

Dave let out a sigh of relief as the house lights went down, a sign the show was about to start. Not that he was opposed to seeing a show with his friend, a chance to get out of the house which, with the events in recent years he'd come to take for granted. But when Conner had come to him with tickets to see a hypnotist, Dave had his reservations. Not that he didn't think the headliner would be entertaining, but his sheer disbelief in the whole affair made attending the show something of a bummer. Still, Conner seemed to believe, and he had no real leg to stand on protesting when the tickets had already been obtained.

So, here he was, waiting for the show to start and hoping it wouldn't be too long or too boring. It didn't seem to carry the level of extravagance he was hoping for, much to his disappointment. The hypnotist had stage presence, for sure, but there was little fanfare as he entered the stage, looking to the audience for the first volunteer. Dave's disappointment was only strengthened by the lackluster prompts he gave the volunteers as he 'lulled' each one of them into a trance-like state. Making them smell non-existent odors, some pleasant, some rank, was amusing, but nothing that couldn't have been easily faked. It was a little juvenile for him to have paid for, though, worse was how much Conner seemed to be into it. Surely, he didn't still believe after seeing something this limited, did he? Not that he wasn't supportive of his friend but this was a little much!

The next part of the show claimed to be more intense, and Conner found himself eager to volunteer. Having loved hypnotist shows since his youth, his type attention span was perfect for a hypnosis subject, and to be honest, there was a part of him that wanted to show up Dave. Not that he wasn't thankful his roommate came with him, but it was obvious by his silence and the look on his face he was snubbing the show and perhaps the concept as a whole.

"Now, we're going to dive into mental depths the likes of which you've never seen before," the performer declared, and like a bolt, Conner stood up, waving his hand. The hypnotist grinned, beckoning him up, and Conner did his best not to trip over the stairs as he made his way up.

"What's your name, sir?" The hypnotist asked, passing Conner a mic as he introduced himself.

"Oh, um...Sorry. Conner!" He replied, tripping over the words. A slight blush crossed his face at that, but it was not enough for him to back down, stage fright aside.

"Now, Conner, how do you feel about chickens?" The hypnotist asked, to chuckles from the audience.

“Um, tasty when breaded and fried?” Conner said, eliciting more laughs from the audience.

“Well, I’m talking about chickens still alive down on the farm. How about we give you a taste of what it’s like for those poor birds?” Was the reply, and Conner nodded, taking his place on the chair as had the volunteers prior.

With that, the hypnotist took out his pendulum, channeling his words to invoke feelings of relaxation and introspection. From Dave’s perspective, Conner looked like a chump, sitting there and staring straight ahead as though mesmerized by the pendulum and the man’s words. It was almost too much for Dave to watch, though he forced himself to stay there, indulging his friend in his performance. It wouldn’t do to interrupt him, and Dave was sure Conner wouldn’t easily forgive him for that.

Conner was more receptive than most to the man’s influence, thoughts fading as he let himself go in tandem with the man’s encouragement. Conner sat there, largely unaware of the world around him as he started swaying back in forth in tandem with the pendulum. As the man started to count down to zero, Conner’s thoughts started to fade, in a dream-like state and susceptible to whatever compulsions the hypnotist had in store for him.

“Now, when you wake up, you’ll think you’ve been born a chicken, living in a barn and pecking for scraps,” the man said, and Dave let out an audible groan at that, to the ire of the people around him. Surely, Conner wouldn’t be naive enough to fall for that, much less entertain it. And as the man snapped his fingers and Conner opened his eyes, Dave was sure he would fake acting like a bird, maybe a brief bit of indulgence for the sake of the show before the hypnotist let him go.

What he could not have expected was for Conner to look around suddenly, eyes wide and almost afraid, as though unsure of his surroundings. He got off the chair, knocking it over awkwardly as he took a tentative step forward, unsteady on his legs. Reflexively, his arms tucked under his armpits, and he started flapping them for a moment, the stereotype of such that any child would do in a silly dance. And if it stopped there Dave might not have worried too much, thinking it to be an act.

“Come on Conner!” Dave yelled out, much to the rude glares of the people beside him. Dave didn’t really care, however, knowing Conner was giving them a show and figuring he was acting a little too silly. It was an act, right?

Yet, Conner’s mind had fallen into the spiral, compelled by a series of unexpected urges, one that felt natural for him to act on with no regard for his surroundings or who was watching. It

felt right to put his hands under his pits, waddling forward and bending down as far as he could, as though pecking for scraps. Hell, he even tried to cluck a few times, though the sound that came out of his lips was strange, unnatural but hardly a deterrent to his goings on as a chicken.

Lost in his urges and desires, Conner could not hear the voice of his friend in the audience, nor would care to respond if he could. That did not deter Dave from yelling at the stage, telling Conner to stop acting over the boo from the audience.

“Quiet down! My process requires concentration!” The magician chastised, looking annoyed.

“Why? It's all bullshit!” Dave called out, ignoring the shouts to sit down and shut up from the people around him.

“Bullshit, is it? You're certainly cawing like a rooster about it enough. Fine, then. Since your friend is a chicken, why don't you come up and see for yourself how much of a farce it is?” the magician offered, a grin on his face that made Dave a little unnerved.

“Fine, fuck!” Dave said, wanting to put an end to this. He didn't even care that it would piss off Conner at the end of the day. Still, he didn't seem to be reacting, evidently obsessed with the charade, for reasons he could hardly fathom.

“So rude! I'll need you to try to relax,” the magician said, and Dave felt his temper starting to fade somewhat against his better inclinations. It was more the invitation to relax that triggered the response, but he couldn't deny the words had a certain ring to them that had him hooked. Even trying to hold onto his previous anger was not enough for him to resist, leaving him powerfully confused and admittedly a little alarmed.

The more he tried to resist, the more Dave found himself returning the man's gaze, as though a swirling void within had him transfixed. Hell, Dave could almost swear the man's eyes were glowing, but it could have easily been a trick of the light. Still, there was no way it was real, and even though he had not thought he could be receptive to the man's influence he certainly was falling into it now. The effort seemed to take a noticeable toll on the magician's body, but he persisted, and much as Dave wanted to resist and return to his tirade, he had no option but to stay staring into his eyes, regardless of any consequences.

The man's next words went over his head, and Dave felt himself whiting out for a moment, as though he had fallen asleep. When he came back to awareness, however, the roar of laughter from the audience sent a chill through his being, as though they were in on a joke that eluded him. The second thing he noticed was that Conner was underneath him, ass touching his

groin as though they were...fucking? It was made worse by the rather prominent erection sticking out of his pants, a sizable stain on the front more than a little embarrassing. Conner, too, sported an erection as he fell over, coming back to the waking world and unable to hold his stance.

“For someone who didn't believe the show was real, it certainly looks like you really enjoyed playing the part!” The magician laughed, along with the rest of the audience. “And your friend certainly appreciated having a rooster to help him out!”

Dave felt his face flush furiously at the realization that he had not only let himself act like a rooster, as much as Conner had been a chicken, but they had frothed through their pants to the point of cumming. Surely, Conner wouldn't go that far of his own accord, making it just as likely he was under the same spell as Dave. And looking just as confused and embarrassed, much to Dave's own shame.

“Well, I think that's quite the show for tonight! Sorry, it turned a little 18+, that isn't my general vibe but I think it ended up being quite the show, don't you?” The magician declared to the audience, to the eruption of applause. With a bow, the curtain was drawn, and Conner and Dave were left to sit there, crotches covered in drying cum as Dave looked at the man with murderous rage.

“I don't think you'll be able to harm me for some time after my influence,” the magician threatened, and Dave indeed felt himself feeling a little taken back by the man's stature, as though a little afraid. Backing down quickly, Conner got up beside him, more ashamed than angry at what had transpired. Dave didn't wanna touch him, still powerfully ashamed at what they had done under the man's influence, all against their will, of course. And yet...

“There's one more thing I should let you know,” the magician said, a little quieter as the stage filled up with hands to take down the magician's show. “When I use my abilities to the degree I did...well, it's easy to influence someone who is receptive, not requiring too much energy or imparting too much of my will. But when I extend my prowess...well, certain compulsions have a tendency to come true, bleeding over into your world.”

“What the fuck?!” Dave asked, having no idea what the man was on about. It was bad enough he had drugged them or something to make them hump and cum on stage, but he really was carrying on like magic was not only real but he and his roommate had been directly affected by it.

“Even with as rude as you were, I don't think you deserve the ramifications of such a display. I admit I got a little carried away with trying to prove my point, and I'm sorry that I can't

undo what I've done. There's a chance it won't take hold, but if it does...the roles did seem to fit you rather well. You'll be OK, in the end," the magician said, and with that, the two were ushered off stage without being able to question the man further.

Thankfully, the auditorium was empty by the time they left the stage and no one was around to embarrass them further for fucking on stage. It was of little reprieve knowing what they had done, something that remained unspoken between the two of them. Eventually, they went home, silence hanging heavy in the air, and both were eager to go back to their rooms and try to put the events of the night out of their minds.

