

Andy awoke slowly, his head raw and aching. Apparently, he had one hell of a hangover! Andy couldn't recall the last time his head hurt like that. How much had he drunk last night? His mouth tasted sour, lacking saliva from the dehydration brought on by excessive alcohol consumption. He wanted to get up and drink some water, but the pounding in his head left him dizzy, and he was forced to lie there for a few moments to gather his bearings.

It had been a hell of a party last night. He'd had his study group over to his apartment for a night of post-exam drinking. The six of them, himself, Juelle, Shelby, Cole, Taylor, and Cary, had a wonderful time, as best he could recall. They'd started the night simply chatting about their exams, teachers, and the like. Then the night turned to drinking games, more than was likely healthy.

And then... what? He figured some of his friends must have passed out on his couch or the floor, and he had gone to bed soon after. But Andy didn't recall the specifics. He must have been blackout drunk.

Even through the haze of his hangover, a sliver of a memory came to his mind. There was a buzz at the door, one he had not been expecting. All six of them had gone to investigate. There was a smell; an extremely unpleasant chemical odor. And then...

It was then he realized the floor under his ass was chilly and solid, like stone. Worse, he seemed to be naked, the bare skin of his ass touching the floor. He shivered, realizing how cold it was in the room. What the hell was going on?!

Opening his eyes, Andy was unable to stifle a gasp as he realized where he was. It was a chamber of some sort, a vast room with a stone floor. Straw was strewn across the expanse, and the remnants of what looked like white shells adorned the soiled hay. A strange scent hit his nose, and he wrinkled it in disgust. Something stank to high heavens, like a barn or some other place used to house animals. In tandem with the straw and shells, Andy was reminded of a chicken coop. If he strained his ears, he thought he could even hear chickens in the distance, though none were present.

Looking around the room, he quickly realized that he was not alone. Each of his friends was situated against the walls, all as naked as he. Andy found his eyesight moving away from their nude forms, not wanting to be rude. He had never seen any of his friends exposed, and despite the circumstance, he wanted to avoid seeing them now!

Most alarming of all was a workstation of some sort, looking at home in a lab rather than a barn. The equipment was rather dirty and matched the drab decor he found himself in. It all

seemed second-hand, as though acquired hurriedly and cheaply. Wherever he was, it was not a high-class facility.

Sitting at one of the benches and hunched over a massive microscope was a disheveled-looking man. Clad in a dirtied white lab coat, his hair was a tangled mess, looking as though he'd not washed in several days. He was big, likely muscled, but it was hard to tell under the lab coat. Andy was under the impression he was most likely their kidnapper.

Not wanting to alert the man, Andy quietly tried to stand, perhaps sneak away. But a sudden rattle of chains met the motion, and Andy realized with some sense of horror that he was imprisoned. Both his hands and feet were shackled to the floor!

Hearing the sound, the middle-aged man turned around, a wicked grin on his face. "Ah, the first of my subjects are awake! I was getting impatient! I'm an important man with important work to do! It's not every day I have the chance to test six subjects at once! It usually takes me weeks to get this many!"

"What the fuck!?! Get me out of here!" Andy yelled, forgetting that he was completely at this man's mercy. Yet, wanting to keep up a modicum of bravado, Andy kept yelling, hoping that someone might hear him and help. The rational part of his mind would have told him that this man had them trapped out of sight and sound of anyone who would approach. But given the current circumstances, he was hardly of a mindset to think rationally.

The groggy sounds of his friend's awakening hit his ears, and the man motioned him to shush. One by one, the others opened their eyes, taking into their surroundings. Juelle and Taylor covered their breasts right away, afraid of their nudity. Preferring to hide fear with rage, Shelby started to yell, telling him to fuck off. Cole, too, remained silent while Cary added his yells to Andy's own.

"If you would all be silent, I could explain what you need to know for the trial!" the man responded, frustrated. "None of you give a damn about my work. I have to do this every time!" the man said, ignoring the collective screams.

"Let us go, you freak!"

"HELP!"

"Fucking pervert! What did you do!?"

"Don't fucking touch them again!"

“HELP! SOMEBODY HELP!”

Ignoring their collective cries, the man pulled out a roll of duct tape and took it to Shelby, the nearest one to him. He then moved to Andy, who struggled and tried to fight but was held carefully into place as the tape was applied. Andy wasn't the biggest man, though he hit the gym on a semi-regular basis. But against the strength of this man, he might as well have been a child!

The lab-coated man proceeded to tape Cary next before staring at the three who had been silent. Cole stayed quiet, tears in his eyes as he surveyed the situation. Taylor stopped crying for a moment, hoping to keep her mouth untaped. But, she was next. Her screams were muffled by the tape, and she went silent, not wanting to waste the energy.

Andy felt it unnerving that the man didn't tape them all right away. He instead pulled out a notebook, rapidly scribbling a few notes before looking up at Cole and Juelle. The doctor stared them down as though waiting for one of them to do something. Cole trembled a bit, tears running down his cheeks before he started to yell. His lips were taped up next.

Juelle backed away, timid and crying, though doing her best not to make a sound. The man stared at her for a few moments before walking away, making a few more entries in his notepad. He then sat down, ignoring the muffled cries as he transcribed the notes onto a laptop. Juelle remained silent, not wanting to bring down his ire.

After a few long moments, the man returned to them, scribbling on his notepad. “Now, then, I'm sure you're wondering what I have planned for you! Well, I suppose, for one thing, it's not what you're expecting!” He said with a laugh, though it was only met with fear from the group of men and women gathered.

Andy hadn't really considered the repercussions of their incarceration before now. They were completely at this man's mercy now. He could kill them, maybe harvest their organs for a black market ring. Maybe this was some sort of human trafficking operation. Torture and rape were undoubtedly not off the table, either. Best case, they were being ransomed, though none of them came from any wealthy families. What was his endgame?

“I assure you, none of you will be harmed. It's not the murder documentary shit you've all seen, I'm sure,” the man said, as though reading Andy's mind. “I just need you all for a little experiment. I need many subjects, really, and it just so happened that the six of you fell into my lap. I've never gotten so many healthy specimens at once!” he continued, seemingly excited.

“I should introduce myself. My name is Doctor Curtis, but that’s of little concern to you all. I’m a geneticist and an agricultural researcher. Well, I was, until I was fired for ‘controversial’ research interests. In other words, they called me nuts for my gene-splicing experiments! They called them ‘inhumane’! Can you believe it! The biggest agricultural revolution the world has ever known, and I was fired with no pension!

“Those short-sighted fools! They didn’t even know how close I was to my goal! If I’d only had a few more months then I would have been ready for human trials! None of them would have been harmed! Hell, there’s an entire online community that would have come forward willingly!

“But that’s neither here nor there, I suppose. I’ve been forced into hiding, and I have to take what I can get. Your 3 am house party was the perfect opportunity to take healthy specimens off the radar. The cops didn’t even question a van taking drunken students home after a wild night! HA! Assuming your livers haven’t been fucked, then you’ll work perfectly! Six nice and healthy specimens. A mix of men and women, too! And a variety of personality types, I wager, at least, from my initial impressions. I’ll get a better idea in the following hours with you!

“Now, I suppose you’ll be wanting to know what the experiment entails. Well, normally, I would have you read and sign a consent form, but I’ll go ahead and assume I have your consent, seeing as how you can’t get away! HA!” the man spat, his breath foul even from some feet away.

“This sort of trial run is hard to explain to the unenlightened, or even a person not properly instructed in the specialty. Genetic resequencing on a mass bodily scale, gene manipulation, chromosome rewriting. It’s all rocket science until someone decides that damned analogy be retired for something more apt! HA!” the man spat, that barking laugh really grinding on Andy’s nerves.

Andy had no idea what the man was on about. He was a computer science major, after all. The life sciences were not required in much detail beyond his high school education. Still, he didn’t like what he was hearing. Andy couldn’t decide if being part of a mad scientist’s plans was better or worse than any of the previous thoughts he had.

Andy felt desperately alone and afraid. Even though he was next to his closest friends, he might as well have been miles away with no way to communicate with them. Even their nudity was of little consequence with what they were going through together. He’d always had a little crush on Juelle, but he had no wish to see her like this!!

“You’ll understand my process once I start, but it’s better that you go in with the barest details. Well, at least with the same speech as I gave all those who came before you. It’s

important to keep consistent with each test group to ensure accurate results. I'm sure you can all appreciate that!

"I'll start by saying that you're all going to be alive and healthy by the time I am done. You might not like the end result, but you will be well treated, at least. Your lives as you know them are to be over, but your new lives will be brilliant! I wish I could be the one to undergo such an experiment, but, alas, there is no one with the vision to replace me!"

Andy felt his body run cold at that. His life would change. All of theirs would. And he still had no damn idea how his life would change. That was worse in so many ways. The truth was likely better than at least one of the myriad scenarios his mind was coming up with. They grew worse with each passing second Andy was chained to this godforsaken wall!

"I won't get into the science, as I assure you, it's over your head. But you can appreciate where I'm coming from, I'm sure. The world is overpopulated. More babies are being born than humans are passing away. With lives being longer lived, the planet faces a crisis worse than any in the history of our species. If something is not done, then millions, if not billions, will go hungry.

"My experiments seek to eliminate both of those issues at once. To reduce the number of humans while increasing the availability of food resources. Humanely, mind you. I don't propose killing anyone unnecessarily! No, I seek to repurpose rather than eliminate. A small, ever-increasing population of humans to become providers rather than consumers. Changing the balance, as it were.

"And you six are among the first to go through the trial, that I might gain valuable data. Don't worry; none of you will be harmed. I have done this some thirty times before with no ill effects on the subjects. Psychological issues have arisen, but, after some changes to my techniques, those now seem to be minor occurrences. My studies are always ongoing. Altering the mind and body just enough so my subjects enjoy it and there is no resistance. Psychological happiness is paramount!"

Andy's head was swirling at this point. Repurposed? Into what? Andy had no conception of what the doctor could be on about but feared that he might soon find out.

