

## **Chicken Farmer**

"Damn it!" Dorothy cried. She placed the last egg into her basket, to join the less than dozen that were there already. So many hens, and yet they weren't producing. Was it the weather? The breed? Or was it her own poor skills? She'd made the brave step of striking out on her own, despite her family's wishes. But city life had never held much appeal for her, and she had always wanted a humble slice of rural land to run a free-range chicken farm. Only she didn't realise just how hard that could be.

She looked over her collection of hens, each of them clucking up a storm in their winter nests. She thought ordering another batch would do well for their numbers, but for some reason they just weren't producing, and if her business didn't start earning money she'd have to close it and sell the land. Slink back to her parents and admit she was a failure, enter law school like they'd always wanted for her. She tensed her free fist in frustration and left the henhouse, taking the paltry few eggs she had acquired back to the house.

"Heh, more like poultry few," she chuckled morosely to herself. She supposed she could go back to the city. It wouldn't be so bad after the initial shame. She was still in her late twenties, and she wasn't bad looking by any means. Hell, some guys went for the whole 'tough knuckle' look, and she was certainly in good shape. "Food for thought at least," she said. She sighed halfway to the house. "What's the point. Might as well close tomorrow." She looked to the sky, as if searching for an omen. And then she saw one.

It was a bright streak through the clear starry sky. A comet, or perhaps a shooting star, if there was any different. The sort of sight you'd never get with all the light pollution in the city. It perked up her mood some; after all, it was good luck to make a wish on a shooting star.

"Okay then universe," Dorothy exclaimed, "I wish I could start producing eggs!"

Nothing happened for a time, and after shrug and an internal 'what did you think would happen Dor?' she made to move. She was at the door when there was a gurgling in her stomach. A churning pressure that continued to expand. She groaned, "Oh don't tell me my period's come early."

A sudden cramp hit her and she doubled over, leaning on the door. She stumbled in, feeling a strange crack at the bottom of her spine, followed by a crunch. "Ooww!" she yelped, rubbed at her back, trying to stand up straight. But she found she couldn't. Her rear was bent at an awkward angle, the pressure rising in her lower half. The joints of her pelvis tensed briefly, and then pressed outwards, her hips popping to accommodate her much wider stance.

"What – I don't – what's happening?" Dorothy exclaimed. She started waddling awkwardly to the bathroom, but a sudden incredible itch overtook her legs, and she screamed in horror as her flesh seemed to ripple upwards from her legs into her thighs, leaving much bonier structure behind. Her toes fused and extended outwards into three talons, and the itching only increased. She scratched at her legs, overcome with the sensations, until finally a yellow scaly covering overcame her skin, leaving her with what seemed to be . . .

"No, no, no that can't be!" she exclaimed. A joint popped, leaving her with angular legs that bowed backwards. She attempted to rise, and found her centre of gravity much altered, with her weight placed on her feet like a digitigrade creature. Just then the pressure in her core renewed, and her entire lower half began to thicken and well. She went to scream.

"Ba-ba-ba-BAGAWWWK!"

She closed her hands over her mouth, shocked at what had just emerged from her throat. Her lower half fattened, taking on a much wider aspect. She could feel pins and needles all across her

malformed pelvis She clenched her eyes shut and whimpered as brown feathers emerged, coating her with a hen's plumage. A tail shot from her backside, the feathers long. Her human torso sat at the front of her giant chicken's body, and she swivelled around to get a look at herself as the final, most violating change occurred. She could feel her vagina slowly shifting, moving backwards to merge with her rectum to become a single, all-purpose hole. She shivered as they become one.

"Oh God I've got a B'GAWWking cloaca!"

As she bloated further within, followed by an internal pressure, she realised it was about to be used for the first time. An urge to push overcame her, deep within her new chicken-half. She railed against it. "No, no – mmp! – no, I won't do it – ughh – I'm not going to lay an egg, I -B'GAWWWWK!" She couldn't hold against the pressure any longer, and began pushing against her will. She squirmed at the alien feeling of a large egg pressing against the walls of her new cloaca, and suddenly – PLOP! Something hard hit the carpeted floor. She turned awkwardly on her new feet, still getting used to her strange new centre of balance. She flexed instinctively, and realise her bottom half had feathered wings as well, just like a chickens only much larger to match the rest of her body. She flapped them as she turned to gaze at her produce. There before her, slick and shiny and coated in her cloacal juices, was a very large chicken egg. It was then that she realised.

