

“To us!” Cora called out, raising her glass of champagne, to which her wife April responded by clinking hers against her own. It felt like they had waited months for this night, and the relief finally washed over them, hardly able to wait to unpack before popping the cork on the bottle. But now they were settled, and with lunch finished and cleaned up after, they had the rest of their evening to prepare for their fun.

Cora and April had been married for two years now, and although they loved each other deeply, the rigors of work and life made finding time for each other difficult. Even their first anniversary had been marred with stress to the point they lowered their expectations about the second. But when the two of them decided on renting a cabin in the woods for a whole week, phones off and no distractions, their desire to time to themselves and the reaffirmation of their love for each other was sparked tenfold. The two of them delighted in surprise plans for each other, and the week promised to be full of secret delights.

“Shall we?” Cora asked though April raced ahead of her, excited to show the first of her surprises. Cora drained her glass, waiting to see where the night would take them. Certainly bedroom affairs, but the nature of which was up in the air. Figuring her wife would come out wearing lingerie or be waiting in the bedroom to show off, Cora was not expecting April to return so soon, brandishing a bizarre-looking dildo the likes of which Cora had never seen before.

“It’s called a feeldoe,” April said, explaining. Rather than being a strap-on, something the two of them tried with little enjoyment, this one had an end with a knob to stick into the vagina, the penis on the other end longer and thin and not shaped like a human’s dick at all. Cora expressed her dislike of human-shaped dildos, so the sight of what had to be either a more fictional cock or that of an animal. Either way, Cora found herself excited to give it a try.

“It looks...huh. I’m game,” Cora said, a little surprised that her wife had brought something so elaborate. “Where’d you get it?”

“Oh, it was this shop in the mall, some kind of adult novelty shop. Girl was a little weird, goth type, but whatever. She said it would be a one-of-a-kind experience, quite the upsell, but hey, it looked cool,” April said, and Cora felt her lust growing at the notion.

With that, the two of them decided they would try it out, retreating to put on the sexy lingerie they had prepared for their anniversary. Figuring they would take turns, April decided to be on the receiving end for the first time, having had male partners before and eager to give it a try. She had even bought fake cum for the device, something Cora was a little unsure about but something she figured was harmless in the end. She had to admit, the feeling of the nob sat well in her sex, making her shiver as she shoved the stag end within her lover.

With that, the two of them took missionary position, and Cora started to thrust her hips, making sure to pull in and out with the unfamiliar device, and began the shallow intrusion of her wife's nethers. Both moaned as Cora took over their pleasure, finding her place and making April cry out for more. Given their pent-up lust for each other, it took little time for April to cry out, the tremors of orgasm beginning to wash over her from Cora's expert placement over her jewel. A well-timed press of the device allowed the fake cum to fill her lover, some of it leaking out as April went into orgasm. Thinking to reach up and tease the outside of her lover's folds, Cora was quick to cum as well, the well-shaped nob within her enough to bring her a shiver of pleasure.

An expression of disgust crossed her features briefly as April reached down to taste some of the cum from the tube, though she tried to pay it little mind. "It's pretty realistic," April commented, though Cora couldn't imagine doing such a thing herself.

Eventually, they decided to swap positions, Cora even allowing April to use the fake cum, something she might have never considered before. Putting on the dildo and feeling the weight of it, something in April seemed to shift, as though she was surprisingly confident about something. In truth, the weight of it seemed to suit her well to the point that she recalled her once deep-seated desire to have a penis. It was not something she would admit to Cora, of course, but there was certainly a desire to dominate that wasn't present during most of their sexual encounters. It was almost like she was a male, a dominant stud, something she loathed in the real world but something she embraced in the safety of the bedroom with her wife.

With the position of doggy style, something else stuck in her mind as her end drew near. Not only was she a dominant beast taking her mate, but it almost felt like she was truly male like the dildo within her lover was a real penis, one that could spew a load of virile cum. And at the moment Cora called out, April did just that, taking the device and allowing it to fill her with warm seed. The texture and scent of it were almost like the real deal, sending an additional orgasmic shiver through her loins and leaving her to gasp. It was the best sex in her life as the dildo's knob sank into her sex and the pressure of the silicon erection against her nethers brought them both to a new plateau of pleasure.

