

Mini-Story: That Space Rock Wasn't Important, Right? (Man to Dino Girl TG Preg, Oviposition)

By FoxFaceStories

Wilbur's first stop after inventing a time machine is to see the age of the dinosaurs, of course! But when a coordination error occurs and he is forced to deflect a major asteroid, he returns to the modern day to find the world - and his own body - greatly changed! Well, you can still be a scientist as a dinosaur girl, right?

That Space Rock Wasn't Important, Right?

Wilbur was terrifically excited. The scrawny scientist had been working on his time machine for over ten years, and now on his thirty-third birthday he could *finally* try it out! Every calculation had been performed, every possible factor accounted for that he could think of. The pod was reinforced with steel, the glass three plates thick, allowing for the perfect observation once he was inside.

"It's time!" he declared, his voice echoing throughout his private laboratory. The man jumped into the pod and considered all the possible destinations in time. Should he view the battle between Caesar and Pompey? Should he witness the arrival of Columbus in South America? Should he watch the Wright Brothers fly their plane, or view the magnificent court of Mansa Musa? He considered this, but one idea rose above all the rest to excite him, the one that had stirred his passion for time travel since the beginning.

"Dinosaurs it is!" he declared, tapping on the keyboard inside the near-indestructible pod. "Let's see how life looked *sixty-five million years ago!*"

The light turned green, and so Wilbur pulled the lever on his left. The machine shook violently, energy building up. Suddenly the world erupted in blue sparks and the very ripping of the fabric of time and space.

And then he was elsewhere, floating. Wilbur looked about, confused. His instruments made no sense. They told him that he was in . . . space? That just wasn't possible. He should be on Earth, not long before the arrival of the asteroid that wiped out dinosaur life! And yet the pod slowly turned in its zero-g space, allowing him to see Earth in the far distance, as small to him now as the moon was in the night sky.

"Of course!" he announced, slapping his forehead in realisation. "I failed to account for the shifts in Earth's orbit! The magnetising field of the time travel machine kept me close, but not close enough. I'll just have to make some new inputs, and then-"

Suddenly, alarms blared in his pod. Something was coming, and his radar systems were detecting it. Something coming *fast*. The man's eyes widened as he observed the

screens inside the pod. It was something in space, and it was big. No, it was *immense*. And it was moving at the speed of kilometres per second. Wilbur quickly tried to shift the lever for a return journey, but it was too late: the object slammed against the pod, and it was only thanks to his hyper-advanced defence mechanisms that damage wasn't done. Instead, his anti-gravitron chrono shield redirected the force of the asteroid and sent it flying back into space, as if *he* had hit *it*. Wilbur sighed with relief, glad that the failsafe systems had functioned perfectly.

"I better head back," he murmured to himself. "If even the tiniest bit of damage occurred, it needs to be seen to in my lab."

He was about to throw the lever again when he looked back out the window into the magnificence of space, considering something.

"That space rock wasn't important, right?"

With a dismissive shake of the head, he pushed the lever back, and the device tore time a new one and sent him shooting back into the present in a spark of bright blue energy. Only this time, Wilbur's body trembled as well. He started to grow faint. Something was wrong, very wrong. The time field bounced his machine back and forth, as if something unstable had occurred to the timestream. He tried to see what it was on his instruments, but his vision was going blurry, and he could feel his flesh starting to ripple and shudder in response to some kind of radiation leak. The man tried to stay conscious, but the power of the time stream was too much, then a bright light hit him, blinding him completely before knocking him unconscious during the final arrival of the time travel pod. His last thought was a curious one: why did his skin feel so scaly?

When Wilbur woke up, he wasn't sure how long he'd been out. He blinked his eyes, only to find that something was wrong with his vision. It was as if he was looking out both sides of his head, only that didn't make sense, did it? He swallowed, only to find that his jaw was equally bizarre.

"Ugh, what's g-going on?" he croaked, his voice sounding off. "Was I irradiated?"

But Wilbur suddenly paused. His voice didn't just sound *off*, it sounded *female*. He had a raspy but clearly female tone of speech. He raised his hands up to touch his throat, only to uncover another shocking revelation: his arms were covered in scales and feathers!

"Whagh!" he cried in his womanly voice. He leapt out the side of the pod, the device having opened automatically, and he quickly realised that his entire body was also thicker, heavier, and possessing strange sensations in places that were not only changed, but some that altogether had not existed before!

"M-my hands!" he whined, holding them up to view the reptilian claws beneath the tropical, multicoloured feather coat he now possessed. "Oh God, my feet, too!"

They had long, sharp claws, and no longer had footwear to contain them. The inner claw on each side was long and curved, a predatorial claw meant for killing, but it was damn hard to see it properly because of his damn belly, which was round and blue-scaled as well, with the fears only starting around his widened hips and the sides of his waist, leaving the front clear.

"This is madness! This is impossible! That asteroid couldn't have been that important, could it? What would make me look like - look like -"

The answer arrived in Wilbur's mind, and it was a shocking one to even consider. His hands and feet looked like those of a *Deinonychus*, a long-extinct dinosaur. The fact that his jaw felt longer and his teeth were greatly sharpened only added to this evidence.

