connections of bone gave way, and my neck could move in all directions. This allowed me to angle my bald, shrinking head in time to see the edges of my ears dissolving away, leaving holes in my head that seemed to close as I watched. I couldn't hear a damn thing! I looked around the room as best I could, terror as the

realization that the buzz of the machines, my own breathing, and my heartbeat had all disappeared. It was beyond deafness; I wasn't simply without my hearing, but I no longer had the organs to hear with!

I could still see how my body was fattening, thickening in a vermiform fashion as both ends began to taper. The shape of my body, stomach, and chest were all swallowed up by the bubbling of my off-white flesh. I realized the sensation of my chest heaving up and down had stopped suddenly, as though I could no longer perform the motions. I wasn't breathing! I started to panic, a primal fear for my life welling up before I realized that tiny holes along my flank had opened up, a thin bit of air traveling back and forth. To my shock, I finally realized I was breathing like an insect. I tried to relax, knowing the nanites would not let me die in the transitional phase.

I was shrinking as I watched, finding it harder and harder to view my form in the reflection. But I could feel everything, how my heart, lungs, and blood dissolved into nothing. I was hardly aware of how I was still alive, newer, simpler circulatory systems taking over life-giving functions. A particular sensation in my backside gave me pause. I could feel my cock, balls, and sex organs wither and dissolve as was the rest of me. At the same time, I could feel my asshole pucker, the still present tube thickening in relation to my body, connected to the dissolving remnants of my alimentary canal. I was puzzled by the sensations, stronger from my asshole than anywhere on my wriggling body. It reminded me of a hint of arousal, a need in my crotch that was both familiar yet amplified with my enhanced ability to feel.

I had little time to explore the new sensations, however, as I watched as my head began to narrow, my mouth extending outwards, and my nose shrinking and dissolving. It was useless now anyway; the spiracles on my trunk took care of respiratory functions. My mouth compressed as it stuck outwards, puckering as was likely my anus. I supposed it wasn't much different, the other end of a primitive digestive tract. I didn't try to speak; I knew I couldn't make any noise, and I had no way to detect it even if I could. I watched as my neck thickened, and my head seemed to melt seamlessly into the wrinkled folds of my trunk. The individual contours of my face were melting away, shrinking into vermiform symmetry.

The time I feared most had come. My vision was beginning to dissipate now. It was slow and agonizing, the world around me steadily dimming as my eyes began to degrade away. I tried desperately to keep my eyes open, to retain my meek grasp on the world of sight. But soon it was gone, and my world was drenched in indescribable darkness. It was beyond black, beyond the sensation of nothingness.

I felt the fear welling up once more but was quickly distracted by the bizarre tingling from my body. I couldn't see anymore, but I could feel my body continue to shrink. The sensations detected by my body's surface were amplified tenfold. I could feel the floor surface under my wriggling body as every contour came into contact with me. I could feel my spirales opening and closing, dozens of air holes across my flanks. I could feel my ass clenching open and closed, the moist edges touching and pulling apart. I could feel the sloshing of my internal fluids, no longer blood, but something different, simpler.

The change was done. I was a Diptera maggot, an infant fly, with no other purpose than to eat and consume and grow towards pupation. I could detect the rotting flesh I was nearly on top of, though it was different than a human sense of smell. The molecules in the air were calling to me, and I greedily crawled forward until my proboscis was touching the succulent flesh. I couldn't see, but I could *feel* the thick surface of the flesh on my searching protrusion. And I couldn't have imagined sensing anything better.

It was hard to keep track of time. I knew I had to stay in this body for about five days to gather data. But it was so hard to think. My mouth kept crewing on the rotting carcass before me. It shouldn't have been surprising how much my body needed, *craved* the sensation of consuming flesh. Perhaps eating was an inaccurate term. I was spitting thick syrupy saliva over small sections of meat, then sucking up the dissolved enzymes and proteins with my straw-like mouth. It was gross to the fleeting humanity in me that I was drinking my own dissolving spit. Yet, to my new form, it was sublime. It wasn't the taste, the flavor, I had no sense of those. But my body knew that what I was consuming was *good*, that I needed it, that I was fueling my growth and change.

To my human disgust, I felt my new body's limited ability to digest meant it was eliminating waste nearly as fast as it was consuming. I could feel myself excreting constantly, though I had little sensation of the smell or texture of my leavings, which was a blessing. I didn't move very far, perhaps the length of my body in regular intervals, but I was smaller than a grain of rice, which did not amount to much.

Once I got used to the sensations and habits of my new life, the rhythm became strangely comfortable. My body needed only to eat, to grow, to prepare for something I could have no realization of except for my human intellect. I knew I was growing towards pupation, to turn into a fly. Except, in this case, the nanites were flooding my system with juvenile hormone, preventing me from undergoing a natural metamorphosis. So instead, I grew, occasionally feeling my skin harden and stiffen, beginning to clink and crunch as a new layer of flesh separated and

pulsed pleasantly against the layer of dead hardened flesh I was molting off. I could feel every inch, every molecule of skin separating, and the sensations were tantalizingly integrate. It was a level beyond human comprehension, and I found myself looking forward to the regular molting cycles. I didn't sleep, my body did not tire. But my mind did. There were many times when my human mind nodded off for an unknown period of time. Much needed rest periods for my higher brain functions, despite how well the nanites kept me going.

