

“Are you sure you want to stop at an aquarium?” Arthur asked for what felt like the umpteenth time since they'd landed in the city. Janelle sighed her frustration, figuring that he was just being stubborn. It was high time that they did something *she* wanted on this vacation, something light and fun. If they had to go to another sports bar or game on this trip, then she was going to scream!

The pair had been on honeymoon for almost a week now, vacationing in California. It had been a dream of theirs to visit the beaches and see the sights, though, to Janelle's disappointment, Arthur seemed to want to lie around and drink all vacation rather than get out and do the things she wanted to do. Still, she loved the man dearly and didn't want to deny him what he wanted, so long as he wished to do it with her. But enough was enough, and she had to put her foot down to actually make it to enough tourist destinations and her time in a new city worthwhile.

“Yes honey, it's on the tourist destination list, and I want to see as much as we can!” Janelle said tactfully, keeping the annoyance out of her voice. It was a skill she figured she'd mastered, though Arthur knew her enough to take the hint and relent.

Thankfully, their entrance coincided with one of the show's premiere attractions, an orca that had apparently not been able to be returned to the wild. Though it was a little controversial to have daily shows for such a large, intelligent animal, the media presence assured viewers that allowing the animal to perform as part of its enrichment activities. There was naturally a part of her that worried about the captivity of such an intelligent creature, though figured that others with more knowledge of such things could be trusted.

Eager to experience something that was rather unique, Janelle insisted they sit in the splash zone, upfront and likely to get sprayed with salt water. Arthur reluctantly agreed, not wanting to get his phone wet but figuring that if he gave his new wife this, then she might be more amicable to his wants later on. All part of the give and takes of marriage, after all!

Not having to wait long, a sound over the speaker, and both looked up to see a man on a stage, liking the trainer. “Now, I know you're all here for a show and Nemuri is usually prepared to give you one. Though it seems like she came down with a bug this morning, so let's not push him too hard. That said, he is such a showman, you might not even see the difference!”

With that, the man pulled out a whistle and a massive beast leapt out of the water, hitting them all with a spray of water as he did so. Janelle was impressed with the display as the trainer moved his arms, all without using food rewards as the orca leapt up, moving through hoops in sequence as though a well-choreographed dancer. How it was safe for the trainer when such an animal in the wild would have any chance of eating a mammal the size of a human, she had no

idea. But once more, she didn't think it was worth thinking too hard about given her lack of knowledge.

With that, the trainer seemed to press a button on the stage with him, and the orca, as though on cue, raised itself up from the water and sprayed all those in the splash zone with a spray of water. It was a little gross, the smell of fish and saltwater hitting them all and making some of them moan while some of the other ones giggled. Arthur, in particular, was annoyed, wondering how much more he could convince his wife to let him do for giving into such a distasteful spectacle.

Though he was not to be the unluckiest of the group, Janelle getting something far more disgusting on her. Not noticing at first, Janelle went to wipe the water from her face before realizing there was a slimy texture that entered her mouth and nose, making her almost gag. It took her a few moments to realize that the smell over her body was far more pungent than she was expecting, and a sickening sensation sat upon her stomach as the reality sunk in that she had been hit with a glob of mucus. It was disgusting, making her immediately regret her decision to come here in the first place.

As though in response to what Janelle had gotten all over her, the trainer yelled out of a call "Bless You!" Making her wish to groan. Though Janelle couldn't open her mouth, lest she get more mucus inside. Janelle was forced to sit there, powerfully uncomfortable till the end of the show and miserable that she had to endure such a thing.

On the way out, after a needed trip to the restroom, as limited as its ability to help her, the pair were stopped by a well-groomed man with a uniform, implying him a member of the aquarium. Wearing a nametag with 'Greg' written on it, he looked at the two of them as though he had both been expecting and had been waiting for them to exist.

"My apologies for the extra 'immersion' that you received during the show," he said, it being clearly obvious that Janelle was unable to fully remove it despite her best efforts.

"It's alright, these things happen," was the response, though it was clear that Janelle was annoyed by the whole thing.

"Not usually, no. Now, I want you to take this and let me know if any problems arise. If you need *anything*, be sure to call the number on the back, and I will do my best to be there for you," Greg said, and Arthur took the card, a little confused though thanking the man nonetheless. It really was decent customer service on his part, though a refund or voucher would have been more in order for literally being drenched in whale snot!

With that, the pair made their way back to the hotel room to shower and change and get ready for the evening out. Janelle, for her part, was not hungry at the moment. The more she soaped up in the shower, the more aroused she noticed she was becoming. Being the first week of their trip, they had not made love too many times, something that Janelle was sure her husband slightly lamented. Though, now her fires seemed lit more than any time she could recall feeling, even with first experimenting with her now husband. It was everything she could do not to rub her sex in the shower, the fire raging through her form and nearly making her moan by itself.

