

Chapter 4: The Other Woman

Player 1:

"I've been thinking about *maybe*." He said as he walked. "Maybe I'm willing to give it a shot. Maybe I'm heading toward the theater right now... maybe you should meet me there. Okay, stud?" He blushed, holding the phone up to his ear. His door tail was straight up in the air, flaring like a white target.

He hung up and continued to walk down the sidewalk. The theater was close. He didn't care about the movie. Nothing was showing that he was interested in. He was just interested in watching Drew. He wanted to watch him fall for him and be his big stud. He wanted nothing more than to be his one and only doe, even if he had to do some clever convincing...

Player 2:

"R-right now?" Drew sounded a bit shocked. "I was- well, in the middle of something, but- well, I'll head over right away." After hanging up the phone, the Creamtail Heir had no idea how to feel about this. He was ready to discount his crush on his former friend as the only gay desire he'd ever have, and just move on, and then all of a sudden... He sighed. "Mom and Dad won't be happy with me, not dating Celeste Cervus like she wanted, but..." It was true they'd been pushing on him heavily to date a Doe with political connections from a rich local family. And hadn't expected him to have feelings for his best friend at all. He still wasn't sure he wasn't straight, but... Gregor just pushed all sorts of buttons for him he never thought he had. "I hope we at least go to see Dragon Blazers." He put on a bright white pair of khaki pants and a white suit coat over a red shirt. It matched his fur, and made him look at least a bit classy.

And then, he raced to get over to the Movie Theater as fast as possible.

Player 1:

Gregor stood in front of the theater in his t-shirt and sweats, severely underdressed compared to Drew. He wore a designer smile, though that more than made up for it. He beamed when he saw Drew. "Hey! You made it!" He pounced at the buck with a hug. He did not care about his fragile masculinity. His stud was here for him. Gregor's little tail was flickering behind him with glee. "I didn't know if you- A-Anyway, is there anything you want to watch? I'm not too excited about anything playing, but it was the only thing I could think of on such short notice." He broke the hug, but kept an arm around his waist, as he looked at the listing. "Oh, Dragon Blazers. Isn't that the one you've been excited about? It's the one about the book. The Flame Ring Chronicles or something."

Celeste Cervus marched around the training field, as her team did their pre-routine stretches. Today was already irking her. Her date had canceled at the last minute, so she was dressed to impress no one and her newest member was late. Why had they even allowed Jaycie on the team? Sure she was athletic, but she didn't have the ability quite necessary to perform the

gymnastic feats required. When she saw a pyramid fail, she sighed. Yep, that's why Jaycie was on the team -- support. That one, at least, had a man's strength... if nothing else.

Player 2:

Drew felt himself blush at the hug, Gregor's frame making him stumble a bit backwards. He took a deep breath. So he was really doing this, wasn't he? That girly scent hit his nostrils, as he sniffed it deeply. Gregor really did smell like a girl... and they'd grown up together. How had he never noticed any of that until college? He was a straight man, but... well, Gregor almost seemed like an exception. If only his football team mate was a bit more girly... "Y-yeah. The Flame Ring Chronicles. They're books, and, um, games?" There was a whole series. This was the first movie, though. "My parents kinda didn't let me read or play anything like that growing up. Said it was kinda a waste of my potential. But... uh, when I was eleven I bought an old Playbox used from a friend and got one of the older games." Flame Ring Chronicles was the one nerdy faucet of Drew's life. He'd gotten a taste of it playing video games in secret and eaten up all the books and games after that, hiding it from everyone. Gregor was the only person who knew about this side of him, and even then he hadn't confessed until now.

So he was really going to do this? Strain relations with his parents? Date a guy? Well, Date Gregor, but Gregor still looked convincingly like a guy.

A guy that was kind and sweet and supportive to him, and hugged him, and smelled such that he pushed every primal instinct in Drew's mind...

Drew felt himself sweating a bit. "L-let's get some popcorn?"

Jason was beyond pissed as he hit the Men's Locker Room to suit up for cheer practice. (The team used the women's locker room, but given his two strikes he wasn't going to take any chances) Maybe it was just the Sex Note, or maybe it was there the whole time but buried, but... he was coming to the revelation about himself that he didn't want to think about. The day had been fucking lousy so far. Failure mad him feel dumb. So he dressed in his uniform while angry. It'd just take one jab to make him explode on someone else.