"Cattle were the obvious starting point for my experiments, but their bodily emissions do more harm than good on the scale that I am looking at. Pigs and sheep have the same issue. Housing and feeding needs aside, the level of land needed is not easily accessible. Another common food animal, however, suits my needs just fine. Their genetic structure has been researched and fully sequenced, which is perfect for my purposes!

“I’m sure my words mean nothing to you at the moment. A picture is worth a thousand, so they say. Well, I hope that my demonstration will clearly showcase my process. You should be excited! A new era in humanity advancing as a species, and you are all on the front lines to witness it! Well, I don’t expect you to recognize my grandeur right away, but soon, you will! And if not, you will have carefree lives, all the food and sex you could dream of! What would that diploma you are striving for grant you that I can’t?!”

Andy struggled in his binds at that, wanting nothing more than to beat the guy over the head and leave him in his loony bin. What the fuck was he on about?! Andy didn’t want to stick around and find out if he could help it!

Yet, restrained as he was, he had only the ability to watch as the madman walked over to a set of vials he had carefully labeled along one wall of the workbench. Inspecting a few, he then glanced over to Taylor, giving her a once over as though pondering his next move.

“Yes, you’ll be perfect to start. I have a variety of serums to test today, but something a little more mundane would be best to demonstrate my process to the rest of you. Still, I doubt you’ll have an appreciation for it. No one seems to when they are on the receiving end. At least, not at first! But, for the uninitiated, it’s best to start out more slowly!”

Taking one of the vials, he drew up the clear liquid with a syringe. Walking over to Taylor, he grabbed her arm forcefully, pulling it up and stabbing her with the needle before she had a chance to react. Andy tried in vain to struggle against his restraints but was forced to watch helplessly as the liquid was forced into his friend’s veins.

The man backed away, putting the syringe into a container before staring intently at his helpless victim. Taylor, for her part, scratched at the site, a look of horror on her face. Andy couldn’t blame her. What sick shit had that madman put into her?!

His first thought was that it was some sort of date rape drug or the like. He couldn’t imagine the horror of watching his friend being violated in such a way while forced to stand by helplessly. But the man, Dr. Curtis, just stepped back, grabbed his pen and pad, and watched intently. Andy still saw him as some kind of pervert, but he wasn’t looking at Taylor as a subject of lust. Rather, the expression he wore did seem to indicate a more scientific interest than anything else.

Taylor, for her part, was still rubbing at the injection site, finding the intrusion irritating. She looked up at the man with an expression of equal parts confusion and anger as she awaited

whatever fate he deemed worthy for her. Yet, the doctor did not meet her gaze. Rather, his attention was elsewhere, focused on her lower half, as Andy might have thought.

Noticing the looks of anger on all the others, the doctor spoke up. “My research is purely scientific. Any preconceived notions of pleasure are irrelevant to the greater good. Besides, I recommend you all look, to save yourselves the trouble of understanding the rest of the process. I’d rather not explain things more than once,” he finished, enraging Andy all the more.

Yet, Andy’s eyes did unconsciously glance toward his friend. What he saw filled him with terror. Taylor was rubbing herself all over as though trying to alleviate some sort of irritation or discomfort. Her fingers drifted lower, inevitably towards her sex, which made all the others uncomfortable. Andy’s fears were confirmed. It was some sort of date rape drug!

Taylor’s hands were playing over her lower half now, though it was obvious from the look of irritation that she was resisting. Still, her fingers seemed drawn there, her pained expression forming from not being able to touch herself without ridicule. She instead moaned her frustrations while grinding her bare back against the wall in her attempt to relieve some of the irritation.

In her thrashing, Andy, unfortunately, got a look at her sex. He wanted to look away, to spare his friend some privacy. But his eyes were frozen in place. Taylor’s vaginal lips were throbbing, their edges leaking as though aroused. But worse than that, all of the hair covering her groin had fallen away as if it had dissolved and left her skin with nothing to show that she ever had hair there to begin with!

Something moving on her lower half drew Andy’s attention, and he stared wide-eyed as an opening started crawling toward her sex. Andy didn’t want to take it in, disgusted as he was. But, like a car wreck, he couldn’t tear his gaze away. The sight confused him at first, not understanding why she was developing a second opening. But the closer it moved, the more he began to understand. Was that...? No, it was impossible.

Despite the impossibility of what he was seeing, it seemed as though Taylor’s asshole was moving slowly across her perineum, towards her dripping opening. Her sex itself seemed to compress, moving towards her anus like the two were long-lost lovers. The speed at which it was happening was impossible to comprehend as the skin simply parted ways between the two openings, as though they were meant to be one!

Taylor, for her part, did not seem bothered by the development. Rather, she seemed to be struggling even harder to pleasure herself. Her sex was dripping copious fluid even as her anus connected to the fringes. The circular opening split as soon as it touched her vagina, its own

surface wet with fluid. Soon, like bubbles in water, the two connected seamlessly. Taylor now only possessed a single opening!

The flesh of her new vent continued leaking, covering the tips of her fingers as she drew them over its edges. Andy could tell by the expression on her face that she wanted to resist. But as her fingers brushed the opening, she started rubbing herself with a fervor that Andy had never seen. Not only was she changing, but it seemed as though she was enjoying it!

Andy's view of Taylor's vent was obstructed by the hand caressing the flesh. It seemed as though she was lost in the sensation, unaware that all of her friends were watching. She trembled as her fingers explored the opening, as though it was her first time. A moan even escaped her lips as her entire body shook in evident orgasm.

Staring in horror as he was, Andy hardly noticed that her belly was starting to swell. It was the readjustment of her arms that finally drew his attention to it. It was obviously noticeable, forcing the skin to expand as though it was bloated or filled with air. Her stomach continued to balloon, leaving a pained expression on her features.

The more it stretched, the more it seemed to Andy that something was growing inside. The lump started moving lower, swelling her groin as it did so. Taylor grunted, furiously rubbing both the flesh of her clit and her belly. Evidently, she was trying to relieve the tension that was swelling from her crotch. Taylor wanted to cry out her agony but could not with the pressure in her gut so terrible. Forced into silence, she could only rub furiously at the pain. Whatever was inside her was moving downward, getting closer to her groin as it pushed its way through.

Andy didn't want to look but couldn't stop staring as something white and round started to poke from her vagina. Taylor's eyes went wide as she continued rubbing frantically, trying to numb the pain as best she could. Her expression was a mix of terror and pleasure as the oval shape opened her sex impossibly wide.

Nothing could surpass the horror of seeing what could only be an egg forced out of the smaller opening of her sex. Slick with her fluids, Taylor's sex clenched open and closed, forcing it out via peristalsis. Her body trembled for a few moments, as though coming down from an orgasmic high the likes of which she could never have fathomed. How could it be so pleasurable to lay an egg like a fucking chicken!?

Shortly, her post-orgasm haze started to clear and Taylor's face lit up from the terror that she'd just laid an egg. Andy couldn't help but think it looked like a massive chicken egg. Was that what the madman was on about before? Was he turning them into egg-laying machines to feed the damn world?! What the fuck was wrong with him?!

Shocked at the expression on her face, Andy hadn't realized that the contours of Taylor's mouth were stretched painfully at the strip of tape covering it. Taylor's muffled cries of pain grew louder as the tape was agonizingly pulled off her skin. The tip of her lips was pointed, making a small tear through the material.

In a show of mercy, Dr. Curtis made his way to the poor woman and carefully took the tape off her mouth. "I would be remiss if you couldn't see the process firsthand. And, her responses will prove most valuable for the behavioral aspects of my research!"

"What the FAAWWWK!" Taylor started to yell but stopped at the garbled quality in her voice. It really sounded like her sentence ended in the caw of a chicken!

Taylor's mouth was open in shock, giving everyone a view of what was happening. Her teeth were hardly visible, as though they were sinking into the gums, dissolving away and unneeded. But, it was her lips that really drew Andy's attention. They were parting, exposing yellow gums that were stretching before his eyes. The tip was pulling Taylor's lips back as it extended to a point. Taylor was growing a beak!

Lost in the sight of her changing visage, no one noticed that Dr. Curtis had moved beside Cary and had injected the same fluid into his arms. It was the sight of his movement that drew their eyes as the doctor ripped the tape off his mouth. With a pained grunt, Cary took a deep breath before yelling at the top of his lungs.

"You fucking freak! Let me go! I don't want any part of this! I don't... ooohhh... OOOHHH!" he moaned, reaching down to rub at himself. He continued to moan, hands touching his cock as it started to swell. To Andy's disgust, it was getting hard!

"Nooo... please... stop...!" Cary tried to moan, but it was obvious his cock was working towards a full erection.

It was clear he didn't want to touch himself, despite how much it seemed that his member was paining him. Cary's hand shakily went towards it, caressing the flesh as his moan deepened. It only took a few careful strokes before his load blew, covering his hand and groin in sticky semen.

Cary's cock started to deflate, coming down from the release. Yet, still, more of his seed spilled onto the hair of his groin which looked to be more painful than pleasurable. It appeared the entirety of his testicular load was being emptied. Hell, it even looked to Andy like his balls were deflated, getting smaller and causing his ball sack to collapse in on them.

“Uggghhh... Why...? No more... Stop...” Cary managed to whine as the limp, phallic flesh started to slowly recede into his groin, visibility moving and merging into the skin.

The realization hit Andy like a passenger jet. The madman had said he had planned to make all of them productive. And if he was turning them into chickens... then that means... productive chickens were all hens...

Cary, too, seemed to realize the implication and started struggling, obviously fearful for his manhood. Yet, the doctor ignored him, rather, taking his notepad and scribbling rapidly. It seemed as though he was making notes on the changes. It was clear the guy was a sociopath!

Andy didn't bother to struggle. It was clear that there was no point. This man had them at his mercy, after all. And there were worse things he could do to them. Andy had gone numb from fear and rage as his logical brain kicked into gear. If he could find an opening to escape, to help his friends later...

Cary's cries of terror distracted him from his thoughts of escape. “No, please, no! Not my cock... ugghhh... ahhh!” he cried out, wailing from the agony of change. Andy had never heard such an expression of horror from his friend, and the notes froze him to the core.

