

“I’m sure you’ll like it, honey,” Ayden reassured his wife for what had to have been the tenth time that evening. Marissa gave him a little annoyed stare, though it was not enough to deter her now they were here. The booking for a nanite transformation parlor was rather expensive, and with several months waiting list, it wouldn’t do her any good to back out now. It was her first time using one, and Marissa had been excited to try it out at first, the technology being all the rage and something her girlfriends had spoken highly of.

While the notion of all the things she might become was highly appealing, her husband had something very specific in mind, one that she had initially found revolting. She was beautiful by most metrics and well-styled wearing high heels, a form-fitting sweater dress, and well done up. Ayden always commented on her beauty, though it was a deeper connection the pair shared, something that went far beyond the skin. It didn’t hurt that he was wealthy, a higher-up in a law firm, and likely on his way to making partner. Marissa didn’t have to work, and the two of them had never wanted kids, allowing her ample time to explore her hobbies, painting currently chief among them. It was an idyllic life, and for a time, Marissa didn’t think anything was missing.

That was until Ayden came to her with not only the nanite transformation booking but a clear desire to take the decision of what she would become out of her hands. It wasn’t that she didn’t trust her husband, on the contrary, she was eager to explore whatever he would find attractive. Yet, when he brought the need to humiliate her, to make her into a disgusting insect or filthy creature, she had been shocked at the request. How could Ayden find something like that *hot*? It was almost revolting to think he would love her as a disgusting bug, something to eat filth and breed and die within days. And yet...

The more she thought about it, the more she wondered if there was something to what he was suggesting that was both deviant and rebellious. She had always been the perfect model of grace and poise, expected to uphold the rigid standards of society's beauty. What would it be like to just be a crawling, disgusting bug, eating trash or feces and fucking to breed and lay eggs, with no purpose beyond that? Not that she wanted such to be permanent, but with nanite transformation technology, such was something she could explore freely without consequence. Her body would regenerate from the most serious of wounds, restoring her mind and her humanity no matter what happened. Was there really any need not to give in to such repugnant urges, then? The more she fixated on it, the more she found herself giddy, almost aroused. She had to wonder if her husband had a sadistic side or if he really did see something within her that would be amicable to the idea. Either way, there was no denying her want to do it now!

The only bit of apprehension came from the fact her husband would not tell her what she would turn into. She had consented to whatever it was he wished and had agreed with the parlor staff as she signed the paperwork. Ayden teased her coyly, not to tell her until the last moment before the changes took hold. All she knew was that the change was to be quick, and she would

be left to experience the form for as long as she liked, even to the span of the creature's life. Such was both daunting and exhilarating in equal measure. It was almost enough for her to want to touch herself as her husband reached down and whispered in her ear, "You're nothing but a disgusting cockroach."

It was almost as though the words themselves were a catalyst as Marissa felt herself start to shrink, her form-fitting clothes rapidly loosening around her. Soon, she had to squirm to try to keep them on her, though it was a moot effort with how small she was becoming. It was not fast enough to prevent herself from seeing her skin start to darken, crisping and hardening into a disgusting brown. It was revolting to witness, even more so as the bones and muscles within to dissolve into nothing. She could feel her sides rapidly bulging, something pushing at her clothing as though they birthed from her being. She had no ability to remove her clothes as her fingers fused into singular claws, and the same happened to her feet, leaving her to fall over. At half the size of her former humanity, the fall didn't hurt her, though she was effectively trapped under her clothes until the changes took her.

It was hard to look behind herself and see what was happening, especially as her skin started to thicken into insectoid chitin. There was a thin notch between her head and body, a similar pinching in her waist that forced her ass outward. It was massive, and Marissa couldn't help but feel a twinge of arousal at the notion of what was becoming of her. Yet, any ache from her sex was quickly removed as it merged with her asshole, losing her feminine features. Feeling her arms and legs cracking in several places and being forced under her to allow her to stand was one thing. But the sensation of her mouth erupting into several segmented parts, or her eyes ballooning into multi-faceted lenses really caused her alarm. It was beyond horrific as her organs shut down, momentarily kept alive by the nanites as her hemolymph took over their basic functions. Not being able to hear or smell left her stunned as well, though an eruption above her bare forehead seemed to take over their functions. A popping sensation from her forehead started brushing against the fabric of her clothing, and the world was soon made aware to her in ways that made little sense. As she continued to shrink, however, her cockroach instincts started taking hold, and even the vast cavern of her former clothes was no longer frightening, but rather a source of surprising safety.

