

“Are we *sure* we want to do this? It’s fucking disgusting...” Gerald gripped, still not able to come to terms with what Matt was suggesting. At first, he had said yes, but that was all in the planning stages. Sure, it made sense and would save them hundreds of food and entertainment costs. But to change into a new life, a new *body* for that to work...there were dozens if not hundreds of things that could go wrong, and the lifestyle was disgusting besides!

Both Matt and Gerald were college students, preparing to enter into their final term in the fall and needing employment in the summer to make up for their lack of student loans. And such would normally be fine with them, used to hard work and even the more demeaning jobs that came with being college students. But even those were soon called for, and no amount of rationing for the summer could stretch their money beyond rent. Power, air conditioning, and most importantly food, were all out of their price range, having to wait till fall for their final loans.

Rather than starving or panhandling, Matt had come up with what he, at first, considered a rather ingenious plan. Having both been part of a special class that employed nanite transformation to teach the different lifestyles and habits of animals, to prepare the students for new types of research jobs. Gerald had been lucky by some standards to avoid having changed all semester, but Matt had spent a stint as a snake, something he didn't seem to mind when all was said and done. And if Matt was suggesting they become snakes for the summer, that might not have been so bad. But even snakes needed to eat, and live food wasn't cheap, let alone snake habitats to keep them comfortable.

It was something much less comfortable, even disgusting by most metrics, that Matt suggested for them to change. Gastropods were one of the types of fauna they studied, and one of the students, Hal, had spent a week as a slug. He hadn't talked much about the experience, though he hadn't been scared by it, per se, so Matt immediately didn't think it off the table. And of all the animals people had been turned into in the class, slugs seemed the lowest maintenance species one could be transformed into. A moist, damp place to prevent desecration, as well as enough food was all they required, even rotting food enough for the detritivores they could become. Such was far from appetizing, though as slugs, would they really care? Lack of outside maintenance was an issue, but stored in a large damp bin in a dark closet should fit the bill as best they understood it. Besides, the changes were programmed to last only a week at a time, requiring them to change back and clean their prepared home away from home before embarking on the change once more. The nanites could be used over and over, allowing them to spend the majority of the summer as slugs, so long as they could stomach such a thing.

Foreseeing such a summer as a possibility, Matt had swiped two of the vials of nanites as well as the program to upload it to his laptop. Gerald wasn't inclined to question what means he'd

used to acquire them, though they didn't seem to have been contacted about anything going missing, so he didn't figure much of it at the time. It would be their own secret, so long as no one came by to find their habitat. It was a risk though a calculated one, and the change itself was very safe, something they and their classmates had already undergone.

Still, when it was time to initiate the change, both men looked at each other with some disgust. Having bought as much cheap and ripe fruit as they could, the two of them figured they would be well looked after even past the food expiration date. It wasn't the most palpable notion, but something they couldn't deny was a better option than anything their humanity could manage over the course of the summer.

“Are we sure there's no better animal? Something less...gross, maybe?” Gerald moaned, thinking about backing out the closer it came to the time to change.

“Nope. Can't be anything aquatic, of course. And everything else is too high maintenance. Sure, maybe we could be mice or something but there's always a risk of being spotted, right? Come on man, it will be ok. I hope...” Matt said, failing to convince his friend. It was true it was the lower maintenance thing within the programs they had and without any other opinions...Gerald did his best to steel himself for the change to come.

“Can't believe we're really doing this, man...” Gerald moaned, looking down at the container and hoping it was moist and damp enough for the week. Surely they had enough food for the week, there was little else for them to concern themselves with, and there was no reason not to change themselves. Save for how repulsive it was...

“It's time,” Matt said, part of him wishing he had come to another conclusion.

“Same time?” Gerald offered.

“Yeah, that's the best way to do it...” Matt said, and with that, he moved to initiate the program to force their changes. He had a minute to get back to the container, something too small for the two humans they were shrinking into and falling over once they were at the stage of the change..

With the program initiated, Gerald felt himself breathing shallowly, wanting for the first signs of change. There was an overall feeling of something being *off*, as though he was sweating without the room being particularly hot. He soon realized that he was starting to sweat profusely, feeling a little gross and dirty as he did so. Almost as though his sweat was far too thick...

