

Gift of the Squirrely Sweater (Rough Draft)

By: Firingwall

Knock. Knock. Knock. “What the hell?”

Alex yawned and hurried out of his bed, rushing towards the sound. Knock. Knock. Knock. It sounded like a visitor at the front door this early Christmas morning.

Who is this? He thought, rushing over to the door and looking into the peephole. *No one is supposed to be here until... what?*

Looking through that hole, there was no one outside. Curiosity getting the better of him, he opened the door and looked around. There was no one in the yard or around the corner. There didn't even seem to be any footprints in the freshly fallen snow.

...well, that's just... huh? The blond-haired man's eyes fell to his feet. On his doormat was a little surprise. There laid a silver present done up with a red bow, an envelope underneath its wrappings. Thankfully, the weather had not damaged it.

Alex's head tilted as he knelt down, picking it up. It wasn't heavy and shaking it gently, there wasn't a rattle either. Curiouser and curiouser.

He took the present inside from the cold and set it on the table near the door. He carefully undid the bow and opened the envelope. There was a plain white card in it, holding a simple message: “Merry Christmas to you, lucky boy~”

That only made things even more mysterious and weird to him. *Is it my mom... grandma?* Alex shook his head. *No way. They'd just bring it over if that was the case and not hide. Maybe a delivery person... who just appeared and disappeared. Right.*

Alex wasn't getting anywhere with trying to guess. He tore open the paper and popped the lid on the box. Within was a wooly Christmas sweater. It had a green body with a red collar, sleeves, and hemline. Dotting it in its center were chestnuts.

...okay, maybe it was Andi? He thought about his older aunt. This definitely seemed like something she would have gotten him as a joke or even sincerely.

Regardless, a sweater was a sweater, and Alex was still feeling a bit of a chill from opening that door. He pulled the sweater over his head and put it on.

Thankfully, the oddly nutty, holiday present fit him rather well. It was snug and comfortable, instantly warming him up. Even though it looked like it, it wasn't itchy or rubbed oddly against his skin. It was all VERY nice.

Alex looked down at himself, a small smile coming to his face. He could wear something like this. He stood there, silent, admiring the look. He blinked a few times, his eyelashes seeming to get longer and almost with an expressive flutter of sorts.

The silence broke as he then spoke suddenly, his voice light and airy, “Awwww... ain’t I just the cutest in this?”

He flinched. “Like, whaaaaaaa?” He coughed and hit his chest, his silly, light-hearted pitch dropping and returning to his natural one.

However, a side reaction happened as his top, front teeth wiggled. They turned bleached-white and shiny before growing. They stretched out several inches, popping out of his mouth like cartoon buck teeth. They pressed gently against his bottom lip, the young man none the wiser to their enlarged shape.

“What was that?” He muttered; his speech still perfectly fine. “What was wrong with my voice? Why did I talk like that? Was that... no... Can’t be right.”

He shook his head, his soft, dull blond hair bouncing. Even stopping his shaking, his hair riffled like the wind was blowing through it. Its dull shade brightened and brightened even more. Its color became a pure, oddly flat yellow, all strands of hair just kind of melding together.

“Just... probably sleepy or something.” He muttered it, but wasn’t sure if that was anywhere close to a good enough explanation. What could?

Either way, he wasn’t wrong about being sleepy. He suddenly found himself yawning, stretching his arms. He could use a bit of a wake-me-up. It was going to be a long Christmas, and it called for a nice cup of coffee.

He turned and headed for his kitchen. His stride was normal and lumbering, the man hunching forward as he tried to wake up. However, as he walked, his stance shifted. He slowly rose to stand straight, his chest pushing out.

His walking shifted to something more dainty, footsteps softer and more careful. His hips swayed from side to side, slightly at first before growing more exaggerated. His feet seemed to stretch forward a few inches, toes merging into four and turning round. White, fluffy fur sprouted over them as pink pads appeared on his soles and toes, adding to their toony look.

He stepped up to his kitchen cabinets and opened the one with his coffee maker in it. He smiled and reached his hands for it. However, they stopped just as they laid their mitts on it and pulled it out a smidgen.

Mmmmm, I dunno... is, like, hot coffee what I reeeeeeally want today? I dunno, it just doesn’t seem all that festive, ya know?

“...yeah...” He muttered, agreeing with the girly voice in his mind. “I need something else... something better. Oh! Hot chocolate is good!”

His hands pushed the coffee maker back into its place and closed the door. His mind and gaze wandered away from them as he thought about what he'd need to make his beverage. The lack of focus missed as his hands changing abruptly. They grew white fur as well, fingernails vanishing as his ring and pinky fingers merged together.

He looked around, thinking over every ingredient and item he would need. "Hmmm, let's see... I'll need this... that... hmmm." He started raiding kitchen cupboards and cabinets. His hips wiggled and swayed with each step, a soft, lady-like hum on his lips as he gathered his supplies.