Naturally, the sight of her naked form brought her husband to attention as well, rising like a well-trained soldier as she walked over seductively, caressing her husband's skin before moving down to brush her lips against his own. Taking the lead, she eventually pulled her lover down on the bed, gently teasing his nipples before guiding her heat atop his rod. Like a well-fitted puzzle piece, his maleness slid inside her, causing no pain and massaging her insides as she rode up and down in synchronicity with his thrusts. The pair writhed in ecstasy, their lust for each other and their knowledge of each other's bodies bringing Janelle to an end with some speed. Riding the waves of release, she took more of her lover inside of her, gentle yet insistent for his gift. Arthur was quick to grant it, unable to hold out and unwilling in the heat of the moment. Still, he was able to keep himself inside of her while spent, and she was able to take what she needed against her jewel to bring herself once more.

Though they rested a little, heading out to dinner after cleaning up, the fire was not entirely quelled from Janelle's loins, raging inside of her like a furnace needing coal. Nothing, save a general lust for the man she loved, could really explain the insistence for the mood, though there was no denying the tension it gave her. It was all she could do not to take him on the table, social conventions be damned. Though, somehow as the hours ticked by, she managed to hold out, her touch against his skin enough that knowledge of what carnal pleasures they would partake in was at the forefront of their thoughts.

It was after that third orgasm, the man spent from marital duties, his fingers brushed against something largely unexpected. The bristles of gooseflesh, something that his seeking touch had become accustomed to, were gone over her sides, the flesh smooth with an almost rubbery quality that had him more perplexed more than anything. Rubbing the skin a few times to confirm his suspicions, he inquired about it, a little concerned about the texture not being present there before.

Janelle, for her part, did not seem to worry about its presence, trying to ride the waves of her last orgasm in an effort to quell the flame that was only moderately satiated, despite her assumed fatigue. Her hands found themselves away from his guidance and towards her pearl once more, grinding her damp cavern on her groin as though milking his body for all it was

worth. She was unconcerned about the sensitivity of her skin, nor the lump that Arthur's seeking hands eventually played over, its presence sending shivers through her body from the alien growth.

Feeling slightly concerned, Arthur rose and clicked on the light, surprised by the darkening shade creeping over his lover's skin. "Are you alright? Should we get that checked out?" He asked though Janelle seemed only slightly concerned.

"Just some lotion, sweetie, it does feel a bit dry," She said, standing up with a disappointed expression on her features, as though she wished to ride her lover a little more, quench those final embers of flame.

As she turned around, Arthur was able to get a glimpse of the growth on her lower back, a bump that looked larger than anything that could naturally persist on a human body. Nothing like that had been on her frame before, Arthur certainly would have noticed. Both stared down at the darkening rash as it spread before their very eyes before they thought to take action. Though their first impulse was to call the local hospital, in case she had come across some sort of irritant or infection, something else that occurred during the day came to the forefront of their thoughts. The only thing she had come in contact with, save the water in the shower, was the mucus from the splash earlier in the day. Given the fact that nothing seemed amiss with his own body, Arthur decided to dig out the card from earlier and decided to call the number on it.

"Ah yes, I was expecting your call," said the man on the other end, evidently Greg from the voice. Arthur didn't even so much as need to identify himself for the man to know it was him, which was unnerving on its own. "Don't panic. Just wait for us in the lobby, and someone will be along to pick you up."

With that, he hung up, and the pair of them were left to stare at each other in confusion and a bit of terror. It was clear that the skin was spreading. They could not keep their eyes off it, creeping slowly across her sides as though encroaching towards the bulge at her back. It seemed to be growing larger, though without taking their eyes off it, it was difficult for the pair to really be sure. Stranger still, the rubbery texture spread with it, erasing all heat from the touch as well as any errant hairs present.

The pair of them get dressed, Janelle complaining about the dryness against her skin all the while. It did not escape both their notice that the shirt she had worn earlier that day was a bit tighter around her chest than it should have been, but it was a moot point with the other changes happening in short order. The protrusion at the base of her ribs seemed to poke at the fabric, irritating her further though not seeming to pain her like a pimple or other growth might.

To their delight, there was someone waiting in the lobby for them, a man in the aquarium's uniform but not one they had seen earlier that day. They were taken out towards an unmarked car, the couple feeling a little sketchy as they did so. Though there was nothing else to be done about it, given the bizarre nature of the changes and the lack of information that google could provide them.

Though neither of them knew the direction of the hospital, it was soon clear that was not to be their final destination. Within the span of half an hour, they ended up back at the aquarium, the door opening towards a service entrance before the door opened, and they were whisked inside. Just before that, Janelle complained of difficulty breathing through her nose, making Arthur more concerned. It seemed as though whatever was happening was ailing her, and he had no idea how much they had before the damage became detrimental.

“Can you do anything?!” Arthur demanded, more concerned than angry, though not sure what was going to happen. If they brought the pair of them here, surely they had some idea of what was going on, right? Strange as they found the whole situation, the weirdest was the level of preparedness the staff seemed to have for this whole scenario.

“Yes, just be calm, this is the best for her now,” the man said cryptically and making Arthur shiver. He didn't think what to ask beyond that, not feeling reassured but not really in the know to protest their actions further.

With that, the pair were taken down a set of back stairs, a couple of men standing before Janelle in order to give her aid should she need it. Though she didn't want any further support from anyone besides her husband, holding only him and the rails. She was moving only a little more slowly than before it was obvious that she was struggling, breathing through her mouth and rubbing at the shirt as though trying to get through to the skin. It was obvious the strange rash had spread even further from the initial starting point. And, her shirt was clearly smaller on her form now, pulled up slightly from a belly that looked rather distended that her lithe form could never feasibly support.