It was less so for Conner, however, waiting for Dave to get out of the shower after cleaning up his cum. Something about the prospect of seeing his friend nude was really doing it for him, to the point his cock was a little hard thinking about it. If Dave took much longer Conner might figure he needed to clean up a second load! Conner had never really been gay, much less into his roommate. But there was no denying the attraction as he eventually cleaned himself up and went to bed. Hell, he even ended up dreaming of his friend and cumming a second time in his sleep, almost hard enough to wake him.

Yet, it wasn't the afterglow of prolonged orgasm that woke Conner in the morning. Rather, a persistent itching had him scratching furiously, thinking he had developed an allergy to his fabric softener or something. His fingers soon played over peculiar bumps, and Conner was slow to realize he was covered with welts like something was starting to poke from the skin. Rubbing it all over seemed to report stiff points, not exactly sharp but stinging his skin to the touch. He had no idea what was happening, and his fears were made worse when a Google search came up lacking. What the hell was going on with his skin? The welts were mostly focused around his arms and chest, though his thighs were not totally devoid of them, and if the itching across his back was any indication, it, too, was being steadily covered.

To his dismay, that was not the only change he came to discover. It took him exploring his entire body to finally realize that even in its flaccid state, his cock seemed a little smaller. As with most men, Conner was intimately familiar with the size of his member, and playing his fingers over it gave a different impression of its contours than he had ever known. Sure, he had cum in his sleep several times that night, but frequent orgasms couldn't make his cock shrink, even if it did drain his balls. Right?

Dave, too, awoke to an itching of skin against his blankets and was very alarmed to find the same welts over his chest and arms. Rather than look it up, however, he was quick to run out into the main room in a bid to ask Conner for help. Startled by the sight of his mostly naked roommate's panic, Conner was quick to drop the box of cereal he had been pouring, spreading it all over the floor. Yet, the sight of the mess drew Conner's attention even more than his

roommate's panicked expression. He was hungry, and seeing the corn-based flakes on the floor seemed to trigger some sense of normalcy. Not that he would ever eat off the floor, but the idea of doing so made more sense the more he stared...

Without thinking, Conner bent down on his knees until his mouth was close to the floor. Not even bothering to use his hands, Conner worked his lips over the mess, pulling up the flakes and chewing with gusto. He hadn't even noticed, but his arms were tucked into his armpits, even vibrating a little, as though he was trying to flap them. And the sight of him, while oblivious to Conner, was all too familiar to Dave.

“Dude!” Dave called out, remembering how Conner had acted on stage. It was like he was still under the influence of the magician's spell, whatever had happened. And it took cleaning up the entire floor for Conner to realize what he'd done, powerfully embarrassed but finally full.

“Ummm...what did I do?” Conner asked, knowing the answer and blushing furiously.

“Eating off the floor like a chicken, that's what!” Dave called out, perhaps louder than he had intended.

“No shit...” Conner said, subconsciously scratching at the welts under his shirt. Part of him wanted to take it off, though save the ones of his exposed arms, and didn't want to show them off to Dave. Even if Dave had the same welts over his body, it was still somewhat embarrassing.

After discussing things for a few moments, the incident put aside for now, Conner opted to take a shower while Dave browsed the internet for some clue. In truth, Conner was more eager to get his shirt off and alleviate the irritation. He couldn't help but notice Dave hadn't bothered to put his own on, and like the night before, Conner didn't find the sight unappealing. It was enough to make him sport a half-chub, another reason to get out of the room and try to focus his mind on other things.

Trying to scrub in the shower only served to remind Conner that the welts had covered his body, save for his face, hands, calves, and feet. And though he couldn't see it, his hands accidentally caressed some odd bump above his spine, like a bruised tailbone but without the pain. It was powerfully uncomfortable, but without any clear solution, save to make a doctor's appointment, Conner couldn't think of anything but to put it out of his mind and start his work day.

It was not twenty minutes in when Conner concluded he would not be getting much work done that day. He couldn't focus over the itching, and a nervous tension ran over his body, as though he felt uncomfortable in his own skin. The persistent prickling made him squirm in his seat, as did the bump on his back. In the end, Conner decided to call his work for a day off and go for a much-needed run to take his mind off it. Even if the fabric of his jogging clothing irritated the skin, Conner was determined, hoping the cool morning air would help with the itching. He couldn't help but notice that the normally tight clothing seemed a little too loose, but tried to play it off as a faculty memory as he took off for a jog around the block.

Not the only one to be out at that early hour, Conner was a little surprised to see that his run was drawing some surprised glances, even some stares. He couldn't manage to figure out why, even as he had to slow down from a sudden stiffness in his legs. He hadn't realized it, though it felt like both his knees were cramped and stiff, and even rubbing them was not enough to work out the aches. Had his stiff-legged run been the cause of the sideways glances he'd been getting? A little embarrassed, Conner figured it was best to cut it short, walking more carefully home this time so as not to gather unwanted attention.

Dave, meanwhile, had to go to work for his office job, noticing that his shirt, too, was a little loose but not have anything else to wear. It was maddening to have to scratch all day, making it impossible for him to get any work done. He wanted to call in, but with the workload on his desk, it was hard to justify such to his boss unless he was bedridden. Still, he did his best, as impossible as it was for him to make a reasonable dent in the work.

The bizarre irritations only served to grow as the day went on. His lips felt oddly dry and chapped and even clicked together once as he tried to moisten them. It was disheartening, that Dave does not have any Chapstick or the like to alleviate it. And as the day went on, the clicking grew worse, to the point of making him mad. Going into the bathroom to check it out, Dave was a little alarmed to see the skin was off-colored, firm, and stuff as though the moisture had been drawn from it. He didn't have a guide for what was happening to him and didn't have the time to research what it was, barely able to make it to the bathroom and back before his boss started breathing down his neck.

It was the sound of an alarm going off that really made matters confusing, making Dave react in such a way he would have never expected. "Cccoooooaaadddooodddooo!" He cawed, the sound like nothing he could elicit unless he'd been practicing. The sound was jarring enough for him to draw the attention of everyone around. It was clear no one found it funny, assuming Dave was making some sort of joke that fell flat. And with the irritation of his body getting worse and worse, Dave could hardly be brought to stay there, no matter what his boss said about seeing him away from his desk.

Making his way back to the bathroom once more, Dave had been barely aware of the aching center across his scalp, slowly making itself known over the other persistent irritations. Yet, the moment he saw his reflection in the mirror, Dave called out with a high-pitched tone, not expecting a ridge of red flesh to be parting the hair. It was firm, fleshy, and no form of ailment he knew could equate for it. Whatever was happening to him seemed persistent, and there was no denying Dave needed to do something about it as soon as possible.

Dave did his best to make it back to his car in a hurry, wondering if the same was happening to Conner. Yet, in his panic, Dave had not realized his stance was a little awkward, not simply from the itching or the looseness of his clothing. A strange bump seemed to be poking against his underwear, making him hunch over slightly. His walk was a little off as well, as though he was waddling, something he could not manage to fix no matter how much he focused on it. It was all he could do to get in and drive without getting into an accident with how hard it was to hit the brakes.

Back at home, Conner was having an equally rough time contending with the changes and frantically researching a possible cause. His fingers seemed oddly stiff and restrictive, and even after several hours, he'd barely done any browsing. Taking several breaks to try to pop them back into place, nothing he could do managed to return the feeling to them. It was as though they were phantom digits sticking from his palms like they did not belong. Worse, he couldn't help but imagine they were preparing for some twisted distortion before being removed from his form.

Conner wasn't sure where that thought had come from, though he couldn't escape the notion it was true, whatever that meant for him. Still, he was shocked to feel an odd looseness in his cuticles, followed by a panicked cry as one of the nails popped from its bed, clattering against his keyboard. Yet, there was no pain, no blood, as though they were not meant to exist there on the ends of his fingers. Conner was immediately worried the same would happen to the rest of them, though was not inclined to try touching them in case they came off prematurely. Strangest was that the skin underneath his discarded nail was smooth, rounded, and like he had never possessed nails at all. Ailments of all sorts crossed his mind, though everything from radiation to cancer couldn't account for what was happening to him.

The sound of the door opening made him jump up in his seat, the panicked expression on Dave's face making them both fear the worst. "What the hell is going on?" Dave yelled though Conner had no response for him. He couldn't help but stare at his friend, the slight crest on his head, the waddling stance, and loose clothing looking somehow more appealing than Conner could have imagined. Reawakening something in him from the night before...

Conner didn't realize what was happening until the damp sensation of his cock leaking into his pants made him look down. A gasp escaped his lips, not wanting Dave to know what he was feeling, as much as he couldn't deny the surprising lust he felt for his friend. Yet, the glazed expression on Dave's features, as well as the slight bump in his own pants was a sign he felt the same way. Conner couldn't deny how good Dave looked standing there, sexy in an almost commanding way. And making his next actions hard to resist...

Before he knew what he was doing, Conner was on Dave, kissing his lips and loving the rough sensation of his dry lips. Though Dave initially resisted, the sight of his friend's slightly smaller body made him aroused, as though he wanted to wrap his arms around him and protect him. Dave closed his eyes, making out with Conner even though the intense itching covered their skin. Only stopping to shuck off their shirts, the itching did not quite cease, though it was nice to feel their skin touching, and the two rubbed each other with enthusiasm, more aroused than any point they could recall.

