

Janice wiped her sweaty brow with one hand, her other on the dirty fountain handle as she tried desperately to push out a stream of water large enough to drink from. She hated the idea of drinking from such a fountain, but she had forgotten her own bottle, and the heat of the late morning was steadily becoming sweltering. She wouldn't get her daily run in without additional hydration.

She drank her fill, knowing there was every chance the metals in the ancient plump would contain trace contaminants. Oh well. It probably wouldn't hurt her too much. Not with all the other chemicals in the regular drinking water that she was already accustomed to.

Afterward, Janice took a few moments to sit on a fallen log in the shade of a nearby series of trees, still out of breath from her morning run. The shelter of their branches and leaves provided a welcome reprieve. She was normally home by now, but she had been steadily extending the miles of her jog as her body gained strength. Today was a personal record in both distance and endurance!

She had been jogging at least 4 times a week for the past 6 months and had to admit, was happy with the results. An abusive ex had always nagged her to get in better shape, regardless of how many missed meals and exercise regimens it took her. Finally, after dumping his cheating ass, she had figured, what the hell, and started to jog of her own accord. She had to admit, she had been proud of the results, and even more so that the decision was her own!

A series of catcalls echoed from across the jogging path, and Janice's eyes raised only enough to see a trio of decent-looking guys, clad in tight shorts and tank tops. They were ripped, sweat slipping across tanned skin between the divots of their swollen muscles. Janice had to admit, they didn't look too bad. Shame they were likely assholes.

Still, the attention made Janice smile. She was toned in her own right. Her skin, too, was a lovely tanned shade, her own muscles a pleasing shape. Though she was always a little ashamed of the size of her breasts, her new sports bras kept their ungainly attributes in place for her runs. Janice had worked hard on her body for her own sake and enjoyed the sway it had over men. And, if she had to, she could easily outrun all three of them, putting any advances to shame!

Ignoring the three as they stopped to fill their own water bottles, Janice stood and prepared to resume her run. Her skin was slick with sweat, making her uncomfortable. She knew perspiration was necessary to cool her off, but today, the sensation of slick fluids pouring from her flesh was maddening! She couldn't recall the last time that she sweated so badly.

Readjusting her headphones as she stated the next podcast in the cue, Janice prepared to start her run again. Yet, as she did so, a strange weakness seemed to fall over her body. Janice sat back down on the log, shocked at the sudden lack of energy. Surely, she wasn't too tired already, was she? Yet, it was impossible to deny the dizziness plaguing her body.

To her disgust, the sweat oozing out of her pores was pouring out more rapidly, even with the cover of the shade. The air today was hot, but not this hot! The feeling of it running over her was disgusting. Janice hadn't drunk nearly enough water to compensate for the amount she was losing. If she didn't get up for another drink, she would dry out right here!

Doing her best to avoid touching her skin, Janice tried to stand, dizzied by an unexpected change in perspective. Her hand accidentally brushed the skin of her thigh, and she cried out in disgust. Instead of the expectedly slick sweat, the fluid dripping from her body was sticky, clinging heavily to her arm as she struggled to pull it away. What the hell...?

Pulling with all her effort, Janice was disgusted when thick globs of the stuff dangled down from her arms, some of it falling to the ground with an audible *splat*. Resisting the urge to vomit, Janice managed to free her arms with a sick sucking sound.

She wanted desperately to wipe the sticky slime from her sweaty frame but could not do so as it continued to ooze from her pores. The slime from her belly seemed more fluid, dipping to the ground with little effort, while the sweat from her body was far more viscous. By now, every inch of her body was dripping the foul fluid. Even her head seemed to be drenched in the sweaty slime!

A series of snaps echoed in her ears, and with a horrified expression, her eyes fell upon her left hand. The sensations of weakness plaguing her body seemed to center in her digits, their ability to move them waning. She tried desperately to flex the fingers, but it became more and more difficult as the seconds ticked past. Soon, she couldn't feel them at all! Worse than that, the same sensation started to ebb from her other hand, its fingers soon as unruly.

