

“Dammit Jane, stop that! For now, anyway,” David whispered in his usual teasing tone.

I smirked, going back to cleaning the windows of his study. Though it was his usual workspace, I knew for a fact that David came in here while I was working just to look at my ass. I couldn't blame him. It was a nice ass!

I even had a french maid costume to go with it. Not that it was appropriate attire for my office. There was a uniform we were supposed to wear on the job. I kept mine in the car, ready to change back into it before I reported to the office. The french maid getup was something that David had requested upon getting to know me better. Besides, his wife had no idea what our outfits were supposed to look like, anyway!

His wife, Janice, was heading off to run some errands for them soon, and then he would try and have his fun with me. But, I didn't mind, of course. It was one of the perks of an otherwise low-income job. His wife was often out of the house, and there was ample time to get down and dirty before she got back. There were a few close calls, sure. But none that really killed the mood. If anything, the idea of getting caught from time to time made things more exhilarating!

I didn't mind the sex, not really. David was great in bed, don't get me wrong. And I hadn't had a steady lay in a few months prior to my full-time position working here. But, it was really the money that kept me offering him my services several times a week. Working as a maid was nothing compared to what he tipped me. He was damn rich, which was why he could pay for me so often. Hell, I always thought about going freelance just for him, but then the wife would *really* get suspicious.

David was the type of rich man just looking for his good fuck. As was I, to be fair. He liked living promiscuously, as he'd told me on more than one occasion, especially after several glasses of wine. His wife was more a trophy than anything, hot as she apparently once was. She didn't look bad for a woman in her mid-forties. But, apparently, her lack of interest in sex didn't sit well with his proclivities.

And that was where I came in. I was more than happy to take up the mantle of sucking his cock and taking his decently-sized prick as many times a week as we could manage it without getting caught. I had a good hunch that the sneaking around was a formality, at this point. The wife had to know. Yet, she was likely staying with him for his money. He did shower the woman with gifts, though likely to hide the fact that he almost showered me with the same amount. One of the many perks of the paycheck, I smiled to myself.

So, here I was, taking way too long to dust the room just so I could wriggle my ass and give my 'master' a good eyeful before the wifey left and we could get down to business. David would *pretend* to be working at his computer, just in case his wife did come in, of course. As I already said, not getting caught was all part of the fun!

The sound of the front door closing was soon followed by the car starting and pulling out of their long driveway. I opened the curtains so that David could see the car driving away until it was out of sight. Then, I closed the curtains forcefully, spinning around and showing off my body. I was relatively thin, just entering my thirties but far more attractive than the powerful woman he was married to. At least, that was my impression of myself!

David wasted no time getting out of his chair and rushing towards me, picking me up before taking me in a smoldering kiss. I reciprocated, of course, with as much passion as I could muster. I didn't mind, however. It was a huge turn-on to have such a dominant man. Especially one that could provide such a fat paycheck!

We made out like that for a few moments, David unbuttoning my shirt with his practiced fingers as he groped my bare breasts. He even went so far as to suck at my nipples, as I tried my best to moan enthusiastically. It wasn't one of my erogenous zones, but I would be remiss if I let him know that anything he did was wrong. That wasn't my place to correct 'master', after all!

Making up for it by fingering myself with one hand, I reached down to stroke his cockhead in the other. I always loved to make him leak into his pants, a sign of my activities if the wife ever did come home. Not that I wanted her to know, but it added to the ambiance of the whole thing. David never complained!

I was just starting to unbuckle his pants when the sound of the car pulling back into the driveway hit both of our ears at once. I reflexively let go, pulling up my own shirt and redoing the straps of my bra, which thankfully hadn't fallen on the floor. We had precious few minutes to give the appearance of normal goings-on. Still, I couldn't deny how much it was doing it for me!

I pondered leaving the room on the notion that it would take too long to feasibly fake being in the study for that long cleaning. But, I was still a little disheveled from the close call and I didn't want to bring any further attention to it. That simply wouldn't do, after all!

So, I tried to find a corner of the room to work over as the front door opened and the lady of the house blew past the study. She barely glanced at us as she walked by, muttering something to David about forgetting her phone. He simply nodded, keeping the irritation about missing out on his lay absent from his tone. It was a tone I knew well.

I didn't raise my head, not wanting to turn and have the woman see that I hadn't managed to fully button up the dress at this point. Yet it was to my detriment as I saw something skittering at my foot, and I let out a yelp, raising my heel to crunch it reflexively. It was a cockroach!

"Everything alright?" David asked, though I was stunned for a few moments and couldn't reply. I *hated* bugs and the idea that the place might be infested with roaches was almost enough to make me quit on the spot!

"I saw a fucking roach!" I yelled, not caring that my resolve was shaken. David came up to put his hand on me, but I brushed him off. He wasn't getting any after that, not that I cared at that point.