What seemed like an eternity later, though what was closer to only a few moments, all that was left of his beautiful wife was a discarded pile of clothes and the fleeting scent of her perfume. Ayden had to wonder if anything was left of her at all, though the nanites were said to be as safe as possible. Soon, however, a pair of wiggling antennae appeared from under a boot, and a fully formed cockroach crawled free of the former garments. Thankfully, he had not been privy to much of the change, figuring it would be rather disgusting. Though perhaps not as disgusting as the reality that his formerly enviable wife was nothing more than a repulsive insect to be stomped on!

<Wow! This is amazing!> Came his wife's voice, something the nanites allowed her to broadcast without the ability to talk otherwise. Ayden could hear her, of course, and only he would be able to hear her as she willed it. Still, her reaction was a bit of a surprise, even as much as the two figured she would come to love it. It left Ayden to shiver with excitement, not only for himself but for her wife. Such had to be the epitome of freedom for her, Ayden knowing she was becoming bored with life as it was. This type of existence was the polar opposite of everything she had ever known, the novelty surely not lost.

In truth, the bizarre nature of her body was exhilarating, even as she struggled to crawl upward, claws digging into her former boot. Thankfully the process allowed her to work her body as though she was born into it. Still, it was beyond bizarre to have six legs working in tandem, moving her forward at a rate her body found rather quick. The fact she could cling to vertical surfaces was icing on the cake, and she scaled her boots easily, crawling within one for a few moments as her antenna waved wildly. While it was difficult to fully put all the pheromones her antenna was detecting in human words, some things were starting to make sense. Like the scents of her perfume and former humanity, something that made the roach her concerned. She could also detect the scents of something massive, likely her human husband. That, and even the vibrations of his breath were made known to her, as a way to detect if he would move to attack.

Her eyes, while giving a massive scope of vision, were rather useless to make things clear in the manner she was accustomed to. It was one thing to be able to see movement from angles beyond her human scope. But it was irritating to lose the spectrum of color she was always used to, being able to see nothing beyond what a disgusting bug like her required. There was some bizarre solace in that, thinking herself not only as lower but having no expectations to be otherwise. Even her sideways mouth was a source of amusement, thinking of all the disgusting things she would need to eat now in her new repulsive body.

It was exhilarating to crawl all over her human boot, something her former body would use to callously snuff out her life. Such a thing belonged to a life beyond anything a disgusting insect as she, and even as she crawled over its surface, Marissa could find little longing to return to that existence. There was freedom in being a bug, never using makeup, eating anything her form could digest, and even being fucked and forced to lay eggs until her useless life was snuffed out on a whim.

<Take a proper look at me, my love,> Marissa eventually said, standing still at the apex of the boot. Ayden did so, lifting her up as Marissa posed for him, moving her legs in tandem to show how much control she had. Much to her delight, raising her wings and fluttering them almost scarred her husband like the sickening bug she was. “You’re fucking gross honey. I would stomp on you and not even give a shit, you’re so ugly,” Ayden teased, and Marissa couldn’t help

but feel excited. It was all she'd wanted and more, fulfilling something deep-seated that Marissa could only feel she wanted more.

<And what would you do to a horrible insect like me?> Marissa said, almost excited to hear what he had planned for her.

Closing his hand around her body, Ayden produced a box and threw her inside, much like he would with a piece of refuse. Grin on his face, Ayden then went out back behind the parlor, Marissa was able to tell a door was opening but had little idea where they were going. She wasn't sure what he had in mind, and her antenna had a hard time making out his words. "Filth like you belongs in the trash," she managed to make out, and without fanfare, her box was opened and she was thrown inside, antenna waving wildly. Though such would have been nauseating to the human her, she had to admit it was the perfect place for her new body. With that, the cockroach found some refuse to crawl into, the scents of her contemporaries strong in her antenna and giving her disgusting body a new purpose.

