

# A Were-Reindeer for the Season and After

By: Firingwall

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

*Dec. 1<sup>st</sup>*

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 herself. *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 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 blunt and not dangerous. Given what she would become, dangerous would not be acceptable.

"And 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 sighed. *...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 it, noticing all the knots and bunches were gone. Everything had really smoothed out.

As she felt her hair, 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 could barely reach 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 along 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 sneezed, quickly rubbing her nose. The powerful senses were already kicking in there too. She could already pick up the scent of some gloomy people in the neighborhood that needed 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 amongst the fuzz.

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 like 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 a gentle blush. *Damn I look handsome*, she thought eagerly, confidence rising and excitement growing, *gees, I keep getting hotter every year!*

The dam was bursting, 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 in almost 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 beefy hand 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 gooooooood.”**

He quickly pumped his cock, panting heavily. He could feel more of his body 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!

*Dec. 26<sup>th</sup>*

**BZZZZZZZZZZT.**

“Mmmrgghhh...” A large hand reached over and slapped itself down on the nearby side table. It had popped out from underneath the covers, cloaking a rather large figure.

The hand patted around before grabbing a cellphone and pulling it under. There was silence, then a low groan, “Uuuuuugh, it’s already 10? I’ve been sleeping that... wait a minute...”

The figure sat up in bed, the covers falling off and unveiling their form. It was Memphis, the were-reindeer. The man was about two feet taller and wider than Melissa. His torso was bare, covered in soft brown fur with patches of dark brown fur over that looked like chest hair. His shoulders were massive, his pecs impressive, and his stomach housing an astounding eight-pack.

However, despite the impressive, striking form that he loved, the reindeer looked down at himself and huffed. Blowing some of his long hair from his eyes, he grabbed his cellphone and looked closely. "December 26, after Christmas... yet..."

He arose from his bed, only dressed in some tight, red boxer shorts. He was suffering some big morning wood, but he paid it no mind.

He left his room and strolled down the hallway to the kitchen, sound coming from it. Sure enough, he found his two roommates, JD and Rachel, cooking together. Looking at them both, he could see a problem going on here.

"You guys are back to normal," muttered Memphis, scratching the back of his head.

They turned and looked, sizing up their large roommate. "Well yeah, it's after Christmas," JD said, "I see... you're still not back to normal."

Memphis snorted annoyedly. The thing about the curse was that come early December, a person would turn into a big, hulking, cheery were-reindeer. After Christmas was done, the person would turn back to normal. It was getting earlier now with when change happened, but that was the rules as far as he could tell.

Sometime on Christmas, after all the parties and family get togethers had passed, Memphis liked getting his roomies in on the fun. It usually involved a lot of closeness, rubbing, hugging, fucking as he brought out their inner reindeer as well. But today...

"Well, his voice isn't AS deep as it was," Rachel said, putting some toast and eggs on a plate. She set it down at a table, offering a seat for the big anthro.

The reindeer nodded. His voice definitely wasn't as deep, now sounding like his girl voice but run through a male voice filter. Still, it wasn't what he expected or wanted.

The big anthro said as he took his seat, "I was looking a little forward to getting back to normal. I gotta get back to my job at the library and shit, but it'll be awkward coming back and looking like this."

JD took a sip from his glass of milk as he sat down with his food, "Didn't this happen last year though? You were stuck like this after Christmas but you turned back a little later."

Memphis' ears twitched as his mind turned back. Last year he recalled his were-reindeer form being bigger than the previous year as well. Then after Christmas, he was still like that. He was all worried and freaked out, but a few days later, everything sorted out.

*That is true...*

Rachel smiled brightly, saying, “Annnnd, look on the brightside, ‘hunksicle’, you get to spend more time like this. You do like being this big and feeling this good, right?”

*That’s also true*, Memphis admitted. Glancing over his arms and clenching his fists, watching his muscles bulge, it did give him a nice feeling of power. He felt great, full of energy, and warmth. This definitely wasn’t the worst thing in the world for sure.

“Also, there’s still more time to spread a little cheer around to others, right?” Rachel teased, nudging him in the shoulders, “We’re still in the holiday season after all. You do like cheering people up?”

Memphis could feel his heartbeat heavily at that. His cock twitched, boxers dampening a tad. While he certainly couldn’t spread the were-reindeer nature to others at this time, it didn’t mean he had to stop cheering people up and making them feel all warm ‘inside’.

