

Chapter 8: Finale

Player 1:

A day passed. It was afternoon.

Gina sat in her office, deflated. Cedric was a slavedriver! She had reached her 10k steps in the first two hours of her shift, and each day she had to do so much leg work. The man delegated just about everything he could to her. Whenever something he didn't want to do came up, it was "Women's work". She had no idea what Andrea saw in him. Sure, he had a dick like a baseball bat, but he had a bastard-flavored center.

The day was halfway over, though. It was close to 2 pm. She only had to wait a few more hours and she could go home, at least unless Mayor Cedric Cervus had any last minute assignments for her. He tended to be quite fond of those...

Player 2:

There was a jingling sound from the front door.

When Gina looked up, she saw a white doe standing there. Andrea was in a maternity dress that showed off the fact that she was nearly nine months pregnant. If she was able to physically glow, she would have. Her stomach was swollen, her thighs had ripened up, and her breasts were almost as large as Gina's head. Even her scent communicated to anyone around that the doe was with child...she tried to hide it by applying a perfume flavored like Cedric's favorite scent, but it was obvious to anyone who wasn't blind that she was nearly ready to give birth. Wearing a bright yellow wide-brimmed sun hat, she waddled towards Gina, leaning down to look over her tummy to see her friend. "Hiiii Gina!" Her little tail-tuft twitched as she smiled at her friend. "I'm bringing my mate his lunch a bit late... artisanal Tomato Soup and Grilled Cheese with my special seasonings on it. But he's not expecting me for another ten minutes. How are you?" She giggled, holding a lunch box in one arm and a walking stick in the other.

Player 1:

Gina leaped into action and helped her to a seat. "You should have called me!" The mayor's secretary said with a slight panic in her voice. She set the lunchbox down on her desk and leaned the walking stick against the side of it. Her hand went to her friend's stomach, as she held her shoulder. "Andrea, you're gonna blow any minute. You should be at home in bed." She rubbed the deer's belly in small circles. "Hey, little one. You need to tell your mommy to take care of herself." Gina spoke softly and lovingly. Her voice was calm and soothing. "Mommy's trying to do too much. She should be relaxing and giving you all her love and attention. Every last bit of it."

She sighed and stood next to her. Gina balled her fists "I swear, I could just...." she grabbed her friend's cheeks and pinched. "Do that!"

Player 2:

Andrea gave a huff of exertion. "It's not THAT bad, Gina." The doe undercut her own words by breathing heavily. "I can still walk around as long as I'm careful and take it slow. It's just—" Andrea couldn't help but let out a soft sigh. "-So very tiring." She gave the woman a weak smile, as Gina felt a gentle kicking within Andrea's body. "You'd make a wonderful mommy yourself, you know that?" Andrea said, before moving to a chair to sit down for a few minutes. She just needed to rest for a little bit.

The cheek pinches made her ears perk up and a giggle escape Andrea's lips. "Just how have you been, Gina? We don't get to talk as much lately, since the pregnancy. Cedric's been so busy with work, I feel like I barely see anyone at all."

Player 1:

"If only..." Gina muttered under her breath. After all the surgery and heartache, pregnancy was the one thing she would never be able to do. She couldn't be happier for her friend, though. Andrea was glowing. If Gina were any less fond of the doe, the reindeer secretary would be jealous.

But instead of being jealous, she flashed Andrea a smile and sat on her desk. "I've been carrying on. You know how it is around here. Eat, sleep, work, repeat." The sentence made her giggle. Gina was exhausted, but she held a strong face for her friend. "How about you? How's the home life? Is your substitute keeping up with your lesson plan? Have you thought up any naaaames?" She leaned in eagerly.

Player 2:

Andrea felt the chair squeak beneath her bottom. She was tired, but she held a strong face for her friend. "I'm much too bored. I'm starting to take things over from Bitch just because I need something to do with myself. I've run out of books to read so I was teaching myself a little cooking." She was proud to make Cedric's lunch herself. Andrea felt it was proof she'd come a long way. "It's not so bad as long as I sit down and rest every so often. Little ball of energy inside me isn't making it easy though. I can tell once they're born they're going to want to race around everywhere." She patted her tummy and gave a soft smile. Andrea was so excited to be a parent... "The substitute is getting swarmed. I've had to field almost a call a day from them for help. Those kids can be ravenous when they sense blood in the water." She giggled at her own joke.