Lost in the lust of the moment, Conner allowed his pants to fall over, rubbing his cock against Dave's own for only a moment before his desires rose to the breaking point. Without thinking about what he was doing, Conner turned around and bent over, exposing his anus, from which his hips seemed to have pulled back, making it easier for Dave to access. Even though it was situated under a noticeable bump, Dave was eager to guide his member toward it, needing to fuck more than at any other time he recalled. Not his sexuality nor the nature of the changes could deter his advancement as he reached down and guided his cock within his friend, the two of them moaning softly as they did so.

Though slightly nervous, Conner did his best to relax into it, waiting for his friend's intrusion. It was a little painful for Conner, never having had a cock or anything else in his ass. Yet, the sensation was so exquisite that he could not deny how much he needed it, and eagerly thrust his hips back, desperate to take as much within him as he could. His hole seemed designed to take it, wanting to engulf Dave's cock and take his semen. Having never been into men before, Conner couldn't deny the attraction to this friend, wanting him further inside and to cum filled with cock.

Much too quickly, Conner felt his balls starting to tense, as though preparing to blow their burden. Yet, he couldn't bring himself to hold back, too aroused by the scenario and wanting to experience the full release. And with a strange clucking sound, he did so, lips drying out as well as he shivered and clenched hard on Dave's cock. It almost hurt to feel his testicles being emptied, being squeezed like a vice. Stranger still was how long it seemed to go on, making him shiver and moan even as the pleasure of the act started to wane.

Dave continued to fuck his friend with vigor, not sure what he was doing but needing it all the same. It was a powerful need to breed and fuck, even against his inclinations. As embarrassed as he was over having done the act on stage the other day, he couldn't deny the need at the moment, as though he was still on stage under the thrall of the magician. And like Conner before him, the tension in his testicles soon reached the breaking point, unable to hold back and seeing no reason to do so. Calling out with a cawing of his own, the clenching on his cock bringing him to the point of release. Spilling his load on his friend was more powerfully fulfilling, carrying with it more satisfaction than he could have imagined. But it still drew that ache of pain with it as well, making him groan out from the tension though unable to stop.

Dave did his best to ignore the impossible feeling of his testicles being pulled inward, the mere notion making him a little queasy. Still, Dave was not expecting what he saw as he pulled out with a rush of semen. Another panicked cluck escaped his lips as he witnessed his testicles deflating before his eyes. He wanted to reach down to touch them though was afraid of what would happen, thinking them to be rather fragile. The orbs within, as sensitive as they were didn't seem to be dissolving, though reoriented from the sack within. But the fact that so little of his ball sack remained was enough for him to panic, leaving him stunned and silenced.

"Fuuuuuuk Dave..." Conner clucked out, feeling the tension in his own balls waning though not wanting to view the results of their breeding. He could feel cum leaking from his ass, rubbing the skin and loving the warmth that Dave had gifted him. And even over the panic of what was happening to him, he couldn't manage to find fault with it, rather content that it was Dave who had taken him. A certain sense of submissiveness came across him, wanting to give himself to Dave wherever he asked.

Conner was left disappointed, however, hearing Dave's mutter of "I need some time alone," and moving to his room before slamming the door. Conner wanted to go to him, though figured it was a bad idea, and went to his own room, sighing. He was left sitting in bed, ass still leaking cum, though Conner had no inclination to clean up. And the sheets were itching to the point he could barely lie there, worse since it seemed whatever was happening to him was only getting worse. But the most prominent thing in his mind, changes aside, was the fucking itself. Conner had wanted it so badly, needing it more than he could even say. He wanted Dave and found himself wishing Dave felt the same way, even with as standoffish he had been after their fucking. That need to submit to him was all-pervasive, and Conner could hardly deny the feelings, even as he passed out in exhaustion.

Eventually, he slept, deeply and with dreams that mirrored his previous experience. He wanted nothing more than to be fucked and taken, Dave the perfect vessel to do the deed. However, there was something about their sex that didn't sit well with him. As sublime as it felt in their heat Conner thought that having a penis inside of him wasn't proper. Sperm, yes, but not

a penis, per se. Craving contact with a male was something he wanted above all else, and he would take Dave no matter what. But the mental image of Dave towering over him, perhaps covered in feathers, and rubbing his sex against Conner's own like he had done through his pants the night before...

The sensation of fingers on his sex finally aroused him, Conner touching himself from the arousal the dreams invoked. Thinking there was nothing wrong with doing so, Conner vigorously rubbed his cock, not caring that its length was far shorter than what he was used to. Something was disturbing about the pressure in his testicles, growing to a head the more he masturbated. But with the mental image of Dave firmly implanted in his mind, Conner couldn't stop himself. The need was simply too great, and his clucks of pleasure only seemed to accentuate his lust.

Still, the more he pleased himself, the further his cock seemed to shrink, as though the act itself was reducing his penis. The contrast between the sensations was almost maddening enough that Conner broke down, yet he couldn't bring himself to stop. The physical pleasure and the mental image he had conjured of Dave went beyond rational thought. Even as the shaft started to sink into the skin, or the head flattened leaving only his urethra present, Conner was undeterred, the pleasure rising past the breaking point and beyond. The fact he was losing his sex was not lost to him, but if it made him more attractive to his male, then Conner was willing to accept whatever that entailed.

With a resounding series of clucks, Conner felt himself being overtaken by orgasm, the pleasure surpassing even what he'd felt the night before with Dave lodged in his ass. Strangely there was no semen produced with his release, though Conner could not bring himself to care about such. Orgasm flowed through him, leaving him shivering. Still, there was something unfulfilling in the action, as though something was missing. He wanted to please Dave, wanting him present as he came. And even the fact he was likely female was a little deterrent, something Conner could rationalize away if he tried.

Little did he know that Dave, too, was masturbating, mental images of Conner's meek form fresh in his mind from the pervasive dreams. As much as it bothered him to admit it, fucking his friend's ass was the most powerfully erotic thing he'd ever done. It was almost maddening how much he couldn't help but focus on it. The lusty thoughts even pervaded his dreams, and the scent of cum and the feeling of damp sheets finally woke him up. It added to the scents from last night, still perforating the room with a pungent musk. Dave had not bothered to clean up from their romp and found the scent somewhat comfortable beside them. And with how horny it made him, Dave had no recourse but to touch himself, moaning with a clicking sound between his chapped lips as the sensitive flesh around his cock sent shivers through his being.

As Dave was soon to realize, such as to be ill-advised as his shrinking testicles seemed to ache beyond what he could easily tolerate. He clucked his discomfort, feeling his already deflating ballsack being sucked within him, leaving his taint smooth and bare. With a sickening pop, his testicles were pulled within him, making him shiver, and were almost enough for him to cease his masturbation. Yet, he could not stop, the siren song of his flesh calling to him as he clucked his discomfort. With the memory of fucking his friend so fresh in his mind, there was no way he could bring himself to stop now!

The effort of his testicles being subsumed brought his lust to a head, and Dave cawed out in a decidedly rooster-like way as his entire body vibrated from the release. In reality, only a small quantity of semen was ejaculated from the effort, coating his groin and cock and leaving him in a cold sweat. Dave watched wordlessly as his cock retracted too far in its flaccid state, bobbing there more like a nipple than his human penis. With how sensitive it was, Dave couldn't bring himself to care. There was something about the release that made him feel more masculine, more dominant than perhaps he'd even felt. Especially over Conner, and with that realization firmly entrenched in his mind, Dave felt a slight stirring in his loins once more.

After some moments, with a semblance of rational thought returning, Dave was left questioning what the hell was going on. Nothing about the changes made any damn sense, least of all the attraction to his friend. Surely, the magician's hypothesis couldn't account for the desire he felt now. Not to mention the physical alterations, which had gotten worse in the interim. Never mind how much his cock had changed, but what the hell was up with all the pinpricks over his skin, longer and stiffened and almost an inch straight up. Dave was fucking *covered* in them now! And seeking fingers were able to discern the thing poking from his head was larger, if such was possible. What the hell was *that*, anyway?!

Eventually getting some clothes on, their baggy sleeves made him aware of how much smaller he was, accompanied by a dizzying sensation as he tried to reorient himself to the room. Even the light switch didn't seem to be at the right level for him, and Dave had to shake his head a few times, stumbling forward from a sudden stiffness in his legs. He had changed so much already, and the endgame of such made no fucking sense!

Dave opened the door to see Conner, at level with him and wearing a bathrobe that was far too large for him. Like Dave himself, it was obvious Conner was uncomfortable in his clothing, the itching against his lumps more than he could bear. Yet, the more he stood there, the more he found himself wanting a closer look at what was underneath. Even if the changes were similar to Dave's own, it mattered little, given his sudden and unexpected attraction.

“Conner! What the baagaawwwkk is happening to us?” Dave tried to say, but the clucking inflections were so pronounced in his voice that it was hard for him to understand it.

“I don't...I rrrraawwwkkk! Bagggaaawwwkkk!” Conner tried to say, accented by a series of clicks as his firm lips pressed against each other. Dave was a little alarmed to note that Conner's lips were far too chapped to simply be dry. Hell, it almost seemed that the center of them was pointed, but Dave couldn't be sure without comparing them to his own.

