

Oh Dear!

Written and Edited by PgFalcon

“W-who are you?” I demanded.

Standing in the doorway to my house was some sort of *mutant deer person*.

Me and Samantha had been, regrettably, fighting. It was over something silly, or at least it seemed silly to me. She was talking about gender inequality and how mother nature was so terribly cruel and unfair. I tried to tell her that it was all in her head, but I guess she must have been starting her time of the month early. I mostly ignored what she had to say. I'd heard it hundreds of times before. She always had a fascination with the male body and had long since confessed to me her desire to have a penis instead of breasts.

“Who are you!” I shouted, repeating myself more forcefully. Her doughy eyes seemed to twinkle.

“Why... I'm mother nature of course! I heard someone was talking shit.”

I stared blankly at the... creature, momentarily confused. She looked suddenly tired and gave me a withering, aged stare back.

“You see, I AM the spirit of the earth. I can take many forms, but I have chosen to come before you as...”

I interrupted her.

“You've got tits...” I stated, finding my voice.

She sighed.

“And a penis...” I continued, pointing. It was a deer's penis, complete with two large furry testicles hanging heavily underneath. As I stared at it, it twitched a little.

After an awkward pause she seemed to decide I wasn't worth wasting any more conversation on, and walked straight past me towards my wife, her voluptuous ass swaying from side to side, and patted me on the cheek on her way across the room. She was wearing no clothes, and her tits hung heavily like twin blimps on her chest. She also had full-blown antlers. I found myself strangely rooted to the spot. It was like I was in some sort of crazy dream. I had to be dreaming.

“How observant of you, dearie,” she said sarcastically, finally deigning to respond to me. She turned her head back to watch me for a moment with one inhuman eye, mischievous wrinkles forming at their corners.

Her sights were set on Samantha though, and goes back to ignoring me right until I open my big mouth again.

“Why a penis?” I asked, insistent to know at least this much. She stops, turns, and faces me full on.

“Why not?” she giggled. “I am mother nature after all... *dearie*.”

“Stop calling me that...” I mumbled, but not very audibly. I suddenly felt inexplicably shy. She turned back to face Samantha.

“Hello darling... excuse me for intruding on your lovely home, but I couldn’t help overhearing some of the stuff you were saying...”

Samantha’s eyes were wide, her vacant expression telling all. She really didn’t have a head for these sorts of situations. The ship carrying her sanity was left rudderless the second this ridiculous thing appeared, its captain having immediately abandoned her post. I couldn’t really blame her.

“Something about mother nature being a whore who takes pleasure from torturing the fairer sex and denying them equal standing amongst men... correct?”

Samantha showed absolutely no sign that she could even hear her. ‘Mother Nature’ walked up next to her and slung her arm around her shoulders, causing Sam to jump a little. Her bare tits squished up against my wife’s back, and she stiffened in place as the Deer Goddess pushed her hips against her ass, grinding the fuzzy sheath of her cock between her cheeks. Her arms hung loosely down my wife’s chest to lift and squeeze Sam’s own ample cleavage, as if they were hers to play with. I felt my blood start to boil but the burning emotional response felt distant, dampened by some invisible force acting upon my body. The same force, no doubt, that kept me rooted to the spot. Something was messing with my head!

“Have I got a proposition for you! If after the end of the day you still think the traditional ‘gender roles’ are unfair, then I’ll turn you and your husband back to normal! Okay?”

“Wha?” is all she could say, still in shock. Again: she didn’t deal well with these sorts of situations. I took charge, gathering all my strength to fight against the haze that was gathering around me like a heavy blanket. Anger can be a wonderful emotion for overcoming such manipulations, which I was slowly growing certain was the case. Something was happening to me, and this stranger in front of me was the cause. I had to do something while I still could!

I took a deep breath.

“Now see here! I don’t much like you coming into our house and threatening-”

“Shh!” she snipped, interrupting me. “Don’t talk. You’re to be seen and not heard. Are we clear?”