After a pause, Andrea looked down at her stomach. "It's been hard recently... It's still mating season, and Cedric's been away. I haven't had a lot of energy to help take care of his appetites, and his work keeps him here most of the time. I hope he's not too pent up." She shook her head. "I just hope he's clear headed when the baby comes. It's kind of odd that I'm pregnant during mating season... really. Usually one comes after the other, you know?" She laughed and teased. "I just... hope that he's here to help me when..." She worried about when her water broke. If Cedric was too busy, if she needed to face it alone...

She looked over to Gina again. "If it's a girl, we were talking about Celeste." Well, it'd been the name she'd suggested, anyway. "I just like how pretty it is." Andrea couldn't remember how Cedric felt about the name, really. She was having trouble remembering when she'd gotten pregnant in the first place. "And if it's a boy... Gregory."

Player 1:

"He's not pent up." Gina replied, her expression stony. She did not care for her job, but she liked her "secondary duties" even less. "I clean up after him enough to answer that. I gave up on tissues. He gets a roll of paper towels to clean up with now. Don't even get me started on the panties." She sighed.

Cedric was an alpha male, and he made sure the office knew it. He had rutted with every cervine woman in the building... which was essentially only Gina. She had to relieve him multiple times throughout the day to maintain what little workflow he had. The man was a king more than a mayor. "I don't know how you do it, Andrea." She threw her arms up in frustration. "I go home completely worn out. His Rut is like a hurricane. I'm certified and have EMT training to handle it and he's STILL pushing me to a brink." To drive the point home, she gave an example. "Just the other day, Mayor Cedric "forgot" to take his Rut-management pills. The man plowed me for two straight hours until his senses came back. I had to sleep in my office that night. I couldn't eve drive home."

Player 2:

Andrea's green eyes went wide. Her muzzle popped open. "He's- he's doing-" If her fur wasn't already covered in white fur, she'd have gone pale in the face. "He hasn't talked with me at all about wanting to form a herd with any other does or anything...." Her eyes were full of tears. Deer could form herds around a strong leader, but it was supposed to be consensual for everyone involved. "I-I thought... well, no wonder he hasn't proposed to me yet..." Her face a mask of utter heartbreak, Andrea lowered her head. She didn't think her old best friend would lie to her. Andrea's trust in Gina was paramount. But what could she do? Any day now, she'd have a child to take care of. A little boy or girl... or more. And without Cedric, what did Andrea even have? her teaching job paid so little, and even without that consideration she felt like she needed Cedric like she needed air. But the news hurt... "W-well, you're a licensed EMT, right? Taking care of males during Rutting Season, it's part of your training..." She didn't know if that made it any better, but it felt like it took some of the sting out. Even still. this felt like a violation. Cedric hadn't even talked with her about it at all.

She started crying. Andrea didn't know what else to do.

Player 1:

The world paused for a moment. When things cleared, reality was quite different...

"Yes, sir. It is part of my training." She said confidently, as she looked up at Andrew Creamtail. Gina looked confident and full of energy. She was quite statuesque for a reindeer doe, but a stag like Andrew still towered over her. "I have to admit, though, Sir, your confidence in your

daughter is incredible. Do you really trust her in your office by herself? She's not the most-" Andrew Creamtail's secretary cleared her throat. "Aren't you afraid she might use the phone or email?"

Celeste sat in the office of the Mayor and sighed. Her former muscles were gone. Her chest had shrunk back down to merely her buxom bosom. The chair that once comfortably fit her as Cedric was gigantic for Celeste. There was one thing that bothered her, however: Why was she still in the office? She had expected to trade places with Andrew as Mayor and return home, leaving him to finish out the work day once reality corrected itself.

