

A Good Doe in the Making

By Nickylion

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The Evergreen Conservation Society’s 77th Annual Forest Preservation Banquet was exactly the type of event that made Nara regret ever getting work in the hospitality industry. Dilettantes from every species gathered to toast glasses of expensive champagne in ‘honor’ of preserving the lush forests that dotted the landscape of the region. The guests had very little in common with each other beyond six digit bank accounts and trust funds run rampant. And as part of the wait staff Nara got to serve them all their drinks.

The doe made her way about her task for the evening, weaving slowly around the party, intermingling so that she passed by all the large groups. Her work uniform itched horribly, but Nara didn’t let it bother her as guest after guest plucked flute after flute off of her tray. She just kept smiling, keeping up appearances. “Just keep moving,” she told herself silently, “and eventually this party will be over soon eno-,” She yelped as one guest, a young dapper looking buck, stepped out into her path as part of a grand flourish on his part, oblivious to her presence, and turned about, his horns catching the tray and sending it and Nara flying to the floor. The resultant crash was loud enough that the music paused, ever so briefly so as to allow all the guests to turn as one towards the origination point.

“Of all the clumsy idiotic,” the buck glared at down at her, his jibe cut off as he brushed his hands down his clothes in a quick self-inspection, “Just be glad none of that cheap crap got on me. My dry cleaners cost a fortune.” With that, the buck turned on a heel and walked away, vanishing into another without a second thought.

A hot flush filled Nara’s cheeks, but before any outward emotions bubbled up the doe immediately began picking the largest shards up off the floor and onto the table, ignoring the muttered comments of ‘incompetent waitstaff’ that were drifting from the nearest clusters of trust-fundies. She knew another waiter had already gone off to fetch a mop and bucket, so trying to find the minute shards of glass was a waste of time. And by the time she was finished with all the larger pieces, she wouldn’t be quite so on the verge of hurling them at someone nearby. Nara was so engrossed in the heat of her own embarrassment that she jumped as she felt a paw on her shoulder.

“You’ve got most of it, dear, I’ll get the rest,” The white rabbit holding the sweeping mop and bucket helped Nara to her feet and leaned into her ear, “Go, take your break. By the time you’re done, they’ll have forgotten this even happened.” Nara nodded silently, taking her tray in both hands and walking hastily off to the kitchen and then to the staff restroom.

The running water of the bathroom sink was cold and had a slightly metallic tang to it as it ran down Nara's cheek fur, occasionally catching in her muzzle, "God damn him," she muttered, "stupid arrogant buck bastard probably makes more money in a month than I do in a year." One paw curled into a fist and pounded at the faux granite countertops before collapsing with a sigh. Nara knew that her coworker was right. By the time she finished composing herself, the stupid buck will have forgotten anything even happened. Her eyes opened and she looked up at herself, a smile forming in her muzzle.

She'd make him remember alright.

"Good evening sir," Nara's voice caught Vincent unaware, pulling him out of thoughts about his trip next weekend to the Caymans that he was pondering while listening to some dreadfully boring young eagle talk about his trip to Europe. The buck turned his attention to the waitress and stepped out of the circle that had formed around the eagle.

"Yes, what do you want?" He glared at her. Staff needing his attention always annoyed him.

Staff holding a glass of champagne for him, however, were worth listening to, at least as much as the eagle, "Management wishes to apologize for the earlier inconvenience, sir, and offer you a glass from the manager's personal stock." He paused to pick it up, considering briefly before the doe continued, "I'm told it's quite exquisite, a late harvest if I remember correctly." Her glass delivered, the doe tucked the tray under one arm, turned and left.

Vincent shrugged and sipped at the glass as the waitress walked away, never seeing her smile, and definitely never noticing the way her other hand slipped into her pocket, cupping the pill bottle that lay there, one dose lighter than it had been minutes before.

Nara's smile for the rest of the evening was genuine. She kept up her pace, ensuring the flutes of wine flowed freely. She also kept an eye on the buck with every pass. His drinking pace had died off almost completely. In fact, by a couple hours in, the buck was having obvious trouble standing up straight. By the third hour, the buck had slipped out into the gardens and was sitting on a bench looking out over a series of rose bushes that Nara had always found lovely. She just hoped he wasn't puking into them.

"Sir, Management sent me to see if you needed anything," he raised his head up, eyes blinking wide with a hint of a glassy quality to them, "Do you want me to call you a taxi this evening and have you taken home?"

“N-no, that’s quite...” the buck’s voice paused as though the effort of continuing this high minded conversation was too much for him, “okay. I will see myself home...a Davidson does not take cabs.”

