

A Were-Reindeer for Just After the Season

By: Firingwall

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BZZZZZZZZZZT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

They turned and looked, sizing up their large visitor. “Well yeah, it’s after Christmas,” JD said, “I see... you’re still not back to normal.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

That is true...

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

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

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

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

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

"That's the spirit!" cheered Rachel, "That's the reindeer attitude I like to see!"

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