

“Pass me another one, would you?” Jacob asked, prompting his friend Greg to lower his binoculars and reach into the cooler close to him.

The click of a beer can opening echoed out into the mostly quiet woods, save the constant droning of insects and bird calls that the two men had become so accustomed to as to ignore. They loved it out here, especially in fall, their favorite time of year. Even better was that it was hunting season, those special two weeks when they would spend every moment not at work in the lovely autumn woods. Naturally, such activities came with ample drinking, though not too much lest they crash their ATVs!

The mid-October fall day felt somewhat warm for the season, though neither man was complaining. The leaves were starting to fall in earnest, especially after the rainstorm that had hit the week before. Thankfully, the forecast for the weekend was clear skies, perfect weather for being out in the woods. All in all, it was the scenic New England fall that both men looked forward to every year.

Greg had been lucky enough to win his permit, and the two of them were determined to bag their buck. Though at least one of them usually got their tags each year, there was always that chance that they would end up with no legal way to shoot a deer and thus have to forgo their trophies of meat and horns. Though ‘crusin’ for deer or moose’ was as fun an activity in its own right, even without being allowed to legally shoot one. Just being away in the woods was enough to give them that rush of freedom!

Jacob’s family owned a camp not too far from the main road, one where they could sleep at night to save time trekking back to civilization. It was well stocked with the necessities, beer, jerky, deli meats, snacks, and more beer. The two could stay out here for days, entirely away from civilization. That was unless the beer supplies ran out!

Neither Greg nor Jacob had anyone waiting at home for them, bachelors as they were. That was unusual for their small town. But, in truth, the two of them had slept with every available woman at one time or another, and none would have them long-term. Besides, not ready to settle down quite yet, both men enjoyed the extra time they got to spend each hunting season not tied down with nagging wives or family obligations!

Jacob took a long sip of his beer, belching loudly and getting a chuckle from his buddy. It was nice being out in the woods, not having to care about the rest of the world around them. The woods brought with it a peace that the rest of the world, even in their small corner of it, left unsurpassed.

Just then, rustling in the bushes behind them prompted both men to freeze. There was little chance of it being a deer. But deer weren't the only animals out there. Though they hadn't come across a bear in all their years hunting here, there was always a first time.

Both turned with trepidation, wondering what was making such a sound. It seemed large, crashing through the woods without a care. Their initial thoughts turned towards moose; it would not be the first one they'd seen out here. If only their tags would allow for the killing of one of those! Alas, the moose draw was over a month ago, and there were far fewer recipients of that reward.

Yet, it was soon clear that their surprise visitor was not a moose. Though it could have easily been considered the size of one, the pointed rack and leaner stature were that of a deer. Yet, no buck could have possibly been that large. It was easily eight feet from hoof to head, with a massive, muscled chest and stomach. Its footfalls were heavy, the stag's thick hooves squelching into the mud that still persisted on the ground. It looked around, massive head needed to hold up the impressive rack that the stag sported.

There was no doubt in either of the men's minds that this stag was the stuff of legends. How a beast grew to be this size without being on some sort of steroid supplement, neither knew. Perhaps it had escaped from a deer farm or some similar operation that raised animals for various purposes. Still, regardless of the stag's origin, there was no denying its presence before them now, looking like a beast out of fiction rather than something they truly expected to be out in the woods with them.

Both men found themselves enraptured by the stature of the beast. It was almost humbling to be in the presence of something so massive, so powerful. He was certainly breathtaking to behold. Yet, Jacob, in particular, quickly became fixed on the manliest part of the creature. The massive rack that would be the envy of their fellow hunters for many years to come if their shots rang true!

Once the beast had entered the clearing, it stopped, regarding the two men with the soulless eyes of a deer. Not wanting to miss his chance, Greg raised his gun, taking the time to properly aim. He could easily make a headshot in with how still the stag remained. Remaining calm, Greg took the time to sight the deer, not wanting to simply injure and hurt the animal. As much as he loved hunting, it was always better not to force the animal to suffer too long if he could help it.

Yet, the image of the stag's eyes in his sights made Greg pause, even as he lined up the perfect headshot and prepared to pull the trigger. It was as though the stag was looking at him, into him, different from any animal that he'd ever seen. The stag was clearly aware of them; it

had stopped, raising its head and looking in the direction of the two men. It didn't even seem to be sniffing the air for any potential predators, just staring at the hunters that he should have no way of knowing were to be his demise.

There was something else in the beast's eyes that had Greg entranced. It was more than just looking at Greg as would an animal. It was starting into his soul, as though reading the man. A strong feeling washed over Greg just then, making him calmer and more accepted than he had at any point of his life. It was akin to coming home to his parents and siblings at the end of a hard day. It created a sense of belonging that surpassed all rationale. The deer was looking at him, and liked what it saw, enough that it wanted to welcome him into... what?

"Shoot it!" Jacob called out, but his friend had lowered the gun by that point, staring into the buck's eyes. It was the most surreal experience that he'd ever encountered. Greg couldn't bring himself to shoot such a beast, not one that sent these strange yet welcome feelings through him.

Jacob almost reached over to take the gun from his friend when the sight of Greg staring unnerved him. Not thinking, he turned into the view that seemed to enrapture his friend, only to be brought in by the same hypnotic spell the buck had cast over them. He, too, felt a sense of acceptance and belonging that surpassed all expectations. It was like the stag was welcoming them to his woods, that there was a place for them here at the stag's behest.

With a huff from the beast that seemed more akin to a chuckle, the stag lowered his massive head, turning around as though to show off his hindquarters. Both men followed his eyes, not wanting the sensation of belonging to end. Yet, they were not expecting to see that below a set of impressive tackle, swelling balls, and a bunching sheath, something long and red was starting to emerge, thick as the beer cans they had dropped unceremoniously onto the ground. Both men stared in horror and fascination at the sight of the stag's impressive cock as it grew hard in front of them.

From what were previously self-considered heterosexual minds, thoughts began to swim regarding the sight of the impressive stag's phallus dripping onto the forest floor before them. By the time the stag reached what they could only assume was at full erection, the mammoth member was nearly touching the ground, swaying back and forth and being tickled on the grass of the clearing. The sight, bestial and male as it was, seemed to have an impact on both men, who could tell their own arousal was starting to come to a head, as were their members.

Had either not been enraptured by the majestic beast, their faces might have flushed red from the arousal that both were feeling towards not just a beast but a male one at that. Yet, it was impossible to deny how nice it felt to have their cocks rubbing against their underwear. It was

almost a natural sensation, one that came from seeing such a stud on full display for them. Of course, even straight men would be sexually stimulated by such a sight, right?

Even as they stared at the stag's impressive tackle, both men started to find certain thoughts creeping into their minds, ones that were far from the town's women that they often played with during periods of boredom. Such thoughts were ones that each man would die of embarrassment from should they ever share them with each other. Yet, it was becoming painfully obvious to both men that such thoughts were soon starting to dominate their psyches, and had no outlet other than to continue staring at the stag that seemed to be the cause of them.

Such notions would have been dismissed as intrusive under any other circumstances. Yet, the stag's massive, swaying cock made both men stare with longing. Mental images of getting down, of licking the tip, teasing the testicles with heavy hands, running them all over the throbbing, veined dick of the beast. The salty, bestial taste would make both hornier and hornier as they stroked with obvious need, rubbing themselves as much as they stroked off and serviced the massive beast.

It was only when each other's gazes connected the two of them realized how much they were lost in the fantasy of sexual pleasure with an animal, a male one no less. Shame quickly crossed their features as they tried to look away, eyes straining not to see the throbbing erections leaking in each of their pants.

Yet, the moment the two of them locked eyes was the moment of their downfall. The looks in their expressions were ones of passion, need, and lust. There was no way to take it out on the beast. Even if that was the obvious source of their desires the stag would surely run if they got too close. And doing anything with an animal, even one that was the source of their depraved thoughts was completely off the table. All that had at the moment was each other. And, from the raging boners in their bright orange pants, it was obvious that both of them were feeling the same way...

Before Jacob knew what was happening, Greg was moving towards him, regarding him with a look of desire that had never been present on his features before. Jacob had no chance to pull back, to call out or move before Greg was on him, taking him in a passionate embrace the likes of which he had never experienced before in his life. Jacob was stunned, being kissed so forcefully that he should have found the contact abhorrent. And he did, deep down, he was sure.

Yet, the more Greg forced himself upon Jacob, the more Jacob felt the throbbing in his cock start to intensify. It was as though he was being given an outlet for the desires plaguing him ever since the beast had shown itself to them. It was more than just lust; there was something

personal in the kiss beyond the simple friendship he felt with Greg. Jacob was thankful it was Greg kissing him, the next best thing to the stag, at least someone he could kiss back...

So lost in their contented thoughts, Jacob hardly had the wherewithal to realize that he was, in fact, kissing his friend back, even going so far as to wrap his hands around Greg to draw him in closer. He could feel Greg's seeking tongue in his mouth, and he wanted his own to wrap around it. Their lips locked, and they sucked at each other with the fervor of men starved. It was almost enough to wrap them in the moment, shutting out the world and allowing them only to live for the lust that they were experiencing in tandem.

Some instinct in his mind told Jacob that he should stop, that it was wrong. Not the act in and of itself; he didn't mind homosexual men, but he was not one himself, coming from a background of 'men being manly'. There was never anything in his background that made it OK for him to be the one that was currently engaged in such acts with another man. On any other day, he would have been literally repulsed by the idea, and the struggle at the back of his mind was real as he tried to rationalize what his body was so willingly doing.

But no matter what thoughts of disgust or mere resistance Jacob tried to dredge up, there was no denying that his body was more into the act than he could have ever fathomed. Every time he considered the slightest notion to pull back, Jacob fell into the make-out session all over again. It was like a stranded man in the desert being given access to water, knowing that unlimited amounts were toxic but unable to resist that cool, delicious sensation on his tongue.

The heat from their passion allowed their bodies to naturally fall into a rhythm, rubbing against each other in tandem as they thrust their hips into it. All feelings of fatigue from the hours in the stand and the workweek before were gone as each rubbed against the other with the energy of teenagers. No experience in recent memory brought with it so much vitality as they made out, only adjusting their hips to better grind their entrapped cocks together.

Jacob was about to pull back and say something, having finally mustered the energy to do so, but the sensation of something on his cock made him pause. Something more tactile was rubbing against the outline in his pants exquisitely. Jacob shuddered, unable to look down at what he assumed was Greg's hand pressing against the stained fluids. It was far too intimate a contact, after all, and not something he should welcome. But it simply felt too pleasant for him to pull back against and helped him relax into the kiss more as the two continued their lip lock.

Not wanting to leave his friend hanging, Jacob's hand reflexively lowered, thinking that to be the right reaction in the moment. He could feel the outline of his friend's member in his pants and was shocked by how large it seemed to be. Greg was really packing! Jacob's face would have blushed with the realization of what he was touching, but in the moment, all he could

do was be impressed. How large Greg's cock was. How much it throbbed at his touch. And, above all, how much it reminded him of the massive member that the stag sported. And how much Jacob wanted to get his mouth around that thick, juicy...

Jacob didn't even realize that he was about to cum until his cock started to spasm, and a warm, sticky sensation filled up his pants. Though it was an indirect pleasure, Jacob couldn't recall being more sexually fulfilled than in that moment when he achieved release. The sight of the stag had aroused him to a degree that defied all logic. And he has spilled that lust into his hands at only the slightest provocation, with little regard for his friend present with him.