“What! Don’t talk to me like I’m some sort of-”

And then I suddenly couldn’t bring myself to make a sound. I opened my mouth.... but couldn’t bear to make myself speak. I knew I still *could* talk, but... something stopped me every time. I couldn’t gather my anger back to fight it either. Instead, I found myself feeling incredibly vulnerable and *timid*? Timid!? What was she doing to my brain??? I took another deep breath, gathering my dwindling fortitude to try one last time and fight what was happening to me, but before I could...

“So unruly!” continued ‘Mother Nature’. “It must be that big pair of balls you have there. Looks like we’ll need to get rid of those!”

I weakly mouthed silent obscenities at her right up until the point where I feel my balls move... after which all I could do is stand there in shock as I feel my testicles pop, one after the other, up into my body and out of existence. I feel my cock immediately shrivel like a scared turtle from the shocking sensation of having my testis vanish. I don’t like where this is going, and neither does my little guy.

“Much better!” she laughed. “But now you look so sad... Perhaps I can cheer you up, hmm?”

My jaw dropped. My dick was already in full-blown turtle mode, but now I felt it get taken even further as my entire shaft was sucked up into my body to join my gonads in oblivion, leaving me with just the head of my penis sticking out of my devastated nether-region like a squishy button.

But it didn’t stop there. I felt my skin stretch as it was pulled over what remained of my

penis, which I felt shrink down to the size of a cherry as it became smooth and wet, while simultaneously a crevice of flesh slowly engulfed it. The whole assembly then migrated downwards, tucking between my legs until everything was right beneath my asshole.

I nearly pissed myself as I felt two new openings form and reconnect to my innards. One was my urethra, reconnecting from my bladder after the one in my penis had collapsed and vanished, reopening just half an inch below what had only moments before been a proud male glans but now was a fat little clitoris. The other was another half an inch lower than even that, and as it appeared at the base of the new wet cleft in my groin I felt an intense and terrible emptiness fill me as lust like I had never felt before hit me like a punch to the gut. Both my face and my transforming sex flushed from the unspeakable alien heat, nearly making my legs buckle, and a sudden convulsion shot through my pelvis and made newly formed muscles contract and spread the soft, moldable flesh of my steamy loins open to the cold air. My new squishy, sensitive, glistening clit peeked past its protective hood for a split second, its inhuman heart shape sticking out in my mind as a dribble of fluid dripped from me and wetted my underwear with sticky, slimy, aromatic discharge. My boxer briefs were now sticking wetly to my bare and radiant *pussy*, the sensation bringing the excruciatingly intimate details of my new sex to light. It was smaller than a human pussy could be, and judging from the sensations extending deep into my belly it accommodated a much more exotic penis too.

The smell was intense, but not nearly as intense as the realization that not only had I been gifted a pussy to take the place of my manhood, but the very strong suspicion that this *whore* had given me a *doe's* pussy... wet, in season, and begging me to be mated. It certainly wasn't human!!! That *bitch* had equipped me to fuck deer, and even worse was giving me instincts and urges that made me *want* to fuck deer! Sudden fear and realization hit me as I saw Mother Nature's balls draw up for a second as she flexed her pelvic muscles and the red tip of her animalistic penis pushed past the opening of her furry sheath. I sucked in a breath and stifled a moan as I stared at it.

Oh dear God no, please tell me this wasn't happening. I was practically drooling and unable to look away from it, much less move or run. I did *not* want to get fucked like some sort of thirsty whore! I was a man! I was a...

But my body could not lie. It wanted to be fucked, to be mated, to be impregnated. All at once my biology was completely at odds with my conscious mind, and I was already starting to lose to it. I had an animal's sex drive, and human notions of right and wrong didn't play into that equation at *all*. I *needed* sexual release, and I wouldn't get it until I fucked something. There was no other option available.

