

Chapter 1: The Origin of the Kink Note

Player 1:

Gregor grunted, as he squatted down with the dumbbell above his head. He had just beaten his record of six reps at 350 lbs. The human was a lean tower of muscle, rising up to a staggering 6'4" and weighing in at 280 pounds. His physique was a sculpted body of iron, crafted from a decade of hard work and dedication. He ate, drank, and slept through a meticulous routine to keep his body in top shape.

His hair was a sandy blonde and his eyes were bright blue. His flesh had a light tan to it from his time on the field. He wasn't the Vixen's Run University quarterback, but he WAS the best defensive lineman in the whole damn league. Colleges fought tooth and nail to get Gregor on their teams, but VRU had offered him the best opportunities: He had a full ride scholarship and the offer to meet with Pro League talent scouts after graduation. Their bodybuilding facilities were top notch, as well. They bragged that they could transform the mousiest of men into gorillas, and he'd seen the before and after pictures to prove it!

He let his weights fall in front of him, before wiping his face off with his gym rag. His tank top stuck to him like a second skin, with just enough hang to hide the massive bulge in his spandex shorts. When he got his second wind, he'd be sure to hit the pool. He always ended his days at the gym with a good dip. In the meantime, though, he made himself comfortable on a bench and downed his sports drink.

Player 2:

Nearby was Jason, a human painfully aware of Gregor's latest gains. He growled, grunting as he kept working the squat machine. He was pushing to try and break his own record on it; his tanned, chocolate body covered in sweat. The human male grunted, his thighs trembling, as he felt his legs giving out. "GraaaaaaAAAAAH!" He shuddered and growled, stepping out of the machine and letting it clang loudly as the weights fell. He hadn't gotten past 325 lbs at the squatting machine yet. Though his thighs were toned and ample, he was still not quite there yet.

Running a comb through his wavy bleached, neon green hair, the emerald-eyed man grumbled as he reached for a towel to wipe sweat off of his chest and muscle shirt. Glaring over at Gregor, he scowled and looked away. If that man dared show him any disrespect for this... failing at the machines, he'd punch him. As the VRU's best quarterback, Jason had to keep up with the rest of the team. Grumbling, he walked towards the locker rooms and walked inside.

And then, a few moments later, he came back out, holding a sports bottle and some odd little deck of cards, the design featuring two dancing Kitsune on it, tails alight with foxfire. "Hey, Gregor. This yours?" The deck had a duct-tape label on it, the name "Gregor" scrawled on it in in barely legible black sharpie marker. Holding it up, Jason scowled. "Is this some weird trick? It was in my gym bag,."

Player 1:

"What?!?" Jason's comment earned him a scowl from Gregor. "I can't even get past your pad lock." He threw his empty bottle into the trash. With his hands free, he hopped up to his feet and walked over towards Jason. "That's not even my handwriting, you prick. Next time you try and pin something on me, try a little harder." His eyes narrowed. "Better yet, don't even try. If you spent half as much time in the gym as you do trying to get me kicked off the team, you might actually see some fucking progress. "

Gregor glared at his hated rival and prodded the other man's chest with an extended index finger. "Or maybe you can just learn to throw a proper fucking pass. Maybe THEN our team wouldn't fucking fumble as much as they do. "

Player 2:

Jason scowled. "You think I'm making this fucking shit up?" He held up the deck of cards. "You think I'm going to just try and frame you by walking up and fucking TALKING to you about it?!? How many blows to the head have you taken, asshole?" He rolled his eyes. "One too many, if you ask me." Throwing his arms and the deck up in the air, Jason scoffed. "No wonder you couldn't even hold out against that big gorilla Linebacker on the Whitetail Bluffs Chargers. You didn't think he was going to feint left? You fell for such an obvious trick? You fucking left me wide open!" He felt the other man prodding his chest and leaned in. "You're the shittiest linebacker on the team, and half the time everyone else is picking up YOUR slack."

As the two men drew closer and closer to each other, a rainbow of sparks shot out of the deck of cards, washing over each of them like a technicolored fountain. As the sparks touched the pair of humans, Gregor's vision whited out. And once it cleared, Gregor felt something warm and firm against his lips. When he could see again, his lips were pressed against Jason's. The two of them were kissing!

