

# Oh Deer! A Christmas Tale

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Story done for [Wyraachur](#)

Knock. Tap. Knock. Tap. Knock. Tap.

“Okay, okay! I’m coming!” Peter huffed, getting up from his sofa and turning towards his front door. The man had been busy channel surfing when a strange noise had come a-calling.

As he started to head towards the entrance, his eyes fell on the window. It was dark and even if it weren’t, it still would be impossible to see out there. A huge snowstorm had set in, a white, blurry haze overtaking what felt like the whole town.

*Who the hell is this?* The long, white-haired man thought as he headed towards his door. *Maybe someone got into a wreck out there? ...if that’s not it, I don’t know who’d be crazy enough to be out there...*

Peter approached the door and checked the peephole. White. Nothing but white. *Guess snow covered that up as well...*

Still, curious, the man opened the door a crack to check. He was greeted by soft, brown fur... and muscle. His gaze turned up, seeing more muscle until he saw a large, sturdy muzzle smiling down on him.

“Hey there~ Gonna let me in? Kinda cold and snowing out here.” Peter stepped back, his heart racing and body shaking. “Oh... well okay then! I’ll just invite myself in!”

The door swung open and swung close just as quickly, the cold and snow thankfully not penetrating his warm abode. However, a reindeer anthro just had.

And what a reindeer anthro it was. He was very tall and very strong with impressive, bulky muscles. He had long, dark brown hair and hair growth on his chin, arms, and chest. More importantly, he was rather scantily-dressed... or barely dressed. He wore red straps around his arms and legs, a green wreath around his collar, and tight, red underwear that did nothing to conceal his large male package.

The reindeer smiled warmly. “Any who, allow me to introduce myself. My name is Memphis, the Christmas Reindeer.~ I am here to bring joy and warmth to your heart this holiday, chilly season.”

Peter said nothing. His back against the wall, he just stared at the reindeer with disbelief.

Memphis chuckled, shaking his head. He leaned in, his muzzle only a few inches away from Peter’s face. “You’ve been a good boy this year, but one that has been dealing with a lot of difficulties and frustrations.”

Peter frowned. He didn't like being reminded of that. However, sensing his discomfort, Memphis patted him on the shoulder, adding with a cheerful boast, "As such, I'm here to make everything better and ensure you'll have a wonderful holiday season."

The human said nothing. What could he really do in this situation? A strange reindeer had walked into his home uninvited in the middle of a snowstorm. He had no idea what the proper response to any of this was.

The reindeer flashed another brilliant smile and reached behind his back. Peter took a deep breath.

"Merry Christmas!" As if by magic, the reindeer pulled out a bright green present wrapped in a lovely red bow. He held it up to him, adding a playful wink to the mix.

Peter looked between the reindeer and the gift. He was confused, confused by many things that had led to this peculiar situation.

However, he was also rather curious. He took the gift and undid the bow. The reindeer stepped back as he popped open the cover on the present.

Inside of it was a new, odd sight. It was a bright green sweater with a cartoony deer head on it. It looked all shocked with a thought balloon that read, "Oh Deer!"

Peter's head tilted. He again looked between the sweater and the reindeer, who was looking at him with such an eager, excited expression. All Peter could muster was a simple, "What is this?"

"It's a Christmas sweater, silly! Why don't you try it on? I bet you'll look great in it!"

He stared at the sweater and just shrugged. Well, it wasn't like he had any better ideas given this situation. He took out the sweater and slipped it on over his head.

After carefully getting his long, white hair out of the collar, he looked back to the reindeer. "Okay, I tried it on. So, what now?"

"Well, how about we shake on having a good holiday season then?" The deer held out his hand to him. That certainly was not the response Peter was expecting.

But, again, he decided to just go with the flow on this. He held his hand out to greet it, but immediately snapped it back. His heart raced, his eyes blinking quickly. Something was wrong.

A quick look of his hand confirmed the issue. The tips of his fingers had been overtaken by some hard, dark-brown material, similar to the reindeer's own. Reddish brown hairs were also growing at the base and flowing down his fingers.

Peter gasped, watching his digits be overtaken by the fur growth. He looked to his other hand, seeing the same thing was happening to it as well. The same finger hooves and fur coating... just like a certain visitor of his now.

“Wha-what is going?!” He twitched. “Uuuugh, why do I feel warm and itchy too?” He scratched at his arms, trying to dig through the sweater as best he could.

