

“Are you sure we can't make it work?” Jon asked, the desperation not lost in his voice. Though given the state of his own finances, he already knew the answer.

“Nope. Not with all the extra fees,” Eric replied, equally as disappointed. Eric was hardly in better straights, with inflation and bills and the like taking much of their extra funds. Not to mention the money they had spent on frivolous pursuits such as the transformation massage parlor, worth it for sure but understandable they might have indulged too much in it as of late.

Naturally, with their priorities being into transformation-related fun, a pair of concert tickets, with all the hidden fees and hotel costs added in, were off the table. It had been one of their favorite pursuits before Rachel had introduced them to transformation as a hobby. The idea of seeing a band live they'd been wanting to come to their country was too tempting. That was if they had the money upfront, knowing there were likely only weeks, if not days before tickets were all sold up.

The sound of Jon's door opening startled him for a moment, forgetting that Rachel mentioned she would be stopping by later. “Wow, did I kill the mood? Or were you always both so mopey?” She asked in that stereotypic straightforward way she used.

With that, Jon and Eric quickly relayed their situation. Yet, instead of sympathy, both men were surprised by the rather confused expression on her face. “How come you're both so broke?” She asked, as though it was the most obvious thing in the world.

“Have you been asleep for the past four years?” Eric shot back, a little annoyed by the blunt nature of her answer.

Rachel chose to ignore the statement, instead getting to her point. “No, I mean there's like a million side hustles out there for quick cash. If you're into transformation, that is-oh, wait,” Rachel shot back as though such was obvious.

“What?” Both men asked, having not heard of such being an option. Jon saw it fit to push the subject further. “Is that why you've had so much extra spending money lately?”

Rachel just grinned in that telltale way she often used. “That's a secret. Honesty, you'd both rather not know,” she replied, and Jon was not inclined to ask further. As well as they knew her, Rachel always kept a side of herself hidden, and that was for the best, given their initial reluctance about her interest in transformation before they'd tried it, at least.

“So, what are the options? For those side hustles, I mean,” Eric asked, getting them back on topic.

“Well, if you don't mind some more, well, ‘unique’ changes, then the options are out there,” Rachel replied, as though posing a challenge.

“Go on...?” Eric said, wondering sincerely what they might be in for.

“Well, here, let me see,” Rachel said, pulling up her phone and reading as though she had such a tab up and ready to go. “Here’s one. Something is looking to buy salmon roe that’s ‘ethically sourced’.”

“And that means?” Eric asked, the reality of her words not clicking in.

“Well, it’s ethically sourced when the fish can consent to egg laying, right?” She commented, as though it was the most obvious thing in the world.

“So they want us to turn into fish to lay eggs?” Jon said, getting the point but not really sure he was down for it.

“Yeah, it's kind of surprising that more people don’t sign up for stuff like this. Easy, right?” Rachel said, and her two friends gave her off looks, as though she was a little crazy. And, perhaps she was, though it mattered little with the reality it would be able to make them some quick cash.

“I mean, we’ve been some weird stuff before, but fish?” Jon questioned, though he was more curious than repulsed by the notion. He liked to transform, after all, and since most of the changes were inherently pleasurable, he figured it couldn’t be so bad.

“I think it would be fun if I needed the money myself! I mean, maybe if you needed the eggs fertilized I would totally be down,” Rachel said with that little gleam in her eyes that made them unsure if she was serious or not,

“You would, wouldn’t you!” Eric said, but it was always fun to tease each other about those sorts of things.

“I’ll never tell,” Rachel said, grinning.

With that, Rachel sent them the information to sign up for the job, and the two of them decided they would take some time to think it over. Part of the signup process asked them if they had experience transforming and being animals for a period of time before, which was something they could honestly say applied to them. Given the limited requirements, the pair figured they

would be shoe-ins for the job, and took an evening to discuss it before submitting their applications.

“Well, it's not the weirdest thing we've done for concert tickets,” Jon eventually said, reflecting back on his week-long stay as a dog. In truth, he hadn't spent that long as an animal since then, most of his transformation experiences being within the same day. And in order to do the job, he would need to spend several days as one of the species requested, in order to lay sufficient eggs. There would be no detriment to his health, of course, but the prospect was no less daunting!

“Has it really been that long ago?” Eric asked.

“Yeah, it's been really wild,” Jon said, reflecting on how he'd felt that first time.

“Couldn't imagine we'd get so into it.”

“Couldn't imagine being without it now.”

“Surely, being fish can't be too bad.”

“Besides, Rachel would make fun of us if we didn't do it. Or, beat us to the punch and take the money herself.”