Andy didn't want to look, but his eyes were drawn to the grotesque mutation assaulting his friend's genitals. Cary's cock had gone flaccid, shrinking down to only a couple of inches. The skin of his balls was nearly gone, sucked into his groin with a wet slop. His foreskin seemed to merge into his groin, forming a cleft of sorts that his cock head was contracting into. Still too large for the organ it was becoming, it was obvious it would eventually be the start of a clitoris!

Most frightening of all was the small slit developing just below his urethral opening, spreading down towards the inverted flesh with his testicles once sat. It continued to expand, edges and folds forming from the flesh as it opened into a larger cavern that looked increasingly like a vulva. Cary was no longer male!

Even through Cary's cries of protest, Andy could see that Cary's hands were getting closer to his crotch, wanting desperately to rub away the pain. He could see the look of need in the other man's features. Cary didn't want to touch himself in front of his friends, but his body had other ideas!

Andy passed him a glance as best he could through the fear. It was a look of compassion, of allowance. He wanted Cary to know that he could give in to whatever his needs were. Even if they were deprived, Cary deserved whatever comfort he could get in such a bizarre and terrifying

situation. He might very well lose his humanity, and nothing he could do would halt the process. At least the pain could be diminished somewhat if Cary touched himself!

Cary met Andy's gaze, evidently seeing the look of sympathy reflected in Andy's eyes. At once, he reached down to rub at what remained of the nub of his cock head. The relief on his features was instant. Even in its current state, Andy could see the waves of pleasure that etched themselves on his face. It gave Andy a moment of brief reprieve.

It was not to last with the sight of Cary's other hole coming to meet his changed genitalia much like Taylor's had earlier. To Andy's disgust, Cary's other hand was reaching down towards his anus, pleasuring his pucker even as it closed in towards his female opening. The look of ecstasy while he played with both holes was beyond Andy's understanding. His friend had lost his gender and was now losing his species! How could he give in to any sort of pleasure?

The speed at which Cary's hand moved to pleasure his new fused sex seemed impossible. His hand plunged in, seemingly unaware of the fluids it was becoming coated in. The cavern seemed impossibly deep for what his sex had become. It hardly even looked like a female's lips anymore. Was that akin to a bird's cloaca?

Much like Taylor, Cary's stomach started to swell, distending with an audible gurgle as though something was forming inside. The source was obvious, even though Andy didn't want to believe it. Cary was about to lay an egg!

Yet, in his current state, Cory was remiss for not noticing what was happening internally when the ache in his sex seemed to take precedence. He continued rubbing at his newly-formed cunt lips with purpose, eyes closed and body trembling with pleasure. It was as though he had no wish to see himself change, afraid that he might realize that he was a she now, or about to lay an egg just as a hen would. And Andy couldn't blame him, afraid that would soon be him about to change!

All the while, the start of a white, domed shape was poking its way out of Cary's new opening, crowning the tip with a series of odd squelches. What he could barely see was covered in fluids; Cary's internal chicken lubricant made it as painless as possible. Still, the size of it was more than Cary could stand, and it seemed as though his only reprieve from being stretched that way was to keep touching himself and his new femininity!

A look of pleasure was plastered on his features, visible even more than the strain of what he was about to do. The wider the growth became, the more pressure it seemed to put on his body, making him visibly shake all over. It seemed as though Taylor had an easier time with it,

perhaps due to her body not needing to change genders first. But for Cary, it was becoming increasingly obvious that the change in sex was making it more of a struggle to lay his first egg!

With a soft pop, the newly laid egg fell to the concrete, unbroken due to its proximity. Like Taylor's own, it was far too large to be a chicken's egg, having formed inside a human so much larger than a chicken. Andy had been correct; they were indeed all being turned into giant egg factories!

At that realization, Andy's attention turned back to Taylor, scared to look but wondering what had befallen her in the interim. At first, he couldn't tell what was off about her features. She was still rubbing furiously at her opening, trying to extract every ounce of pleasure from the moment. Her belly, which had already distended significantly, was already starting to bloat again, as though her second egg was beginning to form already. It was all happening so fast!

It took a few more moments of inspection for Andy to really understand what seemed off about Taylor's form. Her body seemed to be a little shorter, though Andy had thought it was just due to her being hunched over from the pressure of laying an egg. But on closer inspection, it did seem like her naked body was closer to the ground than Andy would have liked to see. And in some places, her skin seemed wrinkled, unnaturally pink as though it was shifting from its usual skin tone.

But it was the eyes that really frightened Andy. As he stared, transfixed, he could see the yellow forming in the iris, overtaking the bright blue. Soon, the entire eyeball began to expand, the sclera vanishing as it widened on her features and giving her a haunting, alien appearance. It was unnatural to see the eyes of a chicken on a human body, making Andy realize with certainty that they were to be more than simply egg-laying humans!

"W-WAAAWWK!" Taylor managed to mutter as the realization of what had happened to her sight hit her full force.

One dripping hand managed to move from her vagina, over the yellowed contours of her beak, making it clack in the panic of realization that she had one now. It seemed that she lacked the ability to properly cross her eyes in their current form, or had been too distracted by the growth of her second egg. It must have been terrifying not knowing what was changing only to experience it later!

The hand soon traveled further up, ignoring the more angular features she now possessed to settle on her scalp. Her hair seemed to be parting in the presence of irritated, red skin. What looked like a blister bubbled upward at her touch, the skin coarse and firm as she tried to rub it

away. Yet, the crest soon enveloped her skull, running down towards the back of her head and forcing her to caw her horror at having it!

“W-BBAAAWWWKKK! BAAAWWWKKK!” Taylor tried to yell out, but there was nothing human in the sound of her voice any longer. Her beak clicked, but it was obvious that she lacked the tongue, vocal cords, and even teeth to make any noise other than the calls of a chicken!

Faint wisps of hair fell out, exposing pink flesh as more of that damned reddish skin poked up from the skin of her scalp. Soon, she was entirely hairless, the pale pink flesh underneath far removed from her humanity. It was disgusting to watch her looking literally like a plucked chicken before the white feathers could push out from the skin.

More reddish skin pooled down from her crown, covering the skin around her inhuman eyes as Andy watched on in terror. Soon, her lower face, her nose, and the wrinkled flesh surrounding her warped eyeballs were a dark red. The skin surrounded even her mouth, or at least what remained after the beak had fully formed. Her head didn't even look to be human anymore!

Worse were the two pouches that were starting to pool under her chin, filled with flabby flesh that started to swell and redden. Soon, they were nearly the size of her head, looking like they weighed heavily as they slapped uncomfortably against her neck. Taylor tried to reach her other hands to run over them, but the pained look on her features brought everyone's attention down towards her crotch again, where another egg started to crown from her cloaca once more.

It took little time for her to expel the second egg, all while Taylor was playing with her sex with one hand and teasing the pointed nipples of her deflating breasts with the other one. Her eyes appeared to glaze over, a face of pleasure soon obscured by the avian features that had taken over.

“It's too bad that we can't keep you all at this size, to lay eggs this big!” Dr. Curtis laughed, lifting it up for their inspection. The other five looked on in horror as he set it down beside her first, then walked over to Cary to pull out his first egg as well. Though, it was hardly fair to consider Cary a he anymore, given the size of the egg she had laid!

Cary, for her part, was frightened as her eyes started to grow larger, widening to yellowed orbs that were nearly half the size of her face. Even her frantic scratches could not obscure the wrinkled red that was covering them or the points of small feathers poking from her flesh. No amount of tears could deny the reality that she was turning into a chicken, and, soon, had eyes that could no longer produce the tears to show her sadness.

Lost in the horror of watching his friend's transformations, Andy did not notice the doctor's presence beside him until the prick of the needle pressed against his skin. Tears welled up in his eyes as the realization set in. Andy was next to change, to become a chicken for the amusement of this psychopath!

Dr. Curtis for his part seemed to carry a note of sympathy in his expression as he backed away to begin watching Andy's changes. "It's alright. You're the last to be a hen if it's any consolation. It's probably a better fate than some of the experiments I intend to run, at least. You'll keep your mind for sure, though it might be easier just to act like the chicken you'll be. It won't hurt, as frightening as it is. And, at least, you'll now know what's coming," he said matter-of-factly. Yet, it felt more than he was reciting from a mantra rather than providing any form of sympathy.

Andy found himself scratching frantically at the injection site, hoping to all hope that he would somehow be immune to the process. He didn't know how that might be possible, but there had to be something that might allow him to retain his humanity in time to escape. Right? He couldn't let himself become a chicken!

But that was not to be. There was no denying the warmth that was spreading through his body, centering on his groin and making the poor man wince in irritation. It was as though he was sick, body running hot and cold as he prepared to be overtaken by the serum that was running through his veins. How it could happen so fast, he had no idea, But there was no denying the effects that were about to overtake him at any moment!

To his absolute horror, the warmth started to center on his groin, making Andy moan just as he had watched his friend Cary do. At this point, Cary had started to stroke himself off, releasing the last of his seed before losing his cock to a cloaca. And now, Andy was changing the same way!

The fear in his friend's expression soon faded from his mind, however, as all of his focus started to center on his cock, which embarrassingly had come to full attention. Andy didn't want to touch it, didn't want to debase himself in front of the madman and frighten all of his friends.

Foolishly, he thought that he might be able to resist, to hold out from expelling his cum and instigating the change any further. Yet, it was not a normal erection, nor a normal amount of lust. The ache in his loins was suddenly dialed up to eleven, his cock leaking and preparing to unload his ball's burden at any moment. It was like a volcano that was about to blow, whether or not he touched himself. There was little choice but to bring his hand down to caress the taut, sensitive flesh.

“Go ahead, boy. Enjoy that last bit of maleness while you still have it. You might as well. No reason not to!” the doctor said, as though giving the poor man permission.

Andy needed only the brief words of allowance to bring his hands close enough to touch himself. Yet, no matter how much he stroked off, he did not seem to get the pleasure that he expected. It was almost as if the pleasure centers in his penis were absent, or were degrading to be somewhere else in his new anatomy that Andy didn't even want to think about.