And he was late, too.

Player 1:

"Yeah, popcorn." Gregor broke away and walked beside him into the theater. He wasn't made of money like his friend, but he could cover the tickets. He'd let Drew cover the cost of the food this time around though. His little tail fluttered.

"So, what is the movie about anyway? I'm not much into fantasy. I'm more of an action movie guy. Sometimes a rom-com." He felt himself cringe, momentarily confused. Why had he said

that?!? He hated gushy stuff like that. It was kinda cute, though... kinda. He liked the idea of finding true love.

Celeste walked up to the changing room door and kicked it open with her hooved foot. "Jason!" She shouted, as she walked in on him. She was diminutive in stature, but her personality made her much bigger. She was prim and proper and the perfect model of what a young doe should strive to be: Head Cheerleader. 4.0 GPA. Made the Dean's list effortlessly. Celeste was even the student council president.

And she considered herself a Boss.

That was the opposite of what the public saw from her, though. Beyond closed doors, she was sweet and kind to everyone. It was only in private that she let the Boss out. "Jason! You're late! 4:00 means 4! Not. Fucking. 4:15." She stomped toward him, hooves clacking against the floor.. The doe's height barely reached past the midline of the human's pecs. She stabbed him with her extended index finger. "Do you WANT to be cut from this squad? Do you want that? Huh?!? Because if you keep fucking up that's what is going to happen. I won't play around any more after today. This is your final warning."

Player 2:

Drew thought for a few minutes, sniffing the air and letting himself believe again that he was here with a doe. Gregor and that damn amazing scent of his. "It's about a person who grows up believing he's a human male, but is actually a female dragon deep inside, which was sealed away when he was just barely born." He bought popcorn, one big tub to share, and some diet colas. Looking at Gregor, he tried to work up the courage to put an arm around the guy. "There's this plot with an arranged marriage to a male dragon, and a war they have to prevent..." his eyes lit up as he started explaining, finally putting an arm around Gregor's shoulders and pulling him in...

As Gregor shrunk a little bit, getting girlier from the buck's touch.

Jason found himself wishing he'd brought the Sex Note with him as Celeste hit his train of thought like a truck. "OH MY FUCKING GAWD." He growled at her. "This is the men's locker room, Celeste!" He swayed his hips and stood up in his skirt. "I'm going, I'm going." He was not in the mood. The revelation that he kinda sorta had an attraction to Gregor buried under an alpha male personality was an unwelcome one, especially since Jason was a bit of a dom. He'd tried twice to make Gregor his mewling, begging sex toy, and each time he'd fucked it up. He was starting to realize he had no idea how to ASK for what he wanted; no idea how to just be honest with people. It bothered him. "Geeze, just because you can't find a buck even in Rutting Season doesn't mean you can take it out on the girls and I." Jason stormed out, hoping his catty

comment cut deep. He has a desire to break someone and picking a fight seemed good right now.

Player 1:

Gregor sat next to Drew, leaning in close. He didn't fight the arm at all. The movie was sounding more interesting by the second. The dragon sounded almost like him, trapped in a body that wasn't their own. He didn't even know what she looked like, but deep down he felt a connection. Did she feel the same pains he did? Did she suffer from heartbreak? Did people accept her when she broke through her shell?

He had to quickly take a drink from his soda, to wet his throat. It was dry from the sudden change in emotions. He hoped the movie was good...

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"Freeze, bitch." Cerise said, as Jason was jerked back into the locker room. Celeste had him by the hair. He was treated like a girl, so Celeste fought him like one. She had a grip that went down to the roots and was not going to let go.

Her hoof slammed into his ankle, bringing him down to his knees and putting his face at a better level. She reared back and punched him. Her tiny fist was like a brick. She hit him with full determination to break something. He could already feel his eye swelling shut from her first punch.

Three swift blows from her fist, followed by a knee to the center of his face, would bring him to the floor. Celeste stood over him with her hands on her hips and the fury of hellfire behind her eyes. "Say that again. I **dare** you. I'm going places your puny self can't even imagine. You're nothing, Jason. I'm the sun and you're the moon. The only reason you shine at all on the team is because of what I bring to the table. Remember that."

