

Smile on his face, Miles walked into the lab, the ten students waiting with looks of trepidation on their faces. It was understandable, given that it was the end of the course and their final grades depended on how they would do on the exam. It was the last one they had for their academic term. Once they were done, assuming they passed, it was a certainty they would graduate the rest of the program with honors and would be recruited by a variety of companies using new technology to advance the human race. That alone would be enough to scare any student, though Miles was well aware they knew what could happen at the end of the day.

This particular class was one with a unique requirement, one that deterred enough students from signing up. Normally, a class on zoology would be rather full, with students coming through in the hopes of learning about various animal phyla or working with animals and research in the future. More than that, there was just a general interest in the subject and all the biological gateways it provided. This class, however, was not to be that, something far more hands-on and intense. Thus, there were only ten students in the class, though with its demand and the funding from private sources it was allowed to continue.

Upon signing up for the class, students were injected with a series of nanites, something that would normally be too expensive for the school but something this lab had access to. The idea was that the superior could use the technology to change parts of their students' bodies to match those of the animal's attributes. Things like gills, wings, extra legs, translucent skin, and any number of various phyla's physiologies were experienced firsthand, cementing it to memory and starting the basis for students to work with the technology in a variety of capacities in their careers beyond. It was the transformations themselves that were useful too, though accurate animal anatomy was one way to introduce them to the technology and all the research applications it had. Naturally, all was safe and harmless, though it was a little mentally jarring for some of the students!

For the final, however, the TA, Miles, came up with a rather questionable practice, one that came borderline close to crossing the university's code of ethics. It was a wonder they were allowed to do it at all, though it was likely some money was involved for the experiences to come from it. There was nothing inherently dangerous about the practice, save for the mental aspects. The students in the class, as part of a final test, would be changed fully into one of the study animals, upon getting a related question wrong during a quiz. The idea was to cement the training into them allowing them to live a week as another species, and then having to write a report on it as their final grade.

Anyone who did not fail to answer any of the questions would be given a free pass, a week off at the end of their semester with no final paper due. A coveted award, something some of the students longed for. Though, Miles had it under good authority that some of the students wanted to transform, and might not even answer some of the questions just to be an animal. The

paper would be hard but the week spent as another creature was surely a reprieve from the rigors of school, so there would be a mix of study styles, he figured. There was always one that just fudged the studying and let themselves become the first thing they were called on, which was why he asked the less ideal species to be among the first to encourage students from flubbing the tests. Different people had different definitions of what constituted a favorable form, however, and Miles had it under good authority which students would try to flub the test and which would try to make it all the way to the end!

Having only been the second time he'd taught the course, Miles only had a small sample set for which to go. He was sure most of the students were scared of the consequences of failure, turning all the way into a form that was by all accounts disgusting. Even assuring them previous students had loved the experience, it was of little support for the students who had never undergone it. That was OK. He figured they would be of the same mind after this week, after all.

"Before we get started, I assume you all have your affairs in order?" Miles asked, and each of the scared students looked around with some fear in their expressions. And few seemed excited and ready, though overall most were nervous. They would undergo a total body transformation should they fail, something that most humans could barely comprehend. The only thing they could know was some of the species on the table, so to speak. They could not be turned into anything larger, given the lack of space in the lab and facilities for them to use. Most of the animals used for dissection or as demonstrations were fair game, all smaller and relatively mundane species but strange enough the students would surely learn something. He wasn't sure how many would be changed but he was sure some of them would fail, given the difficulty level of the questions he had prepared.

"Alright then, first question. What are the names of the segments in cestodes?" He asked one of the students, Janet. The moment she heard the species, her face flushed, terrified at the implication of what would happen if she answered the question wrong.

"P-proglottides?" She said, sure it was the right answer but scared out of her mind if she got it wrong. She, like many of the students, was ready to become a variety of things, but a cestode...?

"That's right, good job!" Miles laughed, taking the poor woman by surprise. "And don't worry, cestode isn't on the list! Little too simplistic for even the nanites to work out, and I wouldn't do that to you!" He said, to a collective sigh from the room.

"OK, OK, let's get a little bit serious. Sheldon, what is the name of a scorpion's mouthparts?"

“Pedipalps?” Was the answer, and Miles clapped a little giving them some easy ones to start with. Something to get them into the rhythm before any of them was changed while the rest of them watched. He would use it as a teachable moment either way if they got it right or not, even though the first few times any of the students changed, it would be a little bit jarring, to say the least. Still, it was part of the job, and if Miles had to admit it to himself, it was something he enjoyed watching.

“Alright Cathrine,” Miles said, looking down at the cue cards he had prepared as if he didn’t already have the question ready. “Can you tell me the number of legs you’d expect to see on a Lord Howe Island Bug?” he said, a little confusing given it was a bug they hadn’t dissected, but one of the specimens they had on display thus making it a fair question.

“Ummm...shit...sorry! Umm, eight?” Was the response, and the class held their breath at that, most of them knowing the answer and not expecting that to be her response.

The moment she answered, an obvious sense of nervousness came over her body, as though she knew she had given the wrong answer. But it was too late now, and the reality of her mistake only slowly began to set in.

“Sorry about that, the number of legs we were looking for is six! An easy mistake to make, especially when you’re nervous. But not one you’ll be making again after this week,” Miles said, no sympathy in his voice as he moved through the display on his pad, preparing to start the program that would change the first student into one of their study specimens.

Catherine was sweating profusely now, terrified about the implication. She didn’t want to be an animal for a week, least of all a bug, but in her nervousness, she had forgotten the simplest answer. Of all the things...

Before she had time to worry about it fully, a pressure built up along her sides, as though something was building up under the skin. The sensitive pimples continued to expand to the point they were touching the sides of her shirt, pressing uncomfortably. A series of soft pops along their surface denoted the development of joints before things were filled in, marking them as part of her anatomy. She wanted to scream, though was hardly in a position to, given her discomfort. So she simply pulled off her shirt, clad in a bra and exposing hybrid limbs, the sight of which elicited more than a few screams.

It took Catherine everything she had not to scream as well, the insectoid limbs forming ridges and stiff pointed digits at the tips of them. No fewer than five points of articulation allowed them to wave around, many of the students looking on with disgust. They were long,

massive, and in proportion to the rest of her still human body. Eventually, they reached the length of her arms, a nightmarish prelude to what they would soon become.

Catherine had little time to focus on them as a pressure started in her forehead, something pushing through the skin and bursting forth, waving with their own ability as soon as they reached the proper length. They seemed to move of their own volition, swaying as though seeking for something. Currents on the air, scent molecules, and things she had no name for were made aware to her, stunning her momentarily from the rest of the changes. Her mind was hardly changed enough to interpret them in any meaningful way, though it was perplexing nonetheless.

Lost in the reverie, Catherine was hardly aware she was shrinking until the whooshing of molecules picked up a distortion that could only come from a decrease in stature. Looking up, a dizzying sensation started coming over her, seeing the perspective of the world adjusting around her. Catherine's clothes were starting to feel loose, though with her hair falling out all over, save her head, she hoped there would be nothing visible to embarrass her as she changed.

“Now, you might not remember this, unless you read the blurb, but the Lord Howe Island Bug is a stick insect, one of the most endangered in the world. We were lucky to have a specimen for display in the lab, a donation, I think. Definitely, a rare chance to see one alive, and something I hope you don't take for granted,” Miles said, oblivious to the woman's panic.

Catherine was not one to be appreciative of the situation, given she was experiencing things firsthand. Her skin was currently blackening, crisping as though burned. She didn't recall seeing the bug in particular during the arthropod day, but it appeared its skin was dark, almost black, a hardened armor that played over every inch of her skin, making her feel stiff all over. Even her ass and sex were covered over, though she was thankful for it, much in the same way as her breast tissue was pulled within her chest, sparing her the embarrassment of being seen naked. It was little reprieve with the knowledge she would spend the next week as a bug, not something she could fathom but something she had to contend with.