Slime still oozing from the tips, the digits seemed to stiffen, swelling with more of the grotesque fluid. The weight of the ooze, in tandem with the sudden numbness, seemed to make them stick together. A gurgling resonated through her fingers and down to her palms, which themselves were starting to lose any flexibility they still maintained. If she didn't know any better, Janice would swear that their bones, muscle, and tendons were melting away, making her hands useless!

Just then, a scream caught her attention. Janice lifted her head on instinct to find its source, an older husband and wife couple, who had also been out jogging. Both of them were

covered in the same translucent slime that was leaking from Janice's entire body. The woman's hands seemed to be fused together, much as Janice's own were. Despite the sticky fluids clinging to their clothes, they seemed to hang off their frames as whatever horrifying process made them lose mass.

It was the man's changes that sent horrified chills through Janice's cold body. His nose was gone, his facial features distorted. He had no mouth. Where his lips, his mouth, and tongue should have set, there was only an oval opening, gaping slowly. The man was too far away to be sure, but it seemed as though he had no teeth, just sharp ridges inside the circle. It was something out of a nightmare!

They were not the only people to be affected by whatever was happening. Several other joggers were heading back in this direction, their own features distorted. The three guys from before were among them, their own skin covered with the translucent slime. Spotting Janice's form, they seemed to hone in on her, though their movement was slowed by the changes assaulting their legs.

Janice tried desperately to rise, panicked by the notion that everyone around was changing. She had no idea if it would help slow the process, but she wanted to try and get away to try and retain any level of humanity that she could. But her legs would not move. With a series of wet slurps, the bones, muscle, and even tissue were all dissolving into useless mush. Was she melting ?

She had no idea how to explain the horrific sensations welling over her body. Was it something in the water ? No chemical could make a human melt like this!

Yet, as she continued to change, the sensations of her body did not seem to support that theory. The slick fluids pouring off of her seemed to decrease her mass, making her clothes feel loose on her frame even as they stuck to the mucus.

Despite the slime covering her body, Janice felt a cold chill running over her flesh. There was still skin under the mucus, though far moister than what she was accustomed to. She was not melting as she understood it, but rather changing into some different form. The chill intensified as she wracked her brain for any idea of what she might be changing into.

Her soaked, damp clothes seemed loose, as though several sizes too large. It was like each thick glob of mucus oozing from her form took with it all the dissolved fat, muscle, and bone. Though her jogging outfit was essentially stuck to her skin, it was becoming harder for it to cling to her decreasing mass. Janice couldn't help but feel she was undergoing a weight loss program from hell!

One sensation, above all others, had her both puzzled and alarmed. A familiar moistening of her crotch radiated through her body, somehow amplified through the mucus that was pouring from her skin. As impossible as it was, Janice realized that she was becoming aroused!

A moan escaped her lips as the fluids from her sex started to leak out and merge with the mucus that was transforming her. It created a different consistency to the fluids that were collecting on her panties, pulling them towards her sex and allowing them to stick for a few moments despite her decreasing mass.

The sexual urges created an uncomfortable contrast in her mind as the changes raced onward. The process clearly sent chills through her body as her vaginal lips contracted and melted. Even though they should have lost their sensitivity, they became more easily stimulated by the mucus running over her skin. Such a horrific mutation should not have been invoking any kind of sexual reaction! Still, it was impossible to deny the urge to reach down and stroke the flesh that was soaking her panties with more than just slime.

Yet, that was no longer possible. By now, her arms were sticking to her body, the remaining muscle and bone hardly sufficient to hold them up. To Janice's horror, they seemed to merge with the flesh that she recognized as her new trunk. Though at first glance, they maintained their shape and contours, as Janice started on stunned, they soon merged completely with the flesh of her chest. She no longer had arms!

Her legs weren't far behind, her thighs folding in on her knees as any remnants of internal structure oozed out of her flesh, turning into the slime coating her moist skin. Her shoes slid to the ground as her feet were reduced to nothing, collapsing into her form. Her pants started sagging all over, covered with slime as the legs within reduced towards nothingness.

