

Broken into the Christmas Spirit

"Fuck Christmas."

Harold was in his town's local park, the night before Christmas Eve, all alone, and that's just the way he liked it. He did not consider himself an alcoholic, nor a heavy drinker, but around the holidays, it was always something he fell into. He muttered the unholy curse to himself, swigging from his dollar-store whisky covered in a brown paper bag. The taste was bitter, but it was better than seeing so many people around him happy with joy, and... *festive* cheer.

It was all bullshit! The whole holly and mistletoe. The concept of Santa Claus. And don't even get him started on Jesus! As if that *guy* ever really existed. All tall tales, all ways for the modern world to suck out people's money through consumeristic needs to get others gifts for the times. Why was it during this period that parents would get gifts for their children and not any other time? Like people had to be told to get things or else they wouldn't remember.

And no... it wasn't because his own parents never got him anything for Christmas. At some point, the excuse of Santa being late and missing the so-called *special* day so he'd have to wait ALL the way until next year to get some kind of gift just made the entire... holiday so bitter to him. It... couldn't have been because he was a bad kid! Even bad kids deserve something right?



At some point the loneliness became his only friend. He was just disgruntled, and like his birthday, which everyone forgot, all these notable dates were days he just wanted to get past as quickly as possible. It's why he was drinking. It all blurred together eventually, and made it all bearable.

Harold shrugged his shoulders, taking another drink. Couldn't he have done more? Tried to interact more with others? To treat them better? Surely, but... he never knew why actually. The resentful human thought there was a reason, yet as his mind pondered, nothing came to fruition.

The man was just sad. It'd never stop him from hating Christmas, that part of him was integral. Although, company was something he desired.

It was something he desired more than ever. He never wished for anything, but if he did, it'd be that above all else.

The whiskey bottle was nearly empty, and the sky wasn't getting any brighter. Despite the weather rivaling a cool summer in the past week, tonight was full of heavy snowfall. Upon entering the square-shaped park, Harold found it easy to see all that the opposite end had. Businesses with their lights on, but nobody inside. It was easy to know where they all were.



Yet... as he stood atop a stone bridge with a frozen stream below him, the fog had rolled in, the snow becoming denser, the lights in the distance flicking out one by one. "What the hell?" he muttered under his breath. His brown hair was turning white with the amount of flakes caking into them, the man's bushy eyebrows iced similarly.

Harold placed his hands out, dropping the empty liquor onto the hard ground as he waved about. He was stuck in a full-on blizzard, his immediate surroundings obscured from the intense fog as it crept in faster than he could hope to stop. The edge of the park was gone, then the nearest cobblestone trail, then the ends of the bridge.

In a single minute, he was enveloped by a cloud of cold, the falling sleet hitting him repeatedly as his jeans were drenched, his coat and shirt suddenly no longer doing anything to bring in heat. The human's teeth chattered, and the windchill shot up dramatically. He'd never been as cold at any other time in his life. On his arm, his smartwatch beeped, trying to warn him of a rapid temperature loss before the thing went dead, its last message of an impending doom that was already here.

"F-fuck this!" Harold screamed, snowflakes melting in his mouth as he roared out in protest of the storm. The man reasoned that all he had to do was just to retrace his steps. After all, looking down showed that he was still standing on the stone spire.



Taking his feet off what he believed was the bridge, his sneakers connected with a frosted glacier, obviously something that existed thousands of miles away from his town. Harold was so taken aback that he reversed his course, attempting to grab at the handhold of the bridge, only for his bare hand to touch nothing. A quick twist around showed nothing of the structure before. Only more, and more, and more wasteland.

He was somewhere completely different, in a climate unsuited for most life, with clothing that wouldn't let him last for ten minutes at best, five minutes at... the most realistic. *But... but... I was just in town!?* His thoughts were scattered as the body temperature of his person was dropping. Without eyes on anything nearby, or a recognizable sign that could *somehow* be seen throughout the thick snowfall, then... what else was there to do?

Harold was already getting signals in his head to lay down. That it'd all be over soon even as his adrenaline picked up and franticness of the incoming *end* petrified him. He yelled out, stumbling over his words as he needed any kind of assistance. But the winds were strong, and he was not. His voice wouldn't be heard by anything.

It was only with how gray everything was around him that a subtle, red dot was just barely noticed what felt like miles away. If he had somehow been teleported to the fucking Arctic then perhaps it was a buoy? Or some kind of lab station? Harold hugged his body and trampled forth, slipping but determined to make it back home. The ruby



light in the darkness lightly bounced but the man chalked it up to his delirium and how much his own head bobbed.

But after about a minute, that couldn't be the case. Something was moving towards him, matching his pace as if it could feel his terror. He shouted out, slowing his pace as a small doubt in his head wondered at what could be alive out here, and so... interested in him?

The distance between them was less than ten feet, and *still*, Harold's eyesight was too poor to get a good look at the outline of something *large*. A noisy bellow was heard, and within a few more steps, the man was face to face with a massive, fuzzy reindeer.

One with... a nose so bright.

"W-w-w-what in t-the w-world?" Harold let out with chattering teeth, the cold hitting him hard. "A reindeer with a red nose?" He didn't want to admit the obvious, nor say the name of the creature he could not believe was before him. There was nothing cartoonish as in the other depictions. This was a fully feral reindeer with black, beady eyes. It's white and dark gray fur in one of the scruffiest hides the freezing human had ever witnessed. Its neck looked... so warm. This had to be a hallucination. Why else



would something from the tales of Christmas be standing before him? And... why did it nod to his question?

"Are you okay?" the animal bleated out. "You look terribly cold, friend!"

His jaw dropped. It spoke perfect English and even enunciated the words with its muzzle without an issue. The thing's tongue was no such obstacle! Hell, it spoke better fucking English than some people Harold knew of, those people having English as their *native* language. This was insane, this was...

Thoughts were interrupted as the devastating chill on Harold's skin slightly withered, a warm, balming emanation washing over him and attracting him like a mosquito to a light source. It came from the talking animal's nose, and the two grew close as one moved for desperation while the other did so to help. It wasn't enough to stop feeling cold, but it gave precious minutes that would've already rendered Harold a goner had this mystical entity from all the stories had not found him.

"What is a human like you doing out here anyways!?" The reindeer shouted over the storm, his muzzle right next to Harold's ear. "You never should've made it this far."