It was not like he could even get anything out of it, given the situation. But it was still somewhat of an internal disappointment to feel his cock shoot its burden, blowing his testicular contents in the span of only a few moments. It felt as though his balls were starting to deflate, caving in on themselves to force every ounce of sperm towards the shirking cock even as more and more cum fled from his body. Andy was moments away from no longer being a man!

Panting, Andy wanted to reach down to cover what was happening to his junk. He didn't want the others to see their eventual fates, although he already knew that they had seen them already. Still, a modicum of modestly placed Andy's fingers over his cock, not wanting to see it shriveled and open up into the female sex that he would wear as a hen if the process did not cease!

Yet, in his drive to hide the changes to his own body, Andy's gaze turned back towards his friends, both in the throes of laying more eggs while their bodies continued to diminish before him. Their skin was pale, looking too much like the flesh of raw chicken he'd seen in the grocery store. It was disgusting to see those features on his friends as they shifted from their human form to little more than production animals for human consumption!

Several pimples started to protrude from their bodies, stark white in comparison to the gooseflesh that had erupted prior. Both tried to scratch the skin, though the aches in their cloacae seemed to take precedence over the itching that was covering their forms. Still, the pinpricks of hairs forced their way through the skin, prickling with their own shafts that seemed to bloom outwards into hundreds of white follicles. The two of them were growing feathers!

Taylor was further along, of course, having been injected earlier on. Though she was still rubbing her sex to try and painlessly lay her fourth massive egg, her arms seemed to be free from the shackles. Her shrinking wrists were clearly smaller enough to remove them from the manacles easily. But in her distraction, she had no reprieve but to rub at her body. Besides, even if she was aware that she could escape, Taylor was likely unable to get very far with the changes that were assaulting her.

Cary, too, was still changing, her facial features starting to alter. “No, I CAAWWWWKKKK! I Don’t *Cluck* WAAKKK be a BBBAAKKAAAKKKK!” she screamed, but her voice had already altered beyond recognition. A pulsating from her neck gave Andy the impression that she no longer had vocal cords to speak, much as what happened to Taylor.

Like their friend, Cary’s lips started to part as part of the gums expanded, turning from their pink to yellow as the glistening flesh started to harden into what would become her beak. Tip pointed, the entire structure pushed out of her mouth, stretching her lips as they shriveled and wrapped around the new protrusion until her very head was weighed down by the size of it. Clucking her panic, Andy could see that her teeth were turning to mush, breaking apart and dissolving as they were no longer needed on her frame.

Yet, the clenching in her crotch forced Andy’s attention towards his own as he tugged his hands away to see what was becoming of his own sex. It felt as though it was pulling inwards, his urethra widening as it forced his sex into an opening. “OOOHHHH NONONONO!” Andy cried out as his sex started to leak, the opening widening into an oval that made Andy squirm. Not only did he no longer have a cock, not needed as a future hen, but his female sex was aching with the need to be touched!

Unlike Cary, Andy felt there was no need to hold back against the changes. He knew it was desperately humiliating to touch himself in such a way in front of all of his friends. But, he knew there was no resisting the pleasure from what he’d seen in his infected friends already. So, what was the point in holding back, if self-pleasure could distract him from the horrific changes assaulting him?

The moment trembling fingers touched his quivering vagina, a moan escaped Andy’s lips. The sensitivity of the flesh was almost more than he could bear as he gasped. His fingers ran over the skin faster and faster to make up for the ache of his innards as they continued to squelch. He knew that his insides were quickly altering to make up the anatomy of a chicken. He knew that his sex was moving as soon as he had to adjust his fingers back towards his perineum. He could feel his anus clenching, preparing to merge with the flesh of his sex to form a singular opening. Yet, the radiating pleasure was enough that he could drown out the bizarre sensations as his body went through life-altering changes.

The sound of a gasp was the only thing that could deter his self-pleasure as Andy looked up to see that the doctor had taken Juelle’s arm. Andy wanted to reach up to yell at him to stop, but the aches in his vagina were too great for him to formulate the words. He was helpless as the tape was ripped off her lips and Juelle was pricked. Her cries fell on deaf ears as she was obviously about to start her own changes as the others, himself included.

Juelle, like the rest of them, started to twitch uncomfortably as the changes overtook her. Her sex began leaking as it started to rotate on her frame. Andy couldn't be sure, but it seemed as though her changes were coming faster, her sex moving to merge with her anus more rapidly than his own had. Andy hadn't noticed at first, but the label on the syringe had been different from the one that he had been injected with. Still, he had no idea what that could mean as his own sex moved into position to become part of his forming cloaca.

The tingling sensation from his own body was so intense that Andy had no opportunity to focus on the beginning of Juelle's changes. His sex was so close to his anus now, the internal structures forced together with a wet popping from his groin. The moment his pucker touched his cunt, the openings seemed to cave in on each other, pulled together as though they were meant to be attached. Soon, his entire hole opened up to take both parts into a massive cavern, one that sucked inward to shrink into the proper size of a hen's cloaca.

A gurgling from his insides reminded Andy of the need to take a dump. Yet, the force of the object forming was far too intense for that as it started to rend upon his elastic insides. He felt the pain of it should have injured him, but his internal organs had already rearranged to make it possible to lay an egg without harm. Still, it was powerfully uncomfortable to feel his belly ballooning outward, the force of the egg inside him making him bulge as it prepared to be laid.

The sensation of his insides being stimulated by the descending ovoid made Andy moan, not prepared for it to feel so good. It was as though his insides were being fucked all at once, massaged by something larger than anything he could imagine. It seemed to elicit more pleasure than anything his male masturbatory experiences ever did!

Soon, what Andy knew to be an egg was close enough to crown the top of his opening, prepping to be laid properly. Andy's one hand was holding his elastic sex open, waves of contractions forcing the egg through the oviducts and out the slick exit. The other was rubbing where a human clit would be, struggling to ebb every ounce of pleasure from the action. Despite his horror at the bodily changes he was going through, Andy wouldn't deny himself of the ecstasy it brought!

Soon, the white egg started to crown the tip of his sex, opening him up further than Andy thought possible. The sensation of his sex being pulled apart only sent waves of pleasure through his body as the egg forced him to expand wider and wider. With a satisfying pop, the egg pushed its way to the end, falling into Andy's hand until he let it roll to the floor to be picked up by his captor. Andy had just laid the first egg of his life and he couldn't be more satisfied.

Panting from the intense sensation, Andy looked up into the warping visage of his friends, suddenly shocked at how far they had fallen in such short a time. Taylor was covered with feathers now, her head a full chicken as she rubbed her sex with her still-human fingers. Her thighs and hips were much fatter than they had been and their positions seemed a little off. Cary was not as far along, but she had lost her hair now, her eyes widened in a scared chicken expression as her own body erupted with the gooseflesh that would soon make up her feathers.

But it was Juelle who really attracted his attention. Her hair had fallen out, the comb having formed from the top as it had with Cary and Taylor. But instead of the short red skin of her peers, her own comb was much larger, the end of it thickened into a massive square with spikes. Her forming waddles, too, were much thicker, hanging heavily below her chin. Her lips had already pulled back, the tip of a beak forcing out of her gums and preparing to stretch forth.

Yet, it was the growth on her backside that really had Andy's attention. It was as though her spine had extended, pushing up from her backside like the beginnings of some sort of tail. Black, pointed protrusions were poking through, crowing the tip as they extended far longer than even the feathers on Cary or Taylor. It was as though they were on display for all of them to see as they expanded into pure black feathers. It was almost like...

The realization of what was happening hit Andy like a freight train. Of all of them, Juelle was the only one to not lay any eggs. Her feathers were different from the others, larger and more pronounced. In birds, it was important for the males to display to attract females. Females like Andy had become...

“COOOOCKADOOODDDLLLLDOOOO!” Juelle crowed, a much different cluck than the others. She was turning into the same species as them, but not the same gender. From the changes thus far, it appeared she would be a rooster, likely meant to mate with the rest of them!

“I see from the expression on your faces that you understand. Well, at least yours,” said Dr. Curtis, patting Andy on the shoulder. “That’s your rooster! I need you pretty new ladies to lay some chicks and have them lay for me in return. That’s how you’ll get productive! HA!” he said with that grating bark of a laugh, squeezing Andy’s shoulder once more before getting up and walking towards Juelle.

“Now, I bet you wanna get free and get out of here. But if I unlatch you right now, you’re not gonna try to run, I believe. You’ve got three lovely ladies to mate with, so I think they’ll have your attention until your rooster enough that you won’t be going anywhere! HA!”

True to his word, Dr. Curtis unlatched the chains, allowing Juelle to rub her arms from freedom. At first, her still-human head looked down the long hallway, as though for an exit. Yet,

soon, her focus seemed to hone in on Taylor, whether it be from a scent or sound or something else. Bobbing her still-human head up and down, Juelle walked towards Taylor, her new rooster sex dripping its own fluids.

Taylor, for her part, was itching at the growing feathers plaguing her form as she teased the fringes of her sex. She had at least stopped laying eggs for the time being, though the four ovoids had rolled from her sex and were gathered by the madman. Her head was entirely that of a chicken now, and her belly was bloated with fat. It seemed to be clinging stubbornly to her hips and thighs now, as her body was swelling into avian proportions.

Andy had never realized how ugly chickens truly were until seeing them changing and naked like this. Taylor's proportions were all warped, the fat swelling over her frame in the places where a chicken would provide edible meat. Her breasts were gone, flattened into her chest that itself had swelled to accommodate her distended belly. Her ass had retreated, though the fat had simply relocated to her thighs as the beginnings of a tail swelled from her spine, much like Juelle's own.

Yet, regardless of how disgusting she looked to Andy's eyes, it seemed as though the sight of the chicken woman had Juelle enamored. Juelle walked up to her, clucks coming out of a still-human mouth that disturbed the others beyond reason. Though her eyes were still human, there was only ignorant lust in them as she came towards Taylor's backside, looking like a woman possessed.

Taylor, for her part, didn't seem to notice the rooster-woman until she was literally poking at her nethers, making Taylor jump. She rose shakily to her feet, hunched over as though trying to get away. Yet, she stayed in that possession, fear present even through the chicken features on her face. Andy felt some modicum of relief. It seemed as though Taylor had retained her human awareness even though her head had entirely changed.