Not wanting to be caught on the floor, while she was still able to, Catherine climbed back up on the desk, extra arms wriggling as though trying to help but not containing the strength of a mostly human body. She was just in time, her back legs started to pop into new positions and with new joints. It was bizarre having them rip painlessly from their sockets, creating a new indentation for them to move. The same was to happen to her arms, leaving her unable to manage on her hands and knees and forced down on her belly. Perhaps the most bizarre change was the tingling on her fingers and toes as they stiffened before sticking together like glue, tips curving into points to allow her to cling to trees, something that would make up most of her activity for the next week.

By this point, her clothes were loose enough that she was able to crawl out of them, exposing an expanding rear with her sex and anus being pushed to the back. A pinching in her waist seemed to separate the developing abdomen from the rest of her body, and it hung heavily behind her like the world's heaviest posterior. It was powerfully discomforting, though not as bad as she might have thought. At least she didn't want to vomit, though changed as she was, such would likely be impossible.

Shrinking as she was all the while, it was hard to feel her inner human supports dissolving, allowing her to change internally toward the insect she would spend the next week as. From what she recalled from classes, all her bones, organs, and soft tissues were to dissolve away within her to the point only lymph fluid would allow her to persist. How the nanites kept her alive while she changed, Catherine had no idea. It was too much to think about, the soft cracks and wet gurgling within her enough to make her ill over and over again if she had the ability. Her lungs disintegrated, and she temporarily lost the ability to breathe, though she was not robbed of air, thinking back to her anatomy and the tiny spiracles insects used to breathe through their holes in their chitin, spiracles, something she could not perceive but surely existed on her form.

Thankful for the ever-decreasing stature, it seemed her skin was completely covered over in the black chitin. Her ass was longer than her torso now, and her legs were even managing to lift her up, keeping her still in a rather comfortable position. She supposed as a stick insect, she would need to stay stationary for many hours at a time, but it was still a little disconcerting. What did stick insects even eat, anyway? Leaves? She had so little knowledge of how she would be spending the next week.

The table continued to expand around her as her body diminished at an impossible pace, the tiny machines within her forcing her form to eat up internal organs and convert them into something simpler. Only her head remained relatively human, though a swelling in her eyes and the dissolution of her skull seemed to indicate it would not be left alone for long. As her eyes expanded, the lenses started to split, shattering her world into two screens, then four, eight, sixteen, and finally dozens and hundreds making it hard to discern. It was as though a dial was being adjusted on her head, changing the spectrum at which she perceived color. Her vision was decent, all things considered, and given her lack of much to do as an insect, her view of the world unblinking would be much to take her time.

The range of vision from such massive eyes was to be a determinant as several pairs of what she could only consider were mouth parts pushed from under her lips, flexing open and closed as though having a mind of their own. She was able to see those gripping and chewing parts as her own teeth and tongue dissolved into her mouth and she was left with no voice. Not that she wanted to use it, embarrassed about the sound that could come from her mouth. It was

more than a little jarring to have these alien features on her face, forced to look at them with unblinking eyes.

Eventually, the world around her seemed to stop, and with that, Catherine was sure she was done changing. It was of little reprieve, however, firm in her mind knowing she would be this way for another week. Curious and afraid at the same time, Catherine raised her leg, and then some others, moving forward with a slowness that defied her form. She couldn't get very far very fast, a testament to her species, and she felt powerfully naked and afraid in a world full of the vibrations of larger beings that could clearly see her.

Perhaps the most jarring thing of all was when she was lifted off the table by a massive hand, wrapping against her body with fingers each the size of her body. Part of her instinct was to stay still, knowing there was little point in struggling against it, so she did just that, allowing herself to rise into the air. Far from being harmed, however, she was eventually played in a cool, damp habitat, played on a leaf where her legs reflexively gripped, keeping her still and steady. A sense of calm came over her at the moment, feeling that she was in her element, safe and hidden. She couldn't hear from where she was, and she couldn't see outside the terrarium, but it was OK, being able to relax for the first time in the entire semester.

"Now, I wouldn't think any of you will mistake the fact that the Lord Howe Island Bug is an insect, with six legs!" Miles said, not really sure how else to proceed. It was an easy question, and no one had changed that early last year. But it was sure to happen, given the newness and bizarre circumstances of the class.

Still, there were many questions to ask, and he had nine other students to tend to, each might have to change before the three hours were up. "Next question, Gerald? What class do starfish belong to?"

"Asteroidea," he said, without missing a beat. He was one of the top students with the most potential, and it would be a challenge to get him to change. Miles was OK with that. Teachable moments aside, if he didn't need to change someone, then he didn't need to change someone. Still, the process fascinated him to the point he wouldn't mind seeing every student change, or change himself if he had the ability.

"Next question, Susan?" Miles asked, eager to see where the students would stumble. "Just a simple yes or no, do lamprey's possess a notochord?"

"Yes," she said, a little nervous but sure of herself nonetheless. It was a little unnerving to have to worry about such things as getting them wrong and turning into a detestable creature. A

very different environment for her, an aquatic one that no human experience could prepare her for.

“And on that note, another yes or no question, do Hagfish have a vertebral column?” He asked, directing the question to Mike. Even though he knew he was next, it was still a little alarming to hear the question, wracking his brain for the answer. It was a yes or a no question, but a tricky one. Between hagfish and lampreys, one possessed a vertebral column, and one did not he was sure. But which was which? He was sure he knew, but being put on the spot like this robbed his mind of the proper answer. And, if he didn’t answer, it could as a missed question regardless. And a hagfish? Of all things, he could be unsure about...

“Umm...yes?” He said, knowing they were vertebrates and figured they should at least have that.

“Uggg...sorry to say, but it’s the difference between lamprey and hagfish is that while lamprey have a vertebral column, hagfish don’t. If you can’t remember the difference, then maybe you’ll know what it’s like to be a species that doesn’t have one,” Miles said, no sympathy in his voice as he went into his pad and started the process of changing Mike’s body for the next week.

At that, Mike felt his body run cold, though, in a few moments, he realized that it was from the changes and not his fear. A damp, slimy sensation started playing over his skin, as though the pores were starting to ooze slime. Something that he was aware was a defense mechanism against fear, an emotion he was feeling in spades. It soon covered every inch of him, dripping onto the floor and creating a rather foul smell that would have made the man nauseous had been able to.

As he started to shrink, the slick slime started to force his clothes to slide off him, unable to keep his pants and underwear on and felt powerfully ashamed. His junk was on display in short order, but there was nothing to be done for it, and there was no ability to blush with all the slimy that oozed from his face, his sides, and all the way down to his ass. The sensations were enough to hide the growth of a tail from above his ass, though, within a few moments, he could feel it wriggling, moving of his own accord, and slapping against his legs.

It was then a certain weakness in his legs that prompted Mike to get up and move toward one of the saltwater tanks in the back of the class, sitting on the floor for that purpose. It was a little hard to lift his legs up and stand in the tank, the weakness in his legs getting more and more insistent as the changes took him. But he managed, his feet falling out of his shoes as he did so, not wanting them to get wet even if the slimy leaking from his body was coating them regardless.

Before his hands were forfeited as well, Mike shucked off his shirt, awaiting his fate as he sank into the tank for the following week.

While his legs continued to weaken, shaking from the effort of standing there, his tail continued to grow all the while, touching the water and making him shiver as it did so. A tingling from the back of it seemed to signal it was forming a fin down its surface, growing all the way down his back as well and moving to meet with the one from his tail. Soon, it was longer than his legs, which were being eaten by the nanites to be dissolved from his form altogether. Mike figured he would eventually fall into the water, though was not inclined to do so until it was time, either until he could not stand anymore or developed his gills slits.

As the changes continued, Mike was starting to become aware that his skin felt loose, save for those spots that were still oozing his slime, something that signaled his continued distress. His skin tone was altering, toward something akin to a bluish gray as befitting whatever species he was becoming. Part of him wanted to touch the slime coming over him, as much as he was sure it would sting his still-human hands. There was no point in doing so, anyway, with his hands feeling weak and his fingers dissolving until there were only nubs on his form. Without any fins for his soon-to-be species, they would be entirely forfeit for his new body.

