

Chapter 5: The New Normal

Player 1:

Gina sat at her desk and took a deep breath. It was her first day as the secretary of Whitetail Bluffs. She had a spotless resume, with excellent references, so the position was practically given to her. Celeste had even given her blessing on hiring the young doe. She only allowed the best for her boyfriend, after all. The mayor had been dating Celeste Cervus for years now, but had yet to pop the question.

Gina reached over and touched the intercom on her desk. "Good Morning, Mayor Whitetail, I'm looking forward to working with you. Thank you for the opportunity."

Player 2:

There was a burst of static for a moment. "Erm, Creamtail, actually. It's a common mistake though." Whitetail Bluffs was founded by the Whitetail family, but they sort of merged into the Creamtail family after a few generations when the only child of the line, Cynthia Whitetail, married Anthony J Creamtail, the youngest son of a formerly rival herd of White Deer. "I will say, it'll be a pleasure working with you, Miss... ah... Gina." Some groups had petitioned to rename the town Creamtail Cave once, which gained traction until the Mayor's office realized it was a sex joke.

Andrew Leopold Creamtail had lost track of most of his old friends since graduation. Which was unfortunate, but his girlfriend kept him busy. And ever since he'd started dating Celeste Cervine, everything felt like it was falling into place for him. He'd switched his major from English to Law at his girlfriend and parents suggestions, graduated top of his class, and in his early twenties was one of the youngest Mayors Whitetail Bluffs had ever had. Many of his most vocal opponents had been discovered to have done scandalous, depraved sexual things such as masturbating in public wearing superhero costumes. In only a few short years the white stag had risen to power with a convenient speed. But in fairness, he'd also worked so very hard to get there: He studied hard in college, and spent most of his life after it going to political events and playing the game. Andrew worked many volunteer jobs, performed charity fundraisers, met with the various factions in the city to garner support, and made friends with everyone he could. He had crafted for himself a very busy schedule, but it was all important work. He hadn't popped the question yet to his lovely girlfriend, though. The moment had never felt right, and Celeste Cervus had as busy a schedule as he did sometimes. But at this point it felt like their marriage was an inevitability. Maybe when he could find time for a vacation he'd take her to Italy and do it there...

If she said it was ok.

Andrew felt like he was successful, but he smiled a lot less lately. The stag was a bit run ragged, feeling sometimes like he was a lone deer chased by a pack of wolves. He was getting less sleep in the past few months, and he really didn't have the easiest time remembering what he

needed to do when. He hoped a secretary would help him get his life in order and free up some of his time.

Maybe even help him figure out how to be happy.

Buzzing Gina again, he coughed. "Erm, come into my office. I want to have a look at you." Andrew Creamtail's football days were over. He'd spent the last years campaigning, after all.. He was wearing his favorite navy suit and several gold rings fitted around his antlers that glittered when he stepped into the sunlight. And he'd never met his new secretary.

Player 1:

Gina swallowed hard and walked to his office door. The lithe woman wore a pencil skirt and a white blouse, all poking out of a navy overcoat. She had small antlers and a diminutive frame. Her muzzle was fairly short as well, as was befitting a reindeer. She had a decent bust, but no more than a D-cup. Natural blonde hair bounced with every step, the color standing out as a rarity among Cervine creatures. Most sported black or chestnut locks. Her hooves clicked on the tile floors beneath her with every step.

She walked in and shut the door behind her, giving her new boss a nod of respect. After taking a second to stare at him, she approached his desk and gave a gentle curtsy. "Good morning, Sir, it's a pleasure to see you again." Andrew was favored with a smile. Even when he was sitting down she was at eye level with him. Gina flashed her pearly whites at him. Her muzzle was decorated with a gorgeous hue of garnet colored lipstick. Her soft green eyes looked at him over her high cheekbones. She oozed the aura of a proper doe. She had beauty, grace, and had a smile that could launch ships. By all appearances, she seemed a kind soul.

"Is there anything I can help you with, sir?"