“Either way, we're stuck dealing with some fish puns,” Eric said with a chuckle.

“Well, I guess it's settled, then. How about we go for a swim?”

The actual application was rather smooth, all things considered. The pair heard back almost immediately about the job and were mailed the appropriate fluids. It was a little sketchy, not having a facility to change in, but their offices were across the country, after all, and travel expenditures would render the whole process moot. Without any place to change, they figured they would need to cancel their plans, regardless of how disappointed it made them. Yet, it was a surprise when Rachel came to them with access to a freshwater fish tank, a private one that would meet the needs of the program. How she did so, the two of them felt was highly unlikely to have been done under normal channels. But, of course, when asked, she simply smiled and said “It's a secret.”

Under the terms of the job, they would need to be fish for a few days, enough for them to lay hundreds of not thousands of eggs. Such would normally be impossible for the species, but some modifications to the potions allowed their bodies to be extra fertile without any repercussions. A part of both was worried about death upon spawning, but a combination of a nutrient supplication as well as the changes in the DNA would render that moot, even if the species they becoming was able to live through multiple spawning seasons.

“That's what you call ethically sourced,” Rachel said with a laugh, trying to sound jovial against their nervousness. “Lighten up, you too! You'll be all stringy! Good with butter though!” She giggled, both of them glaring at her with some annoyance. “Sorry, sorry. No fish for the next week, I promise,” Rachel said.

With that, the two of them stripped naked, not something unusual for them but always a little daunting nonetheless. The water, too, was a little too cold, though thankfully they were up to their knees, enough not to feel their maleness retreat prematurely. Still, they were glad the tank wasn't full yet, wanting to see most of the changes before they fell into the water to live their next few days.

Naturally, Rachel watched with interest, though not at their nudity. She didn't have any inclinations for them that way, nor they her. It was the object of transformation that did it for them, the arousal that came with the process shared with them and their new bodies. And something they had all come to agree with, a more adult kind of fun than they would have thought appealing but something that had become a regular part of their fun.

“Wish I could join you guys, but I have to look care of you and the tank. I looked up the process for harvesting your eggs and mailing them out, too. We'll have to wait till you're done, of course, but I don't mind taking care of it for you boys! For a nominal fee, of course,” she joked, something the two were willing to oblige.

“Besides, while it might be fun to get in there with you, it would defeat the purpose if I fertilized your eggs,” she said, the others groaning at that. Of course, she would want to be the male if given the chance!

Still, both of them were happy it was Rachel looking after them, trusting her implicitly. With that, she handed them the two potions, each for a different species. Jon was to be a lake trout, and Eric a Chinook salmon. Wondering if it would matter if their eggs needed to be separated, it mattered little for the dishes to be made with them, eggs sorted by size anyway. There was an option to make extra money by taking a survey from the perspective of someone changing. Naturally, the two were more than happy to participate, eager to help others with such future endeavors by providing any feedback they could.

Lifting their potions in cheers, Jon and Eric took them at the same time, waiting for the familiar tingling of change to start. It seemed to take a little longer to start up, though it might have simply been their trepidation toward this particular change that seemed to delay the process. Still, eventually, the tingling of transformation started, and both felt their loins flushed with arousal in expectation of the process to come.

“That took a little longer, right?” Eric said, mirroring what Jon was thinking.

“Maybe cause fish anatomy is so different?” Jon said, the tingling in their bodies not causing any noticeable changes to their forms just yet.

“They are cold-blooded, like that one time I was a snake,” Eric commented, though it was likely a far different experience from what they were about to undergo.

“You mean, the time *we* were a snake,” Jon corrected, the resulting changes that might be a total merger.

“Technically, you were the lion part, so you wouldn't have known what it...oh, I think it's starting,” Eric said, feeling a chill run through him.

Jon felt the same tingling over him, though it seemed to center in their bellies this time. Their guts started to gurgle a little, as though something was being rearranged within. For it to happen this was a little bizarre, the beginning changes usually being superficial. Yet, it was obvious their changes were centered in their guts this time, making their stomachs roil though not in a way that caused them to feel ill. Rather, it was almost pleasant, a warmth that made both almost giddy with excitement.

With that, their bellies started to bulge a little, as though having eaten a big meal. While there was some room for their stomachs to expand naturally, the gradual rate of bulging was soon enough to push at that, making them rub the bulges with curiosity. The skin was warm, and pliable rather than firm as they might have expected. And it came with a pleasant sensation flowing through their bodies, encouraging them to keep playing their hands over them.