Desperate to look away from the horror befalling her, Janice's glance turned to the other joggers, whose own changes were progressing similarly. As Janice tried to yell out to them, she realized that the slime was dripping into her mouth and making it impossible to elicit more than a distressed gurgle. Even the woman screaming from before had become silent.

Her male compatriot was on the ground, unable to move with his degraded legs. His features were on full display, unlike his wife's smaller body, much to Janice's detriment. It was the sight of his head that made Janice wish she could scream away her fear. He had no hair, no eyes, and that radiated mouth from before.

What really scared her was the lack of eyes, or rather, their replacements. Dissolved eyeballs sat on wriggling eyestalks, and where his nose once sat was replaced by a third tendril. Even as she watched, his eyes continued to disintegrate, leaving only blackened orbs on the end of the stalks.

The image sent another shiver of fear through Janice's shrinking body. It invoked a memory from her youth, but its size was far beyond the level that made any sense. It took a few moments to recall her fascination with crawling creatures in her grandmother's garden. The image of waving tendrils and flowing slime was all too reminiscent of common garden slugs. Was that what was to become of them all, to turn into actual garden slugs ? Disgusting!

The men from before, though relatively close to her, might as well have been miles away as they, too, fell into their clothes. The one that had catcalled her had no mouth or eyes by this point and Janice had no idea if he could see her. One of the guys had a contoured body, as though his backside was twisting and rotating towards his mouth. The third had a massive, tail-like object protruding from his running shorts. He was able to move somewhat, crawling towards the log that Janice found herself shrinking towards.

Janice had a hard time continuing to focus on her surroundings with the intense changes overcoming her own visage. A wet crack echoed through her body as she felt her spine fall into her chest cavity, melting like the rest of her. The flesh of her ass, free from any supporting structure, started to move with a series of thick pops as the cheeks receded into the mass of flesh that remained of her midsection and upper body. Stretching as though made of putty, the structure moved out of her shorts as their wet stained fabric fell empty to the ground.

Even through the moist sensations plaguing her form, Janice still felt waves of orgasmic lust flowing over her body, even as her vaginal cavity collapsed in on itself. She would have cried out if she could, the pleasure threatening to overwhelm her. Was this what slugs felt, what drove them to perform procreation acts at the promise of overwhelming pleasure in their primitive forms ?

The pleasure only seemed to increase as her backside started to push out of her skin. It seemed as though the internal structure was being twisted like a string, collapsing onto her back. The moist, oozing flesh was starting to harden slightly, as it reached over what remained of her body.

By now, the features of her chest were starting to melt into what she assumed would be her trunk. To her lamination, her perky breasts, once ungainly, dissolved away as all their fat and structure became flat and streamlined. The remnants melted out of her shrinking body into slime with as little fanfare as the rest of her lost humanity.

Her sex, or what as left of it, was rotating up her back, as was the rest of her ass. The motion sent sensual waves through her body, begging to be amplified from getting fucked. She knew that sex should be the last thing in her mind right now. Yet the orgasmic sensations brought with them a welcome reprieve against the intense suffering the change would otherwise bring.

The hardened flesh of her former rear reached up to her neck, which had now fattened to the circumference of her trunk. It seemed to cover her entire upper body now, and nearly all the way down to where her chest and stomach once lay. The skin stuck out someone, only minutely harder than the rest of her soft flesh. Even through the onslaught of bizarre sensation, it was obvious that her anus and vaginal lips had slid under the mantle that had oozed around them. Her entire body was flipped in on itself!

Even though her slime-coated body hid most of her features away, Janice could still make out the changed color of her skin. It had darkened to an orange shade, an all-too-familiar match to the garden slugs she'd seen in her youth.

With the increase in permeability in her body, Janice was frighteningly aware of sensations coming from her operating internal organs, more so than her human mind was comfortable with. Gasping her last breath, Janice was shocked to feel her lungs collapse, melting out of her shrinking body with the mucous. Yet, she did not feel any discomfort. A prominent pore at the side of her body started to gently pulsate, drawing in air towards the more primitive system she now possessed.