Player 2:

"H-huh?" Andrew Creamtail, Mayor of Whitetail Bluffs blinked and jerked up in the chair he'd been spacing out on. That feeling... had it all been a dream? He had felt... so maternal. Like he was going to have a child or- pausing, he listened to his secretary and wiped some blood from under his nose. The longer he listened to Gina, the less he remembered what he'd been thinking about before.

"Oh, the computer's locked down with my password, and Celeste is just a BIT too old to play with any phone other than her smartphone." The mayor laughed, and was then surprised at his own reaction. His... daughter? Did he have a daughter? Thinking for a moment, the answer came to him: Yes, he'd adopted little Celeste when her parents got in that accident a few years ago, hadn't he? He was her godfather. That must've been what that odd dream was about.

It merited no further scrutiny on his mind. This was what the reality of his life was: A single father and mayor of a city in California.

He still felt a bit sad though. It would've been nice to have been married to someone by now. To have a mate and a little child all his own. But such thoughts were fleeting. "B-but you're right, Gina, I should check." The big stag stood up to smile at her. He was taking his Rut-management medication, but Gina's scent still drove him wild. He was only resisting flirting because he knew his little girl Celeste might see him setting a bad example if he was too sexually promiscuous right now. "It's Bring-Your-Daughter-To-Work-Day, not Leave-Your-Daughter-Alone day, after all."

Trotting over to the door of his office, he knocked on it. "Cel-Cel? Daddy got you lunch. Grilled vegan cheese and some tomato soup. But I need my office chair back, princess." He smirked. Eleven year old girls could be such a pain. "Can you play on your phone in one of the lounge chairs?"

Celeste was most certainly not an five year old girl, but everyone would see her as such from now on. Everyone except Bitch... who of course was the Nanny Andrew had hired to help make sure his daughter was raised up right and absolutely nothing else. Celeste Cervus was destined for grade school all over again... and her wardrobe reflected that. She was dressed in an oversized pair of overalls designed for a girl less than half her true age, with a cartoon character t-shirt and a cheap smartphone with parental locks she had no way of bypassing. All her

accounts and property were managed by her legal guardian Andrew Creamtail now. "If you're good, princess, I'll let you ride on my shoulders."

Player 1:

"What?" Celeste blinked as she replied, looking up at him as if the stag had told her that motor oil rained from the sky. She had been playing games? No, she was checking her stocks! What was going on? The doe stood up quickly, panic at the uncertain situation guiding her words. "Drew, somethings going on. Did you write in my journal? Did you see Bitch using my journal at any time?" She looked down to see how her clothes had changed, screaming internally for a moment.

Before jerking back up to stare at Andrew and protesting. "This isn't right. I'm your fiance! Andrew, listen. Rememer! I'm a thirty year old woman!" She looked down at the phone. It had Disgruntled Pigs with the volume all the way up. She held it up to him. She was seething. "I was checking my stock portfolio! Why would I be playing this? Bitch did something, I know it!"

Player 2:

Andrew Creamtail listened to Celeste, taking in every word with a smile on his face that seemed to hint that he wasn't HEARING her at all. "Hahaha... it's 'Remember', princess. Ree-Mem-Ber. But I love how you say it! 'Rememer'." His small tuft of a tail wagged as he approached her. Celeste caught a whiff of his scent... but her instincts were telling her something entirely different now. On some level, her body thought this wasn't a mate... it was her *dad*. The buck hefted Celeste up with almost no effort and carried her on one shoulder. As if she weighed no more than eighty pounds. "Don't worry, sweetie. I'm sure Miss Gina has a pair of earbuds for you so you can keep watching your piggies. She's always so very prepared!"

He carried her outside, setting her down in a chair nearby. "Miss Gina, do you have some earbuds for my little girl? She's playing 'business piggies', and I don't want anyone to disrupt her concentration." He leaned down and nuzzled Gina, smiling and putting a hand on his secretary's shoulder. "And, uh, if you don't mind staying late, maybe we could order dinner here? I can call my little Cel-Cel's Nanny to come pick her up and make sure she does her homework before bedtime."

It wasn't easy being a single dad AND the mayor of Whitetail Bluffs, but Andrew thought he did an ok job.