A warm sensation hit his hands just then as Jacob felt the intense throbbing that let him know that Greg was coming too, coating Jacob's hand through the fabric of his pants. Jacob knew he should have been disgusted by what he was touching, but at the moment, he could only concern himself with how nice Greg's cock felt. And how much he wouldn't mind the notion of...

With that, his gaze turned in tandem with his friend's towards the stag, which had stayed still the entire time. In fact, to the shock of both of them, it was almost as if the animal was... smiling? Was that possible? Not only to be unafraid of their presence, to arouse them, but to seem to be pleased with the result? None of this made any sense!

Yet, before he could reflect upon it further, another warmth seemed to seep into Jacob's skin, this time with it fatigue deeper than anything he'd ever known. It took all of their energy to simply stand, and soon, even that was a fruitless endeavor. From the feeling of the man whose arms were still wrapped around him, Jacob could tell that Greg, too, was about to keel over. Soon, any efforts to remain upright were in vain as they both slumped down onto the stand closing their eyes and falling into a deep sleep...

The morning sun shined on Jacob's face, making him wince slightly as he turned around in his bed. He didn't want to wake up yet, but the light was persistent, and it became more troublesome to stay asleep. Moreover, Jacob seemed filled with a peculiar energy, one that made him somewhat eager to start the day. Like he had the best, most fulfilling sleep of his entire life! Never since his youth had he felt so reinvigorated!

Yet, thoughts of the previous day played over his mind, vague images that made Jacob feel a sense of unease. They felt more akin to a dream, as though the events hadn't really happened. And, given their bizarre nature, it was only logical that he'd simply dreamed of seeing

a mighty stag, with its impossible proportions. That, and doing anything sexual with his friend was abhorrent, nothing that he would ever begin to entertain...

Yet, the more his mind tried to pull from the dream, the more vivid the images seemed to be. It was like his thoughts were drifting back in that direction, like those memories, were pleasant enough that he wanted to get back there to them. It should have sickened him to be so fixated on male genitalia. Yet, it was nearly impossible to try to think of anything else. Women, beer, hunting, all the things Jacob normally craved failed to hold a candle to the images from the dream.

Much to his embarrassment, Jacob felt himself getting hard from the images, making him blush in shame. He couldn't be bestial or gay, he was certain. Never in a million years would ever entertain such horrid thoughts. But there was no denying the urges that seemed to push his penis to pump full of blood. No matter how much he tried to will them down, Jacob couldn't seem to erase the intrusive thoughts. And the urges in his member were starting to become insistent...

Alone in his room as he was, Jacob figured what the hell. He couldn't hear anyone moving about the cabin, after all. And his persistent boner didn't feel like it was going to retreat unless he dealt with it. Trying to switch the mental picture from the stag and the make-out session with his buddy, Jacob reached down, preparing to touch himself...

Yet, the sound of a gasp beside him made Jacob nearly cry out himself, and looking over, he was shocked to see that Greg was beside him in the small bed. He had been still up until now, not eliciting so much as a whimper to trigger his presence to Jacob. Why the two of them had been in bed together was certainly a mystery. Yet, of greater concern was the very present boner that Jacob could see sticking out from the blanket. Greg was massive, every bit as erect as Jacob had remembered from the dream. Jacob couldn't help but stare at the outline. The remembered experience almost seemed real, like something he had done in the waking world. But that was impossible, wasn't it?

Worse was the stain that started to spread from his cock. It was leaking through the sheets, sending a musky scent into the room, one that made Jacob's own penis leak fluids. It was then that Jacob realized that he was naked; Jacob always sleep in PJs, especially in the cool fall weather that they were hunting. But it was clear from the sensation of his penis against the blanket he wasn't wearing so much as his boxers. And, perhaps Greg was naked too, his wet dream having spread his seed all over the blanket.

It was then that Greg shuddered open, eyes meeting his friend's with an expression of longing. Though Jacob had no way to know, not really. It was a simple assumption that Greg was seeing the same images in his dreams as Jacob had been. Or, maybe, it was a sense of hope...

As Greg started to come to, the realization of what he was looking at and where he was started to play over his eyes. And as the awareness started to set in, the contentment in his facial features started to turn into terror...

"What are you looking at?! Fucking homo!" Greg suddenly leaped up, as though he was abhorred with himself for waking up naked in his buddy's bed.

Jacob immediately felt a deep shame. On the one hand, he was happy that Greg rejected the apparent situation that the two of them found themselves in. But, on the other, the idea of his friend in his bed was welcome. More than welcome, if the insistent boner in his bed sheets was any indication.

"I don't fucking know! Get out, man!" Jacob yelled, not really sure how to react to the outburst.

The least he could do was try and take his face away from the bobbing erection that Greg showed off as he stood up. It was 8 inches, not bad for the white man. Its girth looked rather impressive, too, making Jacob flush again with both embarrassment and arousal.

It took more willpower than Jacob was willing to admit to tear his eyes off the erection. But, as he did, something in Greg's angry expression caught his attention that was confusing enough to take his thoughts off the man's cock. It took a moment to really sink in, but it was as though his ears were... pointy? That couldn't be right, could it? And they seemed to be stretching as Jacob watched, a brown patch trailing over them that looked suspiciously like... but, it couldn't be, could it?

Before Jacob could reflect on it further, Greg caught his gaze and reached up to feel his ears. Shocked at what he found, he took off without a word, almost running out of the room. Jacob's gaze followed him out of the room when they settled on his backside. Though trailing gay thoughts were focused on its perk, rounded shape, Jacob couldn't help but notice that the cheeks seemed to have pulled apart and that the asshole that should have been out of sight was puckered, easily viewable in the few seconds while Greg's back was turned as he fled the room.

Jacob reflected on the sight as best he could, left alone in the room and wanting to take his attention away from the homosexual thoughts pervading his mind. It wasn't really... what was the word he was looking for? Human? That wasn't right, was it? Surely it was simply a trick of

his mind. Yet, given his fixation with Greg's body as of the past few hours, Jacob couldn't think of any reason why his mind would be playing tricks on him. And then there had been the ears...

Awareness of an ache in his backside made him pause for a moment as he reached back to try to find the source. It was as though something had been... shoved up his... but that was impossible, wasn't it? But rubbing the skin, there was no denying that his rear was pained. Had Jacob been taken against his will? Had his buddy...?

It was when his fingers brushed against his gaping hole that Jacob really felt himself sweat. The position was not where he thought his asshole to be. The size of it should have made it impossible for him to support on his lanky frame. And there was a sticky sensation of dried fluids that confirmed his suspicions of unwanted sexual attention to his posterior.

Yet, was it unwanted? Jacob couldn't imagine ever allowing such a thing, drunk or no. He certainly didn't feel like he'd been drugged or drunk to be taken against his will. But, with the mental images still playing over his mind, it seemed more and more likely that, given the chance, his altered sensibilities would have welcomed such an intrusion.

As horrified as he wanted to be by the realization, the thoughts of being taken and fucked served to make him more erect than his already turgid penis was. It felt like he was on a hair-trigger down there, making him almost cry out with the need to touch himself. It was a feat in and of itself not to stroke himself off at the realization that his ass had altered and that he had been taken and used. And why should he hold back? With his cock as hard as it was, there wasn't much chance of him being able to get up, much less think about what he would want to say to his friend when he did so...

Before he could fully rationalize his desires, Jacob's hands were on his cock, stroking off with the fervor of a man that had gone without for months. The tip was already leaking clear fluid, streaming down to spur on his touch as he felt his balls swell and the pressure began to build. There was no chance of making his pleasure last more than a few seconds, though Jacob had no desire to. A moan escaped his lips as several thick, off-white bursts of cum shot from his penis and coated his hand and groin with the smelly fluid.

It wasn't until the intense pleasure started to subside that Jacob started to feel a rather unpleasant prickling over his ears, much like he had experienced prior having gone without shaving for a few days. It started to grow more intense, as though minute hairs were spreading to cover every inch of them. Jacob's thoughts went to his ears, and, to his shock, the action made them twitch, as though the muscles underneath had expanded. It was like nothing he'd experienced before, and the sensation made him raise his hands to touch them, feeling the soft,

velvety texture of deer's ears that he'd experienced each season he was successful with their hunt.

Worse, the warmth of his skin stretching signaled that his ears were growing upward into what he could only assume were pointed ends. He had the option to grab his phone to view the deer's ears that would likely soon adorn his head if what happened to Greg proved true on his own form. But, fearful as he was, Jacob was unable to bring himself to pull up the camera function. It felt powerfully embarrassing for him to have such things on his head!

Looking around the room, Jacob scoured for anything that could cover the new growths. He settled upon a full head cap that he used when it got too cold out or the snow started falling. It sat warmly on his head and hardly ran down to the base of the ears sticking out of the side of his head. It wouldn't stay on if he moved them at all, and the temptation to twitch them was almost too great to ignore. That, and the powerful discomfort he felt with his ears clinging so tight to his head made it almost impossible to keep the cap on without irritating them further. Still, he managed to force it, for now.

Jacob sat on the edge of the bed, naked save for the hat, and wondered what his next move should be. He could hear Greg moving about the cabin, though, from the sounds of things, he was packing up their things rather than preparing breakfast like he normally would have. Jacob couldn't bring himself to confront his friend, not with what he'd seen and felt. It was likely that Greg was just as shamed by the actions as he was, and there was every chance that Greg had fucked him in his sleep. That was one of several things that Jacob was trying to come to terms with in all the bizarreness of the previous day.

Given the changes to his ears and ass and the great lust he felt for the memory of the stag as well as his buddy, it seemed likely that the images he recalled were not from a dream but rather from memory. Yet, if that were true, what had happened to him in the interim between yesterday afternoon and this morning? Even if the memory of the stag and the make-out session were true, the time between then and now was a total blank. He didn't recall coming back to the cabin, getting into bed, or, for better or for worse, the bugging that Greg had likely given his ass. What the hell was going on?

In the end, Jacob decided that he couldn't just sit on the bed naked and confused. His ears were getting painfully uncomfortable and he needed to try and resolve the situation with Greg, as much as he didn't want to. A shiver ran through him as he donned his underwear; it was as though the fabric was touching his asshole uncomfortably. His anus was wide and gaping and had protruded even more than when he had discovered its alterations earlier that morning. It made him want to pull down the fabric, but, like the hat, he forced it to stay on as he got up to confront his friend.

The gathered gear in the center of the room confirmed Jacob's assumption that Greg was getting ready to leave. Greg, for his part, seemed to have on the same type of hat on to hide what Jacob could only assume was a pair of deer ears that had developed the same as Jacob's own. Jacob couldn't help but gaze at their indents, wondering what they looked like on Greg's form. He assumed they would be rather cute, all things considered.

Eventually, feeling the pair of eyes on him, Greg looked up, the anger from before gone from his face. He seemed to hesitate for a moment, as though eyeing Jacob with the same lustful curiosity. Yet, after a few moments, he shook his head, trying to turn his gaze away before opening his mouth to speak. "I'm sorry, man. This is some freaky shit for both of us. Let's get out of here, OK? Back to town. I don't know what the fuck we can do about these..." His voice trailed off, reaching up before stopping short of the hat.