What remained of her stomach started to stretch, creating slick squelching sensations that made Janice want to vomit if she still possessed that ability. The skin felt like it was being stretched like putty, extending beyond her developing mantle as the mucus excreted became more fluid.

Her body continued to shrink, far more rapidly than her limited senses could compensate for. Trapped as she was, her loose clothes were slick with slime, sliding off her body even as the mucus continued to reduce her mass. If she kept shrinking, she was going to be enveloped by them! Yet, she had no way to move in her present hybrid form.

Though her neck was unable to rotate around, she could still see the remnants of the changing humans, all falling into their jogging clothes as she was. Some were able to crawl out of them, though their faces were nearly sluggish at this point.

All of them seemed to be moving with intent, crawling desperately towards the tree she was trapped by, or towards the fountain itself, which was still dripping water. It was obvious to Janice why. Even under the blanket of clothing and the thick mucus coating her skin, the heat of the day was becoming incredibly taxing. Like the slug she was becoming, if she was exposed for too long, she would dry out and die!

Thankfully, the damp, moist log was near enough that she figured even as a slug, she could reach underneath. Though she had no desire to be a slug, it seemed she had little choice. It had to be better than death, at least for now!

In her current state, Janice was only able to lie there as hair started to fall out, caught in the slime as her headphones soon joined. Any ambient sounds were covered up as the slime oozed out of her ears and their extensions reduced to nothing. She was barely aware as her phone fell to the ground, earbuds lying beside her shrinking, slimy body. She wished she could call for help, but knew it would be pointless. There was no one left human to help her.

Suddenly, something snapped behind her eyes, and her mouth froze open in shock as something moist and stringy forced them to pop out of her head. New muscles allowed them to move, and, for a few moments, Janice realized she could see all the way around her. The realization was only temporary as her world went dark, partially from the connections in her eye ripping apart, and partly by the billowing clothes that covered her slimy body.

Janice was thankful for that as the sensations from her nose seemed to indicate a similar alteration. It started to push out, along with the writhing tendrils that were her eyestalks. The image looking back in a mirror would have terrified her had she the ability to see it. Yet, in her blinded state, she could only feel her new additions as they touched the fabric around her.

Still, she was not totally cut off from the world as her tendrils waved in the air, picking up a series of vibrations that send small shocks into her body. Was she hearing through vibrations? There was so little she could interpret in her current state.

To her shock, the lower tendril touched up against something firm and moist, which Janice slowly realized could only be the fabric of her running shirt. The tactile experience was stunning, and slowly, all three tendrils reached out with their separate experiences. While Janice was enthralled with the ability, even over her disgust, another part of her mind was bored with the sensations, realizing they did not indicate a source of food.

As though in response to the notion of feeding, Janice could feel her lips starting to fade, the muscle of her tongue and bones of her teeth dissolving into her body. A series of sharp points erupted in the center of the circular hole that formed from the fragments of her

human mouth. She recalled the term radula, a grotesque hole for rending off bits of flesh and detritus and plant matter that would compromise her meals from now on. The image of the man's radula hung in her mind as she assumed hers now looked the same.

To her disgust, Janice realized that she could taste the fluids that were coating the fabric of her clothes. Most were of her sweat and the mucus exuded by her body. Yet there was something else that gave her pause. It had a sweet, almost musky flavor, one that Janice could not readily identify.

Then, it hit her, the idea triggered by the fact that her genital pore still opened and closed with the remnants of orgasmic contractions. She was tasting the remnants of her vaginal juices on her panties! Janice would have thought it to be gross, but her new body found it pleasant. The taste of her sexual fluids sent another wave of lust through her loins!

Nothing remained of her human internal structures as all were reduced to excreted slime. Janice expected that her human thoughts would fade with her brain, but to her shock, and perhaps horror, she retained some awareness in her form. Though it was now accompanied with weak instincts, the urges that she might expect from a slug if Janice was thinking with a clear headspace. The desire to eat, to hide, to mate. It was nearly overwhelming in its simplicity!