"That was...realistic? I guess," April commented as the two of them lay there, feeling the fake cum sitting in their loins for a moment before getting cleaned up. Cora had to admit, there was something to it, finding the notion of her lover possessing a cock more pleasant than she might have thought. Her lover was a beast with a perceived maleness, and though she would never take a man outright, April with a penis was something that appealed to her sensibilities. It was her wife's cum inside of her, not a man's, and that was enough for her to ask to try it again once they'd had some time to rest, perhaps later than night after dinner.

The two of them held hands, not needing to say anything further as Cora muttered something about how amazing her lover was. They didn't need to say anything else, not with how much they cared for each other and missed each other in the ensuing months since their marriage. It had been a blessing to get this time together, and they both intended to enjoy it to the fullest, wishing somehow that it was possible to extend the trip just a little longer.

A little while later, after getting cleaned up, Cora donned a robe and sat outside, enjoying a glass of wine in the late afternoon. There was no one else for miles, and she felt oddly at peace with nature being out in the mostly nude, though she could fully cover herself if the need arose. It was peaceful here, not another soul for miles, save the love of her life, someone she was happy to share this slice of the world with.

The sounds of something crunching came to her awareness, and Cora looked up with some surprise, thinking she was befallen upon by some sort of predator. She relaxed instantly, seeing not one, but several does grazing over by the treeline, unaware of her presence and acting as they normally would. It was a rare treat, something she recalled seeing from a distance in her youth, but never so close! She wished she had her camera to film them, but had to settle for watching, not wanting to scare them off. It was nice, all things considered, to get back to nature in such a way.

April, meanwhile, was in the kitchen, getting herself a snack, clad in only her own robe and the lingerie she'd donned as well. Though they had brought many unhealthy snacks, it was celery that drew her attention, mouth oddly craving the greens. The feeldoe, though cleaned now, was still on under her groin, making her feel a little excited to possess. She didn't necessarily want Cora to know that, but she figured her wife might accept it as kinky and go with it. There was a strange sense of comfort in having it on, even swinging it side to side and imagining it to be a real penis, albeit one that wasn't human.

Eventually, she joined Cora on the porch, handing her a stick of celery, which Cora took eagerly without thinking. "It's nice out here, isn't it?" Cora said, looking almost longingly at the deer as she did so. She'd been looking at them the entire time, almost envious of their life out in the woods. Save for hunters, there were no other large predators out here, nothing to interrupt their peaceful lives.

"Must be nice to live out here full time," was April's reply, fixating on the does with an almost look of longing. She hadn't thought about it before now, but she was very relaxed since they'd come out here, and it would almost be a shame for her to have to leave when it was time. And, she couldn't help but think that the does wouldn't have to leave, and how peaceful that truth might be...

“It would be a simpler life,” Cora said, though April was hardly focused on the words. She was instead fixated on the does, what they did, what they thought about, what they experienced. They weren’t the most intelligent of creatures, she was sure. But that would be the point, right? No worries, no jobs, no fights with her wife. She would simply be a doe, taking a powerful stag inside of her, with a dick just like the one her wife had used on her...

“Hell, I’d get to be railed like a powerful stag...” Cora said, not meaning to say the words out loud but unable to get the mental image out of her head. Never being one for cock, it was all she could think about. She’d never wanted the touch of a male, but as a deer, she would be obsessed with the hormones, right? Especially if that male was April...

“What, am I not good enough for you?” April said, sounding affronted. It was not the idea that Cora wanted a stag that offended her, but rather the notion she wanted to *be* that stag. In the same thought train, April found herself fixated on the feel doe, thinking about it between her legs and being the one to rail Cora. It had felt so good, so right, to the point that she almost wished the thing were real, as difficult a transition it would be to even make a facsimile of such in real life...

