

Pissing in the Woods

Written and Edited by PgFalcon

“Don’t fall behind!” shouts my mom, hiking ahead of me on the trail.

“I’m not falling behind!” I yell back. Actually, I am falling behind, but not because I’m tired or anything. I just have to pee really bad.

I manage to keep her within sight for another few minutes before I lose her.

Screw it, I don’t care what the park rules say, I’m taking a piss in the woods or I’ll pop like a water balloon.

So after a quick look around I unzip my pants, pull down my underwear just a bit, pull out my doodle, and start pissing like a race horse on a convenient tree.

I’m standing there, mid-stream, when my cock suddenly slides out of my hands a good seven inches, stretching like taffy the entire way and deforming before my eyes, before darting back through my hands and into my pants.

It then continues to dart in and out of my pants like some sort of crazy party favor, spraying my piss around like a water-worm (a sprinkler type toy I used to hook up to a hose and play with in the front yard when I was little), until I’m done pissing and it stays in my pants. Needless to say I panic a little, and grab inside my underwear for my dick, but find only my balls and a long, thin tube of furry flesh above them. Using my finger I probe the tube and find that my penis is indeed inside this tunnel of flesh, and now resides almost entirely inside my body.

Something really weird just happened.

“Didn’t you read the park rules?” asks a voice, tut-tutting.

I turn around with my hands still in my pants, and find standing behind me what I first take to be a large butterfly, but is actually a very small human with butterfly wings.

I let my confused face do all the talking.

“Rule number 23, no urinating or defecating in the woods. I take every rule seriously, and if you’re going to go in the woods like an animal you might as well be equipped for it.”

“Hey now, that seems a bit extreme, doesn’t it?”

“From your point of view I’m sure it would seem so, but now you can urinate on trees to your heart’s content! Go ahead, try it out!”

“But I don’t have to pee anymore,” I say back, but she flicks her nose and suddenly I once again have a full bladder.

“Holy shit!” I exclaim, suddenly dancing in place to hold back a tidal wave of piss.

“Oh don’t mind me, I need to be going anyway. Enjoy the gift!”

“Gift? Hey wait!”

“Yes?” asks the fairy innocently.

“You can’t just do this to me and leave! Change me back! I don’t want whatever you did to me. What did you do anyway?”

“You don’t recognize the shape? Think hard, what animal do you know of in the woods that has a penis like that? Long... Thin... No distinct head or glans... Hides in a sheath... sprays urine...”

I give her another blank look. What do I look like: an encyclopedia on animal genitalia? The fairy sighs.

“A deer. You’ve got a deer’s cock and balls now kid, go live it up.”

“But I don’t want a deer’s cock and balls!” I whine, still dancing up and down.

“Too bad, you’re stuck like that for life... well, unless you impregnate a doe I suppose. We can always use more deer in this forest. Sound fair?”

“No.” I say with a scowl.

“Oh well, that’s all you get. Go screw some wildlife or don’t, I don’t care.”

And with that she disappears in a twinkle of light.

I of course double check that the changes to my privates are still there in a vain hope that it might have been a trick or my imagination, but I’ve still got fuzzy balls and an internally housed penis. I still have to piss like a motherfucker through, so I one again pull down my underwear and unzip my pants, but now realize that the usual point and shoot method won’t work now. First of all, I’ve got nothing sticking out

to point, and secondly my dick is aimed straight up, and last time proved that just letting it rip like that got piss everywhere.

I end up bending way over after pulling my pants and underwear all the way down, tilting a little bit sideways, and just releasing.

My dick shoots out like a piston as urine travels down it, and sprays a rope of piss across the tree over and over again until I no longer need to pee, and then quickly get back dressed. Mom is nowhere to be seen, and for a moment I consider running back to her, but I stop. I don't want her to find out what happened, I'd much rather just fix this myself real fast. I'll just find that fairy bitch and squeeze her until she fixes me. I may need to bait her: set a trap after breaking another rule or something, but that seems risky. She can't have disappeared, she's probably watching me from somewhere, but if I can catch her off guard...

I veer off the forest path and head into the woods, thinking carefully. I'm a survival enthusiast, and am fully capable of setting up snares and dead-falls... but something tells me this fairy chick isn't going to be caught by something like that.

And that's when I see it.

Up ahead, in a clearing dappled with sunlight, a white tailed deer is tied to a tree by her neck. She looks like she's trying to escape the rope when she suddenly hears me approaching and freezes.