Touching his chest reflexively, Gerald moaned in disgust as a trail of sticky slime followed him, oozing from his pores and spreading over his chest and back. It was repulsive to the point he could almost smell it in the air, wanting to gag from it but not really sure if he would be able to by the time the changes were done with him. It was spreading over him to the point of almost dripping, as though the fluids of his skin were being pushed to the surface before shifting to slug slime, clinging annoyingly to his shirt as more slime oozed out over them. The clothes were powerfully uncomfortable to the point they wanted to take them off, while they still had their hands to do so.

“Fuck, we should have gotten naked...” Matt moaned, shucking off his shirt and looking at it disgusted. It was covered with mucus, more of which was oozing in drips off his body and making him want to wretch from the smell. It was as though the tissues within were dissolving, mixing with the slime their slug bodies would naturally produce to the point it was literally dripping from them. The result was gross to the point their pants, and even their underwear were shed, not caring they were naked as the slime continued to roll over them and make them wish to retch.

“I didn't really want mucus all over my shirt,” Matt whined, but there was nothing to do about it now.

“I mean, we’re going to be slugs, anyway, right?” Gerald replied, feeling a little dizzy as though the contours of the closest were getting wider around them.

“Yeah, but we’re going to have to put them on again later, right?” Matt said, stating the obvious as he felt his body starting to shrink as well, standing over the bin in case his legs suddenly weakened and he was forced to fall in.

“Yeah, I guess so...” Gerald said, taking a position and trying not to stare at his naked friend, more concerned with the changes overcoming him. It was a little jarring to think of the repercussions of such, not wanting to think about being human and wearing a shirt covered with his slug's slime.

There was little time to reflect on such with a bout of weakness coming over him, his leg and arm muscles suddenly feeling fatigued almost to the point of atrophy. It was very jarring to the point that bending over the tub was hardly enough to find a comfortable position, and he felt that at any moment, he would keel over without the legs to stand on literally.

“Fuck, why did we do this...” Gerald whined, feeling disgusted by the slime sticking his arms to his sides, likely a prelude to them being absorbed into his torso. He figured he could try

to pull them apart, but quickly wondered what the point of such would be and decided against it for the time being.

Matt seemed like he was going to respond when a look of horror crossed his face and a sickening pop resonated through his head. One of his eyes was literally being pushed from his sockets, and Gerald had no control over his scream as one, and then the other burst forth, hanging in the air and waving there, a silent scream crossing his features as they did so. It seemed the connections within were laid bare like wires, though the slime soon congealed over them to the point they were covered with yellowish-brown slug skin. The light seemed to dim from them, turning black and likely losing most of their sensory ability, saving Matt the sight of grotesque changes overtaking his body.

“Fuck man, I can't see!” Matt panicked, though the moment Gerald tried to reply, slime dripped into his mouth and made him wish to throw up. There was no point trying to speak anyway, their ability to do so was likely robbed from them.

Gerald also envied Matt's inability to witness his body altering as his skin started to grow damp and moist from the sheer volume of slime being excreted. Had he the ability to touch his skin, he figured he would find it squishy, though didn't want to touch a slug directly. Matt, too, was oozing more mucus as slug skin replaced his own, the hair atop his head and body trailing off with the slime. His skin was also changing a putrid yellowish brown as black spots started to pepper the skin in places. The same was happening to Gerald as well, the signature pattern of their chosen species taking root over their former dermis.

Gerald was shocked by the sight as his legs suddenly gave way and he fell over, slimy body rubbing against the edge of the tub and making him worried his shrinking body wouldn't manage to get up over the rim. Desperately, he tried to stand on his legs once more, but it seemed the muscles had atrophied to the point such was impossible. Trying to reach up and grasp the rim of the container was equally impossible, leaving Gerald to push his body against the container, trying to angle his torso over the rim so that he might fall in.

Ignoring the alarming sensation of his hair falling from his scalp and getting caught in his mucus, Gerald felt he was able to get his head over the edge in time to see Matt's own legs giving way, and with a heavy splat his body hit the inside of the container. He was still too large for it, but his body was shrinking all the while, still oozing fluids as his stalks moved slowly this way and that, trying to make sense of his new habitat.