Yet, that relief soon turned to despair as Andy realized what was about to happen. The hen had instinctively moved into position, raising on her legs and firming up her stance. Even in her lust-fueled stupor, it seemed as though she was not prepared for the sensation of Juelle getting up on her backside, clucking all the while as he forced his changed rear towards Taylor's own soaked nethers.

A cluck of surprise escaped Taylor's lips as she was mounted, the weight of Juelle on her back making her lower her trembling legs to take the weight of the still-mostly male on her back. Yet, the clucks of panic soon shifted tone, and Andy was soon under the impression that it was something else that was making her speak. As the soon-to-be rooster's back end touched Taylor's

exposed one, her eyes seemed to roll back in her head, almost like she was enjoying being fucked, as impossible as that was!

The mating act seemed to have an effect on Taylor's body, the persistent poking of feathers peppering her body faster now as she was ridden up and down. Her shoulders seemed to reduce with a series of light pops and cracks. Excess skin pooled towards her elbows, while her fingers seemed to stiffen, tightening together as feathers sprang from the gooseflesh. A light dusting of yellow popped up and down along her legs, right below the obvious ending to the feathers that were coating above her knees.

Juelle, too, seemed to be changing, though not as rapidly as the hen under him. It was clear to everyone present that it was now fitting to refer to Juelle as a he, now. His low, flowing tail feathers bobbed up and down as they filled out to their final length, pitch black and accenting his backside well. His beak was much larger, pushing its way out of his gums as it clucked in lust. Gooseflesh peppered his bare skin, any sparse body hair having already fallen out to pool on the floor with Taylor's own. But, otherwise, he remained largely the woman he had been, save the fact that he had a rooster's sex and was frantically fucking his new mate below him!

The mating itself was rather quick, Juelle's thrusts of insistence making Taylor cum with a "BBAAACCWWKKKK!" as he himself erupted with a "CCOOCCCKDDDDOOODDDOOOO!"

No sooner had they elicited their cries of release than Juelle jumped off, exposing backsides that were dripping with sexual fluids. It seemed as though avian mating was quicker than anything any of them were accustomed to. Yet, from the sounds of their release, no less pleasurable!

The mating seemed to have the unfortunate side effect of triggering the changes to accelerate. It was most likely the adrenaline was the catalyst for the serum to be carried throughout the bodies of both victims. Juelle's arms were putting on the same saggy flesh as his shoulders compressed, elbows drawn inward from the webbing that had connected them together. Like Taylor's before him, his hands seemed to stiffen, the flesh of his fingers oozing like wax as the digits seemed to no longer be able to move of their own accord.

Yet, Juelle seemed largely unconcerned about the process, more focused on the hind end of his mate rather than the changes overcoming him. In fact, he looked poised to mate again, clucking as he played over the backside of the poor, shrinking woman. She was still large enough that his weight didn't seem to bother her when Juelle started actively poking at her backside, looking for an angle to jump on her.

At first, it did seem that Juelle was towering over Taylor, as though the changing rooster was getting larger. But, it was soon obvious to everyone in the room that Taylor was getting smaller, likely diminishing towards the size that she would be once the changes were completed. It seemed more likely, from Andy's point of view, that they were becoming proper chickens, rather than giant egg-laying factories as he'd feared. Though, it was nearly impossible for him to determine what he thought was worse at the moment!

Neither bird seemed concerned, lost in their rut as they were. With his cloaca lined up with Taylor's own, it took Juelle little time to find his pace and start humping the soon-to-be chicken. His backside started rubbing back and forth, stimulated by the leaking fluids from Taylor. Taylor, for her part, seemed to welcome the sex as much as Juelle was eager, rubbing her own cloaca in unison with the thrusts.

Lost in lust as she seemed to be, Taylor was ignorant of the changes that were spreading rapidly over the rest of her form. Her fingers were melting together like wax now, the nails popping off with the presence of what looked like feathers erupting from the nail beds. Andy was shocked as they blossomed outward, far faster than the white feathers that were steadily covering her body. Soon, they had expended out past the length of her palm, bristling as they fanned outward in a disgusting facsimile of her former fingers.

The appalling look of her featherless arms soon faded with a few snaps of bone that were preceded by the blooming of their own plumage. Soon, almost every inch of her arms was covered by that layer of interlocking feathers, so short they almost appeared to be some sort of scales. The moment her former arms had completed their transition, Taylor started flapping them, as though in excitement from being fucked. She was still completely oblivious to the fact that she had wings now!

The rest of her fattening body seemed to erupt with the same feathery coat, making the strange distortions in her anatomy seem more proper than before. The feathery covering spread down from her head towards a more flexible neck, coating every inch of her wings, her chest, and her upper legs. A few tail feathers poked from her backside, no doubt tickling against the feathers of her mate above him.

The only human aspects of Taylor's body were her feet, though that was soon to change. A series of light cracks echoed in the room as her toes started to stretch, joints changing within as they grew to double their former size. Her toenails burst off her body, replaced by long, pristine talons. Her feet shriveled up, as what remained was no thicker than the talons they encompassed. The skin peeled away as though sunburned, revealing yellowed scales underneath while her big toes swiveled back to become similar to the thumbs she used to have. Thinning legs left little more than the limbs of a chicken as Taylor's changes came to a close.

So caught up in watching his inevitable fate, Andy was remiss for not noticing that the two had finished their coupling with clucks of completion. Juelle dismounted, his eyes widened and yellowed like his counterpart. His head had shrunk relatively to his body, beak pushing out of stretched lips as teeth dissolved into mush. There was little left of his former human face, though he still had an expression on avian features that denoted lust or need.

The realization of why he was changing more slowly dawned on Andy. It was almost enough to distract him from the growing discomfort in his own loins as his second egg began to form. Juelle would need to mate each of them in turn if the five of them were to become chickens. He would mount all of them in his giant rooster form, multiple times to make sure that each was inseminated

Taylor's changes were complete, as best as Andy could tell. She was effectively a giant chicken, though her body was currently about two-thirds the mass of her human self. Andy could only watch with terror as she continued to shrink. She seemed confused, body dizzied from the shrinking but also content from consecutive matings. It was difficult to say given Andy's lack of understanding of chicken body language. Did she lose herself, too? Were they all going to die mentally, laying eggs until they were no longer useful and slaughtered for meat?

It was as though the doctor could read the expression on Andy's face. "No, she's still in there, best as I can tell. They always seem to hold onto a little bit of themselves as they change. It's for the best, really. Mating keeps them in line, and human intellect helps keep them from being too much of a problem. Now, I obviously can't ask my subjects-turned-chickens, but they seem to pass any cognitive tests I throw at them, so long as there's a food reward. Some people give in to their instincts faster than others, and some try to fight. But mating tends to weed out any unwanted behaviors over time. Especially in the few roosters I have!"

Yet, Andy only heard part of what was being said. The pain in his crotch was getting worse as another egg started to crown the surface of his cloaca lips. This one strained his insides a bit more, as though he was not ready for it to be laid. Remembering the technique that he had used prior, Andy started rubbing himself with still-human fingers, coaxing the egg to plop out of his cunt lips with a surprising burst of semen from the small hole where his cock once was. It was as though he had just enough for a final ejaculation.

The release sent his egg sliding out of his cunt lips with a slick slopping sound. It rolled on the floor, the doctor picking it up despite the modest seminal fluids covering it. "Not bad, girl. You'll be a good producer, especially once you're mated. But, for now, it's your friend's turn!"

Andy's features went white, even though his skin was starting to pinken from the changes that were overtaking him. His gaze turned towards Cary, who was looking towards the mating act with a mix of fear and surprise. It was difficult for Andy to make out the expressions on her features as she steadily changed. Her beak was almost fully formed, and her eyes widened in an avian expression of terror. Feathers crowned her neck, and two more eggs had been expelled and lay near her ass, which had pointed into the beginnings of a tail.

Cary could only cluck as she, too, was approached by the rooster-woman. Juelle's changes were coming more slowly, but his body remained the size of a human's. His arms started to fatten into chicken wings, fingers sticking together. Andy was surprised to see what looked like a claw forming from the former thumb but it was soon obscured by the formation of brown feathers that were peppering the entire surface of his body.

At the sight of the rooster approaching her, Cary went to rub her cloaca, fluids leaking from the combined organ showing her arousal. Yet, her arms soon grew stiff, a layer of sagging skin preventing her from reaching downward. She could only stare at the changing rooster, clucking her need as her chest barreled. Her arms fattened as thin papery skin replaced the former human shade. No human hair remained on her body as gooseflesh peppered the surface before the pinpricks of feathers started to poke through.

She had instinctively turned around, more fixated on her fusing fingers and the formation of feathers bursting from former fingernails. White feathers were poking out of the stretched skin, fattened arms workable only as wings as the bones in her chest snapped and her belly swelled beyond the confines of a human's anatomy. It was enough of a distraction that it was almost understandable that she was oblivious to the rooster bobbing ever closer to her exposed backside.

Yet, it was as though she was ready to mate without even being aware of the rooster's presence. Her ass was pointed now, tailbone stretching into a curved shape as tail feathers erupted from the backside. Her hips were sinking into fattening skin, making it easier for her ass to raise, as though presenting.

Yet, even the expression on her chicken features seemed more fixated on the changes than the rooster that was about to fertilize her eggs. A squawk of surprise escaped her beak as the changing rooster leaped on her back, thrusting his backside against the stunned chicken. Her hips started to buckle, the weight of the rooster and the awkwardness of his hybrid anatomy making it difficult to line up. Juelle was insistent, however, and soon his cloaca was pressed against Cary's own, rubbing frantically to try and stimulate himself into orgasm.

“Now, you might not know this, but the rooster’s testicles are actually higher up in their anatomy, almost towards the breastbone,” Dr. Curtis said, as though watching people change into chickens was the most normal thing in the world. “Yet, it takes only seconds for the sperm to travel the length of his body and inseminate the female. Avian mating is indeed fascinating!”

