

Mini-Story: An Egg-Cellent April Fools (Anthro-Chicken TFTG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

Derrick decides to prank his fitness focused roommate by switching his morning eggs with chocolate eggs instead. Franklin, not wanting to miss out on his protein goals, decides to reveal that he's actually a warlock, and now Derrick can help supply the eggs he needs . . . by becoming an anthro-chicken gal!

An Egg-Cellent April Fools

Derrick loved April Fools. A good prank always got a laugh out of him, at least so long as it was played on someone else. And this year, his new roommate Franklin was going to be the *perfect* target. Derrick liked to think of himself as a pretty fit, fairly attractive dude. He went to clubs, he occasionally picked up chicks, and he did his fair share of bragging about that. But ever since Franklin had moved in, Derrick had begun to feel like he was suddenly not quite the alpha male he'd always imagined himself to be.

You see, Franklin was a total fitness *nut*. The tall, dark-skinned man made pumping iron his life. His body was that of a sculpted *Adonis*, and whenever Derrick brought a girl home and saw Franklin, suddenly the attention would switch. Where just a moment ago, Derrick had a real chance, now his latest would-be one night stand was asking questions about his roommate: Is he single? Is he on campus? What are his hobbies? Do you think he'd like me?

It was infuriating, and even all the more so because Franklin was a total gentleman about it. The man *never* stole a woman from Derrick, and instead just minded his own business and went about his fitness routine. He didn't even steal anything from the fridge; the man bought a ludicrous amount of eggs all for the protein content, all the better to grow his muscles with. It was absurd, because it meant Derrick didn't have a good reason to actually hate the guy.

But it did give him cause to prank him. As it turned out, the one thing that could make Franklin get uncomfortable was when someone messed with his eggs.

"My protein intake is important! It's vital for the body I'm trying to achieve," he'd once told Derrick. "So please, don't take my eggs. I've marked them clearly, and I've even got a new separate fridge for them."

Well, that was an invitation for Derrick. When April Fools rolled round, his excitement only grew. He'd observed several times that Franklin also had a penchant for eating chocolate when it was offered, always saying stuff like "Oh man, I really shouldn't! I'm trying to build my body but . . . maybe just one."

The man had a sweet tooth that could turn self-destructive. The pieces were all in place. Yes, the price of chocolate eggs in late March were positively ludicrous, and it was a huge waste to crack and throw away the dozens upon dozens of protein-rich specially-sourced eggs that Franklin had, all in the early morning before his roommate woke. But it was worth it for that moment an hour later when, after retreating back to his room, he suddenly heard the man shout out loud.

“What the actual FUCK!? DERRICK!

Derrick giggled and ran out, gesturing out with his hands. “April Fools, dude! Like your new eggs?”

Franklin was clearly not amused, which only made Derrick laugh harder.

“Those eggs are necessary for my workout, man. You know that.”

“Oh come on, it’s funny. You can admit it’s funny. Besides, I know you like chocolate. I’m sure packing on a few pounds with it wouldn’t hurt too much, right?”

At this, Franklin raised an eyebrow and folded his arms. “Oh, I see what this is about. Are you trying to sabotage me, man?”

Derrick nervously ran a hand through his auburn hair. “Not at all! But hey, as long as the eggs are there, you might as well take a day off and enjoy them. Like I said, it’s a funny prank.”

“Okay, whatever. But where’s my actual eggs?”

“Oh, those? I had to throw them out.”

“You - you *what!*? Dude, what the hell!”

“Hey, it’s not an April Fools without the fool, right?”

Derrick backed up a little. He’d wanted to sabotage and take his roommate down a peg, but he was getting a little worried at how Franklin was taking it. The man looked about ready to use his much, much greater strength to turn his slightly tan Caucasian tone to black and blue instead. But then, to his surprise, the man immediately relaxed. Hell, he actually smiled. He even *laughed*.

“See! I told you it was funny!” Derrick proclaimed.

“Oh, no it ain’t. It’s stupid. And you wasted a ton of my money. Those are specially sourced free ranged eggs, man. But since you’ve decided to waste *over a month’s worth of* eggs on a dumb prank, I figure I get to return the favour and get you with a prank instead. A much bigger one.”

Derrick chuckled. “Well, you’ll have to plan quickly. It’s already April Fools.”

“Well, lucky for you, I’m a warlock, so I don’t need the prep. Just a bit of imagination.”

The smaller man cocked his head and smirked. “I’m sorry, did you just call yourself a warlock, man? Are you some secret nerd or som-”

Suddenly, Franklin extended his hand, and a stream of indigo-coloured magic streamed from his hand like a flowing river filled with bioluminescent light. Derrick squealed in horror and tried to jump back, but his feet were immediately rooted to the ground.

“Holy fuck!” he cried. “Magic is real!?”

“Oh, it’s real alright. And it’s *transformative*. Time to play a prank on you, roomie. Yours is gonna make me miss out on my protein goals, so I think I need someone to supply me with new eggs, and save some money on them too while you’re at it!”