"This shit shouldn't be happening. I mean, the bedroom was fucked up enough..." Jacob started, not really knowing what to say afterward. "But deer ears? Yeah, let's get out of here," Jacob agreed, going into his room to get his stuff.

Both were almost packed, Greg turning to leave when suddenly a pained expression crossed his features. Reaching down towards his ass, Greg started rubbing the spot, something within straining at the denim. It seemed to grow bigger in the span of a few minutes, its presence irritating him constantly enough that he couldn't even take his hands from the spot.

"Dude, what is it?" Jacob asked though he had some idea already, as impossible as it was. As they already had deer's ears and altered asses, any further changes weren't totally out of the question.

Greg didn't answer, just pulled down his pants, trying to hold the growth down so he wouldn't strain it any further. Jacob wanted to look away and not be tempted by the ass that had really done it for him earlier in the day. But, like a train wreck, he couldn't pull his eyes away from the nub that was present.

What started as a strip of flesh soon expanded, as though the air was a catalyst for the growth to swell with flesh. Soon, the tip fell below where his anus now sat, hiding it from view and making Jacob slightly disappointed. A patch of hair blossomed from the fattening base, expanding over the appendage in a familiar pattern of brown with a black outline and white underneath. The moment the growth stopped twitching, there was no denying to either of them that Greg now possessed a fully formed deer's tail.

“Fuck...” Greg muttered, running his fingers over it, stunned that he possessed such a thing now. Jacob, for his part, was rubbing the skin above his own ass to see if he was growing a similar protrusion. So far, nothing. But how long was that to last?

Jacob’s attention was soon back on his buddy, who was experimenting with moving the tail, up and down and to the side. As he did so, Jacob got an unobstructed view of his friend’s pucker once more, which sent a surge of arousal in his own cock. He moaned a little, the sensation of the sticky fluids over his unfurling cock powerfully uncomfortable. Yet, it did not deter his arousal or the sense that he had to get closer to the object of his desire.

It was almost like a dream as Jacob moved forward, guided by his penis as Greg played with his new appendage unaware. He turned around again, as though ashamed of showing off such a bestial growth when he realized that Jacob was there, almost breathing down his neck. Jacob hardly had the wherewithal to think before he reached out, taking his friend in a passionate embrace that matched what he recalled they had experienced the prior afternoon.

Part of him was worried that Greg would reject his advances, that he would push him away and throw homophobic slurs at him once more. Yet, the opposite seemed to be true as Greg kissed him back, seeming to fall into rhythm. Their mouths open, the taste of stale breath hardly a deterrent as they started to make out with the passion of horny teens.

Time seemed to stand still as the two of them explored each other’s mouths, learning their bodies and pleasure centers all while trying to quell the lust that had fallen over their minds. Though they had known each other for years, it was like discovering each other all over in a new light. The contours of muscles, shoulders, ridges, divots, and indents were all touched with eagerness, as though the two friends were making up for all the lost time that they had spent only just as friends. Despite never having arousal towards each other in all their years, there was no denying the effect the changes were having on their sexualities.

No thought was given to the massive stag or the alterations to their bodies as they made out, their cocks dancing tentatively in pants that were hanging precariously to their waists without fastened belts. The fear from earlier, the latent thoughts of homosexuality, and disgust at their actions were all erased as their bodies became the other’s world. It was not only the pleasure that the acts were giving themselves but there was an eagerness for each other’s pleasure that matched the familiarity of practiced lovers.

It wasn’t until tingling started to play over his nose that Jacob was made aware of the consequences of his actions. It seemed to dampen, aching with what could only be the next series of changes. Though his eyes were closed, Jacob suddenly got the urge to cross his eyes, seeing

something black and bulbous that had never been there before. It was as though his nose was larger, changing and growing in tandem with the lust that was playing over minds and bodies.

Yet, with the thrusts against his cock and the feeling of his buddy's hand rubbing down his chest, it was hard for Jacob to keep his concentration. If anything, Greg seemed to have more enthusiasm for their activities than Jacob did, despite his earlier hesitance. Jacob was able to close his eyes, feeling Greg take off his shirt and start rubbing at his belly. The tingling that was playing over his nose started to run further down, as though following Greg's touch. But, in the moment of passion, Jacob could hardly bring himself to care or worry.

Soon, Jacob followed suit, taking off Greg's shirt and rubbing around his chubby belly and hairy peccs. He didn't mind the contact against his fingers, however, finding the sensations electric as they made Greg gasp unexpectedly. Loving the way that his efforts seemed to pleasure his friend, Jacob continued exploring, wanting to find all of his pleasure centers and craving more of that cute moan as his long-time buddy fell into the ecstasy of the act.

To his delight, no sooner than his seeking fingers rubbed over his friend's nipples did Greg cry out, his cock surging against the confines of his pants and rubbing against Jacob's own. Eager for more of that contact, Jacob continued to rub both of his friend's sensitive spots and thrust his hips forward, loving how hard he was making Greg. Where he would have once been disgusted by such acts he was now hornier than ever, eager to sexually pleasure his friend and get teased in turn.

A tingling started to play over his penis the more he thrust, sending pleasurable waves through his loins that spurred him on to service his new lover. It was as though he was getting longer, more so than the penile tissues would allow. The sensation seemed to center at the head of his penis, a warmth settling into his foreskin as the hairs itched more so than when he'd gone too long without manscaping. But, in his moment of passion, Jacob was remiss for caring only that his cock was getting closer to the target of his affections, straining the more that they continued to explore each other.

The sensations in his cock soon rose to become almost burning as his penis lengthened, pulling taut against the fabric and his pants. The itching was getting powerfully uncomfortable as it ran all the way down to the base of his cock, playing over his balls and coating his groin in the insistent tingling. It was almost enough to make him stop teasing his lover and tear off his pants to rub at the skin to try and alleviate the irritation.

Yet, his eyes were far too fixated on the sight of the bulge in Greg's own pants. It seemed far larger than what he recalled seeing in the morning, the image still vivid in his recollections. It, too, was straining against his pants, trying to reach out towards his own cock and frot them

together. Jacob found himself almost drooling at the sight, wanting to see what his friend was packing. Seeking fingers reflexively moved downward, undoing the pants and pulling them down to expose a potent whiff of masculine musk.

The sight of Greg's penis was almost enough to make Jacob stop and back away. There was nothing human left in the member that was bobbing up and down from Greg's groin. The tip was tapered, no head visible as his massive red dong sat there, leaking pre down the shaft. The moment it was freed from its confinement, it was pulled upward, as though being tugged vertically by some sort of invisible hand. A pooling of skin sat at the bottom, clearly his former foreskin but nothing about it remaining human. A soft, velvety coat of brownish hair covered his balls, which were thicker, the size of eggs, and seemed to press against a sack that was still growing to compensate for their size.

The sight before them was all too reminiscent of their recent experience with the stag in the woods. It was clearly the same tackle of the beast, though on a smaller stature. In their defense, something the size to match the beast would have drained all the blood from their bodies in order to support it. Still, there was no denying the bestial sight of Greg's phallus, how it had totally mutated into a perfect facsimile of a stag's.

The bestial shape should have alerted both men to the gravity of their situation. After all, the tails and ears were a sign of impossible changes to their physiologies, more alarming than their apparent shift in sexuality. Such transformation should have been impossible to exist in the real world. Yet, it was as obvious as the deer dong hanging from Greg's crotch that they were slowly mutating into something inhuman.

In the moment, however, all that Jacob could think about was how much he wanted to get down on his knees and suck that cock. It was everything that had turned him on about the sight of the stag the other day. And here it was, on his friend's groin and leaking with anticipation. It was as though Greg wanted him to suck it, to relieve the pressure that was building in his loins.

The reality that his own cock was changed the same way was lost on him as Jacob got down on his knees, taking the delicious shaft in one hand as he lowered his mouth to the tip. He had never gone down on even a woman before, not able to stand the smell and the taste, much to the chagrin of his previous girlfriends. But, nothing before had him more excited than the notion of tasting the bestial shaft that was so readily offered.

Worried that his mouth would be insufficient for the task, Jacob was surprised at the lack of irritation to his jaw as he slowly slid it around Greg's cock. The taste was sublime, more intoxicating than anything he could recall. It was salty and very pungent, but his changed nose

seemed to drink its scent in like a rose. It sent a craving into his mouth that was hard to deny, making Jacob eager to suck up and down as his instincts dictated.

Seeking hands ran down along the contours of Greg's groin, rubbing along his taint as though searching for something else. The anus he found was much higher than he was expecting, sat under what he perceived to be Greg's twitching tail. A shudder from his friend's body gave him the motivation to continue, to insert a finger in that most private of places and tease the sensitive flesh. Part of Jacob was well aware that Greg's rectum was far easier to access than it should have been. But, given the pleasure that it seemed to be giving him, Jacob couldn't bring himself to care, eager to make Greg's cock leak and eventually blow a load into Jacob's waiting mouth.

Part of Jacob wanted to hold back, to try and savor their pleasure for further fun. But the more he tried to get off of the stag's cock that he found himself sucking, the more impossible he found it to be. The flavor was becoming intoxicating, making Jacob want to know what the full experience would taste like. He needed it as much as a drunkard wanting his next drink. The fact that he was about to take a load of cum down his gullet was entirely lost as he sucked and licked and teased Greg's balls and taint with desperation.

"Oh... dude... don't stop... gonna... fuck!" Greg called out, his balls churning in Jacob's hands and making his stag penis spasm. Jacob held on with determination, wanting to make sure that he drank down every delicious drop.

His efforts were rewarded as Greg bellowed in a nasal tone and blew his bolt into Jacob's mouth. Jacob, losing his steam, was almost overwhelmed with the sheer amount of semen that was ejected into his mouth from his friend's mammoth stag penis. He nearly gagged, though not from the taste, which only made him crave more. Rather, the sheer volume and the surprising consistency were more than he could handle, making Jacob get up and have cum spatter all over his face.

Still, he wore only a smile as he looked up into his friend's eager features. Seeing past the brown deer nose and tired features, Jacob felt only satisfaction at the pleasure that was plastered there. He took great pride, not disgust at the fact that he had gone down on a man. His man looked more content than any time he had ever seen Greg in his life!

Concern only started to creep into his mind at the sight in Greg's eyes wavering, as though he was trying to come to terms with the unexpected homosexuality. Jacob immediately felt a wave of shame wash over him. His face was covered with his best friend's cum. Worse of all, he had liked it! He even swallowed the delicious seed, craving more of the taste but disappointed his stud was spent for the moment.

He opened his mouth to speak, swallowing one more time so that the semen in his mouth wouldn't get in the way. But, before he could say anything, Greg was getting out of his pants and bending down, turning back with an expression of need and shame. Jacob's words were silenced at the sight of Greg's deer tail raised, exposing a red-rimmed pucker the likes of which made Jacob drool more than the penis that he had so readily sucked. His buddy was presenting to him, making Jacob painfully aware of the potent erection in his pants that had as of yet been unattended.

"Fuck me... please... I need it!" Greg called out, in that nasally tone that Jacob found sexy as hell.

Jacob could hear the hesitation and shame in his tone. Greg wanted it, but he didn't like that he wanted it. Jacob understood the sentiment all too well. He didn't like the fact that he had been so eager to suck his friend's cock. Worse, he had to deal with all the repercussions of those conflicting thoughts that were playing over him. He didn't want to be gay, but damn if he wasn't enjoying it!