The deer woman smirked at me, seemingly satisfied with her work, and turned to Samantha. I stood there dumbfounded with my drooling doe pussy between my legs making

itself known. It tingled pleasantly as I felt another convulsion approaching, and grimaced as I braced myself for it.

My wife stared at me curiously, as if in a daze. She couldn't see what had happened to me: I was still wearing pants after all. All she knew was that I seemed to be in trouble. I noticed her eyes were being drawn back and forth between my pants and our home invader. I looked down to see what she was looking at and saw that a small wet stain was already appearing on my front of my tight jeans. I fought the urge to touch myself, desperately holding onto the feverish hope that if I simply ignored it then maybe I'd wake up. If I gave in and touched it with my own hands it would make everything that was happening real... and I knew that I wouldn't be able to handle it.

"You like dicks, don't you honey..." whispered Mother Nature into Samantha's ear. "You wish you had one, right? Well today's your lucky day!"

"Whu?" asked my wife.

My eyes went wide as I realized what she was going to do to Sam. I tried to save her and intervene... but was stopped in my tracks as my deer pussy convulsed once again, making me grimace from the fantastic sensation and causing the wet spot on the front of my jeans to grow, and my wife's eyes to widen as she witnessed it, but that wasn't the end of it.

I felt a sudden rush of softness spread across my entire lower body, from my naval to my toes, as my body hair thickened and grew into a thick coat of downy fur, and short straight hairs grew over top of that in a second layer. My ass and groin received a special treatment of extra thick and soft fur as I felt a short, stubby tail poke out of my buttocks, soft and twitchy. A deer tail, just like the one Mother Nature had. As it grew out I cried out quietly as it became painfully trapped against the seat of my jeans, and without thinking reached down the back of my pants to tuck it down against my ass. Soft hairs thickly covered my new stubby appendage, and I blanched as I realized that this wasn't a dream. I had in my hand a *real* tail, it was *really* part of me, soft and warm and sensitive and moving. My hand shook as I dared not feel any further, and slowly pulled my hand back and stared down at it. A few little white hairs were stuck between my fingers, and a sweet smell seemed to linger. I looked past my hand to the wet spot soaking the fork of my pants and saw that it was now highly conspicuous, but more importantly were my pants always that tight? My belt was hanging unusually high on my hips and the crotch was riding tighter between my legs than it should have. My body tingled all over from the assault on my senses. If this continued there wouldn't be anything human left of me!

The deer woman glanced back at me with one eye and a smirk, as if to warn me against further attempts at interruption.

“You’re going to really enjoy this...” she continued, whispering to Sam.

“Wha!?! What’s going on! What’s happening?! What are you?”

Sam finally seemed to be snapping out of it... but only because she was being changed now too. Her breasts were deflating. I watched in amazement as her shirt loosened, falling as her bosom rapidly shrank and could no longer support it.

Then her *face* started to change. Her nose and mouth pushed outwards, and her *entire* body was rapidly becoming fur covered, brown with white spots running down her exposed arms, white fur where her cleavage used to be, and brown fur around her ankles. Two velvety nubs poked out from beneath her long brown hair, the beginning of a pair of antlers.

But Mother Nature’s hand wasn’t on her face, or on her vanishing chest, or even on her antlers as they began to branch out into the air. Her hand was down Sam’s pants.

“Ah! Here it comes!” she said gleefully.

“NNGHAA!” bawled Sam, petrified, her still growing muzzle making the cry of fear and surprise sound like the bleat of an animal. She didn’t appear to be able to move. The front of her jeans were undone, and straining against the waistband of her low-cut pink panties was...

Okay. Time to run and get the police... because my wife was growing a dick.

Mother Nature’s hand was on her shaft and she pumped it as it grew. With each stroke it seemed to strain further and further into the open air, stretching like taffy.

