

John Doe

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John was a woodsman inside and out, and always prided himself on landing the biggest buck of all his buds every season. His secret you might ask? He had several, but the one that he most awarded the reason for his hunting success was the “doe in rut” urine that he covered himself with before leaving on his expeditions. He went so far as to wash his clothes in it, bathe with it, and even gargled it. Bucks from miles around would come and find him, and he would have his pick to kill. This year he hoped to break his record of an impressive eleven point buck not two years ago, and was wildly enthusiastic about this seasons hunt.

This year, he found a woman selling musk and with just one whiff of it he could tell it was unusually potent. He bought her entire store of urine, at great personal cost. She was a very strange woman, living very deep in the woods in a small cottage, but also strikingly beautiful. He’s thinking of her as he prepares once again to go out and hunt himself a buck.

When he starts to empty a bottle of the stuff on himself in the shower, he notices at once that it is much more odorous than anything he has used thus far. Even used to the heady smell as he is it makes him feel extremely light headed, but he continues to rub it into his skin, not missing an inch of his body. He had already washed a load of his hunting clothes with another bottle of the stuff, and has ten more five-ounce bottles left with which to thoroughly disguise his sent and get those males running to him. When he gets out of the shower he smells absolutely nasty, the pungent smell quickly filling the house, and John smiles to himself.

He walks naked over to his stash and grabs another bottle, then walks over to the sink to gargle with the stuff. He tosses it back in one go, and is immediately surprised by the unusually putrid taste. He’s so shocked that he accidentally swallows. Deer urine never tasted good, and usually was pretty strong, but that was ridiculous! The muskiness of the urine is so powerful that it feels as though his mouth is vibrating from the aftertaste, and his stomach churns. He shakes himself, then proceeds to open another bottle and use that to gargle.

When he’s done though, and has thoroughly covered the scent of his breath, he can’t help but think that to spit it out would be a waste. It may taste strong, and unusual, but it really isn’t *that* bad. Besides, if he digests the urine the pheromones will most likely be secreted in his sweat, which will only help to disguise his scent! The idea is so profound to John that he immediately swallows, and proceeds to drink two more bottles, then uses the rest to layer on more of the smelly doe in heat smell into his skin, clothes, and gear. Not even his rifle escapes a rub-down. Very quickly he’s ready to go.

John drives himself out to a nearby game preserve and proceeds to make his way through the forest to find himself the best spot he can. He’s ecstatic when young males flock to him almost immediately, which has never happened before, but none are the record setting buck that John hopes to land. After half a day of walking he sets up in between two trees on the ground with a large clearing in the forest

right in front of him. More bucks come by the handful and are so bold as to walk up to John, but he ignores them. Then suddenly, after hours of waiting, they run off. He quickly learns why.

A huge heart, a fifteen point whitetail buck, leaps into the clearing. He's insanely big, and his antlers are the largest and most beautiful set that John has ever seen on a stag. He carefully lifts his rifle to his shoulder, when he starts to feel a bit funny. The stag slows to a stop and stands in the middle of the clearing, and seems to be staring at him.

John squirms a bit, and re-sights the buck, but he can't keep the sight steady. It's like he suddenly can't get comfortable, and his skin is buzzing as if it's gone numb. John's breathing rapidly quickens, and his hands start to tremble. He tries a third time to site the buck, standing still as can be not fifty feet away! He can't possibly miss this opportunity! This is the buck of his dreams, practically begging to be shot and mounted on John's wall!

John blinks his eyes clear and is trying to still his hands when the buzzing on his skin intensifies, and his crotch starts to grow very hot, and John's attention is brought away from the huge, fifteen point buck standing in front of him. This hasn't happened before. In fact, he starts to get worried when the heat in his crotch continues to intensify. His breathing is coming in short, rapid bursts now, and he tries to rub his crotch to relieve the burning. It doesn't help.

And now the intense burning is spreading from his crotch up his ass crack, and over his ass cheeks, and down his legs, and up his back! It's becoming painful! John grips his balls and tries to relieve the burning, rubbing his hands against his inner thighs as if to rub off whatever is causing this reaction in him. Is it the doe-in-heat urine that's causing this? It has to be!

Then John really starts to panic when the powerful burning sensation starts to travel down his urethra. The pain doubles and the heat triples, and now he's gripping his genitals through the fabric of his pants and curling into the fetal position. The heat is traveling up his torso now, and will soon consume his whole body. He's burning on the inside now too.

My god does he feel strange, and he's wondering what he should do when he feels his ass start to swell. Very quickly he fills out his very baggy hunting pants, and starts putting on weight. He's thinking that he must have developed an allergy to deer urine when his pants burst open, and he sees that his lower stomach is covered in fine reddish-brown hair, and it's visibly thickening.