“Look, dude! I’m sorry! I didn’t realise warlocks were real and shit! I’ll buy you the new eggs and-”

But he just raised his hand, and the magic encircled him further, the glowing river surrounding the man and causing him to writhe. It was starting to seep into his skin, and he could feel his cells light up in response to the tingling effects of the magic.

“Nah man. This is your prank. I hope you enjoy your new body, because it’s gonna really help my protein intake.”

Derrick screeched. Something was happening to his body. He could feel himself plumpening up. His stomach was pushing out, his nice abs disappearing. A terrible itch spread across his skin, and it left him groaning and squirming on the spot. With each writhing movement, his hips spread wider. It was a gradual process, one that was highly uncomfortable but not painful, but they kept on getting wider and wider, to the point where he was developing a real pear-shaped figure. His nipples pushed out, becoming large and full, and soon breast tissue was forming behind them. They plumpened, growing in size, first making him look like he had a pair of impressive manboobs, and then becoming large and full and ripe enough that they just looked like . . . boobs. *Big* boobs. They rose and fell with each panicked breath, heavy upon his chest, but his stomach was gaining as it grew larger as well.

“Wh-what are you d-doing to me!? Are you making me a chick!? Why not just use magic to make yourself b-buff if you can just d-do this!?”

Franklin screwed up his face, appearing totally insulted. “Dude, what would be the point of that? I wanna *earn* my body. I don’t use magic for that. Well, maybe to keep me free from disease and get rid of migraines and the like, but my fitness routine is my own.”

“Then wh-why make me a woman!? Oh God, please get rid of these b-boobs! Why is my stomach growing!? Oh God, oh fuck!”

Franklin laughed. “Dude, you have no idea, but you’ll work it out soon. You’re not *just* becoming a woman.”

Derrick didn’t understand. All he was focused on was the fact that he now had a pair of what felt like cantaloupe-sized breasts, and his stomach was continually pushing outwards. But he wasn’t getting fat; his belly was dome-like, and it felt like he was being

actively *pumped* with contents, numerous rounded objects forming within the pit of his belly before being pushed aside for the next ovoid growth.

“Eughh!” he whined, his hair growing longer and redder. His face was changing, his nose becoming longer and more aquiline, a pronounced curve to it that added a bird-like feature to his face. His lips pushed out, and his ass inflated yet further.

“Ohhhh f-fuck! Ahhhh! It’s t-too m-much! MHMM!!”

He clutched his belly. It was still growing, to the point where it was now visible beyond his breasts. It was *exactly* like a pregnant woman’s belly, and it left him panting in disbelief.

“You’re m-making me - hnngh! - pregnant!?”

“Sort of,” Franklin chuckled. “You’ll see.”

The itchiness across Derrick’s skin finally gave way. The man literally *clucked* like a chicken, shocking himself, as brown and auburn feathers burst through his skin. It spread rapidly, too rapidly for him to understand what was even happening at first. It spread up his thighs and across his ass, up his belly and over his back. His actual skin turned a reddish-brown as well, with his breasts being left featherless, and sections of his face as well, though a crest pushed out from the top of his head.

“B’GAWK!” the man cried, and then he doubled over. His ass pushed out further, his spine lengthening out from his rear. He groaned, clenching his eyes shut from the mixture of pressure and discomfort and agonising confusion. And then *wham* - something large pushed out, and a series of long feathers erupted from it. Derrick wiggled his new chicken tail in awe, and it took him a moment to realise that his arms and legs were also changing, he was so taken aback by it.

“You’re making me a chicken chick!? That’s f-fucked! Turn me back, Franklin! Please!”

“April Fools, buddy. I think you can guess what’s in your belly now, huh?”

It grew forth again, causing Derrick to sweat and caw like a bird. He didn’t have a beak at least, but the sides of his face had feathers, and his entire body frame was now feminine, right down to his thinner shoulders and thicker thighs. But his feet twisted, toes combining and skin roughening up until it had the texture of chicken feet. His arms, meanwhile, turned into wings. To his horror, he now found himself entirely without fingers; just feathered chicken wings with perhaps a little more dexterity and firmness at the edges than the real deal, which might allow him to very carefully hold things if he developed the necessary muscle-memory.

“CAWW! BOK BOK! You’ve gotta be fucking kidding me! Ohhhh, my s-stomach! I’m f-feeling so f-full, dude! Please, please, please ch-change me back!”

Even his voice was now female, and he realised why - because he wasn't a *he* anymore at all. He wrapped his wing tips down to touch his genitals, only to find them not only nonexistent, but clearly a pussy now.

"Don't worry, I haven't given you a cloaca. Your dirty business is separate from the fun part, at least. And by fun part, I mean the egg laying."

Derrick groaned. She - for she was entirely female now - shuffled on the spot, even as the magic finally disappeared and let her stumble forward. Her entire body was alien; her big tits jiggled, and she realised they were spilling milk as well. Her stomach was huge and full of eggs, and she could literally feel them pressing down against her new pussy, eager to arrive. Her feathers fluffed up in agitation, and she wiggled her tail from some strange new instinct. She wanted to rip Franklin's head off, but her wings were too weak for that, and instead she just flapped them uselessly.