Dave went to try to say something, but moving his hands caused his pants to fall down, exposing his bare groin and filling their noses with the scent of cum. Conner's eyes glazed over from the pungent aroma, though Dave was quick to yell at him, wanting to snap him out of it before it drew them into another unwanted act. “It haaawwwkkks to be that fuckkkeeeeaawwwkkking hypnotist!” Dave tried to say struggling with his own stiffened lips and a tongue that didn't seem as flexible as Dave was expecting.

“It's not my faaawwwgggwwwwlk!” Conner tried to say, shame flushing his features. It was as though the notion of pissing off Dave was abhorrent to him. Like he couldn't do anything to anger his...lover? That couldn't be right. Yet, the more he fixated on it, the more the notion seemed to sit with him and make a bizarre sort of sense.

With that, Conner took to his laptop, ignoring the fact that typing caused his remaining nails to pop off one by one. His fingers seemed frighteningly stiff as well, taking him far too long to get back into the website. “They're performing in a town over tonight!” Conner declared, hoping that Dave would be proud of his efforts.

“We have to bbbaagggaawwwkkkk before it gets worse!” Dave said, taking off to the bedroom to get something more substantial on. Nothing online could cure the ailments they were succumbing to, save to ask the man who had hypnotized them directly. Surely, it had to do with the spell he had cast during the show, and he could reverse it. Would he? There was no way to know, but no other avenue to pursue. Hadn't he humiliated them enough already?

Struggling to get his clothes on, Dave clucked several times, frustrated beyond belief. It was not only the size of them that left him pissed off, but the damn itching of...growing feathers? That couldn't be right, but there was no denying their actions were akin to what the magician had made them do under his thrall. How he could change them physically to match was beyond him, and had the sensations not been so visceral, Dave might be sure they were drugged. More than that, the implications that changes might not stop were fresh in his mind, not wanting to turn into...what? A fucking rooster? That was beyond his imagination!

Struggling to move back into the main room, the itching of feather growth in tandem with stiffness in his legs, made it almost impossible to walk straight, though Conner's didn't seem to be in bad shape. It was all they could do to get in Dave's car, Conner having to drive through

struggling with the seat with how small he was. Conner managed, though it was obvious driving would be precarious at best. It was a little uncomfortable sitting down on the seat, with the distended spines they both possessed. Conner was a little worried about the state of his fingers, stiff and longer than what he was comfortable with. But Dave couldn't use his legs to drive, and thus it was their only option.

Meanwhile, Dave used his phone to book an Airbnb within walking distance of the venue. Doing so last minute was risky, but there was no time to wait before heading out, booking a hotel room with their changes was likely a feat itself. "How Bbaakkaawww going?" Conner tried to ask, though the persistent clicking of his hard lips together talking was becoming troublesome.

"Got one," Dave said carefully, obviously not wanting to talk too much lest he fall into a fit of clucking himself.

The two remained largely silent for the drive, as maddening as it was. Talking only served as a countdown of sorts, reminding them they were losing their humanity. And they had no idea how much time was left before further changes took hold, leaving none to waste. The changes were still relentlessly converting their bodies into what they had to assume were chickens. They were shrinking bit by bit, and Conner was struggling to continue driving, having to push himself closer to the front of the seat. He might have figured the process was happening faster, but without a metric, he didn't want to make assumptions.

Belly suddenly rumbling, Conner was made aware that he hadn't eaten in some time, panic and lust had taken priority. As he drove, something on the side of the road seemed to beckon to him, and he pulled off to the shoulder, jerking the car before he brought it to a stop and got out without a word.

"Whhhgagaawwwkkk are you doing?!" Dave asked, getting out on his side as well. It took him a moment for him to realize what had caught Conner's eye as a vast field of corn stretched out beyond them. The sight of it elicited a gnawing hunger, though he was able to resist, as much as he didn't want to eat raw corn. But it seemed that Conner had no such resistance, bending down and tapping at some fallen seeds, smaller tongue flicking in and out and sucking them up as quickly as he could. It was hardly sufficient to fill up beings of their size, though, to Conner, it seemed like the biggest buffet he'd ever encountered.

Conner seemed lost in the feeding frenzy, bobbing up and down with more ease than he was used to. He was still far too tall to balance himself, and each motion made it seem like he would fall over. But he still managed it somehow, Dave terrified of the implication. Part of him

wanted to reach out and try to shake him, though with Conner's eyes glazed over as they were, he figured such would be futile.

“Conner! We've got to bbbaaagggawwwkkk!” Dave tried to call, though the more he watched his friend, the more his own hunger seemed to grow. The temptation to join him was growing with each passing moment, the reason for resistance fading. He needed to eat, right? What else would satisfy him as a...rooster? It was concerning that he changed more in the process, yet any human food might not work with his altered anatomy, and there were certainly worse options for chicken feed.

Before he realized what he was doing, Dave was bent down as close as he could manage, pecking at the ground and the seeds scattered all over. It wasn't enough to quell his hunger, but something about the feeding act drew him into it. It seemed to relax his mind, and he fell into it, the rest of the world passing him by as he did so. What else was there for him with ample food and his mate so close?

It wasn't until the sensation of his lips clicking against the ground that Dave realized feeding was easier, his lips pressed out to the point that was able to easier catch the seeds they pressed against. It causes him to panic especially as his eyes blinked and he was able to see the edges of what might be the start of a beak. It was enough to draw his gaze upward, looking at Conner's own beak starting to form, lips pushing out with no separation between their base and the skin below his nose. Hell, it almost looked as though his nostrils were moving closer to his blunt beak, though Dave wasn't sure.

“Ccaaawww-Conner! Weeee have to...baaaggaawwwkkk!” He crowed, moving down to eat on his own. He was hungry, and the more he cawed like a rooster, the more he wanted to act like one, pecking seeds from the ground to sate the ache in his belly.

“Gggawwwkkk? Dave?” Conner tried to say, the words ringing in his mind. But with his rooster currently feeding, there was no way he could resist doing the same, and even as the sun started to wane in the sky, he couldn't bring himself to cease.

The coming evening finally drew them upward, lips firm and pointed into the semblance of beaks. They were clearly shorter as well, clothes almost billowy around them, as though they needed something fit for youths. Conner felt himself blush at the realization he had allowed himself to act like a chicken when they needed to stay the course and make it to meet the magician. Thankfully, there was still just enough time to check into their Airbnb before getting to the venue. And all they could do was hope they were still in human enough condition to demand he change them back!

Though he could barely drive, Conner forced himself to, ignoring an ache in his toes and bending as forward in his seat as possible. He could only imagine what was happening to his feet, their thinning contours almost enough to fall out of his shoes. Though neither of them said anything, it was obvious this was their one shot to halt the changes. By morning, if they continued, Conner would be in no state to drive, and if they failed to get help, they would be stuck there until the changes reached their conclusion.

Phone dinging as they pulled into the driveway, the pair stumbled out, the joints in their legs shrunken and stiff. Getting out of the car, it was obvious how far changes had come for them, Dave's chest barreled, and Conner's belly distended to the point he felt his guts gurgling. Waddling to the door, Dave brought up the code for the door and punched it in, thankful for his functional fingers, something he might no longer have by morning. Getting their stuff inside was troublesome, given their smaller statutes and weaker arms, though they somehow managed. It was not helped that their arms seemed to want to naturally sit under their armpits. Worse, their stances caused them to waddle a little, making their steps awkward. Thankfully they did not have to walk far before the changes got any worse. There was no one there to greet them, for which they were grateful, finding only a simple note telling them to help themselves. Though with bellies full of grain, there was little they needed to do than get to the venue and demand to be changed back.

With that, Dave pulled up his phone, looking for directions to walk to the venue and hoping to get there before the show started, though they were already short on time. At least, for now, they were large enough to look human, but that wasn't to be the case for much longer.

Yet, a look of panic crossed his features that made Conner's heart sink. "WWWHHggaaawwwk is it?" Conner eventually asked, needing to know.

"They changed the fffaagggaaawwwking date!" Dave called out, body literally shaking at the implication.

"How did you miss bbbaawwwgggaaawwwk! Gaaawwwkkk!" Conner tried to call out, but soon lost control of his voice and was unable to articulate his fear.

"I don't know!" Dave managed to say, looking down at his phone with some terror so as to confirm his deepest fears. The show was rescheduled for tomorrow night, at least, but by then it was likely they might not even be human enough to make it into the venue, much less ask the magician to change them back.

The panic over their changes seemed to accelerate them, both men frantically scratching at their skin. What had to be feathers were thickening from the roots and stretching outward,

painfully confined in their clothing. The quills were longer now, enough for them to get their fingers around them. In desperation, Dave shucked off his shirt, taking one of the feathers between his fingers, and pulled, with a sharp yelp as it popped out. There was no blood, at least, but the spot was sore and red, and there were still so many feathers to try and tear out. Yet, without anything else to do and with anger at himself for his miscalculation, Dave moved to pull another one out, wincing as he did so.

