

A Were-Reindeer for the Season

By: Firingwall

3... 2... 1... and midnight...

Dec. 1st

Melissa let out a small sigh, scratching her face. The time had come. That time of year had arrived once more. A season for joy, fun, merriment, and other similar adjectives and descriptors. It was December, the big season of holidays.

And towards the end of it all was a big one: Christmas. A holiday like no other, meant to bring out the best in people, the Church appointed birthday of Jesus, a tribute to heavy spending and commercialism, or possibly all three. Melissa didn't really think or view Christmas in any of those ways anymore though.

Not since the "holiday spirit" came to her.

She felt tingle just then. She opened the camera app on her phone and flipped it to look at her. *Let's see what the damage is already*, she thought, *probably just... oh. Well, that's new.*

Looking at her visage on the phone, she could see her cute-ish, thick-rimmed glasses-wearing face. And on her chin in particular, there were some rather scruffy, dark-chocolate brown hairs. It was facial hair from what she could tell.

I never get facial hair, she thought, feeling her chin gently. It was soft, but a little rough, like a few days after shaving her legs.

She pondered that curious development before something else drew her attention. Her hair ruffled gently as two large antlers grew out from underneath it. They had two small branches on them, the points simply blunt and not dangerous. Given what she would become, dangerous would not be acceptable.

"And there's those things. Good-bye normal shorts and tops." Melissa said, feeling her large editions.

Her ears twitched just then, a milk chocolate shade of fur sprouting over their backs. Her lobes faded into her head as her ears stretched to the sides, their shape turning oval-ish and pointed at the tips. The insides concaved, cream white fur growing on the inside while brown covered the rest.

Melissa now had cervine ears. She poked one of them carefully, which twitched again. She closed her eyes and focused, the sound of her roommates snoring and sleeping a few rooms over now coming in loud and clear.

Gonna have to get used to sensitive ears again, she thought with an annoyed sigh. ...oh well, better to help me find all those sad saps that need some holiday cheer!~

Melissa bonked her head gently. No need to let the overwhelming need for holiday cheer and high spirit overtake her just yet. She wanted just a little bit more time as her normal self before she went holiday bonkers.

She looked over her image again, staring at her messy, spiky locks. Her hair was smoother and straighter now. Its tone was brighter and glossier, her dark chestnut color a little lighter too. She ran a hand through her it, noticing all the knots and bunches were gone. Everything had really smoothed out.

As she felt her hair, running her fingers down, her locks felt a bit long in the back. Looking closely over her shoulder and then back at the phone, her hair was definitely longer. What once barely reached her shoulders now cascaded down her back a bit. Long strands in front of her ears grew down to just above her shoulder blades.

“That’s new as well,” she commented, scratching her chin, “Very new. My hair never gets this long...” In the back of her mind, she had to wonder if this was another case where ‘big’ changes were needed due to a low amount of holiday cheer in the air.

But then again, she never really understood how this were-reindeer stuff worked and usually just went with it. Her nose turned black and bumpy, nostrils flaring. The tip of her nose raised up, snout widening and nostrils turning on their sides. Her nose’s shape shifted further and further until it was a big, cervine snout.

She let out a small, animalistic snort and sneeze, quickly rubbing her nose. The powerful senses were already kicking in there too. She could already pick up on the scent of some gloomy people in the area not too far that needed some cheering up.

Her body trembled, but she shook her head again. “Not yet,” she grumbled, “Can’t go yet. Just need... need to finish changing and **then fun times~**”

Her voice dropped, a deeper bass coming from her mouth. It was a familiar voice she was used to hearing this time of year. It was her more fitting, beastly one.

Around her facial hair, more hair began to sprout. It was a light brown grew up and around her chin before circling around her mouth and nose. It spread across the rest of her face, up her cheeks and over her brows. Her eyebrows and facial hair thickened and darkened, helping to stand out more.

And with that, she felt a crack in her face, a numbing feeling in her mouth. Her jaws began extending forward, her head reshaping itself. Her teeth grew dense and more similar to molars with each centimeter her face extended. Her brow thickened, her head turning a little more dome-ish. With a few more cracks, her head fully reshaped into that of anthro were-reindeer.

Melissa felt her cheeks warm up, sensing beneath her fur was a gentle blush. *Damn I look handsome*, she thought eagerly, confidence rising and excitement growing, *gees, I get hotter ever year!*

The dam was bursting, the overwhelming, enthusiastic personality and feelings of her new self coming forward. She could not stop them and neither did she want to. It was all too good now!

Her right arm trembled, her eyes being pulled over to it as she dropped her phone. Her fingernails had already turned black and thick, swallowing her fingertips and turning into mini-hooves. Light brown fur was cloaking her hands and spreading up.

She could feel her muscles pulse as the pelt went up her limb, a wide, eager grin coming to her. She lifted her arm and gave it a good squeeze.

RIP! Her sleeve burst open as her arm ballooned up almost in an instant. Her arm had to be at least triple its size from its scrawny form, her biceps bulging just incredibly. Amusingly, while her arm was covered in brown fur, there were traces of dark brown, scraggly patches that looked like regular arm hair.

“Heh, I’m REALLY getting big and manly this year!” There was some definite truth to that. The new facial hair, new patches of body hair onto her fur, the bigger muscles: it was all adding up to a bigger were-reindeer this year.

She let out a small snort as a new, strong rush came down below. She panted deeply as she focused on the crotch of her sweatpants. They were suddenly bulging and tenting, dampening as well. A powerful, lustful aroma was rising up from them and entering her nostrils, her pupils dilating.

Her large hand instantly reached down and ripped open her pants. Out popped a very large sheath and set of furry balls, the size of cantaloupes and growing. From the sheath was a foot or so long red cock, dripping pre and releasing a funky, enticing smell from it.

Melissa licked her chops and gripped her cock, letting out a large bellow. He grunted and moaned, “Ooooooh yes, so fucking goooooood.”

He quickly pumped his cock, panting heavily. He could feel more of his body began to grow, getting bigger and bigger by the second. This was going to definitely be the biggest, densest year for Memphis the Were-Reindeer yet and he couldn’t help but love it!