She whipped her hair and sashayed away from her. "You don't have practice today. You can join tomorrow, and baby... wear some foundation."

Player 2:

Gregor's body was changing. Little by little, it wouldn't have big changes until he was filled with stag spunk, but... Jason's only kindness was starting to kick in. He was destined now to be Drew's mate. To be exactly what Drew wanted and needed.

The movie was surprisingly good, some foreign japanimation thing of two and a half hours of length. The story was like Gregor's whole sissified life, wrapped in a fantasy metaphor. As they watched, Drew felt his instincts driving his thought. He snorted, pulling Gregor in and resting the changing creature's head on his shoulder, taking in her scent. He cautiously nibbled an ear after a few minutes deliberation.

"G-gah! You fucking b-" Jason caught himself, wiping tears from his eyes. He tried to fight back but Celeste was using her tactics and whatever fighting experience she had to her advantage. He listened to her take down, rubbing his swollen eye and scowling. He wanted to cry. Wanted to get angry. She was keeping him from practice! Keeping him from feeling pretty and girly and-

He paused and sniffled. Then, sat up and wiped his eyes clean. "I need... fuck... I hate her! I hate her!" Celeste had never respected him on the team. Even tried to force him into the male cheerleader's uniform. He balled his fists. "That... f-f-fucking bitch." He scowled. He needed the Sex Note. He'd break her... he has a new target of ire now.

Player 1:

Gregor's ears perked up. Light chestnut fur coated them, as one wiggled against Drew's lips. The changing creature looked up at the white stag, as they twitched free. In the darkness of the theater, he lifted up the arm between and crawled onto his lap. He curled up sideways and rested his head on his collar bone. He was still enraptured by the film, but he needed to be closer. The bigger male's scent gave him such a pleasant feeling. This was where a doe like him was supposed to be.

A buzzing came from Jason's phone as the cheer chat was going off. Celeste had canceled practice. She was blaming deer mating season, an obvious jab at Jason. No one would know exactly what it meant outside of those two.

She walked back inside the men's locker room, snarling. Her ears were shooting straight up. "What was that? What did you call me?" She walked over to him and pressed her foot down against his crotch. Celeste was an herbivore with heightened senses. She could hear a twig snap a hundred yards away. She could hear a little worm talking shit behind her back.

Her foot sunk into him, as she scowled. "Say it again, **perv**. We let you join us and dress up, so you could dance around. I tolerated your perversions long enough. The reason I say you're one of the girls is because you're not a man. You're nowhere near what a man is or should ever be. You're barely even a woman. You're just some sissy amalgamation, not even a trans. You are nothing." She pressed down harder, pushing her hoof into him.

Player 2:

Gregor would soon feel a bulge poking against his pillowy backside. Something had made Drew's lap uneven.

Drew squirmed, hesitating for a few moments before wrapping his big bulky arms around Gregor's waist. At touching her, a small rainbow wrist band formed around Drew's left wrist. He was... was he gay or straight? It was hard to remember with the movie going and all the distractions. He just knew that Gregor felt so little and cute and...

And **right**.

"Grk..." Jason shuddered and winced, feeling Celeste's hoof against his crotch. He heard her taunting, and felt tears streaming from his eyes. "I-I'm-" he tried to snap back, to push her off. He was strong enough. He could- but the pain was blinding.

"I-I'm sorry! I'm fucking sorry, alright! For insulting you! F-for being a pervert! For using the notebook!"

"F-for being a failure of a male!"

Player 1:

Celeste Cervine eased up on the pathetic little worm beneath her hoof. "What notebook? What does your sissy diary have to do with anything going on right now?" She leaned forward and met his eyes. "Talk fast."

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Gregor adjusted himself on his lap. Soon the uneasiness was fixed by the plumping of his derriere. His hand snaked up along his neck and cupped his cheek, before he guided his head down. He gently pressed his lips toward Drew's and nipped at them.

He was soft and gentle, easing Drew into the situation. His tongue easily darted past his lips, submissive massaging the larger male's tongue. "Mmm..." he murred into the big buck. His once loose black sweatpants were tight and form-fitting, having slowly morphed into a pair of white leggings. His shirt tightened against his chest, as its sleeves stretched out into a sweater. He was dressed for comfort. His clothes were a soft, fluffy prelude to what he was becoming.