How had THAT happened?

Each of them had a single sweaty hand clutched around what looked like a notebook. It wasn't a deck of cards anymore. Had it ever been a deck of cards at all? The longer they held it, the harder it was to remember what form the notebook had been before the kiss.

Along the cover was a simple title:

"Sex Note"

Player 1:

Gregor quickly pushed Jason away and stopped his lips. "What the fuck? Was that your plan you fucking faggot?" He spat onto the gym floor, scraping his tongue of any residual asshole particles from the rancid butt he'd just been kissed by. "Actually, no, this makes sense. You joined the team just to look at other guys, didn't you? I'm telling the others that you're some sort of gay freak."

He stomped away and stormed into the locker room. He had his smartphone locked away in his locker. All it took was a quick twist of the spinning lock, inputting the combination to release the catch and free his gym bag. Ruffling through it and retrieving his phone, he immediately jumped on the VRU Football Team's group text to tell the others on the team about their fucking fairy of a captain.

Player 2:

Jason sputtered in response. "The hell did you do that for!?" He growled, spitting on the ground to get the foul taste out of his mouth while holding the notebook Gregor had left behind. "You're the one who did that kiss, you asshole. I have a girlfriend." The Quarterback scowled and watched as Gregor stormed off, steaming in his anger.

Then, he looked down at the notebook. "Huh... the heck's a 'Sex Note'? Is it like that one weird weeb anime?" He remembered that one. An old nerdy girlfriend of his, the weird empty headed pony girl he only dated for a few weeks because he heard she put out, had shown him it. "Like, the one that killed people. I wonder if..." Curious now, the human male retrieved a pen from a nearby sign-up board and looked down at the notebook. And then, curiously, wrote something down.

"Every time Gregor tries to tell anyone I'm gay or that we kissed in the lockerroom, he will instead tell them that he's gay in colorful detail."

The only thing Gregor would see was Jason standing outside the locker room, writing something in the notebook they'd both been holding.

As the other man finished, rainbow sparkles glinted around Gregor's fingers, as he typed out his text...

Player 1:

Gregor typed away on his phone, but the words kept coming out wrong. Was his swype function broken again? He used that Twinbabble smartphone app for just one day and everything had an accent above it.

"Anyway guys, I have a fetish for big huge cocks. I love to suck them, stroke them, and sit on them. I love when all my holes are stretched out. It's when I feel most alive. "

He cursed under his breath, angrily tapping the backspace. In his hurry, Gregor accidentally hit the send button. "Goddamn it!" He shouted in the locker room. It was loud enough to carry out to where Jason was. He even feel the barrage of vibrations in his pocket, as the group chat came to life.

Player 2:

Jason watched, hearing Gregor curse and seeing the message in the group chat when he checked his phone. His jaw dropped, but as he recovered, he laughed loud enough that the

whole locker room could hear. "Holy fuck. It works!" He looked back at what he'd written. "God damn, is this thing magic or something?" Eager to test his new toy, the man went back to get the pen from the Gym survey board again, eager to try something else.

"And then Gregor turned into a dumb goat!"

Looking up, he watched as nothing happened. "Huh... maybe it only works if the request is sexy somehow? It is a 'Sex Note' after all." Staring at it, the Quarterback frowned. "Who even made this?" Looking on the back cover, emblazoned with dancing kitsunes, merely revealed the Manufacturer to be "Two Vixen Sisters Limited". It was no company he'd ever heard of.

Still, if he was smart he could totally use this to ruin his rival. And what else COULD it do? Thinking again, Jason decided to try another "Sexy" idea. Writing in the notebook one more time, he made another Gregor sentence:

"Gregor has always had a secret guilty fetish: Pretty deer girls. Feeling like one, not fucking them."

He wondered what would happen? Watching his rival carefully. Jason wiped himself off and got ready to go, curious to see if Gregor reacted in any way at all. He'd follow the man from a distance if he could.

Player 1:

Gregor came out of the locker room in his casual clothes, with his gym bag stuffed with his belongings. He had to clear things up back home before everyone thought he was a faggot or something. Weight his options, the linebacker frowned. He could just tell the rest of the team he lost a bet, perhaps? Or maybe that someone stole his phone or something! Anything was better than all of them thinking he was gay!