Heading out to have a smoke, my nerves finally started to calm after a few moments. I knew it was stupid to be so startled by a roach, but I couldn't help it. Worse, my body felt like it was shaking, running hot and cold like I had a fever. I did seem to be sweating way more than I should have been, given the mild temperature outside. Was I getting sick?

Putting my cigarette out, I headed back inside, mouth feeling a little dry. I was craving something wet and moist in my mouth, though not knowing what. The only thing that I could think of was a sip of wine in the other room, something that I had partaken in on more than one occasion. It was a treat that David offered from time to time, but I indulged more than he let me. Not that he had grounds to mind, of course.

I couldn't help but notice how loose my dress seemed to be as I walked back towards the house. I had to adjust it a few times, but it was as though my shoulders were slumped inward, barely keeping the straps on. Hell, even my shoes were starting to feel a little big, making me tempted to kick them off.

Worse, I started to notice a persistent itch on my sides, as though something was irritating against the skin. I started rubbing the area, noticing a smooth rash just above my breasts. I should have been alarmed by the obviously off-putting texture. It didn't match my skin at all, and my first instinct was that it was some kind of skin cancer.

Yet, it was impossible for me to feel any concern at that moment. I was feeling too overheated, the room almost sweltering. It took me a few moments to come to my senses, and even then, the urge to drink was overpowering. I needed something, *anything* to quell that heat that was bothering me!

The wine fridge was not far, thankfully. I don't think I would have made it there otherwise. The journey seemed to take longer than it should have, as though my legs were

shorter. The sensations of my shoes nearly falling off seemed to support that theory. But with the heat in my veins, it was impossible to focus on anything else!

Opening the fridge door, I found a bottle that was open and ready for me. The moment the liquid touched my lips I felt instant relief. The flavor was strange, a sweetness that I had not been expecting from the normally tart beverage. But I couldn't deny how much it was doing for me. I drank nearly half the bottle, chugging without hesitation. I knew that this amount would likely leave me drunk but at the moment, I didn't care!

Yet, something was wrong. The usual numbing from the liquor was there, but it was as though I couldn't feel my tongue. Trying to move it left no sensation. I reached up with my fingers, barely noticing that they were stiff and unruly. Chalking it up to intoxication, I nonetheless reached up to a texture that was not my soft tongue. It was hard and unmoving, making a soft *click* as I continued to touch it, confused about its shape. The hell...?

I tried to move my tongue again, but nothing happened. It was as though the muscle was completely absent. I had *something* there, but without any proper sensation, I had no idea what. I needed to see what was wrong, and, luckily in his vanity, David did have mirrors out in the hallway. A quick trip out of the room and...

The glass bottle fell to the floor the instant that I swung around to look in the mirror. The dull sensations and numbness were still playing over my mouth, but it could not have readied me for what was actually happening. My lips were peeling back, exposing the single disk-like shape that comprised my tongue. The flesh was brown, hard, and stiff, though able to move back and forth in my jaw. Without lips, the entire inside was exposed!

A slight popping sensation echoed in my mouth as all my teeth started to loose from their sockets, falling to the floor in a pile with the broken glass. It was bloodless, thankfully, and painless as well. But unlike losing childhood teeth, there was nothing left to push through and irritate my gums. I wanted to reach up and touch the flesh, but the fear of potentially spreading this disease kept my hands at bay.

The skin of my gums was starting to force itself outward, forming what looked like a series of bristles. I couldn't stand it anymore. Panicked, I started frantically rubbing, trying to get rid of them. I could *feel* them poking through, the numbness starting to abate somewhat. I had no idea what the hell was going on but I wanted to stop it!

I had to be drunk or tripping. There must have been something harsh in the cig that I'd smoked, some chemical in the cleaning product, or even a gas leak in the house that was causing

me to hallucinate. I knew I had to get out of there lest I succumb to whatever was fucking with me. It was only getting worse!

Yet, I couldn't pry my face from the mirror. It was like looking at a train wreck. I couldn't avert my gaze. Not even when two bumps started erupting from the skin of my gums. Not even when two more started to pop up on opposite sides of my cheeks. They looked like popped blisters as they burst forth, all segments and bristles, each pair almost touching as they started to move in tandem with the other parts that now made up my mouth. It was disgusting!

The sensation of having them move was akin to the muscles of my mouth and cheeks twitching with very little prompting. It was as though I'd developed a facial tick, needing to move the appendages to confirm they were real. I could feel them dangling off my face, the individual segments pulsating and undulating. I realized they could almost grab something with them if I so desired. They were like separate parts that now made up my mouth!

I think it was at that moment I realized that I should try and scream, but by then, it was too late. Some sort of sound tried to escape my throat, but it barely registered to my ears as little more than a steady drone. I tried over and over to scream, to call out for help, to even *speak*.