Player 1:

"Yes, Sir, Mr Creamtail." Gina, the mayor's secretary, smiled and tilted her head slightly. Her exposed neck was heavy with pheromone-treated perfume. She reached into her desk and took out a small pink case with the word "Princess" etched into the front. Inside were a pair of earbuds, which she took out and gently placed in Celeste's ears. They immediately took over her hearing, as she was blasted with idle menu music.

"A late night? Why, sir, if I didn't know any better, I'd assume this was a date." She smiled at him and winked. "I'd be honored to, by the way. I have something that I feel we need to discuss anyway. The sooner we can talk about it, the better... away from little ears."

Celeste grew huffy, listening to them while sitting in a nearby chair with her "phone". It was a child locked, glorified toy that could only call a preset group of numbers. She had Bitch in there, along with Daddy (that name was still the same), and finally Gina. Why was his secretary's name in there? Were they flirting? She was RIGHT THERE! She was going to tear Bitch a new asshole next time she saw him. He'd never sit down again.

Player 2:

Andrew Creamtail grinned. "*MAYBE* it's a date... maybe I just want to give the best secretary in the world a bit of a bonus..." His paws rested on Gina's shoulders. He massaged them gently, feeling his erection digging into the back of his secretary's desk. It was still mating season and he was in Rut. Who was he trying to kid, pretending it wasn't a date?

Gina felt a pair of teeth gently nibbling her ear. "I'll call Bitch - My Nanny, you know, and have her come pick up my princess." He turned to Celeste. "You hear that, Cel-Cel? You get to spend the night being babysat by your faaaaavorite Nanny!"

Elsewhere, Bitch was waiting for a call she expected to come. Based on what Rewrites she'd made in the Sex Note just the night before. The sissy maid was checking a phone's weather report and grinning. Today's weather report was delicious icing, but the revenge it was assisting with was as sweet as cake.

Now it was time to lock the damn Sex Note away somewhere Celeste and the world would never find...

Celeste had to watch her Fianc- her **Daddy** making kissy faces and talking sweet to his secretary for a whole half an hour before the door jingled again.

"Little Miss Creamtail?"

Bitch was dressed in a modest, ruffly, not humiliating-at-all dress that covered most of his body, a neat uniform with a white apron over a black dress. "Please take my hand, Celeste. You have homework to do "

Player 1:

Celeste took her ear buds out, when the maid arrived. She left them on Gina's desk, her eyes filled with anger. Stampeding forward, she pointed a finger up at the Ma- **Nanny**. "What did you

do?!?" She stood up. "Bitch, what did you do to me?!? Where is that notebook? Why are they treating me like this? I demand that you tell me!"

Gina stifled a giggle. Celeste was such a cutie with how far she got into games of Pretend. The little doe DID seem a bit spoiled, though. "Looks like someone needs a nap. Careful, Bitch, it looks like you're going to have your hands full this evening. She's been a bit of a Grumpy Gus since she got here, if I remember correctly."

Player 2:

"Oh don't worry, miss." Bitch gave a curtsy to the secretary. "I've had plenty of experience taking care of this little one by now." The Nanny smiled, walking forward to put a hand on Celeste's butt and then scoop her up, another arm wrapping around her waist. Carrying the grown doe like a toddler. As if Celeste weighed almost nothing. Celeste could squirm or fight, but it was as if she had lost all her muscle mass the second she tried to turn her body against Bitch. "She's certainly a handful, but that'll settle down soon." Turning her back to the happy couple, she carried Celeste off, not even acknowledging her questions or demands while carrying her through a crowded city hall where everyone could see her. It wasn't until they got into an elevator alone that the pleasant mask came off Bitch's face.