The human walked toward the door and stopped near the treadmills. He watched as two russet, fuzzy deer ladies strutted their stuff on the exercise equipment. They were freshmen, from the looks of it. They looked so cute in their sports bras and leggings. He drank in their every move, from the way their hips swayed to how their supple calves were shaped beneath the sheer fabric of their leggings. Staring at their bodies as if he wanted to memorize every motion of how they moved.

Moments later, the human shook his head, before clutching his bag close. His fantasies would have to wait. He had an emergency he had to stop before things got too bad.

Player 2:

Jason was watching from a distance. He saw that stare. "Hahaha!" With a laugh, he smirked. "Oh my gosh, he really IS affected by it! This is awesome." He looked down at the Sex Note again. The inside of the front cover had an inscription on it in golden filigree:

"This Book Belongs to: Jason Mayview and Gregor Hollingshead"

That caused Jason to frown. "Huh... why does it have his name in it too? Fucking weird, man." With a scowl, Jason closed it. "Guess it doesn't matter. He's never going to even know this thing exists, so I can fuck with things as much as I want." He walked off, thinking about other future changes to make. After a short walk back to his dorm room, he'd only thought of one, and it didn't even INVOLVE Gregor directly. Flipping open the Sex Note, he looked down at the partially blank page and wrote into it.

"Drew Phillips, Gregor's best friend on the Football Team, is now a Handsome stag, the heartthrob of the team."

Finishing the change, Jason smirked. "Guess we'll see if there's any temptation there, Sissy Gregor! Who'll be the fag now?" With a laugh, he went back to his dorm room. He had some homework to do, and an early bedtime ahead of him. As he walked, he considered asking Drew for a selfie. After all, Jason was curious if he could use this "Sex Note" to affect people other than Gregor and himself or if it was limited to just them both. After some deliberation, he decided against it in case it was suspicious. He could always verify the results of his experiment later.

A few hours passed. And then, after homework, while he was laying awake, staring at the ceiling, And thinking.

Sitting up and yawning, he opened up the Sex Note, sitting on his desk, and got out a pen to write one more thing:

"For the next month, whenever Gregor has any physical contact with another guy, he'll feel a surge of arousal. This will last until someone has cum inside of him."

And then, he went back to sleep.

Player 1:

Gregor Hollingshead sighed and walked next to Drew. He always stuck close to the stag when they were out and about on campus. They had history together. They went back practically to kindergarten. The fact that all the pretty deer girls flicked around Drew like seagulls around a carton of fries was just an added bonus.

"Class should be illegal before eight in the morning." He grunted. "I barely have any time to recover after my run, before I have to drag myself to this fucking lecture. Why do we even need more history? We got twelve years of it already. "

Player 2:

Drew yawned. He was from the illustrious Creamtail family of Whitetail Bluffs, the nearest city to Vixen's Run. It was something of a betrayal to the Whitetail Bluffs University Football team that

the handsome stag had chosen to go to their rival university of VRU. Running a hand through his thick, handsome mane of brown hair, he looked over at Gregor. His pelt of thin fur was a bright white in color, and his eyes were a cool hazel. Normally, he almost looked so handsome it'd be believable for him to start sparkling like a unicorn... but this morning he was groggy, had overslept, had split ends, and a few dark circles under his eyes. With a slight huff, he rubbed one of his antlers against the nearby wall on instinct. His velvet was starting to peel. In another week or two, he'd need to take Rutting Management Medication to even go to class functionally without needing to drain his balls every hour. "Tell me about it." He grumbled, sipping from a to-go cup of coffee and holding out a plastic one for Gregor. "Want a drink?" He pushed it towards the young human, his hoof-tipped fingers brushing against Gregor's hand before he pulled it away.

"Hey... about that text in the group chat last night..."

Player 1:

"Someone stole my phone. " Gregor spat out immediately, almost defensively so, before taking a sip of the offered coffee. It was warm all the way down, which he enjoyed. He normally wasn't one to drink caffeine, but he needed the kick in the pants today after his morning jog. "I'm fucking tired of doing damage control for it, too. If I get my hands on the sick fuck that did it... I'll-I'll-" Pausing for a moment, he shuddered. "F-FUCK! "

The linebacker quickly dropped the cup, after he crushed it in his grip. The hot liquid spoiled over his hand and onto the ground, steaming against the cold concrete. He used his shorts to try and dry off the coffee, so he could check out his hand. There weren't any burns, just a red patch where it had coffee tried to scald him.