The human was wrapping his arms around the animal's fuzzy neck, rubbing his face along the white-gray hairs. It was so *nice* to finally get even a single source of heat,



and now he had three! The red nose of the reindeer, his fluffy neck, and the internal heat that emitted from his body, his savior's rugged natural heat. While it was sensual, there was no reason from either to feel any certain feelings. "I... I don't know!" Fear had developed in his voice, half of his mind still screaming that this was some mirage from the snow, and he was seconds away from his final, frozen breath.

With an empathetic snort, and his weight being pressed against the human, that fear wilted slowly, but surely. It let Harold calm down, and confess to the reindeer all that had happened. From his alcoholic consumption on the bridge... and the reasons why, to the rapidly advancing snowstorm that had descended on him, and until now, where they were embracing each other in a mutual hug neither wanted to be the first to break.

"That's so terrible. Alone right before Christmas Eve, and then this... teleportation you speak of?" His voice was strong, but not overly husky or masculine. It was positive and approachable. "Do you know who I am?"

"I... uh..."

Harold knew exactly who he was, but the beast with tall antlers shook his head, misunderstanding the human's reservations. "Really? Rudolph? Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer?! Have we already been forgotten about so quickly?"



The man scratched the back of his head. "No! No... it's just, I guess I thought you weren't real? A legend? How in the world are you real? Does that mean Santa's real?"

Rudolph let out a hoarse series of laughs, shaking his head as if hearing one of the most rhetorical questions ever asked. "Of course he's real! Jesus too! It might be harder to get the kids of the world their gifts with eight billion humans on the planet now... comparatively to one billion, but we still try our hardest!"

There was just a barrel of asks Harold had now. "But... why don't parents who can't afford gifts remember, you know, never buying them?"

The talking animal put up a hoof, curving it as if raising a finger. "That's easy! Santa just changes their memories, and it goes up the chain until it just makes sense."

"And the kids that don't actually get anything?"

"Oh that's what 'coal' refers to. Santa switched to renewables a long time ago so it's really too dangerous to go into the coal mines to get more these days with how little taken care of they are."

Harold tilted his head. "And for the kids that, uh, aren't bad but still don't get gifts?"



When the human backed up to look into Rudolph's eyes, he could see that the question made the reindeer uncomfortable. "Well... sometimes we forget a child or two. Like I said, it's been rough with how you've all exploded with growth!" He suddenly shook his head. "Ugh! We can't talk about this right now. Your temperature is still too dangerously low."

A small bit of fear crept its way back into Harold's lungs. "W-what do you mean? I actually feel quite fine!"

It was odd to hear Rudolph give a literal bleat before finishing the rest with actual words. "No no no! It was negative fifty Fahrenheit before I found you! Around me, it's plus thirty degrees but you only feel fine because you're getting some kind of warmth. I've heard of stories... where people will feel so hot they'll take off all their clothing and then, um..." his voice unheroically trailed off, unable to finish the rest. "You'll still get hyperthermia, and we need to fix that. I... I need to fix that!"

Rudolph began to pace, causing Harold to have to follow him around lest the cold come back and hamper him further. There was a tick in the back of his mind that felt the need to remove his clothing, but he couldn't tell if it was genuine or if it was because the reindeer had put that thought into his mind.



The animal stopped suddenly, causing Harold to slam into his soft, fuzzy butt that had a bit of fat on it. "I got it! It's so simple, and... aw..." he curved his black lips as he angled his neck to the right, now looking at the human. "I'll just, with your consent of course, transform you into a reindeer! Not a normal reindeer, that'd be silly, but one like me and the others on the team!"

What an interesting plan. Harold was already mouthing out the word 'no' but he stopped himself, placing his hands on his hips in resistance as his decline turned into a probe for more information. "Turn me into an animal? Why? Why not just... give me a bigger coat to wear? Or just teleport me back to where I came from? I'm not a big fan of Christmas and all. I'd just like the big guy in charge to manipulate my mind like he apparently does to everyone else around the world?! Just take away my memories of this and get me home, please?"

It was never going to be that easy. Rudolph shook his entire front. "It doesn't work like that. Learning magic is incredibly difficult, and Santa is preparing for Christmas! I can't even believe how lucky you are that I decided to take a quick twenty mile jog to warm up and get rid of all the anxiety I have around this time of year. Plus..." his snout laid on Harold's shoulder, one arm wrapping around the human's back in a weird hold that was still nonetheless appreciated. "... you won't be alone for Christmas! I don't know why you mentioned you were alone, but I can try my best to make Christmas fun for you again! You have to understand that no humans ever really reach this far inland.



We had to build a whole, fake North Pole because you all were getting so smart so quickly!”

This was all beginning to be too much. But if he was going to die without it, and Rudolph had no real way of fixing any of this without using the method he suggested, then... what choice did Harold have? “Is it reversible?”

“Oh my! Yes! Yes it’s reversible. Just make you a reindeer, have you come down to the Workshop, and then once I’m done with the big day, I’ll change you back and we’ll figure out how to get you back home. Best to have you a reindeer at the Workshop since the other residents might find a human being there a bit much for them.”

Again, what *choice* did he have? From all the stories he’s read, Rudolph was never a charlatan or a liar. He was helpful, just like now. He wouldn’t bully people when he had to go through all that himself. The human couldn’t believe he was going to agree to all this, but in lieu of repeating himself, he just swallowed the strangeness and took the plunge. “Fine. Just... don’t make me feel weird about doing this okay?”

“I promise. Anything I do to you will only be with your express permission. Just like right now.”



Rudolph was staring right at Harold, his eyes trained and motivated. A few steps were taken, and his bright, crimson nose rubbed against the human's. A bolt of soft lightning traveled from his face to his toes, giving his body a jolt as he spasmed from the surprise. His heart relaxed, and his hand absentmindedly traveled to the animal's face. He could tell they were in sync, and as a trickle of sweat formed and immediately froze, he could feel it coming.

"Oh shit! Oh... oh shit!"

"It's okay! Just calm down! Easy, slow breaths okay?"

Harold was never the man for drugs, but if he were, this is how he'd imagine how it would happen. Adrenaline spiked, his hands bubbling, nose wrinkling as the sniffs he took in were great huffs of air. It was like his lungs had doubled in size, and looking down, he could see why.

The man's chest was ballooning outwards in the shape of a trapezoid. One large point of a newly developing bone stuck forward, bulging and convexing, barreling out into fat and muscle as a sudden snap in the human's ankles caused him to yelp from the surprise, falling forward and wrapping his arms around Rudolph.