"Bitch! Where are you? Mistress needs her morning massage." Celeste Cervus' voice rang through every room in her townhouse. She loved having the live-in maid. Bitch had been a faithful servant these past years. "If you're good, I promise to take you out for walkies~♡"

Player 2:

Andrew crossed his legs and leaned back in his desk. "Oh!" One fuzzy eyebrow arched upwards. "We've met? Ah, I'm sorry... I used to think I never forgot a face, but I've been to so many social events lately it's kind of hard keeping track of everyone. Were you at the Orphanage Fundraiser Dinner last Sunday." That was probably it. "I'm terribly sorry, then. I really wish I remembered you." He gave her a warm smile. "Tell you what. I'd like to take a chance to catch up and get to know-" There was a buzzing from his computer. "Tch. Unfortunately, it'll have to wait. It slipped my mind that I have a nine o'clock." His appointment was in fifteen minutes and he had to prepare. "Alright. If you could make some coffee and familiarize yourself with my

schedule, I'd appreciate it, Gina." He paused to watch her go. When that girl smiled it lit up the room. He was going to enjoy working with her.

Though she felt oddly familiar...

His name had been Jason once.

Now, that name sounded almost alien.

Bitch sashayed into the room of the town house. "Of course Mistress, just lean right back and I'll get to work." Standing in front of her, he curtsied before lifting his skirts, revealing his tiny little sissy stick and blushing at how good it felt, before setting aside his feather duster and getting down to begin working on massaging Celeste's shoulders. Bitch didn't think much these days. There wasn't much to think about beyond keeping the Town House clean and tidy and obeying Mistress Celeste's every command. Andrew didn't even recognize him, and he was under orders to only speak to the man when directly spoken to, and only to keep their conversations to the point. No one called him by his name anymore, so he was just used to hearing "Bitch". Even his family used that moniker for him now. Bitch hated his mistress, but she was also so very wonderful. Everything she'd done to him was excruciatingly pleasurable, an art of erotic torture. She had him worship and serve her like a queen. In some moments he wanted fuck her the way a queen deserved. In others, he had no idea how to live without her. Even in his most lucid moments, he could see no way anyone could defy her. At least now. It was easier to enjoy her dominance. At least she let him cum once in a while.

Player 1:

Gina shook her head softly. "No sir, we'll talk about it later." She placed a Manila folder on his desk. "I have your notes compiled already. Key points are highlighted in yellow, along with a few quips to keep them engaged. The Department of Forestry is headed by Harold Woodall, a beaver. Avoid offering coffee and be sure to show your teeth when you smile. Dental health and hygiene are huge in his species culture."

Andrew's new secretary opened the folder and showed the Mayor a diagram of the proper greeting for a non-beaver to present to a beaver. "They slap their thighs with their tails. A non-beaver parts their chest twice with all fingers extended and the thumb tucked under the palm. This is done in place of a handshake."

Continuing, she flipped a page in the folder and went over a suggested schedule. "Make small talk and I will prepare tea while you warm them up with a light introduction to your proposal concerning their budget. If his wife is attending, maintain a four foot distance and only interact with her if approached. She is with child, meaning her husband's protective instincts are on high alert. Also, Mr. Creamtail, BREATHE." The secretary put a hand on his shoulder. "I have your schedule memorized. After I deliver the tea, I'll relocate the Miss until ten. She has an

appointment with her OB GYN at eleven, so they will have to be gone by then." She turned the papers to a release form. "A congratulatory gift has been prepared for the happy couple, as a thank you for their time and cooperation. All that it needs is a signature from you, allowing me to make the purchase in your name. I've prepared a duplicate hard-copy for your records. If you could have the original signed and dated by Tuesday, I would be grateful. If you wish to forgo the gift I will shred the document."

She gave him a little curtsy. "Thank you again for your time, Sir." Turning, the doe minced to the door and opened it, waving the Woodalls inside. She gave them a polite pat to her chest and gestured for their entry.

The husky beaver walked up to the mayor and looked up at him. A firm slap could be heard, as his tail hit his thighs. His right hand could be seen twitching slightly at his side, ready to shake if the mayor was unaccustomed to Harold's culture.

