

Prep for Reindeer Play

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YCH Commission Done for IceWolf91 of FurAffinity

“Okay... this is the place.” Colin double-checked the Map app and looked back out the car window. He was right, despite what the setting may say.

The young man had just pulled into the parking lot of a warehouse one cold, December evening. The place looked almost foreboding with how old and dingy it appeared if not for one thing. There were colorful, flashing lights blaring out of the windows and skylight of the building every so often.

Those colors looked downright festive.

Colin drove up closer, parking near the other vehicles in the lot. He found the closest spot to the building he could and got out, looking around. There were many other cars, but he was surprisingly able to identify two of them. They belonged to his friends.

Though, he saw no one in or around them. *Guess they're inside already?*

Colin was a bit disappointed in that. He had never been to this place before, so he was hoping he could head in with them. He wasn't a shy or nervous kind of guy, but he didn't want to look like some deer-in-the-headlights gawker.

The other day, his pals in their group chat invited him to a special party. It was a wintery, holiday-themed event that went on every year in December, going from the start of the month to Christmas Day itself. As they described it to him, if you wanted to celebrate the season in the most fun way possible, this was how you did it.

It sounded very interesting despite how vague they were in the details to Colin. He tried looking up more information. However, the info online was as vague as his friends'. He found the location, the time, and other small bits, but nothing more. He knew it was some kind of party event at a club, like maybe a rave, but that was it.

Still, his pals had never led him wrong before, had they? It would be a lot of fun working up a sweat partying and dancing on a cold day with them and who knows how many others. He hadn't been to something like that in forever!

So, why not check it out?

here! will b in soon! Colin texted that to Teddy, one of his invitee friends, and pocketed the phone. He headed over to the front doors.

As he approached, he saw a large man standing in front of the entrance. He wore a red suit and green tie with a thick scarf wrapped around most of his face, no doubt protecting it from the cold. *Gees, hope they have someone who comes out to cover him sometimes.*

Despite the colors and lack of shades, for obvious reasons, the man screamed bouncer.

He eyed Colin intently as the young man walked closer. Once he was a few feet away, the guy spoke up, "This is a private event. Only those with an invite are allowed."

"Oh! That's me!" Colin quickly got his phone back out and pulled up the online invite his pals sent him. He was so thankful they didn't forget.

He held the phone up to him. "I'm good, right?"

The bouncer leaned in, looking over the invite before giving a slight nod. "Alright, looks legit." Colin smiled, putting the phone away.

However, the man did not smile. In fact, he looked at him rather sternly. "You're not dressed or looking right for this party though."

Colin blinked, a bad feeling striking him in the pit of his stomach. His friends never mentioned a dress code or anything. Also, how could this guy know he wasn't dressed or looking right? He had his coat on. Was it the jeans or something?

"Wh-what do you mean?" Colin asked hesitantly, "Am I not allowed in?"

"No, you can come in, but not this way." The man nodded to the left. "You'll just have to take that entrance instead."

Colin looked and noticed for the first time a series of shipping crates that were stacked against the side of the warehouse. They were huddled close, wrapping around to the other side of the building. He could see a sign on the doors of the closest crate that read, "To Be Dressed Entrance Here". He wasn't sure how he missed those crates given their size and everything.

"Head on through there and you'll be good," the man insisted.

Colin wasn't exactly sure, finding the entire thing a touch suspicious to say the absolute least. Still, he trusted his friends and wanted to meet up with them, so he went on over.

He stopped in front of the container, looking at the large, heavy door of it. It didn't seem like he could move or open it. He looked back at the bouncer, who gave him a thumbs up and nod. It seemed like he was missing something.

Colin looked at the door again and gave it a knock, not really expecting anything. A much smaller door cut out of the larger one opened on his right. Warmth trickled out, so inviting on a cold night that it seemed to pull him towards it hypnotically.

He stepped through the doorway, finding no one waiting for him. The door closed behind him, but, again, there was still no one else there.

Inside, it, expectedly, looked like the inside of a shipping container. There was some dressing to it, such as a nice red carpet that rolled down the center from end to end. There was some festive mood lighting too.

Most curiously, at the end on the right side was a makeshift doorway cut out of the wall. It was cloaked by a velvet red curtain, a small draft moving it. Straining his ears, Colin could just make out some noises coming from behind it. It sounded like people talking.