“Oh, that’s just the Christmas Spirit filling you.” The reindeer’s grin widened. “Filling you just like it did with me.”

Peter scratched more and more, but it didn’t seem to help. In fact, he felt even warmer than before and that itchy feeling was spreading, though not as intensely. He could feel that odd sensation spread to shoulders and then his chest and torso. It was annoying.

He brushed his head, letting out a loud pant. “Okay, seriously, what is going on?”

“Heh, I thought I told you already.” The reindeer leaned in and winked. “The Christmas Spirit is filling you up and flowing through, just like it did with **me**.”

It then fully clicked with Peter. “Wait... I’m turning into-”

RIP! He looked over his shoulder. His sweatpants had ripped open at the top. A brown, fuzzy reindeer tail with a white tip had popped out. The skin around it was completely coated in fur as well. Lifting his sweater and shirt up, he could see a light, tannish brown fuzz on his belly.

“Whoa... this is-” Once again, he found himself cut off. Not by a sound, but another sensation. This one was far hotter, warmer, and a bit more... sensual. He shivered and shook, looking down towards his crotch. The area looked... bigger than before. It was as if his sweatpants were stretched out and holding in something larger than before, his legs spreading apart to allow for more room.

“Something wrong?” Memphis asked. His tone was innocent and naive, but the smirk and look in his eyes said everything.

Peter stared at his crotch and then looked at his hands. He twitched again, feeling that warmth/itchiness finally reach his legs. However, he merely shook his head.

His socks began to bulge and shift, tension coming to his feet. He readjusted his stance, fidgeting in place as his socks stretched further while going empty in the toes part. Eventually, the socks tore apart, revealing large, dark brown hooves. Hooves just like Memphis’.

Peter stomped one of his new feet, a loud **CLOMP** following it. *Yep, that’s real.*

“Hooves are great, aren’t they?” Memphis chuckled, doing the same. “But now, it’s time for the “head”liner~.” Peter responded the only way he could: a loud, exhausted groan at that terrible pun.

He then groaned when he felt an ache reach his top at last. His neck first expanded and widened; some extra muscle mass being added. His ears stretched out and away as fur sprouted

over them and everywhere else. The shape of his head turned more dome-ish and his cheekbone widened as his face crept forward. His nostrils flared, teeth thickening as his jaws were pulled forward. Eventually, his head was distinctly cervine.

Just as he thought it was over, his white hair turning mahogany in tone, he felt another twinge. From the top of his dome, two bumps emerged. They grew more and more until they eventually burst open. No blood was shed, just large, powerful antlers growing from them.

And with that, a new reindeer stood there. He had a confused look on his face, his hand coming up to feeling his muzzle. After properly examining it, he took out his phone and checked himself in it for a better look, his eyes widening.

“Sooo, what do you think?” Memphis asked.

Peter stared at his image. “Well... it’s... it’s rather nice. I do look pretty cool. It’s just this is all kind of unexpected and a little out there, ya know? It’s nice, but different.”

“Hmmm... just mostly nice?” He let out a chuckle. “Well, I feel it’s rather... *naughty*.~”

“Is this another dumb pun or isOoooooooooooo!~” Peter shivered, fingers twitching. In the crotch of his pants, the bulge grew. It swelled past grapefruit size and to something far larger, his sweatpants tightening on it.

“What was that?” Memphis chuckled, stepping right up to Peter. He leaned down to him and stroked his muzzle softly. “Did my naughty reindeer have something to say?”

Peter moaned again, a strong musk coming off of him as his mind grew hazy. The crotch of his sweatpants grew more and more by the second. There was a tear, brown fur poking through. There was another tear, something bulky poking out.

And then, it all burst out. The crotch of his sweatpants tore open, a large, brown, furry sheath and balls popping out. From the sheath, a large, red, cervine dick had emerged, fully erect and throbbing. His new male parts were already considerably larger than his old ones.

Peter blushed, his jaw dropping. “Heh, very nice.” The reindeer visitor cooed, “What do you think? Aren’t you happy?”

The new beastman looked to him and slowly nodded. Despite everything, the shock was fading fast. Something far better and more exciting was filling him. It was all quite sensual.

“That’s good, but honestly, just because you have the equipment, I wonder... can you even properly wield it?” Without even waiting for an answer this time, the reindeer reached down and grabbed Peter’s cock. He gave it a pump, firm and strong.

Peter’s eyes dilated. He bellowed out a long, lustful moaned. His body felt ablaze with passion and desire. Something clicked within his mind.