“Oh yes dearie! Doesn’t that just feel lovely!” she cooed. Sam sobbed as she grew more and more hysterical. She couldn’t move or even try to escape as the deer woman continued to molest her. A drop of pre-cum beaded at the tip of her dick, squeezed out by the Deer Goddess’s gentle and attentive strokes. Yep... definitely time to run. Nothing I could do here but make things worse!

I closed my eyes to the spectacle and turned to escape through the front door, but before I get two steps it slammed shut and I heard the locks click and slide.

“Naughty! You mustn’t leave your lover wanting in her time of need! That’s just plain selfish.”

My pants were ripped down by an invisible force, my belt and fly springing open almost explosively, and I didn’t bother trying to pick them up. I yanked on the doorknob and tried to

yell for help, hitting the wooden slab ineffectually with my fist... but not a word managed to escape my lips. I was becoming magically meeker by the second and found my efforts at resistance requiring an ever-increasing amount of willpower. It was already all I could muster myself to do to continue to pound my fists on the door futilely while Mother Nature lifted my wife's fuzzy chin and forced her to look at me. Me and my naked, exposed, furry deer ass.

Her tits were gone, replaced by a more masculine chest, her entire body covered in fur, and her face like that of an animal. She cried out in fear, bawling, as her newly acquired penis was stroked by the deer woman. Her panties were straining, tightly restraining Samantha's rigid and fully erect penis, the pre-cum dripping from the tip slicking up Mother Nature's hand and lubing her up a fair bit.

Mother Nature pulled Sam's pants down further just in time to reveal to me a pair of massive testicles burst from her body and overfilled my wife's tiny panties, pulling them down from her hips and bulging them even further. I felt a pang of jealousy as I saw she was much bigger than I was as a man, in just about every measurable way, and butterflies formed in my stomach as I imagined what it must feel like... No! I couldn't think such thoughts! I still had to escape!

"I do think she's ready for you dear!" exclaimed Mother Nature happily. "I'll bring her right over! Don't move!"

I continued to try and pound the door but found myself instead frozen in place, braced now with both hands against my front door. I strained as hard as I could, a last-ditch attempt to throw off the spell this demoness had cast on me, but was instead rewarded by the sensation of my ears changing shape, lengthening and becoming furry and floppy. I tried to move again and once more I felt changes run over my body, fur spreading farther up my belly towards my chest. I felt my toes and ankles begin to warp in shape.

I tried to move a third time, and felt my ankles rip up out of my shoes as my toes become cloven hooves, and the fur covered most of my chest. I felt a swelling sensation as I begin to develop breasts, and I quickly decided to stop struggling, right after receiving a pair of shockingly tender a-cups. The way this was going I was going to transform 100% into an animal!

As I watched my wife approach I couldn't help but feel excited. My tail was flipped straight up in the air as high as it would go, beyond my ability to control in my current addled state. A thin string of mucus dripped from my rearward-facing slit, wetting my entire pussy and running over my hidden-away cherry-sized clit before slowly drooling onto the floor. Little convulsions were hitting me over and over as she grew even closer, my pussy opening in little gushes, my dark pink labia and swollen clit fully exposed for fractions of a second to

my wife as she panted heavily behind me. I turned beet red in shame from my embarrassing and compromising position, hiding my face and averting my eyes from my lovely Sam, now turned into a deer monster. What she must think of me looking like this!

A moment passed and nothing happened, so I dared to take a peek behind me, frightened by what I might see, and was confronted by my wife's pleading eyes. Her cock looked *painfully* hard, but she wasn't moving. I could smell it, and felt my body react strongly to the potent smell. I could only imagine how strongly her own body was now reacting to *my* smell. I knew I needed her, and she needed me, but for what felt like an eternity we stayed like that... and then my new female sex tensed up and a fresh gush of my bodily fluids dribbled to the floor, and I shivered at the sensation, but couldn't help but notice at the same time that Sam's whole body twitched and a sizable amount of pre squeezed from her inhuman and oversized dick and ran all the way down her shaft to stain her favorite pair of panties.