“Oh, that's different,” Eric said, lovingly rubbing his belly, as though massaging his guts after a big meal.

“Yeah, you wouldn't think...oh...” Jon said, rubbing his bulge with reverence.

The warmth from expansion was starting to play into his loins by now, bringing his cock to a rather welcome erection. He was not inclined to touch himself, not yet. Though it did not escape his notice that it was harder to see over the edge of his belly, his guts having expanded enough in the short time to obscure his erection. It was a little embarrassing, though would surely look normal by the time the changes were done with him. Still, it was fascinating to watch their bellies bloating in real time, not with gas as they might have assumed but rather something they didn't quite understand. There was one obvious implication for the growth, one that left them rubbing their bellies with curiosity, as much as with how good it felt.

“We aren't...?” Jon said, letting that thought hang in the air.

“Do you think these are all the eggs?” Eric said, finishing the statement.

“It feels...kind of good, doesn't it?” Jon said, not afraid of admitting the obvious truth aloud.

“There would have to be this many of them, right? God, why is this so hot...” Eric moaned, rubbing his bloating belly with one hand and reaching below to tease his cock with the other. He didn't even care what he was doing with Rachel watching, figuring she would tease them either way.

“Well, you two are certainly preggers,” Rachel commented, though seemed rather impressed with how into it they were getting. “That's a new one, even for me!”

“Fuck, this is good...” Jon moaned, rubbing his belly and stroking his cock as well.

“That's a good look for you, Jon,” Rachel mused, and it was impossible for him to know if she was joking or not.

By now, their bellies were bloated, even Jon's lean form, though Eric's slightly chubbier frame was significantly larger as well. They continued to rub them with interest, feeling their guts gurgling and the comfort it seemed to give to massage them. That, and it was powerfully arousing for them to do so!

Lost in their reverence, neither man noticed the tingling starting in their spines, something more familiar from the perspective of having experienced so many other changes. Something rather thick started to descend from their backsides, flat and rubbing against the insides of their legs. It was enough to jolt the pair from their rubbing, reaching past their bulbous bellies and meeting slimy, cool flesh. The texture was a little gross, though it was exciting to have them, something unique for both their experiences.

“Can I touch them?” Rachel asked, surprising the two of them. Jon and Eric just nodded, seeing no issue.

Her touch triggered a tingling up their spines, making them moan as she did so. It was affirmation they possessed piscine tails, and drew their attention to the fins of the end of them, fully forming as they started to twitch back and forth. Their skin was fully covered with scales, rubbing against the bare skin of their legs and making them giggle from the discomfort. Thickening from the base of their spines, they soon drew a little too close to their anuses, pushing them forward as the two shivered, the piscine tails finally touching the water.

The further their tails grew, the greater their ability to flex became and both Jon and Eric spread their legs a little, allowing them to swish back and forth. Their weight was starting to become obvious, likely close to reaching their relative size to their changing bodies. Their current length was enough to splash some water over their legs, making them giggle as they went to play their fingers in line with the scales they possessed now. Still, the bloating in their guts prompted them to continue rubbing them, the sensations from them far more exquisite and immediately providing further pleasure.

“Want to jerk off now?” Jon said, moving his hand from his fishy tail and teasing it over his cock head.

“Almost. I think we still have some time. Fuck, it's tempting, isn't it?” Eric replied, keeping his hand on his thickening fish tail in an effort to resist.

“Hey, I won't judge! Wouldn't it be funny if you could fertilize your own eggs!?” Rachel said, obviously amused by the prospect.

“Don't even joke,” Eric commented, hoping that wasn't the case. Sure, the DNA should have been different, but with their bodies turning into fish...still, they were still not becoming male fish, so it was a moot point.

By now scales were starting to spread over their ass cheeks, steadily crawling over their skin and separating into plate-like patterns, silvery and speckled in the case of Jon's own. They spread in a slow wave, over their backs and touching the center, where the tingling started to intensify. A strange bone started to sprout from within, poking out from the back of their spines and reaching upward. While not covered with scales itself, it seemed to form the same rays as their tail fins, likely the beginning of their dorsal fins. Annoyed expressions crossed their features as their arms attempted to touch them, but the growths were centered on their backs which they could not reach. Looking at each other as another option dawned on them, the two

turned around, touching each other's skin and fins, shivering from contact against the sensitive skin as they did so. Both found it difficult to fathom being covered with scales, the most unique change they'd ever undergone thus far.