With the continued shrinking and changing, all of the fat from his body was dissolved away, momentarily elating him to know he would not need it. It was a shame the nanites could not be purchased for this specific circumstance, though it mattered little for the week he was about to have. His body was soon uniform, vermiform in the end, and the cracks and pops throughout his body seemed to indicate he was becoming much simpler in form before the changes were done with him.

With the changes to his torso and trunk, it was getting harder and harder for him to breathe, making him think he would have to fall into the water. All the hair had fallen from his form, and even his head, leaving him bald even as it grew stuck in the slime still clinging to him. It was his mouth to change next, however, nose closing, and face flattened as his bones turned to cartilage. Though he could not feel it, his vertebral column was dissolving toward the more primitive notochord, something that did not exist in higher vertebrates but something that was part of his new species. Mike would not forget that now, given the changes still coming over him and the fate he would be forced to endure.

Mouth widening large compared to his head, Mike was aware his nose was being subsumed and that his breathing was coming in ragged. Before he could consider lowering himself to the water, his legs gave out and he fell with a splash, though hardly enough to injure him. Floating in the water, his wider mouth drew in the salt water, allowing him respiration enough he could manage. He didn't feel the expected gill slits opening up, to his surprise. The



water passing into his mouth was being pushed outward the same way, and he figured his gill slits were internal, as much as the rest of his internal anatomy was changing as well. It was the extension of several tendril-like protrusions from his mouth, however, that soon drew his attention, the term barbells coming to mind, feelers that would be how he'd interact with the world in his new form. Which meant that...

It was at that moment that Mike felt his vision go blind and even the murky water of the tank was robbed from him. He could tell there was a light source somewhere above him, but that was it, much to his disappointment. It was powerfully unnerving to be robbed of his vision, his most used human sense. He could smell currents in the water, and the eight feelers could detect things in the water in front of him. But the world was largely shrouded in darkness, nothing he could do to escape such a fate.

The only reprieve from his lack of sight was that he could not see the rest of the changes taking over his head. His mouth opened impossibly wide as his neck set into place and his head reduced to the same contours as his neck and the rest of his tube-like body. What remained of his jaw seemed to stiffen, cracking as the articulations seemed to withdraw and he had no ability to open or close it anymore. The structures that remained were a pair of horizontally moving plates, enough to rub his eventual dentation against food items. Teeth dissolved as soon as they loosened from his gums, and Mike was barely aware of the layers of keratin growths within that would allow him to feed as much as his highly flexible body would allow. He was somewhat aware that he could slide into the bodies of prey, literally living and excreting into his meal until he was done with it, protected from outside forces. Not that they would get through his defense of slime, however, but it was a moot point, given how small he was.

As far as Mike could tell, the changes were done with him, and fear of being exposed seemed to compel him downward, looking for a cavern to squeeze into and keep himself protected. It was comfortable there for his new form, and with his thin, slimy body, he found no difficulty in getting into the smallest of spaces. Thankful he couldn't see such a small space, Mike was only happy that there was no light, triggering to his senses as he moved within, sliding through the cracks and looking for something on which to feed...

“Well, just remember, if you're confused as to which between lamprey and hagfish doesn't have the spinal vertebrae, just think of Mike and how he's a hagfish for a week!” Miles said, sounding more chipper about watching the rather grotesque changes than perhaps he should have. The rest of the students seemed shocked by the sight they had just witnessed, one of the more objectively disgusting creatures they could become. It was certainly not an enviable fate, to say the least!

The next student in line to be questioned, Justine, found herself terrified. There was every chance she would be asked such a question next, given the odds that he was going through a list in some sort of order. She didn't want to be a lamprey or a hagfish and was inclined to gag at the mere notion that she could become such a thing. But she had to focus on the questions and all the studying she had done to make sure that didn't happen. She had worked hard to make sure, and there would only be so many rounds and questions she specifically would be asked before she was safe from changing.

"Justine," Miles said, as though reading her mind about her being the next to change. "Can you tell me the average number of gills possessed by sharks on either side?" he asked, something relatively simple though not easily forgotten if she got it wrong and they opened up suddenly on her neck.

"Ummm...shit...ummm...5 to 7?" She said, hoping she had not answered too quickly and said something foolish like the last member of the class.

"That's right! A nice easy one!" Miles said, and Justine nearly felt herself go faint. She didn't want to change, didn't want to be an animal, even as much as she thought she had prepared herself for the possibility when she'd signed up for the class. Thinking about it was one thing, but seeing several of her classmates undergoing the same thing was far removed entirely!

"Alright, Hal, let's see, next we have a question on slugs! Where on a slug would you find the mantle?" Miles asked, thinking it to be another easy one if the students memorized the diagrams in the study booklet, something they should have done as part of the class.

Hal, however, was a bit of an underachiever in the course and hadn't bothered to study up to this point. The memorization work was a little bit too much for him, and he'd resigned himself to knowing that whatever question was asked of him, he would get wrong and end up the animal in question. A slug was not high on the list of creatures he wanted to be, mind, but there was no getting around it, and no point in even bothering to try to answer the question. Besides, the idea of a week off, without responsibilities and in a different body to boot? Hal found that find of freedom oddly refreshing.

Ten seconds later with no answer, Miles looked down at his watch, preparing to push the button that would seal his fate. "No answer for me?" He said, though given Hal's test scores, that wasn't a surprise, not really. Still, as much as he didn't want to change someone who wasn't going to try, it would be a good lesson for the class, and he could talk about the anatomical intricacies of slugs while the poor man changed.

As soon as the button was pressed, Hal felt himself break out into a cold sweat, one that seemed more viscous and sticky than anything he had felt before. He was sure Mike felt the same thing during his changes, though had no way to ask as more of the mucus secretions continued oozing out of his pores, exclusively the ones along his torso. It was becoming powerfully uncomfortable to be covered in the stuff, and Hal was quick to take his shirt off, not wanting to feel the sensations against it or to fall into it once he shrank.

By this point, his skin was starting to become a sickly yellow shade as the muscle continued to ooze out of him like a semi-solid sweat. He wanted to touch his skin but was concerned about how fragile it was becoming, how dry and vulnerable even in the air-conditioned lab room. And besides, there was a weakness in his arms that seemed to denote their eventual dissolution. Such should have been terrifying for anyone else, and, indeed, some trepidation persisted in his mind. But the idea of losing his arms, his legs, and falling over with a body that could barely move, was laziness at its apex, and there was something powerfully exciting about that notion. Sitting on a fruit and eating all day, all your needs met in a single place without even fingers to lift? Maybe this was the perfect for him, after all.

A sensation of dizziness played over him that made Hal sure he was starting to shrink, though it was a moot point, given how far he had to go. His pants were already getting loose, and the slim dripping off him was making them uncomfortable to stay on. He didn't bother taking them off, feeling his cock getting slightly hard at the notion of change. It was more than a little embarrassing, but not something Hal let himself be concerned with. Surely he was not the only one that would feel the same way, and so what? They would all forget about it with the fear of the changes regardless, so why not enjoy it? Not that he could fully with his hands feeling weak and sticky as they were, but the sensations were pleasant, nonetheless.

Looking up, Miles had stepped out to get him a container, much smaller than he was now but not to be the case much longer as he continued to shrink. It had some fruit in it, likely the perfect meal for the banana slug he was becoming. Setting it down, Hal regarded it with some nervousness, thinking it would soon be small enough to fit in there. As the slime stuck his hair to him, feeling it fall out as his skin changed, he figured that would he be comfortable enough to get down there regardless.

A constant gurgling was assailing his guts the entire time, and it was almost like Hal could feel his organs shutting down, his heart, his lungs, even his stomach, and digestive organs. Thankfully, the nanites kept him alive as his body managed to breathe through pores within his skin, and his organs simplified as he grew smaller and smaller toward his eventual fate. Oh well. It made him comfortable to know how little his body needed to work in order to persist in his new form.