"It... it doesn't hurt! But it's so fucking weird! I... I-" his lips parted and he gave a terrifying bleat that made it seem like an alien was trying to replicate the sound most reindeer make. Harold's teeth involuntarily pushed out, the canines and fangs grinding themselves down to join a collective set of equally blunt dentations. Perfect for chewing grass, roots, and other tundra foliage into cud for a well balanced reindeer diet.

Rudolph lowered his head more, trying to make sure the human didn't fall as the rips of the human's coat was heard directly next to his bestial ears. "It'll be over soon. Think of how warm you'll be!"

Warmth... He wasn't wrong. The skin and flesh swelling out and past the collar of his shirt was fluffing up, spreading soft and smooth fur all along his chest and up to his new nape. Harold's eyes were blinking with pops as his neck lurched up. It moved with motions of water trying to get through a blocked pipe, expanding higher and higher with sudden jumps that'd stop and begin again until it felt like his head was a telescope. It wasn't nearly as high as a giraffe but it didn't stop him from thinking of himself as one, especially with how the rest of his body was changing. *Especially...* as he felt a crack in his back.

The changing human roared out, steam billowing out of his nostrils and extending snout, the pressure needing to be released through feats of animalism that only carried him along his, *hopefully temporary*, path that was chosen for him, even if he



gave his word it was alright to do. Instincts typical of antlered beasts sparked up like wildfires in his mind. Every exhale of his hyperventilating breaths were another heavy-winded grunt that he forced out. Rudolph was still there, still supporting the man, noticing a cute tuft of a tail break through the human's jeans, wagging excitedly to and fro. That had to mean something right?

It had felt like an eternity for Harold, his sinuses flaring as tears fled from his eyes and snot drooped out of his black, moist nose. The brown hairs on his head went from chocolate in color to a muted wood, similarly gray to Rudolph's as ginormous horn tips painlessly drove out from his skull. It grew like a bush, each new part of the antler creating an additional branch until they rivaled the red-nosed reindeer's set.

"You're looking good Harold!" Rudolph said, trying to help calm his new friend.

"Opff... Guh... i-i-is it a-almost o-o-over?!?!?" More unrestrained roars tormented the peace around them one baa after the other. Harold tried to look over behind him, only to smack his muzzle and head right into the side of the reindeer's head, their antlers clacking together, unaware of just how much longer his face and how much larger his head were now.



There was still much more of the man's backside to change, and the talking animal was no liar. "Your front is almost done I think? I haven't had a chance to look at your hooves- hands! I mean hands!"

Harold gasped as he raised his right arm, not only seeing how thick and furry it was now, but the blocky, chitinous 'fingers' he had now. A thumb losing all definition as it twirled to be the back toe, with his other four digits merging together in pairs, widening and hardening into black knobs that'd clomp against the ground. Yet it'd be useless in doing any of the most basic human activities. Picking up a cup would now be the hardest thing on earth to accomplish, all because he was whisked away from his home in such a bizarre way. It didn't make sense, none of it did!

But at least he wasn't cold. The one and perhaps only bright spot out of this whole situation. He knew what warmth meant again as the fur grew down his back. With that earlier crack, he couldn't be considered bipedal. Even now with his whole weight, which had tripled since the start of his transformation, Harold's new body wanted to bring him down to the ground.

Which was what Rudolph advised as he felt his knees buckling. "You're... you're getting rather heavy Harold! You need to stand up on your own now. It's... your antlers – OW!"



The human's support slipped out from under him, and he gave another bleat he could not hold in as his front hooves caught the ground, digging into them quite handedly. Well... hoovedly. Harold looked around himself, seeing how his backside was changed anatomically but bare skin still showed. Inch by inch, more fur came, covering what he could see like a suit of fuzz. It was... nice, certainly so. Each part it enfolded upon made the area toasty and snug, a small blush flushing onto his face as his eyes met Rudolph's, their expressions one in the same exactly, for their faces were now of the same species.

A giant belly ballooned around the bottom side of Harold's gut, one unlike his former human stomach, but a big fatty sack of meat and flesh covered in white fur that elongated and hung there almost like he was pregnant. Yet... he hadn't noticed in the conundrum of his nipples switching their location, making their way down and down and down until they were just right above his groin.

His voice barked out in a new pitch, one higher in tune as mist shot clear across the sky as the storm broke up, the fog around them slowly leaving as two giant pouches fell from below Harold's waist, the bottom's of both tipped with two thick, teats that let droplets of milk fall out from the unexpected plunge. "What the fuck is that!? Why did I just feel that?!" He threw his head downwards, looking between his legs as he could see the weird and furred... bags? There was more than just that to feel, and his elicit



experiences dulled the most important, and unforeseen change that caused Harold to gasp and moan.

“Uh, um, ah, let me look?” The red nosed reindeer ran around behind the new reindeer’s furry ass, trying not to take notice of how plump the cheeks appeared. The hide of the backside including the tail all white as snow. A stirring in his sheath made him gulp, and he shook his head quickly, trying to get the smell of some nearby female reindeer from his snout, but the more he sniffed and... saw the sight before him, it all became too obvious.

“My fucking... AH! What’s wrong with my dick!?”

“This is all my fault, oh goodness gracious,” Rudolph whispered to himself, forced to stand there and watch the human’s shriveled penis fold over itself to create a ‘bowl-like’ indent once the testes joined in with the merged mound of flesh. It pinkened and irrigated, slick trails of ooze that were packed with feminine pheromones, imploring Rudolph to give into behaviors he’d have with more feral reindeer, but never to such a degree as now. He was already making the motions, licking his lips as he went in, snorting his hot air right onto the slickening cunt. Just a lick, just one... little... lick...



“Rudolph?” Harold said with rapidly developing concern. “You’re breathing awful hard back there. There’s these things between my crotch! I can’t see my dick and *ohhhhh*... w-what is that feeling? Why... why is my voice like... like...”

A girl's? Rudolph thought in his head. He did not dare force himself upon the human with what he knew. “I didn’t think the magic would do this.”

“Do wha- AHHH! DON’T BREATHE THERE! S-SENSITIVE! SO SENSITIVE!”

“I’m sorry! I didn’t mean for any of this!” He backed up a good ten feet, just barely able to witness the clitoris form a few inches inside, nearly obscured by the puffy nature of the vagina. It was bulging, flexing itself as each pulse was accompanied with a moan from the new female. Rudolph’s huffs were becoming deeper, heavier, but while arousal was putting him into a rut, there was enough of his human-like sensibilities to keep everything in control. He was not a wild animal, but just... a horny one.