And something in my resolve caved. Why delay the inevitable, after all? I knew in my heart that even if we managed to not fuck each other's brains out right *now*, and the Deer Goddess suddenly vanished to leave us alone to our own devices, left in these bodies it was inevitable that we would quickly give in to these incredible carnal desires. I wanted her inside me. I desperately *needed* to have her rut me and cum inside me and fill me up over and over until I was overflowing and we were both exhausted. I didn't even care about any future consequences doing such a stupid thing might bring. I considered for a second fighting it for a minute longer to find some contraceptives, the still sane region of my brain balking at the possibility of any kids at all, much less what might happen as a result of being in my current inhuman body, but a much more basic part of my brain refused such as an option as being counterproductive (pun intended), not to mention that there was likely no human condom in existence that would fit her properly, or even at all. It didn't particularly want to need to go fishing inside my body for a broken and lost condom, certainly.

I trembled, holding back a bursting dam of emotion as I contemplated what was going to happen, and then nodded my head slowly, adjusting myself against the door to brace myself better.

Sam understood instantly, and wasted no time, but to my surprise I didn't find myself immediately mounted.

Instead I flinched slightly as felt her hands on my furred ass, and then her fingers as she gently touched the hood of flesh covering my electrically sensitive clit, drawing it ever-so-carefully back and spreading my doe-hood open, and then with a sticky, wet tongue that was much longer than any humans she licked me.

I don't know what I was expecting, but what *happened* was I climaxed. At least, I can only assume it was a climax, because my entire body seized up in a nearly-painful muscle

contraction as I squirted onto my wife's face, waves of pleasure washing over my body and bursting out from deep within my belly as the flow of my feminine secretions increased and my spasming vagina ejected wet spurts of it with every contraction of the strange new muscles I had acquired.

Sam licked her muzzle, tasting me and swallowing what she could reach, and then lost it. Her nose was big, cold, and soft, and she pressed her muzzle as deep into my pussy as she could and shot her incredibly long tongue up and *into* my body.

I had never in my life thought I would ever be able to come like I did then. My brain was still buzzing pleasantly from my very first female orgasm, and my body still trying to come down from that sensational high, before I was being wracked by a second! Oh God, her tongue! I wanted to tell her to slow down, to take it easy, that I was at the limit of what my pitiful human mind could handle already, but I couldn't speak! I merely mewled softly to myself as my entire body felt like it wanted to curl into a ball and straighten out simultaneously, hair standing on end and cloven hooves straining in my ill-fitting shoes as I stretched my legs as high as they would go while my fingers clawed uselessly at the smooth polished wood of the door and my belly trembled and quaked with intermittent bouts of strong muscle contractions until I fell into the door, my arms no longer strong enough to support me on their own.

After what felt like a short eternity Sam stopped and withdrew her snout and tongue to leave me panting and cooing in an attempt to calm myself down as my body continued to convulse and shake, little fluttering waves of pleasure making me tense over and over rhythmically as the intense sensations shooting through my body slowly ebbed. My pussy pulsed hotly with my every heart-beat and I could feel it spreading open slightly with every twitch of my now hypersensitive body.

My clothes, most especially my shirt, now bothered me, the fabric too rough for my frayed nerve endings. The pants and boxers around my ankles, and the shoes that no longer fit, felt constrictive so I kicked them off. The socks clung to me for a little longer, but I stepped on the toes one foot after the other and kicked them aside too.

I was about to start taking off my shirt next when Sam's hands traced their way up from my furry ass and past my waist, sliding under the fabric and along my plush belly until she held in both of her hands my modest breasts. I reveled in the sensation and clenched my teeth as she gently took my protruding nipples between her fingers, and cupped my soft mounds with her palms. That particular part of my body was still sore from the transformation, and sensitive from my multiple orgasms, but she handled me so delicately that it made me relax despite myself, and I felt muscles that were still knotted and tensed from the extravaganza that is the female orgasm begin to release the hold they had on my

body. I felt myself slowly turn to jelly... but I still needed more. I had found release, but that wasn't what my new body *needed*. I needed cock.