In my repetitive rhythm, I almost forgot my planned itinerary. With some effort, I wriggled my way forwards, trying to orient my body in a diagonal pattern to begin my work. Unfortunately, my new body was far more ungainly than I'd anticipated. I meant to carve a trail into the rotting meat, a sign to Joe and my crew that I was ok, a simple "All is Well" or "Help" should the need require. But I soon realized that my wriggling form could barely make any headway, let alone etch a legible message. I gave up soon after. Even though I had little else to occupy my time, it was a fruitless endeavor.

At one point, early on in my period as a maggot, I felt a strange disturbance in my abdomen, beyond the usual sensation of my bodily functions. It was bizarre, a sensation different from the need to feed and grow. It felt familiar yet strangely alien at the same time. I knew it couldn't be arousal, my body having no sex organs in this state. I wouldn't be mature unless I was allowed to pupate. Yet, it was a need, a craving, to be filled and entered and stimulated odd to even the human me. I tried to ignore the sensations, but the lack of diversion in my normal routine made it difficult. My ass clenched and ached with a need to be touched, to be entered. I didn't feel shame in my desire. Rather, the issue was exactly *how* I was to indulge the need. There wasn't any precedence for this kind of action in my new instincts.

I could feel so much of my body, every crevice, and ridge against the rotting carcass of flesh that fueled my being. I realized that my trunk wasn't entirely cylinder. I was in possession of a series of 6 lumps along my flank, three on each side. What I recalled had happened to my arms, my legs, and what might become my insect legs if I were allowed to pupate. Would they be big enough? My body was surprisingly flexible, lacking bones, joints, and anything else from my human form. I tried wriggling my backside, but it was hard to maneuver. After all, what did a maggot need to do rather than crawl towards decaying substances? But the more I practiced, the more I was able to wriggle my abdomen towards my truck, able to hold it still in a motion that would have cleaved my human body in half. I was so close...almost there...

The sensations that flowed over me were like nothing I'd ever experienced before. I couldn't imagine anything like that coming from my tiny body. Was this normal for maggots? The pleasure was a shock, reminiscent of eating, but different, more relaxing. I wriggled my ass on my proto leg with gusto, the stubby appendage just enough to stimulate my opening. I writhed

back and forth, feeling every inch of my proto leg opening my anus up fully, stimulating the inside of the sensitive organ. I didn't orgasm, the pleasure didn't plateau but rather peeked and dipped until my abdomen moved away from its own accord, and my body went back into the rhythm of eating, the need abated for the time being.

And so, the act of self-pleasure and consumption filled my time as a maggot. I tried my best to maintain focus on the experience, but to be honest, most of my existence could be summed up within the first time I'd masturbated. I found it easier and easier to let my mind slip. I won't say it was amazing, that it fulfilled a deep-seated desire in my life. But it was nice, in its own way, to be free in my tiny world, so fulfilled and satisfied to eat and grow and pleasure my needs....

It felt like such a long time before the familiar tingle of the nanites overtook my form. At first, I just felt a sensation like stretching or growing. Part of me wondered if my body was pupating, changing into the cocoon that would allow me the wings of a fly. But soon, my ears opened, my eyes widened, and I was almost stunned by the transition. I'm sure if my heart had beaten, it would have gone into myocardial infarction. But thankfully, the nanites kept me alive.

I wriggled the beginnings of my toes, my fingers, and my arms, as everything grew bigger, became harder, less flexible. I shuddered as my member grew back, sensitive as though it had been unused for a long time, strange compared to the pleasure I'd been giving myself these past few days yet needy all the same.

I sat there for the longest time, trying to get my bearings, hardly cognizant of the voice on the speaker trying to get my attention. I didn't care that I was naked, I was used to the sensation. I stared down at a rank carcass that had been my home, my everything for the past few days, and shuddered in disgust. Yet some small part of me understood why it had been so appealing.

"How was it?" Joe asked, over drinks that night. I had a long report to write, but I was granted a few days' reprieve before I had to begin. A chance to be human again, before an evaluation to see if I was fit for further studies. Despite how alien the experience had been, I did want to do it again, to experiment with a new form. Perhaps they would let me be a wolf or a horse one day.

"It was...different," I said, my thoughts drifting away, focused on something more urgent. I found myself wondering what sized sex toy I'd like to purchase for myself to try and

recapture the sensations of anal stimulation. If the clenching anus of a maggot felt so wonderful, what would it be like to experience prostate stimulation as a human...?

PART TWO

I couldn't believe I was fucking doing this again.