The changed man started to smile, his hand reaching up and stroking Memphis' pecs. "Oh... so you want to see what I can do?"

His smile turned to a smirk as both of his hands gripped Memphis' sides. His hands and then his arms quivered, swelling in size and ballooning with muscle. With a simple jerk, he spun Memphis around so that his back was to him.

The reindeer laughed. "Oh, is this how it's gonna be? You think you can handle alllll of this?"

Peter huffed, slowly gaining inch after inch. "You bet. I'll show you what I can do!~"

As soon as he was tall as the reindeer visitor, his hands clamped down on the guy's shoulders. They tightly squeezed the beefy anthro, his arms twitching slightly. The sound of tears followed as his dense arms ripped through his sweater.

He grabbed Memphis' underwear and pulled, ripping it off with ease. The guy's response was a devious chuckle and a playful wiggle of his rear, his tail raising up to expose his butt more.

Not waiting a second longer, Peter plunged his rod into the anthro's bum. Both of them bellowed out, their bodies on fire and mind's going foggy. Peter panted heavily, his chest rising and lowering with each gasp. His sweater began to tighten as his torso began expanding, chest growing as his waist widened.

*Need... need to do more!* Peter took a deep breath and started to pull back on his rod, quivering the entire time. Once pulled out enough, he thrust back in with all his might. His legs shook, sweatpants tearing apart. His legs bulked up to his arm size, filled with muscles. His own butt grew to be as tight and firm as Memphis'.

He pulled back out and thrust back in over and over and over. The two reindeer men moaned, lust dripping out of every pleasurable cry. Each thrust brought new bulk and muscle mass to Peter, slowly pushing him up to Memphis' size and girth. Each thrust stretched and stretched his poor sweater past its limits.

The two reindeer moaned louder and heavier the more they did it. Their balls churned, muscles spasming, and a strong musk came off of them. Everything was just incredible.

Eventually, Peter's sweater had enough. It stretched far too much, holes forming and tears opening. His torso had grown impressively, his pecs bulging to mighty sizes as an eight-packed appeared on his once pudgy stomach. It couldn't handle it anymore.

And neither could the two beasts. Their pupils dilated as Peter bellowed first, his cock erupting and cumming deep into Memphis' ass. Memphis bellowed a second later, his own cock blowing and coating the ground. With both of them crying out, Peter's sweater broke at long last, leaving him completely naked in all of his nude, buff, reindeer glory.

After several seconds that felt like minutes, the two of them came down from their lustful mate. Peter pulled out as the two sunk to the ground, leaning against each other. Peter panted heavily, trying to regain his composure. That was something new for him.

Memphis, on the other hand, seemed more together and gently nuzzled him. “So, how are we feeling now?”

Peter turned to him and gave him his own mischievous smirk. “I feel both nice and very naughty~. How’s that?”

The reindeer laughed. “Gooooood. Now, you’re getting into the spirit. My job is done.”

Peter looked down at himself, finally taking in the tattered remains of his Christmas sweater. His ears lowered. “Ehhhh... sorry about wrecking the sweater. It... it really couldn’t be helped, ya know?”

“Ha! It’s fine! Given everything, I’d be surprised if it remained somewhat wearable.” He stroked Peter’s face. “Don’t worry about it. It’ll materialize later, and you can use it again on yourself or even share it with someone special.”

“Well, that’s good to know.” Peter smiled and nuzzled him back.

“Glad to be of service, but sadly, I must go.” Memphis nuzzled him one last time and slowly got to his hooves. He snapped his fingers, a new pair of red underwear appearing around his bum.

“Wait, really?” Peter’s heart sunk. He had only just met his new friend. How could he just be going so soon?

“Sorry man, but I really got to. Lots of other people need some love and cheering up this holiday season, ya know?” The former human nodded. That did make sense, though it was still very disappointing to see him leave.

*Unless...* Peter quickly got up. “H-hey, I was just thinking... you know what would make spreading the love and cheer around better this season? Ma-maybe two reindeer!”

Memphis paused, giving him a curious look. “Oh? Does someone want to help spread the cheer around with me?”

Peter nodded. “Yes. Yes I do.”

His friend placed an arm around him and brought him in close. “Well then, that I can do. We just need to get you some proper reindeer attire, and you can be all set for some holiday cheer with me.”

The new beast quivered. This was going to be a wonderful Christmas, especially getting to celebrate it in a new, fun way~