What April was not expecting was for Cora to reach down between April’s legs, as though reaching for the stag’s cock that couldn’t exist there. Yet, she was a little shocked when something actually met her touch, as though April truly possessed a male’s equipment. It took her a second to realize she was still wearing the feel doe, though it was hardly a deterrent for her to start to stroke it like it was the object of her desire. “Feels like you’re more than stag enough for me,” Cora said, looking up and April with a lustful expression.

Rather than share the sentiment, however, April was a little confused, feeling a tremor running through her loins from the contact. At first, she figured she could chalk it up to the part of the sex toy still without her, but the more she reflected on it, the more it seemed as though it was the surface of the device itself that she felt being caressed. Yet, she hardly had the cognizance to think anything was off, rather being enamored by the sensation, whispering “Yeah, baby, more!” as Cora continued to stroke the shaft just under her robe. It was sublime, almost like having a real cock, as much as she could imagine such feeling.

Neither were quick to notice it, but the sensation of the toy under Cora’s touch was starting to shift, getting longer and thicker and steady as it was stroked. The already bright red of the silicone started to shift, pinker in shade as it became more and more sensitive to Cora’s touch as the moments passed. Longer, too, it began to stick out of the robe, the tip slick with fluids, though without any obvious source, Cora was a little confused with the musky scent. It was not enough of a deterrent for her to stop, however, loving the expression on April’s face as she stroked her off, treating her like the stag April evidently wanted to be.

Eventually, Cora rose, hand still on the feel doe as the pair of them started to kiss, groping each other's breasts and feeling their lusts start to grow once more. The pleasure from her nipples was only surpassed by the increasing intensity against her loins, something that was more and more sensual with every stroke. The dildo was getting heavier and heavier with each passing moment, rubbing against her insides though nowhere near the point of pleasure it should have brought her. It was rather the shaft itself that was arousing her, making her gasp as it triggered something deeper within her, something foreign yet sensual all the same.

"Oh...OHHH!" April called out just then, feeling something spurting from her insides and moving through her shaft, and shot through an opening far tighter than it should have. A musky scent filled the air, and the sensation of it was far more pleasurable than anything April had ever known. It was almost as if...it was impossible for her to...but then there was no fluid through the tube to create fake ejaculate.

"What? Did you refill it?" Cora asked, not really sure about the properties of the now warm fluids that had covered her hand. It was far too warm to be fake, though she had never experienced real cum and didn't have a basis for comparison.

"No..." April said, not sure where it had come from herself. It felt as though she had shot a load...but without testicles? And through a shaft that wasn't real. It certainly *felt* real as much as she could perceive. What the hell was going on?

A little alarmed now, Cora pushed open her lover's robe, exposing a dildo that looked far more real than anything the store could manufacture. It was longer, warmer, and leaking off-white fluid that looked more like cum than either woman was comfortable with. Stranger still, the suction between her cunt lips and the rim of the toy seemed to have increased to the point that it was barely visible, more like she truly possessed a penis rather than one that was stuck within a vulva. Instinctively, April reached down to touch it, though the moment she brushed her fingers against the shaft, a pleasant shiver ran through her body, as though it was truly a part of her anatomy now, unable to be pulled out even as it continued to swell before their eyes. Even the 'balls' of the dildo seemed engorged, hanging under her former cunt lips and swaying there like living tissue and not the faux silicon that had initially been purchased.

That was not the only alteration to overtake her, an itching playing over her shaved sex, as though the hair was growing back with a vengeance. Rather than the dark hair that made up her unkempt bush, these hairs seemed to be more tan, and closer to the skin, obscuring it to the point it was almost rendered invisible. April scratched at it, the texture off-putting but less so than she might have been expecting. The soft, tawny hairs reminded her of the does they were

looking at, thinking the texture to be similar to them. Making her want to reach out and pet them if she could...

Rather than being scared by the sight of an increasingly real-looking cock on her lover's loins, Cora could only stare in rapt attention, fascinated by the sight. Had it been a human's member, she would have been terrified or disgusted, not into men even with the connection she possessed with her lover. Instead, she was transfixed by the half-faux phallus, thinking it to be a delight and all too reminiscent of the stag's dick she had been imagining before her lover came out. And it was right there, hers for the taking...