Player 2:

"Are you ok?" Drew reached out, acting on instinct instead of common sense. He grabbed Gregor's arm, holding it out so he could look at the human's hand, holding it at the wrist like he might hold a young doe's when she was nervous and needed a strong hand. "Mmm... it doesn't look like you're injured... but would you like me to get you some ice, man?" He stared down at Gregor, smiling. His smile was reassuring to people, or so Drew had always believed.

Player 1:

"Nah, I'm fine." He took his hand back quickly. He still felt warm from the coffee he drank earlier. This was why he didn't drink caffeine. The way it affected him sent his body into jitters. "Let's just get to class and get things over with. Coach will have my ass, if I'm late. "

Player 2:

Drew nodded, turning and walking away. "Oh, of course... Let's get to class, mine friend!" He trotted off, his hooves clipping and clapping against the concrete as he walked ahead of his friend.

A few moments later, Jason passed, alongside another of the linebackers on the squad, Reggie Coleman. Reggie was a bit of a greasy hyena guy, the sort of man who always seemed to use entirely too much hair gel and kept his hair slicked back. "Heeeeey!" He reached out to pat Gregor on the back four times.

Thump

Thump!

THUMP

THUMP!

Each one a bit firmer, as the hyena laughed like he was a stereotype of his species. "Glad you finally admitted the truth, moin frond!" He laughed, before walking away past Gregor with Jason. Once they were out of view, Jason slipped the Hyena a fiver.

Over the course of the day, leading up to practice, Gregor would keep having men touching him somehow. Members of the team would clap him on the back or pat him on the shoulder. Random guys on the street would bump into him. One professor in an art class elective called him up and moved his body around in different poses, guiding Gregor with his hands. It seemed like everyone was really touchy today... at least the men. There weren't any women who seemed to touch him at all. What was going on?

Jason was what was going on. Gregor's rival had spent a pretty penny to bribe a number of guys that day to invent reasons to touch Gregor. Just to make him squirm more and more during the day. To get him all hot and bothered for the REAL challenge of his day.

Football Practice.

He'd have a huge problem escaping the locker room, much less the day's drills, while still maintaining he wasn't gay to the rest of the team.

Player 1:

Gregor caught Drew in the halls. "Hey, Drew, bro..." He was sweating in his hoodie. He unzipped the top portion of the zipper a bit. "Bro, can you do me a solid? I can't make it to practice. I'm feeling fucked. I can't stop sweating. I'm light headed. I can't focus. I'm repeating myself. I can't stop sweating."

He wiped his forehead with a paper towel, leaving the paper drenched. "I don't know what's going on. I think it's bad protein powder or something. I gotta get out of here, maybe see the campus nurse. "

Player 2:

The stag looked down. "Are you... feeling so unwell?" He reached down to take one of Gregor's hands, holding it in his and locking eyes with the human. His free hand went to the man's forehead. "You do feel feverish... mayhap you need some water? If you lay down, I could go get some for you." If there was one thing about Drew that could be said to be less than perfect, it was that he tried to take care of people. Even a bit too much. "If you're too unwell, I could help you drink it..." He smelled like cinnamon and sugar. He was dangerously close to Gregor. This was a dangerous situation.

Player 1:

"You can help me over to the nurse?" He finally broke. He would accept help from his old friend. He took his hand back, though. Holding hands was for girls and queers. "I'm having a hard time walking around. It's like I've got vertigo." He swallowed hard. His mouth did feel dry. Maybe he should have accepted the water...

Player 2:

"I'll make sure you're taken care of, my dear friend." Drew pulled Gregor up against him, holding him tight.

Like a doe.

The thought stuck in Gregor's head for some reason. "I'll call the coach and inform him we're both sick." Drew said, holding Gregor close while leading him away. "No complaining, you're feverish and need some help." He guided the human back to Drew's own dorm room, unlocking the door while holding Gregor's arm leading them both in. As a hot rush of lust washed over Gregor's body, he heard the door closing it behind him. "Lay down in bed. I'll go get you something cool to drink and take care of you for a bit." He helped Gregor down into his bed, putting the man at eye-level with the buck's bulge. There was a slight whiff of something musky and salty from the stag that Gregor could sniff.