I can only stare as I feel my dick go stiff in my pants. She's facing away from me, and her tiny vulva is swollen, pink, and glistening.

"Fresh-baked deer pussy! Get it while it's hot!" giggles the fairy from somewhere. The doe balks at the voice, seeming to panic, and I get angry.

"I'm not putting my dick in some strange animal just because you tell me to!" I shout at the woods.

"Oh my, then don't listen to me. Listen to your manhood! It seems rather fond of the idea."

She's right of course. I can't prevent myself from steadily growing hard. My deer dick is slowly starting to poke out from underneath my waistband. It's a bright pink color now. The doe's pussy is growing a darker shade of pink and she shudders as she stares at my lengthening rod.

Thoughts unbidden spring to mind of me probing deep inside that doe with my dick, slamming into her body and thrusting against her rump. The image of me orgasming deep within her and filling her with my seed won't leave my mind.

“That’s it...” cooes the fairy. “Just do it, and your deer dick will go away like it was never there in the first place. I promise! It’ll even be fun! I’m sure *she’ll* love it too!”

I swallow hard. My dick is at full attention, and I’m amazed to see that it’s *over* a foot long. You hear people all the time talking about foot-long dicks... but a foot is waaay to much dick in my opinion. The only upside is that my dick is also incredibly skinny. No *human* woman on earth would enjoy this thing inside of her: not only would I be unable to get half of it *in*, but it’d be like poking around inside a cave with a pencil.

The shape is strange too. The head is tiny but distinctly arrow shaped, and the shaft is far thicker in the middle than at the head, and thins down slightly at the base as well.

God I need to either masturbate myself right now, or...

Well, there *is* a rather convenient receptacle specially designed to receive and relieve the penis I currently have, and it’s all primed and ready for action to boot!

The doe tries to turn away from me as I take a step towards her, but the collar around her neck is pretty restrictive and she can’t turn completely away. She seems conflicted: obviously she knows I can satisfy her just as I know she can satisfy me... then why continue to try to escape me? It must be because I’m human.

“Fine,” I say, pulling down my pants and kicking off my shoes. The arrow shaped glans of my penis is level with my chest.

“I’ll play your game, but you better get rid of this ridiculous thing like you promised when I’m done.”

“Ohhh... I *will!*”

I roll my eyes. I’m not going to play her stupid games. I’ll get this over with so I can get on with my life. If nothing else this will probably make a pretty cool story someday.

The deer balks as I walk up to her, naked from the waist down, but at the same time she see can’t look away from my bits and pieces, and her puss continues to flow. She doesn’t try to avoid my touch when I stroke her back, then grab her by the ass. In fact, as I hold her, she seems to resign herself to me, relaxing in my hands and even turning towards me a bit. Her breathing has become ragged, and she closes her eyes as if in anticipation.

I don’t disappoint the doe, guiding the head of my maleness to the entrance of her womanhood. I guess it’s time to make deer babies, eh?

I don't trust wildly into her. I'm curious, and when I'm curious I take things slow. She seems surprised when I gently push myself into her, and I'm surprised by her inhuman tightness, despite the seeming thin-ness of my member. I quickly need to work to push further into her, the doe's sweet nectar smoothing the way, the heat of her body enveloping my shaft. I grip her fur to pull myself in deeper, and she seems to croon as I penetrate her the rest of the way in a smooth thrust, and suddenly I find myself balls deep in her pussy.

I nearly climax right then and there. I never knew something could feel so fantastic, so *good!* I think I could have remained like that for the rest of eternity and be content, laying on the warm, soft back of a gentle doe, connected by flesh and joined in bliss forever. We breathe out a shared sigh before I stiffen and begin the real work.

It will not do to just lay here forever when so much more can be got from this coupling.

And so I pull out of her partway, her tender flesh yielding and soft as we both pour out heat and our hearts race. I slam back into her as hard as I can, crying out as I do, and immediately pull back out and begin a staccato rhythm.

She takes part too, pushing against me in time as her doe-hood clenches and unclenches on my dick, our respective fluids mixing and leaking onto the ground as time stands still while we pound each-other's flesh.

I lean over and hug her around the neck as she cries out, and I can feel her orgasm beneath me. I too am so very close to climax... but not yet! Just a little further.

Our panting echo's through the trees I make love to the deer like I've never made love to anything before. The tension inside of me builds like the momentum of a wrecking-ball, unstoppable and lumbering until it slams against the foundations of my soul, and I scream out as I empty myself into this wonderful female, providing her with the means by which to create another of her species.