It had been over a month since my time as a maggot and I had been looking forward to seeing if I got picked to change into the next study species. I had wanted to take on another form so adamantly, but I wasn't prepared for the next assignment on the table. I looked at the species, the data, trying to hide my disgust. The upper board said I was a perfect candidate; I'd handled being a maggot so well that they knew a cestode, a fucking tapeworm, would be no problem. In some ways, it would be simpler; less to do, fewer instincts to overcome. Knowing how well they hooked, and how easily they could be removed was vital to future intestinal parasite treatment. It made sense. Still, I couldn't help but feel a sense of disgust. What other horrors had they intended for me before I could live out my dream of being a horse, a wolf?

I looked at Joe in the monitor, seeing the sorrowful look in his eyes. He alone knew how grossed out I felt by doing this. It seemed the company was hell-bent on turning me into things with no eyes, no limbs. There was talk of a leach being one of the next study species. I found myself wondering if it was worth it. I also found myself hoping that I'd been able to get some semblance of pleasure out of my form as I had with the maggot. Were a tapeworm's limited body parts and senses able to feel any pleasure? Would I even feel anything at all?

I'd used my experience as a maggot to purchase a wide variety of anal stimulation toys, and each had felt wonderful in its own right. But I couldn't quite recapture the sensation of my anus on my proto limb I felt while in maggot form. I found I didn't want to, not exactly. The pleasure I got from being stimulated by toys was far different and unique in its own right. I had wondered about the possibility of trying something with another male, but I wasn't particularly sexually attracted to guys, so I put that idea on hold. Besides, what human in their right mind would want to have intercourse with me, who was about to become a cestode for a little under a week, after having been a maggot, and soon to be God knew what else if I kept on my current career path?

I'd had nightmares waking up half human-half maggot, a horrid mix between a human and the wriggling thing. Thankfully the old nanites were fully removed from my system, and there was no chance of that happening. Yet, in some ways, a tapeworm was worse. At least one day, a maggot would become a fly, with eyes and wings, even if it did seek out decaying flesh and feces to feed on and lay its eggs. This form was only designed for one existence.

I nodded at Joe, wordlessly giving permission to begin the transformation process. Once again, I felt the familiar sensation of shrinking, of the mirrors and the room getting smaller and smaller. This time I was standing in a ball, a capsule that would enclose and provide a space to hook my developed head-on once I had transformed enough to do so. I had to shrink significantly to fit in there, but it was inevitably going to happen.

As I shrank, I once again noticed how small my arms and legs were getting, my muscles, my tendons, my bones, my skin and hair, all melting and withering away. Nothing would be needed for my new body. Nothing at all that even remotely resembled a human. I watched helplessly as my legs slowly withered away, slinking towards the floor as though the limbs were cooked spaghetti. I was lowering inside the capsule without even trying, the supports that held my body slowly withering away.

Unlike last time, my trunk did not begin to expand in relation to my body. My new form had no need for lungs, a heart, blood or vessels, or even an alimentary canal for food. I wouldn't even have an anus, for fuck sake! I couldn't believe I had agreed to this. The thought of what I was becoming made me sick, but I found my stomach lacked the bile or even the reflex to vomit, which was some relief, at least. My stomach, my chest, and my pecs were all sinking away into nothing, slowly, gradually. I could feel my heart shut down once more, my lungs close off, and the gross gurgling of the chemicals in my stomach faded and evaporated as the nanites eliminated all that was unnecessary to my new body.

My arms were fading away into my trunk, the fingers shrinking into my palms as my arms slowly retracted. Like before, my hair fell off my head and dissolved into nothing as my whole body shrank. My head and neck, however, did not fade away. If anything, they seemed to grow in relation to the body I was steadily losing. I felt my neck fattening and stretching, my face expanding as well, growing rounded, the contours and ridges of my face melting away as I swelled up like a balloon.

I could hear the gurgling coming from my torso as my organs degraded, my lungs, flesh, bones, and all the fluids and chemicals evaporating into nothing. I could only guess how many of the nanites were going with them, a countless number of the tiny robots shutting down with nobody left to continue their work. I was becoming little more than a head and a neck, with new

parts forming underneath. I was still shrinking, of course, getting smaller and smaller as the room towered over me and the capsule I'd been standing in seemed closer. I didn't fall over into it, my legs gone but simply shrunk down until I had nothing more than stubs holding me upright until even those faded away. My arms were fading into my torso, which itself was melting away between my neck and groin.

The only thing that remained was my sexual organs and my groin, my soft penis not at all interested in the changes, though my body lacked a blood supply to do so. It continued shrinking at a rate similar to my neck and head, and I knew it would form the first of many segments that would make up my new disgusting body. I felt my cock stir before dissolving. But, instead of fading away as was the rest of me, the sperm that I had in my testes broke apart and reconfigured into the millions of tiny bits that would make up my eggs and sperm that would appear in the segments I would soon form all down my body. Those segments didn't develop all at once, however. I could feel a tingling as a few spread down my body, but once they started self-fertilizing, I would grow more, as was the natural progression for my new species. The eggs would not hatch; it was part of the nanites' program that they were to dissolve into nothing upon detachment from my body.