But I was helpless as the brown shade continued to spread over my face, covering me in a sick coat of hard sheen. The numbness was back, as though the very veins and sensors in my skin were hardening over with this brown shit. I rubbed at it, scared out how smooth, how *alien* it seemed to be at my touch. I couldn't believe it was really part of me now!

Even the buzz from the liquor couldn't explain the sensations of change and numbness as my face continued to warp horribly. My nose was almost gone at that point, sinking into my face with the relentless march of the brownish skin. I froze, frightened as the air from my lungs seemed to pump through my body for the last time. Even breathing through my mouth wasn't doing any good. I was going to die!

Yet, somehow, I was fine. At least, for the moment. I wasn't breathing, as best as I could tell. My beating heart, in its panic, seemed to stop for the moment. Part of me was relieved; did I really want to keep living with a face like this? But then again, I didn't want to die, either!

It was so bizarre; one moment, I was breathing normally, and the next, the steady rise and fall of my chest, that I had known since birth, was gone. It was akin to being a zombie, something still living without breath. There should be nothing keeping me alive!

Yet, that realization was only a brief reprieve at the sight of my face changing. More of that damn skin spread over the surface, running up my cheeks and my head. To my horror, my

hair was falling out, running down my cheeks as I pulled my hand away. I didn't want to encourage it to fall out any faster than it already was!

Yet, the damage was done as my hair continued to fall from my head, tickling any still-human skin while brushing senselessly over the brown, hardened flesh. My scalp continued to prickle as I was forced bald, strands falling to the floor as cool air settled on the parts that were now bare. I couldn't stand to see myself like this!

It just occurred to me that there was a potential refuge from my changes. David was still in here, wasn't he? Maybe he could help. Lord help me, I had no idea how anyone could help. The things sticking out of my face looked like something on an alien! And, I didn't want to scare him, either. I was the stuff of nightmares, and I was still changing. What would he do if he saw me like this?!

It was almost impossible to tear my face away from the mirror. It was as though any second I wasn't watching I would lose some other part of my humanity, and I didn't want any of it to go while left unaware. Yet, I had to make a choice. If I ran, then there was a chance I could get help, right? It was the only thread I could grasp onto. I needed anything to focus on something, *anything* other than the horror of my current reality!

In the end, I decided to book it. I had briefly considered taking one of the shards from the broken wine bottle and tearing off one of the growths that had erupted from my mouth. But, that would be akin to self-mutilation, wouldn't it? And I would rather try to get help to stop this rather than injure myself.

As I ran, I became aware that my clothes were uncomfortably loose, as though they were ready to slough off at any moment. It was a struggle to move my body in a way that kept them from sliding down. I didn't want to lose them, but it seemed as though I was shrinking. The sight of the hallway and the paintings along it made it appear that I had lost at least a foot in height. I was fucking *shrinking* in tandem with everything else! I had to give up my shoes a while ago to have even a chance to run, the damn heels were useless!

The tingling running over my body was getting worse and worse the more I moved towards the study where I hoped David would be. More of that damn skin was spreading, leaving a brown, hard shell in its wake. The skin seemed devoid of tactile sensation as it continued to cover me like a relentless wave. It was down all the way to my naval now, running up towards my chest and even my breasts. I groaned internally as the tingling played over my nipples, stimulating them once more before robbing them of their purpose.

Thankfully, the distance to the study wasn't all that long, even with my decrease in height. It felt a little dizzying to walk while I was shrinking, making me need to shake my head a few times to get over the disorientation. But, ultimately, I was able to make it there without any issues. My legs were still functioning, at least!

I was not prepared for what awaited me in the study as I opened the door. The sight before me was worse than I could have ever imagined. If I could have screamed, I would have. Before me was a shorter form where David had been standing. Yet, like mine, it was in a state of change. Unlike mine, however, there was nothing human left in the facial features.

Where his eyes once lay sat two massive, oval orbs, each made out of thousands of slanted facets. Like my own, his mouth consisted of two sets of waving appendages, several plates underneath that were moving back and forth as though in panic. Above those haunting eyes were two massive, waving appendages, far larger in circumference than the ones that made up his mouth. There was no sign of ears or a nose or anything else in the ovular structure of a head that was clearly inhuman!

It was a face out of the stuff of nightmares, clearly belonging to a bug and not a human man. There was nothing of the man in the features, only those of what I was slowly, painfully realizing was a cockroach!

Currently, he was holding his head with his hands, as though rubbing the skin in disbelief with still-human fingers. But that was not what held my attention. It was the second pair of arms that were writhing underneath then, between his human pair and the massive cuffs on his shirt. Those new growths seemed ungainly, several joints between them that rotated and waved around in what looked like an expression of panic. Any glimpse of skin I could see was a muddied brownish-yellow, exactly like the bug I had nearly stepped on just moments before!

I was starting to realize that I was looking into a mirror of myself. Though David seemed to have changed faster than I had, I was not too far behind, it seemed. I had already lost about another foot in height, and the brown chitin was steadily covering my body. Chiton, that was what it was called, right?