Over in the locker room, Jason got a text from a friend. He smirked, opened the Sex Note, and then began to write something new in it:

"Just when Gregor is at his weakest... his friend Drew starts his Rutting season early."

There was something oddly spicy about that scent. Gregor saw the bulge in Drew's pants growing. "Nnnngh..." The stag snorted, rubbing the last bits of velvet off his antlers. "Nnnnnghh.... fuck..." He said, his princely demeanor changing. For just a moment, the white stag was actually panicking. He was feeling the breeding urges hitting him as strongly as they ever had. He wasn't ready. He thought he'd had a week to go before the hormones kicked in. And yet the concerns melted away in the face of the sudden need to Breed. The football playing stag had left the medicine that kept his testosterone levels down to where he could think straight at home. And it was getting harder to think as his balls churned and a horny haze hit him. "Fuck. Doe." He said, his erection jutting up against Gregor's face through his pants. A dark spot of

musky precum forming on the crotch. He looked down at Gregor. "Fuck... Doe..." he said, before leaning down to kiss the human aggressively.

Player 1:

Gregor tried to fight back. He was screaming internally, but secretly wasn't this what he wanted? He felt special and pretty in this man's arms. He felt just like a beautiful doe! "D-drew," He managed to stutter between kisses. The linebacker eventually stopped trying to push his best friend off. His hands rested flatly against the big buck's muscular chest.

"Nngh, f-fuck... I'm your doe." He whispered shyly, feeling so small and delicate and wonderful as the big horny brute loomed over him. Drew was in his Rut. "Y-your mate." There was no chance he'd remember this right? He'd pass out and then Gregor would just sneak away. It was a victimless crime!

Player 2:

The big buck grunted, eyes glazed over. When they were in Rut, stags and horses his age were always like this. Their IQs took a nosedive, linked to their libidos. Even with his medication, Drew had to masturbate to clean out the pipes at least twice a day. It wasn't until he was middle aged that he'd have some clarity in a Rut. Gregory had memories of the white stag slipping off frequently during early classes to drain his pipes. The cervine male had to get a doctors' note back in High School. So it came as little surprise when the big dumb stag reached down to grip at Gregor's pants and tore them off, nearly ripping them to shreds. "Doe." He said, clumsily yanking down his own pants and thrusting a fat, erect buck breeding stick up against Gregor's thighs, smearing them with musky, smelly stag spunk. Gregor's whole bed would probably reek of it until laundry day. But as strong as the handsome stag was, he wasn't very smart like this. He ground against Gregor's thighs, trying to find the mans' hole.

Gregor would have to physically present it for him like a good doe.

Player 1:

Gregor got to his hands and knees and turned away from him. He'd seen it plenty of times online. Does always presented themselves like that to their bucks. He raised his hips and bent his lower back to present himself.

His eight inches were positively turgid. This was it! He was just like a doe! He was trying his best to pull off the deer in the headlights appearance for Drew, but he was getting impatient.

"This isn't gay. " He muttered to himself. "I'm just helping a bro out. It's-it's medical. "

Player 2:

And then, Gregor would hear a grunting, and then feel something slick and fleshy sliding up against his backside. Two large arms wrapped around his back and held him tight. "Nnnngh... Doe..." Drew grunted again, as he humped back and forth, getting Gregor's butt slick with precum. Getting it as moist as the ocean. Gregor felt those two arms holding him close, and

could smell the musk of the male buck pushing up against him. And then, he could feel that cockhead pressing up against his hole. It was going to be a long, painful ride... Except that elsewhere, someone else was putting pen to page.

"Gregor takes cock like a music savant takes to their chosen instrument... it's so easy and feels so good for him, it was like his bottom was built for fucking."

It slid slowly into Gregor's backside, with just a brief hint of pain that quickly gave way to pleasure. Gregor would feel that cock hitting his prostate, flooding his mind with the bliss of an endorphin rush. Was this what it felt like to be a doe being bred? Slowly, Drew ground back and forth against his friend's ass, before picking up the pace. There was a wave of heat that hit Gregor's cock. The big buck's balls slapped against his ass, touching his own set of balls a few times.