Gerald was distracted by the sensation of his ass expanding, pushing out behind his body as a mass, forcing what remained of his legs to stick to it. It was likely to be the start of his foot, as much as he understood slug anatomy. Gerald had a decent background of such from his degree

and had brushed up on it for his tenure as a slug, but to be experiencing it on his own was something entirely different and rather alarming to boot!

With a start, Gerald could perceive a sort of separation of his back and ass was forming, a raised protrusion that he could not see with stiffness in his neck. He could, however, look down at Gerald's own growing, the separation of the skin of his back and his own tail growth as his legs merged together and dissolved into the skin, their ventral surface almost able to unguilate and move their slug bodies the distance they needed to find shelter, food, and mates.

At this point, their skin had both changed into slimy, mucus-secreting dermis fit for the leopard slugs they were becoming. Though the species was on the larger size for slugs, they were much smaller than the human forms the two of them possessed, and they still had some shrinking to do before they reached the proper size. There was not enough room in the container for the two of them yet, though Gerald was still struggling to move his body up the side and fall in. If she wasn't able to...the implication of being without shelter and food for the week was daunting, and he could only hope his body was able to stick to vertical surfaces to allow him to fall in eventually.

Gerald was distracted by a gurgling from his insides, as though the organs within were shifting, dissolving, and reworking themselves. It was bizarre the nanites could keep him alive for the duration of the change, as his bones dissolved, his organs shifted and broke down, tissues withering away to make room for the simpler systems of the slug he was becoming. It was even stranger to feel what remained of his organs starting to shift, his insides being twisted at an almost 180-degree angle, his anus moving through his sides and posting wetly up against the side of his new mantle, his penis being taken along with it as it withered into a singular hole. It was a genital pore as far as he recalled the name of it, moving to below his anus and keeping a separate hole from his rectum. It was disconcerting to feel his insides being twisted in such a way that his genital slit was almost facing the back of his neck, though his much less complex stomach could not manage to form vomit, despite his disgust over what was happening to his insides.

Lost in the bizarre nature of the changes, Gerald was hardly aware he was no longer breathing, and the sensation of something cool on the side of his mantle brought his attention to what he figured was a psuone, taking the place of his collapsing lungs. He was breathing without effort, though the amount of air his changed body needed was far less than what a human required. It was bizarre feeling three holes on the side of his body, and as his neck started to contract into his torso as the bones within melted away, Gerald wondered what it looked like. A cursory glance in Matt's direction told him all he needed to know, still able to see even as his body shrank and his brain prepared to disintegrate into the simpler systems of the slug he was becoming.

At this point, the dissolution of his bones, in particular his shoulders, made the separation of his arms impossible as they sank into his torso. His legs, too, were stuck together and sinking to make the flesh of his gastropod foot. He was still teetering on the edge of the container, but without arms and legs, sticking to the side as he was, he was able to push his body within, falling harmlessly to the bottom of the container and landing on some of the fruit they had placed there prior. He could feel it underneath him, as much of his slime that had landed on it already. Such was hardly a detriment to his appetite, as much as it disgusted his human sensibilities. It was his lot in life to get used to as he reflexively moved forward, feeling his foot undulating enough to allow him to move just slightly, though too slowly for the former human to truly understand.

Matt was still in the container with him, about the same size now and still shrinking, though the two of them could easily fit in the same habitat now. It was a little alarming seeing his eyes on stalks, and Gerald wondered how well Matt could see. Surely, it was nothing like the snake he had become, but he had no way to ask them, neither of them having a way to speak. His teeth, too, were starting to fall out, dissolving before a sharpened crest formed within what was left of his mouth, something that Gerald was able to determine was a radula. The same thing was happening to him as well, it being alarming to feel his teeth falling from his maw or his jaw weakening to only open a small way, the serrated bit of his radial all he could manage to use to eat. Curious, he decided to try it, moving his head down against the fruit he was on as he sheared off a bit of it, the flavor absent but the sensation pleasant enough he was able to continue with it.

