

Were-Reindeer: The Gift of Himbo

By: Firingwall

A long sigh left the woman laying on the bed in the room. Melissa stared up at her ceiling, laying as flat and as quiet as could be. She couldn't sleep. How could she... and why would she anyway? Given everything set to come, she couldn't.

Melissa took another look at her phone. *Almost time.* Only a little while until midnight.

The brown-haired woman took a deep breath and slowly released it. It had been a bit since this happened. She was nervous, some of her fingers and toes twitching and trembling for what would happen.

Still, she was also excited about what would become of her.

December was almost here. Only a minute or two left for Melissa until the month rolled in. At the stroke of midnight, the "Christmas Spirit" would come to her. Its arrival would fill every pore, every inch of her being.

Once it did, the were-reindeer would return. It was a being of pure, holiday festive spirit! The beast made it its mission to cheer people up during this time of year. Make them feel happy and warm.

The were-reindeer was also a being of pure muscle and girth. It was a large, hulking anthro that made all blush upon sight. They extruded "big" energy that pulled everyone in.

Big wasn't used loosely either. Every year, Melissa grew bigger, bulkier, and **manlier**. More height, more muscles, more hair, more energy, more time. The transformation usually lasted one month and then ended, but it has gone on longer now. Last time, she was a big reindeer for over half a year! It was a wild time, but she got through it and enjoyed it.

Now, the time has come. The small, scrawny lady was waiting for the inevitable. She was waiting for her weak, dainty form to vanish once again.

Melissa took a look at her phone. 11:59 PM. She took another deep breath and released it. *Any second now. Any... any second.*

...I wonder how I'm gonna look this time. How big could I even get this ooooOOOOO~!

Melissa's body shook. Her pupils dilated. A strong, burning sensation came on all at once. No gradual buildup. Just an all-out explosion.

DING-DING-DING-DING! The alarm on her phone went off. This time, she didn't need it to know the truth. December has come.

Melissa quivered, fingers digging into her sheets and mattress. It was time. She snorted. *Bring... it... on!*

Her hands twitched, digging in harder. A spot of black appeared on each of her fingernails. The blackness spread across the nails, quickly overtaking them and turning the material harder than it was.

Then the nails grew. Not normal growing either. The fingernail growth spread forward and to the sides, slowly encasing each fingertip up to its joint. Once covered, the material hardened and beneath it, things shifted. It was like she had mini-hooves on each finger.

But the changes didn't stop there (nor would they for a while either). At the edge of each hoof where there was still skin, something sprouted. Brown hairs grew, short and fine. They slowly crawled down each finger and onto the hands, coating them from top to bottom.

Melissa let out a sigh, holding up one of her changing hands. She saw the fur completely envelope the hand at the end. Her mitt twitched and trembled, muscle and bone mass building for a bigger, bulkier shape.

Her body felt a little less tense. Hand changes: a simple but pleasant way to start off on her transformation journey. What would happen ne-

Melissa's pupils dilated. Her whole form quaked as a powerful, lustful feeling exploded within her. Her loins dampened as she hollered, **"FUCK ME! Fuuuuuck, I wanna stick my cock in some tight, meaty ass already!"**

The woman's face was all red, her heart beating a mile a minute. She brushed her forehead. Sure, her transformations usually made her feel hot and bothered with heavy increases in horniness. However, it never came on so aggressively before.

Big, tight ass~. A smile crept onto her lips. Melissa had to admit, that was a pleasant thought. Maybe it was the reindeer within her taking over, but... shoving her large, cervine cock into some hot stud's ass? That would be great.

Heh, that puny little roommate with the glasses could use some fucking~. Have a real beast in him to help him beast out and-

She shook her head, brushing her forehead. *Hold your horses!* An image of a black stallion anthro showing off his cock entered her head. She shook it away. *Let's... let's not go crazy yet. Still a ways to go.*

Her breathing was deep. Each breath was larger than the last, her frame expanding. Her breasts were stretching out as her chest widened, shoulders broadening. *Don't... don't even have a cock yet anyway...*

Her hand slipped down to her sweatpants and onto her crotch. She shivered again. She was greeted by a huge, throbbing bugle already in wait. The area dampened from even a slight touch like that, pulsating a little too.

Melissa's face grew even redder. *That came out faster than usual.*

Still, it was going to happen sooner or later, and her horniness was increasing by the second. She opened up her sweatpants and pushed them down a little bit. She was greeted by a long, red, cervine cock. It throbbed gently.

However, her mind blurred as a familiar scent hit her nose. It was heavy and so powerful, that beastly musk. She breathed it in and let out a gruff snort. Her nose twitched and throbbed, coloration turning dark. Its nostrils widened and flared, her nose tip lifting. Her snout pushed forward, swelling in size as it all turned beastly.