It took them a few moments to realize their tails were submerging further into the water, and that their bodies and legs, in particular, were shrinking. The realization seemed to trigger a further surge in their members, both feeling more aroused to the point they likely needed to cum soon. It was further cemented but a tingling in their groins, as though their recutms were starting to push further forth. While it hadn't yet happened, it was likely they would soon merge toward cloacas, not maintaining their genitals or even their genders.

Not wanting to cum with their cocks underwater, both Jon and Eric looked at each other with knowing expressions. "Same time?" Eric asked, to which Jon simply nodded.

"Hell, I would join in but...I've been recording this, so..." Rachel said, motioning to her phone.

"You would!" Eric said, incredulously.

"Hey, some people have transformation-only fans, you know," Rachel said, as such was the most normal thing in the world.

"And you would know all about that," Eric shot back, though in reality, the notion had him more curious than anything.

"Got to make a profit somehow. Renting this thing wasn't cheap. Oh, wait, you better touch yourselves fast before you lose your hands!" Rachel recommended, and with that, the two men reached down to rub their cocks, not bothering to say another word. It was not the first time they'd done so during a transformation in front of Rachel, so it honestly didn't feel too awkward, even if their arousal was beyond a level they could hope to resist.

Reaching down to caress their cocks properly, the two were made aware their fingers were stiffer than normal, though such was likely to be expected. Looking at them more closely, it seemed a thin layer of webbing was starting to form between them, a prelude of the fins to come. It was a sign they needed to hurry. While the change would likely prompt them to release their human seed soon, the two had come to prefer it be done on their own terms. And even though their cocks were already starting to shrink, their arousal was at its peak, making sure orgasm was not too far off.

"Damn, better hurry boys! While you're still boys!" Rachel giggled, filming all the while.

It seemed as if the more they continued to shrink, the more their bellies continued to distend, as though the eggs or whatever mass was within was swelling beyond what they were able to bear. Even rubbing their guts was not enough to fully stem the ache, though the two were persistent, reaching down to do so while their arms still possessed such functionality. Yet, it was not simply the sexual excitement over the changes that spurred them on, something the pair didn't mind admitting to each other. The fact they were all so full of eggs and eager to lay them was full of promise, and they longed for nothing more than to expel their burden when they were able. Hopefully, it would be as arousing as they figured it might be!

“Damn, that's oddly hot. Fuck, I wish I had tried it,” Rachel mused, and she was likely being serious.

With the pleasure growing in their gurgling guts, it hardly took them long for them to reach release. There was no point in holding back, the two friends panting as their balls exploded with their burden. As both men were familiar, the final male release in a sex change transformation was rather intense, as though their bodies were destined to expel all their seed before their organs were shifted to their female equivalents. And this time was no different, their testicles blowing their pent-up loads and causing both men to moan their pleasure. The water was soon a little cloudy as rope after rope of human seed was ejaculated, leaving them to pant through the weakness in their bodies as they continued to shrink and change. It was almost enough for both to keel over, though they held on, dizzy from the weakening of their legs.

Of course, with their testes void, they were left to retract into their bodies, popping within their loins and leaving their sacks to sit empty for a few moments before they were repurposed. Their maleness, too, was to convert, though piscine anatomy was too foreign to imagine the precise conversion within. Thankfully, the sensation of their reorientation was sensual, leaving them to enjoy the post-orgasmic aftershocks. Their cocks, too, were soon to be subsumed, flaccid lengths condensing around their urethras as minor slits opened in their place, quivering in lust. The sensations were only to improve as their rectums were pulled forward as well, the two slits touching and opening around each other, high enough on their groins that even Rachel could observe them without obstruction.

“First time?” Eric teased, and it took Jon a few moments to realize that it was the first time he'd ever possessed a singular vent, something Eric's snake self had experienced. He giggled a little, wanting to touch it, the act of merging enough to cause a trembling of pleasure to pulsate through his groin.

“Stop getting ideas!” Eric said then, looking at Rachel, who had thus far been quiet. She simply grinned, replying with “your words, not mine!”

Jon was still moaning, getting into the sensations as his piscine cloaca took its proper shape. However, it was not the quivering of his sex that held his focus, but rather the persistent pressure in his belly, one that seemed to come to a head. As his plumbing adjusted, the bloating seemed to find its path lower down his track, far too large for his insides. Yet, the pressure was such that even as his insides stretched, the myriad of ovals within were able to make their way downward. A rather embarrassing squelching squeaked from his cloaca, though as the pressure continued to ease, Jon could only focus on the pleasurable sensations that continued to build. Jon could only think to massage his guts to alleviate it, willing his eggs to be birthed.