Again, the entire setup was suspicious to him. Colin still found himself wandering over regardless, if cautiously. *I wonder what's going on here... I'm supposed to get dressed up, but where am I-* “OOF!”

Just as he reached the curtain and prepared to open it, furry hands with hoof-like fingers reached out from behind it and pulled him through with a hard yank.

Colin found himself in a far warmer, far more dressed up container now. There were dressing racks with red harnesses and sleigh bells attached to them hanging up. There were some black bins beside the rack. Across from them was another set of racks but with coats hanging from them and shoes and heels placed beneath.

Certainly an interesting sight, but nowhere close to the real highlights that were the figures that pulled him through. They were reindeer... two large, buff, manly reindeer anthros. They towered over him, only wearing the same harnesses that were on the clothing racks and red speedos.

Red speedos that were bulging quite significantly at that.

Colin's eyes grew wide, his breath almost taken away. The two cervines studied him with careful eyes, one stroking his chin. He could only gulp. What had he just entered?

After what felt like enough awkward silence, Colin managed to clear his throat. His cheeks raging red, he said, "Wh-who are you?" That was the best he could do.

"Right!" A reindeer with long, brown hair smacked his forehead. "I'm sorry! We're being stupid and creepy here just staring. My name is Memphis. This is my buddy, Elliot!"

"Sup!" The other reindeer said. He had far shorter, scruffier brown-red hair and a more curious, friendly look in his eyes. "I take it you're on the list?"

"Y-yeah?" Colin nervously got out his phone and got the invite up, showing it to them.

Both anthros leaned in and then leaned back, smiling. "Alrighty then!" Memphis nodded. "We're good to go here! Wooo! I'm sure you're gonna love this year's winter party!"

"Hmm, judging by that look you're giving us, I take it this is your first time attending one of these shindigs?" Elliot asked sweetly.

"Yeah?" Colin nodded slowly. He was feeling a little better now that it seemed like they weren't going to harm him. Still, it was fairly awkward given their unclothed, bulging appearance and how casual they seemed about it.

"Well, don't you worry a thing!" Memphis declared, "We'll get you ready to go in and party it up in no time!" The reindeer turned and grabbed one of the red harnesses from the racks.

He held it up to Colin, giving it a gentle shake. It made a slight jingle. "Just take off your coat and shoes, and we'll get you dressed!"

What the reindeer was suggesting and implying made Colin flinch. He wanted to tell him no or argue against it. He even started opening his mouth to do so.

Yet, something happened. The words didn't come to him. Any sense of disinterest or conflict melted away. He found himself then flustered, warm, and, curious of all, drawn in.

He couldn't explain it, but there was something about the cervines. The longer he was around them, the more strangely entrancing they became. Something about their looks, their handsome mugs, impressive bodies... their enticing scents had him hooked.

Plus, the jingle of the bells on their own harnesses were just so delightful! Their sounds rang eagerly in his head, echoing on and on. It brought an unexpected amount of ease to him.

Colin couldn't nor did he want to turn them down. "Well," he said slowly, "Okay. I can do that." He casually took off his jacket and slid off his shoes. Elliot took them both, setting and hanging them by the other rack.

Memphis came over with the harness then. Colin sheepishly said, "Umm, I never wore one of those before. I could use a little help."

"Of course!" Memphis cheerfully said, "Not often you get to wear something meant for a beast like me." He winked, Colin gulped.

The big reindeer helped the guy slip into the harness, carefully getting each limb through each part and making sure everything snapped on correctly. He tightened it, but not too much so.

The entire time he worked, Colin found himself blushing and growing hotter. With the anthro so close, that musky scent came off a lot stronger. The aroma invaded his nostrils, making him shiver at one point. It made him so eager.

Colin breathed in and out. *Wonder what this party is like... This feels so kinky.*

"And there we go!" Memphis suddenly declared, snapping Colin back to Earth. The reindeer stepped back. He couldn't help but feel a little disappointed without him so close.

Still, Colin centered himself and looked down, observing how his new accessory fitted. "Soooo, now what?" He looked at the reindeer, who were eyeing him up curiously again. "Do I just go in?"