My breasts, my much-prized breasts, were deflating at my touch, with a sucking sensation that rang through my midsection. The skin turned hard and brown as I rubbed them, trying to maintain them as long as possible. Yet, my efforts were for naught. I was soon greeted to only smooth skin, which was starting to splinter in some places as the melding flesh took shape.

Yet, I couldn't take my eyes off David. Part of me wanted to see what was happening to him, to watch the bits of humanity that were steadily fading from his form. Yet the other part was simply scared of watching the Kafka-like nightmare that was overcoming my own body!

David looked to be less than 3 feet tall now and continued to shrink as I watched. A thinner waist was insufficient to hold up his pants as they fell to the floor, exposing underwear that was also not fated to last for much longer. David was struggling now, trying not to fall over as his pant legs pooled around his feet. His legs were getting thinner, and knee-like growths were starting to spring up with a series of soft *pops* and *cracks*. Like the extra set of arms he had sprouted, they were covered in a series of brownish-yellow lumps that seemed to ooze from the flesh. I could hear the soft *snaps* of bone from their inner structure and knew that was to soon be the fate of my own legs as well.

Yet the most frightening aspect of the change was what was becoming of his ass. Soon, his former cheeks were folding in on themselves, his anus rotating to the bottom towards where I could see it, much to my chagrin. His entire ass seemed to warp and expand far beyond even the size of his torso. His waist started to pinch slightly, compressing to about half the width of his chest and ass, separating them into distinct segments. A series of ripples formed rings towards the curved end as his waist started flexing of its own accord. It was revolting, yet I had no capability to vomit in my current form, which was both a blessing and a curse!

Naturally, I was used to seeing him naked. But not like this! Still, I had to look, of course. His cock was one of my favorite aspects of him, naturally. Yet his genitals were not to remain human for much longer. His balls had deflated, leaving nothing left but an empty sack that was being sucked into the distended structure behind him. The entire area started to rotate downwards, as though seeking his anus. His penis, to my shock, started to pound erect, reaching towards the ground even as it extended far larger than it had been relative to the rest of him. Was the change getting him *hard*?

No. Even as it grew relative to his body, the shaft started to form segments, pulling apart in sections as it throbbed up and down. From this angle, it reminded me of a piston rod. The skin soon darkened to the same shade as the rest of his body, hard chitin that was designed for protection. His penis was literally a single stick that would be used to inject itself into a female. A female like me, if I continued to change!

I was shrinking all the while, my shoulders starting to compress with a series of wet *cracks* that denoted the dissolution of muscle and bone into the soft innards I assumed insects possessed. It felt as though my organs were all dissolving into mush, making me feel saggy and loose. I was just a bag of guts now, no longer a human! I couldn't even move now, my body



lacking the necessary parts to do so. There was no escape from this hell until I was changed fully. And, even so, what then?

I was continuing to shrink all the while, my chest compressing even faster than my legs were diminishing. I wanted desperately to cling to that maid outfit, not wanting to know what would come underneath. But it was soon out of my power as my shoulders stiffened, disallowing my arms enough ability to reach up and hold it off. It slid down my body, exposing the brownish-yellow skin that I now possessed. I was completely naked now, exposed to the world for the creature I was becoming. But did that even matter if I had nothing to hide at the moment?

I wanted to reach down and grab my clothes. I wanted to run. But I could do nothing as the bones and muscles in my body all seemed to squelch and crack and break apart. I was effectively stuck, with no way to escape or scream. I was helpless to do nothing but change into a goddamn *bug*.

The lumps on my sides seemed to swell with a series of electric tingles into my still-human brain. The damn things started to *twitch*, feeling bizarre beyond comprehension. It was so *alien* to feel them grow, the meat and muscle fueling their growth as they sprang out to the length of my once-human arms.

Yet, these were nothing like the limbs I once possessed. They started waving this way and that, soft *cracks* resonated through my torso as their joints suddenly formed with a start that made my stomach want to lurch if I still possessed one! I could feel slight joints forming from where the fingers should be, but were only a set of three stick claws that seemed easily able to stick into the compositions of various surfaces. In horror, trying to flex them actually worked. I was changing so much that this alien anatomy was part of me now!

The joints where my shoulders once were had sunk into my trunk now, forming a circular divot where the former muscle started to form a ball and socket that allowed my second pair of arms to move in greater dimensions. My shoulders reflexively moved forward, and I was shocked to feel them rotate all the way around with no effort. It was extremely alarming to feel them move in such a fashion!

Yet, they were not fated to last in their human state for much longer. The same soft series of cracks assaulted their form creating a level of articulation that was frightening to experience. It was as though my arms were capable of falling off at any moment!

My fingers suddenly went stiff, lacking the structures necessary to move them in a human fashion. I was forced to watch as they became molded over with the brown skin, forced into curved points that only barely squeeze open and close slightly. It was revolting!