It was the sensation of something pushing out against the sides of his former cheeks that confused him until the absent smells from his nose were drawn in through those tendrils. It was bizarre that such feelers could bring in scents in such a way, as though drawing in the molecules with some intent. It was the scents of slime, of himself, that were at the forefront of his awareness, as well as that of his friend, further away from him now as the two of them continued to shrink. But soon, the alluring aroma of food below him made him hungrier, as though he was bathing in the odors to the point he could not help but graze with the simplistic structure of his mouth.

With most of the changes complete at this point, Gerald was left to worry about the inevitable shifting of his eyes, having them burst from his head with a series of disturbing pops. And that was next to happen, though without ears to hear the sounds, he was at least spared from the level of intensity he'd experienced watching it happen to Matt. Still, it was disturbing to have his eyes blur as they pushed from the sockets, popping with new mobile joints and muscles as they raised over his head, allowing him to detect light from multiple angles. Though the eyesight itself was poor, and his brain was not yet complete to interpret the sensations anyway.

At this point, he could sense he was still shrinking, too large for a slug but steadily diminishing down toward that size. The surface was enlarging underneath him, though the

growing part of his instincts was comparable to that, knowing there was more food. There was also a growing sense of being disturbed, as though something around him was troubling. It took him some time to realize it was the light, and he was prompted to move away from it, his tentacles detecting a moist, dark area for his body in which to rest. He was slow, the slime not oozing from his body as much as it had been, though his skin could still produce it. And that was OK, the slime itself a form of protection as he moved to find one of the places that had been set for him, one where he could rest from the changes and wait until it was dark and time to feed in earnest...

Gerald had a difficult time telling how long he had been in his slug body with the slow pace of life he now experienced, each day a blur as he went about his tasks. A part of him wanted to rest and sleep during the day, hating the light and needing to be in a moist, damp place to sleep. He had an innate sense when the sun was down, even though they were in a dark closet and only minute amounts of light were allowed to be let in, his circadian rhythms seemed to have adjusted enough that such was his regular cycle. It should have been easy enough to track, but with the mundanity his activities provided, Gerald found that he quickly forgot, or, perhaps more worrying, hardly cared.

For the size of the being he had become, the container was rather spacious, giving him a larger range than he'd been expecting. With how slow he moved, or how little he really needed to, there was little desire to explore the contours of his habitat further. There was plenty of food, the fruit they had left for themselves the perfect nutritional source for the bodies they had taken on. And at much less cost than their humanity, as they'd been expecting! The fact that it was to go rotten in a short period of time meant nothing, given that their slug bodies could easily digest detritus as well as fresh or ripe food, something that Gerald couldn't bring himself to concern himself with. There was little to do, other than crawl forward, eat, and occasionally defecate through the pore on the side of his back, something that would have repulsed the human him but felt rather natural for his slug for when all was said and done.

There was almost the simplest joy in being a slug, not having anywhere to go urgently, having ample food, and shelter when he was fatigued, the moisture level in the container was perfect as well, and while he was sure mold would grow soon, it was still preferable to his leopard slug self than poisonous to the human him. It was an odd sort of life and the contentment of the instincts helped relieve the boredom of such an experience. Not that he wanted to be a slug, not that he wouldn't prefer watching movies on his laptop, going for walks, and generally enjoying life in the human world. Though faced with starvation otherwise, and with the relative ease of being a slug, things weren't so bad, all things considered.

One thing to eventually draw him from his day to day life was the scent of another slug's slime trail, one that he inadvertently crossed over. Not that the two of them were far apart by

human standards, though it was some trek for the slugs they had become. And it was the first time he had encountered Matt's slime trail, leaving him curious to follow it. There was a part of him that felt a little lonely, after all, and not really sure how to interact with another slug, Gerald found himself curious to try.

Though he was unaware of it at first, there was a smell in the slime trail that was beckoning him forward, something that he felt positively divine to his slug senses. It seemed that Matt had the same inclinations, and, though it felt like a long journey, he finally scented the other slug, reflexively reaching out with his feelers and touching those of his neighbor. It was nice, though Gerald was hardly aware of why he was doing such. Perhaps even slugs longed for the companionship of another, as simplistic of creatures as they were.