I can't seem to catch my breath as I stand there, still planted deep within the doe as the last dregs of my semen eke into her womb by the spasmodic clenching of her belly. We both find ourselves exhausted. So exhausted, in fact, that it's all I can do to just stand there. I can't even find the strength within me to pull out.

"There." I gasp, leaning against the doe's back to support myself. The doe seems to be barely standing as well, swaying from side to side as if dizzy.

"I did it. Now hold up your end of the bargain."

"Gladly!"

Immediately I feel a tugging sensation on my balls and dick, and am relieved as I feel my boner soften and retreat from the doe's body.

My shaft quickly disappears into my furry sheath, and I stumble upright and take a step away from the doe to watch the changes. I stare expecting my human dick to spring out of the sheath and for the fur to disappear altogether. That is not what happens.

The fur changes color from a dark brown to a downy white, and it shortens a bit but doesn't disappear. My balls, instead of returning to their normal size and shape, instead shrink down until they disappear altogether. My 'sheath' moves downwards between my legs, and shrinks uncomfortably, and my penis within shrinks as well until there is nothing left of it but the very tip, which has become as small as a button, and what's left of the furry sheath pulls up against my body leaving a small, tight pair of lips. I feel my insides shift around within me, and feel a new organ blossom from out of nothing to connect to those lips. To add insult to injury, I feel my spine lengthen a bit as well, and a fluffy white tail sprouts just above my ass. I immediately tuck it to hide my shame as my face reddens considerably. The underside of my tail may be bright white, but the other side is dark brown, and not nearly so flashy.

I'm at a total loss for words.

"NO!" shouts the doe, stamping a hoof in fury. "You said you'd return him to normal!"

"Nope, I said I'd get rid of his animal dick. I lived up to my word!"

The fairy is giggling wildly at her own wit, but I recognize the doe's voice.

"Mom?" I ask dumfounded.

"Oh honey, I'm so sorry! I wanted to tell you and warn you, but she made me mute!"

"I. Just had sex. With my mom."

"And got her pregnant," adds the fairy.

"What!?" shouts my mom, spinning and straining against her collar as if ready to fight the fairy, even as a doe.

"Well, probably, yea. What did you expect? You're in heat, and you had sex with a fertile, *compatible* male. Of course you're pregnant. If you stay like you are for a few months you'll probably give birth to a couple of little bambii's."

"But I don't want to be... and as a deer... oh my..."

“I’m so sorry mom! I didn’t know-”

“It’s not your fault baby, I don’t blame you... Oh, and just look at yourself!! Look what she did to you!!”

I do look down, and just barely visible from my angle, down between my legs, is a deer *pussy*. I should know what one looks like after having fucked one just minutes ago after all.

I fall backwards on my furry ass in shock, landing on wet leaves, and continue to stare at it. I spread my legs and bend over to get a better look, and there is no denying what it is. There is no trace whatsoever of my manhood left down there. Only foreign flesh and alien sensations.

There is a moment of pure, awkward, silence. The fairy breaks it.

“Ah, well this has been entertaining, but I can’t stick around forever! I’ll be back in a bit and we’ll have more fun! Until then, toodles!”

“Wait!” I shout, ripping my eyes away from my mutilated manhood and searching wildly for any sign of the fairy, but of course there is none. I continue to shout at her, but it quickly proves to be pointless. She really is gone.

“James?” whispers my mom, after I’ve grown hoarse from yelling. I look over to her and wince. She can’t turn around completely to face me, and her pussy is still dripping from when I had violated her.

“Can you remove this collar?” she asks plaintively.

“Sure thing,” I reply, standing up. I’m immediately aware of my lack of balls, since they don’t get in the way of my legs nor need adjusting. My tail, however, drags on my awareness. It seems to be fully functional, and only partly under my control. ‘You are now breathing manually’ springs to my mind as I try to ignore it.

I fumble with mom’s collar until I finally undo the clasp and it falls to the ground. She immediately walks free of the tree and starts in the direction of the trail.

“Where are you going?” I ask, immediately following her. I pick up my pants and shoes and stuff and start putting it on while I walk. Both my ass and my clothes have sticks and leaves clinging to them, and I brush them off.

“We’re getting out of these woods before something worse happens. We need to get to the car.”

“But what about getting back to normal?” I ask her desperately. I can feel the thing between my legs vividly and I don’t like it one bit.

"I don't want to be like this either." she scolds. "But we need to get away from that fairy first, *then* we can figure out what to do about all this. Right now that means we need to get out of this forest and go home. The keys to the car are in my clothes, and they're up ahead on the trail."