After passing down several levels, then a door was opened to what looked like a large underground lab, with a sizable water tank in the center and a larger industrial-sized door at the far side. The 10 ft tank itself had a two-level walkway, one at the surface and one at the bottom about midway. Black glass panels lined white concrete, likely containing cameras and sensors all along the walls and floor. All in all, it was something more fit for a military research facility than anything that should have existed below an aquarium.

Both Arthur and Janelle were staring in shock and awe when a pair of white lab-coated researchers came up to them, asking with some urgency which one was 'infected'. Arthur stepped

back at that, concern across his features as the words settled into his mind. “Infected?!” He stammered, but one of the researchers was already cutting off Janelle's shirt. His wife seemed fatigued and overheated, unable to fight back before she was misted with a hose that smelled strongly of salt water.

“We need to keep her from drying out for now,” one of the technicians explained, and Arthur's concern and outrage turned into confusion. “Dry out?!” He exclaimed, not really understanding the implications of the words. What had Janelle contracted? Was it contagious? Was she going to...?

Yet, the lab technicians seemed not to share his outrage and concern, rather guiding them along a set of stairs towards a walkway. “It's alright, sir. You got her here just in time. It will all be OK. Just let us do our work,” one said, though Arthur was not in a place to leave his wife's side, following them closely and demanding a variety of things that the staff seemed too focused away from to answer.

Eventually, they found themselves at the top of the walkway, an overhang that looked almost like a shore of some sort against what both were starting to understand was the performing tank they saw earlier that day. Surrounding it in a crescent array were banks of computers, monitors, and medical equipment, as best as they could tell. In the off corner was a large, raised slab with machinery underneath, able to be tiled towards the pool. Janelle was directed to lie face down on the slab, her body obviously altered against the makeshift bed, giving credence to the fact that she was not quite the size she was earlier today, as impossible as that was.

A number of the technicians were already at stations, doing god knew what as far as Arthur was able to tell. Janelle was strangely quiet and compliant, though he had no idea what she was going through at the moment. The discomfort was likely causing her to go along with them, anything for them to treat or help her. She was shivering, though being misted seemed to help. Arthur took a moment to look over her form, clad in her pants and bra but nothing else. To his disgust, the rubbery black skin seemed to have spread further over her back and chest, white pale in some places and making him sick to look at it. It seemed to discomfort her greatly, though she resisted the urge to rub at it, moaning softly instead as she was poked and prodded. It seemed as though they were taking her vitals, though it was impossible to be sure, everyone forced on their work as they were.

“Ok, enough is enough, someone tell me what the hell is going on!” Arthur demanded, but the technicians seemed not to care about his outburst. “Everything is within expected parameters, there's no need to worry,” one of them said, though that was hardly the answer that he was looking for,

Glancing around the room, trying to figure out who was in charge and could give him an answer, Arthur's eyes eventually settled on a familiar face. Greg, the agent from earlier, was walking towards the platform, talking with another technician with a laptop in hand. He seemed to have a pleased look on his face, and Arthur could hear him saying something to the effect of "keep monitoring and recording, we need every bit of data moving forward."

With that, Arthur felt he had enough. Bursting down the stairs with rage in his eyes, Arthur looked to Greg as the man turned towards him with a smile of sorts. Though it was impossible to tell for sure, it did seem that Greg was in charge, or at least was a familiar enough face to pester in the hopes that he had more to share. "What the hell is going on with my wife!?" He demanded, though Greg, for his part, seemed to keep up an air of confidence and understanding even if he was currently being accused.

"I suppose all of this is extremely confusing! I'm so sorry, we haven't gotten the chance to properly explain things to you! Let's take a walk," Greg offered, guiding Arthur towards a barren walkway around the tank, a path that Arthur reluctantly followed. He wanted to maintain his rage at what was happening, but with how calm his benefactor seemed to be, it was difficult. That, and they were helping his wife, right?

"I understand your anger here, though I can assure you that your wife is getting the best care. This is an unfavorable outcome, but there was always a chance that it could come to this, hence me wanting you to have my contact info,' Greg started by way of explanation. "You see, we've been treating our resident orca with a series of experimental nanites. He would likely have expired years ago without, a fatal birth defect. Why he can't be released back into the world, you see."

"Normally, they stay within the respiratory system, never to be exposed to another organism. But, given his recent illness, and the mucus that unfortunately covered your wife, there was a chance the nanites would enter her system, programmed to maintain an orca's functional physiology. Now, the effects on humans or other organisms haven't been tested, but we are prepared to study the phenomena, and I'm glad of it! It seems that they indeed have an unexpected effect, and we are able to study it from the onset! I'm so glad that you brought her in when you did!"

Just as Arthur went to protest, the sound of a deep moan from the top of the tank entered both of their ears, and Arthur looked up to see his wife writhing on the table above them. Running back up the stairs, Arthur was not prepared for the horror that awaited him. It looked for all the world that her coccyx was starting to push out against her ass, covering her buttocks as it continued to form a noticeable nub. Forming far faster than the growth on her back, the thing that

should not have existed on her form started *twitching*, as though the bone and muscle were filling the inside in a manner of minutes.