Player 2:

Elsewhere in the theater people were finding themselves with other places to be. Drew and Gregor would find themselves the only viewers of the movie eventually. All alone...

Gregor's kiss was an excellent introduction. Drew gripped at the sissifying creature tightly, rewarding Gregor with a grinding motion against his pillowy rump. The whole situation was turning Drew on, getting him to the point where he wouldn't care what gender his mate was. His Anti-Rutting medication was clashing with his instincts, fighting a war in his head. He broke the kiss, staring into Gregor's eyes as he felt his cock spurting precum against his pants. "W-when did you get so pretty, Gregor?"

Jason knew telling her would be a mistake. The words had just slipped out of his mouth. Had he actually felt a little guilty? Maybe. He didn't want to tell Celeste. But he really *REALLY* wanted her hoof away from his genitals.

"Ok. U-um... this is kinda hard to explain. And I can't prove it here, but... well, Gregor Hollingshead and I found a Notebook that can transform people and things by you writing in it." He groaned. This was such a bad idea. But he half expected Celeste to know if he was lying by like, his pulse or something. "But only if you find the stuff you're doing sexy... like, isn't it weird I'm on the Cheer Team? Gregor did it to get back at me when he stole the notebook from me..."

Player 1:

"I don't know. Can we... Can we go to your place?" Gregor looked up at Drew shyly. "Your medication seems like it's giving you trouble. If we go to your place, I can help you out." He giggled. "I usually charge for my Rutting services, but I can spot you this time, *Stud*."

Celeste leaned back and freed Jason from beneath her hoof. "Okay, show me this notebook." She crossed her arms across her petite chest. "You'll stay in line, too. One misstep and I'm breaking your face across my knee, capiche?"

Player 2:

Drew blushed. He'd hung out with Gregor plenty of times before. Why was the request suddenly making him sweat and his heart race? "Y-yeah." He admitted. "Y-yeah, I'd really love that, Greggie." He cringed. "Greggie"!?! The name sounded sour to the white stag's ears. If he actually DID date his bro, he'd need a better pet name.

"Let's get out of here..."

Jason folded his arms after standing up and swaying his hips. "I told you, Gregor stole it. It's in his off-campus apartment now. We might walk right in on him." He was being up front both to inform her, but also ward her off. "You really willing to do some B&E?" No way was Miss Varsity Queen gonna step a toe out of line. The Sex Note was safe.

Player 1:

At Drew's ascent, Gregor hopped up and grabbed his hand. "Let's go!" The screen was exploding behind him in the final scenes of the battle. They would miss the climax, but if Gregor got lucky they'd both get another. He was so excited, it was like he was a teenager at a music concert.

"If it's real, it's worth it. Getting away with crime is sexy." Celeste grinned hungrily down at Jason as she pulled him up. Yeah, she could kick his ass if she needed to. It felt good knowing that. Prodding at his back, she provoked the crossdressing man to start walking. "Lead the way, Bitch. That's you, by the way. You're my bitch now."

Player 2:

Drew had missed most of the movie.

He was ok with that all of a sudden.

By the time they'd gotten back to his dorm room on-campus, he realized he hadn't yet let go of Gregory's hand. He let them both in, making sure to hang a sock on the knob so his roommate knew the drill. Unlike Gregory he lived on campus.

Standing with his back against the locked door, he loomed over Gregory. Grinning sheepishly. "Um, s-so how do we-" he was at least a foot taller than Gregory now. And his cock was tented against the left thigh of his khakis.

"Fine, but I'm stopping at my place to get my Crimes wardrobe on." Jason said, with a grumble that made it clear he was aware he had no choice in the matter.

One hour later, they'd managed to make it to Gregor's apartment. The door was still unlocked. The place still smelled like horny doe and sex from when Jason had left it. Jason pointed to the Sex Note on Gregor's desk. "There it is..." he said, with some trepidation.

Player 1:

Greg- Gregor no longer felt like a name he liked- jumped and wrapped his arms around Drew's neck. His legs went around the buck's hips, holding the smaller twink boy close to the big burly stag. "Just follow your heart, Stud." He kissed the white stag roughly. His erection was grinding into his abs.