The potent smells wafting off his friend's rectum made the choice too easy. Far from offensive, it seemed that whatever scent glands had developed on his backside beckoned to the deer's nose that Jacob now seemed to possess. Even if the sight of it hadn't been as erotic as hell, the scent made any thoughts of resistance obsolete.

"Fuck... yes..." Jacob grunted, his own voice coming out deeper, more hollow than what he'd been expecting. Still, that mattered little with the needs that were building up in his cock.

Pants off in an instant, Jacob walked clumsily forward, kicking away his clothes and holding his cock out with one hand. It only took the briefest touch to make sure he was at full erection with the needs that were welling up in his member. The pointed tip made getting inside his friend a breeze, though it seemed Greg's rectal muscles had relaxed enough that taking a penis inside of him was a natural act.

"OOHHH... fuck... that's tight..." Jacob moaned, feeling his length being almost sucked in by the eager rear of his friend. It was almost like a vice on his penis, though not one that caused him any pain. Rather, the ache in his cock was perfectly accented by the warm rectal muscles of his friend, whose moans of approval were all Jacob needed to thrust forward with purpose.

"Fuck me... DO ME!" Greg called out, feeling Jacob's cock enter him to the hilt. It was impossibly long, teasing parts of Greg that he didn't even know he had. It was likely his prostate,

the pleasurable sensations radiating into his loins and making him leak again, though he had just come not moments ago.

Jacob could feel his balls touch the soft ones of his friend, noting that his own had likely altered the same way. He hadn't had the thought to look down at his own member, but the sensations told him that he possessed the same stag tackle as his buddy. The continued itching to his balls and taint indicated that any alternations to make them match were soon to follow.

Yet, as Jacob found his place and started to thrust forward, back and forth at a steady pace, thoughts of the changes were soon lost. It only served to excite him more that he was growing balls to match the ones that were literally swaying from his lover's backside. The word 'lover' stuck in his mind but was soon forgotten under the onslaught of sensation coming from his deer dick.

With such a sturdy grip on his cock, it became harder and harder for Jacob to resist thrusting further and faster, taking Greg to the hilt and fucking him with the ferocity of a beast. The sensations of mating were far better than he had been expecting, beyond simple sex and lovemaking. It was a primal need, one spurred upon by not only the sexiness of his friend's body but the thoughts of their bestial additions and the stag's tackle that they both had mirrored between their legs.

The sensation of soft fur against his deer dick made Jacob huff and pant, feeling he was getting closer to his end. From the sheer lust in his body, Jacob felt he should have cum and cum again with his pent-up need. Yet, there was something else distracting him and keeping him from the cusp of needed orgasm. It started as an ache on his own backside, above his tailbone, as though sore from having sprained it. But soon, it seemed to swell against his backside in tandem with the itching that had risen over his ass.

It was soon obvious what was happening as what felt like a growth protruding from his backside, rising up and ballooning with fat and muscle. A persistent itch made him well aware that it was growing his own coat of brown and black striped deer fur, likely white on his underbelly to match his groin and balls. The sensation of it twitching suddenly should have alarmed him. But, lost as he was in the rut, Jacob only let the notion that he had a sexy stag's tail of his own spur on his advances.

"Gonna cuEEEEEEEem!" Jacob shouted the pressure in his penis pent up to the point of pouring out. The sound of bleating in his tone went entirely unnoticed as his balls slapped against his friend's and his rod throbbed against the tight rectal muscles that were playing over every inch and vein so exquisitely.

Eventually, Jacob nearly whited out when his cock went into glorious orgasm, sending ripples of pleasure through his whole body. It was nearly impossible for him to last against the sensations, enough to make him almost fall out of his lover. Yet, gripping his friend's sides and leaning forward, in tandem with being inside such a tight ass, kept him upright enough to experience all the pleasures that rutting had to offer.

Nearly passing out against the back of his lover, Jacob felt his eyes flutter shut as his cock pulled out, awash with slick semen. It was almost heavenly being near such a warm body, the thick scents of musk and sweat and rut making him dizzy. He slid down, nearly landing on his tail as Greg got down on him, cuddling against the floor as he finished stroking himself off for the second time. Jacob felt himself pass out, but not before the grunts and bleats of his friend hit his ears, Greg's cock spilling over the two of them once more before they succumbed to the fatigue...

Jacob's sleep came readily, as though all of his energy had been sucked from his body from the orgasmic act. Snuggling in with the musky scent of his friend, now mate, Jacob was only vaguely aware that he was in his bed again, the two of them somehow having made it back there. It was later in the day now, not quite evening but far past the morning when they had initially awoken. Sunlight was streaming into the cabin now from the opposite window, illuminating the bed in its golden light.

Memories of the changes came back slowly as Jacob laid there, arms around his friend and evident lover. Part of him was ashamed that he had let himself fall so far as to have sex with a man and revel in the parts of his body that had become more deer-like. But, he couldn't deny how much pleasure the acts gave him. No matter how much he tried to detest the sensations, it became impossible to deny what he had done or that he had done so willingly.

Greg seemed to still be asleep, snoring softly with an inhuman sound, likely from the changed vocal cords and nostrils that they had both acquired. Jacob started into the once-familiar visage of his long-time buddy, finding a certain sexiness to it that defied all understanding. Greg was just so damn cute with those flicking deer's ears and button nose. He wanted to lean in, maybe kiss his man awake...

Stunned by the intrusive thoughts, Jacob leaned back, forgetting that he now possessed a tail and had fallen on it. A bleating yelp escaped his lips that was loud enough to spur his lover to life, Greg yawning and looking somewhat concerned. "You doing OK?" Greg asked, concern obviously not just for the pain that Jacob had elicited. It was more akin to a caring need that

surpassed even their long friendship, though Jacob had little thought to pursue it further at that moment.

“Yeah, I think... what the hell is happening to us?” Jacob finally thought to ask. Despite the sight of the sexy stag-man before him, Jacob could feel his cock was safely confined in his sheath, irritated by the drying semen that had collected there. Still, he was finally over the lusty haze enough to get his bearings, as it seemed Greg currently was as well.

It seemed that his hunch was wrong. Greg was looking at Jacob with the expression of a man starved, and not for food if past activities were any indications. Though they had cum such a short time before, the needs in their altered loins had not yet fully abated. Thankfully, they were not as urgent as they had been. Jacob did not feel the need to leap across the bed and take his lover’s behind right then and there. Rather, he wanted to make out with him, romance the other man a little bit before making love...

The sight of Greg shaking his head seemed to bring Jacob out of his inner thoughts, Greg seemingly trying to get out of his own stupor. Jacob found himself wondering why when the implications of their fucking hit him full force. It was as plain as the nose and the ears on his face. Whatever force was convincing them to be gay for each other was slowly changing them into deer. The fear of what was happening to them seemed to be overriding the need to fuck, at least for now.

“Dude, we have to, fuck, no! I mean, I want to, but... we can’t, right?” Jacob asked with a hint of need in his voice as though he wanted Greg to say otherwise.

“No man let’s get out of here. It has to be the woods, right? That stag?” Greg questioned, though he, too, was hesitant to leave their bed. But, that would lead to more changes and more sex, right? They couldn’t want that...

“Yeah, let’s... get to the truck. With the windows rolled down. Fresh air, you know?” Jacob asked, with Greg nodding.

“Fuck, my feet are numb though...” Greg whined a little, pulling off the blankets and moving his feet to get out of bed. A queer expression crossed his features as his feet hit the floor, a hard clack hitting their ears and making them twitch. Greg, unable to see his feet, went to stand up, but then yelped out as he fell backward in the bed.

“Ah, shit, my feet!” Greg called out, pulling up his leg to take a look. Jacob stared, too, thinking he knew what he would see but shocked to see the state of Greg’s feet. Two of the center toes were enormous, thick with pointed nails. There were far more massive than anything

he'd expected to see on a human, appearing to be the circumference of the toes and swelling still if Jacob's perceptions could be trusted.

The other two toes, the remaining ones, at least, were little more than nubs up towards the heels, further than feet should have ever been. They, too, had thick nails, though nothing matching the ones of the other two. The final toe seemed to be gone entirely, at least from what Jacob could tell.

Greg raised up his other foot, but both men knew that they would see the same hoof-feet, the heels stretched so it seemed that Greg would be walking on the balls of them from now on. The nails were growing thicker, stretching outward before their eyes. It seemed they were well on their way to becoming stag's feet within a matter of moments.

"Fuck... how am I supposed to walk on these?" Greg whined, clearly not as enamored with the changes as he had been thus far. Jacob looked down at his own feet, thankful that they seemed to be human, at least. But there was every chance that would soon change, especially the longer the two of them stayed there.

"Here man, let's get you up. We gotta go before this gets worse!" Jacob said, suddenly clenching his hands. The fear of losing his digits was making him feel phantom tingles. He didn't want to lose his hands, damned if the rest of the changes were hot! Having hooves instead of fingers was a notion he couldn't begin to comprehend.

Walking over, Jacob walked over to the other side of the bed and put his arms out for Greg to lean on. He got out, nearly tumbling over for a second before putting his weight on Jacob's shoulders. It was obviously nearly impossible to walk upright with the current state of his legs, though Jacob was the bigger of the two and thus able to help him hobble out of the cabin.

Getting him into the passenger's side, Jacob made the executive decision to leave their stuff behind. Though mostly packed, they didn't think they had time, not with how fast the changes were coming. Their humanity was worth more than their belongings, after all. And Jacob was still struggling with the phantom stiffening of his hands, clenching and unclenching them to make sure they worked as well as he figured they should. It wouldn't do to have them strained from carrying all of their shit.

With his longer legs, both knew that Greg was not capable of driving his truck back. Therefore, Jacob got into the driver's seat, put the truck in drive, and pulled out onto the dirt road. Jacob was not accustomed to driving stick, but he gave it little thought as he started going faster than he should have, windows rolled down to avoid the stench of musk and deer that had perforated the car from their unwashed groins and bodies.

Yet, the more they drove, the more the bizarre aches in his hands plagued him, as though his fingers were really getting stiffer. It seemed as though the joints in the fingers were dissolving inside the digits, making it impossible to flex them. Yet, Jacob was convinced that he was simply imagining things to the point that he figured he was actually unable to move the fingers. Though, it was starting to get a little dangerous for him to drive with his hands in their stiffening state.

Jacob did his best to try to focus on anything else than the possibility that his hands were altering. The drive was an easy one, one that the two of them made often. Therefore the familiar fall features were not much of a distraction from the aches assailing his hands. And, to his changing mind, the only thing worth looking at was the sexy features of his cervine friend. Lover, Jacob's mind reasoned, especially with how lustful the two felt for each other!

Looking at Greg from his periphery, his nose flared, trying to dig for the intoxicating musk that his deer's backside was giving off. No matter how much he tried to keep his attention on his driving, thoughts of Greg's deer ass and the feeling of fucking him traversed his sex-addled mind until it was almost impossible to think of anything else. The sexual desire that their changes were providing was staggering! Jacob's only reprieve was that the air coming into the truck was at least sufficient to eliminate enough of the smell to stop him from pulling over and demanding his friend bend over to be fucked!

As Jacob drove, the stiffness in his hands was getting harder and harder to chalk up to simply being paranoid. It really felt like the joints were stiff or absent, but Jacob didn't have the ability to try and move them to alleviate the sensations while driving. The worry was too great that any attempt to slow down would be their doom, forcing enough changes upon them that leaving the woods would be impossible.