April couldn't help but feel worried about her new addition, however, the sensations coming from it were bizarre and unnerving. Even if she had just reached an unexpected orgasm, the shaft was still somewhat stiff, throbbing, aching, and making her feel confused. It was becoming more and more like a real penis, something she fantasized about but not something she really wanted if she was being honest with herself. Yet, there was no denying its presence, and the fact that it had given her so much pleasure...

As though seeing the look of confusion on her lover's face, Cora, whose thoughts had gone rather feral in relation to April's own, reached up to touch her lover's shaft. "I'll take care of you..." She said, pulling the penis toward her and licking the cum from the tip before taking it within her mouth. Such an action would have been abhorrent to her before now. But Cora simply couldn't remove the mental image of that powerful stag from her mind, and the shaft before her looked more and more appropriate for such a being.

With the eagerness and skill unexpected from someone with no sexual interest in men, Cora dove on her lover's nob, taking her in an enthusiastic blowjob, pulling it in and out of her mouth with care and reverence. It was akin to worshipping it as she rubbed herself at the same time, powerfully turned on by what she was doing. April could only moan in pleasure, taking off her robe as the heat in her body increased tenfold. It was almost more than she could bear as she did so, Cora doing the same as the two of them got naked outside, not having to worry about being spotted, given their isolation.

Lost in the pleasure of being sucked off by what was increasingly evidently her own cock, April barely noticed it at first, an object wriggling out of her periphery. But as it continued to move excitedly, she was able to muster enough cognizance to notice that Cora had something moving on her backside. Eventually, Cora shucked off her robes as she continued to suck her lover off, to the point that April was able to discern Cora possessed a tail, spade-shaped and lifted above her ass, as much as the deer in the woods still present sported. It was even covered in its own coat of brown hair, white on the underside that seemed to be spreading over her rear. It was almost as though she was slowly becoming...but then, how was that possible?!

April had little ability to focus on anything else as an increasing level of pleasure flowed over her, making it hard to concentrate. She was vaguely aware that something was pressing against the bench under her, as though her spine was sticking out against it, starting to move of its own accord. It felt a little painful being confined like that, but with the onset of her first male orgasm, there was little time to focus on it further.

“Fuck...gonna cum...” April moaned moments before her new shaft let loose with a thick wad of cum. Cora hardly had time to pull back before the thick, virile load covered her face and mouth. Cora even had the courage to taste a little of it, getting over her trepidation of cocks given that one was between the legs of her lover.

“That was fucking hot...” Cora moaned, licking her lips to get as much cum off them as possible.

“I’ll say...” Was April’s reply, body still coming down from an intense orgasm beyond anything her femininity had been able to muster.

Feeling emboldened, April got up and down to deep kiss her lover, licking the rest of her cum off Cora’s face, loving the flavor even if it was a little off from what she was used to. “What was that for?” Cora asked, surprised her lover was as into it as she was.

“Just felt like it, love,” was April’s reply, grinning like a fool more than at any point in her life. Despite the cock between her legs, the tail sticking out of her ass, and the fur growing over both of them, April could hardly muster an iota of concern, basking in the glow of the best sex she’d ever had.

As though in a dream, the two of them rose and moved back inside the cabin to get themselves a drink. While Cora moved into the kitchen, April decided to check out her changed sex, wondering if what she could perceive was true. As much as she could tell without touching it, the now-flaccid member was totally fused with her, a little larger than any of the men she had been with before. And it certainly wasn’t shaped like one, more like the animal it was based after, though it was hard to tell without a reference. A fuzzy ring started to play from the skin at the bottom, as though a loose foreskin. The testicles hanging from her loins seemed to be human-shaped, if not a bit larger to match the size of the cock she possessed as well. All in all, April found their presence on her form rather fetching, despite the fact she did not possess them even an hour prior.

The sound of her lover coming into the bedroom prompted April to look up as Cora handed her a glass of water. Having not bothered to pull her robe back on, April noticed a strange

pink welt just above her lover's groin, with what looked like four zits poking through. The entire growth was surrounded by a layer of brown fuzz, the same tan that covered her tail, something that could only be fur. It should have itched her fiercely, though she seemed not to care, staring eagerly at her lover and wagging her tail, as though waiting to see what April would do.

