

A Game of Chicken

By Fuego

It was a bit overblown, the way they handed her the single green pill; in a sealed Amber medicine bottle, on a tray, presented in a powder blue nitrile gloved hand. Exhaling, they took the tray and set it on the bare counter top of the sterile room. The nurses assistant was out of the door before she turned back around.

As soon as she found herself alone should could feel her heart begin to pound. She'd taken each step thus far almost as a dare to her own will. Until now it had been simply tests, conversations, contracts. Each of these could be undone on a whim. This however was the moment where the rubber of this particular game of chicken met the proverbial road. That really is what it felt like; a game of chicken. Her will, personified as a mid century greaser in a muscle car, against the varsity quarterback in a flame colored hot rod, played by the arousal the situation brought her.

Two months ago in a week long bout of edging she'd worked up the nerve to drop the flag for this particular race and her will was in second place at each stop.

She hadn't cum in, fuck, 3 weeks now? She squirmed, unable to take her eyes off the bottle as she squeezed her thighs together. She nearly groaned, lifting the hem of her tight jeans, and popping the button. Her other hand grasped for the bottle as she slid down the wall, shoving her fingers into her already soaked panties.

She closed her eyes to bring back the familiar fantasy. In her frenzied mind she imagined the abject terror of the moments after swallowing the pill where orgasmic bliss mixed with the unknown. She worked herself up quickly and bit her tongue forcing herself to slow down again, never quite cresting. Dropping the bottle beside her she did her best to pull her shirt over her head while maintaining the subtle slow circles of her other hand.

One last chance to hit the brakes. Once last chance before the car of her life hits the wall, destroying itself utterly in the process. She laid her hand on the bottle once more as she tore off her jeans, adjusting her position to push a finger into herself. God. Fuck. The throbbing, whooshing sound of her own blood overwhelmed every other sound. Just one choice, then never a choice again as long as she lived.

She never had really meant to do it. But she could. She could do it right now. The pill was in her hand. The people outside the room expected her to do it. She wouldn't be disappointing anyone. Another finger. Moaning. She found her g-spot with another adjustment and began to work herself over. Down then up again. Riding the waves and crests of her own arousal until a full breath was impossible.

No more control. Taking the pill wasn't just the end of her life as a human. It was animal Russian roulette. You accept the terms. You take the plunge. You get what you get and that's that. Whatever they needed. She was close then. Very very close as the possibilities flooded her mind. They flowed through her psyche, each less desirable, more humiliating. The more humiliating the choice the closer it pushed her towards the edge.

Pulling her soaking hand from her sopping pussy, she fought the bottle from the cap and shoved the pill in her teeth, biting it gently as she returned to ministrations. She could have sworn she could smell it. One slip now would seal her fate forever. One hand thrusting inside of her while the other worked in small regular circles, brought her to and through the threshold of the plane of rationality. The waves of light and buzzing pleasure rolled over her again and again pushing all thought from her mind.

In the midst of this blissful altered state, the decision was made. It was nearly a minute and a half before her eyes came back to focus, breathing slow, but heart still pounding. She sat, thighs slick and shuddering as her eyes lit on the open empty bottle and reality came crashing back.

Vision tunneling, time slowed to a crawl for her. For a moment her mind rebelled against the truth. She was fine. She hadn't taken the pill. She'd dropped the pill on the floor. The pill wasn't real. This was a dream. Her hands were fine, nothing felt strange. She took a few deep breaths, pushing the blind panic down, letting the false hope wash over her.

That's when the tingling started. She didn't even have the time to return to panic, the sensations were too curious. The tightness began in her back, chest, and hips, spreading down her limbs to become a dull pain in her calves and forearms. Before her eyes, and of their own volition, her shoulders pulled backwards, moving along with her elbows to lay against her body. This pulling motion thrust her chest out and lifted her rear, parting the hospital smock that hid her former modesty. She didn't understand the process until her hands began to twist pinkyward towards her forearms. Her tendons were shrinking and lengthening to shift her form. Just as her fingers began to fuse and lengthen the image of her new limbs and their wild flailing clicked in her brain. Wings.

All at once the panic rushed back. There was only one thing it could mean, wings. Only one animal that would be worth creating in this program. A chicken. No way out. No second chance. Her chest swelled slowly, breasts shrinking away as she flapped wildly to push the smock over her head and escape it. She had to see it. She had to know what was happening, in a wild bid for evidence to reject her fate.