Nara shook her head, “I’m afraid management insists, sir. You’re too drunk to drive home.” The doe knelt down beside him, “Would sir allow me to drive him home? No one here need know. Our staff prides itself on our,” she smiled, cupping his chin up to look into her eyes, “discreteness.”

A wordless nod from the buck was all that was necessary. Nara motioned for two of her fellow waitstaff, a rather well built lion and wolf, to help the wolf to his car. A quick word with her manager ensured that she would still be paid for the night, and ten minutes later, a very inebriated buck was buckled in beside her, trying his best to keep his eyes open. It never occurred to Vincent to ask where he was going, or how she knew where he lived. All Vincent saw was the blurring of lights, the soft motion of the car, and the insistent whispering in his ear from the doe.

Nara’s house wasn’t too far away from her work, thankfully. The sedative she gave the buck was fairly powerful, she knew from personal experience. It relaxed your muscles, certainly, but also opened up one’s mind to suggestion. Doubly so with alcohol, as Nara knew from a previous venture with a cheetah who spent the next several days convinced he was nothing but a plush toy. Nara smiled as her car slid into her garage, and as the buck clumsily fumbled with his seatbelt. On some level, he knew what was going on, but it was far too difficult to connect those thoughts on any level beyond the rudimentary basics. It made it very easy for her to walk him into her bedroom, one arm slung over her shoulder, and flop him down onto the bed.

“Here we are sir, now please,” her voice betraying some of the sarcasm she had harbored from the beginning of the evening, “do let me help you out of your clothes.” A knife and pair of safety scissors proved most adequate for the task, and soon the young buck’s nice expensive suit was reduced to ribbons of fabric while Vincent lay there, confused and disoriented on her bed.

“Now I believe you owe me an apology for your little outburst earlier, and I know it’s really hard to speak like this, so instead I’m going to take it out on you in trade.” She leaned in, hands cupping and pulling at his sheath. Her fingers stroked and massaged his length, coaxing his erection upwards before pausing briefly, and returning with a set of headphones and an MP3 player.

“Now I know you’re enjoying yourself, and I know my boyfriend really likes to listen to music while I do this. I bet you do too.” The head phones slipped around the back of his head, reducing the sounds he could hear to the hiss of static and soft whispers that pulled at his attention for just a moment at a time before vanishing.

“Relax,” the words would say, “drift, be good. Good deer are relaxed deer.”

They were simple sentences, easy to agree with, “Relaxed deer are good deer.”

“Good deer do as they are told.” Vincent found himself nodding to them, and if he could hear himself outside the headphones, he would have heard himself mumbling a repetition of the words even as Nara’s paws worked his arousal over and over, stroking and kneading the substantial length.

“Relaxed deer are good deer.”

“Good deer do as they are told.”

“It’s good to do as I am told.”

“It feels good to do as I am told.”

“It feels good to obey.”

“Obeying is pleasure.”

“Pleasure is obedience.”

The words began to repeat themselves over and over again, until the addled buck’s mind, his whole world was reduced to each new sentence. As he mumbled each line, Nara’s smile grew just a little bit larger.

“Obedience is pleasure.”

“Obeying the doe gives me pleasure.”

“It’s natural to want to serve the doe.”

“It’s easy to obey the doe.”

“The doe is pretty.”

“I admire the doe.”

“I like the way she dresses.”

“It’s good to be a doe.”

“I want to be a doe.”

“I want to be a good doe.”

“I want to be a good sissy doe.”

“I want to be a good sissy mindless doe.”

“I want to become a good sissy mindless doe.”

Nara smiled, noting the way the buck was thrusting against her paws, panting and straining to hear every word. Her boyfriend Cody always resisted this so hard, but even he would always fall prey to this next part.

“I want to become a good sissy mindless doe.”

“I want to cum and be a good sissy mindless doe.”

“I want to cum my mind away and be a good sissy mindless doe.” The buck’s breath was coming in short gasps. His tongue lolled out of his muzzle. Nara knew what came next.

“I will stand and cum and be a good sissy mindless doe.” The buck’s form rose up, standing up straight and clenching down at the baseboard of the bed as Nara’s paws wrapped around the base of Vincent’s cock to give it one final stroke.”

“I will cum and be a good sissy mindless dooeee—“ the words stretched into a gasp and moan of pleasure. Arc after arc of white gooey cum shot out onto the carpet below, landing mostly on a towel Nara had had the good sense to grab and throw down.