This couldn't possibly be happening, thinks John. This isn't normal. That's when things start to really accelerate.

John begins rapidly gaining weight. He's actually a fairly small guy, only weighing 140 lbs, but his body is swelling like a balloon. At the same time, his legs and arms are thinning, and the rust colored fur travels up his entire body. But none of this puts John into a panic. What happens next, though, does.

He starts to feel his genitals shrink. Slowly at first, but quickly accelerating. This is the last straw, and he starts to freak out, standing up and trying to hold onto his junk as if he could stop it from disappearing. He can't, and very quickly his manhood is gone. John is shocked, and for several seconds doesn't move, not even when he feels a tail sprout from his ass, which has become much rounder and fuller over the recent few minutes. His ass is also now covered in soft, snow white fur.

John is trying to feel around for his penis and balls, as if he had simply misplaced them and a quick search might turn them back up, when he falls forward to the ground and catches himself with his hands. He ignores his still burning crotch for a moment to watch in horror as his hands and feet mutate and become cloven hooves. His jeans fall to the ground and expose his lovely white furry ass to the woods, and his shirt rips in half as his chest becomes too large for it. He tries to stand up, but can't.

He tries to scream, but the only sound he makes is a pathetic bawling as his head distorts and changes shape. His entire body is on fire and is no longer his, and he suddenly wants to cry, but that too is now beyond him. The next few seconds are relatively peaceful as he feels the final changes take place, leaving nothing left of John the man, replacing him with John the doe.

All that's left is a 200lb white-tailed doe, deep in estrus, standing before an excellent specimen of stag. John is very confused, but the impact of what has happened to him starts to dawn as his body cools down, but his crotch does not. He can feel it, his pussy, and it's hot and in heat. Nothing could ever have quite described it or prepared him for it. It was a need unlike any need he had felt before, stronger than hunger, fear, or any previous sex drive he used to possess. He wants to touch it, he needs to get off, but he can't even begin to reach.

Then the stag takes a step towards him, and John notices that he smells very nice, and is almost drawn over to him. Then the stag's penis starts to slide out, and John snaps out of it and runs. He runs from the stag, from his body, and from the primal yet powerful feelings of being a doe in estrus. He can't escape any of it, and the more he runs the greater his need for penetration, his desire for that buck to be inside of him, and the strong instincts now being produced by his own body as it fights him and betrays him. John doesn't know how long he runs, but he cannot run forever, and the stag seems to be keeping pace with him effortlessly. There's a clearing up ahead, and if John doesn't stop and rest he feels like he'll collapse, so this shall be where he will make his last stand. He will need to try to fight the buck off, that is his only chance.

With a bound he leaps over the last of the shrubbery, panting heavily, and turns around in the middle of the clearing to face the buck, who is right behind him. John can feel his pussy dribbling liquid, and every few seconds he can't stop it from pulsing. Each pulse feels so good, so nice, but it does nothing to relieve his heat, it only intensifies it. *God, thinks John, it's like a boner I can't get rid of, but in reverse.* The thought is so unusual, and his situation so insane, that he actually starts laughing, or at least tries to. He can only make a gruff churring and chuffing sound. It's nervous laughter, because he knows he's trapped, and he knows what's coming. It's going to happen no matter how hard he fights it, and it's getting harder and harder to fight it by the second.

The stag just stands there, beautiful with his strong back, large antlers, and excellent physique. John would have called that buck beautiful even before being transformed into a doe. As they watch each other, the buck's penis begins to emerge once more, and it slides out a full two feet, then slides back.

John's jaw drops, and he gives an involuntary groan as his deer pussy clenches. That was the hottest thing he has ever seen, and the thought of that buck's penis all the way inside his virgin vagina is enough to make him squirm. He's thinking less and less about running away, and more and more about what it would feel like. He *needs* to know, there's no point in pretending any longer, and so trying not to think about it he turns around, and lifts up his tail.

Come and get me Mr. Buck, John thinks to himself, at long last surrendering to his new body. *I'm all yours. Let's make some Bambi's.*

The buck trots over, and immediately shows interest in John's behind, sniffing his rear and rubbing his nose into John's vaginal fluid and licking him. John fails to repress a pleasurable shudder at the buck's touch.

Then, finally, the buck rears up onto its hind legs and gently balances himself behind John, gently nibbling his back as he positions himself to reassure his doe, before slowly resting only a fraction of his weight on his back, and the tip of his penis starts to probe for John's pussy. John is already in sexual bliss and a state of extreme arousal, but he is totally unprepared for what happens next.

The buck feels around gently and carefully with the patience of an experienced mater, searching for that wet, hot, target of his desires. It doesn't take him long to locate it, John's labia is spread wide in open invitation, waiting for the buck and puckering in anticipation.