Celeste walked over to the Sex Note, laying on the desk. Did something like this really exist? Was she being punked? "Shut the door." The doe reached down to pull it up, turning it around in her hands as if she didn't think it was real. After a moment, the cheerleader captain opened the cover and looked over the front page. Odd that her name was written as the owner, right next to Gregor and Jason... more evidence she was being pranked. But it was time for a test, at least. She took a pen from Gregor's desk, quickly uncapped it and put the tip to the page. "Lift your skirt." She ordered her new bitch. "I just write down what I want to happen, right?"

Player 2:

The buck snorted and leaned down to kiss Greg again, hands moving down to lift the shrinking little sissifying doe up, hands massaging Greg's cheeks like bread dough and pressing their lips together. "Mmmm..." he broke the kiss to gaze into Greg's eyes. "Pretty... bro...P-Pretty... doe..." he huffed at Greg's scent, playing with his cheeks and letting the smaller male grind into his abs. With the medicine he was more lucid, but Greg had been teasing him for hours. Laying Greg down on his bed, he began to unzip the smaller male's crotch. "Mmmm... are you, uh, good at, um..." he unzipped his own pants, letting his long shaft dangle out to bulge and strain against his briefs. "Head?"

"Y-yeah." Jason said, lifting his black skirt to show his panties, his girl breaker half-erect and tucked in like a baby going beddybye. "But there's no take backs and you only get what you're trying to make happen if it turns you on."

Player 1:

"I've never before, but I can try- O-oh boy." Greg held Drew's tool up against his forearm to measure it. The size was comparable. Why did he feel like his arm should have been bigger, though? He was never much for strength training, but it felt like he was supposed to be more muscular than he was. "You really are a thoroughbred, aren't you? I can try, but I make no promises." He'd never trained his jaw... though he might want to, the way that cock's scent made him drool.

The slowly-sissifying mostly-deer twink closed his eyes and put his mouth around the head. He flicked his tongue along the opening and gently tried to work his mouth down along the monstrous man-breaker.

Celeste looked at Jason a moment, before scribbling something down on the paper. All Jason would notice was his manhood slipping out of his tuck. He was shrinking down, 8... 7... 6... he went down to two measly inches. "It works!" She grinned, hiding her amazement. Her bitch didn't need to know how worldshatteringly impressive this was. Something like this, and it was just sitting on a desk being IGNORED by small minded losers.

"Jason's cock will shrink down to two inches. He'll have a powerful urge to show it off whenever he's asked to. He'll love every second of it."

Player 2:

Drew blushed. "Pure-bred White Stag. Like the ones in the legends that symbolize new beginnings. Old legends say our family had some kind of magic once, but those were old fairy tales. And... I'm babbling, aren't I?" It was cute how his whole face turned pink with his white fuzz. "Never had any other species in the family like, ever. Even Celeste was going to be a bit of a scandal, but-" the second that mouth touched his bulge, Drew huffed and snorted and stopped

talking. He was breathing heavily. That had felt soooo good. Greg would feel a spurt of stag spunk splash against his lips. The taste was... addictive. Like he had been made to savor this male's wine. Every taste made him change a little bit more, Gregor the heterosexual man feeling more distant and alien, like an unwanted presence in the back of the sissifying male's mind.

The big buck shuddered and ground gently, pushing the tip of his cock back and forth against Greg's lips. He was already starting to feel Rut starting to make him stupid with lust. "Uuugh..." he grunted. The more he did this the more good it felt. Was Greg getting better at it?

"W-what?!?" Jason whimpered as he watched. "No. No, that's not right." He was shrinking down to nothing. And the more he did, the more horny he got. "I- nnngh- I'm not... I-" he whimpered. "P-please look at my teenie weenie, Celeste!" He whimpered, tears in his eyes, as he lept his skirts up. "P-please, this is so hot even though it's humiliating!"

Player 1:

Greg worked his head down the shaft, bobbing as eagerly as his untrained body would allow. His hands took care of the rest. He knew what he liked, so he tried to do that for Drew. His hand gently cradled his fuzzy balls, massaging them like the delicate jewels they were. He had officially made it gay.

As he worked his shaft, Drew would suddenly feel his erection soften. He could feel the blood draining from his shaft, like a dam breaking. His sexual drive was being yanked into a fast halt. Greg was getting better and it felt incredible, but the white stag just could not get it up.