Andy was not inclined to listen, however. Part of his changing mind was fixated on the mating act to distract him from the tingling on his own face that signaled his altering features. But, another part, a rising feeling in his mind, was filled with a strange emotion. The sight of Cary being mated made Andy envious. He wanted to be the one that was being fucked by such a magnificent male. Though there was no way he should want this, especially given the consequences, Andy couldn’t deny the heat enveloping his loins at the moment!

Before he could rub at his cunt lips, the now-familiar sensation of needing to expel overcame him, and Andy started rubbing his cloaca, trying to relax his rectal muscles so that he could lay another egg. This time, the discomfort was amplified by what he could only imagine were the shrinking contours of his body.

In his effort to try and distract himself from the discomfort, Andy kept his attention on the two of them. Cary’s changes were spreading faster over her form as she was fucked. It was frightening to see the yellow scales erupt from both of their legs, spreading all the way down to bare feet. Two toes on each foot fused together, while large toes cracked as though they were being shoved backward along diminishing feet. A sickened crunch of bone erupted as those toes rotated all the way around, merging with the skin of their heels before turning backward to become the rear talons of an avian.

The changes came faster, increasing in tempo as Juelle fucked Cary with the insistence of an animal. There was little human in Cary’s body, only thin, papery skin as of yet uncovered with feathers. Cary seemed much smaller, however, hunching over as her thighs fattened to better support the weight of the rooster atop her backside.

With a cry of “ccookooodoodledooo!” it seemed as though Juelle had cum, spilling her seed inside of the chicken that had replaced Cary’s body. Only the large size of the chicken and the lack of feathers was any sign that Cary had once been a human male.

Yet, that was not to last as the cracks and pops from Cary’s body seemed to indicate she was shrinking. It was the size relative to the wall and chains that had once held her that denoted the diminished stature of the soon-to-be chicken. It was looking more and more likely that she would soon meet the size of her counterpart in Taylor, who seemed to be resisting the urge to peck at the ground for scraps.

Juelle, for his part, seemed to retain his current size as he waddled around, his body popping and cracking as his breastbone expanded to the contours of the rooster body he was soon to inherit. He, too, started pecking around for scraps as his hips and backside started to thicken. Soon, there was little left of the human in the rooster, save for the sheer size of the bird when compared to Taylor or even Cary's shrinking form!

Cary seemed intent on taking the rooster that was once Juelle on top of herself once more. She backed her diminishing body against Juelle's, as though in a sign of submission to be mated. Juelle was quick to react, getting up and jumping into the air as Cary tried desperately to stay still enough to take the rooster on top of her.

A careful glance around showed that Taylor was squatting over, in the process of laying another egg. There was every chance that this one was fertilized, though it was hard to say with the suddenness that it was laid. Still, the human looks of pleasure on avian features were present as her body expelled its creation, the new chicken cawing in release.

Yet, it was difficult for Andy to focus on much else than the second mating display between the two fully-formed birds. Andy's sex leaked fluids following his last egg as the birds fucked, taking what he perceived to be a painfully long time. Yet, it was only seconds, the shrinking form of Cary diminishing just slowly enough that he could take the sperm of the much larger rooster atop her.

Deep down, Andy knew that what he was thinking was wrong. He had no desire to be a female, no desire to transform and be fucked like a chicken. Yet, the ache in his loins was stronger than anything the formerly male human had perceived before. It was a powerful need to be mated and bred as his friends had been. They looked so happy, even through their avian features. Though he knew deep down that he should resist, there existed very little point in doing so. The formula in their veins was seeing to that.

Somehow, Andy had maintained a semblance of human features up until this point. Maybe he had judged the timing wrong for the changes to his friends. Either way, he could feel his teeth start to ache, sending pains through his skull like he'd overindulged in liquor or ice cream. His lips went numb, and Andy instinctively rubbed them together, a clicking sound catching his attention. Crossing his eyes, Andy could see that his lips were starting to press outward, the skin hardened into yellowed keratin. Andy was growing a beak.

"No! I don't want a beak!" Andy cried out, his voice sounding hoarse. Even though he knew he would change, the fear of the process was starting to get to him.

Tears ran down his face as his eyes watered, tightening in their sockets as the eyeball started to expand. He couldn't see it, but he was sure that it was turning yellow to match those of the other people-turned chickens. Part of him longed for a mirror but the other part of him worried that it would be too much for him to bear to see.

Still, his narrowing facial features showed him the growth of his numb beak in front of his face, long and pointing as befit the bird he was becoming. His teeth felt mushy in his gums, as though they were melding into his gum line. His nose crunched into his face, leaving only two, hollow nostrils just above the beak. His ears, too, were retracting into his skull, though he lost none of his hearing. In fact, it seemed a little more acute, if not attuned to the sound of his avian brethren squawking and pecking around for scraps.

Andy's view of the world altered as his eyes continued to expand. He could see how much like chickens his former friends were acting, more so as Dr. Curtis walked over with a bag of feed and started throwing it into the hay. All three squawked and headed into the fray, needing to eat in their new bodies. With his new beak and developing instincts, it took Andy every ounce of willpower not to join them!

Itching down along his neck made him raise his hands to scratch. Several dozen pinpricks met his touch as they soon erupted into what felt like thick hairs. Andy knew better though, as each started to spring to life, stiff ridges forming on the sides. Soon, his neck was covered with a thick ruff of feathers that were rapidly spreading down his chest and over his face. The speed of their formation was astonishing, solidifying the certainty that Andy was becoming a chicken.

The same irritation plagued the top of his head, and Andy was in time to touch the rubbery flesh of the crown that was forming. It ran the length of his hair, parting it before the hairs themselves started to fall down around his bare cheeks. Two similar weights started to plague his still-human chin, prompting Andy to reach up to push back his forming waddles. But, as with all the other changes, he was helpless to affect a single alteration as his body fell more and more in line with a chicken.

A strange, musky sweet smell drew his attention from the alterations to his body towards the massive rooster that had finally raised his head in Andy's direction. The scent seemed to be wafting from that direction and elicited an ache in his loins worse than even when he'd laid the egg. He could almost feel his new cunt lips quivering, the desire to press them against something almost all-consuming. Andy went white at the implication. He wanted to be fucked, and likely by a male that could inseminate him!

Yet, the sight of Shelby being injected brought his attention to his friend, screaming and crying as she was. Andy recalled that she had been quiet through most of it, though there was no

need for her to now that she was to be altered like the rest of them. Begging to be let go, her pleas fell on deaf ears as the serum was injected into her arm, damning her to an avian fate like the rest of them.

As had happened time and time again within their friend group, her sex seemed to moisten and move back along her taint towards her anus. Yet, unlike the rest of them, the desire to touch it seemed absent. At least, she wasn't giving into the instincts as had everyone else. Shelby seemed to have more willpower than any of her friend group by the looks of it.

To his relief, though perhaps to the determinant of the needs in his loins, Juelle seemed to be focused on their changing friend as well. Andy found himself wondering what was going through his mind at the moment. Perhaps he was worried about Shelby's changes or perhaps he was looking to his next sexual conquest. Either way, Andy was spared from mating for the moment and was allowed to look on to see the next of their group to be transformed.

The longer Andy stared, the more he slowly began to realize that some of Shelby's alterations did not follow the same pattern as the rest of them. For one, her belly did not distend, not with the formation of her first egg, at least. Andy seemed to take that as a sign that she was becoming a he, as had Juelle. But the urge to touch herself did not seem to be present. Was something different about the serum that she had been injected with?

Andy looked to Dr. Curtis, who had a strange smile on his features that left Andy frightened. It seemed as though he had something different in mind for the two of them, as Andy fearfully recalled him saying before he had started the 'experiment'.

Already Shelby's body was seeming to shrink, before even being mated as had happened to his other friends. Her shorter arms seemed to easily free themselves from the binds that kept her trapped. Yet, she seemed to be too stunned by the changes occurring to her that escape seemed the furthest thing from her mind. She was instead rubbing her skin frantically, as though her feathers were just underneath and were ready to pop out at any moment.

Yet, Andy had little time to reflect on this any further as the sensation of something on his backside drew his attention. In his daze, Andy had hardly noticed that Juelle had come up behind him until the series of clucks made him nearly jump.

At his presence, Andy felt his sex moisten even further, that urge to have something rubbed against it almost all-consuming. He had never felt such a stronger desire to have sex in all his life. It was impossible to remove himself from the spot as the rooster clucked around him, sizing him up. As much as it had frightened him to see his friends fucked into chickens when

faced with the same temptation, Andy felt no more hesitation now that it was his turn. His body was more than ready enough to mate.

The sensation of the fully formed rooster on his back was more than the changing man could have hoped for. He was hunched over, his body not quite changed enough to support chicken sex in the position that he had seen. Yet, in the presence of the male, Andy could feel his back start to crack, his posture more comfortable in its hunched-over state. His tailbone poked out of his backside, getting longer and making his asscheeks spread apart as the fat and muscle in his ass receded. His cloaca was all but on display for the rooster to rub his own against to make sure that Andy's new chicken body was inseminated!

The rooster's claws dug into his skin slightly, but Andy didn't mind as the rooster squatted down to stretch over Andy's backside. Andy tried to bend his back in kind although it was hard with his hips in a still human configuration. Yet, the more he struggled, the closer his leaking opening made it to his mate. Almost there... yes!

Andy was not prepared for the sensation of a moist, dripping hole rubbing against his own, stimulating inside and out. It was far more intimate than any sexual encounters that he'd had prior. The sensation sent tremors through his body and amplified the tingles of feather growth from his skin. All over his body, feathers erupted from his flesh, as though the mating was causing them to bloom. Andy wanted to scratch at them desperately to alleviate the irritation that was plaguing him. But soon, the pleasure from their mutual rubbing overrode the prickling and allowed Andy to get into the sexual act.

The skin of his arms started to thicken, stretching from upper to lower arm. It left him with baggy sleeves that were soon covered all over with the pinpricks of feathers. His ability to scratch was soon taken from his hands with the feathers that ripped their way painlessly from his nail beds. Reflectively trying to remove the irritation by moving his fingers seemed to fail as the flesh seemed to turn to wax and run together, leaving him with only a stub with growing feathers.