Celeste spread her legs and looked back at him. "Wrong position, Bitch. Your mistress is in need. After all, a doe in Heat doesn't know any better." She pouted her lip in a show of faux disappointment. She reached behind him and grabbed at the tail plug in his ass. "My poor bitch isn't wagging her tail. Are you sad? Are you a sad bitch?"

She gave the tail-plug a tug, just to remind him that it was there, before she spread her lips. She was not wearing anything beneath her bathrobe. "Come on, Bitch. Give mistress kisses. Be a good girl."

Player 2:

Andrew Creamtail just stared at Gina for a moment, jaw agape.

It was her *FIRST* day.

God.

Damn.

Whatever pay rate they'd hired her under, she deserved a raise. As he met with Harold, he patted his chest twice with all fingers and followed the instructions his secretary had given him. "It's a pleasure to meet you in person, Mr. Woodall. And may I offer congratulations to you and your wife for the coming blessing..."

Bitch blushed and huffed at the attention to the plug in his rump. "A-arf!" He squirmed and wiggled his butt, swaying it to make his tail move back and forth. His little two inches were stiff

as he felt the plug teasing him. Rubbing in and out. "R-right Mistress." The problem wasn't that he was basically a slave. He hated it, but... the problem was that his body enjoyed it almost as much as his mind hated it. Bitch's mind wasn't the most uncracked built clay pot on the best of days. Getting on all fours, he barked again, leaning down to push his face in between Celeste's thighs. He started slow because he knew she'd want him to warm up and gently stretch her lips... teasing and prodding them, while savoring her honeywine, running a tongue up and down the length of it. Eventually, he would start to push inside her, his tongue squirming to tease her nerves.

This was his life now.

And Bitch's mind had been coming progressively more undone about it every day. Love and Hate mixed like oil and water as he served his wonderful, disgusting, mistress, his precum dribbling.

Player 1:

"Mossst appreccciated." Harold the Beaver said with a slight whistle to his words. The long, hard buck-toothed incisors that extended past his lips gave him a bit of a speech impediment. But he was smiling brightly at Drew. The meeting between the white stag had left a hugely positive impression on the beaver. Harold was a large man, though not of calculated physical fitness. His husky body was crafted through decades of hard work. He had arms and thighs like tree trunks. His stomach was rotund, and his pecs were like carved marble beneath his flannel shirt. The beaver looked like he fought bears in the mountains and won.

His wife, meanwhile was a bit heavy set, with rounded features. She stayed close to her husband, almost hiding behind him. Misses Woodall had a large belly swollen with child. Late into her fourth trimester, moving was tiring for her. Her stance was wide, to accommodate for the natural growth of her stomach. She was proudly glowing, though.

"Sssso," Harold began speaking once more. "I undersstand the budget propoossal was approved for the expansion of the town border. The amount of real estate was cut, though. Why has the amount of land been cut ssso severely? My company was guaranteed the contract to ssstrip the lumber from thiss area. I'm having to adjust my crew now, due to the reduction in the job's sssize."

Gina came back into the room shortly and presented each of them with a paper cup filled with freshly brewed tea. The first to be presented was Harold's wife. Her cup was branded with a large orange band around the base, denoting that it was decaffeinated.

The reindeer doe then proceeded to present Harold with his cup, along with a few packets of lemon powder, honey, and sugar. She poured one packet of lemon and two spoons of honey into Andrew's, before giving him his cup. Her first day on the job, and Gina already knew the Mayor's tea preferences. Celeste didn't even know them, and sometimes Bitch still messed it up. She gave them both a courteous bow, before approaching Harold's wife.

She whispered something to her and she nodded, making a soft giggle before following her out of the office. The men were free to have a discussion.

"Mmmmm, good girl." Celeste relaxed and let her Bitch lick at her folds. Cum was slowly oozing out of her tight pussy and onto his tongue. She had taken Drew through another breeding session that morning. She was trying to force things along, but her body was being stubborn despite her best efforts to get knocked up, and she took her frustrations about it out on her slave.