And then what would their lives be? Would they fully transform into deer, to live the rest of their days in the forest, hunted each season by their former friends and townmates? Would they even remember they were human? Would the homosexual lusts persist throughout the changes, making them mates, or would they seek out does with which to rut?

And then there was the stag that had changed them in the first place. What did he have to do with the process? How were such alterations even possible? More to the point, why had the stag done so? Was he gay, and wished to make more gay stags to mate with? Was that his end goal?

It was the snap and pops of finger joints that brought Jacob out of his questioning stupor. They were stiffening now, the mechanics needed to move them in human fashion literally

snapping from his form as they changed. Though he could still tell where the joints once were, he couldn't move them at all. Forced to pull his hands from the wheel, Jacob ran the tips over the edge, trying with weaker arms to keep himself going while not wanting to put on the brakes.

“Hey-whoa! Pull over!” Greg shouted, prompting Jacob to do so reflexively. He slammed on the brakes, forcing the truck to come to an abrupt stop. They did have the wherewithal to don their seatbelts prior; otherwise, the sudden stop might have carried more dire consequences.

Still, Jacob was hardly in a position to hear Greg further, lost as he was in the sight of his changed hands. The tips of the fingers had extended twice their length, the bed of the nail bubbling with mass as the tips grew pointed and hardened. The nail bed was darkening to brown, almost black, and looking for a moment as though bruised. But it was soon apparent that they were getting thicker, the circumference of his altering fingers and growing still as best he could tell.

“Shit, I can't drive like this...” Jacob muttered, stunned by the cervine additions to his anatomy. It was the one thing thus far he was remiss for not enjoying, the rest of the changes had a certain sexiness about them. But not the alterations to his hands, leaving him functionally little more useful than an animal!

“I can try... but man, I don't think these hoof feet are going to be good for much good. I don't know how we're going to get out of here...” Greg moaned a hint of desperation in his voice. Yet, there were also some conflicted tones present that made Jacob pause. It was almost as though Greg didn't want to leave, or at least didn't think that the idea of leaving held with it any sense of urgency. He didn't want to be a deer, did he? Or was it the prospect of more bestial sex that had him conflicted?

Jacob might have thought the same if he was not in the process of watching his hands change just as Greg's feet had altered back in the cabin. His wrists were stretching now, the warm skin looking as though made of putty as they pulled up his thumbs, further from the rest of the digits that he'd like to see. The thumbs themselves were incredibly stiff, the joints, too, as they seemed to meld into the skin of his arm slowly, as though being erased from his anatomy.

It was the shrinking of his pinky and index fingers that had Jacob currently alarmed, however. Jacob wanted to keep his fingers still, not wanting to lose them the way that Greg had lost the equivalent toes. Yet, his efforts only resulted in a series of snaps that forced his fingers apart and forward across his diminished palms. The configuration of bones in his former hand was being pulled painlessly apart with stretching wrists, forming under the skin into shapes that Jacob could only begin to imagine. Yet, as his former fingers settled into their new position as

cervine dewclaws, he was remiss for not lamenting the instant changes, scared only by the alternations that he could see and the implications that losing his hands had for him.

“Shit, dude...” Greg responded as Jacob stared at his growing hooves, trying to hold back the tears. He couldn’t even get out of the car with these, much less drive.

“We gotta get out of the car before this gets worse...” Jacob said, and Greg took charge, reaching over to undo Jacob’s seatbelt before undoing his own.

“Come on dude, in case you lose your... hey!” Jacob called out, realizing that Greg was sitting there, staring off into space. It was like he stopped mid-action of trying to get out of the truck, as though something completely different was occupying his attention.

It didn’t take Jacob long to figure out what it was. His nostrils were sniffing the air, drinking in the scents that were perforating the small cabin of the truck. Jacob had been aware of them too, though the panic of losing his hands was enough to deter his attention from the male musk that made his cock so hard.

“Dude, we got to go!” Jacob said, raising his hooves in a show of urgency. He didn’t know when Greg would lose his own digits but there was every chance that it could happen at any moment.

“Just a second man...” Greg replied, a little dreamily. It was as though the musk had him enraptured, removing all precedence to leave the truck and remove himself from the alluring odor.

Jacob was starting to feel the same way, his cock growing erect from the cervine odors that were wafting off their unwashed hides. He was used to the odors of male and woods that came with their camping trips. He was even able to take the stench of deer musk that their changes were forcing to waft from pores and newly-formed scent glands. But the sight of Greg just sitting there, breathing it in and toying with his own erection through his pants, had Jacob stunned, as well. Even the panic of losing his hands was becoming second to the needs in his cock and the desire to pleasure the changing man.

In a last, desperate bid to try and evade the male stench that his nostrils were honed on, Jacob leaned over and tried to push at Greg’s prone body. Yet, the motion was awkward, and only served to move Greg over and hit him with the wave of musk that was being covered by pants and underwear.

“Ohh... shit... dude we gotta... fuck...” Jacob moaned, the male reek getting to him and making his own nose sniff headily at the odors that his buddy’s body was giving off.

“Yeah... fuck... nice...” Greg moaned, clearly getting into the idea. Jacob’s eyes couldn’t help but look down to regard the erection that was straining his clothes. The tip was leaking through the pants, adding to the pungent scent in the truck.

Despite the nature of the situation, Jacob couldn’t manage to tear his sight off the erection and sexy visage of his friend. The stag-like features were as sexy as ever, making Jacob drool a little. He wanted to play with him, to discover all the contours of his friend’s body, maybe make it change even more. The thought of Greg with a little deer’s muzzle, more fur, in tandem with the rest of the cervine characteristics, made him harder than hell...

Before he could act on the urges playing on his mind, Greg’s lips were on Jacob’s own, taking the other man in an eager embrace. Jacob felt the trembling lips of his friend-made lover and kissed him back, savoring the raw flavor of the other man’s breath. The proximity of the potent musk was intoxicating, making Jacob harder than he had been even in the cabin. His erection was almost painfully pressed into his pants, making him twitch and writhe in the seat.

Yet, he was content for the moment to feel his cock grinding against his pants as he focused on the flavor of his friend’s breath. The heat between the two of them was rising, making both of them rub against each other in a bid to get into the most pleasurable position for their rut. By that point, Jacob had climbed on top of Greg’s lap, awkward in the small cab but still able to get their confined cocks bobbing against each other.

The taste of his friend on his lips was sublime, causing Jacob’s lust to rise faster than any experience he’d ever had with a woman in his life. Feeling the outline of another cock against his own was more sensual than the pleasures of the female flesh. Be it his changed sensibilities or some realization that came from his cross-experimentation, Jacob was starting to realize that he simply found men better. Knowing the organs the other man had and how to pleasure them through personal experience was somehow more exciting than any sex before now had made him feel.

Greg had to squirm several times in his seat, likely adjusting for his forgotten tail. Still, the motions allowed him to reflexively grind on his lover, making Jacob moan into his lips through the impassioned embrace. It was difficult to get into the proper position; the two men were on the larger side, and the truck was clearly not made with the comfort of rutting couples in mind. But, eventually, they managed it, ignoring the aches in their bodies as they started to grunt and pant and kiss deeply, the potent cervine musk growing with each passing second.

Their new anatomies made things difficult but went largely ignored in the heat of passion. Greg's hooves were longer against the bottom of the truck, making him cross his legs just for sufficient room, Jacob wanted to help remove his friend's jacket with his hands, but no longer had the ability with his hooves. Their larger noses required that they kiss at an angle, though the scents wafting into them only made the experience more visceral.

Eventually, the needs in their bodies were getting to the point that simply making out could not satisfy them. Jacob wanted to get naked and take Greg's ass, but not before getting a whiff of those potent pheromones. He loved the smell of the other man's ass, how much the cervine scent glands did it for him. He wanted nothing more than to pull down those pants and underwear and leave his lover exposed.

Yet, with his hooves in their current placement on his anatomy, there was little chance of that happening. Pulling back with a disappointed expression on his face, Greg pulled off Jacob's clothes, shirt first, then helped him undo the other man's pants. His underwear was a little bit of a struggle from how much his penis was confined, though Greg managed to pull them down and expose his leaking member. Jacob couldn't help but notice that Greg's hands seemed a little stiff as well and wanted to protest that they open the door first. Yet, the thick musk that perforated the tiny cabin was more than sufficient prompt for them to stay.

Greg was much quicker at pulling off his own clothes, his tail twitching in excitement as he turned around, knees on the seat as he tried to get into position. His stretched heels were a little difficult to maneuver, though Greg managed it, his hooves hitting the far door. Jacob crawled on top of him, lining up his penis with Greg's tight ass. Though he lacked the hands to insert his cock, Jacob was hard as fuck, and it was little problem for his cock to insert itself. It was as though Greg's altered asshole had easily opened up to take the deer dick that the two of them so eagerly craved.

"Oh fuck... you're even tighter..." Jacob moaned, feeling Greg's supposedly unskilled walls clamped down on his rod with the precision of a power bottom. His rod was already leaking, filling his friend's ass with enough slick fluid to lube up his efforts. It took no time for the two of them to find a rhythm, Jacob rocking back and forth and gripping his buddy's bare sides with his cervine hooves.

Yet, the aches of the position they were taking on started to intensify, hindering both men from the release they so desperately craved. Both felt as though their backs were on fire, spines stretched and pelvic bones loosening. It happened to each man in equal measure, forcing them forward in the struggle to alleviate the sensations and keep Jacob's cock deep in his lover's bowels.

Jacob's ass was nearly touching the ceiling of the cab, tail wagging in eagerness as he buried his dick inside his lover to the hilt. The pains of growth were still getting to him, but so was the desperation in his furry balls. He needed to cum, to rut into this other man, and no force on earth could stop the inevitable orgasm. Even as his feet were forced under the driver's seat and his puckered anus poked out of the open window, all of Jacob's focus was on the anus before him and making his mate cum with him inside.

With his still-human hands, Greg was able to reach down and stroke his cock, loving the sensation of its sensitive cervine surface in tandem with the pointed tip against his prostate. His orgasm was building, and even the extended distance between his hand and his cock was not enough to deter his release. With a bellow that was deeper than his human voice should have allowed, Greg felt his balls churn and his cock explode, his penis spurting cum with enough force that it fell over the seat of the truck. The smell hit his stag nose full force, making him spurt a little more as his release squeezed his lover's cock tightly, wanting to stroke it for all it was worth.

The notion that he was about to take a load of semen in his ass like the gay deer he had become did not bother Greg in the slightest as he felt his walls clench about Jacob and prepare to milk his friend's penis. Never before had cumming felt as good as having his rectum filled while stroking himself to completion!

Smelling the potent stag cream with his changed nose made Jacob hornier than hell, and forced him to thrust faster than humanly possible. Yet, his body was not human, in particular, his penis and pelvis as he prepared to pump into his friend's pucker. He cried out with an incoherent moan as his cock spasmed and blew his friend full of so much stag cream that some of it leaked out of Greg's ass. Still bleating, his cock was forced out from the post-orgasmic tremors coming from the stag-man's quaking body.

"Oh, shit man... you're so tight... how the hell can asshole be so tight...?" Jacob questioned, still in a haze from the release.