The two of them kept up like that for what seemed like hours, rubbing and licking at each other, even moving around to play with the other sides of their bodies. He wasn't sure what was going on, though it felt right in the moment, a more compelling sensation than even eating or moving to a damp cover in the daylight. And the touch of the other slug, his friend, brought with it some sense of companionship, something that defied his human understanding to the point all he could do was to give into it.

It was the feeling of Matt moving away that alarmed Gerald for a moment before being compelled to follow him. He wasn't sure why, what was going on, but his orientation felt *off*, somehow, as though he was too low to the ground, that he had to...climb? It made little sense, but given the flood of instincts coming over him in an otherwise quiet mind, Gerald felt himself giving in, a combination of satisfaction and curiosity being his motivation. And he hardly wanted to be away from Matt, as strange as it had been. Hell, it was almost as though...but they were both male, right? Were slugs even male or female, as much as he understood it? Why had he forgotten so much of his zoology course?!

Still, he was compelled at a literal snail's pace, made worse by a sense of anticipation that seemed to burn into his mind. He moved up, up, further upward, hot on Matt's slime trail and so high he thought he might fall out of the container. Without functional eyes it was impossible to contemplate the sense of scale. It was all he could do to keep climbing, hoping the slug knew what it was doing. And, as he was soon to find out, that was just the case...

With that, he felt his head and neck stretching, meeting the sensation of Matt's own running against his slimy body. It was bizarre, though more than that, their necks were starting to enterwine, wrapping around each other several times over. For a moment, Gerald was concerned he might sever his head, leaving him to wonder how long a slug would last without a head. It was a moot point, their bodies evidently able to function in such a way. Soon, they were wrapped together, and with it, a slick sticky sensation seemed to ooze from his foot, attaching to the side

of the container as they slowly slid downward. A momentary panic flooded his thoughts, though the dissension was gradual enough that his small stature would prevent any permanent damage. And it was still tied to Matt, though figured the other slug had let out a similar thick string of mucus, more than enough to keep the two of them waving back and forth in the air.

What happened next Gerald was not prepared for, nor would have had given in so fully if he knew the results beforehand. But his body was in autopilot, and the reactions were largely out of his control, given the amount of pleasure he was to experience. All at once, something long and undulating worked its way out of an unfamiliar orifice on his side, as though seeking...what?. The moment it did so, another such organ touched against his own to the point it almost felt orgasmic. It was strange, yet somehow familiar, almost as though it was a part of him absent from his current anatomy. Like his penis...

Stranger still was the sensation of his skin that the thing was reaching for, touching a pore beside it that Gerald had not been aware of. It was powerfully sensual to the point he would almost moan if he were able to do so. Gerald wasn't sure if it was the same organ, but it mattered little, some sort of gastropod gonopore that was opening to receive whatever the other slug was offering. And with the pleasure and need in his simplistic instincts, there was little reason for him to conceive of for him to enjoy it. As his hole was penetrated, Gerald felt his own organ push toward a similar hole in Matt's side, and the two of them began undulating in unison, to the point it was almost like they were able to...

It was the ebbing of orgasmic bliss that seemed to jar Gerald from the reality of what was happening to him. Though strange and alien from his human equivalent, it was as though his sensitive appendage was going into orgasm, complete with a small droplet of semen being placed inside the other slug. The same thing, as best as he could tell, was placed inside his own hole, and after that, the two of them reflexively unwound themselves, falling to the ground harmlessly and going about their own business as if they had not just had slug sex...

Time seemed to stay still after that, the implication of what he did fresh in his mind though several day and night cycles had likely passed. The worst part, in his mind, was how much he'd enjoyed the act, how fulfilling it had been from a slug's perspective, and perhaps more alarmingly, his own. It didn't really mean anything in the end, he figured. Something he didn't necessarily want to discuss with Matt after they had changed back. Hopefully something that would not happen again the next time they had turned into slugs. Though given the opportunity again, Gerald was hardly sure in his resolve to say no...

Then one day, it happened. It started as a pressure within his orifice, like something had been brewing within for some time. It was not the urge to defecate, that was something his body took care of without his prompting, as much as the act disgusted Gerald about life as a leopard

slug. This was larger, firmer, and starting to swell to the point it could no longer be contained. Multiple bobbles seemed to swell up within his insides to the point the pressure needed to be alleviated. And even with his simplistic insides, Gerald's insides were designed to push out whatever he had made within him. Something that almost felt orgasmic on its own.