Their balls had touched.

It was officially **gay**.

Player 1:

Gregor grit his teeth, as he accommodated the stag. His hand had a white knuckle grip on the sheets as the realization sunk in. This was **gay**! He was taking it up the ass with his best friend! The. Balls. Had. TOUCHED! And yet, he had never been harder! It was confusing, and too hard to focus on exploring while he felt that stallion staff sliding back and forth within his body. The human's own iron rod dragged across the bed sheets, leaving a sloppy calligraphy of pre with each haphazard stroke.

"F-fuck..." He panted, his breath hot and heavy. He felt as though his breath was being forced out of him. His struggle against the intruding member only made his virgin pucker tighter. "Ngh, bah..." He gasped, kidding his voice. A sputter of saliva slipped past his lips in ropy strands.

"E-easy, Drew. " He spoke almost pleadingly. He gasped in a deep straight out air. His voice was getting louder in an attempt to reach his friend. "F-fuck, you're going to break-- you're going to break something, you ass!"

Player 2:

The big buck grunted, grinding into Gregor's backside, which seemed to grow a bit more flexible and a bit more pleasurable with every thrust from the buck. As he held Gregor tightly, he grunted, leaning down to sniff at the human's head of hair. "Pretty... Doe..." He slurred, his balls spanking Gregor's ass until it was a bright cherry red, while humping back and forth inside his friend.

The human's protests went on deaf ears. Drew was a mating machine, and could think of nothing but rutting the prettiest doe he'd ever seen in his stupified state. Grunting, he shuddered

as he felt his balls churning. Gregor could feel the creature's pace quicken, hammering his prostate and sending greater sensations of pleasure up the human's spine.

Elsewhere, Jason was getting into imagining what was going on. Specifically, he was imagining all the trouble he had caused as he stared down to what he'd written on the page... "Mmm... this is almost a fun fanfic... but let me add something a bit more... spicy." He put pen to page again.

And then, once Drew was about to climax, Gregor would have his first anal orgasm, cumming all over his bed without ever even touching his cock.

With a soft huff, Jason found his face getting hot. "F-fuck... why am I suddenly so hard?" His hand went down to grope his dick beneath his pants. "T-That's messed up. This is like, my worst enemy." So why was he finding messing with Gregor starting to turn him on? The human found he was enjoying it far too much.

Player 1:

Gregor's artwork was soon undone. His cock erupted onto the bedsheets with reckless abandon. A sticky puddle of white slowly grew to the size of a fist, as he felt the final burst jet out of his length. His toes curled and his fists shook from the aftermath of his orgasm.

"O-oh, fuck..." He sputtered, as the gravity of this all sank in. His erection was slowly fading. His limp cock was bouncing with each stroke he took from Drew. He was just helping out his bro. This wasn't gay! The balls had touched, but he could just say 'no homo' afterward. That's how it worked, didn't it?

Didn't it?

"D-dude, no... fug... N-no hom-- OOOH!" He shook again, feeling his balls tense. Nothing shit out this time, but his body was wracked with pleasure. His knees were getting weak. He was starting to lose his ability to support himself.

Player 2:

Gregor would feel, at the height of his own orgasm, his mind almost blinded with pleasure, that the big horny buck on top of him would start to tense up. Drew grunted, rearing up and shoving Gregor's body into his own cummy mess on the bedsheets. "P-Pretty..." He grunted, riding high on Gregor's body, briefly pulling his cock out of the male's ass...

Before plunging it in all the way.

Once he'd hilted inside his friend, Drew shuddered, an orgasm wracking his body. He fired once, then twice, then three times inside Gregor's body, filling his fellow football player with his mating juices. The stag panted for a moment, before slumping forward, laying on top of Gregor.

"Pretty... doe... M-my... doe..." He mumbled in a horny stupor, petting at Gregor's face gently, before rolling over and slipping out of his fellow football player's ass.

And quickly falling asleep.

Leaving Gregor to react however he felt like. He could get himself cleaned up, get Drew his medicine, sneak out and pretend nothing happened...

Whatever he wanted to do at 7 pm on a Friday night while his best friend slept naked in his bed.

END CHAPTER 1