I have to run to keep up with her. She's much better suited to moving through brush and can leap over gullies and stuff. I'm left panting as we break through a wall of tall weeds and find ourselves back on the trail. Mom's clothes and things are lying scattered about, and I quickly pick it all up and find the keys as well.

We both hurry back out of the woods and find the car quickly, getting odd looks from other hikers along the way, and she gets in the back while I buckle in up front.

"Drive carefully," mom warns.

"Yea, yea..." I mutter back, adjusting the mirrors and the seat. Mom's so short.

It's about then that I start to notice that I'm feeling strange... down there. My, ugh, deer puss is feeling rather warm. And wet. And good. Oh does that feel good! But it feeling good like this definitely isn't good.

"Um, I think I have a problem..." I murmur in embarrassment as I feel my face blush and suddenly I feel hot. A strange tingling sensation washes over my body for half a second, focusing on my genitals. I feel myself grow really wet down there.

Mom seems to immediately understand, craning her head to look at me. A sticky, wet spot is starting to show through my pants, and I'm breathing faster and starting to sweat a little.

"What do I do?" I ask.

"You'll just have to ride it out..." says mom sympathetically. I realize she was feeling exactly this same way right before I... well you know what I did. She might *still* be feeling like this for all I know.

"Mmm..." says a voice. It's the fairy again. "That's unfortunate timing! You're in estrus! It'll take a week or two to 'ride it out' you know."

"I'm a guy! I can't be in estrus!" I shout angrily, holding my head as my body violates my mind.

"Ooo, then I must be mistaken. But if you're a guy, and your mom's a girl, and yet you both look the same from the rear... one of you must be the wrong sex!"

"Derp-de-der somebody wins the genius award!" I say mockingly, but it was the wrong thing to say.

“I can fix that!” she says snidely.

Immediately my hope is raised, and I look down at myself half expecting to see my genitalia return to it's former glory... but nothing is happening. Nothing is happening to *me* I should say.

“Oh James! Help!” whimpers my mom.

I turn around and freeze in horror.

My mom, crammed into the back of the car, is growing larger. Her coat is darkening, and the pattern changing slightly. Antler nubs are poking out of her skull now, and are slowly growing out like a time-lapse video of a tree.

But worse than any of that, between her legs a long, pink, animal's dick is extending, and behind it hang as set of furry balls.

“Oh, wait! What am I going to do with her pregnant belly then?” asks the fairy to herself.

My mom's dick extends a little further and a little bit of pre leaks out. A pained look is plastered across her face as the both her new genitalia and her antlers continue to grow in size.

“I know!” says the fairy. “I'll just give them to you!”

And at once I feel what can only be my own seed begin to fill up my belly. Did I really ejaculate that much? Oh god I can feel it running down my... this is so wrong!!

As my belly fills with the seed that I had previously given to my mom, it overflows a bit and runs out of my body through the only exit available. The stain in the crotch of my pants only grows bigger... and damn-it if the heat in my loins doesn't intensify.

“James! Drive away! We need to get out of here while we can!” cries mom, and I immediately agree. I don't want to be changed any more. We need to retreat!

Meanwhile, unknown to me, my estrus musk is having a powerful effect on my mother. She's becoming lost in lust, and as I crank the engine and put it into gear she starts to buck and kick wildly to escape the back seat, her erection even more massive than mine was and leaking semen all over the seats, she thrusts in my general direction.

“Mom!!” I shout, unable to prevent myself from envisioning my mom bending me over a chair and servicing me. This is wrong! “Get a grip!!”

“I'm sorry!” she pleads. “I just need to... just once... I can't help it!!”

I floor the gas and we take off like a bullet from the park. The giggles of the fairy quickly fade into silence as we hit the interstate. My mom is able to get a hold of herself after a bit of a struggle... and we both fight with the biologicals thrust so suddenly upon us the rest of the way home.

By the time we arrived at home however, both of us had learned to cope with the sexual drive instigated by my estrus cycle, despite the fact that neither of us can get rid of the urge to mate with each other. It's a compulsion so strong that it's almost beyond belief, as strong as thirst or hunger even... but neither of us will die if we go without and so we're able to fight the primal urges. No matter how good our bodies tell us it would feel. No matter how good it feels right now even. My animal bits long to be penetrated, but my male mind will have absolutely none of that.

