

The Finals

Monica crossed her legs as she sat and swiveled on her computer chair, sighing out as she looked past her monitor and out into the big city through her window. The modest woman winced as the slowly moving sun blinded her, dusk quickly approaching faster than she wanted.

Twirling a finger around her blonde locks, her eyes hesitantly gazed back to her open document, a thousand words already written, four thousand more to go. It was due in four hours — the final project of her Animal Biology course. A creature selected completely at random by the professor and assigned to each student to do a general report on said animal. From breeding habits to the food they eat, the behaviors they partake in, in as much as five thousand words can detail. For her, she was given the bluejay. *Cyanocitta cristata*.

Which was ironic or funny in a sense. Coincidental is the best word she would use. The very same window Monica often gazed out from led to a black steel balcony she could stand just barely on, and out between the crannies of the fencing was a bluejay's nest. They did not seem to mind her out there, and she fed them occasionally. A bag of assorted seeds resting on the desk near her were the things they loved. The dumb and cute birds they were. Flying free, going wherever they pleased.



Monica wasn't much of a writer, she had smarts, other people say she had beauty. Her body was thin and average height. Fingernails clacked against the keys, bringing each sentence a little further with another word and the paragraph developed with another period. She had done the research already, and she praised her past self for getting her this far, but now the woman had to rely on her *present* self to make sure the *future* version of her could find success. It's just that it really did require more work than she wanted to worry about.

A peck at the window broke her concentration as she finished another part. With a blink, she tilted her head to look out and see one of the blue jays staring back at her, picking at the window again with its black beak.

"Oh what do you want?" She said softly. Her voice was near angelic.

The reply back was another slamming of bird beak against glass. This particular bird, one with quite the blue mohawk on its head, looked rather insistent.

"Oh shoot! That's right." Monica had started feeding them around this time, the rolled up bag nearby being what the birdie wanted. She reached for it, suddenly feeling a rather strange compulsion to feed them as soon as she could. Similarly to a cat lady demanding a strict schedule of when and how her cats would be fed.



But whether it was the light of the sun hitting her eyes, the fast motion she made, or the pressure of getting her “pets” fed, Monica missed her mark, hitting the bag with her wrist as the thing tumbled to the floor and spilled. In an instant, hundreds and hundreds of small, pebble-like seeds of varying tiny sizes flooded her hard-wood floor and rugs. The woman roared out in anger, smacking the desk with the bottom of her fist, cursing out several terms in escalating vulgarity.

Monica’s shoulders rose and fell, a heavy exhale as her gaze drifted to the blue jay, the bird mindlessly chirping as it wondered what the holdup was. Her eyes went from the seeds, to the computer screen, the seeds, and back again. Today was too important. Her time was falling short and in her addled mind, the idea of spending precious minutes to pick up all the seeds and feed the birds outside which were *not* her responsibility. They were... wild birds! They could take care of themselves. She could not waste anymore time.

“I’m sorry little one.” The student shook her head. “I just have something I have to take care of. It’s vital!” She made her choice. It was a simple one, the least impactful she’d make today, or at least she thought.

For when you make a pact with nature, and make nature rely on the good will you provide, well, a pact broken means consequences. The bird itself was not magical, but



the wills of nature is. As its eyes glowed green, the spell it was given a brief second to harbor shot out, passing through all materials until it connected with her chest.

Monica didn't feel a thing. But she'd soon feel a chill run down her spine. It was just the emotional toll that was being laid upon her, the whole concept of failure and the years of hard work being upended with one bad decision...

Unbeknownst to her, the decision she made was now formulating into her worst nightmare. The woman would just not have the brainpower to realize it.

It took thirty minutes for the first signs to show. The sun was below the horizon and the bird *would not* stop pecking at the window. Monica threw on her headphones and played music at a loud volume, singing along with the lyrics in an attempt to ignore the blue jay's distractions.

She cracked a finger with her thumb, leaning her neck left and right as she realized her research was incomplete. The breeding cycle of blue jays, that would be critical to the paper, especially since the details of the assignment wanted such knowledge.

The anxious student pulled up the web, typing into the search bar about her query, feeling a bit odd about having to type in the words she did, but there was no time



to fret nor care. Monica was a woman on a mission, and she had around three hours left, and still three thousand words to go.

But, the moment her eyes laid upon the blue jay in the example image of her search results, she stopped, she stared, she admired. The soft feathers on his form, the way they pointed outwards. She knew it was a male, just *somehow*. Blue jays did not have sexual dimorphism, something she learned from this project. So how was it, that in her heart, she *knew* it was a male?

Monica clicked on the image, having it take up a large amount of her screen as she continued her envious gaze. Black beak, a white plumage on the underside of his body, the aquamarine pattern towards his tail end, the way it was almost like a hex-grid. The weight showed he was hefty but not... fat. He was respectable, desired. *She* desired him. And her fingers played with her wet pussy hidden from her sweatpants.