She slipped trying to stand, tangled in the fabric, pelvis and hips turned to an unfamiliar angle by the shifting of tendons and swelling of the area that was, fuck, her tail. Her fucking chicken tail. Twisting to see it had tripped her up, realizing that she might not want to see it brought two surprises. The twist of her changing neck allowed much more movement; enough to push her head under her wing if she had been trying to do that. More horrifying was the sight of the single merged hole beneath the conical shape of her new ass, and the thick, pocked skin beginning to push the shafts of her budding feathers.

A fucking laying hen. Livestock. Property. The thoughts thundered through her head as she lay on her side helpless to properly arrange her shifting unfamiliar body enough to right herself. She'd really done it. Fuck fuck fuck. A fucking chicken.

Rolling to her stomach, she found her legs tucking beneath her instinctively. She realized only now just how much larger the room had grown around her as she'd struggled. This brought fresh humiliations as the concept of her new permanent life of helplessness as a small egg production machine sunk in. Small, and god, fuck, simple. So stupid. Her panic had made it

harder to think, sure, but how much of her mind was left? How much had her brain shrunk with her body. What will it be like to remember her life, her self, her friends, her humanity with the mind of a fucking chicken. Too dumb to understand the words of the kind strangers that would hopefully toss her corn.

And fuck fuck fuck why was it still so unbearably arousing? Why was each realization, each noticed change that brought with it the terror of her new inhuman existence still imbued with the same raging arousal that blinded reason and had doomed her to this fate. She found herself, thick, nipples chest on the tile floor, tail up, grinding her new, fuck, her vent, her fucking cloaca, against the texture of the wall, face sliding across the tile stupidly as she went over each piece of her new life.

She could feel her ears shrink as she worked her egg hole. She imagined other chickens she'd seen; what they look like (glassy-eyed, mindless, wholly unmammalian, fat, soft) how they acted (jerkily, alien, frightened, stupid) and how she'd seen them (beneath empathy, disposable, a useful possession, messy, pitiful). She knew suddenly that is how she'd always be seen. Every human eye that saw her would forever more generate the same thoughts and feelings that her form had generated in her previously.

A scraping sound shocked her suddenly, creating a sudden terror in her shifted consciousness in a way that she had never before experienced. Her body reacted of its own accord. Flapping wildly, her legs launched her across the room, and she let out a shrill caw. As she landed again her panic subsided as quickly as it had come. The scraping had stopped. She blinked. She'd thrown herself what had felt like all the way across the room, but hadn't come close to the far wall. She jerked her head around and screamed. Or meant to. All that came out was the sound of an idiot bird, scared of the size of a chair, and the sound of her own beak scraping against the tile as she fucked herself heedlessly into the body of livestock, forever.

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It wasn't much longer before her plain brown feathers filled in and she was moved from a cage the size of her small body to the facility's farm. She'd squawked and flailed uselessly when she was collected. The farm hand had simply grabbed her legs and held her upside down and her mind had gone blank. He said something then to her and it had familiar sounds and cadence but nothing was recognizable. She realized then that her own thoughts had become non verbal. She'd somehow retained all of her previous memories, but she simply couldn't process information any better than a common chicken. This was very nearly a worse fate than the one she'd feared, of entirely losing herself. She'd never forget what she'd been and what she'd chosen to do. She'd never not know how dumb she'd become, how it was her own fault.

She laid her first egg that day at the farm. She was drawn naturally to the seclusion of the hen house before she'd even known it was happening. It almost felt like she was in shock, numb and wandering, but she found herself there as the sensation began. There was nothing like it in her experience to compare to as she felt the shifting inside her unfamiliar body as an egg pushed toward her tail. Her vent was on fire once more, swollen and clenching, as bad as it was during the change even before the tip of the hot seemingly foreign body began to press against the interior of that ring of muscle.

As she began to relax her vent and push, it felt like every part of her was condensed into the sensation of her passage. A sine wave of overwhelming pleasure crested and fell with each muscular contraction and she found herself screaming out in effort and mindless pleasure. The sound of it shocked her as she'd expected a moan and gotten nothing but the sound of a laying hen. A farm hand yelled something amicably. She had no idea what it meant.

She'd experienced the complete scope of her purpose in life now. Wander, peck, eat. Exist in her body as it created an egg. Push out the egg. Sleep. Repeat. Luckily she had a mind perfectly suited to the task, and she was too simple to experience boredom. The knowledge of her change would never leave her. It was everything she'd dreamed of.