Sparing a glance at his friend, Eric was doing the same, trying to massage the eggs through their newly developed systems. It was akin to needing to take the dump of their lives, though came with a level of orgasmic pleasure that surpassed even what they had been expecting. Soon, their cloacas went into uncontrolled contractions, pulsating as their burdens prepared to be expelled. The same squelching sound played from Eric's cloaca as a quivering, gooey mass crowded the tip of his slit, ooze plopping into the water as an orange orb made itself known. It was all Eric had to stand stationary as his cloaca quivered and several round orbs plopped into the water, Eric rubbing his belly all the while. Eyes fluttering, Eric was evidently in orgasmic rapture, body shaking and preparing to birth the next batch, but a drop in the bucket that had built up in his newly developed ovaries.

“So good...” Eric managed to mutter, shaking now as the changes continued to rob more of his mass. His tail was thrashing in the water, splashing as he sank lower and lower into the tank. His sex was about to touch the surface, though not before birthing a few more eggs, something he seemed desperate to experience.

Eager to feel the same, Jon continued to rub his belly with urgency, wanting to feel his own orbs birthing through his cloaca and giving him that same sexual release. His insides were almost painfully pushed by the force of the egg mass, but he was determined, hands working frantically while they could. The squelching sound intensified, and his quivering lips soon parted to allow an egg to crown the tip. Jon barely had to do anything to push it out, grunting a little from the force of contractions as it was soon voided from his body, plopping into the water to join Eric's own.

Jon's moans only intensified as his cloaca continued to quiver uncontrolled and another egg worked its way out of him. It was powerfully pleasant, and his insides seemed no worse for wear from the laying act. Better yet was the fact that his bulging guts had to be full of forming eggs at this point, making his belly gurgle and prompting him to rub his belly to try to work more out. Such would likely exhaust him soon, but for the moment, Jon only wanted more, to finally be alleviated from the intense pressure in his guts.

“Damn, is it that good?” Rachel asked, and had he been more conscious about anything than his cloaca, Jon might have noticed where her hand was going. Eric, too, looked like he was about to say something, though his own quivering cloaca was soon to open and void another gooey patch of eggs, stuck together by a jelly-like fluid.

“It’s too bad you can’t stay like that. Those eggs are massive! People probably wouldn’t want to eat those, I guess!” Rachel said with a bit of a laugh. Jon couldn’t imagine being stuck like this, half changed and just made to spawn. Not that he wasn’t doing much differently now, but still...

It was hard to think of anything else over the need to void his next batch, the tension in his legs starting to build and making him think he would soon need to fall over into the water. His guts were pulsating all the while, preparing to push more eggs down his tubes. It seemed impossible for him to be so bloated with eggs, even if this particular potion was designed to allow it. How fertile could they possibly become, anyway?

“Well, see you guys in a few days,” Rachel said, and Jon was slow to realize that his legs were about to give way.

He could no longer stand in the tank, and as he tried to move them, he was soon made aware that the muscles within them had been robbed from him. With that, Jon felt himself fall face-first into the water with a loud splash. A second splash signaled Eric was to experience the same, their bodies no longer able to keep them upright. Their tails could move side to side, and such was able to propel them into the water, barely enough to surface and breathe, though such was a bit of a struggle. Jon was a little alarmed, wondering how his body would adapt to shifting between shifting mediums. The potions were supposed to keep them alive during the changes, but never before was he at risk of now being able to breathe mid-transformation!

As much as he couldn’t see it, the sensation of something diminishing within his body was a sign that his lungs must be in the process of collapsing. He still had enough air to persist for a few minutes, though he was thankful to feel the cooling sensation of a slit opening up along the sides of his neck. As soon as it was able, the muscle around the slits started to twitch, and Jon was just barely aware that he was able to breathe, or at least was no longer drowning. Thankfully he didn’t have to move in the water to breathe as the flowing water ran over his gills, his internal systems were now able to draw oxygen from the water. That was for the best, given the intensity of the cramps in his belly and the need to lay more eggs that kept him stationary.

The only thing Jon lamented at this point was his lack of chatting with Eric and Rachel any longer, though that was to be expected sooner or later with such a drastic change. Jon was

happy he still possessed his hands to continue rubbing at the discomfort in his belly, massaging his guts in an effort to ease the aches of his forming eggs. It was still a bit uncomfortable, though thankfully not painful, as he waited for more eggs to distend down his tubes. And with his cloaca still reeling from the pleasure of laying, Jon was eager to experience doing so from the perspective of being underwater, and further as he was changed.