"I just changed things in the Sex Note to help you act your age. Like a spoiled, entitled child who abuses everyone around her if they don't fight back and expects the world on a silver platter.." Bitch set Celeste down, yet squeezed her hand tightly. There was no escape just because her hooves were on the floor. "Oh don't worry, I speak from experience, you'll start forgetting your past life sooner or later. New memories replacing old... they never fully go away, but linger enough to remind you what you were." Bitch put her free hand on her hip and swayed it, a ripple running down her dress. "Everyone sees you as a six year old now. Andrew Creamtail adopted you a year ago when your parents faked their deaths in car accident to sneak off to the Carribean with dirty mafia money." She narrowed her eyes. "Congratulations, you get to be a modern day princess. A daddy, and soon a mommy, who loves you. Two little siblings who will drive you crazy after they're born. Fancy tutors. A private school education. And a Nanny who knows all your tricks and rules you with an iron fist. And when you finally get to college again?" Bitch grinned. "You won't age physically, by the way, until you catch up. But when you get to College age... you'll meet the buck of your dreams. And that's when the ride gets a bit kinky..."

Flashing Celeste a smirk, the new Nanny continued. "The second change I put it in the Sex Note that whenever someone fucks you? You get a bit less smart and a bit more slutty. You're going to meet a male buck in college who you can't say no to. The love of your life, who leaves your panties wet whenever you see him, much less smell his scent. He's going to fuck you stupid, and you're going to know it's coming and be utterly unable to escape it. Like a deer caught in the headlights of a car."

Bitch squeezed her hand. She was actually lying through her teeth. But the lie had two purposes. The first was the important one to him: To make Celeste squirm and feel frightened.

"But until then, until you become a slutty, brainless waste of potential, you have a good stern nanny to make sure you grow up right." The hand gripping Celeste's hoof tightened to be almost painful. "Don't misbehave, now, because if you piss me off I'll put it in the Sex Note that you're not even two yet. Do you want to relive being in diapers, Celeste?"

Player 1:

Celeste's face turned into a sadistic grin, the adult doe snarling at the sissy maid. "I'm going to grab it, you know. I've got all the time in the world to find it. I'll make you wish you were never born." She grumbled as she hung onto her caretaker, fuming. "Oh, just you wait. I'll get him back. It'll just take some clever wording, but I'll get Andrew back in my arms. I'll be on top of the world. I was the queen of Vixen's Run back in my day. This small town won't be anything compared to there. I won't forget either. Unlike you, I've got some pride left... Bitch." She giggled, stressing her name. "Just. You. Wait. "

Gina, once she and Drew were alone, reached for her bag. She took out a small envelope and pinched the metal clamps to open it. She took out a single sheet of college ruled paper before she set them on her desk. "I've had this for years, Drew. I couldn't text you about it, because it... well, it won't come out right. You mentioned the notebook your daughter had once, I think?" Gina frowned. "And I'm afraid she got it from Bitch." She swallowed a lump in her throat. She was going to sound crazy. "It's too dangerous to be left in their hands. If you ever find it, hide it away somewhere. But... this paper is from that same notebook. Anything you write on it becomes true, so long as you think it's sexy in some way, shape or form. If you're not careful, it can get away from you. Anyone who wasn't there to see what was written won't notice anything changing unless it's specified by the writer. We could be getting changed right now and we'd never know it. "

Player 2:

Bitch just gave Celeste a sinister smile back. "I invite you to try, young Miss Creamtail. I am fully prepared to perform spanking and other disciplinary actions. Unlike your Daddy, I'm not nice." She walked along, tugging Celeste with her. "Oh, and by the way? You've got a fear of thunder now. Every time you hear it, it makes you wet your pants." It was yet another complete and blatant lie. Bitch hadn't written anything of that sort in the Sex Note. She just wanted to mess with Celeste's head and keep her guessing. The worst punishment of all was uncertainty. Being uncertain what to trust was coming and what wasn't.

Because the two things Bitch had used the Sex Note to Rewrite were:

"Once she stops being a male for a day, Celeste Cervus will be seen and treated by everyone as a five year old girl and the adopted daughter of Andrew Creamtail, though she'll remain physically her current age until how people see her catches back up to adulthood."

And:

"Whatever else Celeste can be tricked into believing the Sex Note was used to do to her, becomes real as long as she believes it."

Bitch had given herself a blank check to mess with Celeste however her mad little sissy brain felt it wanted to.