"Hey, big guy~." Melissa chuckled. **"I haven't pumped you all day~."** Her hand crept over to her shaft. **"You're mighty excited, aren't ya? Don't worry, I'll help ya."**

Why... why am I talking like this? Melissa's mind spoke through the fog as best as it could. *I... I couldn't have stroked one out... haven't... haven't had a cock until now. It's like... it's like something is coming over-*

The mind blurred again. Her pupils dilated. Her hand stroked the shaft of her rod.

"MMRUMPH!" Melissa grunted like an animal. Pre squirted out of her dick as her body quaked. Her ears bent back, stretching and pulling. Brown fur erupted over them as they grew even longer, turning cervine.

An ear flicked as Melissa shook her head, trying to focus. Her eyebrows thickened as she let out a deep chuckle. **"Ooof, big man is needy!"** Melissa bit her bottom lip as she stroked her rod again. **"Don't worry~. Melissa ain't gonna keep you unrubbed for long!"**

Her cock throbbed again, her toes clenching. Clenching for a moment as the digits started merging into one another. Toenails grew rapidly, darkening and overtaking whatever digits remained. Eventually, her socks split in the front as the new digits tore through, resembling hooves now.

Melissa cared not. Her eyes were still on her cock. She huffed and panted, licking her chops. Her nice, big cock and...

She snorted. She reached down and pulled her pants further down. Her sight was incomplete without some large balls. Moving them down, she happily fully took in her large, grapefruit-sized ball sack and the sheath from which her rod extended. Much better!

Now that the balls were out, why not enjoy them? Leaving the rod alone, Melissa took a moment to appreciate their large balls, giving them a firm grope. *Mmm, **bigger. Bigger this year. Bigger is always better!***

Melissa panted harder, groping them more. They could feel them pulse in their hands, filling with more seed. In return, more pre dripped out of their rod. Thick brown hairs sprouted around their balls, coating their crotch and running up to their belly button, forming a small happy trail.

Melissa snorted more. *Of course... course they're big~. Always huge this time of year. A swell of pride came to them. **Perk of being a big reindeer. Always hit big in the holidays. Helps... helps spread Christmas cheer~.***

Hair was growing faster and faster across them. Thick hairs were sprouting out on their chin now, almost like a goatee. Their locks were getting longer and longer, their color a richer, redder brown now.

Weird... feels weird. Melissa's mind was almost an empty blur of nothing but lust and desire. Yet, a small voice could be heard. *Only... only a reindeer during the holidays. Not... not all year round. So... so **horny**...*

Something... something different this year. Melissa huffed heavier, quaking. Arm hair was sprouting. *Need... need to understand...* They fondled their balls again. Breathing increased, thick chest hairs coating the chest between their breasts. *Need to... need to...*

Mmmmm, need to feel chest. Melissa chuckled, licking his chops. *Love feeling chest. Chest good too~.*

Melissa placed his hands on his breasts, giving them a light squeeze. He shook, but only a little. Instead, he felt... wrong. ***Hmm? Squishy? Why are they squishy?! Where's my fucking bulgy, firm power?!***

He proceeded to grope and fondle his breasts, melding them like soft dough. He took his time doing this over and over, their already small size deflating. They pulled back and back until his chest was empty. Not that it stopped him from continuing to massage.

Melissa kept at it, huffing. ***Breasts? Since when do I have breasts?*** His chest began to rise again, wider this time. ***I... I don't have breasts.*** His chest continued to swell, not as large as before, but bulgier and firmer. ***I have pecs, fucking pecs!***

Sure enough, the beast did. On his chest were large, wide pectorals that would bring envy (or perhaps more) to almost anyone who saw them. Though, "saw" was a big thing and right now, visibility was low.

Without a care, he tore his shirt off and tossed it to the side. Why wear something that was covering up his great figure? It's not like he was out in public or had breasts. Though... breasts... he definitely didn't have them before, right?

Melissa quaked. His cock squirted out a trail of sticky cum onto the bedding. He snorted and shook his head. ***...what was... was I thinking about bewbs? Ugh, why would I?***

He groped his pecs again. ***God, I fucking love being riiiiipped~.***

Another quake hit his body, traveling throughout it. Across his form, growth took place. It struck his torso, making his waist widen and lose its narrowness. It struck him in his height, extending him to nearly six feet long. It struck below, dark and light brown fur sprouting over him. Even his hair, his short, messy locks straightening out and flowing down past his shoulders.