"Taste that, Bitch?" She said, as she was cleaned up. "That's what a real man does to a woman. He breeds her. That's potent, virile cum. Purebred white stag, a delicacy of mythic proportions. You ought to feel honored to taste it and from such an-- Oooh, exquisite platter no less. You are a privileged Bitch. I spoil you. You should thank me. "

Player 2:

Andrew's little white tuft of a tail twitched as he took the tea and smiled up at Gina. It smelled delicious! He didn't expect that. He'd often struggled to get decent COFFEE in his day job, much less his favored beverage of tea. The white stag watched as the two girls departed, with a smile. His new secretary seemed adroit at supporting him. It was nice. He wondered if she'd be a good mother as well. She seemed quite good with shy folks like the pregnant beaver.

Looking at Harold again, he got to the less pleasant thoughts. "The amount of land cut isn't what any of us want, Harold, but it's tied up in the courts. My department of land management made a bit of a mistake and over-committed to you before. Which is our fault, and I own it. You see, in our state, we're required to do an environmental impact assessment on any state-own land before we can develop it." His expression turned into a scowl. "Something my people neglected to perform before signing your contract." He shook his head. "It was assumed in error that there'd be a negligible impact on the local environment when your contract was granted. But apparently there's an endangered species habitat around a lot of Whitetail Bluffs. The Emerald Thrush. A small bird that's often left ignored, but local environmental watchdogs hit us with a suit to stop development."

He shook his head. "I think we can still do business, but I'm working right now to arrange a compromise that's beneficial to all parties. I've got some people investigating another possible development site on the north side of the city... would you be able to split your team into two work crews?"

Bitch's face was covered in fluids, his lips and cheeks and chin sloppily saturated with male and female cervine cum. He was being careful not to get any on the floor, however. Mistress Celeste

hated that. Bitch swallowed as much as he could, trying not to gag. He didn't hate the taste, but when it was Rutting season Drew filled her with SO MUCH. It was hard to catch it all.

Player 1:

"If the agreed upon amount can be maintained, I can afford that sssplit in manpower." Harold sipped at the tea and looked down at his watch. "I undersstand your troublesss, Mayor. Land disssputes are the biggest pain in my indusstry. I can only imagine how much they trouble you, among the other complaints. No one iss ever happy with what they've got."

Time passed as the two men hashed out a plan.

Once the Woodalls were on their way out the door, Gina walked into Drew's office and smiled. "They were impressed, sir. You left quite the impression from the get-go." She stood beside him and held her hands together just below her stomach. "Mrs. Woodall had nothing but flattering remarks. She's quite the chatterbox, actually. She complimented your courtesy and how polite you were. I'm sure that she will spread that impression to her husband."

Bending forward, the little reindeer took the mayor's empty cup from the desk, along with Harold's. "Is there anything else I can do for you sir?"

Player 2:

Gina would catch wind of a distinct scent when she re-entered the room.

Musk.

Drew let out a soft huff as he sat behind his desk, grateful that it kept him obscured from the public. "If- if you could prepare some more tea, Miss Gina..." he felt his erection digging into his pants leg. It was Rutting season for his kind, and though he'd had his medicine this morning and spent most of the early morning making sure Celeste would ache when she walked around today, he still got pent up after a few hours. The job was a welcome distraction from powerful, barely-repressed instincts telling him he was supposed to make his mate fat with fawns already.

"I just need some time alone to, ah, vent some stress. Some tea to rehydrate would be nice afterwards." Drew was also suppressing the urge to order his cute little secretary to pull down her underwear and bend over. He was in a position of power, but he was loyal to his girlfriend. As long as nothing shook his trust in her, he wasn't ever going to let his eye wander.

Although it was awfully tempting to just push her cute face between his thighs...

Player 1:

"I can assist with your... ehem, needs, sir." Gina cleared her throat shyly. "It was in my Certifications. I am certified for EMT and relief of seasonal cervine disorders." There was a blush on her cheeks. "I understand that your mind gets clogged without relief and I am more

than happy to give assistance." After a moment's hesitation, the reindeer arched one eyebrow. "But if you only want tea, I am perfectly willing to comply."