And then I looked down and saw that when Sam had stood up to grope me, after having eaten me out, her gigantic deer penis had risen up with her to hover between my legs. She was hunched over just enough, her soft and fuzzy chest resting against my back, that it hovered only inches away from touching my still hyper-sensitive body, my sex dripping onto the base of her shaft and already slicking her skin. I could feel its *heat*, and imagined she could feel *mine*. I watched as it twitched with each drip from my convalescing pussy, both of our fluids running down to mix along her glistening shaft.

From this distance I was able to get quite a good look at it. She was thoroughly *not* human, and I estimated her to be at well over a foot in length, and while it looked 'skinny' compared to how long it was she had a fair bit thicker than I used to be. She was much bigger, I realized with dread, than I was completely comfortable with.

Its length intrigued and enticed me, the strange smooth tapering shape of her shaft and flaring arrow-head glans running roughshod over my imagination as I *desperately* wanted to find out what having something like that inside me *felt like*.

But it was too huge. I felt myself quiver in sudden doubt at what we were about to do. Was it going to hurt? Would it even fit?

Sam seemed to sense my reservations, and nuzzled my neck reassuringly, her warm breath on my skin sending chills down my spine all the way to my twitchy tail. I watched her strain, her own need the equal to my own but as of yet unsatisfied. She needed me now even more than I needed her. I wanted to make her feel good, to return the favor, to relieve her of the oppressive need to mate that I knew she must be feeling too.

I looked sideways at her, brushing my cheek against hers, and smiled.

"Please be gentle?"

She snorted, and for a moment we were both overcome by how insane our situation was, but nature called, and she could not be ignored. I reached down to touch her.

My hands felt strangely small, as I gently held her shaft with both of my hands. Were they actually smaller, or was she just that much bigger? Or both? My breaths grew shallow as I felt my lover in my hands, the slippery body fluids coating its length well lubricating her and allowing my hands to slide easily, my every little movement and touch bringing joyful reactions from Samantha as she stood stoically behind me and no doubt resisted the urge to move. I was so proud of her, in that moment. Proud at how well she was handling our

incredible situation, how she was managing to keep control of herself even as I slid my hand against her on purpose and I could feel her manhood pulse and strain and pre leak down from its tip and cover my fingers. If I was being completely honest I was also quite proud that my 'mate' had such a wonderful cock. It felt wonderful to the touch and was boilingly hot. I *needed* it in me.

I arched my butt and leaned over further, my tail curled straight up invitingly, putting everything on full display. I slid my hands gently up to the head of her penis, strangely small compared to the rest of her yet still so large in my hands... I felt my pussy convulse again and wondered how on earth she was going to fit inside something so small.

Carefully, ever so carefully, I guided her back. Both of us were trembling in anticipation, like it was our first time all over again, and it basically *was*. I resisted the urge to grind against her as she backed up, because I didn't want any further delay. I knew the second our sexes touched she was going to buck forward, and I wanted her to hit her mark on the first thrust.

It was easier than I thought it was going to be.

The second the head of her penis parted my comparably much smaller pussy's yielding entrance, my clit and her glans touching for a tiny moment as if sharing a kiss, she jumped forward as if through some reflex and penetrated me several inches.

My heart jumped into my throat as I felt my new sex stretch wide to accommodate her, and I knew it was only the narrowest part, the thickest bits were yet to come. I was in no position to stop it now, though; nor would I have, had the means to stop her been available to me. I was going to see it all the way through, and that meant I could only swallow my heart and brace as well as I could for what would come next.