Feeling it open from the pressure within was bizarre, though not as much so as the squelching sensation of something being pushed through the side, spherical in shape and prompting his opening even larger to the point Gerald did not think he could manage it. Though soon it pushed through with some ooze of its own, followed by the tug of another, as though they were stuck together. Gerald could hardly fathom what they were, though was compelled to stay there still and force them out, feeling several dozen of the spheres exiting his body and making him think that he was no longer a he, or a she, like he was a hermaphrodite being. As slugs were generally classified as...

With that, the clutch was laid, and a sense of satisfaction flooded his mind, as though Gerald had achieved it all. It was powerfully self-important, and Gerald wondered for a moment if he was actually slated to die after what he realized was his reproductive cycle. But slugs were made of sterner stuff, he would go on, eating and sleeping and prepping for the moment he would meet another slug and be compelled to mate once more...

It was a familiar tingling that allowed Gerald to know his time as a slug was up. It had felt almost like an eternity given the lack of differentiation in his days. Save for the mating act, though it was not something Gerald wanted to think about for too long, let alone talk to Matt about once they were human again. For now, he stayed still, waiting for the change to return him to his human form, a little grossed out by how he would find their habitat from that standpoint.

It was his arms and legs that started to reform first, pushing against his slimy body and forming the beginnings of fingers and toes on each of them. It was bizarre, Gerald sure they didn't have the muscle mass to move them, though it was nice to feel them return as much as he could without having them. They stayed small for now, in relation to his body, but that was to change with the mass the nanites were soon to add onto him.

One of the most jarring changes to his still present slug instincts was when his skin stopped secreting mucus, some of it still clinging to his skin but not enough to meet the needs of the translucent flesh. Worse, perhaps, was the fact that as his skin lost its elasticity, the slime seemed to cling uncomfortably against it, making him wish to shiver. It felt disgusting, only to grow worse the more that he continued to enlarge, clinging to his skin as it reverted to its human consistency.

Perhaps the most bizarre reversion was his eyes being pulled back into their sockets, and for a moment, even as their human design came back into position, Gerald found he couldn't see. Panicked that the changes were not returning his human body to him properly, Gerald could only hope that his mouth, his teeth and tongue were returned to him, trying to resist the urge to scream. It was Matt that seemed to break the air on that front, screaming out as soon as he had the ability. Likely experiencing the same thing, Gerald found himself screaming as well, glad to be able to do so and not sure how else to express himself.

The gurgling in his guts as his organs returned was second only to the sensation of his body uncoiling and returning his anus and genitals to their human orientation. Thankfully, he was still unable to see, not wanting to know what that was from a human perspective. It was a wonder how his more complex humanity was able to allow him to persist to change back, but it had been done successfully hundreds of times with organisms just as relatively simplistic. It was a little jarring being hyper aware of all his organs beginning to operate once more, his heartbeat, his chest rising from breath, and to his embarrassment, an unexpected bit of belching and gas, his bodily functions all making themselves known as they returned to human functioning.

Soon, Gerald realized he was able to blink once more, and the first thing he saw was their slime covered bodies, child sized and reaching over the top of the container. With still unruly limbs, the two of them were forced to touch each other's cold, slimy bodies making them shiver as they outgrew their slug habitat. That close to each other, it was a little jarring to see the disgusted expressions as their mouths fully formed, mostly at the sensation of slime clinging to their bodies and even their hair as it grew back into place, the only trace of their former gastropod bodies as they returned to their humanity.

"Fuck..." Matt started, before running from the room and barely making it to the toilet. Hearing the sound of vomiting, Gerald was prompted to do the same, running into the bathroom, and using the shower, with Matt still hunched over the toilet. It was gross, made worse by the fact they were still covered with slime, and the stench rolling off their bodies was rancid on its own.

Eventually, the two of them opted to shower together, not really able to wait and figuring they had seen enough of each other nude aside. "Don't make it weird," Matt had said, though Gerald wasn't sure if he meant them showering together or if it had something to do with what they had done as slugs. Gerald found he didn't want to ask, and was just thankful the slime was coming off and they were allowed to feel clean for the first time in a week.