Too late, Andy realized that the mating act was accelerating his changes. It took his barreling chest and his nearly fully formed wings for him to become aware that he was now more chicken than human. His body was fully covered with feathers, stretching over his skin and obscuring the papery coating that now comprised it. It looked far more like he was the oversized bird that his friends had become while they were mated.

Yet, the mating act itself gave Andy so much pleasure that it was hard for him to worry about the changes that were happening to his body. Had he enough awareness of the situation, he would know that it had only been seconds since Juella had hopped on his backside. Juella was rubbing frantically, his own orgasms coming fast as their holes rubbed against each other. But, to

Andy, it felt like each moment was stretched out to an eternity, allowing him to both experience the changes in real time and enjoy every ounce of pleasure that his body was giving him. It was an experience like no other and beyond anything he could have imagined.

For a brief moment, the pleasure of the act was enough that Andy forgot what was bothering him so much about being a chicken. It just felt too good to be mated like a bird, and to feel his body altering to the point where he could take the rooster on his back even better. His humanity, his sex, and that of his friends seemed like a small price to pay in the face of such pleasure.

Yet, too late, Andy came back to the present and the realization that too much of his body was changed from its human form. He was mostly a chicken, and he was letting himself get fucked like a female! He no longer even had his head or his arms now, and the changes were getting faster. Worst, he had simply allowed this to happen! What was that sick fuck's problem to be doing this to innocent people!

Yet, any feelings of anger were soon wiped away at the onset of his first avian orgasm. It started as a quivering in his cunt that seemed to resonate through the rest of his body in waves. It then made him shake over and over, making his skin quiver in an effort to dull the almost overwhelming sensations. But it was little reprieve from the raw pleasure that mating seemed to give him.

The male above him seemed in the same throws of orgasm, his cloaca lips leaking into Andy's own and mingling with his eager insides. All at once, the tingling intensified and Andy's cloaca was met with what felt like a rush of fluids but in reality, was only a tiny amount. Yet, it would eventually combine with the myriad of eggs that he had inside of him. He was not a he anymore, and at the moment, it was hard to lament the loss of his sex when being a female felt this good.

There was more to the action than the simple feelings of pleasure that accompanied such a process. Rather, there was a part of him that felt fulfilled from the action, that he had completed an act that took him outside of himself. It was a primal sense of contentment that left Andy hardly able to fathom his prior concerns. The little bit of human rationalization he still maintained was just barely able to grasp the situation and what it meant. It hardly had the wherewithal to care of what happened to him, now her.

Eventually, the rooster leaped off her back, leaving Andy dizzy from the action. It was surreal to undergo, almost like being a little drunk. Andy wondered if that was the equivalent of animalistic instincts that was giving her this sensation. She was barely aware enough to have

such thoughts. It was more akin to the thoughts not mattering when mating and changing seemed more important.

Andy regarded Juelle for a moment, admiring his stamina after having mated already so many times. A small part of him was worried that Juelle would not have enough stamina to mate her again like he had the other females. Currently, he was down with his beak to the ground pecking at the seeds as were the other people turned chickens. Though he maintained his size for the moment, he did seem a little smaller than before, as though a few more matings would reduce him to a proper rooster's size.

Andy came down from the release just in time to see that Shelby had been changing almost at the same rate as she had without the onset of sexual stimulation. It was getting harder and harder to focus on things with the pressures of sex and change that were overcoming her. But, the process playing over Shelby was enough cause for alarm that it kept Andy's human side intact enough to witness them.

Already, her face was spreading out into a beak, yellowed and hardened as her teeth turned to mush. Her hair had parted and fallen out, replaced by a crown and that same papery thin skin just under a chicken's feathers. Her hands had fused, leaving only a blunt protrusion and a claw to signal that anything else had ever been present. A barreled chest and bulbous belly were a sign that she was more chicken than human at this point.

While she was smaller than the rest before their own transformations concluded, her process of transformation was not less thorough as she raced towards the inevitable end. Her feet started to pepper with scales as claws erupted from the tips, her large toe stretching backward as had her counterpart's. Her thinning legs and shifting hips soon looked more avian than human, and even now there was little left in her facial features than the fear that she was to change as had her compatriots.

But, something was wrong. It took Andy a few moments to see it happening, lost in the sight of her changes. Though she had the pinpricks of feathers over her skin, they were not the same white or even brown plumage that made up the coats of the others. In fact, the feathers seemed to appear to be... yellow? What kind of chicken had a yellowed coat?

Yet, Andy hardly had time to think about her changes. Andy's own were coming faster as he felt his belly continue to distend, though this time not with the formation of another egg. Her hips were widening, popping, and cracking and forcing her to lean forward, the comfortable position making her anus stick up in the air. She wasn't aware of it, but her sex was wafting its pheromones towards the male, Juelle getting up to examine the female that was so clearly presenting once more.

A squawk escaped her lips as the male jumped on her again, lining up his hole with Andy's own. Andy's newly altered hips shifted to allow him to match perfectly with the hole of the chicken that Andy was becoming. She clucked again, eager to take the male's sperm in her once more. Andy wanted to focus on the changes to Shelby, to try and determine what was happening to her. But she soon found it impossible, falling into the needs of lust that came over her from the second mating!

In many ways, this second round of fucking was even more fulfilling than the first. Andy's body had altered, her backside more fitting of a chicken now. Her hips were taking on a flattened shape, merging with her belly as it continued to distend. The sloped position gave space to hold the rooster on top of her as Juelle got comfortable on her back and started to rub with reckless abandon.

The swelling of her chest and the barreling of her belly went largely unnoticed as the two avians fucked on the floor, clucking, and rutting without care for their surroundings. Andy could see her shifting features in the corner of her eyes as her torso bloated out into a perfect facsimile of a chicken, but it was impossible to lament the loss of her gender or humanity at the moment. As Dr. Curtis had said, sex and mating seemed more fulfilling than anything she had experienced prior!

The only thing left of Andy's former humanity was her legs, though her thighs were fattening with meat as befit the thighs of a food animal. Feathers covered all the way down to her knees, which itself stiffened as the ball joint popped out of existence. All the remaining hairs on her legs fell out as feathers took form, leaving only the papery skin that ran down all the way to her feet and toes.

The thin, veiny skin soon gave way to yellowed scales, peeling away down to the tops of her feet as the wisps of flesh dissolved into the hay on the ground. The whole process was rather itchy, though by now Andy had no way to alleviate the irritation with her fully formed wings. She was therefore forced to feel the last of her human skin falling away, leaving only yellowed scales to cover the rest of her feet from knee to toe tip.

The sensations of two of her toes fusing, the large ones cracking and preparing to reverse themselves were almost enough to divert her from the amazing sex that the rooster atop her was granting. Yet, it only barely distracted her from the feeling of her large toe pulling up her heel, snapping and twisting beyond anything that should adorn her feet. Though painless, it still resembled the sensation of her large toes being pulled backward with pliers, forced over the back of her heels until the remaining three toes could grip the ground. The calluses on the bottom of

her feet made feeling the ground impossible, though it was of little consequence when compared to the weight of the rooster atop her.

The last thing to alter before the changes ceased, Andy could feel a painful pop as new nails ripped from the skin of the old nail bed and dug into the soiled hay slightly. It was disturbing to realize that her old nails were gone, but like her hair, they, too, seemed to dissolve into the refuse that made up the ground.

Andy had time for one realization before her chicken's body went into orgasm and took the virile rooster's semen inside of her. The tingling and discomfort from changing had completely abated by now. Andy was, for all intents and purposes, a giant chicken, nothing of her human remaining save for his massive size in relation to his fowl brethren pecking about on the ground, seemingly satisfied from sex.

“BBAAAWWWKKKAAAWWW!” Andy crowed as her orgasm overtook her and the male's frantic rubbing sent her into blessed release. The rooster's frantic ministrations rewarded her with a splash of semen, taken into her ovaries behind to be stored away for future egg-laying.

Never before had any orgasm brought with it the fulfillment of knowing that she was meeting some sort of higher purpose. Being bred as a female meant that her eggs would bear chicks and that she would propagate her species. Simplifying instincts took more stock in that than any human experience could surmount. She was sure that the other hens, and even the rooster that had become of Juelle, felt the same way. It was the start of a new flock and Andy felt it difficult to lament the loss of her humanity with that in mind.

Yet, the sight before her was horrific enough to break Andy out of her stupor. Shelby was still shrinking, growing towards the size of the other chickens. But something was wrong. Her fused fingers were much smaller, lacking the baggy flesh that Andy and the others had formed. Her plumage was yellow, but none of the feathers stuck out along her body. Her beak was blunter, her head relatively larger, and her talons less developed. It looked, for all intents and purposes, that Shelby was not becoming a chicken. Rather, she was being regressed into a chick, one of their potential offspring!

Once more, it was as though the mad man read her expressions. “I have a number of trials that I require subjects for. Most of them simply call for chickens, such as you are now. Others are a little more... bizarre, I suppose by your standards. That is, assuming being turned into chickens is normal!”

“Age regression is something that people had dreamed of ever since the inspection of the fountain of youth. Many of the world's richest would give their entire fortunes for eternal life.

Though, only a few such as myself would be worthy of such a gift. Still, with the advent of transformation technology, it is something worth pursuing, even if it is one of my minor goals at present. It is something that I need to get to down the line if my work is to continue well into the future.

“Alas, even my technology is insufficient to extend the natural life cycle of human cells. Though the transformation process renews cells to a degree, it is necessary to change one organism into another completely in order to avoid complications. So, the idea of returning some of my subjects to younger animals came to me, to extend their life spans. Though it’s a procedure I experiment on sparingly, I usually take a subject or two from each experimental run. Testing of behaviors, intellect retained compared with adults, time to achieve adulthood, and adult behavior comparisons, all are important parts of my research,”

“And, of course, there’s one other experiment that arose as a natural extension. I am sorry, but you will be needed for this final part,” Dr. Curtis said, pulling out a different syringe and walking towards Cole, the only one as of yet unchanged.