Mesmerized by the sight of what could only be a tail forming from his wife's backside, Arthur was largely ignorant of the other changes encroaching over her form. Raising her hand out, Arthur went to take it, only to realize that a thick webbing had formed between the digits, filling the flesh like a filling balloon. Wanting to give his wife as much comfort as possible, he held on tightly, not worried about becoming infected himself. The flesh felt almost like putty in his hand, and it seemed as if each one was becoming a single finger, the obvious start of a pair of fins.

A muffled cry came from his wife's lips, and Arthur bent down, whispering "It's OK, they're going to fix this." After a few moments of struggle, it became obvious that she was trying to mutter the words "fingers!" Looking down, the ballooning flesh seemed to be encroaching upon her wedding ring, a pained expression on her face indicative of her struggle. Before it damaged her changing physiology, Arthur managed to reach down and struggle to pull it off, holding the band that only weeks ago had been placed to symbolize their love and lifelong commitment to each other. He clutched it, tears running down his face as he looked on helplessly at the changes.

"My feet... numb..." Janelle managed to croak out, and Arthur's gaze turned down to her feet, where her toes were starting to draw into her foot, as though no longer needed on her new anatomy. They stiffened from her efforts to move them, the same thick webbing ballooning in between them and making it harder and harder to see the individual toes any longer. Worse, her heel was flattening, the bones apparently largely vestigial and making her feet look more like a featureless tube, unable to walk upon even if she wasn't pained by the rest of the changes that were slowly robbing her of her humanity.

By this point, a heavy wheezing made it clear that her nose was gone, two holes left that were scrunched up within her head, in the center of her eyes. Her ears, too, were absent, two alien-looking holes all that remained of former humanity. It was all Janelle could do to keep breathing through her mouth, and it seemed to her husband as though she was crying, though no tears were flowing from the ducts from their lack of ability to do so.

Touching her skin with expectation, Arthur was nonetheless shocked at the smooth and rubbery structure, cool and devoid of any human sensation. It trembled at his touch, as though the swelling meat underneath was pressing ever tightly, enough to stretch it taut across her form. It forced her body to expand, her neck swelling, and pushed her head to face forward. A series of wet cracks and pops within the vertebrae forced the base of the skull to reposition. He could almost feel the flesh underneath expanding, pushing outward with every breath she took.

With that, Janelle thrashed wildly, trying to cry out, only to elicit a wheezing bellow with the removal of her vocal cords. A panicked gasp escaped thinning lips as she continued to thrash, though was quickly held down by her benefactors and told to relax in hushed tones. As though a practiced procedure, Janelle was instructed to focus, and prompted to breathe through her nose, though the organ seemed absent and such a suggestion futile. Still, Janelle's eyes flitted at that, even as the holes closed and left no perceivable outlet. Yet, both she and her onlooker seemed perplexed as the pulsating again her skin on the back of her neck, focused on a particular area that separated rapidly, as though a popped pustule. With it, a rush of air erupted through with an audible hiss, the formation of a blowhole she was able to use as ably as any full-blooded cetacean.

“Hmm, it seems as though the nanites are still programmed to treat the host as an orca, and are converting your wife into the form of a healthy orca in order to complete their directive,” Greg said, the callousness of the whole outrageousness of the scenario. “Alas, there’s nothing we can do, even though we are connected to the system. The beauty of the nanites is that they communicate with each other, connected on a wireless level to both the nanites within your wife and within our orca. In effect, if we were to turn them off, it would not only kill our orca, but likely kill your wife, or, worse, leaving her in her hybrid state and shortening her life either way.”

Arthur was hardly aware of the words, however, starting at the monstrosity that had become of the love of his life. There was less and less of her form in the visage, to the point that Arthur was sure he was losing her. Any notion that her life was worth less than a simple animal was abhorrent. If even a modicum of chance existed that might keep her alive and revert her to human form existed, he was adamant they take it. Though the bastards seemed ill-advised to take it, more fixated on completing the process than helping a human woman from a fate worse than death!

“No, any attempt to reserve the process would ensure the death of both lives, with little chance of success, I'm afraid,” Greg continued, without a hint of remorse in his tone. “The best hope is that the cranium changes force her gray matter to alter in a way that new instincts will form. She'll need them for the life ahead, I'm sure.”

Arthur could only stare in stunned silence as a large container with a hose attached was wheeled towards them. With some effort, the hose was fed into her mouth and turned on. A horrid smell entered his nostrils, though a part of him was both aware and thankful that Janelle no longer possessed a nose or at least a way to breathe in that repugnant stench. It was reminiscent of death and fish, though surely something that a whale might find appetizing. He hoped for his wife's sake that was the case, though the moment it touched her thinning lips, she tried to suckle, draining the fluid like warm milk.

“She'll need as much of that as she can manage, a protein cocktail that will fuel the nanites' process. Otherwise, they would end up killing her in trying to finish the process of making her a fully healthy orca. Her body would run out of raw material otherwise. It's such a large change in stature, though how the nanites manage it with such relatively low quantities is impressive in its own right,” Greg continued as if the whole process was the most fascinating thing in the world.