I had a nightmare image of my face, several horrifying hooks like snakes erupting around the contours of my head. They weren't coming from my mouth, which had slowly closed, my lips, tongue, and teeth all melting away and dissolving. I had no ears anymore, they had retreated into my skull and closed up along with my nose. I bore witness to several pores bursting from my face, the beginnings of suckers, once again symmetrical as they formed around the surface of my head. I watched the skin becoming translucent as the cells changed, losing their protective function in a sense, thin enough to allow direct exchange of gasses between me and the environment. Once again, I felt my vision beginning to fade as my eyes dissolved away into nothing. I didn't need anything like that anymore. No mouth, no nose, no eyes, no gut. Just a head and sex organs to reproduce. The simplest of creatures.

I could feel my head section continuing to shrink at a much more rapid rate now, smaller than the rest of my segments as the end tapered into a point. I was still shrinking, but it didn't feel so drastic as it had when I was still in possession of my human traits. I wasn't growing longer, not at all, simply smaller and thinner with more segments budding at the end of my body.

It was done. I felt my head come into contact with the surface of artificial flesh in the habitat I'd been given. I couldn't move, not exactly. Once it made contact with the hooks and suckers where my face had become attached, I was stuck. I could feel the various sections of proglottids floating behind me, barely aware of the sensations and unable to count the individual segments that made up my ribbon-like body. Such would be my life for the next few days.

Life was so different than even being the maggot, I had no idea how to react to my existence at first. As a maggot I could move, could crawl, and wriggle. But as this tapeworm, I could hardly move. My scolex gripped the inner wall for dear life, knowing the moment it let go was likely the moment of my death. Everything I needed was here, food, shelter. I was safe, felt happy, and relaxed. My thin cuticle, or tegument as I knew it was called, was enough to protect my frail body, though I wasn't sure how much it was needed in this artificial environment.

There wasn't much to do in this form. I could taste to a degree and was aware of the nutrients that passed through my head and nourished my body. I was aware they were good, but that was simply it. I could also feel sections on my proglottids, what I knew were called flame cells, excreting wastes, but once again, it was much more primitive than my human form or the maggot I'd been. I had no sense of smell, though I could detect chemicals, changes in the environmental pH, ones to alert me that I should dislodge, for example. I could not dislodge it of my own accord, but I realized that I might be able to in such an emergency.

I hadn't started with many segments, much to my surprise. Yet I could feel them growing, each one at a time. I had more tactile sensation in my body than I had been expecting. A central nervous system ran from my head down into every portion of my scolex. The more tantalizing sensory emanations were from my dozens of proglottids, however. Each one had its own functioning genital pore and vagina, and the sensations of awareness from these were comparable to my own human organs. The difference was, however, that instead of one set, I was a hermaphrodite being with literally dozens of sets of separate genitals. The ones at the trunk of my body were more sensitive than the lower ones, but I was aware of all of them just the same. The sensations were incredibly integrate, more so than I would have expected from a form so simple.

Strangest of all was an aching, a need that felt both similar to my maggot experience as well as my humanity but vastly different. It was intense, each of my proglottids aching, the pores and vaginas opening and closing with need. It was hard to keep track of each of them, and I had no way to stimulate them manually, which was a bit frustrating. Yet I could feel each vagina and genital pore open and close all the same. I wondered if it had to do with the nanites or my human intellect. I couldn't imagine actual cestodes would be in a constant state of arousal like this with no way to feel release. Could they?

Occasionally, I felt my tapered flowing body contracting, different segments coming into contact with each other, feeling the genital pore of one segment clenching around the vaginal

opening in another. This gave me a small shock of pleasure each time, but not enough that it was overwhelming. I knew tapeworms could self-fertilize, that I was making the eggs inside me viable with each mating act. The arousing sensations tore away from the monotony of my daily existence, at least. I wanted to find a way to self-stimulate, but It was difficult with the limited ability to move my body. Best yet, there was some semblance of fulfillment in the act, like I was doing something necessary, something important.

Strangest of all, I often felt the mature segments at the end of my body break apart and fall away with what I knew to be millions of eggs that could eventually hatch into larvae and infect another host. I felt no attachment to the detached segments, just a moment of temporary loss of the sensations from that area in my body. It was bizarre that any creature could so readily lose pieces of itself like this and not feel a modicum of remorse or panic.

I can't say I had any notion of the passage of time in this form. There wasn't anything to do. As with the maggot form, I spent many hours with my mind shut off, receiving valuable REM rest, though my body had no ability for it exactly. I often tried moving my proglottids together, but my body didn't have much in the way of control like that. During one of my wakefulness periods, I became determined to find a way to increase the sensation, to break the monotony of my experience. I loosened my grip on the wall surface, an action that caused my body some semblance of alarm. Again, unlike anything I could describe in human terms, My limited functioning had no capacity for that. Instead, it gripped tighter, an instinct to hold on. But, I was determined to try something new.