Some hours later, her antenna picked up the pheromones of her husband's humanity and Marissa quivered with excitement to inform her husband what she had been up to. While it was hard to articulate her presence, she managed, feeling the massive structure above her being removed. Her aversion to light, like the filthy creature she was kicked in, and she and all her brethren scattered. <Can you pick out which one is me?> she giggled, loving the reality that she was no more than a detestable bug.

As she figured, Ayden simply answered "No," not sure what the game was. There was nothing among the roaches that denoted anything telltale, all of them acting like the mere bugs they were.

<Oh course you can't. I'm just one worthless roach like all the rest, and this is where I belong!> She declared, almost giddy in her voice.

"How does it feel, stripped of your humanity and reduced to little more than a lowly bug?" Ayden asked, hoping that the experience really was everything she'd wanted and more.

<I'm disgusted, worthless, and repulsive. I hate it! But I don't know why it makes me feel so free,> Marissa admitted, before diving back into the trash pile. Ayden was finally given a sign of where she was when one of the roaches turned around to wave a foreleg, before crawling into the trash heap like any other roach.

Marissa wasn't sure how long she was intended to stay in this form. Generally, one was inclined to return to their humanity in the same afternoon, and there was a part of her that longed

to be the woman she was. Revered by her peers and attractive to most men. Now only a sickening cockroach would ever mate with her, and she would never experience any pleasure from the act, used to lay eggs and spread her filthy species. In a world with no expectations, Marissa couldn't help but want to stay like this as long as she could. And with the life of a roach, such might only be weeks at most.

Finally able to find her way back to more familiar settings, Marissa made it a game of sorts to appear to her husband and taunt him from under his desk. It seemed after the first few times the sight of a cockroach running underfoot would be commonplace, but his startled reactions each time made it worth it in her eyes. "What a gut-churning thing! I should squash you underfoot!" Ayden declared one day and a part of Marissa relished that idea. <You'd have to catch me, we're everywhere, you know! In your walls, your kitchens...eating...breeding...you'd never find us all...>

There was something about that last comment Ayden truly found repulsive, as confirmed one night as Marissa giddily declared she had something to show him. Fearing the worst, Ayden was ready to vomit at the sight of a large cockroach scaling the side of his table. It was not the mere sight of her that had his wish to retch, however, but the white clump she sported in her back. As much as he couldn't imagine his wife doing such a thing, he was shocked that not only had she mated, but laid eggs as well!

Marissa seemed to delight in his shock, crawling over his desk to show off the heinous thing she'd done. <That's right, your once lovely wife reduced to a breeding cockroach...that's what you wanted, isn't it? Nothing more than a pest now, nothing to do but to eat and breed...> she giggled, taking off once more to find a place to lay.

Ayden took a moment to get over the shock, though soon found himself smiling. "Yes, that's fucking disgusting. Nothing like my beautiful wife. I could crush you underfoot now, and no one would give a shit. Truly, worthless..." Ayden whispered, and as she carried her egg sack into the wall Marissa couldn't deny how elated she was. Truly, she had been given a special gift, a true reprieve from all the pressure of human life for one of her status. And with that, there was only one thing left to do...

As much as he figured such would be best put off Ayden had a meeting with a client in his home the next day. He didn't think it would do much for the man to see cockroaches in his house, but for his wife's fantasy, he figured it would be worth it. And, as the two talked over coffee, Ayden couldn't help but see the familiar outline of a cockroach running over the floor. "Ahhh!" Screamed the man, jumping up. "Cockroaches?! This place is disgusting!"