Just as much as I love this studly thing~. His hands moved up to his chin, pressing against the stubble he had grown. He slid his fingers across his chin and down his jawline, thick beard hair sprouting. ***Mmmm, so rugged. Who doesn't love a good beard on a big guy like me~. Why do I even bother shaving?***

His cock cummed some more. Fur started appearing on his face as his beard thickened a little more. ***Mmm, being stupid again. Don't shave. Why shave? Guys love the beard~.***

Melissa trembled, looking down at his cock, pre dripping out of the large, erect thing. ***"Heh, sorry big guy. I know you're most important. You need lots of tending~."***

Without another thought, Melissa grabbed his rod. He shook more than ever. He throbbed and groaned, grunting. Fur was cloaking his arms and legs almost in their entirety now, his limbs throbbing as well. They began expanding, their muscles bulging and thickening to powerful, mighty degrees.

Melissa bellowed lowly, suddenly so inhuman. Cum drizzled out as his eyes rolled back. At that moment, the shock blasted through some of his lustful mind fog. *Wait... wasn't I... wasn't I some scrawny, twiggy girl?*

An image appeared in his mind, his old self. He snorted. ***Fuuuuck, the changes are fucking strong this year. Barely even... even remember things normally.***

Melissa snorted, shaking his head. ***But... but who fucking cares?*** He smirked, pumping his rod. Why would he want to be small? Why would he want to be scrawny? Why would he want to be anything else but a big, buff, horny reindeer of a man?

The man pumped his rod again. A huge pulse of strength rocked through his entire body. His shoulders broadened further as he shot up several inches more. His stomach toughened as abs formed, clear as day through the fur.

Melissa... Memphis ran his hands down his form, taking in his muscles and powers. ***Fuck me, why... why would I want breasts or shit when I can have this good shit right here? All of this... yes... all of this power and girth~.***

Memphis snorted, nose pushing out further and reshaping fully into a deer snout. ***Not a human.*** He pumped, cum dripping out again. ***Never want to be human.*** More cum came out. ***Never... never was human.*** More came, balls pulsating and churning more seed.

Just a reindeer. His hips contracted a little, butt flattening and turning more shapely fit. ***Always... always reindeer!***

Just a reindeer! Memphis snorted, pumping his cock harder and harder now. His body continued to swell, hooves started to reach the end of the bed. ***Always reindeer. Just... big, burly, horny, large reindeer!!***

ALWAYS REINDEER! Fur was spreading completely over his form, leaving no trace of visible skin behind. Anything else is wrong!

All that matters... is Christmas. His pupils dilated, fur puffing up around his neck. Christmas was important. He was a reindeer, always been one. He was a reindeer with an important task around this time of year.

Memphis was the Christmas Reindeer Himbo and proud of it! Spots on the back of his head bulged out. His job was to spread joy. His jaws cracked, pushing slightly forward. He was to spread horniness! A nub appeared above his rear. He was to spread his special brand of cheer to all adults!

This is who he was. Who he knew himself to be. It brought him joy.

And it brought him to the finisher. His cock throbbed one final time and blew. No more drips or small squirts. Cum erupted out of his rod and splattered the ceiling above him, dripping down back onto him. His musk seemed to intensify, filling the room with his scent.

With it, Memphis' body came to its close. His face shot forward into a strong muzzle, befitting the beast he was. A tail popped out above his rear, small but important for his form. Horns popped out of his head, long and powerful.

However, the changes weren't over. They were only done for him. The rest of the room, his environment around him? That would change. His old self was disappearing from everything, possessions shifting to match the new beast better. More pictures of him, pinup posters of half-naked anthro men, and fitting filled the place. Plenty of gym equipment and personal "toys" for him to stay in proper shape and skill followed.

Memphis panted, snorting. Phew! He held back too much that day, didn't he? He was way too pent-up. The reindeer needed to remember to jerk off every few hours. A big himbo, fertile stud like him got too "full" if he didn't. It didn't help that it was that time of year as well.

He licked his hoof fingers and sighed, breathing in deeply. His musky, cum-splattered room brought a pleasant, happy feeling to him. Sure, he needed to clean this up, but for now, he was fine and just wanted to soak it all in.

Christmas cheer and spirit had filled him once more, and he couldn't be happier. It sucked being an average-size reindeer. Admittedly, he was still fairly large, but why settle for that when he could be a hulking, brutish, but lovable cervine that everyone wanted to fuck?

With that in mind, Memphis sat up and inched toward the edge of the bed. He stretched his arms, rolling his shoulders. It was time to get to work.

Sure, it was only the first of the month and minutes after midnight, but he needed to roll. Spreading his gay, horny love around was important after all. People needed their cheer right away and needed help to awaken to the true himbo spirit of the season!

Memphis stroked his chin. ***Hmm, start with that happy little couple a few rooms over. My roommates could do with some big muscles, fur, and some huge balls and cocks~.***

THE HOLIDAYS BEGIN...