I park the car and get out, but mom will be much harder. She got a lot bigger, and now has large antlers which prove to be the most problematic as I help her to work her way out of the backseat. Once free we both hurry inside in case a neighbor might see us, and lock the doors behind us.

And so there we are, a giant buck with a rampant erection and me smelling like sex and animal musk. Mom breaks the silence.

"We should probably check the damage..." she whispers.

"What damage? My dick is gone. Other than that I'm fine."

"The fairy said something about giving my pregnant belly to you though, didn't she?"

My strained face tells it all, and I sit down and hang my head. I'm still leaking sticky semen from my...

In a fit of rage I slam my fist down on the table.

"She raped us! There's no way she can get away with this! We need to... We need to..."

"Calm down James. It's okay."

Mom nuzzles her nose underneath my arm, and I realize that I'm crying. I wrap my arm around her neck, and dry my tears in her fur.

She got it so much worse than me, I realize. She didn't deserve this. I didn't deserve this! As I sit there and hug my mom my heart resolves to do something about this. Whatever it takes.

"I need to change clothes..." I say. "Maybe grab a shower, or something.... Then we're going to figure out how to fix this."

“Okay,” says mom, and I run upstairs.

I want to wash myself clean of today, and go to the shower first... but I hesitate. I don't want to see myself naked again. I don't want to clean out my new genitalia.

But I have to. I hate the feeling of being dirty even more.

And so I strip naked, and standing in front of the mirror I freeze.

I look sort of like a satyr from mythology with my little tail... or maybe it'd be more accurate to say fawn since I don't have male equipment anymore. It's so strange to look at myself and see a delicate little pink pussy, hot, wet, and ready between my legs, instead of my usual junk. Not to mention the fur. Admittedly better than pubes, but weird.

“Mmmm, like what you see?” asks a tiny voice. Oh shit! The fairy followed us home!!

I immediately reach for the door, but it locks.

“Oh dear, you're so dirty! You were going to take a shower weren't you? I can help!”

“NO!” I shout, but the curtains of the shower open up, tear into four pieces, and each of those four pieces shoot out and grab me by the arms and legs.

I'm instantly lifted up into air, upside down with my legs spread wide, and brought into the shower. The showerhead comes to life and starts spraying me with hot water, focusing largely on my crotch area.

Then the bottle of shampoo levitates into the air, the cap screws off, and it turns upside down to land square on my puss hole, into which it begins to empty.

“Hey! Stop it! Fuck!”

“But you're so dirty in there! I know I was the one that *made* you dirty in there, but you should still clean it out!”

And with half the contents of the bottle emptied into me she puts it back on the shelf, turns the showerhead onto massage, and aims for my sex.

Almost immediately the shower is filled with bubbles as pulses of intense water shoot into my very sensitive puss-hole. I won't lie and say it felt bad... because it felt amazing. To feel this kind of relief after an entire car-ride of totally craving my mom's dick inside of me... this might have been exactly what I needed. I feel myself relax as intense pleasure emanates from within me.

“Oh, God...” I mumble as I approach sexual release, and of course that’s when the shower cuts off and I’m dropped to the floor.

“There! All clean!” she says.

“Hey!” I shout angrily, getting back up to my feet. “Why won’t you leave us alone?”

“Oh, that? Well, yea I did sort of already get you both good for breaking park rules... but magic law says that I have to stick with you guys until I fix you back the way you were, and I can’t fix you back the way you were without your approval. You both consented to having sex with your mom, you both consented to me getting rid of your penis, and you even both consented to having your mom get a sex change too. It’s all in good fun, you just need to keep trying and eventually you’ll get it right! It’s not my fault if you both keep saying the wrong things.”

“Well then fix me right now!!” I shout.

“Kay!” she says with a giggle.

Immediately I feel weight growing on my chest, and realize with a start that my chest is expanding slightly, and my nipples are now sticking out like buttons.

“STOP!” I scream, but too late. She stops, but not before I have a noticeably AA cup breast size. My nipples are also very perky. Not at all desirable.

“I though you said you’d fix me!!”

“I didn’t say right *now*, you’re both too much fun to watch! And in any case I *did* fix you! Shouldn’t girls have breasts? They are rather small though, why’d you stop me so soon? I could keep going if you like!”

“NO!” I shout. God, I can’t think straight with all this pent up sexual frustration!

“Feeling antsy?” she asks.

“Yea, but how did you-?”

“I can fix that!”

“No. NO WAIT DON’T!”

And with that the door busts open, and there is mom to the rescue... or so she thinks. She’s still sporting an impressive 14 inch erection, and huffs in anger.