Quiet as he was, Cole could only struggle as the doctor injected his arm. Andy’s relishing of his current state came to a halt. She didn’t want to see her friend change. And even worse was the realization that he would undergo an entirely different procedure than the rest of them. Cole wouldn’t enjoy the few aspects that were actually pleasurable about changing into a chicken!

Cole’s face went white as the serum started flowing through his veins, preparing him for a change that was likely worse than anything the rest of them had yet gone through. It was a terrifying prospect, one that even made Andy shiver. She watched with rapt attention, as did the rest of her flock.

At first, it seemed as though Cole was shrinking more rapidly than anyone had before, even Shelby, who was now a perfectly formed chick, running and pecking at the seeds. To Andy’s horror, she seemed not to retain much of her humanity, at least not to the same degree as did the adult chickens. Taylor, Cary, and even Juelle had heads raised to see what would become of their friend, hearing the man’s words even through chicken instincts.

Yet, Andy soon realized that the moment he took his attention off of Cole, the room seemed as though it were spinning. It took him a few moments to reflect on the meaning of the sensations. It seemed as though Andy was shrinking at a rate similar to that of Cole!

Looking to her side, though hardly necessary with the field of view her chicken form gave her, Andy could see that Juelle, too, was decreasing in size. It was surreal to watch someone else shrinking in real-time along with him. Yet, if he kept his focus on both his rooster and

former friend, it somewhat nullified the dizzying sensation. Andy allowed herself to fall into blissful ignorance as she ignored the alteration in scope of the man and the contours of the prison he had put them in.

Though Cole was shrinking at the same rate as the others, it was soon clear that he would be smaller in the end. He was shaking now as patches of yellow fuzz started poking from his skin. The skin itself turned papery, whips of hair falling away as veins pressed out all over. Had Andy's own pulsed in the same way during her change? She hadn't noticed.

Andy herself was now easily half the size she once was, looking more akin to her fully-changed avian brethren. It felt dizzying to experience the world expanding all around her. She was becoming a meek prey species in a world of predators and humans that would use her for meat. Despite the sexual pleasure of being in her new form, the prospect of shrinking was daunting!

Once more, her focus reflexively went back to Cole, who was looking around at the larger chickens as he continued to shrink. His cock had retracted into his body without even getting hard, the last of his sperm expelling without any hint of pleasure or fanfare. His junk had been pulled back into the formation of his cloaca, situated under a tailbone that was stretching out into an avian curve. Feathery fuzz covered his shrinking torso and chest now, even running over fattening thighs and down all the way to his straightened knees.

Cole continued to regress into what could only be considered a chick just like Shelby. His tears of fear dried up as his eyes widened, lips hardening into a stubby beak. His feet thinned, toes popping out with blunt talons while his own large toe cracked backward towards his heel. A series of rapid cracks played over Cole's body as his chest barreled, thighs fattening and backside curving into a tail.

Yet, that was not where the changes were to end. Already smaller than Shelby, Cole was still reducing in size, body mass evaporating from his flesh. He was half the size of Shelby now and still shrinking, legs wobbly as he fell over, looking sickly and deformed. His shirking body soon voided all traces of feathers, leaving pale, papery skin that barely appeared able to contain the bones and organs within.

A pained grunt escaped Cole's lips as he continued to shrink, as though dying. Andy realized with a start that he was, of sorts. The wobbling creature before him looked far too immature to exist in the world. His skull was collapsing in on massive eyes that were struggling to remain open. His arms lost all their fat and muscle, immobile against the sunken trunk. He was struggling to breathe, all the air removed from lungs that were too deformed to function. First

looking like an immature hatching, it was clear that Cole was regressing past that, somehow changing into an embryo!

A surge of anger flowed through Andy just then. Bad they were all turning into chickens. Worse that one of their friends was being killed for this sick fuck's experiments. There was no way Cole could last alive like this, reduced as he was to barely a fetus.

Andy felt a sudden compulsion to go to him, to try to preserve the life of her friend. Racing over and flapping her wings in a sign of frustration, she stepped around the helpless embryo, trying to warm it with her presence. Yet she knew that would not be sufficient.

Lowering his hindquarters, Andy tried to aim herself to where she felt the embryo to be, wanting to sit on it like an egg. She wasn't sure if her weight would crush her friend, but there was nothing else she could do. A lack of action would surely lead to the death of Cole. At least with her body heat around him, she could try to save Cole's life, as futile as her efforts were.

To Andy's shock and disgust, she could feel her cloaca start to moisten, as though becoming aroused. She would have vomited if she could, feeling her body going into avian receptiveness with the mere act of trying to save her friend. What the hell was wrong with her?

Worse was the sensation of her cloaca touching the fragile flesh and coating it with her sexual fluids. A squawk of surprise escaped her lips as her backside reflexively slid over Cole, her open nethers touching the filthy ground as it did. Peristaltic muscles within her opening seemed to gently grip the embryo, pulling it upwards inside of her. The squelch of something moving through her body was powerfully disconcerting, though Andy had little recourse other than to allow what had become of Cole's body to move through her own.

What was happening should have been impossible. There was no way that Cole's body or anything for that matter could reverse up Andy's cloaca towards her formed ovaries. But no other words could describe what had happened against Andy's will. Worse, the squeezing body within her seemed to still be shrinking, barely felt as it entered its final destination.

"Well, congratulations! Your first fertilized egg is going to be your friend! It's part of the process I had planned for you all to be capable of. I'm afraid I didn't mention it sooner. But, it doesn't matter to you in the long run. You were each programmed with the capability to aid with the process of 'reverse aging.' It has a number of scientific applications, though you'll simply experience the process first hand."

"As I was saying earlier, there are some merits to the study of regression in age and body, and seeing how one's life expectancy can be increased through the process of transformation.

And, I thought, why not find out by reverting one to the earliest part of life!? But, there are some important questions that I hope to answer here. Is the being that comes out of you the same friend that you took into yourself? Will any of their intelligence still be present in the adult or even the chick? So far, my research is... well, you don't need to worry about such things anymore."

"All you need to do is prepare to rebirth your former friend! I'm sure you will agree that's the best course of action. Well, it doesn't matter anymore if you agree with me. Your body's needs will take care of that on its own. I do hope you'll enjoy it, and all the new facets of your lives as chickens. It's important work for the betterment of mankind, but I do desire that it be a pleasurable experience for my subjects!" Dr. Curtis finished, watching Andy with a look of expectation.

Yet, the man's words soon had little interest for the recently inseminated chicken. Andy was far more focused on the heat that was overtaking her loins, the desire to be fucked becoming all-consuming. She had felt the same not moments ago when Juelle had fucked her into the chicken she was now. But there was an urgency to the sensations that had so far evaded the former human. She needed to be mated, and she needed it now.

The lust in her body was clearly equaled by Juelle, who was on her in an instant. She felt her body ovulating as the rooster on her back started spearing for her cloaca, rubbing the two of them frantically together. Their sex was more urgent than their past matings, but there came with it more satisfying than anything they had felt prior. Andy was hardly aware of it at the time, but deep down, she knew that the action was the only way they could hope to save her friend.

The actual mating took far less time than their previous breedings had been, though Andy did not care about that. It was not the event itself but rather the aftermath that concerned him most. His body simply needed to take the semen inside of her, to allow it to inseminate the embryo that lay further up in her body.

Juelle, for his part, did not simply jump off to go back to pecking at the grain as he had in the past. He stood there, looking at the chicken that he had just fucked with an expression of concern rather than anything a chicken should have been able to make. After all, he, too, still had the trailing thoughts of the woman he had been. And it was obvious he was concerned for the life that he had helped make, the friend lost that they hoped would be returned to them again.

The other gathered chickens, too, seemed to look up from what they were doing, avian instincts no match for the concern for their former friend. Even Shelby, in her regressed chick form, seemed to walk towards the mated birds, needing to see what happened to their friend. She

seemed awkward in her stance like a chick just hatched. But still, she wore the same expression as the other two hens, concern and worry about what the mating act might eventually produce.

“Alright, boys and girls! I’d say that’s another successful experiment, wouldn’t you? Well, of course, you can’t! Chickens don’t speak, after all! Just know that your offspring are going to be some of the best producers the world has ever seen! Not that it will matter with your simpler new lives!”

Yet, Andy had a hard time focusing on the man’s words. She was currently hunched over, feeling the crown of an egg stretching her cloaca opening. It was being formed with what should have been an impossible speed, but Andy’s fading thoughts had little ability to question that. This one seemed to hurt even more than the last ones, as though it were somehow larger. It made a queer sort of sense, she thought. After all, Cole hadn’t regressed to the age of an embryo before being laid into an egg. He would therefore need a larger egg to accommodate his size and provide sufficient nutrients. At least, Andy hoped so.

A few pained clucks were all that could be heard as Andy was stretched impossibly wide and the massive egg pushed its way through. Andy was careful to squat over as much as she dared, not wanting anything to happen to the precious egg or her former friend that was trapped within. She had no way to know it was Cole, for sure. Maybe she would never know. But, she had to believe. It was all she had.

Soon, the egg crowned her cloaca, sliding out and giving Andy a sense of release beyond measure. Cole was in there, she knew. She would wait for him to come back to the group, as bizarre as it was. Yet, her feelings towards the former young man were not the same as he felt towards Juelle or even her former friends-turned-hens. There was a sense of parenthood that surpassed all fear that she had felt before, or even the lust that she experienced prior. She was responsible for the life that she had helped to make, and she would take to that responsibly dutifully.

Gently, she sat down over the egg, her cloaca resting on its surface and allowing her body to flatten over it. Her weight was not sufficient to damage it in any way, she knew with certainty. In fact, her body seemed to reflexively collapse over it, allowing her body heat to settle over the egg. The position was comfortable and provided her to feel a sense of contentment that was beyond anything that Andy had ever felt in her life.

The newly formed chicken felt that, deep down, her primary job was just beginning. No more feeling the need to be fucked, her journey now was to nurture the new life she had made until its time was ready. With that, her eyes closed, the events of the day and her past humanity like a distant dream as she drifted off to sleep.

