

Chapter 6: Another New Normal

Player 1:

Their scheduled hour of lunch came and Gina returned with the ordered meal. She placed it on the table and smiled. "Watercress and spinach on pumpernickel toasts with avocado oil. I got the same for myself." She set her portion down on the other side of his desk, along with a cup. Inside the cup was a light green soup with a corn salsa resting on top of it. "Would it be alright if I imposed and had lunch with you? Food always tastes better with company." She took his empty cup of tea and placed it in the empty bag from the deli. Even when she was "off the clock" she was maintaining his workspace's appearance.

Player 2:

Gina's request was met with a nod. Andrew Whitetail had been polishing some of the golden rings he wore on his antlers. They were part of the look; Mayors of Whitetail Bluffs always wore white and gold like it was a uniform, and had for several generations. But it was also a pain for him to take care of, especially when his antlers fell off after mating season. "Hm? Oh, thank you." He turned away from a mirror, trotting over to sit back at his desk. His mouth was watering with the scent and sight of the food. "Yes, you're free to join me, Gina." He sat down, tail twitching to hint at how eager he was to see her again. "It all looks delicious. I'm glad you knew a local restaurant that did good herbivore meals. I didn't even have to suggest anything."

Player 1:

"I used to go there a lot in college." She took the sandwich and dipped the corner into the soup. She brought it up to her mouth and took a large bite from it. A throaty, "Mmm..." came from her, as she closed her eyes. It was a simple thing, a little tick, but only one other person ate like that. That exact combination of sandwich, soup, and sound... Her emerald eyes slowly opened and met her employer's. Gregor. The face was softer and more rounded, but those eyes were the same from twenty years ago...

The scent of fresh flowers came from her, overpowering her perfume. Her tail was quickly brushing against the back of her chair.

It couldn't have been anyone else...

Player 2:

Drew blinked.

He just stared for a moment like a deer in headlights, about to be hit by a car. After a moment, he slid his chair back, standing up, and walking around his desk. He reached down to take one of Gina's hands when it was free of food, looking like he'd seen a ghost.

Well, he supposed he didn't have to ask the question about if barren, infertile does could experience rutting urges now.

"G-Gregor?" he said, almost in shock, holding Gina's little hand and squeezing it.

Player 1:

The mayor's old friend blushed and closed her hand around his. Her other hand went up and squeezed his from another side. "It's Gina now, but yes..." she said shyly. "It's good to see you, Drew. I'm sorry for ghosting you, but I-I lost myself for a while." Gina closed her eyes, trembling as she thought about that dark point of her life. "I finally came to terms with myself, though." She brought a hand to her face and wiped away an errant tear. "Sorry, I-I didn't think it would be so soon." She was laughing a bit, as she cried. Relief poured over her like a hot shower.

"I-I wasn't meant to be Gregor, Drew. It felt so wrong. I transitioned in college. This was what I was talking about: If you'd still feel the same way about me, if you'd still be my friend." Tears were brimming in her eyes again. "I was just a coward. I ran away, because I was afraid of what you would have said or did. I rejected you before you could have rejected me. Oh God, I'm so sorry." Gina's tears were making her mascara run, as she rubbed her forearm against her eyes. She was a mess.

Player 2:

"You're beautiful."

Drew said, the only words he had to say in response to that gushing. Bending down, he kissed her forehead, holding Gina gently and wrapping his arms around her body. He just held her and let the tears flow out.

Andrew Creamtail had always felt like Gregor was almost a little sister to him.

And Drew had always cared for his friends, sometimes a bit too much.

Player 1:

The Mayor's secretary cried into his chest, shaking. She was letting everything out. He didn't hate her! Her fears were all for naught. "Drew, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I did you so wrong." She bawled, before sniffing. She had to break away from him to catch her breath.