Conner was quick to do the same, pulling out shafts over his chest, and hating the fact they had gotten so long already. It was hard to get his weakened fingers around them, but he was determined, as much as a futile effort it seemed to be. Clucking weakly, Conner turned around so that Dave could get the ones on his back, and Dave did so, despite the pained clucks as he did so. Bracing himself, Dave turned around to request the same, both men struggled and sore now but had no better idea how to spend their time. In the end, there were small piles of feathers surrounding them, a drop in the bucket to their eventual plumage, but at least a start. And the gooseflesh left behind was sure to regrow the feathers in short order. Yet, in the face of such a drastic change, they were virtually helpless and it was cathartic to at least take back what little they could, as futile as it was.

Later into the evening now, it was obvious they had changed somewhat in the interim, as putting their shirts back on was nearly impossible over slightly sunken shoulders. And the reddening skin was far more sensitive than even the itching of their feather had been, making wearing shirts an ill-advised aspect. Their shorter bodies were not meant for such shirts, billowing down almost all the way to their knees at this point, and they figured it was best to go without, being the only ones in the apartment at the moment. Their bodies looked awkward and disproportionate, a sign of internal changes, though at least they were not painful, even if they were powerfully uncomfortable.

Running his tongue over his teeth, Dave was a little alarmed to discover his teeth were a little shorter, as though being absorbed into his gums. It was preferable to having them fall out, perhaps, but the fact he was losing them was daunting, as much as the rest of his humanity. Not that he needed them to eat seeds, but it was a terrifying prelude to his diet as a bird if he was damned to such a fate. It seemed that every moment he used to check himself out, all he found were more changes, another step in the devolution toward a mere farm animal, one used for food and little else. He couldn't imagine that being the rest of his life! And yet...

Having been distracted by the change and the fear of not getting help, Dave's arousal had been put on the back burner, much to his relief. Yet, here in the room with Conner and little else to focus his attention on, what remained of his cock started to come to arousal. It was all he could not keep pulling out his feathers as a distraction, and Conner was thankfully inclined to follow suit until each was too sore and tired to pull out anymore or even consider having sex.

In the end, hunger finally came for them once more, and the two of them looked through the cupboards for something their chicken bodies could eat without discomfort. Ordering in was a daunting prospect in case their delivery person saw them in their current state. Eventually, Conner came across a bag of popcorn and decided to pop it while they watched TV. It was all they could think to do for now, but at least something they knew they could safely eat.

It was difficult to settle on something to watch, and even when they agreed, neither could devote much attention to what was being shown. Part of it was surely their concern over the changes and what would happen to them tomorrow. Even beyond that, their attention spans were somewhat limited, as though their bird instincts had more pressing concerns. Both were eating popcorn with their hands, but it felt wrong, as much as they either felt their fingers stiff or compelled to directly stick their heads in the bowl. And the moment that Dave accidentally knocked over the bowl, the two of them threw themselves to the ground, using their pseudo-beaks to peck the pieces from the ground. It was almost impossible to get down on their knees to do so, but it was deeply fulfilling about the act, as though they were giving into their natural instincts under the surface and finally allowed to rise.

It didn't take the pair of them very long to clean the floor, and Conner soon got up to get up to peck the remaining kernels from the bowl. Yet, the sight of Dave's feet gave him pause shocked that one toe was almost missing, nubby, and unable to move. His big toe was even more fucked up, having pulled back toward the heel. There was no way he would be able to get his shoes on now, as much as their already smaller stature would prevent that regardless. Conner realized with some fear own toes were in a similar state, though what scared him the most was the fact they had not noticed it happening through their feeding frenzy. It was getting so hard to think over their avian instincts, and would surely become worse as the changes marched on.

Dave went to stand up, wondering what Conner was staring at before his pants started to fall down. It was clear he had shrunk even more since he'd started eating, and efforts to pull them up were for naught. He was barely able to hook them over the nub at the end of his spine, and eventually, he gave up, clucking his frustrations. Yet, their naked bodies had an unwanted effect on each other, the scent of sex in the air very arousing. Despite how they felt about the changes they were undergoing, there was no denying the bestial lust each felt for the other's bodies. Conner felt little choice but to bend down, feeling his now-female sex moisten in anticipation of what Dave could provide him.

Dave, too, could not pull himself away from the offering that Conner was providing, moving forward as his diminished cock came to full erection. It was almost too small to breed him properly, but Dave couldn't bring himself to care about such, needing to get off with more urgency than he could ever recall. He took only a few moments to observe Conner's offering

before any feelings of trepidation or regret fled his mind. With that, he moved his minute cock to rub against his backside to the excited clucks of his mate.

Yet, his lack of cock proved detrimental, much to his frustration. “Put it in meeeaaaaakkkkk!” Conner called out, curious at having his new sex stimulated and not caring it had been robbed of his masculinity.

“Can’t...fffaagggaawwwkkk!” Dave clucked out, annoyed that his penis seemed to be shrinking further and provided him little to no stimulation.

He was left rubbing his groin against Conner’s own in frustration, finding some pleasure in the act but knowing it was a far cry from what he needed. Yet, the more he did so, the more his pleasure seemed to grow. It was as though the sensitivity of the new flesh was greater than anything he had experienced thus far. It was enough to distract from the lack of a cock. Even as his maleness continued to retreat into his groin, Dave was not denied any of the pleasure he so desperately sought. In fact, as his penis was left with only the head and his piss head started to widen a little, Dave only felt his pleasure continue to grow. He was certain, despite the changes to his sex, he was still fated to be male, and his mate was destined to take his seed and bear his offspring, something he couldn’t deny filled him with a primal desire!

Rubbing the opening of his sex against what had become of Conner’s, Dave was barely aware of the tingling within his anus, something growing more intense as the minutes ticked passed. His opening was starting to warm, expanding and moving within him, leaving him confused. He wasn’t sure what was happening, though the comfort of the change only served to accentuate his arousal, and Dave crowed, rubbing his sex more frantically against Conner’s own in a bid to get off. It felt so proper he couldn’t bring himself to pull away, needing a release that he wasn’t sure he could acquire from his shifting sex. Still, that was hardly a deterrent as he increased his thrusts, the desire to do so invading his thoughts so much that nothing else seemed to matter.

Conner, too, was undergoing an intense lust burning through his body, wanting to take whatever Dave had to offer him. As much as he treasured the sensation of cock inside his bowels and now what he perceived to be feminine sex, such as less desirable the more he thought of it. It felt better to have his outer walls stimulated directly, his new anatomy more suited to such purposes. And as his anus moved closer and closer to his concave sex, Conner welcomed it, thinking it might make his opening both larger and more sensitive.

Given the discomfort of what he perceived to be his anus rotating, Dave was inclined to pull back from Conner's opening, curious to rub his own flesh. Yet, the moment he did so, Dave was overwhelmed with the sensation of the skin parting, as though two bubbles across the water

coming together. Was felt like two separate orifices were now one, much more cavernous than what he might have imagined. And the closer the two holes drew together, the more curious Dave was to reach inside, their previous purposes forgotten in his curiosity. The shape was bizarre, thicker, and puckered like nothing he had seen. Was it...a cloaca? Was that the term?

The heat over his skin intensified as his internals realigned, two paths collapsing on each other yet having no physical ill on him. Dave was left with a curious tingling, one he continued to rub at in order to alleviate. And the more he rubbed, the greater the intensity within increased, to the point Dave was left to moan from such a unique sensation. It was akin to jerking off, as though his testicles within him were plugged into the skin of his opening. And the more he touched himself, the better it felt as it seemed like he was reaching a release.

Conner's anus, too, had finished merging with his sex, and trembling fingers explored his flesh, something inside of him starting to leak with beads of fluid dripping downward. Like before, it was the edges of his sex that seemed most sensitive, the idea of penetration not as appealing now. Either way, Dave now had exactly what he needed, and Conner couldn't resist the urge to bend over and show himself off, leaking all the more. Still, Dave stood there, unsure what to do even as his own opening began to leak from lust. Without a cock, he had no idea how to proceed, oblivious to the nuances of avian mating. Yet, the more he rubbed himself, the closer he grew to the edge of release, and he instinctively didn't want to waste it. Besides, if his cloaca felt this sensitive, perhaps Conner's did as well...

Without thinking, Dave felt prompted to move toward Conner's dripping sex drinking deep of his feminine essence and clucking slightly as he did so. It was a little awkward with his legs in their current state to mount, though as Conner bent over reflexively, Dave found he was able to squat down somewhat, reaching out with his backside for stimulation. The moment his cloaca touched Conner's raw flesh, he started grinding against it, missing his opening, though Dave was hardly concerned with his friend's pleasure. With some effort, Conner was able to push back against it, and as awkward as it was, the two were able to grind together somewhat, desperate for whatever stimulation they could get.

With their lust at its apex, neither of them could hold back the oncoming release through such a foreign orifice. Dave came first, feeling his internal testicles tensing to the point of no return. "Ooohhhdddddoooooaaadoooo!" He crowed much like the rooster he was becoming, and far too loud for the small space they were in. His cry of release was not comparable with the small quantity of semen he produced, sliding from the side of his cloaca and pooling within Conner's own. In his pleasure, Conner could barely feel it, though it was enough to ensure his own release was not far behind. A shudder of pleasure pounded through him, almost enough for him to keel over, especially given his awkward stand and the weight on his back. He managed it, though only

just, and clucked his pleasure as Dave eventually slid off, a stunned look on his face at the reality of what they had done.