“Y-yeah!” he said, “That’s right! I’m sure this will blow over eventually. I’ll just have tons of fun like this. I can afford to take a few more days off and live it up, make others feel good. There’s always somebody who needs cheering up.”

“That’s the spirit!” cheered Rachel, “That’s the reindeer attitude I like to see!”

Memphis smiled and dug into his breakfast. Things would be fine. Give it a few days, New Year’s Day at most, and he’d be back to his little, lady self again.

*Jan. 5<sup>th</sup>*

“So, still not over the whole Christmas Spirit thing, are ya?”

Memphis felt a vein pulse in his head, his fists clenching tightly. He really, really did not need this nonsense right now.

“No.” That’s as much as he could muster for the moment as he stared at himself. His clothing was ripped and torn from trying to get it on.

A few days after New Year’s and somehow, despite it all, the former woman still stood as a were-reindeer (or was it just reindeer now?). Long locks, facial and body hair over his fur coat, big antlers, big muscles, and large bulge that was threatening to burst out of his pants. All of it was still there instead of his dainty, normal, lady form.

In his mind, he knew it couldn’t be that there was still some holiday cheer or spirit left in him. He had long since been over being cheery and helpful. Now he was just frustrated, grumpy, and annoyed.

Annoyance only continued to grow when, in some feeble, desperate attempt to reach some semblance of normalcy, he tried on his old clothes. His pants split down the sides and he couldn’t

fully pull up his zipper. His button-up shirt couldn't reach across his wide chest to button up, while arm sleeves tore.

Memphis huffed, "I'd actually like to, ya know, wear my old clothes instead of my stupid fetish outfit, but everything keeps breaking!"

He trembled at the idea of having to wear his getup from the holidays that was part of his "cheering up" routine. He never really liked it too much, only really liking or tolerating it when he was magically filled with cheer and stuff. He definitely wasn't going to put it on when it wasn't the holidays anymore and his standards were back.

JD grinned, sizing up his roommate. Memphis snorted. He didn't need any of his roommates jokes right now.

However, instead of joking, his friend said, "I'm sure Rach wouldn't mind sharing some of his stuff. I'm borrowing his until I finally get to the mall."

Memphis gave him a look. JD was looking big, buff, and furry once again after a little incident with a curious energy drink a few days ago. Unlike the reindeer, the new guy took his changes in stride and was having fun with them.

As for Rachel herself/himself, they had a habit of turning into a big guy more often than not. As such, they tended to buy a lot of clothes for large men instead of for smaller women. Helped to have a backup wardrobe for random situations.

"Well fine, that may solve that problem," mumbled Memphis, "But that doesn't fix any of my other issues right now, like the fact that I'm still a goddamn, fucking reindeer!"

JD shrugged, saying, "Well, that's definitely a problem. Maybe it's time you consult a doctor about this... or one of the witches next door? Maybe they have a solution instead of just waiting?"

"Probably should... but what if they can't find anything or help me? What if I'm stuck like this forever?!" It was a legitimate thing on Memphis' mind. While being a big, buff guy had been fun, he really didn't want to be like this all of the time. He had friends, family, a social life, a job...

"CRAP! I just remembered! I can't keep putting off work anymore, but I can't go back to work like this! It would be weird and fucking awkward as hell!"

JD rolled his eyes, adjusting his glasses on his muzzle. "Come on, it's not like a big reindeer can't work in a public library or anything."

"But I got a reputation there, and it just would feel wrong to be there like this, especially with all of my co-workers and bosses just... staring at me or talking about me. It's already weird enough when I have to explain not showing up in December."

“Well fuck them if they have a problem with you being a guy now instead of some little woman,” huffed JD, “Maybe if they have a problem, you don’t have to deal with their shit. Just find somewhere else to work.”

“Yeah but... but where?” asked the reindeer, “What kind of place would wanna hire me, someone whose personal information and ID aren’t even close to matching?!”

JD scratched his chin gently, thinking thoughtfully for a moment. But only for a moment, because quickly, a big smile appeared on his face. “Welllllllll, I can think of one place that wouldn’t mind hiring you. In fact, I’m sure they would be delighted to have someone like you working there.”

Memphis twitched. He knew what he was implying. “Oh no, no way at all! I am not working there and embarrassing myself at all! Plus, I said I was done with fetishy outfits as well. There’s no way I’m going to work there at all!”