She bent her knees, as she gave him a curtsy. "Regardless, would you prefer English Breakfast, Chai, or Lemon Zest?"

Player 2:

Drew found himself squirming in his seat at her gaze. Though it was in part due to pent up desires, there was another feeling there too. An unfamiliar one: When was the last time he'd actually felt SHY about anything? "Oh, you're-" Of course he had heard of **those**. There were a lot of different species of Rutting anthros in Whitetail Bluffs, just like Vixen's Run had a sizable Japanese fox minority. Not every buck or doe could find a mate come mating season, and not everyone was good about taking their pills. Licensed EMTs for "Sophents Under Sexual Duress" were a small part of the City's Budget every year. Gina being one was surprising because it was likely her species' mating season too, but she seemed so composed he had no trouble believing she was certified for this. Likely she'd seen it all before.

Still, he found himself sweating. That **would** be cheating, wouldn't it?

Would it?

It wasn't his fault his species was seasonal. And Celeste hadn't wanted to work in the office with him...

Unbidden, an image of Gina bent over against his bookshelf, clinging to a shelf while moaning out about how she needed him to help her cum filled his mind. The thought made his ears perk, his cock drool, and his whole white fuzzy head turn pink.

"W-well..." He squirmed in his seat, then closed his eyes and unzipped his pants. "As long as it's *p-purely* professional..." During Mating season Drew didn't wear underwear anymore. It just made things take longer and tended to inconveniently rip.

He exposed the baseball bat between his thighs to Gina, blushing. "Forgive me if this is inappropriate, but how would a trained EMT handle this?" After a moment, Drew cleared his throat to add something. "A-and Lemon Zest, please. For after." His balls were already starting to ache.

Player 1:

A playful glint flickered behind Gina's eyes, but her expression was stoic. "Well, a natural breeding position would be most appropriate. You are purebred, so your instincts and hormones interact in a way that's likely to be predictable." She turned around and bent over the desk. She lifted her skirt up to him, revealing a pair of black, plain, serviceable panties. She had a nice round, creamy posterior the color of sour cream resting above her flat crotch. She tugged the underwear with her finger to reveal herself to him.

"Protection will only hamper the effects of treatment. I'm... sterile, so there is no risk." She spread her legs for him, respectfully. This was business, but why was she so wet? Her tail was straight up and flared, sending out a bouquet of pheromones that tickled Andrew's nostrils. It was an old scent... familiar... but where had he smelled it before?

Player 2:

Drew snorted, seeing her bending down. From his vantage point he could see her face closer than her backside, but that scent from her tail was... He stood up, a hand on his cock to keep it from wiggling around or drooling on his floor. The scent of that doe was so very familiar. But Drew couldn't put his hoof on where. "I- ah- I thought you were going to just-" Well, he'd assumed it was just going to be assisted masturbation. Her hoof-tipped fingers on his cock. The thought made a bead of precum form on the head.

This, however... This was a scandal in the making. If the press caught wind of this, it'd be as bad as if his girlfriend was caught being fucked by another buck.

If nothing else, learning she was sterile was a small comfort. He'd heard sterile does might not experience a Heat like others of their kind. It made sense.

Gazing down at that plump ass, however, and sniffing the air, he found his worries and his thoughts fading. There was something so comforting about those pheromones. Like he was made for this. And she seemed almost suspiciously willing and eager. So wet already. "Pretty... Doe..." He mumbled, tail twitching as he bent down to push the head of his cock against the folds she'd presented, teasing the tip of his cock against her naughty bits.

Player 1:

Gina lifted her body up slightly to assist him. She eased back into him with her private parts and engulfed the head of his cock with a trained ease. The spread of her legs gave him full view of her luscious curves. She had an incredible rack, but her ass was literal perfection. She cradled him like smooth velvet, warm and comforting. He could even hear her let out a cute gasp, as she got halfway down his length. "O-Oh my!" she took a steady breath.