By now, his skin was bright yellow, a sickly shade to his human eyes, though it was getting harder to see with all the slime that was covering him. That was OK. It was so much effort to keep his eyes open, after all, to keep his arms up, and Hal allowed them to stick to his sides as they started to sink into the flesh, being repurposed into whatever his much smaller body needed. His legs, too, were sticking together, and Hal leaned himself over the container, wanting to fall into it once he was small enough. He had shrunk half his size by this point, and it was more likely he could lean over it and fall in as his body continued to shift.

Like his arms to his torso, his legs were sticking together, not just from the slime but from the merging of yellowed skin, knotting it together and pulling his legs under his body. A flattening around the bottoms of them made him aware of the motile foot, something that would allow him further locomotion via peristalsis. Still, Hal was prompted to get down on his stomach, feeling the slime dripping from his form into his eventual habitat, not feeling any pain from the rounded corners of the container, despite his sensitive skin. He could not move his fingers, his toes, or any other aspect of his lower half, legs hanging in the air as they pulled toward his trunk and he continued to shrink at what he perceived was a much more rapid pace. And, he was too lazy to try it regardless, figuring it was a moot point with his new form.

A sickening pop resonated in his eye as the eyeball was pushing forward, the internal structures covered with slime and tissue and pushing it out in a stock of sorts. The eyes themselves dimmed to the point he could no longer see light, but Hal could hardly care, not able to blink anymore and not minding. In truth, he didn't want to see his body anymore but was rather interested in what his new senses would bring.

The rest of his face was to shift as well, nose, hair, and ears all dissolving from the slime as more of it was excreted from his pores. Though normally not something that would drip from his body, the fact he was shrinking so fast caused it to ooze more than it would normally do. It was the sensation of something poking around his mouth that met his attention and with them the ability to detect scent molecules. Most of them meant nothing to the slug that Hal was becoming, but the aroma wafting off the fruit he knew to be below him came to the forefront of his awareness, as well as the anticipation of eating it. Even as his lips, his teeth, and his mouth dissolved, leaving only an opening with a grinding circle within to chew his foot, Hal felt some excitement in the eating act, all he needed to do in his new form, very much safe in the habitat in the lab he would live in the for the next week.

Without his eyes, the sensation of dizziness slate, though Hal could still perceive he was shrinking, his body moving inward toward the center. With a sudden frightening sensation, Hal could feel his body falling, collapsing into the container, and landing on what his senses could determine was food. His mouth opened and its sheering structure slid into it, peeling tiny fragments from it and swallowing them with all the speed of the slug he was. That was fine with

Hal, however, not feeling any reason to rush. He had the entire week to enjoy his new body and all the freedom and relaxation that came with it.

There was one major thing left to change, Hal was somewhat aware that he was still erect and aroused by the notion of his sloth. It seemed as though his penis was moving somewhat to the side, rotating upward toward his bare back. It seemed as though the flesh was forming a sort of sheath or fold, one whose purpose he did not fully understand. Save for the arousal he felt the entire time, and the presence of a penis much different than the one he possessed as a human, though present nonetheless. It almost ached for stimulation, though there was nothing he could do to alleviate it, no more of his kind present and not wanting to do such a thing besides. However, there was something else there, where the orifice of his anus had moved to, but something else throbbing within. If Hal could only focus on it a little more, then perhaps...

The internal structure within started to quiver at that, and Hal was given a rather pleasant twitching as something oval formed and descended from within. Having no idea what it could possibly be, Hal was still eager to feel it descending, pleasing his insides in a way that nothing he knew from his humanity. It was pleasurable, almost orgasmically so, and rather than question it, Hal decided to enjoy it, eating all the while as his minute body quivered with pleasure. He was almost shocked when something fell from the hole, rolling down his side and collecting on the fruit he was resting on. It was soon followed by another and another, each more orgasmic than the last. It was powerfully pleasurable, something that could make him moan if he were able to. It was almost as though he was lying-

Though he had no way to hear the words being spoken, Miles was quick to talk to the class about what they just witnessed, using the relative moment of body horror as a teachable moment. "You should remember, but slugs, like the banana slug here, are hermaphroditic, containing both sets of sex organs. Though he is not mating with himself, not the typical method of reproduction for their species. Is he perhaps experiencing sexual arousal? That is a fascinating prospect, something that I have to ask him once he's human again. That is if it's not too embarrassing a question!" He said with a laugh, though not one that was shared by the rest of the class. At least, as far as they knew, there would be few questions remaining on slugs!

"Alright, Sierra, you're next! Can you tell me what substitutes for blood in arthropods?" he asked, having in mind a specific arthropod species in mind should she get it wrong. Not that he expected her to get this one wrong. She was a star student, and he had it under good authority she would be ready for any quiz question he could have for her, even if he tried one that was out of the book!

"Hemolymph!" She said confidently, without missing a beat. She was correct of course, she had spent many hours preparing for this day. Not that she wouldn't have under normal

circumstances, but her motivation was a little more specific this time. A new video game was set to come out this Friday, and she wanted to week off to play it while maintaining her human form!

“Well, looks like we’re back to Janet! Can you tell me the major categories of bony fish? Common names are fine!” Miles asked, and Janet went white for a moment before she contemplated the question, within the time it took before she would be penalized and turned into some sort of fish.

“Lobbed-finned and Ray-finned?” Said, not really sure she was getting it right with the way it was asked, but sure that it was the right answer nonetheless.

“That’s what I was looking for! Not looking forward to going for a swim?” Miles said with a laugh, though the moment he said the words, the sour faces in the room seemed to indicate he’d maybe gone a little too far. With that, he got a little more serious, asking another round of questions to the students remaining, everyone getting them right. It was rather impressive they could answer everything with the pressure of turning into an animal at the forefront. But now it was on to the harder questions, and the more interesting animals to watch people turning into.

“Janet, it’s back to you. Can you tell me which segment on a millipede contains the reproductive organs?” He asked something that was not only tricky in its own right but could easily be distinguished between centipedes. It was an interesting change to watch, and he figured viewing it would be a good teachable moment for the rest of the class to watch.

Yet, it was not to be. “The third segment?” Janet said, having studied the smaller creatures to be sure that she would not be subjected to change. The idea of becoming disgusting like that...she could hardly even imagine it!

“That’s correct!” Miles said, honestly a little surprised she got it. Well, perhaps that was the wrong term. Disappointed felt a little more apt, given that it was an interesting change to watch. Oh well. Perhaps next year.

“Sheldon, let’s go back a bit, shall we? What internal structure gives a squid its rigidity?” Miles asked, figuring it was a little easier than the last question.

“Ummm...” was all Sheldon could say in response. They were talking about body fish, after all, so before he could think it through, he said “Cartilage?”

The moment the words were out of his mouth, he regretted them. The look of confusion on the instructor’s face was all he needed to know of his mistake. “No, sorry, I’m afraid I might have led you on too much. Squid only has an internal shell, or the pen, which I’m sure you’ll

remember writing on if you did the dissection. But that's not what you'll remember most about your stint as a squid, I figure," Miles said, as though a little disappointed that such an easy question was wrongly answered. It wasn't the only one he had on squid, but in truth, he was hoping that someone would get it wrong, squid being an interesting change to view with a lot of external anatomy that did not match a human's.

Sheldon felt his blood run cold the moment Miles tapped the screen to initiate the process. He didn't want to change, didn't want to become an invertebrate, as much as he had fucked up. It was a mistake in his train of thought, damnit, not something he would fuck up on the test. But there was no going back, and he was forced to feel the hair loosening from his head, falling to the floor and dissolving before the sensation of something pushing at the skin of his cheeks made him nervous to the core. They were pointed, pushing through the dermis like weeds between sidewalk cracks, eight points in all as much as he could perceive. Sheldon hardly had the nerve to pull out his phone to watch, though it was moot with the inability he would have to hold it with tentacles.