"Fuck... you cream hard... you filled me the fuck up... how can you cum that hard, dude? And why don't I care that I've got cum dripping out of my ass...?" Greg moaned, his tail twitching in contentment now that his balls were temporarily emptied.

"Thank fuck your hands didn't change, at least. We can't get out otherwise. Not with these," Jacob said, lifting up the hooves once more for Greg's inspection. Not that he hadn't noticed them already, of course. It was simply an issue of being reminded how much they had changed towards the stag's bodies that they might evidently wear if the transformation continued. It was hard to think about in the moments of lust that made them overcome with the need to rut

and breed. But with their sex finished, and the urges in their testicles not so urgent, the true plight of their situation were allowed to come to light.

“Yeah... shit, we have to get out of here. We’re too big. Hell, I feel even bigger, somehow! And not just because you pounded my ass like that!” Greg replied, reaching out with his hands to undo the door.

Not bothering to put his pants back on, Greg stumped out of the door, trying to rise on his hips before falling out onto the side of the road. He yelped a little, evidently hurting the tips of his fingers while trying to balance the increased weight of his backside on them. It was obvious he had tried to stand, but there was nothing his hips could do any longer to make that movement possible.

Panic began to take over his mind as Greg looked over the prone form of his friend, who was just trying to get his bearings from being on all fours. It was obvious that he was more than halfway changed, his belly, arms, and hands looking comically out of place with a deer’s hindquarters. His hips had sunk into his flanks, effectively sticking his ass up in the air, tail and all. With his stretched spine and longer hoof-feet, the four-legged stance looked far more comfortable than it should have been!

Given the feelings in his own backside, Jacob was sure that the same change had afflicted him, as well. He couldn’t get up on his back legs in the truck. He’d seen some sizable bucks in his day, and judging by the size of their own cocks, it figured it was likely that Jacob would outgrow the dimensions of the cab if he were to stay there. Besides, there was zero chance of either of them being able to drive in their current state!

Carefully, Jacob got himself out of the cab, crawling on his front hooves. He allowed himself to fall to the ground, the impact nothing to what had become of his hands, for which he was thankful. To his surprise, the added length to his hands seemed to make his four-legged stance sufficiently comfortable that he didn’t even need to lean down, legs able to stand straight with his new posture.

Yet, the elation of climbing out unscathed soon fell with the realization that the two of them were little more than animals on all fours. A mournful expression crossed his features, looking into his friend’s eyes to see the same fear reflected there.

“Shit, man, what are we going to do? Why did we let it go this far?” Greg whined, panic clearly setting in.

“I don’t know man, can we run? No, I don’t think we... we gotta get out of the woods, at least!” Jacob replied, clearly unable to handle his own extreme apprehension.

“Fuck, we’re buck naked! And I don’t think we can get our clothes back on like this!” was Greg’s reply, oblivious to the pun he just made.

“I don’t want to have to walk out there with my deer dong hanging out, but I don’t think we have much choice! We have to try before I need to fuck you again!” Jacob said, unabashedly.

“Well, I mean, if the need arises...” came Greg’s reply, a little wistfully. Jacob could see his tail flick at that and was thankful he was upwind and not privy to Greg’s buck pheromones.

With that, the two of them headed out in silence, staying some distance away so that their scents would not tempt them to more carnal acts. They kept their eyes on the road, not looking at each other and the changes they were being forced to go through. The idea of their transforming bodies, though one that should be frightening, was one that turned them on more than either was comfortable with. Yet, it felt so good at the moment...

To his disdain, Jacob found that he was sniffing the air, as though seeking for the scent that his mind continued to drift towards. Though, his nose seemed to pick out something else, an odor that elicited a different sensation in his body. Jacob was hungry; they hadn’t eaten since yesterday, and the changes had surely increased the requirements for nourishment. Jacob hadn’t felt any hunger in his panic to get out and try to resolve the changes. But, now...

Raising his head and sniffing, Jacob’s attention was drawn to what he perceived to be a crab apple tree, not an uncommon sight in the woods where they went hunting. Though he’d never think of eating such a thing as a human, the scent was nearly intoxicating now, making him drool. A glance in the direction of his buddy made Jacob assume that Greg was overcome with the same pangs of hunger, and without a word, the two of them walked over to fill their stomachs.

Greg had the advantage of being able to reach up and grab apples off the tree, biting into them as though they were the most succulent meal that he had ever tasted. Jacob’s hooves, however, were unable to achieve such a feat. Therefore, he was forced to bite at them with his mouth, letting them drop to the ground as he used his hooves to hold them in place as he ate.

Soon, one apple was downed, tastier than anything that Jacob recalled eating. Though he had not thought his face changed enough to eat something that his human side would have easily resisted, Jacob found them more succulent than any of the meals he had eaten in recent memory.

Perhaps it was the changes to his nostrils that told him that his taste buds would enjoy the meal. Best yet, there were so many apples that it was impossible that he wouldn't be able to eat his fill!

As he ate, a slowly rising ache in his feet started to swell, the now-familiar sensation of toes stiffening and stretching, of compacting and retracting towards the bottom. He wanted to look down, feeling the tingling of keratin expanding over the swelling digits and knowing that he was growing hind hooves. But, in his hunger, it was too hard for him to stop eating and focus on the changes. Besides, his feet had been sore and calloused from the walk on the dirt road. Wouldn't hooves make their trek easier? It was hard for him to focus on why he shouldn't have hooves when they made things so convenient.

Not so for his friend, Jacob was soon to realize. "Fucking sticky fingers!" Greg declared, making Jacob look over to see that Greg had a hand in the air, staring with some sense of fear. An apple had fallen from his hand as the fingers started to stiffen, the nails brown and pointed and thickened from the tips of his fingers. Two of the digits were longer, to become his hooves, while the other two were shortened, rotated back along palms that were cracking from the reformation of their bone structure. Wrists stretched like putty, and his thumbs were pulled up with them, not forming the same hoof structure that the other fingers were developing. They seemed even stiffer, however, a sign that they would soon be gone from his form.

Yet, to Jacob's surprise, Greg's panic seemed not to stay, drool dripping from his lips as he sniffed back down towards the apple he'd dropped. It seemed as though the food was of greater importance than the loss of his hands. He, too, could no longer use stiffening, altering fingers to pull down the fruit. But he still had a mouth, and lowered his front end, biting into the apple even as his stance shifted, putting weight on stretching fingers as they finished their alteration into cervine hooves.

With that, Jacob turned away, not caring so much about the change and more about feeding the hunger pangs that were still assaulting his stomach. Never before he had felt such an intense desire to eat, as though his body was quivering with the lack of nutrients. That was likely a plausible explanation, though, in his current state, Jacob hardly had the wherewithal to contemplate it further. His own newly formed back hooves were soon forgotten, making his stance awkward but not discouraging him from eating his fill.

The two of them continued to eat, tails flicking away flies from their bare ass as they did so. It was easy to fall into the rhythm of eating, needing to fill their bellies and quell the burning ache that compelled them to feed. It provided them more contentment than any feast the two of them could ascertain. The pair was side by side, their scents rich in each other's nostrils as they continued to munch away on apples. Soon, the fruit was forgotten as both reached out with

still-human mouths to sample the succulent scents of grass and buds, those things being found tasty to their altered noses.

It was the sound of something massive stomping in the clearing that finally had Jacob look up, grass falling from his still-human lip. Before them both was the stag from their dreams and memories, far more massive than even the two of them had been. Though it was harder to tell from either of their perspectives, they were smaller than the beast, maybe nearly half so if they could tell.

Greg, too, looked up, a combination of fear and interest in his features as he regarded the presence of the beast. “Dude, fuck... he’s back...” Greg muttered, not sure what to say.

“Yeah...” Jacob returned the sentiment.

The stag, for his part, stood staring at the pair of changed men with a look that was far beyond what a simple animal should have been able to manage. He was clearly looking at them, into them, if that could be believed. Though, if their changes were caused by the beast, then, surely, he would know what they were becoming and be interested. Right?

Naturally, Jacob’s attention lowered towards the stag’s underside, and with it, the massive erection that he knew would be dangling there. It was somehow even larger than in his recollections, which was impressive given the nature as to which he recalled it should be. It certainly dwarfed the size of both of their members, though that was hardly an insult given the nature of their stag-hoods!

“He’s... fuck, staring right at us...” Jacob muttered, unable to move in the presence of the beast.

Part of him wanted to run, using his new anatomy to take off through the woods to try and escape. But, with their musculatures in their hybrid state, Jacob knew that would be a fleeting effort. He was sure that he could hardly walk like this, let alone run away fast enough that a magnificent stag couldn’t catch them. Even efforts to back up were rendered moot as both stood like statues, frozen like literal deer in the headlights of the eyes of their stag overlord.

Moving almost silently, as though gliding, the stag moved past Greg, sniffing along his still-human neck and making Greg visibly shiver. Greg stayed still, however, feeling that it was ultimately futile to move from the larger, faster beast. And there was the matter of the stag’s massive cock, the one that had enraptured both of their attentions and likely somehow initiated the change that had made them come this far!

“Shit man... he’s right there... what do I do!?” Greg called out, louder than necessary. Part of him evidently hoped that the noise would startle the stag, easily spooked as his species was. But, the other, more rational part of his mind knew better. This was no bestial stag, not with the size of its body and cock as they were. He knew what he was doing with the purpose and intent of a human, or at least something that carried human-level intelligence.

“Fuck, I don’t know! Run? Get away from him!” Jacob called out. He wasn’t sure if he was talking to Greg or the stag. But either way, his words fell on deaf ears as the stag moved behind Greg, sniffing his ass and prompting Greg to lift his tail reflexively.

“Shit dude, I can’t... he’s... I want... oh... OH!” Greg called out at the sensation of a thick tongue that started playing over his rump. It was as though the stag was sampling the potent musk and scent glands that were being wafted in the direction of the beast’s nose.

The stag started to lap with purpose, clearing Greg’s dirty rump of the stag seed that Jacob had planted there. Running up and down his taint, the stag seemed to breathe in heavily of all that Greg’s deer backside had to offer. With the experience of a lover, the stag reached down to play over Greg’s balls, making them shake and forcing Greg to reflexively firm up his stance, partially to accentuate his pleasure and partly for what he assumed would be coming next.

Naturally, Greg’s cervine cock was at full erection, looking almost painfully turgid under him as the stag played over his backside. It paled in comparison to the cock of the massive stag behind him, though it was hardly small in its own right. But, the presence of the stag was clearly arousing, making Greg huff and pant with a tongue that seemed a little long for his face, as though it was transforming. Naturally, the attention would accelerate the changes, right?

The minor alteration to his tongue prompted Jacob to trace his eyes over his friend’s naked body. It was subtle at first, but something blurring in front of his vision made Jacob stare for any sign of movement. To his horror, the shifting patterns across Greg’s body were indicative of the growth of what seemed like ample body hair. No, fur, Jason quickly realized. His body was growing his own coat of deer fur to match the stag that was sniffing at his ass and taint!

“You’re changing... he’s going to change you all the way! Stop!” Jacob managed to call out, fear in his voice. It was one thing to be enjoying the changes and the sex they made all the better. But the acceleration of the process brought with it the terrifying realization that this stag intended to make both of them like himself. And, given the states of their bodies, it was impossible to deny that both former men liked the idea of being beasts if it meant being fucked by such a magnificent male!