"I-I'm happy now. I promise you. I'm happier than I've ever been. This is who I was always meant to be." She was still holding onto his hand. Now, other than her parents, Drew was the only thing she had left over from her old life. "I always loved you... I'm happy with just this, though. I-I'll always support you."

Player 2:

Drew held Gre- Gina now, he supposed, squeezing her tightly. He'd always wondered what happened to Gregor after that awkward moment they'd had. Before Gregor dropped out of the Football team and vanished.

"You didn't do anything wrong." He said quietly. "I thought being attracted to you meant I was gay, but when I tried to do it, I couldn't... it felt like every bit of passion I had for you melted away. I should've been honest with you and told you I was still figuring myself out." He squeezed her. A few years had given Drew time to ruminate on his experimental phase. Plenty of time to blame himself for Celeste's Rewrites. He'd never known it was anything other than his fault.

Smiling, the white stag lowered his head slowly. "It turns out if I'd just waited for you..." He closed his eyes and shook his head. It wasn't worth thinking about what-ifs. What was done was done.

Regrettably.

"What we did earlier... I don't think we can do it again. You're the best secretary I've ever had, and I'm not firing you, but..." He let his voice trail off as Andrew Creamtail the Mayor looked away, out a window. Drew wanted to kiss this pretty doe, his old friend. But he couldn't. "I can't cheat on Celeste, Gina." He loved his girlfriend too. But if he got too close to Gina... it was like a black hole. He was going to be sucked in. Like his attraction to her was more powerful. Like if he let himself, he'd forget all about Celeste forever.

He wasn't going to hurt her like that.

Player 1:

Gina flashed her boss a sad smile, and with a slight nod of her head pushed her seat back. "I understand. I-I still love you. Always have, always will." She stood up quickly and grabbed her purse, turning away from him and wiping a tear from her eye.. "Now, I must excuse myself. I need to straighten up and put on my face. I'll be- well, if you need me, please don't hesitate to call." The stag's secretary curtsied. "Thank you, sir."

Celeste trotted through her home in a small sundress. She was primed and in perfect shape to meet her boyfriend Andrew Creamtail. They weren't married yet, but they did share a house and just about everything else. She'd been trying to get knocked up by him for the past two rutting seasons to help force the point. Trotting around the room, she checked the table, looking over the dinner arrangements she'd had her slave Bitch procure for her..

"Good, good..." A smile creased her muzzle. "He's going to love it. He's going to be so frazzled by that newbie secretary of his learning his busy schedule and I'll be ready to receive him. It'll be like something out of a novel: The perfect roast, wine, and for dessert..." She looked at herself in the mirror and adjusted the straps of her push-up bra, fussing for a bit before holding up a can of whipped cream. "Cheesecake." A laugh crossed her lips. "Now, the only thing missing is him! Oh, I bet he's starving! That bimbo probably needed so much training he didn't even get his lunch break."

Player 2:

Bitch was being seen and not heard, standing quietly off to one side of the room, behind a curtain, letting his wonderful, delightful, absolute monster of a mistress, Celeste, call on him whenever she needed his services. Or his tongue. Or to laugh at his tiny cock. However, this wasn't about him, and he knew better than to loiter around much when she was arranging a date with her would-be husband. It ruined the mood.

Celeste would hear a door opening and shutting, as the big buck trotted inside, humming a happy little song. "Good evening, world!" He said, Drew's tail twitching. Even if things hadn't ended well between himself and Gina, he was happy because he knew she was happy. Better than she'd been before, at least. He didn't have to worry about her anymore, and she was the best damn secretary he'd ever had. Trotting into the dining room, he put his arms around Celeste from behind, kissing her neck to sniff her scent. After today he was eager for a distraction from thinking about Gina and the temptation she represented. "Mmm... good evening, beautiful." His loving girlfriend would do. Besides, he was quite romantic after the day. Gina had helped him deal with his rutting needs, but he could still be a sweetheart for his girlfriend and give her a perfect moment. He just needed a nice night with Celeste and he'd forget all about his pretty secretary. "Dinner smells nice." The Mayor of Whitetail Bluffs wasn't actually that hungry, after the late lunch. But he was at least going to show interest in his girlfriend Celeste's hard work. "Did you cook it for me?"