Andrew looked at Gina and nodded. "I see." He paused, letting his hands fall away from Gina. There was no doubt in his voice at all, and his body language never turned hostile towards her. He trusted Gina. "If I find it, I swear to burn it. Or if I can't, seal it someplace safe." He tilted his head. "What do you intend on doing with those pages?"

Player 1:

"Y-you're lying!" Celeste growled as she was jerked along out of the elevator. Try as she might, she could not break the grip Bitch had on her hand. "Just give it up. Let me go. If I get my hands on that book, you'll be sorry. You, you..." she squirmed a bit. "Bitch, stop! I have to use the bathroom. Let me go. I need to use the potty! "

Gina listened to Andrew, frowning. "I plan on keeping them safe. You can't throw the book away. I tried. And it resisted my efforts to destroy it when I had it long ago. I don't even know exactly how this page came into my possession; it just found itself in my mailbox one morning years after the book vanished, and I knew what it was from once I touched it." Gina looked up at him, a stern expression on her muzzle. "I don't know what's going on, but I feel almost as if the notebook is trying to finish whatever was started when someone else and I found it, long ago. At least I hope that'll be the end of it..." A sigh of relief left Gina's chest. She had been afraid of what he might have done if he didn't believe her. She was fully expecting to have to use at least a line of the page. "Do you really believe me? Just like that? "

Player 2:

Bitch looked down and looked at her smartphone, while leading Celeste out towards the exit of the Capitol Building. "You can hold it until we get home can't you?" She looked down at Celeste. "I mean, if you really are a big woman and not a little girl..." She smirked, and showed Celeste the weather report on her smartphone. "By the way, it looks like rain's coming. Do you think we'll have lightning on the way home, Little Miss Creamtail?"

Andrew Creamtail paused. "I mean... it sounds very far-fetched, yes... but..." he shrugged. "I have a private Nanny named Bitch. I have a daughter who talks about having a stock portfolio.

I'm the youngest Mayor Whitetail Bluffs has had in a long time. And my long-lost best friend is now my secretary." He said, leaning over to kiss Gina on the lips.

"I think it's hard for me to believe that anything's impossible at this point. So yes... I trust you. I'm curious how it'd even work, but I trust you."

Player 1:

Celeste huffed and puffed her cheeks out. "Y-You're trying to make me pee-pee myself like some little girl--" She froze, eyes wide as she realized what she'd just said out loud. That wasn't what she wanted to say! "I'm not going to piss in my panties. But you're trying to make me do it! Just let me go to the bathroom. I won't be able to hold it in. I know my body." She jerked her arm weakly, unable to force her nanny off her chosen path. They were so close! She could see the sign for the bathrooms nearby as they walked towards the exit of the building!

Back in the office, Gina blushed and reached up to her boss, Mayor Andrew Whitetail. Her hand ran though the fuzz on his cheek as she kissed him back. "Me finding you and getting this job isn't magic, by the way. I worked very hard to get where I am. I'm also very, very good at my job." She smiled at him, letting a soft giggle slip past her lips. "It's frighteningly simple. All you have to do is write what you want on the page." She looked back at the paper, feeling her heart race. There was always a kind of thrill whenever she had used the Sex Note in the past. A heady, addictive sensation.

"Do you want to try something?"

Player 2:

Mean Old Nanny Bitch looked down at Celeste, holding her arm with one hand while putting the other on her hip. "Use your manners, little girl. Ask Nanny if you can use the toilets like a sweet, polite little girl. Show me that you're worthy of the Creamtail name."

She turned to start tugging Celeste away. "Or you can hold it in the car... and if not? Well, it's a good thing the back seat has a plastic lining just in case." She'd put the plastic lining there to help sell the "fear of thunder" lie she'd just told. Bitch had been planning her ideal revenge fantasies for years if she ever got hold of the Sex Note. "I'm sure your Daddy will accept it as valid evidence at long last that his little girl, even at age five, isn't ready to be out of training pants. I'm sure your new little classmates at school won't tease you at ALL for being the only kid in your class who still has to wear absorbent underthings. I'm sure you'll be the most popular kid in Whitetail Bluffs Prep School once you live THAT down."