Resisting the urge to reach up and touch them, Sheldon could nonetheless feel them writhing from his head, removing the rest of his hair and beard as the sensation of their growth grew in intensity. He was a little unnerved as they started to push from his chin, crowning the surface of it as they started to move with impossible flexibility, of their own accord as though being birthed and eager to explore. However, if Sheldon focused on them, he found he could move them individually, even if the reflex of doing so was impossibly foreign to him, appendages that no human was meant to own. They had an amazing range of flexibility, more so than what he could have anticipated, and it was almost enough to make the process worth it for him.

The sensation of his jaw sagging somewhat was a little unnerving, as well as his teeth, something not needed for his new form, he was aware. Rather, as soon as they retraced into his gums, the sheering sensation of a sharpened circle radula replaced it, something that would be just as effective for live feeding. Next, his gums started to harden, pushing past his lips and forming a blunt beak, able to tear chunks of flesh from his piscine prey, hunter that he was becoming. Something was relieving about becoming a predator, albeit a smaller one, subject to predation himself. Though it was not something he had to concern himself in the tank he would be staying in, which was a small reprieve, if only just.

Worried about his week-long future, Sheldon almost missed the sensation of his fingers stiffening, sticking together as the flesh swelled up with tissue. Soon, nothing was left of the fingers themselves, palms swelling and looking club-like as the skin tingled and something erupted from the skin, circles pulsating as soon as they had the ability. The same growths started moving down the undersides of his arms, and Sheldon was sure he would have suckers, a little

unnerving but hardly the most bizarre change to take him so far. The bones within them started to crack and dissolve, and even as they lengthened, his arms went limp, unable to move them and leaving Sheldon stunned. The muscles were soon enough to allow them to move to the point he could flail them slightly, but it was obvious he wasn't meant to move them while on land, making him a little alarmed. Surely, he would be able to once he was in the water, and Miles wouldn't let him desiccate, right...?

Unlike his arms, his feet were left pulled into his trunk, not being needed on his form as they went limp and pulled toward his body. Sheldon barely had time to get down on his belly as the skin started to shift and his legs gave way completely. The bone, muscle, and tissue, all were dissolving as the skin on his torso started to shift slightly, feeling more sensitive on the floor in its new state. The process left Sheldon powerfully concerned since he couldn't breathe water, yet his body was not in any state where he could persist on land. Surely, the nanites wouldn't allow him to perish in such a way, right?

Sheldon was unfamiliar with his new anatomy, as though while he could still breathe, Miles thought it prudent to walk over to his shrinking body pick him up, and place him in a saltwater tank, gently enough though jarring for the still changing, still shivering being. It was bizarre beyond belief to feel the water passing through developing gill slits. As his lungs started to expire, their purpose was readjusted for an aquatic life fast enough he was barely able to perceive a difference in his ability to breathe. There was little ability for him to move in the water, with his hybrid anatomy, though that was soon to shift the more he continued to change.

As bizarre as it was, Sheldon could tell that his internal organs were being adjusted, rotating around in the exact opposite direction as his intestines, anus, and all moved into the growth that had swelled from his head. It was bizarre, to say the least, his other organs wrapped around his head and leaving his anatomy functionally backward. But it mattered little as his gills took form and he was able to move, exploring the abilities of his body as he continued to shrink into the body of a common squid.

Though he was overall useless on land, Sheldon was powerfully mobile in the water, ejecting water and flying from one end of the tank to another with ease. However, with his fear over the change, something seemed to gurgle in his body, and instead of water being ejected, something thicker and more cloudy burst forth, obscuring the water and making it impossible to see. He felt rather comfortable with that, however, a sense of safety with any predators unable to see him. The human him knew there were no predators in the tank, save the hagfish that had become of his classmate, but they would not interact, or, at least, Mike would not be able to see him, lacking eyes. As much as he lamented being a squid, there were certainly worse choices to be, after all!



“Well, we are moving right along! Can’t remember if it went this fast last year, but there’s no sense in comparing, honestly!” Miles said as he looked through his lists of questions. There were only six students left at this point, and it would go by quickly if they all changed as fast as the rest of them. It was a moot point, and he would eventually give up if no one else changed.

“Well, let’s move along, shall we? Gerald? Can you tell me in what medium amphibians would lay their eggs?” Miles asked, figuring it was an easy enough question. Not that he would blame the man if he wanted to turn into a frog, of course!

“Water?” Gerald answered, without missing a beat. That was fair, his aptitude in answering a simple question on the fly was appreciated. Though it seemed he wouldn’t be eating any flies on this run, as much as Miles could tell with the order he’d prepared in the questions he’d written.

“Moving right along, Terry? How about amphibian breathing? How many different ways do they generally take in oxygen?” Miles answered, wondering if the method he used to ask the question might throw the student off.

As it turned out, his guess was right. “Ummm...three? Fuck!” Terry said, realizing his mistake. It was too late, however, and he felt his blood run cold at the implication. He hadn’t wanted to change and had been nervous about it. And having flubbed the question, there was no denying his fate.

“Sorry, that would be two. It can be hard to get questions on the fly, though you’ll get some practice catching them soon enough,” Miles said, to groans from the other students. To his credit, Miles felt bad for the man and anyone else that didn’t want to change. It would help them with their future careers, certainly, but it was still a dissuading prospect for them to have to undergo for the first time and something he did not envy. So, without waiting, he turned on the device, selecting ‘Blue Spotted Salamander’ for Terry to spend the week as.

Despite his best efforts, Terry could still feel the tingling coursing through his body, a sign that he was to change and be forced to be a frog, or worse, for the next week. It was his skin that seemed to go first, feeling cool and thin and a little slimy, though not as much as the poor student who had become a banana slug. Still, it was a little disgusting to see patches of black skin taking over his own, a few patches of blue here and there in dots but predominately black. It was strange feeling how thin it was at the point that Terry felt it might rupture if he tried to touch it with a still human finger.

As the lump of a tail started to form from his backside, Terry couldn’t hold back the fear of the change and not wanting to be an amphibian of any kind, eating bugs and living in a

terrarium. But that was to be his fate no longer than a week, though such knowledge was of little reprieve. It was coming faster now as his pants started to loosen, and he wanted to hide himself, get down on his knees maybe as it became harder and harder to keep his clothes on. Why he was being subjected to such torture in this way was beyond him, as were all the students, but there was little he could do about it now but try to preserve his modesty for as long as he could.

His ability to hold up his pants was forfeited the moment the digits started to swell, turning slightly padded with thick nails on their ends. One finger was pulled into his palms as the rest turned long and pointed, unable to grip as his pants fell, and his underwear leaving him naked. He was shrinking all the while, looking away from the other students so he could not see their reactions. No one was shaming him, at least, or laughing, thinking they all could share the same fate if they got a question wrong, even over a silly misunderstanding of the terminology. Still, it was of little comfort as he stood there naked, covered with black and blue spotted skin, his junk on display for now, though the black shade was engulfing his groin, causing his pubes to fall out and leaving him bare and embarrassed he hadn't been keeping up a grooming regiment with all this studying as of late.

Feeling almost akin to vomiting, it was his mouth that was stretching, almost half the size of his head as his neck thickened, and the rest of his hair was robbed of him. His skull was slopping into the muzzle, compressing around his eyes in a powerfully uncomfortable way as though squeezing them out of their sockets. As the rest of him shrank, his eyes seemed to bulge impossibly large, being oriented upward and blinking with a new lens that allowed him to moisten them in a bizarre yet comfortable way. To his dismay, Terry found he could see around him, something he didn't want to experience as his body continued to war and change all over.

As he continued to shrink, the dry air of the lab on his skin was starting to become uncomfortable to the point he wanted to rub his skin with his slightly slimy fingers. But with his shoulders compressing as they were, and his upper arms benign sucked into his torso faster than he was shrinking, that was to be an impossibility. Almost child-sized now, it seemed as though he was shrinking faster as the nanites did their thing. His legs, too, were diminishing, left with only four claws and toes as his feet lost their heels and he was forced to pitch over, arms unable to hold him as he keeled over. Thankfully, he was uninjured from his smaller size, though he was left to stay on all fours as his legs shrank and his hips popped and reformed at the sides, making his stance awkward.