With that, Arthur grew upset, face flushing in rage at the implication of what he was witnessing. How were they simply entertaining the idea of changing her, to make her a fucking animal?! Surely, they weren't serious about this being the only way. The whole lot of them seemed more concerned about studying the process than curing her or even comforting Arthur at the loss of his wife. What sort of demented beings would do that!?

“What the fuck is wrong with you all?!” He demanded, not expecting an answer but not wanting to sit there calmly while the love of his life was taken from him. “That's my wife on that table! And you won't help her because of some *fish*?! Are you all out of your fucking minds! HELP HER!” He finished, though the pleading tone was not lost on his voice, knowing that demands might not be enough, that hearing his pleas might awaken some latent humanity, assuming they still had any.

“I believe I already told you, but once infected, the nanites cannot be stopped or removed. They are trying to cure an infection, anything that might prevent an individual from becoming a healthy orca whale. It is a terrible tragedy, I know, but there was no way to know that Numire would have that much phlegm in his system from his illness. Anyone could have been infected, but it seems your wife is the only one in this case!”

“It's fortunate that we had planned for this particular event, should a human ever be infected with the nanites. We couldn't have known the process would be so effective, to be working as quickly as it is, though I must say, for the first one to undergo it, your wife is coming along rather well!” Greg continued, an almost excited tone in his voice, one that pissed off the man with him to the core.

“Are you all fucking INSANE?! You KNEW this could happen, and you risked other people being infected?!” Arthur screamed, rushing at the man before several of the techs grabbed his arms, holding him in place and preventing him from moving.

“You WILL stop these outbursts, or we will have you sedated,” Greg said with a commanding tone that had escaped his lexicon before now.

Arthur stayed still at that, quieting with the threat hanging in the air. He started to calm down, realizing with a sense of despair that he was indeed helpless and that even if they weren't actively helping his wife's reversion, there was nothing to be done for it at the moment. His violence would only get him kicked out and away from his wife in her time of need, whatever they would entail.

“Can I at least go and comfort her?” Arthur requested, as though a child asking for a sugary treat from his parents. Greg nodded, looking at Janelle's still-changing form. “It should still be safe. It seemed that the nanites only congregate in the phlegm, at least the ones that are dealing with Numeri's illness. We aren't fully sure why, one of the facets were are trying to study now. Provided she does not cough up on anyone, it would be fine” he finished, though seemed almost curious, as though not really caring about Arthur's fate. Maybe he'd even want another test subject, though it was impossible to know for sure.

Still, there was little cause to care about such things with what felt like could be his last chance to spend time with his wife. He went over to pet her, shocked at the stark contrast between spreading orca skin and the places that were still human. Her beautiful, treasured skin, something he loved to rub his hands over, delighting in its pristine condition. Eyes moved in his direction, Janelle looked up at him and opened her mouth to speak, though altered anatomy still prevented it even if her mouth did not require the feeding tube. Even an attempted smile was labored from the intense discomfort she was feeling. It did, however, show off the changed shape of her teeth, pointed, well-spaced pegs in place of human dentures. What was worse, new teeth were just starting to burst through, the increasing size of her gum line allowing space for more than humanly possible.

As Arthur held what was left of her human hand, it started to forcefully pull away, and Arthur tried to hold on as best as he could, selfishly trying to hold on even if she was trying to pull away. Though it was quickly obvious it was not her own volition but rather from its shortening, the bones flattened with a series of wet pops as they forced the muscle and skin out around their new configuration. The fingers themselves were largely absent by this juncture, locked in a fin-like position as her shoulders crunched forward and left them much smaller in relation to her ever-growing bulk.

Not wanting to see but subconsciously curious, Arthur looked down to observe that her legs were withdrawing at a much faster rate. They were now chubby, toddler shaped things that could hardly move. It was obvious from their light twitches and Janelle's strained features that she was trying to in vain. There was little left of their presence, their muscle and fat literally being dissolved into nothing. In their place, a now-thrashing tail seemed to reach towards where her knees once sat, its tip spitting to form the beginning of what Arthur had to assume would be her flukes.

“She's almost ready for the tank,” one of the techs mentioned, and Arthur felt his blood run cold at that. They couldn't take her away from him like that, right? Yet, the way she was changing and growing, there was likely little time left for her to stay comfortable on the bench, likely needing the support of water over her ever-fattening body.

There were other changes, mental ones not evidently obvious to the onlookers but made Janelle increasingly nervous within her head. She couldn't voice it, but it was getting harder to focus on more complex thoughts, like what was happening or the horror that she was losing her humanity. In place of that, simpler thoughts, such as eating from the tube or getting restless about being out of the water, seemed to overpower her mind. It was simpler in her current state to fall into more dominating mindsets, including a third one growing more insistent as the minutes passed. It reminded her of the sex she'd demanded earlier, only...

Still, there was little thought left to identify the source of the issue with the more rapidly changing physique that she was dealing with. Her body was swelling more aggressively now, the added sustenance allowing the nanites material for her to grow, getting larger as the moments ticked past. It was akin to an inflating balloon, though instead of air, it was fat and muscle and blubber making up her expanding insides. Her skin seemed stretched taut, though was rapidly expanding and repairing so as not to tear from the force of the growth. She was heavy, far more massive than humanly possible, though it was a fraction of what she would eventually reach by the time the nanites were through with her. With it, an intense gurgling sound resonated through her body, internal structures needing to adjust to take in the increased pumping of nutrients and the massive stature of her body. She could scarcely fathom what was happening, only aware of the discomfort that came with it, trying to twitch to alleviate the irritation but largely unable in her hybrid state.