Feeling amazing as it did, Conner was a little ashamed to see how angered Dave was, though likely figured it was with himself for letting it happen. “Don’t*bagggawwwk* speak,” he managed to mutter, heading into one of the bedrooms without cleaning up. His orifice was dropping fluids, ones that smelled heavenly to Conner’s senses, though he resisted the urge to follow. How often did chickens mate when the hens were in season, anyway? Conner chastised himself for thinking such, especially since there was every chance tomorrow they would be cured and able to put all this behind him. Though a part of him, a larger facet he would be ashamed to admit didn’t think the fate of being a chicken was so bad, especially if he could stay with Dave like this...

Feeling his own cloaca leaking, Conner figured he might as well clean up. Part of him hoped that doing so would stem the ache that would beckon the changing rooster forward if he was so inclined to tempt him. It also would serve as a distraction from the shame he felt over how easily he was giving in. Moreover, he was embarrassed by how deep down there might have been a twinge of attraction to his friend, albeit one he could never have acted on without such a context. Still, he was not prepared for the changes to stare him in the face, even as he needed to stand on a chair to see them properly. It was clear he had lost at least a foot of height and likely a fair bit of weight as well. It took him some work to get up and get a good look at his reflection, and Conner soon wished he hadn’t. His beak-like protrusion covered the entirety of his lips now, and they clicked together every time he moved. His teeth within, too, were starting to fade away, sinking into his gums as though being reabsorbed. His skull more forward facing now, and with his hair thinning into wisps, Conner was looking less and less like a human. He could barely force himself to stare at his reflection from how abhorrent he found it!

A persistent itching over his body served to remind him that his skin was desperate to sprout feathers, and whatever curse was changing him saw it fit to force them to regrow even in the spaces where he’d plucked them. It was a wasteful effort, made worse by the fact his fingers were impossibly stiff, making the odds of gripping them later moot. His toes, too, were uncomfortably immobile, longer and thinner like Dave’s own. He was concerned his fingertips would erupt into feathers, or talons from his toes, though they were normal at least for now. Still, he was terrified for the future, and even a day’s hesitation in getting help might make it too late. And then, what was to become of his life? Being a mindless bird, being used for food whenever his life was assumed inconvenient? At least he might not remember it, but it was a minor relief when he was to functionally experience the death of his self.

In rubbing his bulging belly, Conner felt an uncomfortable gurgling in his guts, making him feel he needed to use the bathroom. Not sure how to do so with his cloaca, Conner soon

found he couldn't go, making him wonder what was bothering his belly so much. He couldn't be hungry, either, not with all the popcorn and grain they'd eaten earlier. Then again, with their shifting metabolisms as they were, how could he say for sure either way?

Figuring there was no point staying in the bathroom, Conner opened the door, noting the weakness in his arms as he did so. Figuring he would simply go to bed and try to sleep it off in hopes of not changing much more, he was a little surprised to see Dave back in the common area, pecking the ground in the hope of finding more kernels. Hearing the door opening, Dave looked up embarrassed, though relaxed a little when Conner started doing the same. Neither of them was particularly hungry, but the instincts were appeased as they did so, with little else to do until it was time to go the next morning.

When he was sure Dave's back was turned, Conner raised his head to look, telling himself it was out of curiosity and not of lust at his backside. His cloaca was there, looking alien and puckered in a way that left him perplexed and aroused in equal measure. Surely, his own looked similar, though it was difficult for him to fathom such being part of his body. It was the raised tail-like growth over his cloaca that really drew his attention, however. Especially the pinpricks of larger feathers above it, the start of a rooster's tail the likes of which would show off his virility and worthiness of breed. Something Conner found alluring more than he should have, though impossible to deny.

"Hey, you Baaaagggaawwk?" Dave went to ask, and Conner found himself surprised he was able to discern any words from the clucking that accented their speech. It didn't make him feel any less ashamed of having stared at his friend's backside or the lust that came with it. Sniffing the air, Conner was a little ashamed that his presence seemed to make Dave aroused as well. Conner's own cloaca started leaking and he quickly turned away before they engaged in another unwanted making act.

Still, the gurgling in his guts was persistent, and Conner couldn't help but ask, finding it the most uncomfortable facet of the change thus far. He figured it was his internal organs shifting a little, the change in anatomy surely enough to be causing his distress. "Does your bbawwwgggawwk stomach hurt?" He asked, not really sure his words could be interpreted.

"No?" Dave respond, a little confused. He did move to rub his bloated belly in confusion, though didn't seem to be experiencing the same discomfort. Conner couldn't help but think it had something to do with having taken his friend's cum in his ass, though it was happening too rapidly for that to be the case. Then, what was going on with him?

In the end, they decided to go back to watching TV in silence, figuring there was a good chance this was the last time they might be able to do so in a human fashion. Yet, Conner found

it impossible to focus on the screen rather than the persistent gurgling in his guts. It was steadily getting worse and worse, though his body was not inclined to release gas or anything else to relieve the pressure. He didn't have to use the bathroom, and it wasn't the same as constipation, but there was no denying there was something wrong within that eventually would need to be expelled.

Eventually, that pressure came to a head, the force of such making Conner groan in pain. Dave looking on with concern, Conner tried his best to hold his hands over his cloaca, not wanting to make a mess in the room as he raced to the bathroom as fast as his stunted legs could manage. He was sure he had to take the dump of his life, though part of him knew it was much worse than that, something larger and solid moving through him and making his entire body quiver. It was impossible that something so large could have formed so quickly within him, but nothing about the changes made any sense. He was at the whims of the curse as something rapidly moved down his sex and forced his cloaca to leak copious fluids, easing the ache of transition.

The growth within soon swelled his sex past the point that Conner was left to shudder, as though his insides were being stimulated sexually. As the object within started to crown the opening of his cloaca, Conner let out a groan, clucking his beak together as his insides worked to slide the object out of him. It was excruciating as its circumference surely surpassed anything that could move through his opening. Yet, it seemed determined, and Conner was left alone for the ride as the pressure grew beyond what he was prepared for.

“Ccccaaawwwner?” Dave said from the other side of the door, though Conner was in the throes of laying. What he perceived was a brown chicken egg continued working his way out of his cloaca, Conner needing it more than he could imagine. It seemed the muscles in his sex were far more elastic than he could have expected, and soon the oval object was halfway through, sending a semi-orgasmic sensation through his lower body and prompting him to push it the rest of the way.

Hearing the door open, Conner was stunned from his post-orgasmic reverie and left to stare down at the ovular object with a growing sense of shock and horror. “What that FFAAWWWKWKK?” Conner managed to cluck, afraid of the thing that had come out of him. It was far larger than any egg had a right to be, but perhaps worse than that, it might be fertile, given their recent sex.

Not sure what to do, Conner opted to leave it there, despite a growing sense that he needed to care for it somehow. That would be too much and left him frightened to think that it might in fact be a life he and Dave had created. More than that, he was sure it would not be the last egg he laid before tomorrow evening, or for the rest of his life if they didn't get their changes

reversed. As pleasurable as it felt, he didn't want to experience laying another one, too far removed from his life as he'd known it. No matter how much a growing part of his mind couldn't wait for the next time he needed to lay...

In his own room, Dave was in the midst of masturbating, despite the chance it was changing him a little faster. As much as it grossed out the human side of him, the sight of Conner laying an egg turned him on more than anything had a right to. It was all he could do not to bend Conner over and fuck him once more, but he was able to resist the urge until Conner's scent was out of his nostrils. And he had cum a couple of times already, his stiffening fingers covered with rooster cum, the scent of which was almost stifling. But even a growing pressure within his body was not enough for him to cease, figuring that one more orgasm would be enough for him to finally fall asleep and face what could be the last day of his human life.

Yet, as his body shook with orgasm for the third time, the stiffening in his fingers soon grew to a head, and as he caved out his release. The pressure in their tips passed the tipping point, and each nail was popped off with the force of a feather erupting to full length. It was frightening to see them on his person, larger than anything his body had grown this far. And with his weakened fingers, there was no pulling out the feathers, let alone any of the rest on his body. Soon, he was going to be covered in them, making him scared to go to sleep, even with as exhausted as he was and little there was to do until the next day.

Conner, against his better inclinations, was masturbating as well, the aftershocks of pleasure from laying his first egg making him crave more. It was enough for him to orgasm several times in his own right, which came with its own copious fluids, albeit not as thick as his roommate's spunk. Yet, he was desperate for more of that pleasure, almost wishing that it was time for him to lay his next egg. How much turnaround time was there between egg laying in normal chickens? Did that even apply to the curse that hung over their heads? Either way, he was somewhat hopeful that his frequent acts of masturbation might be the catalyst for him to lay his next egg.

Conner would not have to wait long as a gurgling within his guts seemed to signal the formation of another egg. As before, efforts to use the bathroom were for naught, a sure sign of what was brewing within his body. Figuring it might take some time to properly develop, Conner moved between massaging his guts and rubbing at his cloaca, trying to relax himself so that his egg might come more smoothly. Even as the hours passed and sleep evaded him, Conner could think of nothing else he would rather do, the obsession for that unique pleasure almost all-consuming even as he clucked out his lust and discomfort in equal measure.