His tail was getting longer all the while, thickening at the base as his anus was pushed downward, moving toward his cock, something that had escaped his notice. His penis and testicles were pulled within him, sinking into the skin with an uncomfortable squelching sensation. Part of him recalled he would have no external anatomy like this, though he hadn't recalled his anus would start to merge with it, creating a cloaca that shocked his system to feel

forming. It was of little consequence, however, happening in a location he was unable to easily see and thus simply feel as the rest of his body continued to change. Chest compressing, his belly was pulled taut, flattening, and uniform as it elongated concerning his stature, neck, and tail thickening from each end as his salamander form took shape.

With his body as small as it was, Terry was shaken out of his stupor but the sensation of a hand picking him up, and wanted to run, instincts likely expecting him to be eaten. Rather, he was taken upward, likely toward the cage he would spend the next week. Part of him wanted to scream, though he was unable to articulate any sounds in his present state. Still, the moment he was placed within the leaf litter and water that met his physiological needs, Terry felt a sense of calm coming over him, a peace that defied his human understanding and his acceptance of the changes.

By now, there was little left to denote the salamander had been anything but, save for some shrinking, some extension in his tail, his torso becoming more flexible, and his neck thickening to the size of his body and leaving little in the way of separation between the two. He stayed still for a moment, chest heaving from fear, though found that he didn't need to breathe so deeply. Feeling the dampness on his skin, Terry finally started to relax, eyes still darting this way and that, but detecting no source of danger. The irritation on his skin was absent now as well, and with some awkward steps, he moved around in his temporary home, feeling relaxed and calm, it was damp, it was closed off, and as he moved to settle in under a rock, his tiny body finding such to happen rather easily, Terry finally found himself feeling safe for the first time since then changes began. Maybe, just maybe, it wouldn't be as bad as he had figured...

Putting the lid over the container, Miles smiled, seeing there were only five students left. They weren't doing as well as last year's group if he recalled correctly, but that wasn't the point of the exercise. It would do any of them good to experience nanite transformation technology, something that was rather in demand if they could stomach it. It certainly wasn't for everything and something that was better learned now by doing, at least in Miles's opinion.

"Alright, let's keep it moving along. Susan, you're next. Now, while adult echinoderms have pentalateral symmetry, what symmetry do their offspring display?" Miles asked, figuring it would be a relatively easy one.

As it turned out, it was not the case, at least for this particular student. "Um... also pentalateral?" She asked though the disappointed look in Miles's eyes spoke volumes. She had forgotten the basic fact that such animals had bilateral symmetry in their youth, the same as most species, and that their radial forms came from maternity. A fact that she was likely to find out firsthand if Miles chose not to show mercy on her.

It was not something he was obligated to do, Miles, shaking his head as though teasingly scolding her. But there was no joke in what the device would do to her as Miles pressed a button and sent a tingling charge through her being. She would be as subject to the rules as anyone else, a victim of an ill-thought-out testing scheme for those with anxieties. And to change into such a creature as a sea urchin...that was almost beyond her ability to conceive of!

She wouldn't have to wait long as her skin started to prickle and bumps started to form over it that soon erupted into short pointed spines. There were dozens, hundreds over her skin to the point that if she touched herself she would surely injure her hands before the change was over. Not that she would have them for long, which was a terrifying prospect in and of itself for her to undergo. It was all she could do not to scream out her terror at the change, though she remained stoic, knowing such was pointless and that it would only be for a week, something she would have to let happen.

Soon, her skin, particularly around her chest and torso, was covered with spines, uniform in pattern though she had no way to confirm. They seemed to be getting larger on her body, though it took Susan a moment to realize that she was shrinking instead. Of course, she would need to be much smaller in her new anatomy, but it was still unnerving to watch the lab room around her growing larger, her interpretation of its edges growing away from her. Though perhaps the worst aspect of all was growing spines from her torso and shrinking were the easiest parts of the change for her to undergo. She could hardly fathom the anatomical changes between her humanity and the much simpler organs of a sea urchin!

The first of those unfathomable changes was that her neck was being pulled inside of her torso, leaving her head squat on her shoulders, even as the bones within were starting to weaken. It was almost natural, the skin and tissues deflating as she lost the ability to move them at all. Forced to stare forward now, Susan couldn't even look at the changes to her form, losing its humanity to that of a living creature so physically far removed from humanity. Part of her was thankful for that, not waiting to see her skin hardened to chiton, her skin rippling as the bones and structures were removed within, all structures separated into five equal parts.

Her head was soon to follow her neck, a separate bilateral symmetry not part of her new physiology. While she still could, Susan let out a scream, one that shocked the few remaining students. She could hardly look at their reactions, however, given that her limited field of view was forced upward, leaving her staring at the ceiling. She wanted desperately to move it, but such was not an ability of her new form, and she was forced to endure it, wishing that something, anything would come along to save her from this fate.

The changes were not to answer her prayers, however, as her teeth and lips started to tingle before dissolving from her body entirely. All that was left of her mouth was a tiny hole,

one that could barely open and close as she tried it in desperation. It seemed she could not scream anymore, but her ears, too, were dissolving, not even leaving the previous holes as they were robbed of an alien form. A series of long, thin protrusions started to writhe from her former face and skin like snakes, and although their presence terrified the changing woman, a part of her fleeting awareness recalled the term tube feet, upside down from where she was used to and the only form of motility her temporary body would possess.

When it was time for her to lose her eyes, Susan was almost thankful as the world dimmed around her. She didn't want to see the changes to her body, the loss of external features too disgusting to fathom. The rest of her still-human class would be privy to the changes, but there was nothing she could do about that, not even possessing a gag reflex to vomit should she wish to. As the world faded around her, she was vaguely aware of some semblance of light around her, though, with her brain in a still-human configuration, she had no idea of its meaning.

She could still feel, however, and was aware of her body compressing from all angles, removing any distinct shapes for the uniform features of the echinoderm she was becoming. Her arms and legs were forfeit, unable to move as the bone and tissues dissolved within, their remnants becoming one of the dozens of tube feet that would allow her to move and even reorientate herself should she be turned upside down. It didn't hurt as her skull was dissolved and her organs were distributed within, even her brain, though such did not affect her ability to think or be aware of her changes as much as her new species was privy to. At least as her human structures were torn apart and redistributed within her for the calcilificated tissues that made her outer shell, there was no pain, only a dull awareness of the process.

One of the most jarring alterations was the rotating of her anus, moving directly above her mouth, the only remnant of her former head. Her body was a simple tube around her pentagonal symmetry, and having to use it upside down was not an attractive prospect. Her sex, or what was left of its internal anatomy, was broken up into a series of gonads, though it was barely felt, rather recalled from her anatomy studies. What did alarm her, as her internal anatomy shifted and split, was that she was unable to breathe, or intake air in any meaningful way to keep her functional. A panic passed through her mind, though with her limited mobility and sensory abilities, there was little she could do to escape a terrestrial environment.

The sensation of being reoriented was her only clue that she was being lifted, the hands holding her having to be careful of her spines as they grew more numerous over her calcified skin. Sensors on her skin were able to detect the presence of salt water around her, and Susan felt herself relax, likely in the perfect environment for her new form. With her tube feet suspected in a liquid medium, she was finally able to move them slightly, feeling them stick to the debris on the floor and pulling her along, slowly, just slightly, but fast enough for her new sensibilities, not having a way to relate with the rest of the world.

With that, her radula went to work, sawing off pieces of the detritus below her, likely coral or something of the like, though she had no idea. Whatever it was, it appealed to her new body, and she fell into a rhythm, eating and defecating and moving forward ever so slightly with her numerous waving tube feet. Though it was bizarre, beyond anything she had prepared for in human life, it wasn't a bad existence, peaceful, in its own way. And with little to do until it was time for her to be changed back, it was all Susan could think of to pass the time...