The head of the buck's penis penetrates John, and he has just enough time to begin to start to doubt the intelligence of letting a buck fuck him when the buck lunges forward and the full two feet of his penis shoots up inside of him, spraying his semen all the way like a hose.

John orgasms on the spot, his virginity taken in a fraction of a second and his eggs fertilized not a moment later.

It's insane! Impossible! Nothing should be able to be so deep inside of him, and make him feel like this! The buck's penis slams back into its sheath like a piston, spraying seed all the while, and shoots back up into John's new sex stimulating yet another orgasm. This is nothing, *nothing* like fucking some chick. It's infinitely better, and John loses himself to that buck and his wonderful, beautiful, throbbing, hard, hot penis. The feeling of it inside of him, stretching his pussy tight and penetrating him so deeply that he feels that it might be touching his tonsils, it's almost too much to bear! And the orgasms! Two in less than two seconds!!! His pussy is going insane, his body is no longer his, and the thought of being impregnated by this buck is the most wonderful thought in the world to John right now.

The buck is confused. He's never had a mate stand there like this one is, they almost always bolt after the first penetration, and he can usually only manage a second penetration if they're slow, or he gets lucky. This doe is just standing there, quivering, as he penetrates her for the third time! How wonderful! She will most definitely become heavy with his young! She's such a fine example of what a doe should be too, so beautiful and strong. She will birth fine children.

The buck penetrates John a third time, and he cries out as the buck invokes in him yet another orgasm, his third now. He can't take it, how long is he supposed to stand here and let the buck fuck him? He's already ready for it to end! The buck penetrates him a fourth time, and now John nearly passes out as a fourth orgasm shakes him. It's like there's a button in the back of John's vagina that triggers an orgasm when pressed, no matter what! His pussy is starting to get sore, and he doesn't think his body can take much more. The buck penetrates him for the fifth time, and once again John experiences another mind blowing orgasm as the buck continues to spray seed up into John, painting the walls of his vagina so to speak. There's so much in him now that it's actually running out of him and dribbling onto the forest floor.

The buck is thoroughly confused. The doe is always the one to end the copulation. This one is not, and he is finding out that he is physically incapable of stopping himself. He wants to, with every successive penetration he wants to more and more. His penis is growing sore, and he's running out of seed! What will happen when he has nothing more to ejaculate? This has never happened to him before, and still he continues to rut into his female companion.

John has now suffered ten consecutive orgasms in less than ten seconds, and is almost beyond rational thought. He's now trying to escape the buck, but his legs are so weak that he can't move fast enough to get out from under him! Eleven! Twelve! Thirteen! Each penetration stimulating an orgasm! It's too much!

On the fifteenth penetration John shudders and collapses, his body still orgasming, and the buck stands over him with his penis still shooting in and out of its sheath like a striking snake, spraying the last of the his seed. John lays there in the grass, exhausted, his pussy spasming uncontrollably every other second. He can feel the buck's spunk coating his insides, and feels it even deeper inside of him pooling in his womb, almost certainly impregnating him. He's beyond caring at the moment, and is content to lie there in a pool of his own satisfaction and the combined fluids of the two deer's lovemaking. The buck, worried about his partner, stands sentry over her, occasionally nuzzling her and cleaning her fur with his tongue. She falls asleep, and even though he too would be grateful for some rest, he remains standing, protecting his mate and his young.

For the next six months John adjusts to living in the wild, avoiding predators, learning what to eat, and not eat, and although for the first few weeks he misses his home and his things, he soon finds a simple sort of satisfaction that can only come from simple living and being in tune with nature. The buck stuck by him everywhere he went, which was incredibly unusual. Deer don't mate for life, and the buck never sticks around to look after the kid, but for some reason he stuck around, for which John was grateful. John soon began to rapidly gain weight, and the question of whether he was really pregnant was finally answered. At first John was scared. He didn't want babies, he didn't want to be a deer, he just wanted to go home and watch T.V., maybe drink a beer, but when he starts to feel the foals kick inside him his whole attitude changes. He forgets about beer and football, and he finds himself thinking more about his kids. He wonders what they'll be like, worries about their health and safety, and as time passes by begins to fear the rapidly approaching day that he will need to birth them, for there are indeed more than one. He is heavy with three foals.

Spring rapidly approaches, and as birds return and new grass begins to grow John get more and more nervous as the day of reckoning approaches, and then on a particularly splendid morning with pleasant weather John entered labor. It was an easy labor, all things considered, but it still lasted many hours and was very painful. That said, at the end of the day, John had three perfect foals, two female, one male. It was the beginnings of a herd, Johns herd, and the beginning of what would eventually become a very large extended family.

John lived an unnaturally long life for a deer and died at the age of 80, happy and in the presence of his great-great-grandchildren, perhaps the happiest man on earth, even if he was a deer.