Harold’s entire body was filled with fatigue, her frame slowly lowering to the ground as fur touched ice. It did nothing to make her feel any colder as her blubber and pelt were a combo of reliable insulation. A subtle coo left the female’s mouth as her muzzle pretended to chew on something just to calm herself down, which worked too well for her liking. “Her?” she said. “Why do I keep... Rudolph? What in the world is going on?” She squeezed her hips, twitching in reaction to milk splashing out like a bottle onto



not only the ground but her white and brown fur as she noticed with every flex came more creamy liquids.

"I'm an honest reindeer... and I swear this was never in my intentions. Not at all, and because I'm honest, I'll give it to you straight. Um, firstly, you *are* warm right?"

"Y-yes?" she said, huffing out more air as the tiredness of her body was claiming more energy, requiring even more effort to do anything, including answering the most obvious of questions. "I am... very warm. It's like I'm wearing my coat again." Her voice was so motherly... both high in pitch but husky at the same time. A matriarchal force of nature that she was trying to ignore, which was helped by how her literal brain changed with her body.

"Good. Good." Nothing about this was good, but the former human was alive. That's all that mattered. "And I can say heartily that you agree that this *had* to be done? Because... if it wasn't, then you'd be freezing right now?"

"I guess? You said it was the magic that you knew. Come on man, uh, reindeer? Just spit it out. If it helps you, I promise I won't be angry."



Rudolph took a deep breath, the minty chill in the breeze softening his airways.

“The same magic that changed you into a reindeer so you wouldn’t die, may have changed your sex, and... possibly your gender.”

“WHAT?!”

“You said you wouldn’t be angry! You promised!”

Harold stood up, shaking her head, the large and sprawling antlers nearly hitting the male who had moved in to help the girl stand. “This is a dream right? Like, I’ve just drank too much, and I passed out on the couch? Maybe I hit my head walking home? This *PHYSICALLY* cannot be real. I was just thinking about how terrible Christmas was to me, and now this is all happening and fucking Rudolph, the fucking Red Nosed Reindeer turned me into a girl!? Look at me in the face, and tell me this is real?! Oh my god! I can’t even think of myself as a man!”

That last part was horrifyingly correct. Every time she wanted to think ‘him, he, himself’ each word was replaced with the pronoun of the opposite gender. It’s... what Rudolph meant didn’t he? She had changed in both sex, *and* gender.

“This is real. And I know this is hard for you to accept, but just remember – it’s only until I get back after helping Santa and with his sleigh. I promise you, once the day after



Christmas comes, you'll be on your way back home, and I'll even ask that your memories be wiped completely! New clothing too!"

"But my gender too?!"

Ah yes, the gender part. He had to explain that too didn't he? "It's like you were born as a female. Your brain was changed along with the transformation, so... to think of yourself as a man again, you'd have to condition yourself, like how a person going through their own personal transition to another gender might. Again, I'm really sorry, but think of this as an opportunity!"

Harold's mind wanted to split apart already. "For what godforsaken opportunity could this give me?!" She gave a silent gasp as she closed her back legs together, inadvertently squeezing her milk sacks together, a small trickle flowing out along with a lesson to keep her hips wide in order to avoid doing it again. Yet, all this did was give Rudolph a clearer view of her red-hot cunt as it quivered with the wind slapping against it. She hated that she knew the purpose for such organs innately. It's not like she didn't before becoming a woman, but now the knowledge was all the more stronger.

The red nosed reindeer tried to think hard on the opportunity he'd suggest, but only one came to mind. "Well... an opportunity to spend Christmas with others? The entire workshop is bustling right now, and while many are working hard to make sure



everything goes well, they're in the minority tonight. For every worker that's toiled so hard throughout the year will be celebrating with the rest of the world, and you know, they'll enjoy talking to whoever they can meet!"

Harold sighed, wanting to sit on the ground and just think all this out. Her new body betrayed her, and the motion she expected through muscle memory to bring her ass to the snowy floor instead had her lay on her side. With a groan, the side of her large belly slammed upon the hard, cold surface her reindeer hooves stood on. The female stuck her tongue out in the defiance of her situation, but relented as she hesitantly looked at her cloven hand. "The fur really does make a difference... doesn't it?"

They both saw how the topic was being changed. "Much better than before you could say!"

She was indeed warm. Peering along her flank and the entire side of her body showed such a thick layer of fleece that was layer upon layer of so many furry strands which made up her hide. Her... *hide*. It was hard to believe she was getting so used to this so quickly, almost as if the fact she wasn't freaking out more was also thanks to the transformation. "Yeah... I guess you could say that."

Rudolph pranced around, clacking his hooves as he pressed his muzzle into her shoulder. "Come on, get up! You wanna experience Christmas with people who accept



you, I know that for sure after all you've said! You're in the Christmas spirit, pretty literally I should say." A grumble was made from the former human but the male moved on before any other grievances could be shared. "And with how you're... at the North Pole and all? What other opportunity in history could any other human have to out-Christmas every other person celebrating?"

But she wasn't human. She'd be celebrating this Christmas as a reindeer, a *female* one of all things. Yet... yet, according to Rudolph this was temporary. In a way, it made sense. And so, with a reserved, barely noticeable smile, Harold stood up. "Okay, fine. But if we're playing me off as a female reindeer, you can't really call me Harold can you?" She was walking into trap that'd transform her moniker similarly as her pronouns.

"Haroldene! It's the feminine form of your name. Plus it feels kind of older, like Rudolph does for me!"

Haroldene... she tilted her head. "How in the world did you come up with that so quickly? Who even would know that?!"

"I don't think you know how long I've truly been here. We have a library so big you could spend an entire day walking from one side to the other, with multiple stories. And I've read every book in there... twice." He gave a small neck shrug. "Either way, *Haroldene*, shall we?" Rudolph turned his body and gestured with a hoof for her to accompany him.



Her heart fluttered for a split second, any feminine feelings towards how the male crushed right after by a brain that was altered but still human enough to remain in control. But, even with that, their bodies naturally gravitated towards each other, rubbing flanks, sides, and shoulders up just for that extra bit of warmth.

Rudolph was internally screaming at himself to get ahold of his emotions, and it's not like Haroldene was making it any easier. She was a few inches behind him, following as he used his knowledge of the area to determine where they were, and how to get back to Santa's Workshop.

"It's kind of awkward walking on all fours."