"Just give it a second!" Elliot chuckled, stepping up close to his side. "Let the magic flow, bro!" He gave a playful slap on the back.

Well, it may have been an attempt at being playful. That slap was a lot harder than Elliot probably intended, causing Colin to stumble forward a little. He kept his balance thankfully.

He would've been a little upset, but when he stumbled forward, the bells on his harness jingled. They were different from before in a way. Lighter, softer, yet so enticing and loud in his head. The jingles rang and echoed through his ears like a voice in a cave.

The echoes bounced around, his ears feeling warm and tingly. Then, they began to stretch. They extended from his head, reshaping themselves into something more bestial. The

hairs grew thicker and more close together, forming a coating of fur. It was light brown on the outside with a slightly darker shade inside.

His cervine-esque ears wiggled gently once they settled in, giving his head a weird sensation. “What just happened?” Colin muttered, slowly reaching a hand up.

As it reached, his head lurched to the side, a sharp ringing blaring in his brain. Something throbbed and pulsed hard. His mind swirled and ached, his face scrunching up. Before he could recover, his head lurched to the other side, the same feelings hitting again.

Thankfully, it was all over in a matter of seconds, and the results were incredible. He had sprouted two large antlers, soft pine brown, from the top of his noggin. Despite the seeming weight and push upon his noggin, he could barely feel them.

Still, the shake and growth said enough to get his attention. He tried reaching up again, now bonking his hand against the underside of an antler. “What the hell?!”

Before he could even do something about it, weird tingles came from behind him, right above his rear. It was numbing then ticklish, making him fidget. Out came a short, fuzzy, cervine tail much like the others’ own. It wagged a smidgen, happy to be free and out.

“What the heck is going-whoa!” Colin's balance suddenly escaped him. He found himself swaying and unable to stand properly, his footing crumbling.

Looking down, he understood. Coming through his socks were hooves. Two cloven, dark brown, dense hooves that shredded the cotton fabric as his feet reshaped to narrower portions. He soon had the feet of the reindeer, but not their balance.

The two anthros seemed to sense the issue and moved just before he tumbled backwards. “Easy there!” Elliot declared, “I got ya!” Colin fell right into the buff reindeer's arms, soft jingles coming from both of their bells.

The changing man's face turned deeply red, feeling those big reindeer arms around him as they helped him stand. The fluster of falling faded, comfort taking its place.

In a matter of no time, he was back up straight. His balance had returned. It even felt as if he had walked on those hooves all his life. It was weird, but he also couldn't help but like the heavy clicks and steps he made as he walked.

Colin breathed in and out, relaxing as best as he could given everything. He saw his hands out of the corner of his eyes. Light brown fur was creeping onto them, starting on the back

and wrapping around his mitts. The coating ran up to his fingertips, nails turning dark brown and growing too. They wrapped around his fingers, encasing the tips and giving them a hooven-esque look and feel.

“Also weird...” Colin held his hands out, flipping them over and back.

“Hey, just like ours!” Memphis said. He and his friend held out a hand each and placed them against Colin's. They were similar, but clearly bigger.

At least, for a moment they were. Colin cringed, gritting his teeth and letting out a gruff snort. A heavy heat struck him in the chest, spreading across his body.

The man began to grow and fast. In almost a blink of the eye, he was as wide and then as tall as them. His form broadened, musculature building into a fitter, more defined form. His limbs thickened, hands pulsing until they were as large as their own.

Colin's heart beat quicker as he saw his growth. *I'm becoming like them...* He gulped, feeling a tingle at the thought. It felt nice... other than that obnoxious squeezing. His clothing was hugging his form annoyingly, clearly not sized for the beast he was becoming. The only thing that was alright was the harness, seeming to grow and adjust itself with his form.

Not helping the tightness was an arriving itchiness. Fur spread from his hands and up from his hooves, climbing his limbs to his torso. He could feel it brush and scrap uncomfortably under his outfit, going the wrong way or feeling just off.

Colin breathed heavily, letting out another snort as he twitched. *Dang it...* He shifted his shoulders, rubbing his arms against his sides. *I was kind of enjoying this.*

“Kind of” was an understatement. Despite the initial shock, Colin was indeed enjoying this. The growth, the strength, and look... how could he not?