I still allowed my thoughts to drift away frequently. There wasn't much to report on being a tapeworm, and I did not wish to include my efforts to receive self-pleasure in my report. But still, those times when my mind grew restless and needed experiences, I allowed myself to repeat the experiment. I dislodged my scola in different areas, letting my lengthening multiplying proglottids connect in different ways. I experimented with how it felt to mate the immature portions with the more gravid potions of my body before they sloughed off to release millions of eggs to infect the next series of hosts. It was a strange existence, not one I wished to remain in for very long.

Like before, when the time came to revert, I could feel my body growing, changing, the tingling of the nanites signaling my return to human form. This change, however, was in many ways far stranger. I would be going from a very simple organism to a highly complex one, the nanites deriving their energy from seemingly nowhere. Though, I knew they'd use building blocks from the tissue I was in to reprogram my cells to resume human form.

Instead of changing back into parts of my human form, I could simply feel the remaining proglottids sloughing away as my legs began to form at the ends, below my neck. It was all slowly coming back, tiny arms, legs, a torso, connecting out of a near-microscopic portion of tapeworm. It was the most bizarre sensation, almost stranger than the initial change. I was growing steadily, and I relished the increase in sensations, of bodily awareness as my human form slowly took shape. I hadn't realized how much I missed having a body to feel!

My head began to itch as my human hair grew atop what I knew was likely still a cestode head. The sight must have been hilarious if I were large enough to see. I felt my mouth slowly opening, my ears budding, my eyes opening slowly, thought everything was a blur at this point. I was aware of how hilariously small my head was on my body, and how big my neck was. But, again, I was likely too small for the monitors to see properly, which saved some of my dignity, at least.

My stomach expanded as the nanites began to form the rudimentary cellular structures that would become my lungs, kidneys, heart, stomach, and intestines. The neural canal that had held my proglottids had expanded from my neck region to return to the beginnings of my spinal column and nervous systems. I could feel so much more, a sigh of relief entering my lungs now that they were functioning again.

One series of proglottids remained the one just below my neck and between my trunk and my still growing legs. I could feel the final remaining female opening closing, going dark as the genital pore began stretching out into the beginnings of my human penis. I felt my human cock, limp and dangling as I recalled the sensations of constant sexuality and desire from my tenure as a tapeworm.

I was nearly human again, the bizarre hooks and suckers retracting into my face as my skull formed, and the perfectly round shape made way for the normal contours of my face. I felt my body hair grow back, my skin thickened to a normal human cuticle. I was nearly myself again. Yet as I changed back, I felt something was off, that something was missing that I hadn't had before but desperately wanted back. I felt along my crotch, around my side, under my growing testicles, looking for the hole, the extra one that should be there. I'm sure there was a look of panic on my face, but I just couldn't find it, and the terror washed over me, overriding any semblance of human common sense.

"You alright?" Joe asked from the intercom. I could see his face, a look of concern for the dysphoria I felt as a residual effect of the change. I nodded my head and went for my clothes. I

was unable to shake the uneasiness, the sense of loss, and the lack of purpose. Without a hole in my own body to insert my limp cock, I had no chance of getting hard like this.

The feelings did not subside even after a few days. I called in sick to work, wondering how to relieve the bizarre dysphoria. Was I perhaps desirous to be a woman? No, it wasn't that, not exactly. I knew I should speak to someone but didn't wanna risk my position of being at the forefront of changing for my company's research. Could I really undergo another change with the after-effects like this? No. I had to. To make things right, I had to undergo another change. It was the only way to keep my sanity, to know the feeling of another form that my body so craved even after the changes had reversed...

PART THREE

I sighed, preparing to undergo my third and possibly final, transition for the research company I worked for. My third time transforming into an inhuman animal. At least I'd have limbs this time. Though perhaps more than I'd intended.

I was standing in the familiar chamber we used for our studies, this time in a large tank that would slowly be filled with salt water as my changes progressed. It had been months since my previous transformation. My last report had been a little...off, and the company recommended I seek treatment for mental distress. I was having issues with dysphoria over my recent changes, and the board almost recommended someone else to undergo the next project. But after careful consideration and a note of clean mental health from my psychiatrist, I was allowed to undergo this third change before someone new was brought on to the project. There had been rumors that someone else was to undergo a change in my absence, but I could neither confirm nor deny this with my level of clearance.

This time I was to be something aquatic, a squid for a research partnership with a nanite-based lab out of Nova Scotia. They wanted our help in determining the usefulness of aquatic forms in mapping out underwater terrain. While our own research would be more focused on the medical benefits of being the creature I was to become. We would be sharing research data, which was the reason for bumping this particular creature up on the list and thus sparing me or anyone else from another vermiform body.