A stifled laugh was caught in her throat. *Am I being serious right now?* she thought to herself. *A bird? A literal bird? How would that even work? We're not even the same size! It's... it's wrong!*

The more she tried to rationalize the morality of it, the more enamored she became. Birds didn't have penises, they had cloaca, both males and females. Insemination was mostly the same. A male ejaculating into the female as the cloacas...



kiss. The pair of lovebirds were to rub their sexual organs together, the amount of heavy pleasure a male receives happening so quickly, that within seconds of contact, the kiss brings his seed to shoot into the hole of the female. Thus, making her pregnant.

Monica caught herself biting her lip, craning her head around to stare at the real life bird that was still patiently waiting by the window. It was trying its best to somehow break the glass in order to get to all those delicious seeds it could see scattered along the floor. The woman took in a deep breath through her nose, and a pang in her brain told her a piece of information that felt so... critical.

That blue jay on the other side was male, he could have what she needed.

Needed? What in the world would she need from him? She *needed* to get her fingers back on the keyboard, her eyes on the screen, and the paper due tonight done! She wasn't even accounting for the editing that'd needed to be done. The checking of all her sources. Monica got back into it, her eyes determined as she curiously skipped her current section to start now on the breeding of blue jays. It was just... what she was most interested in.

With every word that was typed, she said the very same out loud. "At first, the male finds the female through pheromones, the female understandably hot and horny for a mate. A deep yearning for some male to come across her and hold her down, to



make their slimy pink orifices make out just like two humans might with their lips.” There was a pressure in her lower stomach, right near her groin as she typed, causing her to write even faster. “The female, having caused the male’s stupor, should feel responsible for her actions.” Monica was rubbing her thighs together, a thick wetness in her crotch matting all it touched. It was caused by a dynamic buzz in her loins, but also from something ‘on the way.’

She continued. “The female blue jay is to show her rear to the male, move her cute tail out of the way and then take the entire weight of her new mate as he stands on her hind. He’ll lean down, *kiss...*” that term was so beautifully mesmerizing in her mind. To feel genitals against genitals, to kiss, oh goodness did she want a kiss right now on her cunt.

“Then, the male is to cum hard and fast as the kiss is reported to be mind-meltingly pleasurable for both parties. As the ejaculate enters the female’s cloaca... she is promptly impregnated from some ways I don’t fucking CARE about! Fuck! AH!” The pleasure had become too much to bear as her labia prickled. Yet, the immeasurable girth of something coming out of her birth canal made her grip the sides of her chair and give a muffled scream.

She’d never been pregnant before, but this was like a dildo slowly sliding out from her, and the only way she could remove it was to push! To push just like she was in



labor. Biting skin below her bottom lip, she lifted her legs up, resting them on the desk as a potted plant slammed into the floor, dirt piling everywhere. With a few more whines and moans, her cunt opened up, and something came out, causing a slight bulge in her stained sweatpants, the woman's juices revealing itself with a black mark across her crotch.

"What the- what the fuck?" the student said as sweat formed on her forehead. "God... oh god... what is that?" Lowering her pajamas she could see it, a slime coated, perfectly white egg. One that had just come out of her.

The blue jay could see her face, and no longer was he wanting in for the seeds. He wanted in... for a new target. The human female on the chair told him, with the very same aroma that female blue jays gave off, that she was a female in deep need of insemination. Birds like them fucked year round, and he wanted to fuck her *right now*.

Monica was too much in a daze to contemplate anything, her attention diverted to the blue avian smacking at the window with his beak. He was hungry, and not for seeds. Without thinking, she opened the window hastily, her breasts clipping the monitor as it fell back and slipped between the convenient crack between the desk and the wall, falling and shattering to the ground. The liquid crystal display popped out of its frame as the male flapped his wings, landing on Monica's right tit.



“Uh, hi...?” was all the words she could get out as the thing chirped at her. She didn’t know what she was doing, and rightfully, neither did he. But that would change almost immediately.

Underneath Monica’s shirt, on the very same breasts the male used to perch himself on, a pillow’s worth of feathers were pushing out from the human’s skin, fluffing up. The student noticed her shirt puffing out in real time, the top hole around her neck expanding as her chin felt the tuft growing, tickling the skin there.

She looked to her right, and then her left, the fingers on her hands losing their nails as they sprawled out, the muscle shrinking and flattening as each appendage became nothing more than another feather. The woman opened her mouth in awe, the lips of her maw pressing forward and becoming hard, like keratin, like the beginnings of a beak.

“Oh fuck! I’m a good... good birdle! I’m a good girl!” She repeated the remarks as her hands and arms shifted into full wings, flapping them around as the force of her gusts slammed against furniture and things nearby, causing feathers to pluck out, but new ones quickly replaced them.

Monica’s shirt was getting big on her, just like her pants too. All parts of her body were shrinking down, diminishing each in their own ways. She gave a quick yelp as her



labia symmetrically curved itself, becoming more of a circular organ than the previous slit, the cloaca forming promptly tested with another egg that fell out from her, rolling around and landing on the soft rug below.