To his dismay, Gerald soon found he was starving, and the two of them had nothing to eat, figuring they would simply be slugs for the duration. But the change back seemed to have

unwanted consequences on their appetite to the point it was a wonder they could stand it. Neither wanted to return to that container, not yet, at least, but with the fire in their bellies, it would most likely have to sooner rather than later. Still, there was time for them to check emails and texts, a few sports scores and the like, bizarre enough after a week as slugs. And soon to be another week for the duration of summer, as maddening of a prospect as that was to be.

Gerald came back to the closet in time to see that Matt was cleaning out their home away from home. Though the rooting food he'd removed would suit them just fine, other forms of mold might now, and they decided it was best to clean their waste and the like before returning. With some hesitation, Gerald wanted to ask about the eggs, though in the end simply found the notion of them too creepy. Hell, he didn't even want to know if Matt had laid his own clutch before they changed back. He had to assume that Matt did, but had no idea how to possibly broach the subject.

"Look, I couldn't help it, alright?!" Matt said, eventually breaking the silence. It was obvious what he was talking about, though they couldn't come out and say it for the fear and disgust of it.

"Me either, it was weird. Kinda good, but weird..." Gerald said, his voice trailing off. He regretted admitting that as soon as the words were out of his mouth, truth be told, but there was little to be done about it now they hung in the air.

"Look, it was just a slug thing, alright? We don't have to talk about it. Just...try to avoid my slime trail, OK?" was Matt's reply, and with that, went to set up the program activation.

Gerald thought that was for the best, not wanting to focus too much on the question of his sexuality. Being considered gay was one thing, but it hardly held true in the real world. With his simplistic slug instincts, how was he to resist? It made sense, and something about the fact it was Matt and not some random slug seemed to sit better with his mind. And, making the question of whether or not he would say no when it was time to mate again easier to answer...

"Wait a minute, what did you do with the eggs?" Gerald thought to ask, and saw Matt's face flush at that. "Well, I cleaned the container, and I didn't really think about it..." was Matt's response, though Gerald wasn't sure how he felt about the whole thing. They were technically just slugs, but from where they had come from...they couldn't raise a clutch of little leopard slugs regardless, right? And, like in nature, it was hardly their responsibility as slug parents. Still, it was almost too much to think about!

The change back to their slug forms was familiar, not something that Matt wanted to get used to but rather something that was for the best, given the amount they would have to change

over the course of the summer. There was something worrying about that fact, especially having a taste of their humanity back before turning into mere slugs. More disgusted was the feeling of slime oozing from his freshly washed skin, but that was to be expected as his clean hair fell away and his muscles started to weaken, a sight of the creature he was to become.

Thankfully, this time, his eyes were the first to go, popping out into their stalks and robbing him of much of his vision, save the detection of light. Given that his feelers were the next things to form, it was a blessing of sorts, not wanting to see himself in that hybrid state for too long, grossed out enough by the changes themselves. He could only hope that Matt was being granted the same reprieve, not having to look at the changes as they were converted into now somewhat familiar leopard slug forms.

Without having to look at the changes, the transformation wasn't so bad this time, though it was not something he wanted to grow too accustomed to. He could feel the slime oozing from his pores as they closed up and changed from human skin, the bizarre sensation of his arms and legs weakening and prompting him to get down in the bin. Without his bones and organs, his slimy form was able to slide against the edges before shrinking and settling into the container where he would settle into his body. The reorientation of his stomach and anus was just as jarring as always, though this time came with a bit of sexual arousal, something that should have been shameful but leaving Gerald unable to comprehend his confusion. It felt so good, right? And not to mention he was simply following his instincts, acting the slug he was and looking at it from an outsider's perspective...

Gerald wasn't sure how long it take to find the other slug's slime trail, and there was still part of him that knew he should resist, that the pheromones of another slug were beneath him. Yet, the slug instincts beckoned himself forward, and other than bringing on Matt's ire, Gerald couldn't find any fault following the slime trail, moving toward the other slug slowly, steadily, his pnsome opening and his tentacle-like dick started to push outward, as though in preparation for the mating to come...