The male reindeer wished if the former human had any idea of how appetizing her backside was now that she'd understand if he jumped up right on top of her now and gave her the quaking that her cunt desperately desired. He partially lied and told her that the Workshop was straight on from here, just so he could hang back and get more of her beautiful, moist hole. It was odd to him that Haroldene didn't notice the carnal longing for what he was packing... and *willing* to give at the drop of a red-colored hat. Changing her into a female was a genuine mistake, but from how pent up it was making him, he was starting to see it as something different.



Something... alluring, something he wanted even if he couldn't have it.

"Did you hear me Rudolph?"

The male shook his head rapidly, hitting the side of the female's hind with his antlers in the discharge of emotions. "Yeah! Sorry about that, I was just wanting to make sure... that, um there was nothing else wrong with the transformation!"

"Well, is there?" she said with a trusting face and nervous, barely noticeable eyebrows.

"Like... it's just, you know...?"

They both puffed out their breaths, the mists leaving as quickly as they appeared. It was awkward, but they felt the situation was more awkward than each other. "It's pretty obvious. As female as I've seen." His dull teeth bit at the fur below his lip, nose flaring just as much as the other reindeer's cunt. "But... I..."

"Holy shit! What is *that*?!"

In the far distance in what could be simply estimated as twenty miles, ten miles, or even five miles away, and you'd be *partially* correct, was a collection of differently twisted skyscrapers all in designs that appeared to be chaotic and as if invented by the mind of a younger individual. Yet, the more that Haroldene studied the bright lights of a



packed, arctic city with greens and reds and Christmas-y themed lightning from the neon logos to the skyline itself, it all came together and made...sense? It was as if the madness of it all had stared back and convinced the girl that this was normal. Her eyes shifted from left to right as within her, a calling churned like white noise, drawing her hooves to take a few steps forward with every glance at the City of the North, like it was her *true* home.

"Harold...ene, this is the North Pole! My home, and home to many, many, *many* other folks! Remember those television specials? I sure do! You'll see a lot of friendly faces here!" His cheery demeanor wilted just as it had sprouted. "Although, if you're looking to get through everything as quickly as you can, then I'm sure we can find a place that's not only normal for you and your... new form to be in, but that should be pretty empty considering how it's almost Christmas Eve."

"Normal for someone like me, and usually empty around Christmas Eve." Haroldene looked back at him, the moment her eyes locked to his, her mind rumbled to look back at the glamorous sight behind her that rivaled the grandest of cities she knew. "You can't mean..."

"Our stables? Yes, I do mean it. It's not- nothing against you. The most human looking inhabitants here are going to be elves, so it *is* completely normal for you to stay at our stables. Heck! You could even stay in my pen, if you can ignore the smell and all."



She misunderstood it as his stink, while the way he phrased it, and meant, was from his swollen, furry gray balls dragging along the hay he'd slept on, leaving it known to any females nearby of his longing to mate. Haroldene had just transformed. He figured it was best to let the misunderstanding continue lest tonight get even more delicate.

Plus... female reindeer, well they were not around for any particular reason. Rudolph and the rest had access to everything in the world that could replicate the taste, scent, feeling of a female. But never a living, breathing, in the flesh doe that could react to them like. Sure they had ferals every now and then... but one that could talk back to you in comprehensible words? The wretched male simply wanted to take a lick on that bright red cunt just to see how Haroldene would react. But unlike the synthetic girls, this one had a brain, emotions, and... the ability to give consent.

"I... I guess? I don't, I..." the female shook her head, wanting to bring her hands up to hold it just so all of this could make a bit more sense. She was here, at Santa's Workshop, a female reindeer, and even in her own mind she could not refer to herself as anything but the body she had now. Saying her name within the safety of her consciousness would only repeat the title she had. Haroldene, Haroldene... Harold... ene. Two parts were within, one that wanted nothing to do with this, and the other telling her that if she just



stayed in Rudolph's pen for the duration, then the opportunity of a lifetime would be missed. Even if it would be forgotten. "Sure. I can just take your spot."

YES! Rudolph shouted in his mind. To know that her scent, her leaking pussy would stain his bedding. All the other reindeer would be so jealous! No more fake musks. Hell he'd stick the wet straw up his nose if it meant he'd get a more concentrated blast of her heat. His tapered cock, long and narrowing the closer it was to his tip stuck out like a girthy, lengthy syringe. More basic cervines had it for a quick insertion, an ejaculation within seconds, and then its removal. For him? He knew how to edge it out just like a human could, and its extent from base to tip was around two feet in total. A reindeer's pussy was deep, spanning quite a ways in. To know each inch of his dick would be stimulated...

Would mean nothing! There would be nothing between them tonight! He had to get ahold of himself, he had to-

"Rudolph? Are you coming?"

Oh you bet your ass I want to! he said in his mind. Haroldene was looking at him, the female walking closer to the bright city in the distance. Thankfully his fur was so incredibly thick that she could not see his bobbing, erect penis bouncing up and down, slapping the underside of his gut with all the thoughts he currently had for her.



Yet, in the closer distance, barely a tenth of a mile away now walking closer to them both, were two figures he recognized. “Oh no...” he muttered under his breath.

“Dasher and Comet?”

“Rudolph?”

She hadn’t noticed them. What to do?! What to do?! He wasn’t allowed to bring humans here! He never lied! He just told half-truths! If a human was discovered, then yes, their memory would be wiped. But that was *only* if they were still in human form. If any had been changed in any ways from a sentient snowman to a... female reindeer, then their former human minds would be wiped. And their new bodies would believe they were always here, just a member of the legends of Christmas.

The red nosed reindeer rushed forward, trying to warn her, increasing how fast he did so as he could see the other two caribou trotting now to see what was wafting into their snouts. When he was beside her, his body much larger than hers, is when he spoke. “You need to do your best to seem like you belong here. Do you see them? They’re right in front of us.”

With such suddenness, the former human’s heart rate intensified. Haroldene’s muzzle shot to the direction Rudolph mentioned, wincing her new eyes as she saw



them. Her legs tightened, holding back a moan as the action accidentally squeezed the udders between her thighs. "They... they aren't like brainless right? I'm... they aren't running up here to **fuck** me *right?!"*

Rudolph took a few steps forward, curving the front of his body between his squadmates and the female, not noticing that she took a few steps back from the move, looking up to the male who changed her, and was now... protecting her? Her mind liked that. Her mind... *really* liked that. "No. They're others from the sleigh. But they can't know you're human."

"Uh... aren't they going to treat me like an actual female though?!"