Janice had no way to know how big she was as her world was entirely shrouded in darkness. With her body in its current configuration, she could not move, not even at a slug's pace, as it were. Yet, the changes were starting to center in the growth sticking from the back of her mantle. It continued to swell with muscle and slime as it reached its way nearly the length of her body!

A series of sudden contractions assaulted her lower body, ripples of muscle movement that shockingly began to propel her forward. It was a most bizarre sensation, a series of undulations starting at the top of her body that ran to another section before racing to the next segment. The muscles across her mollusk's 'foot' allowed her to move, lubricated by the more fluid slime being oozed from it, allowing her forward locomotion.

As best as she could tell, the changes were complete. The sensations of shrinking seemed to have abated even as she continued charging forward. It was of little concern with the immediate threat of desiccation from the heat of the sun.

Crawling forward, Janice was aware of a series of lights and shapes that her still-human mind could meld into an image of what she expected the world to be. Though it was a far cry from what she was used to, the eyes of a mollusk were better than she might have

expected. The target of her search was in sight, and although it would take several minutes with her current speed, she felt she could safely reach the decaying log before her body dried out.

Slowly, the newly formed slug pushed her way towards the life-saving shelter. Digging into the fragile earth did provide the modicum of relief that she had hoped for. The soil was damp, taken readily through the thin membrane of her skin. The relief was instant; Janice felt the moisture evening out across her body as her foot slowly forced her down into the salvation of the log. The instincts welling in her mind relaxed at this, and she allowed her new body to make its slow, slimy trek of its own accord.

Though her senses were limited, she could tell via vibration that the space in the log was steadily being occupied by other beings the same size and shape as herself. At least some might have been coming from the same direction as she, former humans attempting to escape desiccation from the harsh midday sun. Janice hoped that all infected at least found shelter. There was no help coming for them. They, like she, were forced to fend for themselves with the limited abilities they had.

It was easier to allow her thoughts to sink into the simpler ones of the creature she was doomed to remain, perhaps forever. The idea of her human intellect intact in such a limited body was a hell in and of itself. She did not want to spend every day of a limited life reminded of all that she might never experience again! Yet, Janice didn't want to lose herself, not entirely. Especially if there was a way to return to her humanity someday.

One pleasant thought did occur to her as she slowly crawled towards a fungal patch that would make up her first gastropod meal. All three of the guys heckling her would no longer be male. All members of her species were hermaphroditic, containing both pairs of genitals and forced to lay eggs after mating. If they had the fortune to make it to this log, there was every chance that she would end up fucking *them* the way they had hoped to fuck her!

Digging through her new home was torture to her new mind. In the earth, things were in near-total darkness. The sensation of blindness was extremely disorientating. She was in an alien world with no way to guide her passing as her body slowly undulated into its depths.

Allowing herself to give in to new instincts was the only blessing she had; otherwise, she'd be entirely helpless in her new circumstances. It was her sense of touch that guided her, finding spaces where her body could move before she did so, preventing damage. The oozing mucus through her pores likely removed enough friction that there was little risk of that as she crawled along.

It took some effort to make heads or tails of the world in a human sense as she moved along. Most of the objects before her were the decaying wood in her new home, though she did taste and feel the trail of other slugs like herself. Some of the things under her touch elicited more interest, and she was shocked to realize that her radula was opening and ingesting whatever detritus that she crawled over. Would this be her life now, eating debris and whatever other waste or fungus that fell in her path ?

It was nearly impossible to comprehend living the rest of her life like this. To be robbed of even the basic facets of life like smell and hearing. Even pleasures of the flesh would be denied her, or so she assumed, given her limited physiology.

Yet, the pulsating sensation from her genital pore came to light as the taste of another sexually active slug came across her antenna. Her body moved of its own accord, chasing the taste of the slime trail that signaled she was near one of her own. To the delight of her new senses, she felt her tentacles touch the tendrils of another slug.