Colin scratched at his side and then across to his tummy. He ran over something firm and dense. Looking, he saw that he had a set of abs, pressed tightly against his shirt and showing their shape. He had never been so fit!

He eagerly ran his hands over those muscles, soaking in their shape. He slid his hands upwards to his chest, feeling a tingling coming from there.

Just in time too. His chest widened and pushed out, further and somehow denser. *Pecs! Hell yeah!*

The man squeezed and rubbed those new pectorals. That sense of power and strength in him only grew. He loved it! Loved it so much, especially seeing how they stretched his shirt to its limits like spandex.

RIIIIP! Well, *almost* like spandex. That shirt tore instead like tissue paper, those pecs poking out and showing off their light brown fur and dark nipples.

It was a shame about his shirt, but he could hardly care! He was so damn big! *Yeah...* He placed and kneaded his hands into those pecs, quivering. *So... so cool. So damn-*

“Oooo FUCK!” The crotch on his pants bulged further, far more than it ever did before. He moaned, hands going down and undoing the button to release some pressure. It worked, the zipper dipping down on its own as part of his boxers poked out.

“Someone's enjoying themselves!” Memphis chuckled. His eyes were looking over Colin like a predator sizing up a hunk of meat.

“I mean, I would... and did too!” Elliot snickered. He ran his hands down his own body. “There's plenty to love and enjoy about this!”

He reached over and rubbed Colin's head. He leaned in, cooing, “Isn't that right?”

Colin snickered as well. He would usually dislike having his head rubbed like that, but for this moment? He didn't mind. A handsome reindeer was allowed to touch all he wanted.

As Elliot ruffled his hair, the human's blond locks shortened. They lost a few inches, getting scruffy and tinged in brown. From a glance, it looked like a mixture of fur and hair.

At this point, as obvious as it was, Colin asked, “So, I'm going to be like you guys, huh?”

“Mhm!” Both reindeers nodded with sly grins.

“Fucking awesome,” Colin said simply. A pulse rocketed through his body at that moment. The heat burned hotter than before, excitement filling him. A thought came to his mind as if telling him what he must do. It seemed right to him.

He clenched his hands into fists, holding out his arms away from him. He puffed his chest out and flexed. His pupils dilated, a heavy snort escaping his nose. Everything pulsed harder, throbbed harder.

His arms, and even his legs, buffed up in a wave from the ends to the torso. Forearms to biceps, calves to thighs. It all swelled until he was on par with the reindeer. His sleeves and pants were shredded, splitting open all over and showing off that furry beef.

The destruction of his clothes and the sight of his dense body trying to escape made him hornier. His equipment bulged more, tenting further and stretching that underwear out. The tip of it was damp, a pleasant musk coming from it now.

Fucking yes! Colin thrust his torso out again, this time putting his arms behind his head for extra oomph. It was enough to tear his shirt down the middle, starting at the chest and running down to his navel. His abs and pectorals pushed forward, looking like they protruded out even more than they actually did.

“FUCK YES!” Colin hollered. Another burst of pleasure echoed through him, a heavy bestial snort following close behind.

It all rocked down below the belt, a mighty **RIP** heard after. His boxers and the rest of his pants’ crotch burst open. Huge, furry balls popped out and hung, larger than apples. A red, cervine rod appeared, fully free from a fuzzy sheath. It throbbed, pre dripping gently out.

That latest bestial snort put him over the edge above too. His face snapped forward with one big lunge. His nose widened, turning dark brown as fur sprouted around it and over his face. His mouth stretched, thickening and lengthening into a strong muzzle.

With that, Colin was complete. He was a reindeer man, just another one like Memphis and Elliot. Tall, dense, thicker, and handsome in all the right ways. Heck, maybe just a little bit taller too by a few inches given how the duo looked a bit up at him.

Memphis and Elliot applauded and whistled. Colin could see their own bulges throbbing, tenting a little. Perhaps they were used to this and didn't get so easily turned on?

Well, he certainly liked this a lot! He let out an approving snort as he looked down at himself. He looked amazing! One fine specimen of a mighty, fertile reindeer man...

...in wrecked clothing.

Colin smiled, shaking his head. His puny clothes didn't stand a chance with his amazing looks, only that wonderful harness in the end. Just everything was in tatters on the ground or hanging off him like scraps of torn paper.