"Yes." There was no other way to say it. "It is of the utmost importance that they don't know you're a human." It wasn't like her mind was going to let her think of herself as one. When she'd try to say hands, she'd say hooves. Penis would turn into pussy. Her head was not her own, neither was her body, nor her loins. The soul would have to accept the change, for her to truly see herself as what she was. Rudolph just never wanted it to get to that point, or else she'd never think of herself as human again.

"Rudolph!" Comet shouted out now within range of them both. His size wasn't as small as Haroldene, who wasn't exactly a stick with her shape either. All of them had a good amount of fat on them, it's just the scale of their bodies that was different, and the kinds



of muscle that the males had with the fatty meat of the sole female. "Who's the girl? Found some mindless one getting too close to the Workshop?"

Both of the new males kept sniffing. Haroldene's eyes got even wider, their erect penises much less hidden. "Can't say I've ever thought of doing it with a literal animal tonight but..." Dasher's voice trailed off as he raised and turned his neck and head, lips tilting into embarrassment as there was more emotion behind those eyes than he first expected.

"No. This here is Haroldene. She's... new."

The female wanted to say something, anything, but this was way out of her league. It was hard to believe that only an hour ago she was chugging alcohol from a brown paper bag, standing on two legs and sad at her life and the world. Now? Trying her best not to be fucked by two beings that were *literally* from the holiday specials she had watched all throughout her life.

"New how?" Comet inquired, both him and his companion flanking on opposite sides to get a good look at her. "How have we never seen her before?"

Rudolph took a few steps forward, his ass right in front of the female's snout. It was completely unintentional, but her nose was given a quick aerial spritz of the largest



male's anal glands, her snout rather interested in the scents. She barely snuck her muzzle in between his ass cheeks, and while he never noticed it, Haroldene broke off before she became too enamored with what masculine musk her body quivered for. A long, oozing drop of pussy juice lowering down like a strand from a spider's web until it broke, the blob slapping against the snow.

"I believe she's lost her memory." Rudolph said. "I'd ask that you all didn't get so... riled up over seeing her."

Dasher was now looking directly into her eyes as her 'guardian' was focusing his own on Comet's advance from the left. "I think you should let her speak. I wanna hear her explain things."

Dasher and Comet's pelts were whiter than Rudolph's, the two looking like twins except for the fact that Dasher was just a tad larger with his frame.

The female's muzzle opened to speak, only to silently gasp in horror as Dasher's cock ejected a yellow fluid that slapped her nostrils with a heavy, virile aroma that somehow told her exactly what his intentions were. Without even realizing it herself, her body shot out a clearer looking urine that did not ask whether or not she wanted it. Rather, her body was telling the other male to 'come get it.' It all happened right out of sight from Rudolph's eyes, the two fuzzy predators circling their prey like sharks.



Haroldene's only saving grace was Rudolph's honed ears. "Both of you stop it now. You're scaring her."

She snorted, half of it unintentionally as the ginormous pink cock of Dasher revealed itself with an adjustment in his posture. It looked around a foot and a half and as thick as a plastic soda bottle. The female put her body in reverse, shaking her head subtly as the other male advanced, giving small nods that ignored her concerns.

"THAT IS ENOUGH!" Rudolph shouted, his antlers smacking against the advancing cervine, finally noticing his gained ground.

A fight was about to break out, their horns locking up. She *had* to do something, her silence doing nothing to help the situation. "S-stop! I'm not dumb, I'm just... unsure of where I am." Lying wasn't her forte, but Rudolph's excuse helped her out.

The three males ceased almost immediately, which was thanks to Comet and Dasher settling themselves, eyes open as if they hadn't believed their red nosed brother at first.

"Oh..." the pair said at the same time.



“Wait, so you really aren’t just a wild one?” Dasher brought his body back, his nose as stimulated as Haroldene’s cunt with one affecting the other.

With the female and the red nosed reindeer working in tandem, they used every word they could think up to make their excuse all the more concrete. It made the other two slightly uncomfortable in their actions, but it didn’t stop them from desperately needing what Haroldene had, what their cocks screamed at them to take for their own. Rudolph himself couldn’t deny he felt similarly, but with what was said, the situation was calm.

Rudolph led the way into the city, with the new girl directly behind him, trying to resist the urge to bury her snout into the largest one’s ballsack and take in what he didn’t dare say. Despite her sight giving her a pretty clear picture of Rudolph’s pent up erection, she ignored it, her upper lip flipping backwards as a pulse shocked her brain, causing her to throw her whole head left to right in order to ignore it. The other two, Dasher and Comet, were close behind her, licking their lips as they watched her cunt shoot out rope after rope of intensely smelling lubricants.

Getting into the city was easy enough. It was snow, snow, and more snow, and then the city streets, no real walls or demarcation lines. It was awkward to imagine a human city being utterly disconnected from the rest of the world like this, but that was the point she imagined.



The interior blocks had so many people, all around. No humans of course, but elves as small as three feet, walking snowmen, various anthropomorphized animals like herself that gave her nods here and there. Some were driving cars in the designs of sleighs, making near silent noises as they zoomed here and there.

The walk was around thirty minutes, but finally there it was. The center of the city, and within such a glamorous center, a Christmas tree decorated to an obscene degree, as tall as one of the tallest skyscrapers in the world. The barn of Santa's reindeer was just across the road, and it was more in the design of some kind of vastly wooden firehouse. As if it had been built out in the boonies, but the paints applied and the laurel wreaths and all the other furnishings gave it the appearance of a gingerbread house. Haroldene was half expecting to be able to bite right into one of the walls and be granted the taste of sweetened cookies.

Rudolph was moving quickly, looking around as if he was trying to keep an eye out for someone. The two males behind her were losing their wills in keeping themselves under control, Comet often trying his best to lift his body upwards as if he'd take a chance on getting a fast fuck before her protector could stop him.

They were just nearing the front doors when Rudolph stopped unexpectedly, causing Haroldene to slam her muzzle into his rear, her nose now against his damp and



steamy anal glands. She tried her best to remove herself from his asscrack, but Comet, distracted by the sight of her udder breasts and leaky cunt, could not stop himself fast enough. His mouth pressed into her hind lips, and his tongue was faster than his mind, digging deep within her. A hymen burst, causing Haroldene to moan as her own tongue licked against Rudolph's anus, the latter too distressed by what his eyes saw to react with more than a flex of his rear. It was better to ignore the obvious and assume it could be anything else. Had his rear not muffled the female's groans, he could've saved her cunt the servicing it was now getting.