"Then you're the most magical thing of all." Andrew Creamtail said, gazing into Gina's eyes. He took her hand, squeezing it tight, and pulling her up onto his lap, letting his secretary sit on him while he sat on his office chair. Gina could feel something pressing against her thighs through her boss's Kittie Suit Coat Pants. "The most beautiful, talented, amazingly clever woman I've ever met." He wrapped an arm around her waist, while looking over at the Notebook pages.

"I do have one or two things I'd like to try..." He said, a bit of a playful smile on his lips. "But only if you're willing to let me. How would you like to bear my fawns, Gina?"

Player 1:

A crack of thunder hit the air, as she fell to her knees and covered her ears. Celeste had fallen for it. Bitch had been left alone for so long with the book, that she just could not be sure about what he had written. The front of her overalls soaked through, as she lost control and wet herself. She was a grown woman, and she was too afraid of some stupid storm to keep her bladder under control!

She sniffled, trying to stay calm. She was not going to give this damn sissy the satisfaction of watching her cry! She just had to bide her time. Her revenge would be swift, and no one would be free from her wrath.

"I-I would." She felt her heart racing. Her tail was swishing like a feather duster behind her body and she did not care if he heard it. "I'd want nothing more than that. To really be your doe... Drew, you're such a wonderful buck. You've always been kind with me and so patient. You'll be the best father in the world."

She hugged him, blushing softly. He would feel her face tearing up against his chest. "Fawns? As in plural?" She looked up at him. "You'd want to have... I'd love to have a big family with you. It would be wonderful! Just think about it... We would both come home at night and have dinner with the kids, then we could just gather in the living room and cuddle up on the couch." She giggled. "Then, after bath time, a story in our big king sized bed, just big enough for all of us. We'd tuck them all in and give them a kiss goodnight, then just the two of us. A big bed, with the cold air on. I'd cuddle up to you... your muscles are more comfortable than any pillow. I can just... God, I sound so corny..." she rubbed her eye quickly.

Player 2:

And then, Bitch twisted the knife. "Aww... sweetie..." Two big arms wrapped around Celeste's arms. Someone was holding her, comforting her. Petting her hair. "Sssh sssh sssh... it's ok... the scary noises can't hurt you, Little Miss Creamtail." Nanny Bitch held the trembling doe there, whispering reassuring words into her ear, holding her and making sure she was ok... all while

she stood there in the middle of the front room of City Hall, her overalls soaked, and tears in her eyes.

Andrew Creamtail didn't respond at first, at least not with words. He reached forward and grabbed a pen. On one of the pages Gina had brought, he simply wrote down a single sentence:

"Gina can have children, as many as she wants, just like any woman designated female at birth."

And then, another sentence after that.

"Every part in Gina's body feels just as pleasurable for her as if she'd been born with them."

He reached his hand up to stroke at her left breast, gently teasing her. "You know this means you're going to have to keep up with me, right?" The big buck grunted. "I'm being a gentleman now. But mating season isn't over... and you have been just VERY naughty, teasing me with that wonderful scent and that cute little tail... I might just knock you up before I get a chance to put a ring on your finger." Andrew Creamtail let himself get lost in lust for a moment, before hesitating, a frown dampening the enthusiasm on his face. "Aaaah... dang it... are you ok with Celeste? She's my daughter. I would understand if you wanted nothing to do with her, but... I need to make sure she's happy and taken care of..."

He wanted nothing more than to have the life she was describing. It sounded like heaven. A happy family. Drew had always wanted to be a dad.

But he needed to know that Gina would accept him and his almost-teenage daughter before he could let himself go wild.

Player 1:

Celeste tried pushing her off as she was dragged outside, but failed. The doe was desperate. This was the monster that did this to her. Why was she being nice now? Why was she crying? She was absolutely bawling into her nanny's shoulder. She hugged her tightly, scared of her further and the storm that was closing in on the town.

Another flash of lightning came across the sky and she screamed in absolute terror. Her grip tightened around Bitch's chest. "Bwaaaaa!" She cried, too afraid to come up with anything clever or threatening. She was a grown woman and a scared little girl all at the same time. Bitch's plan was working...