*Feb. 1<sup>st</sup>*

Cold water splashed on the reindeer’s face, Memphis sighing heavily. He looked himself in the mirror, frowning. *This is it*, the large beast thought, *time to say good-bye to my dignity and-*

“Hey Memp!” The bathroom door swung open and an anthro panther stepped into the room. The beefy carnivore boomed, “Time to get out there! Customers aren’t going to serve themselves, ya know?”

Memphis stood up straight and looked back at the burly cat. “Right! On it Dan!”

The cat nodded and stepped to the side, letting the reindeer squeeze by. A second later, Memphis was out the bathroom door and back in the restaurant.

The last few weeks had been a frustrating turn of events for the former woman. After leaving the library, he had no real choice but to go with his roommate’s job offer. It would take a long time to get new IDs and the works from the government, so he couldn’t work just anywhere.

He was now at a place called Ballers. A male equivalent to Hooters, the fetishy establishment prided itself on having the biggest and best-looking guys around to serve their customers. All the staff wore sleeveless t-shirts with short shorts. The clothing was tight and revealing, showing off their muscles and impressive packages.

The one Memphis worked at was quite popular, home to only big, buff anthro servers. He managed to luck out and work mostly in the back or with preparing food, staying out of sight. Today though? Today was his first shift as a server.

Memphis gulped and wiped his brow. He walked on, heading towards the front. He passed by JD, who merely gave him a small grin. He was leading a few ladies to a table nearby, who looked at him with eyes filled with love and lust.

*Never should have done this, thought the reindeer, I really shouldn't have done this. I should have done something else to make money, like shovel people's driveways or whatever... something utter than...*

He buried his thoughts and put on the best warm smile he could muster as he approached the front. There were some customers waiting at the podium. It was a golden retriever anthro couple, the two's tails wagging as he stepped up.

***Play a role, give the customers a show, and get them excited.***

He remembered those words his boss, co-workers, and JD emphasized when he first started his shift today. He didn't like them, but he had no choice.

The were-reindeer casually leaned against the podium and placed a hand above his hip, bending his arm enough to flex his muscles. His smile turned into a playful grin, and he cooed in his rich voice, "Welcome to Ballers. How can this big reindeer *serve* you?"

The male retriever grew anxious as the lady one merely giggled. Their tails wagged harder as the guy answered, "Ummm, he-hel-hello. My girlfriend and me would like a booth."

"Of course! Anything for you guys." Memphis took two menus from the podium and lead the two in, winking and nodding them to follow. The two nodded and followed closely.

He led them towards the back, finding an unoccupied booth. After they took their seats, he handed them each their menus and pulled out a notepad from his pocket. "So, while you two decide on what to eat," Memphis said, "What can I get you two to..."

He trailed off, realizing that they weren't paying attention. They seemed to be focusing more on ogling him, taking in his impressive muscles and large package, all tucked underneath his clothes.

He cleared his throat, and they snapped to attention, "Oh!" the lady dog responded, "Sorry... Ummm, I would like a bowl of water please!"

"Same here!" the boyfriend responded, flashing a shy smile.

Memphis nodded his head gently, writing that all down. *Got some horn dogs here, the reindeer thought, shaking his head, figures... well, better get to-*

He started to go get their drinks when the girl dog piped up suddenly. "This place is, like, super nice and stuff. It must be nice to work here with all of these cool guys."

Memphis looked at her curiously. He never really thought about Ballers like that. It was just a place to work until he could get everything in order and find somewhere else. He answered, "Well, I've only been here for a little bit, but it's alright."

"CanItouchyourarmsorseeyouflexthem?!"



Memphis jolted a little, his face warm and the fur on the back of his neck rising. The guy dog had suddenly unloaded a jumble of words into his face all at once, catching him completely off guard. He felt flustered, baffled, and shocked.

The dog guy looked about the same as well, blushing intensely and looking awkwardly off to the side. “Uhhhh, s-s-sorry,” he said, “I don’t... don’t know where that came from... just kinda... kinda wanna see that...”

The reindeer sighed, scratching the back of his head. *No way, that’s gotta be completely inappropriate and... and...*

Looking around, Memphis could see the other waiters (lots of them at that), all tending to their customers in some unusual, personal ways. He could see some sitting with others, arms around customers and pulling them in close to their dense bodies, letting themselves be felt up in many different ways, and so much more.

Memphis twitched slightly. He felt his shorts tightened, a lustful feeling growing within them. The sights were quite invigorating to say the least.