Curious, April went to rub the skin of her own groin, finding the fur there to have spread without her awareness. It seemed it had spread across her ass and pelvis, looking like a pair of boxer briefs. It was bizarre she could be covered with such an animalistic coat, though given the sight of her penis, it was more in place with what she might see on a deer. Much like the wish they had made when spotting their backyard guests, though such was made fleetingly at the time.

Taken out of her stupor, Cora had reached back and playfully started flicking at April's tail, bringing attention to the fact she had one now. The fact that she had one was lost on her, to the point she was prompted to reach back and rub at it, the foreign appendage feeling like it was part of her. She knew such was wrong, that she had not had such a thing before today, and it was a sign of unwanted things to come. Yet, the weight of her new penis and balls were enough to quell that confusion, feeling even more right than anything she had come to know about her person.

"Cora, are we...?" April started to say, though was quickly stunned by the sight of Cora's nose starting to blacken, button-like, and sniffing their combined scents with interest.

That was not the only change to overcome her, her cheeks stretched slightly and her pointed ears started to shift, a sign of things to come. Though cervine features were ever present, April had difficulty finding fault in the sight of them, perceiving them as cute as hell, and bringing her cock to bear once more. His own changes were coming much more slowly, perhaps without having the fake cum blasting his face fiercely, though it was impossible to say. That fact he was mentally referring to himself went unnoticed, as well, though the masculinity in his body seemed to suit his inclinations much better.

"My mighty stag..." Cora said, in a sort of raspy voice that was far removed from her own. April couldn't help but move in to kiss his love, feeling his own nose start to blacken from its previously brown tone and breath in the combined stench of their musk. His cock was at its apex now, already leaking its fluids onto the fur around Cora's groin and making her moan out in that deeper tone. It was all she could do but to reach down and guide her buck inside of her, though lost in their lip lock and the changes overtaking her, she could hardly find the focus to do so.

The itching started to play across their faces in tandem, April feeling fur growing around his cheeks like a beard before it spread toward his head like sideburns. The moment it did so,



April could feel his hair loosening from the top of his head, more of the brown fuzz taking away her braids as they fell around the two of them. Curious, April reached up to rub his lover's hair, feeling it come out around the short brown fur underneath. The two of them giggled at that as they continued to kiss, eagerly giving in to the changes and the pleasure of growing muzzles and itching fur growth. By the time it was done, only tiny patches of human hair remained on their heads, though notice of it was lost in their passionate embrace.

Yet, even with the degree of changes coming over them, neither could muster concern for their altered forms and identities. The fact they were becoming more like deer was not lost to them, but the visceral experience of breathing in cervine musk, April's maleness, and Cora's submissiveness made it hard to think about why such was a bad thing. The fact they should not be turning into deer seemed a distant second to the pleasure of the sensation to the point that neither of them wanted it to stop.

"My sexy buck...fuck me...I want you inside of me..." Cora moaned, getting on the bed on her back in a missionary position. Part of her was aware that such would be the last time she would take her lover in that position, but it was lost in her need to rut and the attraction she felt to the male. Though part of her knew it was wrong for her to crave cock, that April had never possessed such equipment before, it was impossible for her to muster enough care to pull away, the male's stink burning into her nose and lighting a flame in her loins that only a stag's cock could quell.

Without a word, April agreed, his changing nose picking out a sweet scent making his penis throb and his balls churn like crazy. It burned into his nose, filling him with lust and desire to the point there was no other option than to jump on the bed, holding the female down and spearing roughly for her wet sex with his engorged member. Rather than being concerned at her lover's lack of regard, however, Cora was filled with an intense desire to be taken by such a strong, virile male, and let out a beastly bellow as April's penis hit home.