Celeste hugged the sissy Nanny, a sniveling mess. "Imma big girl. I can't-I'm not supposed to wear... don't put me in them..." She jumped a bit, as the rain started to hit them from above. "I went to college." She boo-hooed. "I was gonna be engaged! I had so much moneeeey!"

Gina let out a moan, as she leaned into his touch. Even before the Rewrite Gina had loved it when he touched her, but now as a doe it was unparalleled. This was incredible! She could feel her panties grow moist at his simple touch. "I love every part of you." She said softly. "Celeste is your daughter. I'll love her just as much as any fawn I have with you. She'll be our daughter, the first of many... or many sons. Whatever the Vixens give us." She smiled at him, flashing her perfect white smile. She was positively glowing.

"And I'll keep up with you. I'll make sure your every need is taken care of." The secretary gave her boss, her mate, her love, a smug smirk, then put her hand on his, keeping it to her breast. "I'll go until my legs are jelly and you have to carry me out, if I have to. You're my first and only true love. Always have been." Gina closed her eyes. "We need to finish up the day, though. We still have work to do. We'll have plenty of time when city hall closes. "

Player 2:

Celeste would be scooped up by her Nanny, who felt another trickle of wetting as the thunder hit. "There there... Nanny has you, you're safe and warm... let's get you to the potty, Cel-Cel. Can't drive aaaaalll the way home in wet panties, can we pretty girl? The City Hall has a daycare with training panties that should JUST fit a brave girl like you, though... Nanny is so proud of her little Cel-Cel for being brave against the scary thunder... let's just get you nice and dry, and when we get home we can give big girl panties another try, ok sweetie?"

The big white buck grinned, reaching up to peel her panties off, before hearing Gina say they needed to finish up. His ears drooping, the buck let his future wife's panties go, and sighed. "Aww..." He looked down at his paperwork. Suddenly, it seemed a lot less fun to actually do his job, when he'd just gotten riled up. Andrew Creamtail had a bit of a monogamy fetish.

Or maybe a Gina fetish. He just found her the most sexy thing in the entire world.

Looking back down at the papers Gina had produced, he thought about what changes he'd make if he was allowed to be entirely selfish. If he let himself think only of himself and no one else. If he was a vindictive little bitch, that was. Was there temptation there? To take the pages for himself and be a tyrant? Sure. He could see himself as an alphamale, ruling over a whole city hall populated by does eager to be bred by him.

But Andrew Creamtail felt he was a good man.

He wanted to keep that illusion.

So there was just one last change he made. One last Rewrite.

"Andrew Creamtail has been saving up and has just bought a wedding ring for his secretary. Once they're married, no one will consider their relationship scandalous, and they'll both be amazing sexual partners for themselves and anyone else they choose to share themselves with."

Ok, maybe he could let himself be a TINY bit selfish...

But he couldn't wait to get home with his new lover!

It was midnight.

Everyone in the Creamtail Estate were in bed, save for one person.

Though the noises Bitch heard coming from the Master's bedchambers reminded the sissy Nanny that "in bed" did not mean "asleep". She walked slowly and quietly, trying to make sure Celeste wasn't following her. The doe had cried herself to sleep, certainly, but it could've been an act...

Regardless, Bitch had just one last thing left to do. Going out into the back yard, she got a shovel and began digging up the flower garden. Taking out a metal lockbox, she used a tiny key to unlock a padlock she'd put on it. A good steel lock, not something easily broken by a doe with the strength of a five year old fawn.

Inside, she pulled out a Notebook.

Titled the "Sex Note".

Staring down at it impassively, she flipped it open to the last page, flattened out the creased and rumbled and yellowed lined paper, and put pen to page. It was time for one last thing to be added, but it would be simplicity itself. Bitch wrote just two simple words:

The End

And in a puff of smoke, the Sex Note vanished out of the lives of those four individuals entirely.

Off to find its way to greener pastures of perverse pleasure.

The- Well, you saw the last Rewrite!