For now, it was his legs to finish changing, pulling within him as Jon lost all ability to move them. The bones of his hips had dissolved, and the muscles joining them pulled apart, preparing to leave his legs vestigial. They were nubs by this point, and Jon could barely even feel them as part of his body anymore. They continued to pull within him, the toes melding into a single nub subsumed by his body. It was a little alarming to lose his legs in such a way, though with the power in his fully grown tail, and the scales spreading over his chest and belly, there was little use for them, and Jon went back to focusing on other priorities.

Desperate for whatever comfort he could get before he lost his hands, Jon continued to massage his guts, working more eggs through his system and eager to birth them. The pleasant contractions started intensifying as another clutch prepared to be birthed, and Jon went to cry out, forgetting he was underwater and only able to make bubbles as he did so. It felt a little silly, Jon was made aware of the bizarre nature of being a water-breathing creature and enjoying the contrast. While the tingling of his skin converting to scales or the sensation of his body shirking would normally be something of interest, Jon was unable to focus on anything but the tension in his cloaca as more eggs prepared to push his way out.

The stiffening of his fingers, however, was something that caused him alarm, if only because he was desperate to stem the ache in his stomach as it continued to swell with progeny. The muscles within the fingers seemed to wane, and Jon was soon to find they no longer moved at his prompting. Worse, perhaps, was a weakness in his arms, meaning he no longer had any ability to comfort his guts. While a little alarming, Jon allowed it to happen, unable to see well in the watery medium but able to feel as the fingers continued to shrink, a warm swelling of webbing spreading between them as they froze in place. The bones within were largely dissolved, though left enough remnants to create the rays within as webbing moved to the tips and completely subsumed them.

His arms, too, were destined to dissolve as well as the bones within popped out of their sockets and muscles, shrinking around them as they rapidly diminished in stature. As his chest started to compress inward, preparing to force his body toward a more streamlined torpedo shape, Jon could feel his shoulders pushed forward leaving his arms barely able to move. The entire length of his upper and lower arms were compacted to the point he could no longer move them, leaving only a singular joint to allow his remnant fins to rotate around. They continued to pull within him, only the stubby fins left he could move. With his body compressing and

shrinking all the while, Jon was left to flail them somewhat helplessly, wishing to continue to rub his belly and ease the ache of his eggs forming. They would come either way, he was sure, but it disappointed him to lack any ability to accentuate the experience.

Jon was soon to learn his hands were no longer needed, given the force of contractions that were eager to expel his eggs. An orgasm rocked his much smaller body, more eggs oozing out of his slit and making him tremble all over. They were thankfully smaller than the initial eggs, his altering body not able to support such passing through him. Jon was only sad that he couldn't see how many were dropping from his slit at once, though the jelly-like goo they were suspended in could likely hold more eggs than he could count. There was no counting the number of eggs the two of them would lay over the course of the next few days. And that excited him to know that he would feel each and every one flowing from his vent in orgasmic bliss!

As his body continued to shrink and contract, the frequent pops and creaks were enough to distract Jon from the overwhelming sensation of egg-laying. His spine was longer, ribs compressed as his organs shifted, some erased while others such as a swim bladder were born from their remnants. The discomfort in his guts was finally alleviated, much to Jon's relief, given he could no longer rub his belly. His form was now designed to lay properly, and the eggs being produced were more suited for the trout he was becoming rather than human-sized when he'd started to change. Still, a quivering in his cloaca was a sign that another gooey glob was ejected into the water, presumably floating down to join the others the two had produced.

At this point, only his head remained human, though Jon still lacked the ability to see properly in the water. Surely, Eric was in a similar state, and he could perceive his friend's shrinking form in the tank with him, almost able to taste his body and the eggs they were both laying even through the water they were breathing. John found he could swim somewhat, though there wasn't far to move before his nose bumped against the glass of the tank. Besides, with the orgasmic contractions still wracking his cloaca, it was hard to move, taking all the energy he possessed to contend with them.

Soon, Jon was able to perceive his hair falling out of his head, joining the rest of the hair they had both shed in the tank thus far. At least it was left to dissolve quickly, not clogging up the water filtration. It felt weird to be bare of it, feeling his skull contracting and flattening to match the more streamlined form he now possessed. His neck, too, started to widen, making it hard to perceive the separation of head and body, save for the presence of his gill slit. It was a little unnerving not to be able to move, forcing him to stare straight ahead unless he wriggled his body from the effort. At least it was starting to become easier to do so, Jon was able to perceive his body continuing to shrink toward its final form for the next few days.