“I can’t buddy... I need... he’s... so big... ooohhhh...” Greg moaned in response, as the stag started tonguing Greg’s exposed rear, making the stag-man groan incoherently from the welcome intrusion.

Jacob wanted to move forward, to try and put a stop to the depravity and save his friend from what he was sure would condemn him into a stag, possibly forever. But, he could not force his body to move, no matter how much he tried. There was a chance he was simply stunned, unable to process the situation, or unfamiliar with his new anatomy. But, there was every bit the same likelihood he was being compelled to stay still as the stag stared up from his fervent lapping to look Jacob in the eyes, gazing with human intelligence. It seemed to say ‘wait your turn’, though Jacob might have been anthropomorphizing the stag. Either way, Jacob was frozen, unable to help his friend as the stag pulled back, his intent as clear as the horse-sized cock dangling from his underside.

Rearing up on Greg’s increasingly hairy back, the stag gripped his mate with his dewclaws before thrusting forward with his massive cock. Its drooling, pointed tip rubbed against Greg’s well-prepared backside, rubbing its slick fluids all over it before zeroing in on the object of his desire. He expertly lined up the tip before thrusting forward and easily entering the smaller pucker of the changing, previously straight man.

A pained expression crossed Greg’s features as the deer sank deep into his rectum, pushing forward as though there was nothing to impede his progress. The expression plastering Greg’s face was one of conflict. It obviously hurt him to have such a phallus opening him up, despite having taken cock twice today. But, there was no denying the pleasure that his own leaking penis seemed to give him, of being opened in a way that even Jacob could not provide him.

“Fuck... Dude... he’s too big... help!” Greg cried out, making Jacob’s blood run cold. He was still frozen, unable to help. But he couldn’t just let this happen, could he?

“I... fuck... I can’t move! Greg!” Jacob called out, unable to say anything else. His friend was being forced fucked into a stag’s body, and there was nothing else he could do to try and stop it.

“Ohhh... it itches... fuck... I need... that cock... better... shit... fuck me! FUCK ME!” Greg eventually called out, as though begging for the cock inside of him. The look of confusion was clear on his features. On the one hand, it had to hurt the formerly straight man, who likely didn’t want his body to convert into a deer’s. But, he was clearly getting off on it, in a way that turned him on like nothing before could prepare him for!

A series of cracks resonated through Greg's torso, as though the bones and tendons were shifting into another form. Ribs expanded, his sternum pushed outward as his chest barreled into a quadrupedal configuration. Hips continued to flatten, knees up to his stretching belly as a flap of skin appeared to fuse the two together. Legs cracked and strained, claws diminishing to make room for the stretched heels that comprised a stance that was clearly better suited for a four-legged form. Shoulders snapped as they rotated forward, scapulas moving under the skin as they repositioned to allow his chest to absorb them. Soon, there was little left to distinguish his body from that of a stag, save the bare skin that was steadily becoming covered with brownish-red fur.

Only his head remained human for the time being, but with a thickening, extending neck, it seemed obvious that the changes would soon be complete. Yet, as the stag started to thrust inside Greg's smaller stag body, any expressions of fear or pain erased from his face as he was fucked into submission, and a stag. As the minutes ticked by, Jacob's fear for his buddy's humanity, and his own, increased towards the breaking point. If he didn't do something, Greg would be lost to him. And then, Jacob would likely be next. Yet...

"MMMoooooooo... SOOO GOOOOOOD!" Greg bellowed, so much stag in his inflections. There was so little left of his humanity in that tone, as though his mind was going along with his body. He was rocking back and forth with the stag on his back as powerful muscles seemed to ripple through him. It was a far cry from the beast on his back, though impressive in his own right. A handsome beast, one that Jacob couldn't help but slightly admire.

"DUUUUDDEEE... JUUUSST ENNNJOOOOY YOUIR TURRRRRRNNN!" Greg bellowed out, the last human words he would ever speak.

The sharp sounds of cracks echoed from Greg's jaw as it continued to force its way out, making his human teeth fall out as new ones grew to match the muzzle he was growing. Greg shook and bellowed as his jaw inched forward, nose sliding into place at the end as the space between his nose and upper lips waned. The fur around the nose blackened, white on the chin and neck as he shook his longer neck.

To a combination of fear and delight from Jacob's point of view, a pair of lumps started to form from the thinning hair atop his buddy's head. They soon sprouted outward, growing longer like literal branches that seemed to move in various directions. The points at each branching end poked upward into what could only be considered cervine antlers. He was a ten-point buck, Jacob realized with some sense of reverence. Greg would be the envy of their hunting circle if he hadn't been a former human being taken by an even larger buck!

Though his human visage remained in the shape of his skull, the bones underneath started to stretch and compress at opposite ends, pulling out his forehead and muzzle in a sloping sort of motion. The audible cracks gave Jacob the impression that Greg's skull was collapsing in on itself, removing the human gleam in his eyes. The expression of contentment, of pleasure and joy, seemed erased from his features as his eyes dulled and turned the deep brown of a deer's. Jacob was worried for his friend's humanity, as well as his own. Would they lose themselves to the deer that they were turning into? Wasn't that a form of death, the last thing Jacob wanted when he realized this whole thing was starting in the first place?

No. There was still a sense of humanity in those cervine features, though not one that Jacob could really understand. It resembled the expression on the stag that was fucking him, inhuman yet not without intelligence. There was something about the visage that was haunting though not one that made Jacob entirely disturbed. Greg was still in there, though likely with mind aflame with the sensations of being fucked and being in a body that was not the one he was born in.

It did not take long for the stag on his back to bellow, thrusting faster as he seemed to orgasm and spill his seed inside of his former friend. The force of the fucking he received was enough to make Greg's cock slap against his slightly distended belly, more rapidly now as he was fucked faster. It seemed as though Greg was preparing to cum as well, the rapid slick slapping getting more intense the more that the stag shoved in. The look on Greg's features was of pure animalistic pleasure as his end seemed to near.

Yet, the more that Jacob watched, the more another emotion started to swell in his mind. It took him a few moments to come to terms with what exactly it was, confusing as the thoughts were. But, as Jacob watched on, it soon became clear what he wanted. He wanted to be the one on the receiving end of the massive stag. Jacob was jealous.

His jealousy only heightened when he heard his friend-turned-stag bleating, his cock throbbing without external stimulation. The red, jerking rod spasmed rapidly as several thick spurts of stag jism shot out, coating his belly and the ground in the slick fluids. The scent burned into Jacob's nostrils, making his own member leak in anticipation.

Though he had yet to be on the receiving end, Jacob felt his asshole clench in anticipation of the fucking that was likely to come. The ache was deep, burning into his body and mind. He needed to be fucked with a prescience that was beyond his rational mind. Even the desires he'd been stricken with in the past few hours of needing to mate with his friend paled in comparison with the all-consuming desire to be fucked and bred. It was maddening to do anything other than just stand there, trembling with visible lust and desire.

To both his delight and determent, standing there was all he needed to do, given the proximity of the beast that would change him in the same manner that Greg had visibility been changed. Having dismounted from his former friend, Jacob could clearly see that the stag's virile cock was still as rock hard and evidently as ready as ever to plunge into his own rectum. Jacob's stance stiffened, tail flagged, and raised in a symbol of submission to the much-larger buck.

A shiver ran through his body the moment that the stag's skilled tongue teased his pucker, playing over a once private place that now had Jacob shuddering for more of the erotic contact. The stag was as skilled a lover as he was a virile beast, lapping with a feral intensity that defied all understanding, yet tender and caressing all the sensual spots that Jacob didn't even know he had. Even if he had an inkling to try and run away in the moment, Jacob was left frozen there, eager to experience all this stag had to give him. His body was ready to have the stag do to him as the beast pleased, and the stag knew just the way to make the experience just as sensual as possible!

Jacob was aware only of the sensations from his leaking prick as the stag continued to work over him with the knowledge of a lover, teasing his balls and taint in a way that no past sexual experience could ever hope to emulate. It made the changing man firm up his stance, tail raised high and ass pulsating with the need to be fucked. Never before had Jacob felt such a need in his rump, but there was no denying how much he needed the rectal stimulation.

Glancing out of the corner of his eye, the sight of the deer's dangling dong made him gulp a little, thinking it to be even larger than when he'd seen it initially if such a thing was possible. A swelling of fear passed through him then, Jacob not sure he could take such a phallus. Not that he thought he could take any kind of cock, mind you. His only reprieve was the reality that Greg took the cock of the beast, the evidence as clear as the cum leaking from his anus. Surely, in his pleasurable bellows and cervine bleats, Greg grew accustomed to the size of the cock inside of him.

Jacob was soon to find out, the stag seemingly finished his preparations to Jacob's rear. The beast backed up, raising himself up and playing his cloven hooves on Jacob's back. The weight was more than Jacob's still human back could take, though he tried to compensate simply by firming up his stance. Never before had he needed something so desperately, leaving him willing to suffer whatever was needed to take the raging erection of his stag overlord?

The drooling, wet cockhead started pressing insistently against Jacob's taut pucker, making its way inside. Jacob squirmed from the intrusion, not minding it so much at first. His rectal flesh was far more sensitive than anything he could have imagined. It was everything he'd wanted and more to experience his pucker being penetrated, opened up, and filled in a way that

he had not expected. Jacob couldn't deny how much he liked it, having been inexperienced before.

Yet, soon, he realized that the probing penis was too big, making him cry out with the subtle yet ever-growing pain. "Oohhh... ah... too much!" Jacob managed to bleat, voice starting to warble. Mainly from the consequence of the sudden shock to his system, and partially having been a result of the insistent tingling in his chest and neck, which he was sure had to do with the changes.

Though, after several minutes of being pounded by such a girthy penis, Jacob started to relax. The pressure was still present, though his innards had wrapped around it in such a way that he was able to finally feel comfort. Better was the steady pressure against his prostate, working into his insides and pressing against his penis and testicles. Cock already drooling a clear fluid, it slowly began thickening in constancy the more than he was fucked.

"Oh yes... fuck me... MAKE ME YOODOORS!" Jacob bellowed, the pressure almost too much for him to bear. It was getting insistent now, making it impossible for him to hold on to even a semblance of his awareness.

Lost in the fucking that he was receiving, Jacob was remiss for not noticing that his chest was starting to crack, barreling outward as ribs and sternum started to alter into a more cervine configuration. It didn't hurt, thankfully, though none of the change had been painful thus far. His extending spine creaked, his internal organs reorientating as his back was forced outward. His stance shifted several times, though Jacob was hardly aware of it, save the enhanced space in his stretching bowels that allowed him to more comfortably take the stag cock that was literally fucking him into an animal.

Legs shifted as the fat in them started to melt away, the bones sticking out against taut skin as his calves thinned and heels stretched. His ass moved up as his backside adjusted, though the cock inside of him kept Jacob held up, as though it weighed less than the power of the penis inside of him could support. His hips were even wider now, a flap of skin oozing from his knees and connecting with the flesh of his stretching stomach. Flexibility in his knees seemed to diminish, though Jacob was remiss to care, given the fucking he was receiving.

The itching of fur growth, however, was a different story. It started on his back, above his tail where the fur had covered it. It soon spread over his back, coating the skin as it erupted almost simultaneously from his former shoulders, his arms and legs, and even his stomach and neck. It was powerfully irritating; sprouting like weeds from every inch of altering skin. Jacob wanted desperately to scratch, though being fucked as he was, even had he his hands there was

no possibility of that happening. Jacob's only reprieve was to focus on the fucking, allowing himself to give in to the change and the pleasure it promised.