With each wiggle, his lower half began increasing. His hips stretched and rounded, making his waist look narrower than it was. His sweatpants stretched in the back as his butt ballooned. Buttcheeks grew and grew into a big, heart-shaped bubble behind. None of this he noticed, too busy with his plans.

Alex took a sip from his mug and shivered. He had really outdone himself today. His hot chocolate was wonderful. He let out a sigh and high-pitch, "Ooooooo, delish~!"

Licking his lips, he glanced down at himself. His lovely Christmas sweater was left unstained and untouched by all of his hard work. He was thankful for that, though a little confused by something else. His sweater looked oddly different, stretched out past his knees. It puffed out almost like a gown around his hips, the whole extended bit pure, velvet green.

"Oh my!" His voice cracked, his teeth bleach-white and shiny. "Awwww, my sweater is looking even cuter than ever!"

Alex shook his head, his cheeks growing red. He gently rubbed his face, wondering out loud, "Oh dearie me! Something is totally wrong with moi. It's not just being up early and not drinking my hot cocoa! Whatever is the matter?"

Wondering away, his sweater began to gently, subtly squeeze him. It tightly hugged his entire form, compressing more and more. His figure shrank as his shoulders pulled inward. Fat and muscle mass fell back to a thin, womanly figure. The feeling definitely struck the most in his waist, pushing in more and more until it was narrow as Jessica Rabbit's waistline.

He tapped his chin a few times and sighed. "Hmmm... this thinkin' calls for more chocolate in my tummy!"

He took another swig from his hot chocolate and sighed. His body tensed up as the sweet, warm goodness rolled through him. His chest quivered and shook, his sweater tenting as the area expanded.

He chuckled as his mind swirled, his sweater dress shifting form further. Everything felt so strange and odd to him. Everything was just so inexplicable and unimaginable that he could hardly comprehend it.

But on the other hand, he felt soooo happy and silly as well. He felt like giggling, so he did just so. He giggled away as his face shifted further. His nose shrank and flared, turning bright pink as it squirrel-ified. His ears stretched and shrunk, rounding in shape as white fur grew over them on the outside while pink sprouted on the inside.

Ears shifting to the top of his head, he looked down at his sweater again. It looked greatly different now. The bottom portion stretched all the way down to his feet like a proper ball gown with red trimming. The sleeves and shoulders were gone, the sweater stretched down and around his small chest. The material didn't look as wooly either, more satin-like.

His sweater was undeniably a dress, pure and simple. "Oh my!" He took another drink and giggled. His chest ballooned up all at once, going from A-cup to a mighty D. His dress' corset top stretched greatly, showing off some impressive cleavage. "Ooooh my~!"

"This is cute!" His smile faded and confusion appeared. "...riiiight?" He smiled again. "Like, this dress is soooo me, even more than that sweater!" He frowned again. "Right?" Alex pondered that particular again, tapping his chin and ingesting more of his hot chocolate until it was all gone.

The longer he thought though, the more fuzzy he became. Besides his hair thickening and growing long, falling down to his hips, white fur was sprouting everywhere. It started in his chest and spread all across his torso and across his limbs. The sensation left him feeling rather warm... but also very happy.

Grinning, he stopped his tapping and got to declaring eagerly, "Yeeeeeahh! This dress is soo me and so cute! Everything is soooo cute and perfect for the season!"

He smiled brightly, his grin growing wider and longer. His face shot forward into a muzzle while his cheeks pulled out to the side, giving them a very distinctly toony animal look. A look that fitted them quite well as white fur coated her face, completing the image.

Alex looked down at herself, bending a bit further over to look past her blocking breasts. "Ooooooh, truly what a wonderful dress this is!" She did a little spin, playfully holding the gown up a little. "This dress... this wonderful hot chocolate... everything... it's feeling me with the Christmas Spirit and... and FUZZINESS!"

POOF! RIP! In the back of her dress, a huge hole ripped open. A large, puffy squirrel tail wider and thicker than her torso popped out. It stretched up and out, curling at its end.

Her tail swayed about happily as the hole stretched until the material itself started to change. The torn hole repaired itself, changing more into a purposely made hole with a zipper meant to allow a tail through. The gown portion stretched further out, adding to its elegance. She even rose up an extra inch or two as her slippers converted into green, high heels.

“Yeeeeeah.. Fuzziness~” She giggled, wiggling her bouncing bottom and fluffy tail. For the first time that morning, everything was clear. She felt focused, she felt renewed.

“I feel different too...” And taking one more look down at herself, she knew why and could properly express it. “Veeeeeeery different!” She rubbed her face, feeling her mug and even pulling at her round ears, which snapped back when she let she go.

“Ooooooh, right! Hehehe, now I get it!” She smiled and did a twirl. “I’m Alice Acorn, the most darling squirrel there ever was!”

She reached behind her back and pulled out a large mirror, setting it down in front of her. She gazed into it and winked. “Not to mention the most cutest of squirrels too!”

Alice stared at her reflection, which winked right back and did a twirl. “Such a beautiful dress for such a beau-T-ful moi! This is gonna be a Christmas to remember!”

THE END