The bones within his skull started softening as well, much more simplistic for the piscine brain he would possess. Of course, the potion process had no ability to hinder human thought, but it was a little alarming to experience the flood of fish instincts and compulsions that dictated what he should do. Above all was the pressure in his guts that signaled more eggs forming to be expelled, and for some reason, Jon felt a desire to swim to the bottom of the tank, where a thick layer of gravel sat. It took some effort, but he managed to wriggle his tail over the spot, making a small indent in the dirt that seemed to satisfy some instinct in his brain. Surely, he was building a nest of some sort, a place for him to lay his eggs and wait for a male to fertilize them. That, or for them to be sold and make them a tidy profit, but that was neither here nor there, as was the case.

Focused on his work, Jon was hardly aware when his eyes became forced open, the lids no longer present to allow them to close. They were likely taking on a more glassy quality, though Jon was mostly thankful to be granted his sight back. With the shifting of his skull and the relative widening of his eye sockets, his field of vision was rather wide, albeit not as focused as he would like. At least he was able to see his body behind him, long and torpedo for maximum efficiency while swimming. It was bizarre, though not as much as the salmon in the tank with him, still sporting parts of Eric's facial features as he, too, began digging an impression to lay his eggs. Best was the look of ecstasy on his features as his own cloaca contracted, egg-laying stemmed for now from the biological prerogatives of digging their nest first before laying their eggs properly

Something else was made aware to him as he took in the sights of the tank around him, one that made him want to giggle if he could. The first eggs they had laid while standing were piled onto the first, encased in orange ooze, and stuck together to prevent them from being swept away in faster-moving waters. Some of them were significantly larger than even their current bodies, a testament to how much they had shrunk and leaving Jon to marvel at the thought of laying something so big with his body its current size. His piscine brain didn't care for the ones far too large for his current body. Jon had to wonder if those massive first orbs could be fertilized, though put it quickly out of his mind, clearly not the point in their current state of change.

Unable to look away from Eric's face with his wide-angled vision, Jon was soon privy to the sight of their faces pushing out together. Skulls already shifted, it was easy to feel the bone pushing out into a long, thin jaw, nostrils sinking into the surface of his lips and sat at their apex. Jon was a little surprised he could smell somewhat, the scents of the other fish and his own eggs the only things of note in the relatively tiny tank. It was weird seeing their faces pushing out, robbing them of human features as they reflexively opened and closed their as though sucking in water to run over their gills. Most of their teeth were subsumed by their gums, though some relatively small pegs persisted in their place, more for gripping than chewing. With their bodies

mostly changed, Jon was a little amused by the sight of relatively human ears sticking out of the sides of their heads, though they were soon reduced to little more than remnant canals, more useful in determining buoyancy rather than hearing in the manner he was used to.

With the urge to continue digging their depressions and the building in their guts that begged them to lay and be alleviated, both Jon and Eric were hardly aware their changes were largely done. It was all they could do to dig with the pressure building to a head, their minds not allowing them to lay until they were finished. As a decent bowl-sized dent was made in the sediment, the contracts started up again, making both of their bodies throb with intensity. The pressure quickly built pasted the breaking point, as though the entirely formed mass was preparing to be birthed at once. It caused their entire lower bodies to tremble, opening their passages beyond anything they had felt thus far. And it was only the beginning...

Reflexively sitting in his indent, Jon felt waves of contraction pulse through his cloaca, the peristaltic forces within his femininity pumping far more intently than he was prepared for. The mass about to be birthed from his belly was far larger than he was prepared for, and right on the heels, there seemed to be another, as though the first batch could only support a small portion of the eggs his body had to give. It shook his insides to the point he was vibrating, contractions hammering his much smaller body as he prepared to birth his brood. Jon was left awash in orgasmic ecstasy as his vent opened impossibly wide, feeling the squelching of jelly pushing through as eggs started to push their way out. It was soon out of his control as a massive batch of eggs was voided all at once, falling into the depression and sitting there, giving him a moment of reprieve.

Yet, it was a drop in the bucket for the eggs he would soon lay. The next batch was on the heels of the first, his insides stretched now and easily able to allow the clutch to pass. Even the discomfort from before had abated, leaving only pleasure as it was pumped through his tubes. Jon was left writhing in pleasure, seeing Eric doing the same as his own clutch floated from his cloaca. It was easily dozens of them now and despite the comfort of alleviating them, it seemed their guts would have rest. The formation of more eggs within them, while far more rapid than their natural forms, was still pleasant, and with the persistent pressure, it was all Jon wanted to do but lie there and lay until he was exhausted. As was the point of the process, having no other purpose for the next couple of days...