Without missing a beat, Ayden moved toward it, raising a shoe. Still, knowing she would be fine and able to snuff her out to end her torment at any time, a dignity of sorts, he looked helplessly at his client. The man, scrunching his features, moved toward the bug, which didn't seem to move from his presence. Such a repugnant thing didn't even have regard for its own life, and the man felt no regret as he brought his own shoe down, snuffing out its life with a sickening crunch. Ayden could only grin, not only for his wife but for his own rather sick pleasure. Far from a snuff fetish, it was the idea he couldn't help but imagine what was like for her. How her body twitched and shivered, trying to twitch once more before failing. Ayden even offered the man a tissue to clean her guts off his shoes, tossing it in the garbage as they concluded their business.

It was sometime later that a writhing form rose from the trash, a brown-skinned being with hair, compound eyes, and reaching fingers. Such a sight was enough to tempt Ayden to squash it again, though, of course, the monstrosity would become his beautiful wife. Even after the ordeal she had gone through, a smile was plastered on her features, evidently loving what she had been. "How was it?" Ayden figured to ask, though part of him didn't want to know.

"Freedom..." Marissa muttered, a dreamy expression on her face. "Nothing mattered. No expectations. No obligations. Simple. Eat. Mate. Die. It's so...simple," she finished, almost reaching down to tease her sex. It seemed impossible such should have been a source of stimulation. Yet, the sex they'd had soon after, right there in Ayden's parlor, was some of the best in their married lives...

Even some weeks after her experience, it was all Marissa could think of, to the point of longing. Ayden had already booked her another visit to the parlor, for the same indeterminate amount of time. It was safe, to be sure, and she would once more only turn back once her body expired. And in tandem with their frequent teasing, Marissa could barely wait for the time she would literally be vermin once more to squash underfoot, to give up all she had been given in life for one of filth and disgust.

This time she entered the parlor in sandal heels and a summertime dress, her hair having been done the day before as well as a full spa treatment. There was something even more deviant about looking her best human self, only to throw it all away to become another repulsive bug. "Beauty like this is fleeting, my love," Ayden said, moving in to kiss her. "But the disgusting bug you really are is part of you forever."

"You'll not want to kiss me in a few minutes, my dear," Marissa retorted, waiting for him to tell her of her fate. A bit disappointed he seemed primed to change her first, Ayden was rather keen to wait till the last moment. "You're right. In a few minutes, I would never miss a thing like

you. We're always told as children not to let the bedbugs bite," he whispered and touched the button to begin her change.

Much to her surprise, a sense of arousal flushed her loins at that, before the familiar sensation of shrinking started to play over her. It scared her to be so small and helpless, especially as she had been stomped on and killed for a moment. Yet, the excitement to change went beyond any doubt or trepidation, and she allowed herself to shrink, diminishing to the size of a repulsive bug. The tingling of her skin thickened, her antenna growing, and extra limbs popping into place as bones dissolved was almost familiar now. Yet, she was barely aware of the changes itself, Marissa could only focus on the end result. She was shrinking at a perhaps more rapid rate, her clothes once more falling around her. In the darkness of her former humanity, her compound eyes could barely see. And her perfume scents were toxic to the being she had become, a further sign of how far she had fallen. It caused its own sort of pleasure, and she was left to find a place to grip as her instincts dictated.

This time, there was no nimble cockroach to skitter from the discarded clothing. Ayden had to get down and look for her, careful of knocking her free from her dress. It was only a speck on her sandal that remained of her, and Ayden carefully reached for her, allowing her to crawl on his hand as he lifted her for closer inspection. Yet, he was not expecting the tiny pinprick that came with her bite, enough to attach her to his skin. His first impulse was to pull her off, though he resisted, instead moaning out with a "Hey!"

<You made me a bloodsucker and you're complaining when I start to suck your blood?> Marissa giggled, in that telltale way that denoted her joy over changing.

Ayden just grinned. "Let's see how much blood a little leech like you can eat," he said, leaving the parlor and heading to a hotel he had booked for the occasion. He simply had it for a single night, but figured it was enough. "These places have a reputation for being spotless. Let's see how a single disgusting bug can fuck that up."