Fucking eagerly like animals, their cries of passion slowly morphed into the grunts and bellows that better matched their peers outside the cabin. Faces were pressing outward all the while, bones softly cracked as muscles expanded around mandibles, better supporting their newer jaws. Teeth morphed toward their cervine equivalents, meant for a diet of leaves and fruit rather than the primate dentation their former forms enjoyed. Skulls sloped forward to lengthen their muzzles further, compressing on their brains and making cognizant thought even more difficult, though, in their bestial rut, it was hard for them to really notice the difference. Skull in place, their ears were forced upward, curving and twitching at the sounds of the woods around them. It was their increased olfactory abilities, however, that really drove their lust forward, the buck smelling his mate's heat as he thrust with abandon, wishing nothing more than to spill his laid within her.

The changes were not to stop with their necks, however, pelvises shifting painlessly under the skin to the point that Cora had a harder time keeping her legs down. Reversing direction and expanding in tandem with her stretching belly, Cora was soon placed in a quadrupedal position, legs upward and wrapped around her buck's belly as best they could. Yet, it was not enough to deter her from her pleasure, or her feral desire for more. Breasts starting to recede into her barreling chest, Cora's still human hands moved closer to her swelling udder, feeling the sensitive knobs expanding with tissue and allowing her the additional pleasure she so desperately desired.

April, too, felt the same changes overtaking his hips and pelvis, making it difficult to stay on the bed in the same missionary position. Several times, he needed to readjust his stance further back as his lower anatomy shifted and his penis and sheath pulled closer to his abdomen and finished their feral formation. Soon, his legs were also locked in a quadrupedal form, pelvis painlessly shifting as the skin stretched from his belly toward his knees as his tights flattened along with his hips. Yet, totally engrossed in the act as he was, April could only focus on his power, his virility, and the receptiveness of the female underneath him as his nuts swelled and started slapping against his tights wildly, end reaching their climax.

With twin bellows indistinguishable from real deer, the two of them came in tandem, April's cum splashing within his lover's cervix and causing her walls to clench around his longer rod. Panting, April soon got down from the bed, wobbling on legs that did not work the way he was used to from either standpoint. Cora was quick to join him, getting off the bed and standing there like a newborn fawn as both tried to become accustomed to their hybrid posture. It was hardly a point of contention within their altered minds as they struggled and failed to stand erect for a few moments.

By now, the power of speech had been robbed of them both, though it was not necessary for the two of them to understand what the other was thinking. Still enthralled by the scent of her lover's member, Cora walked awkwardly on her fingertips and bent down with a flexible neck to clean April's cervine penis of their juices before it retracted. April bellowed, cock at half-mast before his lover was finished with him. Eager to reciprocate, April moved toward the intoxicating scent from his doe's cunt, not minding the taste of his own semen as it leaked from Cora's abused cunt lips, even going so far as to gently suck her new nipples, making Cora moan in that cervine way that made April's testicles quake.

Cunt lips and hind end covered with stag saliva, Cora turned around toward the opening door, still struggling with her altered stature. Still, she was able to turn around and give her lover a bit of a long enough to signal for April to follow. Both walked from the cabin, their weight a little hard for fingertips in their human condition, making the trek take longer than it should

have, though the warm air on their naked bodies made it worth it. A somewhat familiar scent on the wind was enough for them to know the deer from earlier were still there, though closer, as though attracted to the scent of their lovemaking and the sound of their blissful bellows. Cora was eager to greet them, touching the closest one with her snout in a gesture of greeting.

April moved toward them as well, though paused for a moment as a pain responded through his skull and a pair of bony protrusions started to poke them way through. Parting the skin bloodlessly, they continued to grow from nubs, pushing upward to the point he could feel the weight of them on his head. Sensing her lover was in pain, Cora moved over and started licking his muzzle, allowing April a brief distraction from the ache as the antlers continued to grow, forming four distinct points, the sign of a younger stag that April was steadily becoming.

Feeling her lust growing for the changing buck that April was becoming, Cora soon positioned herself ass to face, giving him a clear view of her ass and cunt. In a completely inhuman, instinctual act, Cora squatted a little and pissed, squirting out some urine as was an act to portray herself as a doe in season. Rather than being disgusted by the act, however, April sniffed the puddle in curiosity, the smell attracting him in a bizarre yet not unwelcome way. The pungent stench, laced with pheromones, hit him like a truck, bringing him to a full erection and ready to rut like the beast he was becoming.