"No!" he shouted. "There's no way - it couldn't have been *the* asteroid!"

The new dinosaur-creature grabbed his belly and began to run to the edge of the lab. It looked different now, somehow. The ceiling was all skylights, allowing the sun's rays to pour through, and the air was more humid, with numerous jungle plant displays. The model human skeleton in the corner had now been replaced with three skeletons, displaying what appeared to be an evolutionary ladder from hunched-over dinosaurs to modern humanoid creatures, albeit with dinosaur features. They each had a tail, and that was when Wilbur realised he now had one too; long and powerful and with beautiful multicoloured feathers. It swayed behind him and kept him from toppling forward due to the strangely large and rounded belly he now possessed.

"Where's that mirror!?" he shouted, voice so very clearly female-sounding. "I need to see - oh God!"

He halted before the mirror, taking in the full view of his new form. But it wasn't *his* form, he realised as his long jaw fell. No, it was *her* form. Because the body *she* now possessed was as undeniably female as her changed voice. Her hips were wide, and there was a clear and obvious space between her legs with no scaly sheath to hide a penis in. Her waist thinned out just like a human woman's, though her build was overall a little more bulky. She didn't possess breasts, but had a beautiful slimness to her figure. Her face was like a mix between that of a *Deinonychus* and a human woman's, with a surprising softness to her features that remained expressive despite her sharp teeth and the fact that her eyes were spread out further. The feathers on top of her head were much longer, and had been deliberately styled so that they fell over one side of her head, as if they were hair. Her tail shifted behind her almost elegantly, and she was totally naked, though perhaps the feathers counted as clothing? Either way, it was shocking to take in, especially the prominent bulge of her belly, which was massive and round on her surprisingly exotic-looking figure.

"I'm a g-girl," Wilbur muttered. "I'm a girl and I'm . . . pregnant!? Just how did . . . oh no!"

The new pregnant dino-woman turned on the spot, accidentally knocking the mirror over with her tail, which she wasn't used to having. She waddled across the laboratory floor, her big claw on each foot tapping nervously on the ground. She could feel the pressure in her stomach, and it was starting to clamp, her belly growing tighter. She pushed away that sensation and focused on getting outside.

"Please don't tell me I stopped the extinction of the dinosaurs! Please don't tell me I erased humans from history and changed all of reality!"

She erupted out of the front door, her feathers fluttering nervously and her tail smacking the door closed behind her. Wilbur lived in a quiet neighbourhood, and that much was still true. But instead of her neighbour Hank mowing the lawn, a large triceratops man was down on all fours and nibbling away at it. Across the street, Agatha Pickmire had been replaced by a family of struthiomimus anthros, though the male looked oddly like her; it had the same noticeable blemish on his left cheek. A car drove past slowly, bulkier than any car he'd ever seen. Within, a heavyset tyrannosaur waved a two-fingered hand his way.

"Nice ta see ya, Wilma!" the dinosaur roared. "Still haven't laid those eggs, I see?"

Wilma blinked as he passed. "E-eggs?"

But then the pressure in her big, round, scaled belly suddenly broke, and she roared without meaning to as an urgent need to bear down began. Across the street, the father struthiomimus looked over to her. "Has it started, Wilma?"

"Has wh-what started!?" she cried, clutching her belly and moaning. Her tail lifted up automatically, and she spread her legs by some strange instinct as she positioned herself over a soft area of her front lawn.

"Your eggs, of course! Are you laying? The kids will be so excited!"

Wilbur - or perhaps *Wilma* now - had no idea what to say to that, but she couldn't say anything more anyway, because suddenly a terrific need to bear down and push came over her. The new curvaceous dino-gal roared into the sky and pushed, pushed, *pushed*. Something squeezed her new passage wide, and to her shock something finally emerged out of her, dripping and round, and then plopped upon the grass.

It was an egg.

A large spotted dinosaur egg.

"Oh God," she muttered. "I really changed reality. And I can't change it back, because I can't overlap my own visits. Oh dear, oh - ohhhhhh! NGHHH!"

She bore down and started to push again, the next egg beginning to crown, the second of what felt like had to be nearly a dozen or so. Across the street, more dino neighbours were appearing, all watching this public display with interest and a roar of congratulations. Clearly, this dino world she'd inadvertently made didn't have qualms about

public birth. Wilma could only roar and pant and push as more eggs emerged from her loins, reality changed so that she was, and had always been, a very fertile dinosaur.

“Your mate will be so excited!” shouted the triceratops next door. “The first clutch of many to come?”

Wilma pushed out another pair of eggs, still clutching her belly in disbelief as she birthed them onto the ground. Wait, what had that dino neighbour just said?

Her mate?

Her *first* clutch?

More to come?

But then the urge to push hit her again, and she had no time to think of such things. She had altered the entire timeline, and now there was no stopping what she’d started. She was going to be a dino-mother whether she liked it or not. And to the rest of the world, this was how it had always been . . .

The End