<Even the cleanest place can't kill all of us. I'm a blight on humanity, after all,> she mused, unlatching her bloated body and crawling to the end of his finger.

"And that's all you're good for now. The most you'll even be till they fumigate you like the useless pest you are," Ayden whispered as he checked into his room. He set his hand toward one of the baseboards, a place where cleaning staff seldom reached. It was awkward with her bloated body to make it, but she did, where Ayden would leave her for the foreseeable future. It was a bit of a risk, given he was leaving her in a place where he would not easily be able to retrieve her when she passed. At worst, she would change back in an awkward state, naked and ashamed, but that acted as a turn-on in its own right!

And it would happen up to months later, as the two had agreed on. A change of this length was not unprecedented, though, for a vermin like that, Marissa was likely a pioneer. She remained in the hotel Ayden passed each day on his way to work, reaching out to communicate with him as far as she could. She was coy on the details of what she was doing, enough to say she had fed on a human, had mated, or had eggs on the way. It was disgusting and repulsive, and Ayden was sure she was loving every minute of it. Her absence was inquired about, by her friends and family, but trips abroad were not out of the ordinary for someone of his financial status. And he was sure to remind her of that, ripping into her for throwing away a life of ease and contentment for a dirty insect that could die any moment. It simply meant all the more for when she would change back, eager to take what she had done into her human life.

It took some time for the signs of her presence to be known, but Ayden kept his ear to the ground on the subject, and the comments from the hotel guests were telling. It started with user reviews complaining of insect bites overnight, something the hotel staff didn't seem to be able to quash. And when the visible sightings of insects came in, Ayden could only chuckle at his wife's ability to propagate to that degree, moving within several rooms already. To most people, such a life would be maddening, being a bug for over a month now. But each message she gave her was one of delight, loving the freedom to feed and lay and actively work to make this establishment a living hell. Not that they had anything against the particular hotel chain, though the novelty was not lost in doing so.

Checking in for another night, Ayden was privy to the knowledge the hotel would close for a day for fumigation, something they both figured was inevitable. He was warned about the infestation, though agreed to take a room for the night, wanting to see the fruits of his wife's labor. He was able to get to the same room, the sound of Marissa's excitement could not be contained. <Wait until you see what I've been up to...> She teased, and Ayden braced himself, excited but disgusted in equal measure.

"You're going to be smoked out, soon. Are you OK with that?" Ayden asked, already knowing the answer.

<They'll never get all of us. Look under the mattress> Marissa declared, and Ayden did so, swallowing hard. He could not have been prepared for the influx of bedbugs crawling around, much less the ones deceased. Such would have been repulsive under any circumstance, but Ayden was sure he had no idea how it had come to be. Unlike a cockroach, these bugs didn't flee at the light, too fat and unaware to bother. It didn't take Marissa to confirm she was one of them, though, with the way they moved, he could hardly find a marker to signal her out. It was a rather bad infestation, though Ayden was a little surprised to hear the account.

<I was the only one here for a while. I don't know how long. Time really doesn't have a meaning, and that's wonderful in and of itself! But eventually, a male found his way here clinging to some guest, and we, well...I think every one of these vermin came from me!> She declared, almost proud of the fact.

“It's all you're good for now, so that makes sense. All your worthless species was ever good at, anyway,” Ayden taunted, though he had to figure he was impressed. It seemed Marissa was proud of it too, the progenitor to her own infestation. The fact she would have had to be impregnated by her own offspring did not escape him, and Ayden was all the more disgusted by it. And all the more excited, loving the depraved depths she had indulged in and how much pride she seemed to take in it!

Examining the pests more carefully, Ayden was a little disgusted to notice one had a bulbous egg sack, at least in relation to her body. “You're the fat slut with the egg sack, aren't you,” Ayden commented, smirking. “And that's all you're good for now, aren't you? It's not going to matter in a few hours, anyway. Your entire lineage is going up in smoke, literally!”

<It's me!> Marissa declared, rather eagerly. <And I doubt they'll kill all of us. Good luck! I bet at least these eggs will live, at least!> She said, skittering away to lay her brood.