A soft *thump* brought my attention back to my former fuck toy. David had fallen painlessly onto fingers that were starting to stiffen and stick together. Several *pops* denoted the formation of new segments that were to make up his arms now as the changes continued. His arms started to form a series of ridges or horns all the way to where his fingers were fusing into three sharpened lumps, much like my own.

Very soon, there was nothing human left in the limb. It was drawn ever closer to the remaining two sets as his torso compressed into itself. I was sure such a sudden loss of internal functions should have killed him. But, if I was kept alive without the ability to breathe after my facial changes, surely, he was as well. I had no idea how our bodies functioned like this, only a sloshing sensation in my body denoting whatever systems comprised my innards.

Worse, perhaps where the changes I could see happening to his back now that he was on all fours. The skin was starting to hunch over as a large carapace-like structure covered all the way down to his waist, and even beyond that. It seemed to push past to cover most of his abdomen. A crack started to form at the center peeling all the way down to the tip.

All of a sudden, the entire surface seemed to pop apart with a sickening squelch as what looked like two hyper-thin, leathery protrusions started to unfurl naturally. It took me a few moments to realize what they were. Wings! I didn't even know cockroaches had wings! They unfurled a little bit, retracted as soon as they had fully formed until the carapace closed once more to the point where I no longer recognized that he had them.

The sight of his body, now effectively a giant roach, sent shivers of terror through my body. I didn't want that to be me. Lord, I did *not* want that to be me. But no force on earth or in heaven saw it fit to stop the horrific transformation and allow me to return to a form resembling my former humanity.

My changes seemed to be going much slower before this point, as though whatever force was performing them wished me to see David transform first. It felt almost like a punishment, and in some ways, I was sure it was. But there was no denying now that David was shrinking to the size of a simple insect, I was about to complete my transition into one as well. The thoughts of being a bug myself, the feelings of crawling and shrinking and changing were almost too much for me to fathom!

The skin of my arms was starting to form the same weird ridges that coated David's asymmetrical series of bumps. I could twitch them slightly but it was difficult with my body in its hybrid state. Most of their movement seemed to be reflexive, indicative of my panic!

I could feel my body compressing, the two points of connection brought closer and closer together until they were almost touching. It was painfully obvious that both my former limbs, as well as the new ones, were the same now, that of a bug's!

A pricking on my head brought my attention upward as I reflexively crossed my eyes to see what was present. Part of me already knew, of course. It was as obvious as the changes I had watched David undergo that I was about to grow my own set of antennae. They came in with a *popping* sensation, poking through the skin in much the same fashion as the lumps that had formed my new limbs. All I experienced was a numbness that soon became akin to feeling my new legs waving. Only this was on my *head*!

To my abject horror, the things started waving of their own accord, the bases just as mobile as my limbs. Worst of all, I couldn't even keep the things still as they waved this way and that, seeming to respond to things that the rest of me was unaware of. It nearly made me dizzy, though that was a welcome reprieve from sensing the rest of the changes to my body!

After a few moments of frantic waving, the growths seemed to hone in on something that made them move less intently. I took a moment to relax, trying to forget that I had them. But that was not to be. I soon was assaulted by a sensation that I could scarcely describe. It was as though I was tasting things in the air, things I had no name for. There were a myriad of flavors, some that were familiar and some that were as alien as the body I was steadily changing into.

Some tasted, for that's the only comparison that I could accurately make, like food, things that my brain seemed to interpret as edible. I wasn't drawn to those in my current state, which was a relief. I couldn't imagine wanting to eat like the big I was becoming. The scents that seemed to elicit hunger were far more numerous than I would have liked to consider. What did cockroaches eat, anyway?

Some were of no interest to my new form. It was hard to describe, though I think a dirty or musty smell did it the most justice. It was akin to licking a dirty windowsill or desk. Not that I'd ever done that, not even as a child. Still, the comparison seemed apt enough. I was tasting smells, not through my nose or mouth but by an entirely new set of organs, I scarcely knew what I was doing with!

Some odors alarmed me, smelling similar to the cleaning products I was using. Though they elicited a sensation of panic in my mind rather than the usual nuance I was accustomed to. Was that because they could kill me? Was that how cockroaches knew to avoid danger? Then why was it so easy for cockroaches to be killed by bug spray? The way those odors stimulated my senses, I wanted to run and run fast! If I hadn't known better, however, they might not have seemed as urgent. Cockroaches weren't very smart, I started to realize.

Was that to be my life, now? An insect with barely enough intelligence to survive in a world populated with people? I couldn't imagine losing myself, my sense of being. Had David already been reduced to nothing more than a bug in mind and body? The notion of the death of self disturbed me greatly. It was the same as dying, right?

Yet, would it be any better to live the rest of my short life as a human in a bug's body? Skittering about, eating god-knows-what, crawling inside walls rats, and other bugs and things I had no idea about. Why was I even being put in a position to have to think of these things in the first place? What had I ever done to deserve this?