“Wow, what a show you put on..” Nara marveled at the now panting and very glassy-eyed buck standing upright, mumbling the words to himself as she gripped his fading erection and continued to milk away the last of his resistance, “Does the nice good deer want to be a good doe for me?”

“I want to...be a good doe...for you,” Vincent’s response came in slow mumbled, his eyes flagging down as the high of the climax subsided and the alcohol, sedatives, and natural sleepiness came at him with full force, “want to...be a good...doe.” His head lolled uncontrollably, and Nara knew it was time.

“Well, let’s get you over here then,” She lead Vincent over to a large horse-shaped bench where Vincent’s body could flop safely into place. Straps and harnesses held his arms and legs in place, his head slipping down into the headrest where a few more straps would secure it into place as well.

“If we’re going to make you into a good doe, well,” Nara grinned to herself, holding up the hand saw that sat next to the bench, “You need to look the part, now don’t you?”

“Yes...need to look...like a good doe.” A thin layer of drool was slipping out of the buck’s muzzle onto the floor now. The feeling of a vibrations against his head were the last things the deer felt before sleep finally claimed him.

Vincent groaned as he woke. His head felt strangely light, and yet when he moved to get up something tugged him back down. His arms and legs were similarly bound, causing a flush of panic to fill him. He started to thrash about when a hand drifting down his spine caused him to freeze.

“W-who’s there? Please, let me go. I...I’ll pay!” A hand lifted the tightness covering his ears away.

“Of course you will, my dear,” the voice brought memories of a party, very fuzzy and blurred into his head, “now be a good doe for mistress.” The words sent a shiver of pleasure down his spine, and despite himself Vincent’s arms went slack in the bonds.

“Yes mistress,” the words came unbidden and an octave higher than Vincent realized he was even capable of, “I am your good sissy doe!” He felt hands working the straps, loosening them and letting him up off the bench. To Vincent’s surprise he felt neither the inclination to run nor attack his captor. He simply stood there, legs wobbling just a little bit after a night in what he could now see was some sort of padded bench.

“Oh good good, the first level of your training is in place nicely. I thought that would work well,” Nara circled Vincent slowly, “Still, a bit of work to be done if we’re going to make you a proper doe for my party this evening.” A nearby chest of drawers produced a pair of large white boxes along with a very purple bra. Vincent looked on, curious as one hand idly moved up to feel why his head felt so light. A panicked yelp escaped from his muzzle when his hand passed through where his rack should be.

“Oh you silly doe,” Nara chided him as she gathered up the contents of the boxes, “Bucks have antlers, does have, well,” she pressed a pair of faux breasts against his chest, making Vincent gasp as the cold silicon slid up against his body, “A different sort of rack. Now hold these here while I get your bra on.” Vincent could only nod, adjusting himself when told until the bra held the now warming silicon of its own accord.

Nara finished hooking the bra straps together, “Now walk over to the door and back for me. You’re going to need to get a feel for how to walk with that new rack of yours.” She grinned as the flummoxed former buck wobbled towards the door and back, his chest now festooned with a bright purple bra and large breasts.

“Ooh, I was right, you do look stunning in purple,” One paw drew across Vincent’s groin, causing some stirrings in there, “This will have to be dealt with, of

course. No sissy doe of mine is going out to a party with that unseemly bulge under their dress. And that's what you are, aren't you?"

The words came again, "Yes Mistress, I am your good sissy doe," just as before a wave of dizziness accompanied them along with a feeling growing feeling of docile enjoyable pleasure. It was good to please Mistress. Good does obey their Mistress.

"Now, sissy doe, go sit on the bed for a moment," The words broke Vincent out of his quiet reverie. He sat down, hands slipping limply to his sides as his new mistress helped him into a pair of thigh-high striped purple stockings, "Very good sissy doe. We're almost ready for the dress. Now be a dear and stand up for me. That's a good sissy doe."

"I'm a good sissy doe." Nara smiled and circled her conquest again, stepping up behind him and sliding the belt into place around his waist.

"Spread your legs a little, yes, just like that." The belt looped around and under the sissy doe's maleness, pointing it downwards and forcing it into a little cage inside a larger purple plastic shell, "There we are. A nice chaste sissy doe." She smiled and bent forward, placing a small padlock on the front with a soft 'click.'

Nara walked over to her closet, "Hmm, you look about my boyfriend's size, oh do come over here, you sissy little thing." She smiled as the dazed, confused looking 'doe' made his way over to her, "Let's see...purple, poofy to be sure. Hmm, and something to hide those stubs." She started to slide dress after dress through her closet before settling on something that fit all of those descriptors.