Ayden stayed close by, waiting to hear from her in regards to being snuffed out. It defied his understanding, but once more, she was eager to tease death, wondering what it would be like to be smoked out. He supposed it was cathartic to greet death in such a way, though not something he wished to entertain directly. Either way, Marissa seemed eager to articulate the experience, and how irrelevant her life was to pass in such a way.

<I can smell the gas...it doesn't matter though, it's everywhere! I won't be able to escape, and...oh...I can't move...just like a dead bug...nothing matters and even if all my offspring die then the world will keep on!> She declared, exuberantly. It was beyond bizarre, though her joy was palpable, and the brief silence in his mind was a sign she had passed over until reconstituted by the nanites.

It was a little trying to get to her body, the insect she was turning into a naked human woman in the middle of a hotel room. Ayden was able to manage to bring her some clothing for the room she was in, and the passion in her kiss tempted them to make love in a room they had not paid for. In the end, that was exactly what they did, loud enough to call attention to their activities, even though no one was registered in the room where the noises were coming from...

Even after what would have been a harrowing experience for most, Marissa was ready for more. Ayden was not done with ideas. It almost seemed like an indefinite amount of crawling creatures were on the table, and despite the cost to book so many appointments, he had to admit, their lovemaking had been amazing as of late, despite their unorthodox practices. Still happy to let her husband pick the form without her knowledge, Marissa agreed, figuring he had something even more disgusting in mind for this third outing.

Dressed in her most elegant attire, Marissa showed up with an expensive dress, high-heeled shoes, pantyhose, and a slew of expensive makeup and jewelry. With perfume and pompt, she was a goddess among people, gathering stares from everyone she saw. Yet, the idea she was to become the exact opposite, some disgusting thing to be crushed underfoot made her shiver with anticipation and disgust. She wanted it more than anything, though was afraid of what depraved creature he would turn her into. It was entirely out of her control, and Marissa relished it!

“Nothing but a disgusting maggot this time, my love,” Ayden hissed, and Marissa found herself torn between horror and elation.

“Deaf, blind, a grub...” Marissa said out loud, as though trying to convince herself it was madness. Yet, the more she thought about it, the more the idea appealed to her. It was, by far, the most degrading, humiliating thing yet, and came with further shame the more she reflected on it.

“Going to leave you in a dumpster...some bird is going to eat you before you have a chance to do anything...can’t even get fucked like that...unless you take too long and become a fly,” Ayden taunted, allowing her chance to start. It was almost too much for her to think about, yet the idea was still somewhat arousing as the change began. To further her shame, Ayden even went about filming it, lifting his phone as the tingling of change started over her and she was reduced to little more than a crawling grub.

Of course, the change came with the expected shrinking, though the end result would be far worse than what she was used to. Rather than the hardening of her skin into insect chitin, it softened toward a putrid pale shade, weak and thin and barely able to keep her hemolymph intact. Rather than her arms and legs shifting into multi-segmented insect legs, they were reduced to nothing more than minute nubs on her fattening torso, leaving her to fall over on her belly. It was of little reprieve, other than she could no longer see herself being filmed.

“That’s a short video. Goes to show how much of a filthy maggot you already are,” Ayden’s booming voice declared, and Marissa couldn’t deny the fear and apprehension that came with such a change. She was already too small for her clothing, and shrinking all the while, barely able to move without her arms and legs. The pressure of her clothes against her shrinking

body was hardly a hindrance, however, given how small she was becoming in rapid succession. Even as her skin started to thin and segment, all the definition of her frame being removed, she was unharmed, her rapidly shrinking body in another plane of existence entirely.

As her bones and blood all dissolved away for a set of singular systems, Marissa thought she had hit rock bottom in terms of what the changes could take from her. Yet, nothing could prepare her for the strange glaze to fill her eyes, the world around her dimming toward black before being dissolved entirely. Marissa was left to feel her mouth pushed forward, teeth and gums all removed leaving her barely able to eat. The world dimmed as well, her ears absorbed without even the antenna to give her awareness. She was left blind, and deaf, her skin hypersensitive to touch being the only sense she was permitted. Nothing Marissa could imagine was more disgusting than this, and even though her body lacked organs, Marissa committed that feeling to memory, wanting to experience this state of being, much to her husband's delight!

