

# Calling All Reindeer

By: Firingwall

Patron Story Done for Danuki

Madeline Jennings took a long sip of her cocoa. So warm and sweet! Always best to drink it right away after finishing making it in her mind.

She sighed and leaned into her sofa, grabbing the remote nearby and resuming her movie. Everything felt right. Everything WAS right.

The perfect atmosphere has been achieved. She was resting, all snug and comfortable on her sofa, watching her favorite holiday specials with hot chocolate and cookies. Outside her window, there was a lovely, light snowfall in the fading sunlight. Everything was right for this Christmas Eve.

*All this scene needs is a fireplace with stockings~. She giggled. Pfft, as if the landlord would allow that in this small ass apartment.*

She took another sip. *Wish I could've done this every day, but I'll take what I can get for days off.* Her hand slipped past the remote beside her to the plate of cookies, snatching one up and devouring it.

Madeline sighed and sunk further into her sofa. Taking one last big sip of her cocoa, she drifted off as she listened to the singing in her show. So joyful, so sweet. Christmas, what a wonderful time of year.

**BWOOMP!**

She jolted awake. How long was she out? Checking her phone, only a few minutes. Thankfully, she didn't spill any of her hot chocolate in the meantime.

Now, what the hell was that sound? Someone banging around upstairs? Something big fell over? Looking around, she spotted something instantly out of place.

Something extremely big and out of place at that. It was a fireplace, a huge fireplace nearly the size of the wall... or the old wall. The entire wall was larger and wider, the TV and decor all shoved far to the sides. Given her apartment, there was no way this should've been possible, let alone the addition of the teleporting fireplace.

Yet, questioning the logistics and dimensional spacing of her apartment would have to wait. From out of the fireplace, a large, impressive figure appeared.

It was reindeer. It was a woman. It was definitely both, one sporting an impressively festive ballgown with the poofiest of shoulders. She had dazzling snow-white hair that sparkled in the light, and a bright red snoot at the end of her short muzzle. Despite how large her gown was, her large hips and even larger chest stood out prominently on her.

She hummed softly as she entered, shifting between carol after carol like she was trying to hum them all. She brushed off her wide gown bottom and looked around.

Her ruby eyes fell on Madeline. The poor human was mostly frozen in shock. The only part that wasn't were her hands shaking up a storm. Her hot chocolate was surely going to start spilling at this rate.

However, there was no attack. There was only... babying. The reindeer woman giggled and wagged a finger at Madeline. "Now now, be careful there, Ms. Jennings. You don't want to spill all of that delicious cocoa all over yourself, do we now?"

*Wait... how does she know my name?* So many questions raced through her mind. What could she even begin to ask?

"Annnnywho!" She clapped and grasped her hands together. "My name is Santina, the wonderful, sweet, jolly, busty holiday figure of the happiest, warmest time of the year!"

Again, many different questions here. However, the only thing Madeline could muster out, feeling stupid for even asking, was, "Wait... what about Santa?"

Santina was quiet for a moment before grinning again. "Oh, he's around in a way~." She winked. "But that's not important, silly~. What's really important is why I am here tonight! I need your help on this busiest of days!"

"...help?" Again, there were probably so many better questions for her to ask, but this was the best she could ask in the situation.

"Oh yes indeed!" Santina approached, elegantly sitting down beside her on the couch. She took the cocoa and placed it to the side, saying, "You see, hun, I offer this deal only to the best of boys, girls, and more~."

She playfully patted Madeline's head, who swatted her hand away. "I'm an adult, not some little gir-"

“You see, this year, it’s been tough.” Santina wiped a fake tear from her eye. “Even with my lovely special somebody helping me, it’s so hard to deliver all the presents and gifts to all the deserving people in the world. It’s so very difficult, and I feel so weighed down by the heavy load I must carry.”

Madeline’s eyes drifted downward. Santina’s heavy, prominent bust gently shook with each word or motion of her body. A joke crept into her mind, but she said nothing.

“SO!” Santina grinned, placing an arm around Madeline. She pulled her in close, the young human blushing when a soft, squishy mass pressed against her arm. “That’s why I am here for you! You’re gonna help me with my heavy load this season. You’ll have fun, cheer up children, and spend plenty of quality time with me and, eventually, my number one snug girl~.”

“...I’m sorry, what is going on?! What are you talking about?!”

“Right right!” Santina giggled, smacking her forehead. “I’m being so silly. It’s best if I show and then explain! Changes speak louder than words, after all~.”

She reached behind her back and revealed a collar. It was made of leather, chocolate brown in tone and adorned with jingle bells. She quickly placed it around Madelin’s neck, buckling it into place. “There we go~.”

Madeline suddenly felt rather warm, her heart starting to pound. “What?! Why am I wearing **this collar?**”

She coughed, hitting her chest. “W-wait... my **voice...** my **voice sounds...** **guyish?**”

So weird. This was probably something that should’ve worried her more, but it only provided a mild surprise if anything. The same thing could be said with her hair, which suddenly shrunk. From long and flowing, locks slowly ruffled and grew stringy. Hair that went down to her chest rose to just below her ears, its lovely shade of red now a rich chestnut brown.