I nodded to Joe, and he began the sequence that would activate the nanites in my body. I'd asked him for a particular inclusion this time, one I was fairly sure our supervisors hadn't been made aware of, but shouldn't have any impact on our project's results. He didn't ask any questions, and I was thankful for that.

I was to be a smaller species of squid, of course, one that would easily fit into this large tank. I pondered briefly the life of being a giant squid but thought better of it. There was no place in captivity where one could be kept, even one with human intelligence. And of course, all squid faced challenges in the wild, regenerative nanites or no. I was content to be a smaller squid so long as my habitat was safe and free of predators. I would be the sole predator in this domain.

The first thing I felt was my legs beginning to shrink, to dissolve away. It wasn't a new sensation for me as I'd felt it several times before in all my previous transformations. All the bones, tendons, muscles, and skin dissolved and disappeared as it became harder and harder to stand. I allowed myself to crouch, not wanting to fall directly into the tank. Soon I was lowered onto my ass, my hips still maintaining their human structure while my legs withered away into nothing. I wobbled back and forth like a doll balanced on only my hips and ass! I'm sure the sight would have been hilarious if it was happening to anyone else. Joe was probably laughing his ass off over the monitors.

The rest of my bones began to dissolve, leaving me feeling hollow and empty as my organs began to change and dissolve to fit my new shape. My heart reduced in size though did not change much in complexity. I knew I was developing a three-chambered heart that could circulate fluids almost as good as my human one. I had a complex digestive system as well, one that was needed for the large quantities of flesh I would consume.

There were other new organs, too, that I needed for my cephalopod life. An ink sack, for example. A pen, the internal remnants of a molluscan shell. A fluid-filled chamber to aid in maintaining buoyancy once I was in the water. A funnel where my anus once was that would serve to excrete both wastes, water, and eggs. It was bizarre, for sure, to feel my anus migrating from its former location in my groin to a funnel that stuck out above my head, bringing with it all my changing sex organs. My entire digestive tract curled in on itself as a relatively large funnel grew within the groove that had formed there. My ass was literally above my head in this body!

I felt my skin begin to change, altering towards a pale mottled shade. However, as I watched, I realized the color was rapidly altering, not controlled by the nanites, but rather to match the pattern of gravel on the bottom of the tank I was in. The nanites were developing millions of chromatophores on my skin, photoreceptive cells that could activate in tandem with my surroundings to allow me to better hide from both predators and my prey.

I could feel the cool rush of saltwater begin to enter the tank now, and I relaxed a bit, my skin feeling a little dry without it. I knew my body or trunk was steadily becoming my ‘mantle cavity’, a flap of flesh that would house all my organs. I felt a tickling as two large thin fins grew on either side of me that would be used to help me steer. I gasped as I realized my lungs had collapsed, and for a moment, I couldn't breathe! But as the water continued filling the tank, I felt a sensation flowing through me from the refreshing waves and allowing me oxygen, signaling the formation of my new gills.

Now that I could breathe properly, the saltwater began filling the tank in earnest, causing me to float up along with it. I tried moving my fins but could only swim slowly along in the water. I figured once I'd changed more, I'd have access to the squid's signature jet propulsion, expelling water rapidly through my funnel, allowing me to race through the water. That, among a few other things, one was of the most interesting aspects of the form I was taking on.

The changes to my mouth were the strangest thus far. I felt my teeth dissolve away, my lips harden, and push out into a sharp break. I stared at the thing in the water as it grew thicker and blackened, the envy of any predatory bird. It was relatively small even on my shrinking body, and I recalled that squid would have to use their beaks to cut up prey into smaller pieces before ingesting it. Something bizarre lodged in my throat, something hard and thick that confused me until I recalled my cephalopod anatomy. I now had a radula, a second mouth of sorts with sharp ridges to help me break down my food.

The change I had been anticipating, I felt my arms start to stretch out in front of me, the bones dissolving away as firm muscle filled them and allowed them to move freely. My palms flattened as my fingers fused and left me with paddle-like fins at the end of my primary tentacles. Dozens of chitinous rounded suckers opened up along the length of my noodle-like arms. Each was covered in tiny denticle-like structures, similar to shark skin, that would bite into my prey as I grasped on. I shuddered as I realized I could move each one individually, that I had control over which ones I could expand and contract at will. The sensations were fascinating, and I longed to explore them more when my changes were complete.

The water rushed over me as my body shrank down into a size that would be more comfortable in this environment. My body was arrow-shaped, my chest and stomach melting away into the mantle cavity that housed all my internal organs. My head began to flatten out, all my hair gone as my remaining 8 tentacles erupted from where my shoulders once were. Each grew long and pointed, forming the same movable suckers that had adorned my primary tentacles. As a final touch, I could feel a webbing of skin form between each of the arms, holding them together even though they still retained autonomous motions.