The seat had dramatically increased in size, and so too did the male. His beak was smaller than hers, but that did not stop the two from connecting their differently sized bills as they twisted their heads and lolled out their tongues. The thin moist spirals uncurled themselves as they harmonized into a makeout that furthered Monica's changes. Her skull rapidly contracted, shortening more and more as the sparse room put a heavy weight onto her fleshy brain, making the pink center in her head flinch and dwindle. The concept of research papers being the first to disappear, and the changing bird-woman could not be happier.

As her body decreased in size and weight, a tail popping out from her rear, she felt the soft pajamas she wore slowly start to envelop her, the shirt now covering her entire top as the sweatpants fell to the floor as her taloned feet flexed and writhed. When only a minute or two ago the male blue jay was smaller than her foot, she barely was double his size now.

Monica squawked with her elongated beak, trying to attack the gray apparel that was trapping her, begging the male to help her out as he too attacked the clothing, the two ripping the shirt in specific places until finally she burst from the center. The former



student twitched her head in quite the birdlike fashion, nearly all of her body now covered in beautiful blue and white feathers, something the male deeply enjoyed as his chest and neck inflated. He wanted her, and he was giving her his all.

The female fluttered her wings as she flew up, landing on the arm of her chair, looking around as her head hurt. There was still a human part to her mind, but without hands, only her wings were placed on the sides of her misshapen head. Even her inner voice did not sound like her, but the high-pitched excited tone of a birdie in heat.

Her brain was the size of a stunted peanut, and like water rushing into a drain, she was leaving all her human concepts behind to wash away with the drivel of her past life. Monica turned to the male, eyes straightening out as she trained on him like a hungry dog to a treat, watching his dance. Every swish of his plumage, how his talons walked and curved. It was enough.

She just *had* to carry his eggs.

The transformation had finished with her falling to the floor, stunned. Swooning too hard for the male as he tweeted and followed her, landing by her side as now he was a few inches taller than her, more pounds on his form. He was... big. Much bigger than before. Monica pressed her head into his feathery chest, rubbing there as his wing came down to hold her. Even if there was a speck of humanity left, or memories of what came



before, this was the best feeling she'd ever experience with another creature in terms of sensuality.

However, there was still a mess all over the ground. Monica noticed it just as the male blue jay did, and the two took different paths to peck at each kernel. What was once something her teeth could pulverize now bloated her throat going down. She flicked and tilted her head, chirping blissfully at the subsistence gained.

It was a perfect distraction. The female squealed as she opened her mouth, chittering out in a chant as her rear felt a humongous weight now placed onto it. Her tail shifted to the right, instincts taking over as food time was over, and it was time to engage in the circle of life. Two circles of life actually.

It happened faster than her bird brain could've anticipated. She screeched in sync with her mate as his cloaca touched against hers, the squelching heard by the blue jays as he grinded into her. It forced her forwards as her wings bent out and braced for impact, softening her tumble. A dark vignette came to the edges of her vision as explosions in her skull made the female open her beak to the widest it could involuntarily, gleeful firecrackers felt by both as he...

He *kissed* her. A cloaca kiss just like she always wanted. Her bill aimed at the sky along with the male's and the two shrieked in a duet that'd make the best sopranos



jealous. His warm avian cum firing from his cloaca and into hers, coating the ridges and rim with white sperm. Her eggs had been fertilized, and motherhood would soon be on the way.

Whatever left of Monica, was gone.

With the window open, the previous mate the male blue jay had moved onto greener pastures as he chose Monica to be his mate. The best place for a nest was her bed, and so they used clothing, sticks from outside, whatever was needed to create a beautiful den. Cold drafts made their way in, but the two lovebirds kept each other warm. The former student had failed her classes in her truancy, yet there was not a care in her world about such trivial matters. What was important was making sure the eggs in her stomach could be laid and nourished.

Monica's day soon came. Her and her mate were asleep but she felt the pressure, and did not hold anything back. The body she now had did most of the work. Slowly but surely, each pearly white egg slipped from her cloaca and laid under her. While in his sleep, her mate used his talons to bring her eggs under his butt, sitting on them as she kept laying.



Twelve eggs in total. It was all so nonchalant. In an instant, she was back asleep, giving her body a good rub against the male blue jay, the two resting in their nest on the bed.

A few missed rent payments later and the studio apartment was entered, finding the place a complete mess as Monica was nowhere to be found. She, her mate, and her chicks had left long ago. Never again would her poor head have to worry about deciding between quickly feeding a hungry bird or a research paper. For now her new life would be about feeding many birds, ones she'd regurgitate food into, for they were her own hatchlings.

Being a wild blue jay was all she could be. And what better research than living out the life of one? It's almost a shame Monica would never get her humanity back, just to detail all the finer aspects of being a wonderfully ignorant blue avian. Content, calm, and happy.