For the third time, Ayden looked down at the pile of clothing, his wife's perfume still in the air though so little of her body remained. Much like before, he gingerly lifted the clothes, looking down at the ground and the small, squirming grub that was his wife. He wanted to ask her what it was like, though doubted she had the ears to hear him any longer. Still, he reached down to pick her up, grinning at the thought of how helpless she was in that body. There was no way for her to even run away if she was so inclined, and that held a bizarre form of excitement for him. And her, as well, given the sorts of things she had already indulged in thus far.

With that, Ayden started to gently poke and prod at her, wondering what it was like. He was not inclined to take a form like this himself, but there was something exciting about experiencing things vicariously through her. He was eager to taunt her even though she could likely not hear him. "Just a disgusting little thing now...you don't even matter with the millions of your kind that get laid...I would crush you and no one would notice...entirely useless in the grand scheme of things..."

It seemed like whether or not she heard him, Marissa was still eager to respond. <I can feel it...fuck...I can't see though...can't hear...I'm so fucking gross...just a fucking grub...to literally feed on shit with millions more of me...what are you going to do to me now?> She asked, though had no way to hear the answer. It didn't matter, she figured, as she would find out soon enough.

The sensation of being moved was barely obvious to her, given how stable her husband's hand was. Even the awareness of falling was moot, nothing stable around her though barely able to feel the air through her skin. Landing was not jarring either, but it was the smells around her that drew Marissa's attention. She had to assume it was rank and rancid, like the rotting garbage her cockroach self had come to enjoy. But all her new instincts seemed to dictate was the

presence of food, and even her minute mouth was able to open and take small quantities of the detritus within her. It was horrific to think, even when she had been those other forms, that she would be forced to crawl slowly forward and eat whatever she was sitting on. Only the appealing smell and the presence of millions of others like her made her sure she would live like this. Blind, mute, helpless, and forced to feed and excrete until a deep-seated instinct within her was satisfied...

Unable to resist the temptation, Ayden went down to the dumpster, the stench hitting his nose and making him want to vomit. There were hundreds of writhing maggots, crawling and eating and defecating without regard. They had only days to live if he could call that living, and without the ability to breed, Ayden figured there was even less of a purpose to her life now. Unable to tell which one of those disgusting creatures was his once lovely wife, Ayden couldn't even ask her. And the idea she was down there, no better than any of the millions of other maggots, he had to hope his wife would love the lack of purpose even more than her previous outings!

It was some weeks later, that Ayden heard a complaint about a horrid smell in one of his offices. He had gone by the dumpster several times to check on his wife, and as best he could tell, the experience was more fulfilling than even her previous forays into the insect world. However, the last few times she hadn't said anything, and Ayden had to wonder if something had happened to her. Surely, she would revert and get in contact with him had she been eaten, but the fact she hadn't responded in a few days was somewhat alarming. Still, he found himself thinking of her as he opened the door and was hit with the rancid stench of the decaying body of a raccoon that had gotten in to die. It was covered with flies, having gotten in from the pen window, and were likely already laying eggs.

Yet, he was not expecting to hear a now-familiar giggling in his head, almost louder than the buzzing of flies around the room. <You aren't here to take my meal away, are you?> Marissa cackled, and Ayden was a little surprised when one of the flies landed on the window, waving one of her legs in a signature way.

"You would need to eat something so gross. Fuck, you're gross and I want to squash you," Ayden remarked, though was a little surprised to see her as a fly. It made sense, he figured, especially since the life of a maggot was only days long. Could the program allow her to pupate and change into a fly all the way? Such was better in some ways, leaving her to experience the whole suite of disgust that came with dipteran life.