Player 1:

"Thank you!" Celeste flashed her boyfriend a toothy smile back. "Actually, I had Bitch prepare it, as usual. She's such a good sissy maid when she puts her mind to it. Mmm~" The doe leaned into her mate, tilting her head up just enough to kiss him on the lips. For her, the social ladder was an elevator. She just had to push the right buttons and she was untouchable. Drew was a convenient button to push.

She cooed and rubbed at the chest of his suit. "Oh, you're so handsome this evening!" Celeste made a show of swooning over him. "I bet your pipes down there are ALL backed up, baby. You need me to help you out?" Drew's girlfriend put a hand to his crotch and groped at her rutting stag's cock. And then a frown creased her muzzle. He was... soft? She snarled for a moment. No. That was NOT going to happen. She was not about to have her ticket to glory have erectile dysfunction BEFORE she could wrangle a baby out of him. "Um, are you tired, Andrew? Do you need to sit down? Is there anything I can do for you, my snuggle pumpkin?" She raised her thigh along the outside of his leg, rubbing against him.

Player 2:

Drew nodded at the first comment. Bitch was, of course, their house maid. She'd always been a sissy and a failure of a man, Celeste had assured him. And the doe had informed him that it was perfectly normal for her to mince around the house in skirts and a butt plug, and Drew found he felt no attraction or interest in that situation whatsoever. She was just a useful maid and it just made sense to have the sissy around the house.

For some reason.

"You're so good to Bitch, letting her be our maid." The name was a *totally normal* name for a maid, too. He'd been confused about it for a bit, but Celeste had assured him it was true and Bitch didn't seem to mind. The Mayor of Whitetail Bluffs smiled and kissed her neck again.

At the pet to his crotch, he chuckled. "I appreciate it, but how about we take a break tonight, loveyfawn?" He gently ground his soft cock against her backside, stroking her sides and nuzzling her. "I had a marvelous day, but the new secretary needed a bit of breaking in." He said, entirely unaware of any innuendo in his words. "Took a lot out of me, and I might be a bit worn down instead of pent up." He looked down at the meal and then rocked her gently. "I'd love a nice dinner with you, though!" He really needed the trappings of the date. Physical intimacy was fun, but he just needed to be reminded why he'd chosen Celeste Cervus. "And, um, if you wanted to do something nice for me to help set an amorous mood, maybe a back massage?" Drew tried to help at least.

Player 1:

Celeste's tone turned stiff. "I'll have Bitch tend to it. I'm sorry if the girl I picked to help you was too much." She'd expected Gina to frazzle her boyfriend's nerves, but apparently her plan had backfired on her if he was THIS tired. "I can get you a new secretary if she's too insufficient. I don't want you to be TOO tired after work." With that comment, Celeste slipped away from him and turned to walk away.

"Darling, please enjoy your dinner. I think I'll be working on my novel." And with that, the doe sashayed away, twitching her rear to advertise what her boyfriend had just turned down. "Bitch, when you finish, meet me in my study."

Player 2:

Drew's ears fanned out flat. He watched Celeste leaving, feeling a bit like he had done something wrong somehow. "Oh no, I think you did a great job, picking her! She learns fast and she's good at- I mean-" He stammered. The only person who ever really could hurt Andrew Creamtail was his girlfriend. Trying one last time, he tilted his head. "Could I read your novel?" He was trying to show interest in her hobbies more.

Bitch nodded from behind the curtain. "Very good, ma'am." He said, walking out to massage Drew's shoulders. It earned him a scowl from the buck. Drew just sighed and pushed Bitch off. "I'm sorry, but I really would've preferred it came from her." Lowering his head, the buck just sighed. Behind him, having taken that as a dismissal, the big maid would turn to swish away from the Dining room.