"While it's true that sea urchins don't have much in the way of senses, they do have the ability to orientate themselves even if they get flipped upside down. They can use their tube feet for suction, moving so that their mouth is lower for feeding! Fascinating since they can't see!" Miles laughed, and the remaining students chuckled nervously, knowing they were one wrong question away from having the same fate. There were still echinoderms left he might change them into, after all!

Thankfully, the next question was about birds, something Sirrea was an avid fan of. Her answer on gizzards was a little too detailed, and Miles teasingly chastised her for studying too much. Sierra just smiled at that; even if she wanted to change, there would be no room in the lab to fly, and that would be the entire point of becoming a bird, right?

Janet, next, was quick to answer a question on mammalian taxonomy, though she was a little more nervous as she did so. The consequence of getting that wrong might turn her into a cat, something she had not wanted to dissect and not something she wanted to be. The idea of change, as much as she tried to get over it for the class, was not appealing, even in a relatively mundane form like a mammal. And she was determined to avoid such a fate as long as Miles still had questions.

Matt, for his part, was smiling, watching his roommate Gerald get a question right about reptiles. There was a part of him, a growing part had hoped he would get a question for a more appealing animal, one that he might want to spend the week as. And when he was asked about reptilian heating, he, incorrectly, identified reptiles as being warm-blooded, a smile on his face as he did so. Part of him was hoping it would be a snake like the ones they'd dissected, the notion of turning into that kind of animal, had the effect of drawing on his arousal, something he hoped didn't get out as a result of the changes!

"Did you perhaps get that one wrong on purpose, Matt?" Miles asked though the man was grinning like a fool, giving away the game as it were. Still, Miles went to activate the nanites, finding it fair that one of the students might be into transformation and want to experience it, despite the consequences of losing a week of humanity. Hell, some might find it a fair vacation, as much as Miles couldn't quite wrap his head around it.

“Here's a fun one for you, a king snake!” Miles said, and Matt found himself almost eager for the experience. An itching over his skin prompted Matt to reach up and rub it, feeling the smooth, warm scales that would make up his body. He'd wanted to transform all the way since before signing up for the class, and knowing there were likely few opportunities to do so outside of failing to answer one of the questions right. So he had to wait and hope that he was offered to turn into something exciting. And, in his mind, turning into a snake fit the bill!

The scales were spreading over his skin at a rather rapid rate, and Matt had the foresight to get down on his belly, figuring he could simply crawl out of his clothes as he shrunk out of them once he had the ability. It was decent timing on his part, feeling his legs start to weaken as their muscle and bones started to dissolve, not needed for his new body. It was bizarre feeling his toes stiffen, leaving nothing but nubs until they, too, were absorbed by the rest of his anatomy. He was sure he couldn't get back up on them now, though didn't want to, figuring he was going to be on his belly for the rest of the week regardless.

A bump on his backside soon made itself known as it started to twitch, pushing further from his spine and being able to feel the inside of his pants. It was then Matt realized he was starting to shrink somewhat, the growth feeling small in his pants even as it continued to extend further down past his ass and the diminishing remnants of his legs. Matt would have, in all honesty, preferred to be a larger snake, but there was little he could do about that, and even this bit of transformation would be welcome, able to feel his tail moving now as it continued to add linkages and muscle, widening at the base and thrashing its irritation at being confined.

Though his back and neck were largely covered with scales at this point, his belly was devoid of them as the skin tingled, shapes starting to flatten out and wrapped with scutes. He was shrinking rapidly, clothes billowing around him and obscuring his body from view. It was thankful, given his erection over the changes, something he didn't want to share with the class, as it was. Even the sensations of his penis splitting, forming, and pulling into an opening slit that soon moved to merge with his anus, a bizarre and almost semi-arousing sensation. He could not get himself off in the middle of the change, but it was pleasant nonetheless, better than nothing, and something the rest of the class could not see.

It was the loss of his hands and arms that was the most alarming, and Matt found himself wanting to move them if only to prolong their presence on his form. But he couldn't manage, and his fingers soon went the same way as his toes, stubby bumps on the ends of his hands that were losing all their mass and flexibility. His arms, too felt weak, flopping down, allowing his sides as his shoulders cracked through his body, prepared to be dissolved as every fragment in his form that made up former limbs. They were pulled in at an awkward angle, losing their flexibility as his shoulders rotated inward before dissolving to the point there was little left.

What remained was a head, trunk, and tail, which were all altering to become more uniform. The fat and muscle from his form were worked into his belly and chest as scutes formed from the skin, leaving no trace of his belly, nipples, or belly button as his body became more like a tube. His tail was soon thick enough to match his thinning belly, and almost as long as it was as well, and with some effort, he was able to move a little, enough to get out of the billowing pile of clothes and show his mostly serpentine form to the rest of the class.

Now, he was simply left with a mostly human head, albeit one with scales and fading wisps of hair. It was a little disturbing to be left in such a state, though as his neck thickened and his mouth continued to widen, jaw unhinging as he played with opening it impossibly wide. As though he was showing off for the class, Matt felt his teeth turning gummy and moving within his gums as they continued to stretch, mouth lipless as scales covered the rest of it. His jaw could open even wider than his neck could all, and Matt was there for it!

With his skull flattening and widening his eyes, Matt was forced to blink a moment as though a thin membrane had spread across it, the colors of the world shifting just slightly as though being turned like a radio. There was another layer his relatively larger eyes could detect, as though wavy lines were present over the world, trails from each being that his human mind told him might be from their body heat. Yet, that was not the strangest thing as his mouth closed and a much thinner tongue poked its way through, long and forked. His still had his nostrils, those were taking in air. But it was the scent in the air that his tongue was drawing in, making him a little dizzy from the implication. He was literally tasting the air, being given the same information from an entirely new medium. It was alarming at first, to say the least!

With that, the changes seemed to have been completed, and Matt was left to move from his clothing, getting used to locomotion easily without legs, something he had wanted to experience for some time. It was exhilarating to feel his body rapidly expanding and contracting, gliding over the floor with ease as he explored his surroundings. His tongue was ever in the air, tasting the scents of his classmates and all the other animals in the lab, having been once human or not. It was fascinating, and he made a game of it, trying to put human images to smell as he literally snaked his way along,

However, Matt soon noticed something rather uncomfortable, a chill in the lab and on the floor that made him feel a little sluggish as he explored. There was no warmth or heat, and he was exposed beside. He wanted to find someplace warm to rest, and something to fill his belly, something that he was just now starting to notice was in need of attention. It seemed that Miles was of one mind in that, moving to pick him up, which Matt allowed. He knew he would be unharmed, and was in fact looking forward to being moved to a terrarium to live out the rest of the week, relaxing in a way that only an animal could.



The heat and warmth within the terrarium were comfortable to the point that Matt was inclined to lay there, having everything he needed. Part of him was hungry, having just changed, but Miles was prepared for that, and with that, he placed a single egg into the enclosure, allowing the remaining students to gather to watch. Not minding the audience, Matt slithered close to it, tasting the air and being happy with what was being presented with. Opening his jaw experimentally around it, Matt soon found that his mouth was a little too small for it, and he was prompted to wrap his lips around it, managing to compress his whole head to the point he was able to work it around the egg, it should have been painful for him, though it only served to leave him a little sore, if not determined, a biological drive to eat. And with his physiology, the newly changed snake was able to manage it, though barely, slowly. Working his mouth around it was a chore, but like a hinge, his throat and neck opened up to the point he was sure it would choke him. But eventually, he managed, the sensation of it sliding slowly within him to be digested. It was like the most fulfilling thing he had done in his life as he moved to rest after his meal, the only one he would need for the week with his reptilian metabolism.

With three students remaining now, Miles saw what he was in for. Sierra was getting every question he threw at her, even those a little more challenging about vertebrate pulmonary systems. Janet was nervous, not wanting to change, though less so than she had been, given that they were on the mammal questions and those forms were not as far removed from their humanity. Still, he threw in a few about insect senses, warning her she would experience them firsthand if she got them wrong, making her nervous. He didn't want to terrify the poor girl but rather keep her on her toes, but she was getting shaken, and the next question would be her downfall from humanity.