“Where is that she-bitch?” she asks angrily, but I’m unable to speak. An incredible feeling has just enveloped my belly. A horrible ache... a dull need. What I was feeling earlier couldn’t even begin to compare. I need her. I need her in me. I need her to ram home and fill me up. Oh God I need it!!

My puss is practically flowing down my legs, and I cringe as my knees go weak. I fall down and find myself with my legs splayed wide and my arms flung back to support my back. My sex is put on perfect display, glistening and swollen, hot and ready... begging to be penetrated. My new-formed breasts jut into the air.

“Mom, please don’t...” I whimper, but I can barely speak. My voice is so weak. I don’t even know if she heard me!

Mom stares mesmerized at my groin, and her penis jumps to full attention. She seems to hesitate for a moment, but then bends down to put her nose in front of my pussy.

“I’m sorry,” she says. “But this is to help you...”

And with those words she starts to lick me.

She has a long, flat tongue, and it’s rough and wet too. She licks me gently, and I half sigh and half moan. What she’s doing to me... it feels indescribably good. I find myself thrusting my pelvis into her muzzle, bucking my hips in time to the little pulses that she’s sending through me. My lower belly feels like it’s quivering.

She licks the nectar flowing from my body, drinking in the smell and taste of me, and all the while I fall deeper into euphoric sexual bliss. This is what heaven feels like.

But my mom is about to give me a real lesson on heavenly sensation as she stops licking me and begins to position herself over me.

“Wait, don’t...” I say meekly, but she hushes me.

“It’ll be over soon, and you’ll thank me.”

And so I close my mouth and stare wide eyed as she places the tip of her dick at the entrance to my sex and pushes it in.

My fingers and toes curl even before she’s gone a few inches. I had no idea, I’m high on the sheer forbidden-ness of it all. Had I been male I might have jizzed myself right then and there, but I’m not, and there’s something different about the female physiology that prevents such careless releases. Mom

slides more of her molten maleness into me, my body giving way easily. It feels so natural... so right... so wonderful!

My puss squeezes at her meat even as she carefully slides more into me, and quickly she begins to be too wide for me. I feel my skin stretch to accommodate her, my body shuddering with every little sensation as she plows my furrow.

She's so deep inside of me! She's gone so *far!* And she still has more to go!! Will it all fit? It can't possibly all fit!

And yet it does, and in fact it fits almost perfectly. She hilts me after a long procession of pushing more and more of that rod into my tight little hole, and we pause. We both know what must come next. I try to brace myself for it, but it's no use. There's nothing I can do to prepare for what is coming.

My brain melts as she pulls out of me gently, then just as gently plows back in, and thus the rhythm is set. It can only go faster and faster, as I reach up and grab hold of her fur and she thrusts powerfully into my small body over and over, stimulating me to heights I never before even imagined as I break barrier after barrier, thinking each time this has to be it... this has to be the orgasm! This has to be the climax.

But they were all climaxes, and they were all just precursors to the next climax. I was screaming my mom's name by the end of it, my body out of control as the impossible unstopping pleasure generated in me from my mom's thrusting finally hit a true crescendo, and I squeal in joy as my entire body tenses up and my sex is practically vibrating with happiness as not seconds after I feel my mom empty her load into me, and her hot seed fills my womb to bursting and flows over and out onto the bathroom floor.

I come to my senses after some time has passed, and see my mom still kneeling over me... still inside of me.

I don't even know what to think. Everything that I'm feeling, from to my head to my toes, says that what just happened was wonderful. An amazing event for which I should be grateful to have experienced alongside someone I love.

But the rational part of my brain is screaming: 'YOU JUST HAD SEX WITH YOUR MOM!! FOR THE SECOND TIME!!! ONLY THIS TIME YOU WERE THE DOE AND SHE THE BUCK!!!!!! AND YOU #*%@ING LIKED IT!!!!!!!!!!!! AND NOW YOU'VE GOT *HER* SPERM INSIDE OF YOU TOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!'

"I think I hate that fairy..." I mutter.

"I think I hate her too..." agrees Mom.

"But that felt absolutely wonderful.... So thanks?"

“I’m glad it was good for you too...”

And with that we both break down into giggles. My mom, laying on top of me, transformed into a deer, with her gigantic penis inside my tiny pussy, and we can’t stop laughing.

At that particular moment I don’t know whether I cared if we ever got back to ‘normal’...

But of course I have no choice. I’ve got to go to school tomorrow.