"Yeah, I'm not keeping this for you, you disgusting freak. Go eat some dog shit or something," Ayden teased her, glad that she could at least hear him now. Ayden wasn't one to touch such a thing by himself, and he left, taking an early lunch as he walked outside. As he did,

an idea in his mind that would make the two of them wish to vomit. Or, be the most deprived thing either could imagine!

In the summer heat, he didn't have far to look for some discarded dog shit, someone not picking up after their pet. The idea disgusted him to think about it, and he said out loud, "I can't eat inside where a disease-ridden fly could get into my food. Besides, out here is the place for filth like you."

It took only a few minutes to hear his wife's giggling, and even among the myriad of flies feasting on the feces and laying their eggs, he was sure she was one of them.

"You would like that, wouldn't you, you piece of shit," Ayden chastised, though the idea she was into it was more than he could bare.

<It's not bad for a fly like me,> Marissa said, and Ayden felt he might have gone a little too far. It made him a little ill to think about, but at the same time, it was exactly as depraved as he figured she was looking for. Thinking that his beautiful wife was no more than an insect-eating dog feces was beyond repugnant, and the fact she seemed to be enjoying it was more than he had been expecting.

"That's all you are now, not even my wife would stoop that low," Ayden remarked, wondering if he was going too far. But since she was allowing it to happen, Ayden took his chance at taunting her. "I can't be married to a fly, after all. There's nothing left of my wife in a shit-eating fly, of course," he remarked, and Marissa could only giggle, saying, <Then you know where I'll be.>

With that, Ayden often walked along the sidewalk for the next couple of days, seeing the same uncleaned patch of feces where flies buzzed around. Sometimes his former wife was eager to reveal herself, often while she had landed on her meal. But sometimes she didn't, Ayden unable to tell which of the disgusting insects was her. And there was something almost satisfying about that. Marissa was willing to undergo the most depraved change in order to engage in her escapist fantasy. And when they were done...if Ayden could even bring himself to do it with her, knowing what she was engaged in now!

One afternoon, Ayden couldn't help but look down and notice that a couple of the flies landed on the feces were mating, one on the other as much as he figured flies did it. Surely, the male's ovipositor was already inserted into her single opening, planting a single drop of semen within. The act was so short, taking only seconds to perform before the one fly left and the female sat there. He might think she was reveling in the orgasm, but even Ayden figured there was little pleasure in the act, rather one of necessity than of pleasure/

“That's not you, is it? You disgusting thing. Being a fly's bitch?” Ayden asked, wrinkling his features in a very real display of disgust. A part of him didn't like the idea of his formerly lovely wife being fucked by a fly, but that's all she was good for in that body, of course. And the dead toward the end of the fantasy, one that would allow her to return once more.

<I'll never tell,> Marissa taunted, and Ayden was quick to lose sight of the single fly in the swarm of them that flew over their meal. But as one of them landed on his hand, Ayden resisted the urge to swat, thinking he knew the identity of this one and not wanting to end her life so easily.

Yet, what he had not expected was for the fly to push something out of its backside, as though defecating over his hand. It was not feces in its own right but was rather several small spheres, likely to be birthed into maggots if he was able to allow it to stay and not wash it away. “Go lay your disgusting maggots on some new piece of shit, like the fly you are,” Ayden taunted. And, without a word, the fly flew off, meant for the singular purpose that left a sense of freedom in Marissa's mind she had no other way to experience.

It was later that afternoon the sound of persistent buzzing left Ayden sure that his wife was near. He wanted to smack it reflexively, though figured it would work best once she had made peace with her current existence.

“Are you done laying eggs so I can end your worthless life?” He asked, though hoped that she was still into it after how repulsive the whole affair had been.

<There's only one thing left to do to a fly,> She responded, and her excitement was almost too much. They were alone in his office, after all, and once she changed back...there was still time to shame her further, however, as he grabbed a swatter and prepared to end her time as a fly.

“That is if I even want a fly's sloppy seconds,” he commented, and with that, he smacked the fly as hard as he could. The thing's body twitched just slightly, before expiring, though before she changed back, Ayden was happy to hear her say <Just like the annoying insect I am...nothing else to do...no other worries...just bliss...>