The moment that his tentacles started rubbing against the other slug, all resistance went out the window, so to speak. Matt didn't seem to be resisting, either, so Gerald could not muster any sort of his own. It simply felt too good, too right to rub and lick at the other slug, making out in a way that only this species knew. Soon, they were moving to limb upward, long, flexible necks wrapping around each other several times to allow their openings to press against each other as close as possible. Hardly needing to climb up the side of the container this time, it seemed Matt had the foresight to have installed something for them to climb on, in contrast to his desire not to have their mate again. Certainly, he had no compulsion to resist now!

Gerald's mind seemed to white out the moment his thin dick entered his friend's genital pore, and his own was stimulated in tandem. The stimulation his body could feel was limited, though even what he was sensing was far beyond what he could comprehend from a human standpoint. The minor droplet of semen pushing from his penis opened it up in sensual ways, as was the sensation of having one placed inside of his in tandem. It felt amazing, due to his limited scope and needing to be for slugs to initiate the act in the first place. And being able to experience it from an outside perspective like this...Gerald would have never guessed it would feel so sensual for such unevolved creatures to feel such pleasure!

Coming down from their stringy muscle, Gerald was almost sure that he could feel the eggs forming within him, preparing to be birthed through his genital pore. It would feel sensual, opening him up and filling his limited brain with a primal satisfaction to the point it defied sex as a human. Limited pleasure, to be sure. And limited options. But there was something to be said for scale, and not to mention he was meeting a purpose so simplest in his perfection, bringing him that satisfaction that almost eluded him in his humanity...

"That wasn't...so bad, this time, right?" Matt said, still awkward over the whole thing.

"Yeah...I mean, we were slugs...and slugs do what they do. Why not look at it from that perspective?" Gerald offered, and Matt found that sat well with him enough.

"Yeah, and slugs have it pretty good, at least for that...I wonder how much the change affects it?" Matt asked, wondering if there was a way to find out without exposing what they had done.

"I don't know, but still. It was nice, wasn't it..." Gerald said, allowing himself to feel comfortable with what had happened for what seemed like the first time.

"I mean, it's gross, but it's not so bad, right?" Matt said, something that brought relief to the two of them, given their confusion of the notion to begin with. "Laying eggs...fuck, I had no idea..."

"What should we do with them?" Gerald thought to ask, having gotten rid of the last ones. Again, surely, they couldn't keep them, and there was no obligation for them to do so. They were slug eggs, and slugs hardly looked after their young or anything of the sort.

The two of them took a few moments to look up some info on the eggs. It was a little jarring, seeing the transparent, elastic, and slightly yellow spheres, realizing that they had come

out of each of them, and were technically life that the two of them, though not with their natural bodies, had created. The conflict in their mind was a little jarring, especially since the wiki said it would only take them a month to hatch. And there was no time for them to get a habitat to set up, much less keep them separate lest they propagate indefinitely...

“Well, they are our kids, right?” Matt said, only a brief chuckle coming from his lips.

“Don’t make it weird...” Gerald said, but there was something about the statement that perplexed his mind to the point there was no denying how off it felt.

With that, the two of them showered together once more, though this time it didn’t feel as awkward. Not that they looked at each other or anything of the sort, but there was some sense of companionship he felt with the other man that went beyond just their simple friendship. Even if it had been instinctual, and bizarre, it had still happened, and there was no denying how good it felt...

“Hey, hey hey hey! Look!” Matt called out, out of the shower and looking at his phone. Gerald came back in time to check his own phone, the same email on his screen saying their loan had been adjusted. Upward of \$2000 more than they were expecting, something they could use to feed themselves, and have a little left over for them to enjoy. The implication was obvious. They wouldn't have to be slugs anymore!

“Fuck yes!” Gerald said, immediately looking at his doordash app for something to order. After all, there would be no need for them to eat the rotten fruit left for them, no need to change back. They wouldn't have to deal with the lack of eyes, the slime, having no bones. And they also wouldn't have to deal with...

“I don't know about you but...you know, it wasn't all bad...” Matt commented, obviously fixated on the one facet of change that did it for both of them.

“Well, I mean, we do still have the programs, if we ever do decide to...” Gerald replied, letting his voice trail. “Maybe one more time, just to enjoy it...”