"My wish. I wished that I could start producing eggs!" There was another internal pressure, and she realised she still felt full. She lowered her hands to her human half only to find them raising slowly. Her belly – her human one – was slowly swelling. "Uuhhhhhh," she moaned, staggering on her digitigrade feet. She scratched at the carpet without thinking as she bloated up, beginning to look like a pregnant woman roughly five or six months along. She felt like she was being actively *pumped* with contents, eggs developing rapidly within her belly, like a backlog to those already in between her haunches. She pushed, and another egg descended. She winced as it passed. It wasn't painful, just . . . weird. Not human. And the pressure was only increasing as she swelled with more and more eggs. She began pushing willingly now, trying to slim down by ejecting her produce. Egg after egg was pushed from her new loins.

"Ugggh, I didn't – mmmph – wish to produce eggs – aaaghhh – like – oooohh – thissss B'GAWWWWK!!!"

And yet she was powerless to stop, the eggs forming in her pregnant belly before being squeezed into her chicken half, whereupon they continued to grow until they were ejected down her wet cloaca and deposited on the ground. She continued to squawk like a chicken in between grunts and moans. She leaned forward, resting her human arms against a wooden support beam while she stuck her avian haunches out. "H-how m-m-many mooorrrre!" she whined, before giving yet another 'B'GAWWWWK!!!' The last egg, bigger than the previous ones, became briefly stuck in her loins. She squawked, her wings flapping in agitating as she pushed. Finally, it plopped free, landing amid her other produce.

For a long time she stood there, panting, amazed and horrified at what her body had just been forced to do. Her cloaca was slightly sore from all the egg-laying, but less that she expected, and that alone was enough to frighten her. What if she had to do it all over again in a week or so? As she calmed down, she stood upright, still unused to her new chicken waddle and widened 'hips' – if they could even be considered hips any more. She ran her fingers over her feathers, found she could fluff them up. Her tail was also slightly bendable, but not much, just like a real hen's. Her wings were the strangest feature – they rested by default against her lower half, but she could flap them, and found herself doing so without thinking as she became stressed.

She turned awkwardly, bumping over some vases with her more prominent behind and scratching the carpet with her yellowy talons. Her pile of eggs was enormous – there must have been at least three or four dozen in the pile, and each at least twice or three times the size of a regular chicken

egg. Each was slightly damp with her juices, which had also soaked into the carpet. Despite herself, she felt a strange instinct to nest herself over them.

“Just like a B’GAWWKING chicken,” she complained as she settled down over them, giving them her heat. Slowly, overcome with agitation, fear, and strange new impulses, she fell asleep. Her hands were resting on her human belly, which had deflated a great deal. But already a strange tightness was building there.

Dorothy was awoken in the morning by the cock-a-doodle-doo of her rooster outside. She squawked, flapping her wings suddenly and losing feathers when she saw her body again. “Oh my Gawwwwd it wasn’t a dream! I’m still a fuGAWWWKing chicken girl!” But worse than that was the strain in her belly, which was heaving even bigger than the day before. She looked like a woman thoroughly overdue with babies, and as she pressed her hands against her belly she could feel and see the indentations of dozens of eggs that had grown in her body overnight. The pressure grew, her cloaca becoming slick with juices, preparing for the role her wish had given it. For oviposition. Egg-laying. The first of many, many eggs to come began to squeeze from her womb into her waiting haunches, and from there, out through her opening.

As Dorothy cawed and cried, clenched her eyes shut and pushed, scratched her talons against the carpet, she realised that she may be like this for the rest of her life. A chicken-girl cursed by her own wish to produce eggs, made to do so for as long as she was fertile. One thought did cross her mind, however. So long as she could figure out how to avoid showing her feathery lower half and organise distribution, she was going to make big money in the egg business from now on. After all, she was her own biggest producer.

But she would have to think about that later. For now, another egg was already descending, and the urge to push coming upon her once more.