Drew just sighed, and sat down to a dinner alone. "I just wanted to spend time with you, Celeste..." One he wasn't even really that hungry for.

He hated feeling alone.

Bitch arrived in Celeste's study a few minutes later. "I am at your service, mistress." He said, lifting his skirt to show off his tiny cock, and blushing at how wonderful the humiliation felt. He was under orders to flash it to Celeste whenever she summoned him in private.

Player 1:

Celeste was sorting through pens, looking for one with red ink. At her slave's entry, she smiled. "Aaaah, Bitch, you are my only friend, you know that? The only one that knows the real me." She took a seat at her desk, red pen in hand. "You may speak freely, so long as you show me the proper respect I deserve." Leaning back in her chair, she opened up the notebook and poured over the pages. It had been ages since she last looked in it. It felt like a lifetime ago. While the power to fuck with anyone was heady and intoxicating and arousing, Celeste also considered it cheating. Using it for everything was a path to making her lazy, and she wasn't going to get sloppy like that. But desperate times called for its use again. "Why do you think my fiance doesn't get erect for me when I grope him in the middle of his rut? Am I not enough for him?" The idea made her snarl. "I'm the perfect mate!"

Gina sat on her bed, in her comfort clothes. She was in just her boy shorts and t-shirt. She took her phone from her purse and stared at it for a moment, before calling Drew. Was it alright to call her boss like this? No. Was it alright to call her friend? Yes. She called her friend.

Player 2:

Bitch paused and considered his words carefully.

He had a suspicion about what was going on, just by thinking back at what had been written in the journal back in their college days. Enough to know Celeste wasn't Andrew Creamtail's future wife. He'd written the sentence that set up who would've been. Bitch hadn't thought about "being Jason" for a long time. "Jason" was a path to getting angry and saying something that would make Celeste whip him. But he also didn't know what the Mayor of the city was up to away from the manor. Was he cheating on his girlfriend? Celeste would have his balls tied in a string if so. "If I may speak freely, Mistress... you were feeding me the results of his Rut this morning, were you not?" He blushed at the thought. "Maybe it's not that you're not enough. Maybe you're just milking him dry."

He didn't say anything about the old writings in the Sex Note. It wasn't Bitch's place to assume his disgusting, monstrous, wonderful, sexy mistress was stupid enough not to read through the past writings and make sense of it herself. She had the same sources of knowledge he did, and she'd had more time to review than he could since he couldn't open the Sex Note without her order.

It wasn't for him to assume she didn't know better than him.

He was just her stupid Bitch, after all.

Drew felt his phone buzzing. Midway through picking at the remains of a roast cauliflower steak, he pulled it out. "Hello?"

Player 1:

The observation made Celeste furrow her brow, the doe lost in thought. Maybe breeding her boyfriend twice each morning during Rutting season was enough for Andrew? But it wasn't working for her. "So, if he's not able to keep up with me, what should I do? I don't want to mess with him too badly. He's in a good spot, and he's useful to me." Pursing her lips, the doe considered her options. "Mmm, whatever shall I do to my dear fiance..." While tapping her pen against her cheek, Celeste moved her free hand to slide between her thighs. The doe was slowly toying with herself. The power that the Sex Note gave her was such a turn-on. The possibilities were already making her moist. She sometimes messed with Bitch just to giggle at how it fucked with his mind and body. His struggles were hilarious. The book was a dangerous toy for her to have, as power was her greatest turn-on. Because she was aroused just by perverting people, the only imposed limitation the notebook seemed to have was almost a non-issue.