One of the strangest alterations was to my eyes, in that very little really changed at all. They became massive in comparison with my small stature, and well developed for seeing and gathering sensory information. Unlike my human eyes, however, the lenses did not change shape but rather adjusted position in my eye to better focus, something I could almost feel if I concentrated hard enough. I quickly realized I could see the inside of the tank almost as well as I could with my human eyes before the water started pouring in!

The changes were complete. I was a squid, a smaller species to be sure, but an apex predator for the world in which I was to occupy. Instinctively I sucked in a gulp of water through my funnel, and expelled it rapidly, shooting me across the length of the tank in mere moments. It was exerting!

Life as a squid was far more interesting and dynamic than my tenure as either the maggot or tapeworm had been. For one thing, I was a predator. I needed to hide, hunt, and feed. I could move rapidly through the tank if I wanted, sucking in water and expelling it through my funnel to move at high speeds. Most of the time, however, I was content to leisurely move through the habitat with just my fins, exploring all the rocks, caves, and reeds that had been provided, learning the best spots to hide.

I was fascinated by the way that my skin could change in response to my habitat. It was not a perfect camouflage, of course. I did not take on the texture of the background I was in, but I could alter my colors somewhat so I would be harder to spot. My skin could mimic both color and light, adjusting to the background of the habitat or the illumination of the room as a whole to aid in hiding. I made a game out of it, trying to see how long I could stay hidden until a ping from the sensors told me that Joe or one of the other techs had 'found' me.

Hunting was an absolutely amazing experience. A few times a day, some small fish were released into the habitat with me, and I was allowed to experience the hunting instincts of a wild squid. I was an ambush predator, hiding in wait until I detected my prey nearby. I then would quickly reach out with my tentacles and grasp my meal with my suckers and hooks, holding it immobile even as it struggled. I could open and close my suckers at will, bringing the food closer to my waiting beak. I could only bite off bits at a time, often while the prey was still alive and struggling. It took a long time before my meal succumbed to its wounds and died while I slowly ate away at it, discarding the rest of the carcass when I was done. The human part of me was disturbed by the feeding act, but the squid instincts were satisfied, and it was a natural aspect of squid biology that I quickly forced myself to get used to.

There was one other interesting feature of my new body that I enjoyed experimenting with. I could feel the muscles inside me, emptying near my anus, which would automatically be triggered if I felt threatened. I experimented a little, trying to control those muscles while scaring myself, and after a few tries, I was able to shoot out a thick jet of black ink into the water of my habitat. There came with it an urge to propel myself away after doing so, and I did, the feelings of my pseudo escape exhilarating.

After a time, despite knowing I was being monitored constantly, I needed to explore my changed sexuality. Joe had ensured that the body I'd been given would be a biological female. My sexual thoughts and curiosities were a bit unique while in this form. I knew that males detached their spermatophores and that females used them to stimulate the production of eggs. I wasn't sure how I would do that, or how I would even feel arousal, but I think some human part of me was able to tap into my squid brain and stimulate an area near my funnel that allowed me to feel receptive.

I wasn't sure if I'd feel any pleasure from this form of masturbation, but I decided to give it a try. I turned my two primary tentacles on themselves, stimulating the buccal cavity near my mouth, where I knew a female received sperm. I found that I was able to 'trick' the body into thinking that it was receiving sperm by the sensation of touch. I wondered if squid in the wild would do such a thing; after all, squid were intelligent, and intelligent creatures often engaged in some sort of masturbation.

It was, in fact, extremely erotic, a series of pleasurable sensations vibrating along my body into the area where I knew my changed female sex organs would be. I felt something inside me open up, like a pressure building that grew the more I stimulated my buccal cavity. The sensations intensified as something slowly descended towards the end of my funnel, from a different tube than my waste or even my ink. All of a sudden I felt a rush of sensation and kept touching myself, until I could no longer hold back and a burst of gelatinous eggs shot out of my funnel, falling to the bottom of the tank. It wasn't like an orgasm, not exactly, but it still felt amazing. Even though the eggs were unfertilized, it still felt unbelievably fulfilling to expel them.

There wasn't much in the way to explore in the relatively small space of the tank. Although my squid brain was content to hide among the rocks and weeds, my human mind soon became bored of the limited space. I spend my time pleasuring myself, expelling eggs that were fed on by the fish released into my habitat, while I in turn fed on them. Nothing was wasted in my little ecosystem, and that notion suited me well.

After some time, I felt the familiar tingle of the nanites as I began to revert to my human form. I knew the water would be let out slowly, and had a frightening thought of not being able to breathe between transitioning, but, once again, the nanites would take care of that for me. There was no fear of me drowning, or drying out, as panicked as my squid instincts made me feel.