Those days were to pass relatively slowly, feeling more like weeks than the two were expecting. As the lights around the tank never shut off, they couldn't tell the passing of days. Their time was taken up by laying and resting between batches, sleeping when they could from sheer exhaustion. Without the ability to close their eyes, sleep soon fell over them without their

knowing, until that pressure built within their guts once more and prompted them to take position over their makeshift nests to prepare for the next clutch.

Even if they had the energy to, there was little else for them to do in the tank, being relatively small and compact. Not that their piscine brains or instincts wanted to do anything else, given the fulfillment they felt from the laying act itself. It was hard to see beyond the tank, and with the top closed, there was no point in parting the barrier and taking in the sights of the room. There wasn't even a need to look for food, a pair being fed a nutrient-rich paste, more palatable than the bugs they would be forced to otherwise eat. All there was to look forward to was the clenching of their slits and the urge to lay their brood. And that, at least, never lost its appeal or pleasure no matter how much they expelled.

As part of the process, their bellies were constantly bloating with the formation of more eggs, the gurgling in their guts as they prepared to descend the second-best part of the process. The best, of course, was the eggs coming into direct contact with their cloacas, the orgasmic contractions more all-consuming than human experience could prepare them for. Like all transformation potions, the result was to make their genitals more sensitive than usual, and with the persistent urge to lay, Jon and Eric were left well-pleasured and satisfied. It was best to push out large clusters at once, they found, feeling the intense squelching before their vents were opened as far as possible and the heavy pressure of their eggs was alleviated from them. It was almost worth the experience alone, though Jon almost found himself wishing for a more complete underwater experience. Perhaps taking on an aquatic form in the future would be in the cards for them, and Jon took some spare time to wonder what body he might wish to experiment with.

Eventually, the time came for the potion to wear off, and the top of the tank was left open that day for that purpose. The tingling started in their bellies, expanding large enough to make the pair think they might explode with eggs. But as the swelling of growth spread all over their bodies, both knew it was time for them to head to the surface. And not too soon, given their gill slits were soon to collapse and their lungs to expand within to force them to breathe the air once more. Sticking their fishy heads out of the water was a little bizarre, especially as their scales parted and their hair grew back before their faces had reverted. Neither of them needed ears to tell Rachel was in the room and laughing at them!

As their bodies continued to grow, eventually the sensation of their tails touching the gravel allowed them to stay upright somewhat more easily, making breathing easier. Their tails were steadily shrinking, weakening, even before their arms and legs had become more than stubs. It was bizarre to float there, threatened by drowning before their bodies were able to manage. But soon the tips of their legs were able to gain purchase and they were able to properly stand, starting to rise from the water to the panic of their still piscine psyches. With eyes still

stuck open and forced to look around the room, both were stunned by the perspective, though the sight of Rachel giggling eventually relaxed the two, knowing she was the only one in the room to see them. And, as they assumed, the moment their ears reformed, the familiar sounds of her chucking made them try to giggle in kind, unable to do with before their vocal cords had returned.

Eventually, the two were tall enough to stand up out of the tank, though wanted to wait for the changes to finish before getting out. The air was a little uncomfortable against the parts of their skin that were still scales, after all. Eventually, the scales smoothed into flesh and regrew its hair, and leg muscles regrew enough they could lift out and step on the stairs to exit the tank. Their first steps in a few days were wobbly, and their tails were still someone present on their backs, but the reversion was almost complete, and Jon gave Eric a knowing look, enjoying the egg-laying but thankful to get back to their human forms.

While their genitals and anuses had parted by now, Rachel was quick to notice something that had escaped them. “Wanted to keep some souvenirs?” She teased, and the two of them gave her a look before Jon thought to reach down and brush the skin around his anus. It seemed that their bodies were inclined to expel any errant eggs before the change took them, and some of their jelly casing was stuck to their assess, bodies too large to feel them as Jon wiped them away, not wanting to return them to the tank just in case. There might have been still some eggs up there as well, not something he was looking forward to finding later. Eric, too, had a disgusted look on his face as he found his own salmon eggs clinging to his ass, while Rachel couldn’t help to express a giggle.

“Hey, you try pushing all those eggs out of you all day!” Eric said though he was hardly too embarrassed by the fact, given how much pleasure the act of voiding them had been.

“I will, actually,” Rachel said, moving to shuck off her shirt and pants. The two of them stared confused at her naked body as Rachel reached down and pulled out her own vial of potion. “Bottom’s up, boys!” She said, before drinking it in one gulp and moving into the tank to prepare her own spawning stint.