This was good. This was natural. "Don't worry about hurting me." She bit her lip, as she rubbed back into him. "I-I can-" The secretary's legs were trembling. Her asshole quivered between her plush valley of posterior cleavage. "I-I'm more than capable of handling any and all duties of this position."

Player 2:

Andrew Creamtail huffed, slowly letting Gina push herself down his shaft. "Mmmm..." He panted, leaning forward to put his arms on the desk and push back against her. "It's ok if you're not used to it." He whispered into her ear, while sniffing her hair. "I'm purebred. You said so yourself... it's hard to take something like that if you're not used to it." Drew was thick. Nearly as wide as a can of beer. And he could see Gina struggling. As tight and wonderful as she was, his

instincts to take care of people pushed to the forefront of his mind. "Mmm... just relax. Let me take it slow with you." He moved his arms up to wrap around her chest, holding her, and sliding his hips back to pull out. "We'll just go slow for a few minutes, and let you get warmed up." Even his wife had to take a regular Kegel course or he'd tire her out too quickly.

"This isn't one of your regular duties." He reassured her. "Honestly, I thought most EMTs just used their hands, but I guess you proved me wrong." He nuzzled her ear. "I won't expect this of you." It felt so good to be inside her though. And that scent... Gina felt right.

Righter than he'd felt in years.

He pushed his crotch to smush her fuzzy tail. "But... you are amazing. Any mate you have is a lucky male."

Player 1:

"I'm single. My... mate left me when I was in college. I haven't dated since." She adjusted herself and ran a hand along her abdomen to massage him. Her walls gently stroked him, expertly coaxing him to his natural finish. She was gently rocking up and down along his pole. It took no time at all for her to adjust to him.

"I'm flattered you praise me so highly, Sir." She arched her back, eyes rolling back as she grunted in exertion. "Uh! Your mate is surely blessed to have you as well." Her hoof tipped fingers dug into the edge of the desk, as she moaned out for him. She was still running her hand along her stomach, stroking the bulge he made in her. She seemed intent on pleasing him, making sure he could clear his mind.

Player 2:

Drew closed his eyes and grunted, no longer thinking clearly enough to speak. After a shudder, he felt the key turn in his mind. Her fingers, her voice, her scent, her hole... everything about Gina in the moment seemed tailor made to get him off. With a groan, he fired inside her, painting the insides of Gina's body with thick, creamy, viscous stag cum. Every moment she was getting fuller... she might even need to plug herself or risk leaking. The buck panted heavily, slumping forward into her and reaching up to rub her breasts. "Mmm... doe... pretty...doe..." He mumbled dreamily, nuzzling her and panting...

At least for the moment, Celeste was the farthest thing from his mind.

And then his brain caught up with his instincts. He blushed, and slowly slid out of Gina. "Y-yes, ahem... get yourself cleaned up, Miss Gina... I hate to say it, but I've got more appointments today, and I can't be late for them..." He started to wipe off his cock with some baby wipes he kept on his desk. They were useful, even if a bit embarrassing. "Good, uh, good work there." He blushed. "Gold star."

Player 1:

"Thank you, sir." His new secretary bowed her head politely. "I'll be back with your tea after tending to myself. I'm glad that I could be of service... I noticed your schedule had an hour free at three o'clock. Would you like me to bring your lunch at that time? I will be stopping by the delicatessen next door around that time to get my own lunch."

Player 2:

Andrew Creamtail nodded back. "Yes. I'll send you a text for my order, but I think a watercress and baby spinach sandwich would be nice." He felt like ordering that for some reason. "And some sweet potato fries and a diet cola. Maybe I'm feeling a bit naughty today." He chuckled, crossing his legs as he sat back down behind his desk. "You are dismissed."

When she was gone and out of sight, he slumped forward, and buried his face in his hands. "Fuck!" The young mayor grit his teeth. He felt like a sleeze. The scum of the earth. Even if she was certified, it felt too much like a temptation. "I-I should text Celeste. See if she's free after work." And then, when he was certain no one could hear him, he slammed a fist against his desk and hung his head.

"Why couldn't I have I met Gina back in College?"

End Chapter