Distracting me from the thoughts of self-deprecation, my waving antenna seemed to catch the attention of something else. This odor was more potent than anything I had smelled thus far. It seemed to awaken an interest in me that was more intense than the drives to eat and survive. It was a primal need that left little understanding to the human me. Yet, there was something there that called a vague recollection. The scents I faintly detected in the air each time I fucked my boss, the stench of his precum, and the sweat in the air. Was it...David?

As soon as I started to realize it, my crotch began to moisten, as though I was becoming aroused. Yet, how could anything turn me on in the state I was in? I was turning into a bug, damnit! Yet, I could not deny that my sex was dampening, the folds aching for penetration as whatever damn chemical my antenna was obsessed with hit me over and over again. It was maddening!

Through, soon, the sensations started to die down, causing me only momentary relief. I was still horny, though my sex was far less sensitive. It was as though the organs I needed to feel pleasure were gone, forcing me to detect only an odd ache that left me stunned and needy at the same time.

My sex was continuing to grow more concave as, with a *squelch*, the organ started to move back across the perineum towards my anus. I realized, with more than a modicum of disgust, that it was soon to connect with my asshole, giving me only one organ to deal with the expulsions of my body. Once more, I wanted to throw up but realized that I couldn't with my mouth or digestion. It was revolting!

It was the sensations of my sex shifting location that made me realize that my legs were too far apart for my human anatomy. It was as though they were rotating, the joints and muscles painlessly snapping to allow their transference towards my other sets of legs. Another shudder went through me internally. What would it feel like if the pain from such changes wasn't somehow numbed? I would likely die, or wish to, from the agony alone!

My quivering legs made it impossible to stand up like a human any longer. I was about to fall over, and I didn't think that would end well. Surely, my new limbs would buckle and break under the weight of my body. I'd die in here the moment someone decided to squish me!

But, to my surprise, the moment I lowered myself, my tiny legs took the impact with little sensation. It seemed as though their structure, as well as my ever-diminishing size, were enough to keep me aloft without any further damage. I should have expected it; after all, cockroaches were hard to kill, and they had such fragile legs compared to their bodies but never seemed to suffer. Still, the sensation of feeling such tiny limbs holding up my body was nearly more than I could comprehend!

My legs were cracking all the while, the bone popping painlessly before they could dissolve completely. I tried to wriggle my toes one last time, but the joints were already absent. Soon, I had an identical pair of new limbs to match the former two, six legs that I could use to run around, and perhaps escape this hell!

Yet, somehow, I knew that was pointless. There was no escape. The forces that were changing me, impossible as they were, could not likely change me back. Where would the new tissue come from? My innards were dissolving all the while, making up the newer simpler organs of a cockroach. But where would my bones and muscle get the raw materials to change back? More and more, I was starting to realize that this was to be my life now, whether I wanted it or not!

The expanding room was starting to make me dizzy as my body continued to lose mass. It seemed as though I was shrinking faster now, the changes speeding up as they had done with David. I wanted to close my eyes, to prevent the disorientation from making me blackout. Moreover, I didn't want to see the rest of the changes overwhelm me, removing the human body I had once cherished yet apparently taken for granted!

Yet, no matter how I tried to force it, it seemed impossible to close my eyes, as though the lids were absent. I strained and strained, but nothing seemed to work. My eyes weren't even watering as I thought they should be. I felt they should be strained or bloodshot, but there was no discomfort, much like the other changes in my body. Yet, it was of little relief. I was effectively forced to stare forward, no reprieve from the sights of sensations of the change!

A deep-seated fear ran through me then, making me run around and panic of its own accord. My antennae were the only things preventing me from smacking into walls and hurting myself as I skittered about, not knowing where I was going or why. Hell, I hadn't even realized that I *could* move until my body started to panic!

It was only the sensation of my ass cheeks starting to meld together that distracted me from the mental panic. It was as though they were shifting, sticking together as if with glue. A foolish part of me worried as I would lose my rectum, but that had already begun to shift towards my still-aching vagina until the two orifices merged into one.

Despite all the changes that had happened thus far, it was the connection of my separate holes that left me the most disturbed. My sex stopped aching, and my anus ceased pulsating as the internal tunnels suddenly connected from their reorientation. It left only one opening that I could barely feel, left with far less sensory impact than I was accustomed to. It was disgusting, though far from the worst change that was happening to me!

Distracted as I was by my changed sex, I was hardly aware of the transformation overcoming my ass and back. My waist was starting to deteriorate, as though there was no separation between my ass and torso. I was going to split into two!

The same thing was happening to my neck, and it started to falter, as though my head was going to fall off me. I thought for a moment about how cockroaches were supposedly able to live with no head. Whatever made up my blood now went cold. I didn't want to be a cockroach but I certainly didn't want to be one with no head!