"Damn! Why are they here?!" he said, seeing now Dancer and Blitzen approach from the very same entrance they were so close to now. He noticed their sniffers working down that scent in the air that was spreading from the female's heat. "Hey, we need to-" his whole face convulsed in deep shock as he saw Haroldene's half-circle eyes, her mind in a wonderland as Comet's pink licker plunged deep into her pussy.

Hardolene was in another land, another time. Her head prickled with static as she only noticed Rudolph out of the corner of her vision rush to her aid, knocking Comet out of her cunt while he tried to block it with his body. Droplets of her precum soaked into his hide, staining the red nosed beast with her scent. The two new reindeer in front had no inclination of listening to any kind of understanding. They hooked their antlers around the female, guiding her forward, not once paying attention to the lecture Rudolph was giving Comet and Dasher.



“What a nice gift Rudolph’s gotten us this year!” said the one she could only assume was Dancer, his breath smelling of oat and barley, the musks of both reindeer deeply satiated with a barn tone.

Haroldene kept walking with the two, not like she had much of a choice with their larger size and brawny muscles. Her cunt popped out surge after surge of a clear urine in an attempt to coerce every male reindeer in the tri-state area to come and fuck her. She had no control over this part of her body, but her mind, which was a mixture of confusion and pressure, like a drill digging into her skull, was turning that tide. Body and brain coming together slowly to want the same thing.

“Oh don’t worry sweetheart. We smell you, don’t you worry,” the other one said — Blitzen.

“Yeah! I don’t know what Rudolph was being such a prance about-”

“Who said that?”

The sole female was in a large atrium now, beautiful stained glass windows mixed with the rudimentary ruggedness of some kind of rural barnhouse. Within the center were four other reindeer. If the saying goes, these would be Prancer, Donner, Cupid, and Vixen. She wasn’t sure why all of them were here but they all had their



differences, yet Haroldene... was that really her real name? Anyhow, she had been so delirious from the ache and buzz in her cunt that the differences didn't matter. They were all smelly, horny, and much larger animals than her. The most noticeable thing about them all from her angle was the fact that her mere presence caused their pointed penises to slowly push out from their sheathes in sync upon the sight of her.

"I mean seriously, come on, I asked you people not to use that word! It's very derogato-"

"Prancer could you shut the fuck up? We have a guest." Her inner soul screamed it was Cupid. The magic in her body was recognizing each of them like they were all part-owners of her. "Now... how should we go about doing this gentlemen? I'm surprised you could even get a damned feral this far into the city without her running off spooked."

"Uh, actually," Blizten interjected, "Rudolph was yelling at Comet and Dasher about how she's like us. Thinking and all that."

"Oh?" Cupid was right in front of her now. "Girly can talk huh?" His muzzle touched her lips, a fat tongue entering her mouth, playing with her own as it took her more than a second to reciprocate considering he had to leave her maw first. "Well does girly wanna talk?"



Haroldene said nothing. The pressure quickened, like one of the world's best vibrators caressing the grooves of her brain, making her go along with everything. Making all that was about to happen... **normal**.

The next to speak was Vixen, who had the deepest voice of all. "The miss here must be too horny to even think straight. I mean, take the ruts of nine other reindeer in the area that haven't cummed in years? I'd go crazy too."

That's... what it was. Every sniff of her nose, every whiff that entered her, their balls, the potent seed inside. From their scents to what her eyes saw in their virility, she... couldn't think! They were all needing to fuck a female; SHE was *that* female! The heft of their fucking balls was making her docile! Making her *want* to serve them. This couldn't be happening, she couldn't really be like this! She couldn't actually let the fucking reindeer from all those songs and stories and legends... fuck her. Fuuuuuuuuuuuuu-

Her thoughts drifted from her panic attack to the assault on her pussy, two flailing tongues from two reindeer she couldn't care to identify lathering halfway down to her womb, her labia stretching to accommodate their barrage. The female gave out a loud bleat that only made the boys nearby shout and holler with anticipation. Haroldene could hear Rudolph behind her, having rushed over from her bellow, but he wasn't... stopping them. He was her last defense, her knight in shining armor. He was pressing up against her body now like before, trying to protect her.



But... why? A part of this felt so... *good*. Her cunt was spasming, fluids leaking down her leg and matting into her fur. She wanted this. She *needed* this. Even now her frazzled eyes were looking at a ginormous cock in front of her, one of the other reindeer partially lifting a leg to show it to her. Her muzzle leaned over, wrapping her lips around the side as if she were going to take a large bite. But instead, she suckled on it. Suckled right on the flesh, savoring the meaty taste as the whole barn was all yelling and shouting that she ignored. The reindeer she was servicing, with his balls so big, and so burly, lowered his mouth to her ear, speaking two magical words. "*Good girl.*"

Without thinking, an action completely made through sheer instinct, Haroldene thrust her back leg right into Rudolph's face, knocking him back towards the wall as he looked at her with first a face of betrayal, but then concern in knowing the female was not in her proper state. He could only watch in internal horror as the other eight reindeer crowded around her, hollering like frat boys finally getting their piece of meat.

"You can always say no you stupid bitch!" said one of them, "well, as long as one of our cocks isn't making that too difficult for you."

They descended upon her. Her throat filled to the brim with a meaty shaft that realigned her gullet and allowed for a deeper insertion, using her muzzle just like her pussy. The males had trouble figuring out who should be the first to use her cunt, each



one wanting to be the one to inseminate her, all of them assuming she *had* to be a virgin. It wasn't for her to decide as all became white noise to her. Whoever had their hooves on her shoulder, thrusting into her mouth repeatedly had... a pretty substantial penis that Haroldene would've loved to inform the others about. That he should be the first to use her... but with such a thick rod in her, it's not like she could say much.

Plus, it's not like they would listen! She's their bitch, their phantom mare that's all too real. The thoughts of carrying fawns in her new womb enticed her. How could she have gotten into this situation, and how could she have done it sooner in life?! Next was four muzzles vying to see which could stick their tongue into her vagina the farthest, doing nothing more but letting her pussy feel the exertion and stretch of four goddamn snouts filling her up! Their hot breaths rising her heat, making her moan around the cock she was pleasing to the best of her ability.

In the corner sat Rudolph, who now literally rested on his bum. The arousal had gotten to him as he used his thumbless hooves to bring his fully erect phallus close to his mouth, licking it as his eyes watched, hungry for Haroldene's pussy, but forced to only watch every other male get their cocks in her first. For all of his efforts, even though he was the one to change her... he was reduced to a mere cuck.