Her genital pore was on fire now, pulsating and burning with the need to be stimulated. Without the ability to touch herself in any meaningful way, she had no way to quell the fire in her pore. But now, as her body slowly crawled forward, stretching out of its current configuration to elongate as far as it could, she was starting to understand how she would undergo a sexual act to alleviate those needs.

A feeling of anticipation and excitement welled over her as she felt her body wrap around that of the other slug, entwining herself in its mucus as she brought her genital pore towards it. She was a hermaphrodite as much as it was, and calling herself a she felt like a small courtesy, a thread to tie her to her former humanity thicker than the strings of mucus that were holding the two mating slugs together.

The pulsating in her pore intensified as the other slug's pore was drawn closer and closer. She felt it reaching as far as it could, eager for that contact, the one potential reprieve from a limited slug's existence. It was so close now...

The sensation was brief, but to Janice, it might as well have been an eternity. The physical sensation filled her entire being as she felt herself ejaculate into the other slug, as she took its ejaculate in kind. Was this what it felt like to be male ? To have the entire organ stimulated before releasing a load ?

The sense of satisfaction from the mating act far dwarfed her human sexual experiences. Her new instincts, limited as they were, still felt overwhelmed by the notion that she had achieved it all, that mating was the supreme act of existence. No human sexual act could

meet the level of pride that a simple exchange of sperm could achieve for a short-lived creature like a slug!

There was little fanfare after the act was over. Janice felt her genital pore tingling with the presence of the other slug's sperm in her body. She could almost feel it with her sensitive flesh, oozing inside her to fertilize what eggs she now possessed.

The next few days were a blur. Once, Janice had made the mistake of following her instincts and crawled out into the damp world of a post-rainstorm. The chance to see the outside world was too much to pass up and Janice had willfully followed the slug's drives for better food sources.

She had no conception of the songbird that had swooped down, sending her body into a sudden defensive curl with the presence of its talon. A primal fear enveloped Janice's body, realizing she might be eaten and digested. But the slug she had become had other ideas. Her curled up body began excreting copious amounts of mucus, a slimy covering that made her unpalatable to the attacking bird. It tried to pick her up a few times, to no avail!

Still, the bird had the last laugh in the end. As it prepared to fly away, its tiny claw landed on Janice's backside, catching on the end. Janice felt a twinge of fear as she attempted to crawl for her life. But the slug didn't care. Janice felt no pain as part of her foot was ripped off, caught on the claw of her assailant. The idea that part of her body was missing was terrifying to the human. The slug, however, knew that it would eventually recover. It was a defense mechanism that slugs used to escape prey. Yet, losing a body part, no matter how trivial, took some time to settle into Janice's psyche.

Despite the fear for her limited existence, Janice could feel new life swelling inside of her cavity. The sperm had been deposited in the female part of her reproductive system and had fertilized newly-developed eggs that were eager to be birthed.

Finding a dark, damp place in her log, she crawled inside, her genital pore extended and pulsating with eagerness. She could feel the eggs stimulating her opening, begging to be laid. It was nearly impossible to delay the action, yet her slug instincts told her that she had to wait to find just the right spot.

Eventually, the slug she had become had decided it had reached its goal. Hardly able to hold back, her slug mind told her it was time. Genital pore quivering, she felt her entire sex opening even wider than it had when she'd taken the slug's member inside of her or deposited her own seed into it. Her entire body trembled with orgasmic pleasure as the first slimy egg slid through it, tantalizing the tip as it fell to the earth. A second soon followed,

falling into the pile as a third joined her brood. In a matter of hours, thirty fertilized slug eggs lay in a pile at the foot of the new parent.

Spent, Janice crawled away, her new instincts not caring for the eggs she had laid. They were left to fend for themselves. They would hatch, feed, and be food for other creatures, just as she nearly was. The slug she was had other priorities. She could still reproduce, still mate with another slug and lay more eggs. Her genital pore pulsing, both the slug she was and the remnants of the human Janice looked forward to experiencing mating once more!