Yet, to my relief, the muscles seemed to solidify and my neck became turgid, enough to support my head. I would have breathed out a sigh of relief if I had the ability. The same thing happened with my abdomen, the thing twitching of its own accord. The weight of it felt like it should have fallen off of me, especially as it continued to balloon outward and expand. Its mass soon grew to over the length of my body, my six legs enough to carry its weight but only just. The tingling on my sex moved towards the back end of it, pulsating with its need as my changes raced on towards completion.

Two growths on my back started to tingle and itch as they stretched from the location of my former shoulder blades. It was like pokers were sticking from the skin on a hinge that spread across the skin on my torso. I knew from seeing it firsthand as to what the growths were. The hard shell was a covering that would house new wings underneath.

The tingling intensified, as though something new was forming, much thinner and lighter than the shell that covered my back. For a moment, I almost felt elated. I was growing wings. I could fly! I tried with all my might to find the muscles that would allow them to unfurl and give me that one experience. It the only thing about my body that was remotely intriguing. Yet, my muscles wouldn't move. Were they perhaps vestigial for the movement? Or did I still retain no control of my body as the instincts welling up in my mind took over?

I was effectively a bug with my still-human eyes forced to stare ahead at the changes. But, now, to my determinant, I felt my eyes start to swell, the lids completely gone already as facets spit down the center into four distinct viewpoints. The entire world seemed to shatter before me, as the last tears I would ever shed ran down my insectoid face and my view changed forever. I could see the contours of the study from each individual lens as the changes overtook me. It was as though each gave me a different point of view, one that separated the more I watched.

At first, I could still make out the parts of the room that were familiar to me, as my vision continued to expand and split. Yet, it was soon too wide! I could see all the way to the back of me as I continued to shrink, see my abdomen and back and legs, even the desk behind me. Eventually, however, the view was simply too many separate images, the colors washed and shifted and muddled in ways that I had no name for. Even things I had been just looking at were alien to me from the shifting in my field of view as my eyes now made up for more than a third of the size of my face. Nothing looked familiar! But, did I even want to see my world if this was to be the perspective I would live with for the rest of my days?

The changes were done, as best as I could tell. The tinglings and vertigo were now absent, at least. I was, for all intents and purposes, a cockroach. I was still skittering around, awaiting the loss of my mind that would come with the instincts that were crawling into my brain. Surely, a cockroach body couldn't contain all my memories, my sense of self.

But apparently, it could. My body was as much a slave to the instincts as I ran rapidly around the room. In my panic, I could still barely ascertain it was the light that was bothering me, that my body felt exposed. I was a nearly helpless bug, designed to live in the walls and stay away from the myriad of things that could kill me!

I could not hear or smell anymore, not as a human. I could hardly even see with my eyes in their current state, though with some effort and knowledge of the room, some of the shapes started making sense. Even though most of them were at such a different perspective that it didn't matter!

It was the sensations drifting into my antenna that was the most concerning. I could smell things in the room that my human mind was mostly oblivious to. Odors of mold and dust and others I couldn't rationalize at this size. Some strange odors continued to elicit hunger, something that smelled vaguely of glue or the bindings of books. Is *that* what I was to be reduced to eating now?

A massive vibration ran through me then, one that made me scared to my core. It was soon a series of crashing titanic waves, stomping from the distance but rapidly approaching. The size of such a thing that could make those vibrations were nearly incomprehensible from my current state. Whatever it was, I was exposed! I had to get away!

The fear overwhelming my brain from the cockroach's instincts was almost enough to override my rationality. I ran, skittering from the light as the massive object came down on me. Though my roach instincts had no idea what it could be, my human self quickly realized that it had to be another human. What else that large compared to my current self would be in here?

I felt momentarily excited by the realization. Was it someone who could help me? Would they notice the clothes and try to help us? Of course not. Whoever it was would never make the conclusion that the owners of the clothes had turned into cockroaches. If anything, they would assume we'd been fucking! Wait, fucking? Was that why...

The vibrations running through my antenna suddenly intensified, not just from the force of the being but from what I could only assume were words. It was more akin to a series of steady breezes that carried with those molecules of what I assumed to be saliva. I hoped for a moment that maybe there was a chance I could understand what they were saying. But, apparently, whatever senses a cockroach had were insufficient to understand human speech from simply the vibrations they elicited. Whatever the words were, I was never to know it.

The vibrations were all around me now, as though a titanic being was dropped from above to end my meager existence. With the speed I was moving, however, they seemed relatively insignificant. Though I was guided purely on the instincts in my body, my fear of losing my meager existence overrode all other senses. I didn't want this life, but it was better than none!

Soon, my waving antenna found what it was looking for, a space devoid of light. It was a crack in the wall that would have gone unnoticed by the human me but was like an open door for a cockroach. I think I would have made it towards the space without prompting. But the roach instincts were in full control and had that same prerogative!