"What feature do all mammals have that differentiates them from other phyla?" Miles asked, thinking it would be an easy one. He was wrong.

"Umm...fuck..." Janet said, stumbling on the question. It was an obvious one, but in the moment her mind tried to come up with it was her downfall. "Live birth?" She answered, though regretted it the moment she saw the expression on Miles's face.

"Not quite! Some animals like sharks and snakes give birth to live young. And on the mammal side of things, I think the platypus would like to have words with you! They lay eggs, after all!" Miles said before pushing the button.

"The answer is hair or fur, something every mammal has even if it's sparse or nearly absent, like with cetaceans. And wouldn't it be ironic if-" Miles started before Janet started scratching at her skin, irritated by the growth of fur. "Yup! There it is!"

Janet, for her part, wasn't paying attention, rather scratching at the itching covering her chest and belly. The hairs were spreading rapidly, and soon her entire torso was covered, save her breasts, which were rapidly deflating. A tickling across her belly was a sign that more nipples were popping from the skin and a prelude to her fate as a mammal of some sort.

“No...” Janet whispered, not wanting to change but having no say in the matter, having signed a waiver at the beginning of the class.

“Sorry,” Miles said sincerely. It had been awkwardly worded, after all, and she'd obviously studied hard to get to this point. And he knew if she truly hated the experience, she would never have to undergo it again. But like all his students, Miles figured it would be for the best that she got the experience it had at least once. And in his opinion, a mouse was hardly the worst of the choices!

Still, Janet was hardly thrilled when her spine started to tingle, creating a large lump that continued to push its way out of her backside, tickling her leg and making her scream out as it did so. Reaching back to touch the warm appendage, Janet was terrified to detect the thing behind her, something that had to be a mouse's tail, long and hairless and ugly. It was soon almost as long as her legs, though they would hardly stay that length for long, even relative to her body as she continued to shrink. Her clothes were getting billowy around her, though thankfully her assets were gone by this point, leaving nothing embarrassing even though she was ashamed of the changes regardless.

The tingling of change started to play over her hands, nails pushing out into claws as they curved outward almost as long as the fingers themselves. Her thumbs started to push inward, keeping their functionality though looked more like a foot than the human hand she had once possessed. Pads adorned the bottoms, swelling out like buttons, though she was afraid to touch them with each hand, as though she might spread the nanite-induced changes. She was happy enough that they were human-like, though had no desire to change at all, even into something with such hands.

Part of her fear Janet assumed came from her increasingly rodent side, not liking the notion she was shrinking, being exposed out in the open. Thankfully, the snake was within his pen by now, not that he would eat her but that rodent part of her brain would be scared of it all the same. Still, she was literally left shaking, shrinking, and quivering as her clothes started to billow around her. She wasn't as afraid of being exposed to the changes to her femininity and the few students remaining. But still, she didn't want to see her skin being covered with brown fur, itching the skin and spreading like fire all over her. They were only serving to remind her she was to become an animal for a week, and that notion disgusted the changing woman. Still, all she could do was to let it happen and hope the dizzying sensation of shrinking would pass soon.

Even though all of the changes, Janet was aware of when her ears started to shift, growing close to half the size of her hair and starting to twitch with new muscles. Their furred contours were able to take in sounds from the room more acutely, which was a little bizarre. There was little for her to take note of, the machines in the room buzzing loudly though not a threat. It was the sounds of her own frantic heartbeats that came to her, however, making her more aware of her changed state than she wanted to be. Mice were truly fearful creatures, indeed!

As much as her hearing had increased, it was her nose, turning upright and back and pointing upward in front of her eye, that created the most drastic change. It was almost overwhelming the level of odors that were wafting into her awareness, human scents that she could distinguish as well as those of the animals in the room, the ones that had been humans or otherwise. With her mostly human brain, it was impossible for her to fully interpret what she was smelling, and much of it elicited that same sense of malaise that had been troubling her since the changes began. Some of the creatures were clearly predatory against her new species. How was it possible for a creature to live with so much fear!?

Every instinct developing in her shrinking mind was telling her to run, to hide, to take shelter and safety from the myriad of threats looming over her. But Janet forced herself to stand there, even as her clothes fell away and she was rendered to half her former size and even smaller. Her body was chubby at this point, embarrassingly so for her formerly lean human body. It was all in her midsection, thighs flattened into her belly, and calves stretched above her lengthening heels as her anatomy changed. Janet found she could stand on two legs if she wanted to, but it was a little more comfortable to get down on all fours, something she decided was inevitable.

All that remained of her humanity was her face, rodent nose, and ears which looked awkward on her features. That was soon to change, skull compressing almost painfully on her eyes and making them bulge a little in their sockets. Beady and red, their range of vision was surprisingly human-like, leaving Janet thankful that she ever had them to begin with. Her nose felt like a pimple, face pushing out even more and making room for her rodent dentation to take root. Losing some of her teeth was a little jarring, though not as much as her incisors pushing out of the roots, opening her mouth almost impossibly wide before her new anatomy stretched to keep up. They were almost too large in her mouth, though she forced herself to deal with them, knowing she would use them for biting nuts and seeds that would make up her diet for the week.

At this point, nothing remained of the former human save for a giant mouse with billowing clothing around her. Janet was shrinking faster and faster now, the clothes around her at least obscuring the view of the rest of the world that could have left her so disorientated.

Eventually, the sensations ceased, and she was left with the certainty that she was fully changed, barely a speck of her former human size in her mouse state. She wanted to run, though part of her new mind was met with a feeling of safety, knowing that she would be difficult to retrieve within the confines of her clothes. And it was warm here, somewhere she could build a nest, before-

The sensation of massive hands around her was alarming, though Janet forced herself to keep calm, figuring it was just Miles or one of the other students moving her. Her logical brain told her that no harm would come to her in her current state, but that was little reprieve with the rodent instincts telling her she should run so as not to meet her demise. There was little she could do once they had handled her, cupping around her smaller body as she was lifted in the air. Janet allowed herself to be lifted, the rodent part of her mind thinking she could play dead, though the human part was aware she was in good hands, as safe as anywhere she could imagine.

Placed into a cage, Janet looked around to find it was rather spacious for her smaller stature. She had seen this cage before in the room all semester, though never imagined she might be small enough to sit comfortably within it. There was an exercise wheel within, a bottle with water she could lap up, and, best of all, her nose detected the tempting scent of food, something that made her belly rumble. Before she could stop herself, Janet moved to pick one up with her able hands, observing it only for a moment before chewing with thickened incisors. The seed's casing was quickly worn away, and Janet ate eagerly, finding the first thing satisfying in her new life, and thinking the experience might be more tolerable if she was allowed to live only here...

“Well, that brings it to the two of you left,” Miles said, looking over his questions. He had another few rounds to go, easily, but given the studious nature of those two left, was there really any point? “I could ask you both the entire catalog of questions, but we all know you’ll get them. I think the better question is did either of you want to be a particular animal for the week?” He offered, though it was likely any of the students who wanted to experience it had gotten the questions wrong.

“Nope, I’m good. Have a new game to play,” was Sierra’s answer. Gerald breathed a sigh of relief, having the place to himself while his roommate stayed a snake. He’d wanted it, something Gerald could hardly imagine. But to each their own, right?

“Well, you guys can go then, enjoy your week!” Miles said, and the two of them decided to take off the case Miles decided to change his mind. And there was certainly some precedence for him to pick an animal for them to become for the duration of the week. And with his hand on the button as it was...

No. Miles had an internal laugh at the thought, but that would be a little too sadistic, even for him. So he waved them off, getting up and checking on the other students that had been changed. He needed to feed, clean up after, and make sure their homes were as comfortable as possible. And above all, make sure they learn as much about their new bodies as possible while in their form. And hopefully come out a little wiser when it is time for their final exams...