Her head, too, was swelling at a faster rate than the rest of her, the formation of an oil-filled Mellon for those familiar with cetacean anatomy. Though, strangest of all was the cracking of her jaw, the bones underneath breaking and reconfiguring and forcing it to push outward all over, matching the contours of her face, smoothing over the wrinkles and overall humanity from her features. Any trace of her ears was gone by this point, as were the former bump of her human nostrils. All hair was naturally removed as orca skin encroached upon the last of her humanity and covered her in a familiar black-and-white visage of the beast she was steadily becoming.

Periodically, she managed to flap her pseudo flippers, wriggling leg stubs, and flexing her newly grown tail, seemingly to struggle as they grew more sizable flukes. There was an obvious disconnect between her changes and the mental state that demanded she still had legs and arms, now only possessing the phantom remnants of such. Struggling with the lack of limbs, a deep

moan escaped her lips as she lamented their loss, as though still expecting their presence. Having a tail in their place was powerfully disconcerting as well, perhaps why it was thrashing more wildly than the rest of her.

Unknown to her onlookers, Janelle was undergoing severe cognitive dissonance. Though she was fully aware she was human, despite the changes she was undergoing, there was something fundamentally wrong with the way that she was perceiving her body. Certain that she had arms and legs, attempts to move them seemed to provide evidence to the contrary. Rather, it was harder to recall what they looked like when cetacean appendages were present in their place. To that end, hadn't she always possessed flippers, fins? A *Tail*? Why was her tail so small? Why did she have one, to begin with? What was happening to her?!

The more the moment tugged by, the greater the discrepancy between past and present. She had to be an orca, she had to be a whale. The fins, the tail, the instincts? It simply felt *right* to her sensibilities. Yet, why did she think she had been human? Why was she *thinking*? It made no damn sense! Yet, it was harder to remember things like tasting pasta replaced with the first time she tasted fish. A human mother, a life on land, sun and flowers and grass were being replaced with oceans and depths and pods. Though she was sure it was wrong, the fact that she could imagine being human made certain she had been one, the more her body said something else. And, why couldn't she have been an orca all her life, as much as the memories flooding her mind were telling her?

By this point, Janelle, or the orca she was becoming, was larger than humanly possible, was close to the size of a whale calf, and was getting too large for the bed she was on. Her appearance, too, was closer to that of a small calf, streamlined with fully developed fins and almost absent legs. Nothing remained of her neck, her skin had altered towards its rubbery cetacean counterpart, and only two stumps were reminiscent that she had been anything other than a naturally born orca. Arthur was weeping at this point, losing the ability to discern any of his wife's features in the beast's head.

Greg, for his part, was more concerned with the loss of a specimen, rather than compassion for either husband or wife. "She's ready. Lower her inside," he said coolly, and one of the techs pushed a button to lower the bed into the water. Janelle clicked her distress, obviously not a fan of being moved as the platform rotated over the water, tilting towards a 180-degree angle along the shore area, the water shallow enough so that she wouldn't go too deep too fast. Still, she was unceremoniously dumped into the water, finding it deep enough that she wouldn't be beached or hit her head.

Arthur ran to the side of the tank against the railing, looking for a sign that she was OK. It took a few minutes before the orca surfaced, taking what seemed to be a deep breath from her

blowhole. “Oh, that is excellent! She seems to be acclimating to her new instincts rather well,” Greg commented, with a hint that might not have been the case, and Janelle might have been led to her death by drowning.

“Would you like to get a better view?” Greg offered as Janelle lowered herself once more into the water of the tank. Arthur simply nodded, following the man down into what seemed to be an observation area, one where the water was clear enough to make out her whale form through the glass.

At the sight of her underwater, Arthur rushed to the side of the glass, still in disbelief that the love of his life, his lawfully wedded wife, was now a killer whale. Save for her size there was little to show that she had been anything other than a natural-born animal. Even her leg stumps were being removed, fading into streamlined skin as though they had never been there. Her movements seemed to match what he knew of whale locomotion, and even as he watched, it almost appeared as though she was growing before his eyes. Within the next few moments, it seemed she was nothing more than a natural-born orca. Janelle was functionally dead, a new being birthed in her place.

Seemingly enjoying the new range of motion that her body enjoyed, the killer whale turned to swim on her side, exposing her white underbelly to the team for the first time since the changes began. Unable to look away, the sight of her underside was enough to make Arthur break down and cry. Her lovely sex, now genital slit, was red and puffy, obvious against the white underside of her belly. Two spots above it were likely all that remained of her breasts, nipples that he didn't know whale possessed even though it made a queer sort of sense. Still, the sight of it was a cause for alarm. Did the nanites do something wrong? Was she going to die?! As much as his wife was likely gone, he didn't want the whale she had become to die, either!

With that, Greg approached as well, looking at the whale with wonder before placing his hand on Arthur's shoulders. “What do you think, Abby?” he asked, talking to one of the techs behind him.