I felt myself growing larger, a sloshing inside me as all my bones and organs began reforming. There wasn't nearly as much to regrow as there had been with the other forms I'd experienced this far. My heart regained its fourth chamber, and my digestive tract unfurled as my anus moved to its former spot. I felt my legs growing up from my mantle cavity, taking along my fins with them as they grew muscle and bone. Eventually, they lifted me out of the draining water as my lungs started to reform and my gills lost their slits. My body began to take its human shape, molded into the natural contours of my stomach, chest, and shoulders. But there was something wrong. I felt my body shape was a little off, especially in my chest, where a couple of larger nubs were forming where my nipples and pecs should be. I wasn't too concerned yet. After all, the nanites had always changed me back to my form thus far.

I had legs again, at last, and I stood up in the tank, breathing air for the first time in days. I could feel my legs getting stronger, my feet forming below and allowing me to maintain my balance. My head was beginning to take shape, though I still had a squid-like beak poking out where my mouth should be, and my eyes were still massive compared to my head. But at least I could feel my nose and ears reforming. Something was different about my hair, though. It was longer, falling down around my still growing shoulders. And, somehow, my shoulders didn't feel as wide as they should have, either.

My arms were growing thicker again, the bones reforming as my fingers grew out from the paddle-like flesh at the ends. My remaining tendrils withered away and shrank back into my thinner shoulders. Yet my palms, my wrists, and my underarms were still covered with my cephalopod suckers. Something was wrong. The changes seemed to be slowing down, though I was not anywhere near human. My skin was still that pale, mottled color, reflective skin cells intact as I could see my feet changing to match the color of the tank floor. My arms were human, but covered with the same suckers I had when I was a squid. And my face... I still had a beak and buccal cavity sticking out where my mouth should be!

It was more than that. I felt something moist and aching where my cock should be. I reached down, careful of my suckers as I discovered a strange, moist slit. Did I have a...? Oh,

no. That would explain my chest, my hair, and my slimmer, mostly hairless form. I not only lacked my fully human body, but it seemed as though I'd lost my gender, as well!

I waited for what seemed like hours, hearing Joe and others on the intercom trying to calm me, saying it was a strange malfunction, that they'd get it fixed. But as I stared at the reflection of my grotesque hybrid form, and the hours turned into days, it seemed less and less likely that I'd ever return to my former human body...

The next few days were spent under constant scrutiny. Joe assured me they were doing everything in their power to change me back, but I wasn't so sure it was possible, not anymore. It might have been the side effects of so many nanite injections, they'd said. Yet I doubted that. Many labs and private citizens had used the nanite technology repeatedly without this kind of repercussion. Maybe it was the fact that Joe had introduced the gender change element in an incorrect fashion. Maybe it had been my will to experiment with a more feminine body that kept the nanites from doing their work. Either way, I was stuck.

In order to support my hybrid form, I was given a larger room with a tank of water. My skin felt more comfortable in the water for longer periods of time, though I didn't need to breathe it. I was fed meat, for the most part, raw fish, sushi-grade, of course. We weren't sure of the range of foods my changed physiology could ingest, so it seemed like the safer bet. I was afforded as many creature comforts as possible: television, computer access, and the like, though everything had to be custom-built to cope with the high moisture content in the room. Still, it was enough to keep my mind busy for the most part as my team scrambled around the clock to find a way to change me back, or so they told me.

Yet, there was one other activity I longed to try during those brief times my team was away for the evening. I was certain I was still being recorded, but it didn't matter. I *needed* to try it, more curiosity than lust and desire but still something I craved. I reached down, messaging the moist flesh of my crotch with my still able fingers, hoping for some ability to feel from my squid form. After a few moments, I began to realize that it wasn't enough, that I needed more than simply tactile sensation to bring me sexual pleasure. Exploritorily, I reached in with the suckers on my palms, gasping at the immediately exquisite sensation. Oh, the pleasure! My suckers were able to grasp and stimulate the entirety of my feminine sex any way I pleased, making micro-adjustments to quell the fire in my loins.

With gusto, I messaged my sex, feeling the familiar build-up of something inside me, like my ovaries expelling eggs as they had when I was a squid. I realized my internal anatomy had

not changed as much as I would have preferred and was a little disgusted with the thought of how this experience might end, but I was far too invested in the pleasure to care now. I rubbed my vaginal opening furiously, my tough skin feeling no discomfort from the denticles on my suckers, which was a relief.

Finally, I felt them coming. I braced myself in my tank, leaning against the wall as the pleasure built up and my lower body began to spasm uncontrollably. My body shivered and quaked as I felt a squelching in my crotch and pushed with all my might, feeling strings of hundreds of unfertilized eggs ooze from my sex. The sensations drew me over the tipping point of an amazing female orgasm, and I was unable to stifle the cry of ecstasy as I *came*.

I lay there, covered in the ooze of my unfertilized eggs and enjoying the post-orgasmic bliss. It was disgusting, it was dirty, but yet in some ways, I felt that sense of dysphoria as a human male evaporate. It was as though I was no longer meant to be a human male, or at least not all the time. I didn't want to be this hybrid forever, that was certain, I didn't know if I'd be able to change back to what I was, but I was positive that if I did, I wanted to keep changing again and again with the nanite technology, to be allowed these simple pleasures...