Greg popped his head loose and panted. "A-are you okay? I didn't hurt you did I?" He looked up at him, worried.

Celeste grinned. "There, that's a sufficient test, now for the real work to begin." She took a seat and licked the ball of the pen. She took a proper posture at the desk and began writing in the journal. A malicious grin came over his face as she carefully poured over the rules written in by Jason and Gregor.

She noticed that the ink rolled off what she had tried to cross out, and put the back of the pen to her lips. "Hmm..." She turned the page and started to write.

"Andrew Leopold Whitetail is a heterosexual male."

"And now, another change for you, Bitch." The head cheerleader grinned and stoked the paper a few more times, before engaging in another Rewrite

"Jason is subservient to Celeste Cervine. He will obey her unquestioningly and accept her title for him, Bitch. Others will not question this and accept anything she chooses to do to him as normal, regardless of its absurdity."

"Now, what is your official title, Jason? Tell me what you are."

Player 2:

Drew pulled away from Gregor, ears folding down. He felt... nothing about this. It was just... ash against his tongue. "I- I'm sorry." The big stag felt confused and he was feeling a headache coming on the more he tried to make some sense reconciling how he felt now and why he'd come home with Greg. It felt like his head was a yoyo, bouncing back and forth between two different states. A bit of blood trickled down his nostrils. But the worst feeling of all was the guilt he felt when he realized what he had to do. Horrible. "I-I don't think I'm-" As reality warped around them, he finally realized why he'd been on this date in the first place. The only logical explanation reared its ugly head.

He was a pure bastard.

A monster.

A heartbreaker, leading his best friend on and using Greg to experiment and confirm if he was gay or not. He tried, at least. For a moment he'd been so sure... The two of them felt perfect for each other!

But they weren't.

Drew felt like the scum of the earth, tears in his eyes.

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I tried. I tried to be that for you. But..." every word felt soul wrenching as his cock shrunk.

"I'm not gay."

Drew lowered his head and slumped down onto the bed.

"Are... are we still friends after this?"

"Bitch, ma'am." Jason said, lowering his head and keeping his skirts raised. "Because I am subservient to you."

Player 1:

Greg felt his heart break into a thousand pieces, but choked back the tears. In his work helping stags with their Ruts he'd taught himself to resist crying. Instead, he took and held Drew's hand. "You have, and always will be, my best friend." the little deer-boi said softly, before pulling his hand back from his friend's. After a moment of silence, Greg punched the white stag in the shoulder playfully. There was no force behind it. His muscles had faded. He was more lithe than muscle mass. He looked girly and soft, but the throbbing erection in the front of his leggings was a dead give away. "N-no homo."

"Good boy." Celeste handed Jason the Sex Note. "You're forbidden from opening it without permission." He couldn't break that order now. "Now, come, Bitch." She snapped her fingers, as she led the way out of the room. Celeste felt a bit wet in her panties.

She had all the power now.

All of it.

She could fuck with whoever she wanted, whenever she wanted.

This dinky town of Vixen's Run was going to be her plaything, at least until her future Boyfriend became mayor of Whitetail Bluffs. "Don't make me say it twice."

Player 2:

Greg's punch was met with a weak smile. Drew looked at his best friend. Greg had definitely gotten the lion's share of his genetics from his mom... he was mostly a reindeer, save without antlers or hooves or the muzzle. He was shorter than any of the big reindeer bucks Drew had seen before, however... it really seemed like his body was more like a doe's. To Drew's eye, his friend was forever stuck in between, girly and yet with something tucked between his thighs that marked him as different. Drew sniffled, pulling Gregor into a hug. "I- I hope you find someone who can take care of you." He said weakly.

Drew had always kinda felt like Gregor was almost the little sister he never had.

Jason held the Sex Note, staring down at it and found he was utterly disinterested in using it. He had absolutely no deep seated desire to ruin Celeste for what she'd done to him, and absolutely no shame in what he'd unleashed on Vixen's Run.

Nope, none whatsoever.

But even so, he couldn't defy her orders here. "Of course, Mistress." With a deferential tone, he lowered his head and followed her, his skirts rustling along as he followed the new Queen of Vixen's Run.

END CHAPTER 4