“Looks to me like she's in estrus, sir,” came the reply.

“Yes, that's what I thought, I haven't seen first hand myself, but surely there was no other explanation. Fascinating that the nanites seemed to dictate her healthy state was to be in estrus,” Greg mused, once more treating her like an animal and not the human woman she had once been.

“Estrus? What do you mean?” Arthur asked, having an idea but part of him not wanting to know besides.

“It means she’s in heat. Receptive to a male, and prepared to birth a calf should she receive one,” Greg said, again ignoring any semblance of human compassion for the situation.

Arthur went pale-faced at that, not sure what to say but disgusted by the whole ordeal. “Yes, it was likely that she was ovulating just before she was exposed to the mucus. It was fortuitous that she wasn’t impregnated, or else her body might have rejected it outright, or have it converted into an orca fetus along with the mother. That would have been fascinating, from a research perspective, of course,” Greg quipped, finally seeing the look on Arthur’s face.

Arthur wanted to cry at that, but dehydrated as he was, the tears no longer came. He and Janelle had wanted children and had, in fact, hoped they would have conceived during the honeymoon. He knew, though kept it to himself, that she was ovulating, and that there was every chance it was possible. But now, if she remained a whale, that would never be. He didn’t know what was worse; never convincing a child with his wife or having conceived but having the fetus, his child, turned into an orca calf as well.

Arthur kept those thoughts to himself, staring solemnly at his former wife as she passed again, a bit slower this time. It was as though the beast was looking back through the glass at them, though it was impossible to tell if the glass was two-way or if her eyes could even perceive that far. To his despair, the last vestiges of her humanity were removed by this point, leaving her a fully formed, if not a bit small orca cow.

Yet, before he could lament his wife’s fate further, one of the doctors came up and said something to Greg. Arthur missed it, though he did hear Greg’s reply, when he whispered, “Do it.” The doctor left at that, and for a few moments, Arthur was left to stare into the tank for any sign of her former wife. So enraptured, Arthur was unaware of what was happening until the scent of raw fish hit his nose. Looking up, he was in time to see several barrels of dead fish being dumped unceremoniously into the pool. Without missing a beat, the whale rose to her evident meal, chomping down fish by the mouthful. Almost in a frenzy, it seemed as though even all the protein she had been fed could not compensate for the biological needs in her system from the changes.

The whale, for her part, no longer felt a discrepancy between the fading humanity and the orca life she had been born into. As proof of her being, the water around her gave her a feeling of contentment and relief, afraid of being in the air and where she was certain was detrimental to her health. Swimming around for a few moments, any discomfort she felt in her body was quickly relieved as he grew accustomed to the area, though was a little distraught by the lack of space in the tank. Her echolocation could discern the dimensions of the water, and the barriers kept her in place, a space far too small for her growing form.

Yet, there was little time left to reflect on this as her echolocation told her of the presence of multiple drops in the water with her, and her acute smell detected something delectable. Starving as she was, the whale moved to devour what she perceived to be a school of fish as she opened her maw wide. Downing dozens with each mouthful, the whale relished the sensation of them sliding down her throat, knowing that her hunger would be satisfied and the panic she felt was alleviated somewhat, at least for a time.

As she did so, something caught her attention just then, a blurry image through the barrier that had her trapped. There seemed to be some sort of strange, bipedal beings there, ones that invoked familiar images in her mind. Though most of her brain saw the creatures as alien, something she had never encountered before, a tiny facet seemed to recognize them as... especially one of them...as though she had been one of them...perhaps in a dream...

Arthur looked on at the repulsive display with disgust as his wife ate, seeming to be getting larger as she finished her given meal. Greg, noticing the same, simply said, "She seems to have some growing left to do. Add a few more buckets, and she'll be able to take it," to one of the techs, who moved to do just that.

"We need to make sure that she's ready when we introduce him," Greg called up, and with that, another pair of buckets were emptied into the water to be greedily devoured by the growing whale.

"*He?*" Arthur inquired, not sure what to make of the situation. Though part of him had a theory, it was not one he wanted an answer for.

"Yes, she should be nearly finished changing by now. She should be a safe size for Numire," Greg said, nonchalantly

"F-for Numire..." Arthur said, the answer finally dawning on him and making his blood run cold.

"To mate with, of course," Greg said, as though excited by the notion. "Numire has been lonely for some time, and it would be great research if both of them would produce a calf or two."

Horrified by the notion, Arthur could only remain silent as the sound of a large thrum turning on rang in his ears. The look on his face seemed to speak volumes, and Greg looked at him with a gaze of disbelief. "What did you expect? That we could fix her? I'm sorry, I truly am. But there is no way to reverse what has happened. Naturally, we can't just release her into the wild without a pod to take her in, much less hope for instinct enough to allow her to survive. And

ethanizing is, of course, out of the question. With that, the most humane thing to do is to let the two of the meet, and nature to take its course.”

As the whale finished her second batch of meal, the door opened large enough on the side opposite the onlookers, to where the outside tank was kept. Unbeknownst to Arthur, though the goal of the operation for everyone else, Numire was brought down below using a water-tight elevator. As soon as he was able, Numire swam out of the passage towards the new whale in the water with him. A series of excited clicks and whistles could be heard from an overhead speaker, one that Arthur was suddenly made aware of. Yet, it was hard to focus with the sight of a massive whale coming into view, bumping snouts with Janelle and rubbing against her smaller form. It was obvious, even to someone not akin to orca behavior, that it was some kind of greeting between the two of them, one that seemed to be amicable.