The moans and groans intensified from them all. The female thought she would've gone deaf from the eight of them and all their roars, bellows. She had felt



three, no, four of their cocks within the last hour. She couldn't tell if she had cum, not that it was that important. The abuse of her slit had made it no longer straight and pretty, but lopsided and used. The area was thick in gloppy, white cum, like a spider's web concealing the entrance to her cunt. Yet the next dick to come in re-revealed her vulva. Each reindeer had to contend with using another's ejaculate as lubricant. Every new thrust given to her was another human memory wiping away. Haroldene was still Harold, that'd never change, but what would be changing is her sanity. Her thoughts of how she was *always* the bestest female reindeer!

And her belly full of cum, face covered in the dried seeds of many hot males, *probably* had no influence on her thoughts with the matter.

The night went on, and the screams only got louder. All eight had their piece of the red and irritated pie, but like a revolving carousel, they could not control themselves as one was always in her mouth, or wrapping their lips around her udder tits, savoring the milk within. Four points of contact meant four others were always just watching, reigniting their lust and desire for more. The female reindeer's legs were shaking like trees in a windstorm, desperately wanting rest from supporting the weight of two males for this long, another nearly numb but still rather noticeable female climax coursing through her form into her very being. It didn't stop, nothing would stop. They had balls built up from decades or centuries from their lack of rigorous use. Perhaps they had a feral every once in a while, or perhaps they didn't depending on the buck. The amount of



cum stuck into her fur was staggering, and they were going to make sure she emptied all of it from them. It was her *duty* as a female after all.

When morning came, Haroldene thought the bright light was not the sun, but rather heaven itself coming to claim her as she screamed and fell onto her side, her eyes shooting into the opposite directions as her uvula shook with the vibrations. None of them came to her aid as more and more cum flew onto her. It was like some of them were holding their orgasms, edging themselves for one final show as a new rope added to her fur, making her as white as snow.

But who could forget how important it is to relieve one's self after such a copious amount of fucking? The horny eight each took a spot around her, lifting their legs and aiming their tips right at the exhausted lady, who only twitched her ears for a second as the yellow streams came. Warm, hot, acrid fizz sprayed all across her body. It was ironic in the cruelest of sense that their piss did a good job at cleaning their cum off of her while at the same time, removing whatever humanness remained. A puddle formed under her, and there was a perverted want to taste it, which didn't really matter considering how much droplets splashed around her muzzle. It was inevitable to get the taste of their tangy spunk which joined the saltiness of their cum stuck between her gums.



No amount of baths over the many centuries of service could remove their scent now as each took their leave, the last two reindeer in the barn being the battered Haroldene, and the blue-balled Rudolph.

“Come on. Get up,” he said, his formerly warm disposition replaced with an almost authoritative command.

She tried her best, and it was only thanks to the other male that her legs could do what was told of her. The female expected the both of them to walk out together, and perhaps finally undo what this night had done to her psyche. Haroldene was still... somehow in there. All of this could be reversed, all of the memories just a bad dream. But as she walked forward...

...she felt a new, and heavy weight on her back. Rudolph was mounting her. “All I did for you, and you threw it back into my face.” His pointed tip rubbed at her fat folds, no longer as pretty as it was the prior night. “I never lied, I could change you back. But if I cum in you, it’s permanent.”

“No...” it was the weakest word she’d ever said. All energy was sapped, all willpower removed. Her brain was rewired in the sloppy sex of the night.



Rudolph brought his snout close to her ear, nibbling at the fur there. "Say no all you like. I *am* getting what I deserve. You owe me for saving your life." He took in a deep, greedy breath. "Welcome to the team Haroldene. You're already so... popular."

They bleated in unison, her womb filled to the brim now rubbed by the largest cock she had felt whilst in this barn. Her vision flashed the remnants of her life right before her eyes. The female reindeer's head jerked in one direction, and then an erratic look claimed her eyes, a wide smile coming to her cum-covered lips. "Yes! YES! I'm a **GOOOOOOOOOO** girl!!! Fuck me! Make me suck your cocks! I'm the reindeer slut, I'm the one here for every nut! Give me your offspring, give me your seed, make me the fucking one you ALL **BREEED!!!!**"

The two would spend the next hour together. Even after Rudolph came in her repeatedly, exploited her again and again by bucking his hips right into her ass, his balls swinging and nailing her udder sacks, he stayed in the afterglow of their erotic session. He spooned his larger body against hers as they both found sleep in his pen, the smell of the hay he'd trample on daily infusing into every essence of her entire being. Harold was gone for good, and Haroldene was here to stay.

It didn't take long to convince the big man in the red suit to allow a tenth reindeer to help pull the sleigh. Additionally, with so many people in the modern era, they were really needing an upgrade on that horsepower. Straps and belts and bells were all



around her. She was not next to Rudolph, but directly behind him, staring right into ass and balls while the other members could get to enjoy the next night of delivering all the presents to the world with such a puffy cunt as eye candy.

Every house was another break that allowed a single reindeer to cum in her, and without a single delay in their schedule, she was a welcomed member of the team. Because even though she took around a billion of their orgasms in a single night, she still put in an equal amount of effort as any other reindeer. She was quite the trooper!

Christmas Day went by much faster than she expected, and now she had to wait for a whole year to do her job? No wonder these males get so bored in their daily life. But with her around? She was more than happy to provide. Each day was a new day to breed, and they still had balls the size of watermelons to empty into her.

At the very least, Haroldene would never be alone around Christmas time again. Nine vigorous males all to herself? Who could've been more lucky than her? For all she'd do around the clock is service... service... service...

She was the bestest reindeer for each one. Every citizen in the workshop hearing their fun. It didn't take long for her own legends to spread, as wide as her folds did.

You know Dasher and Dancer



And Prancer and Vixen

Comet and Cupid and

Donner and Blitzen

Rudolph too

But do you recall

The most used reindeer of all?

Haroldene the Female Reindeer

Had such a cum-filled and reddened cunt

And if you ever saw it

You would say it looks like it took one hell of a brunt

All of the other reindeer

Mount her rear and call her names

They never let poor Haroldene

Soften those reindeer flames

Then one foggy Winter's night

Santa came to say

Haroldene with your body so desired

You'll be very pregnant with all of the seed you've acquired



Oh how the reindeer loved her

As they shouted out while finishing

Haroldene the Female Reindeer

Your mind is diminishing

You old life... extinguishing

Enjoy your new role you fat bitch

I hope you never satisfy that itch