Even a tension building up in his fingers was not enough for him to cease his efforts, though their persistent weakness made his masturbation troublesome. Yet, with his egg coming

so close on the heels of the next one, Conner was determined, the discomfort rising but only making the orgasmic pressure in his loins build. Soon, he was sure it was time, his tubes clenching and preparing to push it outward. Conner could feel slick fluids oozing from his sex, irritating his fingers though encouraging him to rub all the more desperately. Yet, the force of feathers bursting from the tips was enough to pull them back, the skin losing its sensitivity and the fluids irritating his feathers. He still had his fingers, at least for the moment, though adorned with feathers as they were, he figured it likely they would be useless for much else as they degraded into wings.

He hardly needed any further physical encouragement by this point as his cloaca clenched and contacted rapidly in preparation for the expulsion to come. Soon, he could feel the end of an egg crowning his opening, and went to push, though physical action on his part was hardly required at this stage. It was extremely pleasant, sending a wave of orgasmic release through his body and forcing more of the egg to void itself from his cloaca. Soon, it slid into the bed, sheets slick with fluid as Conner panted from the effort. It was obvious his body was not quite adapted to lay comfortably like his new species was designed to do. Still, without functional hands, it was all he could do for his foreseeable future to bring himself sexual pleasure. Save for mating with his roommate, of course...

Tired as he was, sleep did not come easily, especially with a persistent ache in his guts that kept him awake. Different from the sensation of laying an egg once more, Conner could perceive his insides being further rearranged, as though the shifting bones were pressing against organs still too large as his body continued to shift and shrink. He couldn't quite tell what was happening to his insides, though it was obvious his belly and chest were barreling outward, breast bones thicker as his belly rounded out in front of him. His arms were aching all the while, bones reducing as they shrank and curved into less functional shapes. He could still move them somewhat, though figured they would soon be useless, vestigial wings that taunted his species from the one thing most avians enjoyed.

Sleep was nearly impossible with Conner having to shift his changing body several times to adjust for his lower body. Fattened thighs kept slapping against each other, made worse by the persistent itching of feathers returning to their former glory. His backside, already raised from the formation of his vent, pushed further outward, longer, and carried a semblance of a stubby tail. He was forced to lie on his belly, his anatomy shifted in such a way that he could not sleep like the chicken he was becoming nor the human he had been. Yet, fatigue soon came for him, and he managed to make it to morning, the last one he might experience any semblance of his humanity.

Dave woke before dawn as well, unable to keep a rooster call from escaping his partial beak as he let out a “CCCOOCCCKKKAAAADDDDOOODDDOOOLLLDDDDOOOO!”

Before he stopped, powerfully embarrassed. Yet, that was not the most urgent issue as he quickly felt the urge to void his vent. He barely had time to lament the alterations to his voice in an effort to make it to the bathroom. Stepping out into the hall, he paused for a moment, staring straight ahead as though confused about why he was hurrying. The sensation of his waste falling out of his cloaca was barely noticed before it splashed against his leg, and he yelled out as he looked down at the mess he had made. It wasn't at all human, leaving Dave to question how avian digestion was concluded. Worst of all there was no way for him to clean it up without his fingers working properly, leaving the house to smell like a chicken coup. They weren't getting their deposit back, for certain!

Conner soon came out, waddling awkwardly and noticeably smaller than he had been last night. The two of them couldn't help but check each other out, comparing their changes overnight and feeling their despair rising. In tandem with their regrown feathers, bulging bellies, lengthened tails, and fat thighs, their changes left them more birds than human. Making it to the venue while looking inconspicuous was nigh impossible now, though without a backup plan, there was nothing they could do but get ready and hope they were not to late.

Conner made no comment about Dave's mess, avoiding it as he made his way to the bathroom. It was harder for Dave to focus on his shame with his mind somewhat hazy, as though devolving with his body. Though his nose was hardly as functional as its human form, Dave couldn't help but smell the arousal from his friend's vent, raising the lust in his own. At least for the moment, he was able to resist, if only just. Conner did his best to try to open the door, though with how weak his arms seemed to be, Dave found himself worried about their chances. He tried not to think of how horrible it would be to not only turn all the way into chickens but to be trapped in this house, likely sent off to a farm to be slaughtered within months. Not that it would matter, with the very real possibility they might be chickens anyway before it was time for the show regardless!

As much as he didn't want to go out like this, there was little choice if they wanted to regain their humanity and be spared from such a horrible fate. With how much they had shrunk in the past few hours, it was almost impossible to find anything that fit them, even when scouring the house. Wearing pants and shoes was all but impossible, and even shirts did not hide the awkward bulges that marked their anatomy more avian than human. Still, it was all they had in the moment. As hard as it was to focus on human things like clocks or their phones, they needed to at least locate the venue before it was too late. Conner made sure to check the location, though with their fingers so weak, it was a wonder he could even log into his phone let alone bring up his map app.

Yet, it was soon obvious the further their bodies changed, the further human things moved from the front of their minds. Conner was flapping and clucking his frustrations at using

his phone, though Dave could hardly worry about what that meant. He was only see the sexy chicken that his friend was becoming, the need to breed paramount. The scent of sex still burned into his nose, and there was no denying the urge to follow him, pushing out his chest in an effort to make himself look big and attractive. Conner didn't seem to notice, at least not at first. But it mattered very little with the dominance he felt over the chicken, knowing Conner would submit to his advances any time he demanded it.

“Whaaaewweeekkkk!” Conner called out as he was pushed down, Dave getting on top of him and making Conner take all his weight. It was all Conner could do not to fall over with his mate on his back, but he was suddenly determined, feeling a powerful sense of submission to his rooster. It took no time for his vent to moisten, even after the several matings they had partaken in. And despite the fear he carried over the change or being unable to find the man that might change them back, he couldn't deny the urge to take his rooster. Nothing in his human experience could match such a primal need!

Of course, with their bodies changed as they were, it did not take them long to reach their end, avian mating not designed to last long. However, the burst of hormones came with more rapid changes, stemming their release for a few moments as their chicken sides made themselves known. Conner could feel the skin on his cheeks starting to swell and droop, changing color and shade to form the beginning of waddles. Though his hair was largely removed from him by this point, any stragglers were soon released to make room for the red comb that pushed its way out of his skull. Dave, too, experienced much the same, his own comb much larger in relation to his female's, something he saw as a point of pride.

Still, the further itching of feather growth or a decrease in stature could hold off their orgasms for long. “CCCAAWWCCOOODOODLLLLDDOOOO!” Dave called out with pride as his persistent rubbing sent his sex into orgasm, spilling a small quantity of semen into his mate. Conner was close on his heels, not needing to orgasm for a successful mating, but feeling powerfully aroused by taking his male's seed. It was enough for him to call out as well, Dave eventually jumping down and shaming himself a little, unsure of why he had been so compelled to do so despite the obvious risk.

Rather than panic, Dave decided to avoid looking in the mirror, knowing the changes were getting worse but sure there was no point. Conner, too, went back to looking for shirts to throw over his body, though ceased after some minutes of struggling with weakened arms and fingers to get them on. Fabric was simply too itchy against their feathers, and no matter how many they had pulled from their skin, they had seemed to replace themselves with a vengeance overnight. The two of them had eventually settled on putting on a thin shirt each, precarious at best as they tried to waddle toward their goal.

Conner committed the path to memory, having no way to take his phone with them. It was still too early for the hypnotist to be at the venue, but with how fat their thighs were and how stiff their legs were becoming, it soon felt like a now-or-never type situation. So without a word, the two headed out of the door, leaving the key at the front of the door for when they would, hopefully, return as humans to get their things. It was an almost impossible task for Dave to close the door, his fingers not only restrictive but even sticking together somewhat as he managed it.

Yet, they hardly made it to their car before Conner had to stop, feeling a familiar pressure building up within his vent. “FFAAAWWCCCCAAAWWKKK!” Conner tried to explain, but it was obvious what was happening, and Dave could only watch with empathy for his friend. He had no idea that the act of laying was actually pleasurable, and Conner had no way to articulate such, especially as his facial features hunched in what could be perceived as pain. Yet, it was akin to having an orgasm as Conner felt the fully formed egg pushing its way from his vent. He didn’t even have to hunch over very far with how much his body had shrunk as of late. Feeling his cloaca part to allow an egg to crown and pass through was enough to send an orgasm through his loins. As the slick egg slid from his sex, Conner simply left it there, not sure where they could put it. The fact that it was likely fertilized was not lost to them, but there was nothing they could do about it, and they had more urgent things to tend to, besides.

Perhaps the most alarming change was soon to fall on them as their finger bones saw it fit to mend themselves through the skin. Already prickling from gooseflesh, it was alarming for Dave to perceive the skin warming up, oozing together as the muscles within lost all flexibility. For a few minutes, Dave retained the ability to work his palms, though even that was soon lost to him as the bones within reshaped under the skin. Even without the individual digits intact, their newly grown feathers remained, taking shape as the new edge of his wings. His arms were relatively stunted, and growing more so as the muscles in his arms continued to weaken. He was prompted to try sticking them under his arms, the position more comfortable than humanly possible.