“Oh, splendid. They are already getting along nicely,” Greg commented, though Arthur was left to stare, wanting to look away but unable to for the despair he felt at his wife’s loss.

Arthur looked on with abject horror as his former wife tilted her body to present her still red and somewhat swollen genitals to Numire, who in response pressed his snout into it, even going as far as to nubbled on the contours, as though giving her oral sex.

“Very nice indeed!” Greg exclaimed, and the onlookers were greeted to the sight of the male turning over, a massive, squirming pink phallus sliding from his own genital slit, opening it impossibly far like some sort of sea monster.

Arthur could only look on with despair as the two whales began their mating ritual. The female whale, heat overwhelming her mind, was eager to take the male inside her. Though part of her wanted to court, to choose a male to inseminate her, there was little chance of that in such a small space. And with her dietary needs satiated, the aches in her sex came to the forefront of her need. She desired a male’s phallus to fill her up, to spill his seed, and to quell the lust that was driving her.

A series of exciting clicks escaped her lips as the whale nipped at her nethers, stimulating her sex and making her squirm in the water. Nothing she had experienced had felt remotely like this, and the whale was in bliss, eager for what would come. A fleeting mental image came to the forefront of her thoughts, vaginal penetration not foreign to her sensibilities. Yet, there was a certainty that she had never been taken by a whale, and could, therefore, be her first season. Either way, it was paramount that she be taking the whale’s member, needing it more than anything else she could focus on.

Though her mind could scarcely understand that the act was to make her with calf, rather it was simply the pleasure that her ache could elicit that drove her to be teased by the male. His touch was only a preview of what was to happen. And at the moment, she desperately needed more, to be pleased in ways only such a virile, strong, large male could provide.

The moment the slimy appendage touched the insides of her sex was the moment that the orca's mind whited out, taking the phallus inside of her. The persistent ache was being rubbed in all the right ways, teasing her open and scratching the itch that her heat had put her through. It filled her up, entering her and playing over her insides to cover the entirety of the insides. It filled her up, teasing her all at once and pumping over her cervix with abandon. It was all the whale could do to keep pace in the water, thrashing her bulk against his. At some point, it was too large, although the pain of intrusion was not enough to deter her from pulling away. The stimulation sped up as the minutes passed, and the whale clicked her excitement, feeling the pleasure grow beyond anything that existed in her memory. Eventually, the phallus shook and the sensation of something slick and creamy entered her insides. Its presence, though confusing, filled her with a sense of fulfillment, of elated that eroded all sense of concern for random flashes that were steadily becoming further and further away.

Arthur's tears came back with a vengeance as the male pulled out of his mate, formerly Arthur's wife, as a cloud of semen floated out to be dispersed into the salt water. Greg, for his part, felt enough compassion to put his arm on Arthur's shoulder, and said, "We'll do everything we can for her to be comfortable. You don't have to leave her if you don't want to. There's a place for you here where you can watch over her. I can tell you love her very much, and I couldn't bare to force you to part forever."

"Anything. Please..."

ONE MONTH LATER

"Ladies and gentlemen, we have a special treat for you today! A new trainer is on the scene, and we have word that he's a miracle worker with our twin orcas! Give it up for Arthur, the Atlantean himself!"

Arthur walked out then, clad in an orange and green uniform, as befit the DC Comics character they somehow managed to avoid paying licensing fees for. With a wave and a salute, Arthur raised his hands, and the female whale leaped from the water, touching his hand briefly before flipping in the air and diving back into the water with a resounding splash. A second whale was to follow in perfect sequence, and the two of them did las around the pool, to the oos and awws of the gathered audience.

Greg watched from a box in the stands, paperwork in front of him, something that would not wait. Included, to his interest, was a vet's report on their new whale's pregnancy status. Yet, it was the rest of the report, the one that indicated the inactivity of the nanites within either whale's system, that had his attention. Without them, there was no chance of the whales infecting others. Though it was not an unwelcome fate for new specimens, losing them to the aquarium might try unwanted attention to their activities, something that was greatly deterred by the board members upstairs.

Among their other long-term projects, Greg was proud of his report to the higher-ups, indicating that Arthur's forced hypnosis was a complete success. Not only did he have no memory that the orca was once his wife, or that he had a life outside the aquarium, some of the wife's former mentality seemed to be present. It was hard to say how much, intelligence tests all indicated that she was as much a whale as her male suitor. But, for whatever reason, she was impossible to train, save for the presence of her former husband, he being the only one she trusted. So, it was in the best interest of everyone involved to keep the pair together, in at least that capacity. Both seemed content with their new lives, all going to plan.

With that, Greg's cell beeped, and he picked it up, caller ID showing it was one of his bosses. "Yes? Yes, the procedure seems to be a complete success a week in. Yes, there's no sign of their own mentalities. Yes, a perfect trial run. Yes, yes, I'll be down in a week. We should be able to get some more stock for the facility. Yes, I'll see what I can do..."