*I guess... I guess it is appropriate.* He felt a little silly. Given the nature of this place from the moment he walked through its doors, he felt he should have expected this. Part of him just wanted to just get the drinks and be done with it. He didn’t need to go as far as the other members of staff.

“Well, I guess I can give you a big flex,” the reindeer answered, looking at his customers. The dogs applauded, looking a little embarrassed but excited. He felt a touch embarrassed too, but that urge to please and make them happy was overwhelming and quite nice to him.

He stuffed his notepad and pen into a pocket and raised both of his arms off. He clenched his fists tightly and flexed as hard as he could. His biceps bulged incredibly, showing their fine, impressive forms.

Memphis felt a shiver rise up his back, his pants bulge twitching. It felt good to do that. It was always a euphoric rush that felt like taking lots of drugs without any of the nasty side effects.

He caught a glimpse of his customers. They looked in awe, utterly speechless and impressed. They looked so hungry, a certain, lustful gaze in their eyes. He felt his cock shift a little more in pants. That look, admiration, and want... it was wondrous.

He couldn’t help but grin and wink, the two dogs’ tails wagging harder than ever. He eventually lowered his arms and said, “Well, I hope the gun show was to your liking.”

They both nodded furiously. The girl yipped, “You and everyone here are just so nice and hunky and yummy I mean, very nice! I know it’s, like, really silly and stuff, we just feel so welcomed and loved!”

Her boyfriend nodded, adding, "You big guys are awesome!"

Memphis shivered again, trembling subtly. That praise and joy felt good as well.

He nodded and excused himself, hurrying to get their drinks before he blew a load right there. His heart beat heavily, his mind a fuzzy haze. *Goddamn*, he thought, approaching the drink counter, *this place is getting to me... it's like during Christmas and the holidays all at once.*

He paused and thought for a moment. Christmas. The holidays. After only two customers, still yet to order their food, he felt just as eager and hot as he did during that time period. It felt really good, especially with his mind fully focused and not clouded by some holiday spirit crap.

"Hey big guy," JD declared, walking up and smacking him on the back, "How goes the first customers? See you are already getting it. Love that show you put on there."

Memphis twitched, his head snapping to his furry roommate, who had his usual sly grin going on. The reindeer cleared his throat, trying to cool himself, and said, "Yeah... they asked for it and, I dunno, felt like going for it. Seems like something everyone else woulda done."

"Mmmhm," JD replied, taking a mug and filling it with one of the beers on tap, "Customers do love it when we give them what they want, within reason of course. Still, surprised you went for doing something like that right away. Figured with how grumpy and frustrated you've been since you got the shift, you woulda steered away from that."

Memphis scratched his face gently and nodded. "Yeah... guess I woulda done that... but I dunno. It just felt right to do and, personally, I reeeeeally felt good doing it."

"I can tell," his roomie said, giving him a wink. Memphis looked down and felt his body heat up. His cock was fully released from his sheath and tenting hard within his pants.

"Pr-probably should tend to that," moaned the reindeer.

"Knock yourself out, we have an employee lounge for a reason. I can help your customers out in the meantime if you want."

It was probably a good idea, but Memphis immediately said, "N-no thanks. I'll be fine. I've seen you guys work with hard-ons before. I'll be fine."

JD gave him an odd look but shrugged. "If you say so." He took his mug and started to leave but stopped. Turning around, he curiously asked, "Ya know, I'm kinda curious. Are you liking this now? This whole situation you're stuck in?"

Memphis stood there and thought. Being stuck as a reindeer for two months now, this big, massive beast of a guy. An animal who wanted to cheer people up and spread his gifts during the holidays, but eventually came down from that high. Now, he was at a job where he could make people happy, cheery, and a bit horny, just like when he started.

He bit his tongue and thought more. He had to give up his favorite job, a rather peaceful, quiet one at that. He had to buy all new clothes, get all new identification for his situation. No end for his changes were in sight. Old friends were awkward to be around, and family gave him odd looks. He also suffered from random, horny, erect moments that made some situations just downright uncomfortable.

His thoughts then changed. He still felt magnificent and wonderful. His true friends and family, despite everything, still stuck with him. He was in the best shape of his life, and his more, personal, lustful urges weren't too intrusive. Plus, they were downright pleasurable to deal with.

After all his thinking, the reindeer guy smiled. "I'm... doing better now. I can work with this for as long as I need. Now, if you excuse me, I should get back to pleasing my customers."

*The End for now...*