Sam thrust again, sliding deeper into my body by nearly half a foot. I cried out, but it wasn't pain that made me yell. It was joy. My entire body was growing fuzzy with an incredible joy that felt *right*, like what we were doing was the most natural and correct thing to do in the whole world. I had never felt so wonderful! So full of giddy-headed school-girlish giggly bubbly *happiness*.

If I hadn't already come, *twice*, just moments before I surely would have now, but my body was charging itself for something even bigger, and the opportune time had yet to come, so I forced my body to hold back a little while longer.

Sam, however, wasn't holding back anymore. Her third thrust in as many seconds bottomed out in me completely.

My pussy was on fire, stretched tighter than I thought physically possible for such delicate flesh, and my wife had penetrated me all the way to my womb. I could feel her pushed against it and felt myself glow with the delightful thought that we were *made* for each other. How wonderfully compatible our bodies were! How well we fit together! How *sensational* the feelings of her long member as it rubbed against the matching depths of my vagina, the head of her penis pushing against the entrance to my ready and waiting womb, the primal need to be filled with her seed driving me insane with lust and impatience!

“OHHHH, FUCK ME!” I cried, moaning with desire the like of which I couldn’t even comprehend, much less give a crap about controlling. I wanted to feel like this forever.

Sam went wild.

I was slammed up against the door repeatedly as first she pulled out a few inches, and then began fucking me with speed born of desperation. I knew she wouldn’t last long, and that was okay, because I sure as hell wasn’t going to either. I felt my pussy get dragged in and out on each thrust, despite how crazily well lubed I had become, as her insane girth stretched me tight around her like a glove. On the outward stroke it felt like she might pull me inside out, and when she thrust back in my fat clit was dragged up against her wet shaft as if to help guide her in, sending electric shocks throughout my pussy and across my skin each time.

Muscles deep within me squeezed and kneaded and fluttered against her as she pushed all the way into me, and clenched hard to try and hold her in when she pulled back. My own strength surprised me when I almost managed bring her to a stop on a backward stroke, but she was too slippery, and I succeeded only in nearly squeezing her out of me. Her following thrust was much *longer* therefore and made me nearly lose my mind.

But, alas, it couldn’t last indefinitely. Deer were not designed for extended love making to begin with, I think, and I could feel the signs that my lover was nearly at her limit. As she sped up her thrusts, so do did I speed up my counter trusts and timed the squeezing grip of my body accordingly. My ears began to ring from the pounding of my heart, and my sight was growing fuzzy. Whatever was coming was going to be *huge*. I could feel Samantha pushing deeper into my body than ever before with every new thrust, her wild bucking swinging a large and low hanging ball sack that had managed to free itself from her panties and now smacked against me heavily. My mind spun with the thought of how much jizz she must be able to hold in goliaths such as those. Surely enough to satisfy me!

And most surely it was. Without warning she began to orgasm, a low groan bellowing from deep in her throat as I felt wet, sticky warmth blossom deep within me. I could feel it spurt into my womb at the very bottom of her rapidly shortening strokes, and spraying into my vaginal canal in between, so I clenched down on her as hard as I could with my body,

squeezing her so tight that I might be driven insane the sensation of my body grabbing hold of hers as she continued to try and pump into me, and in the end it worked. She came to a halt, grabbing tightly ahold of me and squeezing my aching breasts, planting herself as deep into my body as physically possible, her entire form twitching as she blasted more and more of that sweet nectar of hers into me.

It also had the effect that it caused me to orgasm with the intensity of a thousand suns.

I screamed, crying out in shock as my pussy exploded. I could feel my womb being filled by the second as my sweet Samantha continued to orgasm herself, lowing into my ear as she twitched over and over, but my entire body went into lock-down.

I've had foot cramps and Charlie Horses before, but this orgasm made my *vagina* cramp down. Sam wasn't going *anywhere*, and I was in for a very long and incredible 60 seconds as my senses were overwhelmed while I came... and came... and came...