Yet, even through the erotic sensations of the alterations, Jacob could not shake the very real fear that the process would be permanent. His job, his friends, and his future prospects. All would be lost to him if he was to continue to adopt this animal form. Even in the face of such pleasure, there was that natural panic that he was to lose so much to gain what his intellect perceived to be so little.

His glance swept the area around him to see that his former friend Greg, fully a deer, was grazing on some berries that he'd found, tail swishing in contentment over his ass as the stag's cum continued to leak from it. Though he was sure that some humanity existed in the stag it was harder to see his former friend in the animal that Greg had become. His body, and even his actions, matched what Jacob saw in deer each hunting season that they'd spent deep in the woods.

Yet, the realization that he, too, was to become an animal, a beast, was not enough to dissuade him from trying to pull away from the stag on top of him. Being an animal, if it meant feeling this way on a regular basis, was not such a frightening prospect. Greg seemed happy enough, and Jacob was soon to join him, to allow his thoughts to fade, and give himself over to the promised pleasure.

Despite the intense sensations of the fucking he was receiving, Jacob was still aware of the contractions to his skull, compressing on his mind and making it harder to think. Yet, awash in the fucking his stag lord was giving him, cognizant thoughts were already fleeting. It was all he could do to be aware of the final sweeping changes to his visage that set to send him into stag-hood for the rest of his days.

A tingling in his nose was preceded by a series of sharp cracks that made Jacob aware that his face was continuing to alter, forcing his nose in front of his face. He could almost feel the sensation of the muscles shifting under the skin as his face pushed out further and further. Teeth started to loose in his skull, and he spat them out, the rounder cervine equivalents necessary for his new diet taking their place until his new dentures properly fit in his new muzzle.

Distracted from the fucking he was receiving, Jacob was prompted to close his eyes, not wanting anything to take away from those sensations. He would get used to his new visage eventually, he was sure. But now, at the moment, he cared only for the cock in his bowels that he was about to take all the way inside of him.

As a final baptism into his new life, Jacob could feel nubs forming on his former forehead, new hardened bones pushing upward and expanding above his temples. Though soon, he could not feel the growths, separated from his sensory perceptions as they were, the weight of them did hang heavily on his head, filling him with a sense of pride. After all, antlers were the sign of a virile, healthy stag, and from what he could tell, his were massive!

The throbbing in his stag lord's penis was becoming so intense that Jacob was sure that he would cum at any moment. Nothing mattered to Jacob more than the realization that he was pleasing this beast, one that had given him so much pleasure in return. He desired to be marked by the stag, made one of his herd if that was truly the thing that the stag was doing.

Jacob didn't need to wait long. With a rapidly thickening pace, the stag started throbbing faster as his time came to a close. With a mighty bellow, the stag released his thick load of spunk, coating Jacob's inside with the virile cream. It hurt a little to have the beast fucking him so forcibly, but it was a good pain by now, the stimulation to Jacob's prostate enough to rapidly eliminate any potential discomforts.

It was at that moment that Jacob's thoughts started to fade into the stag that he was becoming. Lost in the rutting as he was, there was little left of his mind that Jacob needed to focus on. Beast that he was, only the sensations of his rocking cock were at the forefront of his mind, making him bleat in a cervine cadence that served to baptize his stint as a stag!

His cock had been rocking against his belly the whole time, spurred on by the stag's urgent thrusting. The slapping became more intense the more he was fucked, cock leaking even thicker streams of pre as his own end neared. Somehow, the sticky fluid in his rear seemed to stimulate his prostate even more, bringing his own orgasm like an oncoming train that could not be stopped.

Jacob bleated in his cervine tone again as his cock blew all over his belly, the throbbing organ not even needing external stimulation as his penis spewed his stag semen. Yet, with the pressure against his prostate and the throbbing of the organ, Jacob's fleeting human intellect couldn't recall ever having an orgasm more fulfilling. It was a christening of his stag-hood, one that had started with the lust he had felt for his friend and made him twitch in contentment that surpassed human understanding.

Unceremoniously, the stag pulled out, leaving Jacob aching for his return. It was like his entire world had shifted to revolve around the rod inside of him, and now that it was gone, he felt empty, lonely. But, with the splash of semen that came with it, and the stag's tongue to clean up after him, Jacob was left with the knowledge that this stag was his herd master now. The mighty

stag would not leave him, and likely fill him with stag cream as much as Jacob and his friend could take, assuming the stag was as virile as the two of them hoped.

After he was cleaned off, Jacob was left to stand there, dizzy by the sensations in his body. He was larger than his human form, a massive stag, though not able to tell how many points from his current state of focus. Though he was aware that he had been human, the sensations that were playing over his mind and senses made any notions of the past obsolete as the moments ticked past. The most urgent was the feeling in his rear of being filled and fucked and bred by the amazing beast before them.

But, there were other elements to being a stag that soon came to the forefront of his thoughts as Jacob allowed himself to get used to his new body. His hearing, for one, made him aware that he was flicking his ears toward the direction of distant sounds. He was momentarily concerned; a stag was a prey animal, after all, and one had to be on guard at all times. But, nothing in his hearing range seemed to alarm him, and his stag master seemed calm enough, indicating that there was little that could scare him. Still, the distance that he was detecting sounds was far more than the former human could have ever hoped for. Even the closer sounds of insects crawling in leaves and birds chipping from what was perceived as miles away were but drops in the bucket to the things that Jacob could detect with twitching ears.

He couldn't see as well as he remembered that he should have been able to, but that felt as though of little consequence. Colors were muted, but not entirely absent. Vision was wider, though it was harder to focus on things in the distance. But, there was no movement, no sight of anything threatening in the area. Jacob found himself not concerned with such things soon.

It was really his sense of smell that made the world around him light up. As a human, smell was entirely something that went unnoticed, unless a smell was under one's nose. But, to Jacob's changed sensibilities, his nose gave him a map of the world both past and present. It was one that told the story of what was present and what had been here, and even where those things had been prior to his ability to detect them. It painted a canvas that took more than his fading human intellect could properly grasp, making the changed deer man almost drunk on olfactory overload.

Yet, it soon became harder to focus on any of the errant scents in the air as the odor of deer, musk, and sex hung heavily in his nose. His attention was drawn to the deer that had once been Greg, he, too, twitching his ears and flicking his tail in response to the world around them. He also had stag spunk leaking from his backside, the same stink as Jacob from their new stag benefactor.

Yet, to his delight, Greg's cock still seemed to slide out of his sheath a little, fluids still dripping from it but looking no less worse for wear from all of their sexual escapades. At the sight of it, Jacob felt his own member descend further, balls aching with the need to be fully emptied. They had lost all of their human cum in the change, of course. But now, their weighty testicles were full of stag semen, enough that they would be able to rut a harem of females in season should they be inclined to. However, their current proclivities leaned towards something else...

Jacob felt his tail raise almost reflexively, flagging his need to be mated as his abused pucker stood on display for Greg's inspection. After taking his stag lord's throbbing member, Jacob felt it more fitting for his next encounter to be on the receiving end as his flicking tail wafted his potent pheromones in the direction of his friend-turned-mate. Though nothing could be more filling than his stag lord's cock in his bowels, there was something more pressing about having his friend inside of him. And, besides, given the view of his buddy's cock, Greg was hardly a slouch in that department, either!

It took little prompting for Greg to sniff at the offering that Jacob had on display for him. The combination of musk, pheromones, and stag cream created a tantalizing cocktail that brought forth Greg's lust with a vengeance. A little goosing was all he got before Greg's tongue reached out and slathered Jacob's backside, making the man-turned-deer bleat. Jacob adjusted his hips a little, squaring his stance and allowing Greg maximum access to his backdoor. Greg was almost as skilled as their stag lord with his cervine tongue, rimming the edges of Jacob's rear and balls, making him shudder from nose to tail. He even managed to squeeze his tongue into Jacob's anus, cleaning him out and stimulating the fringes of his insides.

Yet, Jacob's insistent bleats were a sign for Greg to stop his oral ministrations and pull back, sniffing at his work once more before getting up on his back legs and trying out his new anatomy. Though he had never fucked as a deer before, Greg seemed competent in his new form, able to raise up on Jacob's back and balance himself by gripping Jacob's flanks and spearing for his pampered rear. Despite the location on the anatomy not being in the proper place for cervine instincts, Greg had no trouble, spearing Jacob's backside only a few times before hitting his mark. The pointed tip was more than sufficient to catch on the exposed edges of Jacob's pucker and push inside, gently wriggling in as Greg stood his ground. Such penetration would have pained him before today but the experience gained from their stag lord's fucking was the perfect practice for his friend's welcome intrusion.

The sensation of cervine cock in his bowels was everything that Jacob had hoped for and more, making him bleat and adjust his hips to take his friend deeper inside of him. Every inch opened him up further and played over his prostate in a way that the changed deer craved. Nothing in his sexual experience could ever come close to matching the pleasure that anal sex

could provide. From both perspectives; ass was far tighter than anything that Greg had encountered before. Though he was on the receiving end now, he was every bit willing to trade with his friend whenever Greg raised his tail in offering.

Yet, reflections of sexuality and mating were harder to hold onto the more that Jacob was fucked and bred. Part of his animalistic lust dictated that he fall into the instincts that dominated his being and form. He felt his thoughts drifting, the trembling in his body from the persistent pounding overtaking his being. There was no fear at letting himself go into bestial rut, deer that he was. Why did he need to think when it was so much easier to be a gay deer, letting himself be fucked and bred by his male mate...

Nothing else mattered. Not his humanity, not his awareness of the world. Not his life, his friends, his job, or his hobbies. His entire world revolved around the stag cock in his bowels, the pleasure in his bobbing cock, and the precum lubing up their rut. The pressure against his balls as the other stag rutted against him became all he desired to live for. Even as he bleated and came, his bowels clenching on his mate's cock and making the other stag cum in turn, Jacob felt his humanity disappearing, dissolving away for the simpler stag's life that was so graciously been granted to them by their benefactor...

The stag watched the two former men, now turned gay deer, with a sense of interest. Though ugly as men, they made rather fetching deer, and he would have his way with both of their tight assess in due time!

Though he mated bucks and does alike, he much preferred the male tail hole himself, and this was a time of year where their numbers were significantly depleted. The former humans needed not to worry about being hunted themselves; they would escape to a pocket dimension, as did each of his special prizes during the season.

The stag smiled again in that uncharacteristic way as he followed his new converts into their new home. He took only a couple each year, not wanting other humans in the area to be looking for their missing kinsman. That would not do. He took only males; much like humans were only allowed to take bucks so as not to injure pregnant does, the stag did not want to deplete the population of humans by taking women. Besides, though he was free to inseminate the does of the woods with his life-giving seed, outside of breeding season, he much preferred the company of stags like himself.

His woods were already overpopulated with humans as it was, even though they mostly visited for short periods at a time. Still, he preferred to keep low-key, to take only what he

wanted to his harem. Though the world would be better off if all of those toxic male humans were made into beautiful stags, that was not his responsibility. He wanted only to increase his personal herd by these few men, keep them safe and protected and free to be fucked as much as he desired. And, thanks to his influence, they would be eager and willing, perfectly content to remain gay, horny stags for the rest of their lives!