All those changes left the two of them unable to interact with the world, though Dave hardly had time to lament them. He was desperate to follow Conner and make their way to their one possible salvation, as dim as those chances were looking. Conner seemed sure they were going in the right direction, though with his head bobbing up and down, and his legs getting stiffer all the while, Dave found himself doubting him. Still, there was little other choice, nothing else he could think of to escape a lifetime of being a mindless animal. It was already so much harder to focus on his endeavors with his need to eat, sleep, and fuck his new mate!

A crack in his skull caused Conner to jerk forward, as though he was hit in the back of the head. It blurred his vision for a few moments, fear racing through him from the notion of being blinded. Yet, as his vision returned, Conner was left with a narrow view of the world, one

that his mostly human brain suffered to interpret. It took some time, and he was unnerved by how different he perceived his surroundings. It made the prospect of finding their destination all the more daunting, yet there was no turning back now. Conner waddled forward with more purpose now, desperate to keep on the right track in case his skull continued to compress and with it, his ability to think in human terms.

Dave had to take a moment to pace himself as the same changes overcame his eyes, and staring at Conner's more avian face, he was hard-pressed to repress a scream. Like a mirror into his own, Conner's eyes were a jaundiced yellow, looking like a horror show, a monstrous hybrid of human and avian features. Their vision, at least, was largely the same, perhaps more blurry from the angle they now perceived the world. That was of little consolation with the fact they were far more chicken than human, and becoming more so with each passing moment.

With how far they had shrunk thus far, it seemed an eternity to walk what should have been only a few blocks in reality. It was made even more precarious with the alterations of their feet, making them each need to stop and shift their stance to make it more manageable. The skin at their bottoms had been steadily overcome with yellowed scales, which at least made the ground more comfortable to walk on. It was of little solace with how much their toes were thinning, losing much of their flexibility as the two walked precariously, akin to a pins and needles sensation they could not alleviate. The bursting of talons from each foot, while alarming, was mostly ignored given the precedence of other changes or how they were being impeded from their goal. However, it was soon made hard to balance with how far their large toes had moved back along their heels, causing Conner to fall over for a moment, Dave helpless to aid him without hands. Eventually, the bones popped out of the joint, forcing the talons to stick backward at a nearly 180-degree angle. It wasn't until the final alterations to their feet allowed them sufficient support to stand, shaving off precious minutes as their bodies degraded further and further.

With their hips and thighs largely flattened against their bellies, longer heels, and shorter calves, their gait was rendered largely bowlegged. It was a miracle there as no one around the back alley streets, though they might have been shocked to see what looked mostly like fully formed chickens waddling in far-too-large clothing. And with their shrinking bodies, it became impossible for the last modicum of clothing to remain on their bodies. Had it not been a final thread of their humanity, they would have easily shed the fabric irritating their feathery skin so severely. Regardless of how it made them feel, there was no choice but to allow them to fall off. As though the air was a catalyst, the action caused a series of cracks to resonate through their chests, compressing their shoulders and denying them the ability to retain clothing if they could even still use their hands.

With their largely feathered skin, it was harder and harder for the pair to perceive themselves as anything but chickens. With much of their plumage regrown, only a handful of spots on their chests and arms were bare of them. Their heads, while compressed, still retained a semblance of humanity, beaks still blunted and teeth not entirely subsumed by their gums. They were fairly larger than naturally born chickens, but it was not a far cry to think they might shrink the rest of the way in the next hour or so. And as Conner stopped for a moment, staring vacantly as his cloaca quivered and he defecated without regard for where they were, Dave felt a real fear for the remnant threads of their humanity. If they didn't make their way to the venue soon, then...

“BBBAAAGGGAAWWKKKK!” Dave cawed out in pain as a series of large feathers burst from his backside, adorning the edge of his blunt tail. They were massive, fanning out into an impressive male display. Despite the pain of growing them and the implication of what they meant, it was hard not to take pride in him, the largest male around and free to claim the female before him. Something that his leaking cloaca was more and more eager to do, here and now...

“WEAAAWWWWKKK! BBBAAAGGGAAWWKKKK!” Conner tried to say in desperation, though Dave couldn't make out any human words in the noise. It was obvious the changes were coming faster, even as Dave's beak pushed itself further from his face. At this rate, they wouldn't make it through the new few minutes, much less the few hours they needed to wait for the show to start and the hypnotist to make his way on stage. And if they didn't, then...

With their forward-facing vision and smaller station, it was hard to see the venue at first. It was the sounds of people walking that caused Dave to startle, and backing up behind a dumpster, they were privy to the sight of some men carrying equipment into a building. Thinking to look up, Conner went to open his beak, the sign reading the hypnotist's show title. He had surely seen the logo somewhere before but...had he? Thinking was already so troublesome in human terms, becoming more so as they continued to shrink. And when that happened...

Without hesitation, Dave moved toward the door, left open to make the move in easier. Conner followed close behind him, just as compelled by his need to follow his rooster as he was for a cure. They could hardly see in the dark hall, though Dave waddled forth, hoping the hypnotist was inside, somewhere. The logical parts of his brain told him that their quarry wouldn't be there and they would have to wait until later, hiding from any humans until they heard his voice. But the logical aspects were fading, taken over by rooster instinct. And with such proximity to a needy chicken, it was all he could do not to mount his mate as was his right. And Conner would have no choice but to submit...

Conner could only cluck out his hesitation as Dave lept on his back and mounted him, rubbing his vent against Conner's back and seeking entry. The weight was enough he could take

it, and Conner reflexively raised his tail in hopes of having it meet his lover's insistence. A part of him was sure it was the wrong time, and they needed to get help to...what? All that mattered was submitting to his rooster, and it was his job to take the male's seed whenever it was required...

The moment their vents connected, Dave could feel their bodies shrinking further, the sexual activity triggering their avian regression. Their shrinking bodies were welcomed, given it made it easier to support his rooster. Their beaks, too, were slowly pushing out, an obvious impairment to their vision but something that was accepted as part of their beings. Necks thinned further, and the thickened skin of combs and wattles swelled out to their proper sizes. What was left of their bare skin soon erupted with feathers, looking like proper plumage even though they'd plucked the majority the night before. But none of the changes had any effect on his libido, and Conner cawed out with his release as Dave's vent vibrated against his own, and deposited another small drop of cum inside him, inseminating his eggs and preparing him for the future.

The tingling of change, while persistent, was ignored as the sounds of footsteps approached them, and Dave quickly dismounted, fearful for their lives. A light soon clicked on in the hallway, and both of them stayed still, not sure how to react. Yet, the sight of the man before them was enough to stir that fragment of humanity. It was the man who had hypnotized them, who had changed them, and the only person who could change them back, assuming they still wanted to be...

The next words out of the man's mouth had little meaning to their diminishing brains, though he spoke plainly as if they were still human in full. "I didn't think I'd ever see the two of you again. I figured you'd find your way to some farm somewhere, for whatever limited time that would give you. Not that I wanted to inflict such a fate on anyone, but your ire forced my hand in the moment."

"I guess this is better, for all of us. I should have sought you out but the stage waits for no man. Now that you're here, we can take you and make you part of the act. I certainly have a place for an animal act, and while you won't hold onto your human minds, I think a part of you will make it easier to train. And it's certainly a better fate than being slaughtered at a farm, no?"

Conner, as much as he tired, couldn't bring himself to focus on the words. It was the pressure in his guts that took precedence, and he clucked a little, bending down in preparation. It was coming faster than he seemed to recall, though with the urge to relieve the pressure and lay his egg, Conner was quick to forget the progression of things. There was a fleeting part of his mind that felt things weren't so bad, recalling the pleasure of laying and fucking as a chicken. But it was hard to hold onto such inclinations when the immediate pleasure overwhelmed him,

and he simply squatted, feeling his cloaca pushing and opening slick fluids around the egg within. In the moment of release, of purpose, nothing in the human world could hold a candle to the promise of what was to come.

The rooster, too, was quick to forget what he had been, failing to hang onto even a thread of his humanity. The scent of the chicken's secretions, potent to his new senses, was enough to cement the shrinking toward their final states, in particular, their brains. Their urgency to find this man and their worries for their humanity were all washed away in a moment of clarity, and with that, there was no reason for the rooster not to climb his way onto the chicken's back, mating in earnest to inseminate her eggs. And as he did so, a final cry escaped his beak, the death knell of his humanity and the embrace of all he was now and the simplistic needs that came with it.

“COOCCCKKKKAAADDDOOODDDLLLEEEDDOOOO!”

It took them the better part of an hour to finish their breeding, at which point the hypnotist was sure there was nothing left of their human minds. It was of little matter either way, likely making it easier for them in their new lives, and making him sure they would serve him well. And not simply for their virile eggs, though the particular spell would enhance their fertility and leave their offspring just as productive if he were to off them to a farm. But that was not his primary purpose for them, nor would he send them to slaughter. Rather, he needed a couple of props for his stage show, adding animal acts to engage the audience, and perhaps invite some on stage. There was always the possibility making new volunteers act as animals themselves would prompt him to use his same spell on them...