"Perfect."

The dress came down easily over the former buck's arms, the fabric hugging his body and accentuating the strangely enjoyable sensation of having a top-heavy chest. Frilly cuffs at the sissy doe's wrists complemented the dress nicely, and a large purple bow just below Vincent's muzzle completed the ensemble. Well, almost completed it.

"That's a good sissy doe," Nara murmured into her acquisition's ear, "All nice and purple now, poofy and sissy like a good doe should be, isn't that right?"

"Yes Mistress!" Vincent piped up, a bit more cheerful than he realized he'd become. His arousal strained at it's prison, making him acutely aware of just how turned on he'd become by this change of perspective. Nara walked behind him and tugged at a few strings on the back of his dress, pulling the built in corset a little tighter before she placed the last large purple bow on the back of the dress. The squeal it solicited from the former buck made her morning.

"Now then, some shoes, and," she grinned as she placed a frilly purple hairband on top of the sissy doe's head, "Something for your head. There, now isn't that perfect?"

The platform shoes her new doe had just stepped into completed the ensemble, even if they did make him stand a good hand-span taller than her.

“Come here, sissy doe, help me get dressed.” Nara walked over to her own closet and opened the door, handing a thin dark purple pvc dress to the waiting sissy doe as she tugged on the stockings and gloves she was wearing, flattening them out. Her own dress went on smoothly, hugging her form.

“Now, the party isn’t for an hour or two, so you have a bit of time before you’re ready to be shown off. I think a few final preparations are in order, yes, sissy doe?” The new sissy doe nodded blissfully, arms already splaying out wide and effeminately so as not to press down into the dress. Nara walked her new toy back towards the bed and set a padded stepping stool down in front of it before motioning the sissy doe to sit down.

“Good sissy does need their training, after all. We wouldn’t want them to forget what being a good sissy doe means to them, would we?” Her proud purple eyes looked down at Vincent’s own dazed eyes, and he nodded. Smiling, Nara produced the MP3 player from the night before, this time hanging with a pair of earbuds. She tucked the buds into the doe’s ears, then clipped the music player just behind the sissy doe’s neck.

Vincent made a quiet giggling sigh as the white noise filled his head again, eyelids lidding before Nara had even walked out to the door. She smiled to herself as she hit the lights, listening to Vincent’s quiet mantra before shutting the door, “I’m a good sissy doe. Good sissy doe’s obey their Mistress. Good sissy doe’s don’t think for themselves...”

“Nara? I’m home!” Cody’s voice rang out clear and strong into the living room. Finding her stretched out on the couch in full dress, he leaned in and kissed her cheek, “Miss me?”

Nara smiled up at him, her paws grabbing his antlers and pulling his muzzle to hers for a much deeper kiss before responding, “Of course dear. I even got you a present.” She stood up, motioning for Cody to follow her to the bedroom. Cody grinned and followed. As the pair stood in the threshold of the door, Cody’s muzzle dropped. Before him was a doe, smiling up at him, eyes vacant of any thought.

“Oh, hello Master Cody. Mistress tells me I am to serve you as I serve her. Is that correct?” Cody nodded dumbly, then turned and grinned at Nara.

“This is my present then?” He leaned in and wrapped his hands around his girlfriend’s slender waist, “Then why is ‘she’ in my clothes?”

“Well, I know how annoyed you get when I take these off,” Nara’s gloved hands slid over Cody’s antlers, “So this year I figured I’d cut you a break.” The gloved grip became tighter, pulling the deer’s eyes down to look at Nara’s own purple orbs.

“Unless, that is, you want to be my good sissy doe too.” Cody gulped, feeling the faintest of tingles in his arms and legs, right down to the belt he wore under his pants.

Nara grinned widely at him, “I thought you might. One good sissy doe serving another sissy doe would make sense, don’t you agree?” When Cody nodded, Nara motioned for Vincent to rise.

“Sissy doe, I think we need to have another makeover,” Sissy doe’s paws clasped together in delight, “But how to tell the two of you apart.” Nara grinned and tugged Cody’s dumbstruck face a little closer, feeling the burning heat off his cheeks as she kissed him again, forepaws roaming over his body, then stopped abruptly and snapped her fingers.

Cody blinked at Nara, then grinned, “You know I hate it when you do that.”

“You know you love it, so shut up,” she shoved him playfully, “Now get dressed. We have a party in an hour, and sissy doe here still needs her makeup.” Cody grinned and nodded, and the pair of them advanced on the happy little sissy doe that had been Vincent.

The squeals that came next echoed through the apartment.