Even as I ran for the darkness of protection, I contemplated my fate. There was little else for me to do, my human mind trapped in a being of instincts that I could scarcely control. How had we been changed like this? Some spell, some curse, some augmentation of reality that we were unfortunately under the whims of? Had the wife discovered our promiscuity and somehow found a way to change us as a punishment? Was it a temporary display of power or were the alterations permanent? I truly had no way to know.



Was this to be my life now? My much shorter life, if I had to guess. How long did cockroaches live? More to the point, did I even want to live like this if I was to spend the rest of my existence as a bug? I was a slave to the whims of instinct and fear, the desire to stay alive and to do...what? Mate and lay eggs? Was that to be my life now?

What little eyesight I possessed was rendered useless as I hid between the space of the shelves in the room, or at least as I recalled them to be. In this form, with these senses, it was impossible to be certain. But, my brain started calming down, knowing it was hidden and needing to be reliant only on smell to guide me. The minor changes in air currents were sufficient to allow me to take stock of my surroundings. There were a myriad of holes that I could escape into if I was so inclined. I would be safe here!

To my shock, a hole that was less than half the width of my body was more than sufficient to allow me to crawl into. My body prepared itself by collapsing even more. I could sense how much the interlocking joints compressed to allow that level of mobility. I was likely inside the wall, though it was impossible to tell from a human standpoint.

It was then that new scent molecules attracted my antenna, ones that filled my aching hole with a need that was both familiar and alien. The vibrations of one of my own kind, in tandem with a grotesque smell, hit my antenna once more and my body moved towards it of its own accord. It was another cockroach, and if the quivering in my new sex was any indication, it was a male. Part of me wondered if it was David or the body that was formally his. It didn't matter, I supposed. I had no way to communicate with him, either way.

Whoever it was or had been, the pheromones were strong and elicited a sensation in my vaginal opening that was almost pleasurable. It was a need aching inside me, to be penetrated by something I assumed was phallic in nature. It was the closest thing that a cockroach felt to lust, I surmised. The realization hit me like a ton of bricks. My body wanted to mate, the ultimate disgrace to the new form I now possessed!

I was clearly receptive to the roach's advances as he came towards me and our antennas touched. He was smelling me and I was smelling him, making sure that I was female and receptive or otherwise not a threat or food. That was all the pertinent information needed for our new existence. To my shock and disgust, I could smell that he was both male and ready to mate, from the pheromones that were wafting from his back. He was going to take me, whether I wanted it or not. And judging from the ache in my moistening sex, I indeed wanted to mate!

It was impossible to fathom the conflict between my disgust and the roach's needs. Yet, part of me was curious what it would feel like. I loved sex as a human, and it was my only purpose now, it seemed. My sex seemed to clench at the thought. It was different than its human

equivalent, more mechanical. It seemed limited in range of motion and lacked the sensitive folds of my vagina. But my new instincts seemed just as eager for that limited pleasure as my humanity was for cock!

Though the human me was disgusted by the notion, the cockroach instincts wanted nothing more as they forced me to remain still. I could hardly feel the weight of him as he crawled over top of me and made his way towards my backside. The pheromones in the air kept me quivering, my opening throbbing with its need. It was nearly maddening to my new instincts, as though there was nothing left for me more important to mate with this male. It was an all-consuming need that I would be unable to resist even if I could control my instincts.

My body was completely still now as the male climbed on my back and started poking at my rear with that pointed phallus I saw him growing during the change. I wanted to believe that it was David, I truly did. The notion of mating with a mere bug was sickening! But, I truly had no way to know. He would be a slave to his whims, the same as I was.

The sensation of his entrance sent a shiver through my body before I tensed up to take his penis as far as it needed to go. The ridges of my sex seemed to react, peristaltic motions between the joints that pulled him in. I was rewarded with feelings of pleasure that encouraged my innards to take him in faster and engulf my being with his own. It was nothing like the eroticism that I knew to accompany sex. Rather, it was akin to a reaction, the pleasure being secondary to the need to fulfill the act.

As he pounded his piston-like cock into me, transferring with it his glob of sperm, I realized that in the end, this was all that mattered. The pleasure of the repeated impacts made my loins shiver as my peristaltic muscles forced his spermatophore towards my unfertilized eggs. Each thrust forced my own internal muscles to pull his sperm up into me, creating new life like I was meant to do. I could almost feel the eggs form up inside me, pushing forward to take as much of his sperm as they could to ensure their eventual birth.

The act was done. I would soon skitter away to lay eggs, find a place in the wood where my hatchlings would be able to find food necessary to start their own lives. But, that was a concern for another time. It was easier to let myself fall into the dominant cockroach instincts. They controlled my body at present, possibly for the rest of my existence. And, right now, they were simply content to live in the moment, awash in the mental and physical pleasures of mating and filling a simple yet all-encompassing purpose.