"Hey, Drew, it's Gina. This isn't about work. I just wanted to check up on you, and talk if that was alright." The white-furred reindeer doe paused for a moment, getting comfortable on her bed as she talked on the phone with her old friend. She was still full from her lunch with him earlier, even though she really only was able to eat half. Crossing her legs, Gina stared up at the ceiling and hugged one of her pillows close. "I guess I kinda wanted to catch up, actually. I know you're okay, but it's nice to hear your voice."

Player 2:

Bitch considered his options and tilted his sissy head. "If I may ask, Mistress, why would any change you have to do to him be permanent?" He'd set up a change that lasted a month once, back as "Jason". Back before this absolute asshole ruined his life and- Bitch paused, took a deep breath, and pushed the "Jason" thoughts back into the deepest corners of his mind. "Maybe force upon him a day of total submission to you to make sure that he remembers who he needs but which wears off at the end of the day?" He held a hand up. "You could make him absolutely addicted to your natural scent, or unable to remember how to read or write, or anything that you could come up with, and then just have it seem like a dream to him afterwards." Bitch blushed. He had to say something, but as long as it wasn't permanently

messing up Drew, it would probably be fine. "Or I suppose you could just make his Rut twice as intense for a night with you."

Drew gave a weak smile as he listened to the voice of Gina. "It's alright, certainly. I was just picking at my dinner, really." The Mayor of Whitetail Bluffs hated feeling alone. Gina was a temptation, but right now she was also a welcome distraction. Relaxing, he let his back rest against the dining room chair. "Catch up? I should be asking you that, actually!" He let his tail twitch at hearing from her. "I mean, you probably know plenty about me. These days most of my life's right in the local newspapers! Heck, I've been in commercials." The white stag shook his head. "The only real thing I've been up to aside from the political campaign is spending time with my girlfriend... though she's off writing in her novel tonight, so I'm all alone. Her and that ratty old notebook..."

Player 1:

"Old notebook?" Gina's ears perked. Her interest was peaked. It had to be a coincidence, right? There's no way *that* thing was still around. "Drew, um, what does that notebook look like? Has she had it for a while?"

Celeste Cervus' eyes lit up. "Temporary?" It hadn't occurred to her before to try setting a time limit. "Hm! I like that." She grinned and wrote an entry into the journal. "I really like that. And you've given me a delicious idea, bitch." As she wrote, Celeste grew: She grew taller, broader and stronger. She was soon a massive tower of masculinity, wearing a tight shirt and a pair of pajama pants. She was in lounge wear, with a sit and tie lying next to her on the desk.

She- HE was the mayor of Whitetail Bluffs now -- the strong pillar of masculinity that the community rallied around. With an equally strong pole between his thighs.

He looked back at Bitch and pulled his cock out from his pajamas. "Now, this is called a 'Bitch Breaker'." He held it in his hand, squeezing the cock and flashed a grin. "Are you jealous, Bitch? YOU were never this big." Celeste felt a heavy sort of power wash over his mind. "I'm a real man now. More of one in just ten seconds than you were in your whole life!"

"For twenty hours, Celeste Cervine and Andrew Creamtail will swap genders. Andrew will feel powerful breeding urge that will only be met by Celeste's seed. She will then rapidly progress through a false pregnancy until she is at nine months, where she will still remain until the period of time is over. During this time, she will fulfill her role as the girlfriend of the mayor, while Celeste acts out the position of Mayor. Andrew will think of this only as a dream, after the twenty-four hour period, but it will instill deep breeding urges that remain afterward. No one will notice these changes aside from Celeste and Bitch."

"Andrew, I know it a weird question-"

Gina paused, for a moment unable to think of ANYTHING. After a few seconds, she blinked and shook her head before continuing her conversation.

"Andrea, I know it's a weird question, but your boyfriend might have something dangerous in his possession. You can't bring this up to him. If he uses it, no one would ever know. " The frosty-white furred reindeer sighed. She didn't like her boss, but Cedric Cervus was her oldest friend's boyfriend. She had to tolerate working for him. Only for Drea...

End Chapter