In fact, I began to worry it would never end. An eternity seemed to stretch on with no relief in sight. I squeezed Sam with superhuman strength, and she continued to shoot more ejaculate into me. I could feel my belly actually becoming *full*, and that just made everything worse because it made everything feel even better! I was a rocket shooting straight up into the sky, and I felt like I was never going to stop, never going to come back down.

"AH! AH! AH!" I chanted with every short breath, the sensation of my belly growing tighter by incremental amounts bringing fresh pleasure to an already unending climax. So much! She was giving me so much!

Then, just when I thought I was at the very limits of my mind and body, Sam slowed to a stop, her body twitching and jerking but otherwise pleasantly still. Her ordeal seemed to be over, and my own followed closely behind. I began to calm down, the incredibly high of such a persistent and enduring climax having sent my head into the stratosphere and now I felt myself gently drifting back down to earth like a falling flower petal.

"Slowly!" I hissed, grabbing hold of Sam's hand over my breast and squeezing to make sure she heard me. She had begun to pull out, her previously stoic iron rod already softening and shrinking back.

Oh god was I sensitive! It felt like every little movement was too much! Inch after inch Sam gently worked her gargantuan cock from my still shaking body, a pool of bodily fluids forming behind as she slowly uncorked me, until with a soft plop she pulled all the way out and I felt boiling hot fluids run down my leg.

Quite a lot had already escaped my body and made one hell of a mess of my thighs, and the fresh burst did nothing to help the matter, but to my great unending joy the vast majority managed to remain bottled up inside my ballooned womb. I reached down to touch my stomach in disbelief at what we had just did, and what had just happened to me, and Samantha followed my hand with her own, a deep thrum of happiness vibrating her throat and tickling me.

Laughter made us both stand up straight like a bolt.

“Wonderful!” exclaimed the deer spirit as she clasped her hands together. “You two really *do* make a lovely couple! And such a fantastic coupling indeed... I couldn’t ask for better!”

I was left speechless. I wanted to make demands... but what did I want her to do? Did I want her to change us back? Certainly, I would do without the tail, and Sam would most likely enjoy having a human head again, but basking in the afterglow of such a fantastic fuck I couldn’t bear the thought of losing what had been given to me so easily.

“What now,” asked Samantha.

“You can still talk?!” I asked, shocked.

“Of course she can still talk,” tutted Mother Nature. “I’m not *cruel*, my dear boy. I’m just eccentric. You’re both free to return to your former forms as well, if you so choose.”

“What?” I asked.

“Of course, if you do that you’ll miss out on what comes next. Bearing and rearing a child!”

“WHAT!?” I asked again, much louder this time.

“It’s up to you, honey,” said Samantha, a bit too quickly. “But I’m already feeling like a round two.”

“You sure seem eager to have a kid all of a sudden!”

“Well, yea, now that I don’t have to be the one to go through the pregnancy.”

“Are you kidding? Having a life inside you? A little person!? Against that, pregnancy seems like a pretty small price!”

“Well then *you* have the baby, and I’ll just help you make it!” said Sam eagerly. She certainly *was* ready for round two already, as evidenced by her returning erection.

“That’s not fair!” I pouted, but already was starting to smile at the prospect... “but if you really feel that strongly about it...”

“Trust me, I do.”

“Then I’ll do it. Ms. Mother Nature? I think we’ll stay like this then.”

“Oh, I’m so happy to hear that dearie! I’ll be stopping by every now and then to see how things are going. Just so that you know, this is permanent once I’ve left. Oh... and before I forget I have one last thing to give you two.”

And with that she walked over and kissed both of us on the cheek, one small peck each, before turning to leave.

“Welcome to the community dearies! I’m sure you’ll both fit in just fine! I can’t wait for you both to give me *many* more little Nymphs to run around my forests! There’s always so few legendary creatures these days, you know...”

And without further ado the strange Goddess vanished, leaving us to return to what came most naturally. It was going to be a very long, exhausting, and *rewarding* week. I couldn’t wait to get started!