Eager to taste more of what the doe had to offer, April reached out with his tongue and started lapping at her lips, but caring about the acrid aftertaste of piss mixed in with her fluids. The action prompted Cora to firm up her stance, wanting to be taken and rutted to the point it was maddening. Even with his hips in their current state, mounting was a chore, though not out of a lack of eagerness as he desperately tried to hit his mark. Though it took him a few tries, a triumphant bellow resounded as he plunged in and prepared to fuck them into the deer they craved to be.

The mating act filled both with a sense of ecstasy as they rutted much like the deer they were. Though April's penis was long enough to spear Cora's insides, the positioning of his legs left something to be desired, and he tried with some failure to maintain his place within her cunt lips, falling out a few times as Cora did her best to stay still and allow his entry. It did help that their heels started to lengthen, raising his stance slightly as he leaned up over the female's back, gripping onto her hairy flanks with useless human fingers.

What remained of their bras and garter belts were forfeit as torsos continued to expand beyond human contours, chest barreling and bellies bulging out to their cervine equivalents. Fur soon raced from every pore, brown and short along their backs and arms while white along their bellies. Had April had any cognizance in the moment, he might have mourned the loss of human breasts, though there were useless in his new form, reduced to four vestigial nipples. Shoulders

were pushed forward, cracking loudly even over the sounds of the two of them panting and huffing their rut. Organs shifted, though the pair were only inconvenienced for moments at a time before their new positions allowed them to fuck better, desperate for the release their degrading minds craved.

The changes were hardly noticed, however, with the lust they felt for each other and the bestial need to fuck and rut. Though the final alterations were enough for them to need to readjust themselves, both soon-to-be deer were back and ready to keep going. It was amazing that the two deer possessed such stamina, though, in their final throes of humanity, it was all they could focus on. Even the stiffening of fingers and toes could not deter them from their rut, nor was the thickening of their nails as two from each hand shifted toward former palms, two balanced their weight, and thumbs were robbed from them completely. April struggled a little as fingers pulled away from his lover's flanks, though the stretching length of his hind toes allowed him to better mount his mate. Cora, too, or the doe she had become, did not care about the loss of her hands, rather happier than she was able to manage on her new hooves and properly take the buck within her and the seed her innards so desperately craved.

With shapes locked in, there was nothing in the way of orgasm as the two of them bellowed, April covering his mate as his balls slapped against her udders and his long thin deer cock blew its burden within him. Waves of pleasure washed through him as his testicles spilled their burden, more semen than most deer could possibly yield within a single female. With it, the fading remnants of his humanity were robbed from him as well, though nothing remained in the new stag to care about its loss. The scent of does in heat was all that mattered, as was the knowledge he had claimed this special one of his own.

Getting down off his doe, the stag moved to lick his excess seed from her rump, savoring the taste of his masculinity. Enjoying the sensation, the doe allowed herself to be cleaned, only waiting until the irritating feeling was gone before turning around and nuzzling and licking her stag, knowing she belonged within him and he would protect his herd and promise them new life.

The stag, content that he had impregnated one of his does, wished to cement the rest in place of his new herd. Watching with some interest, another one of the females, obviously in heat, moved over to him, squatting and pissing in typical cervine fashion, showing her receptiveness to be bred. Licking it as excited as he had his first conquest, the stag felt his cock coming to an erection, and moved to mount the new doe, his experience and proper body proportions allowing him to mount and mate what would be the next of his many conquests as he took his place as leader of the herd...

It took the pair of them little time to acclimate to their new lives, nothing left within of the humans they had once been, only the tufts of human hair atop their heads an indication they

had been anything else. The buck was accepted as the male of the herd, having lost their previous overlord to illness prior that year. As eager and virile as he was, the former human woman was able to sire many offspring, taking each of the females in turn and filling them with new life. Yet, even in those periods when his harem was not in heat, he had a preference for one doe in particular, one with a blond patch of hair on her head, and who was eager to take him within her any time his musk spoke of his own need...