He looked at the two. “Guys, I love this and all, buuuuuut I don't think I can truly party while looking like this much of a mess.”

“Don't worry! We got you covered... somewhat!” Memphis winked. He walked over to the bins near the harness rack and popped one open. It was filled with red speedos, like theirs. “One size fits all!”

“The bigger the equipment, the more to show off!” Elliot added.

“Hell yeah!” On one hand, something deep within Colin said that the speedo wasn't a whole lot to wear to a party. However, everything else in him knew it wouldn't be a problem. This didn't seem like it would be a party with a lot of dressing up involved.

The reindeer helped tear off what remained of Colin's clothes as he slipped into his speedo. He pulled it up over his junk, even his erect rod with how stretchy the fabric was. Said fabric made him quiver, the sensation of it against his rod quite pleasant.

“Well, I say you're all set and looking perfect!” Elliot patted him on the shoulder, this time no longer making him budge. “You enjoy that party!”

“When you're all done, just swing by to pick up your clothes that aren't a wreck!” Memphis reached down and picked up Colin's torn jeans, fishing around in the pockets until he pulled out a wallet and phone. “Make sure to grab these as well. I'd give them to you now, but, ya know, there's no place to put them.”

“Fair,” Colin remarked with a nod, “But... quick group selfie for the road?”

“Hell yeah!” the duo said. The three buff reindeer huddled together, Colin feeling like he might've creamed himself right then with those burly guys against him. Still, he held it together enough to get a photo with them.

Once done, Colin handed the phone off to Memphis while Elliot led him to the exit. He opened the door for him. “Head on through. Enjoy the best time ever!”

“Oh trust me, I will!” the new reindeer snickered, running his hands down his muscular body. Elliot grinned, taking one last eyeful of him.

Colin headed through into a long hallway, Elliot closing the door behind him. At the very end was another door. Pumping music came from behind it, flashing lights streaking out of its cracks and blurry glass pane.

He walked towards it, fur standing on end the closer he came to that thumping beat. His heart beat faster, excitement growing stronger. He was finally there.

He stepped through the door and found himself in what felt like a holiday rave. The pounding music vibrated through the room, decorations hung and stationed everywhere. The lights would flash from green to red to silver to gold from time to time.

Most importantly, everywhere he looked, he saw reindeer. Nothing but buff, handsome reindeer men like him. They all donned the same harnesses and speedos, a few of them green instead of red.

It was all of horny reindeer dancing, drinking, partying, chatting, and grinding on each other. Musk coated the room into pure, masculine sex. He felt his speedo stretch somehow even more. He wanted in on all of this!

But, before he could do a little indulging, two new reindeer men approached him. "Colin?" "That you, Colin?"

Colin's ears twitched. "Umm..." He looked at them oddly. "Who are you guys?"

The two reindeer eyed each other and looked at them again with amused grins. "Who do you think, bud?"

He stared at them, brow furrowing. There was a certain look in their eyes, something so familiar and pleasant. Plus, a smell of nostalgia too.

It clicked. "No way!" Colin lit up. "Sam? Cal?"

"Mhm!" Sam flexed his biceps.

"Like it?" Cal put his arms behind his head and pushed out his protruding pectorals.

"Like it?" Colin laughed. "I LOVE it! You guys are so fucking hawt!"

"Same as you!"

"Reeeally hot!" Sam eyed Colin's pulsing speedo, really taking in that long girth.

"Interesting party you guys invited me too." Colin glanced around, eyeing up a couple nearby making out intensely.

"Well," Cal said, "We knew you liked reindeer and really wanted to cut loose this winter. We come here every year, so it seemed right to invite you too."

“Yeah...” Colin watched two reindeer chug down some drinks, arms locked around each other before leaning in and nuzzling their snouts. “Best place ever...”

“Enough standing around and gawking!” Sam huffed, stepping behind Colin and nudging him forward, “Let's get you out there and mingling!”

“Heh, mingling *and* grinding?”

“Hell fucking yeah!” His buddy declared in unison. Colin grinned, feeling hornier than ever. This was going to be the best party ever!

And he knew, if possible, he was going to try and come back every night this month. He had to. He had to be amongst his new reindeer kind. It was the perfect way to celebrate the holidays in style.

THE END