"P-please! I can f-feel them! I'm g-gonna lay these eggs if you don't t-turn me baaaack! OHHHHH!"

But it was too late. Derrick spread her legs, planting her talons into the carpet, and began to bear down. To her great humiliation, a massive egg pushed through her new tunnel, and she was flooded with a mix of discomfort, relief, and - strangely enough - *pleasure* at the release.

"Just push out that protein for me, dude," Franklin said with a smile.

"I'm t-trying! OH FUCK! AAGHHH!"

The egg pushed out from her lower lips and landed with a wet thud upon the carpet. It was huge, perhaps the size of two tennis balls, and it was likely *packed* with protein. As the new chicken girl tried to catch her breath and come to terms with the fact that she'd just *laid an egg*, Franklin strode over and picked up the gooey egg and inspected it.

"Oh yeah, this will get my protein intake back on track."

He rubbed Derrick's swollen, feather-coated belly and chuckled.

"Just a few dozen more before this clutch is done, I'd say."

A few dozen!? Derrick went to scream invectives at the man, but suddenly the urge to push came over the chicken girl. She raised her tail into the air again and squawked.

"April Fools," Franklin declared.

Derrick whimpered. Just a few dozen more to go.

It was a year later, and Dottie's stomach had deflated once more with her latest batch of eggs. The chicken girl calmed herself, panting from the relief and strange pleasure it

continued to bring her. Carefully, she used her wingtips to transfer each egg to the supersize fridge she and Franklin now had.

“Jesus,” she said, taking in the amount of eggs she’d laid in the past week. “What even *is* my life now?”

The fertile chicken girl sighed and waddled over to her little nest of soft pillows and sat down upon it, placing her wide feathered hips over the half a dozen eggs that were there. The different ones. The ones that made her feel . . . odd. Odder than usual. She didn’t really want to think about them, of course. Strange as it was to admit to herself, it was easier to just lay and lay and lay. It was a weekly process for her, which at least made it slower than that first, rather immediate time. For the last year, her belly would balloon full of eggs across the course of seven days, and by the last day she’d be writhing and squirming from the discomfort of being so damn pregnant with eggs, much to Franklin’s amusement. She was his, now. His egg supplier, his pet, and something more at times, all thanks to her stupid female libido and his own unusual tastes. Hence the different eggs, of course. The fertilised ones. It left Dottie as a recluse, her new name given to her by Franklin, and her existence was that of laying eggs and roaming the backyard, or simply watching Netflix when she wasn’t too overcome with her latest clutch. At least they’d moved to the country; now she could truly be ‘free range’, as her roommate and master liked to tease her about. She was looking forward to the next few days of not having a giant preggo belly, though it would still be steadily growing.

“Another batch done, another batch to frickin’ go,” she bemoaned to herself.

The door opened, and Franklin entered their apartment. He’d just returned from the gym, and to her annoyance he looked damn fucking attractive, especially when he removed her shirt.

“Like what you see?” he said. “Your eggs helped it happen.”

She folded her wings below her large, milky breasts. “What I’d *like* is for you to turn me back into a man. A human man.”

“No can do, Dottie,” he replied, shifting closer to stroke the feathers on her back. “Like I said, the transformation is permanent. But hey, looks like you got rid of that latest batch. No surprises?”

“No, we were *careful* last time. Goddamn you. This stupid chicken body. You’re such a freak.”

The handsome dark-skinned man shrugged and gave her a peck on the cheek. “Hey, you were squawking with pleasure too. So . . . you’re really nesting on these things, huh?”

Dottie frowned, her feathers fluffing up a little. “I have to keep them warm. I can’t explain it, dude. They just . . . they’re fucking fertilised. I don’t even know what they’ll look like when they hatch, but *you* have to take responsibility, because *you* did the fertilising.”

Franklin positioned himself behind her, then lifted her with ease off of her nest. He inspected the eggs, and then moved her to the side and placed her back down again.

"I remember well. I guess I just enjoy my protein layer a bit too much, huh?"

"Way too much," she complained, but she raised her tail up anyway, knowing what was coming next, and her body desiring it too much already.

Franklin pulled down his gym shorts, and then his big, hard dick was sliding through her feathers and up against her entrance.

"Ready to make more eggs?" he asked her.

"I always do that anyway. J-just don't fucking fertilise me. This is just what my body needs, dude, nothing more."

"Well, I have a need for my sexy egg layer, so let's get to work."

Dottie squawked in pleasure as he entered her, and soon she was flapping her wings as he thrust, her body craving his seed.

"I hate you s-so much, Franklin, but I need you in m-me so fucking much!"

Her roommate turned master and lover just chuckled, fondling her large breasts as she milked his cock.

"You know, it's April Fools again."

"D-don't remind me!"

"I'm not gonna prank you, though. I think this is enough to last a lifetime. Pretty egg-cellent, huh?"

Dottie moaned and cawed. She wanted to slap him, but she didn't have hands and would never have them again. So instead she simply cried out in pleasure as he took her.

The chicken girl could already feel her next clutch slowly growing within her.

The End