She felt the gentle brush against her head as her hair shrunk, reaching up and feeling her new, messy locks. Again, there should’ve been shock and confusion, yet, she felt differently. She couldn’t explain, but she felt... kind of pleased. Was that it?

Santina grabbed Madeline’s hands, grasping them tightly, and looked deep into her eyes. “You see, that collar is a symbol. It’s a symbol of being a part of something bigger and being bigger than what you are.”

Madeline's heart beat heavily, her hands tightening with Santana's. The human's fingernails turned dark brown and slowly grew, encapsulating the entirety of her fingertips. They were now like mini-hooves in a way.

Madeline only looked at them with curiosity, still pondering Santana's words. So pondering that she missed another important change. Her socks slipped right off as her feet shrunk... and then shifted. Toes pulled in as bones reforged themselves, their shape turning into that of rather big, thick, cervine hooves.

The human looked to Santana and said, "So, **by bigger**, you mean... **be like** you?"

She trembled softly, her body stretching and lengthening. Arms and legs extended out, her torso stretching to match better. Eventually, she sat there, even taller than Santana. She looked at herself, taking it all in, and casually adding, "**Be a reindeer** like you. That's what the collar **is for**, right?"

"Weelllllll, be like me in a way~." Santana giggled, playfully twirling some of her white locks, "Are you upset?"

"**Upset? I'm...**" Madeline's attention started to wane. "**I'm...** I'm..." She lifted her arm, looking at it closely. She lifted the other as well. Both of her arms were thick, dense, teeming with muscle.

But not only them; her shape was growing more, and even shifting in other areas. Her shoulders were broader and denser, fitting her enlarged, beefy arms. Her torso was wider, her narrow waist gone. Her breasts looked smaller though, stretched out on her expanded chest. Her hips were thinner though, having lost their curve but yet were still big enough to fit her masculine proportions.

Madeline stared, clenching her hands together and flexing her arms. Her biceps bulged quite nicely, far and away from what she could achieve before. She stared some more before looking at Santana. "Well... **I guess** not? I don't feel upset at all."

She really wasn't. Her bigger, manlier, developing shape was not putting her off. Even watching as her breasts continued to shrink until they were gone didn't bother her either. *No need to wear bras anymore then*, she even joked.

Madeline was transforming and not a thing was bothering her.

...well, outside of one new thing. She felt a tad itchy. She scratched at her arms and legs, unaware of the cause. Beneath her clothing, brown hairs were growing. They started small and grew ever so thicker. A lighter, soft brown coating began to pop up on her stomach as well.

Santina grinned, leaning in and winking. “Of course you’re not upset! I only pick the right boys and girls for this task. The right boys and girls who know, deep down, that they want something different in their lives.”

Santina was only a few inches away from Madeline’s face. The changing woman felt a little uncomfortable... but also warm. Her heart started to beat quickly. Was it just her, or did Santina look cuter than before?

*...she smells nice.* Madeline blushed harder, shaking her head and inching away. Where did that thought come from? It was probably because of her nose, which had flared up and swelled out. It pushed just an inch or so forward, becoming a big reindeer snoot.

“Oh my my!” Santina cooed, inching closer to make up lost ground. She brought a hand to Madeline’s face and slid it down her mug to her chest. “You’re coming along just fine.”

**Ba-bump.** Madeline shivered. The reindeer’s hand was gently pushed back from Madeline’s chest as it expanded rapidly. It swelled and firmed up into a big set of strong, bulgy pecs. Her poor shirt tore in the center, revealing her impressive new additions.

Santina giggled and stroked Madeline’s face. The changing woman shivered again, vibrations rocketing through her ears. They twitched before stretching, growing soft brown fur the whole while. Eventually, they completely stretched out into cute cervine ears.

The more she shivered, the more and more fur grew over her body. Madeline felt more heated by the second, eventually developing her own brown pelt. Thankfully, it eased up on the itchiness and left her just wanting and eager for something~.

“You’re going to be such a strong buck~.” Santina cooed again, her eyes piercing deep into Madeline’s. “With your help, we’ll be able to handle all the present-giving in no time.”

Madeline twitched, smiling crookedly. Present-giving did sound very nice. Going out there to help kids and make their holiday sounded like a wonderful thing to do. Just the absolute perfect thing to make someone’s day.

But deep down, slowly surfacing more and more, being with Santana sounded better. Helping her deliver presents, being at her side, and doing all sorts of things together... it made her heart jump with joy.

Such joy and excitement brought a bit of pain and throbbing, but only momentarily. From her head, two large antlers sprouted. Dark brown and heavy, they were finely cut and grown in a way that left its edges dull, rounded, and safe, yet still tough.

Madeline's heart raced more and more, her smile turning to pure joy. *Being with Santana... and being so big and strong.... Oh, I don't understand, but this is so nice! I... I... I hope I'm Santana's type!*

Twitch. Something flipped in their head, their smile turning more cocky and satisfied. *I mean, I... I totally am. I am completely **this babe's type**~. How could I not?*

Madeline felt warmer and warmer by the second. She, no, he was totally her type and was growing more and more into it. Several tears followed, holes opening across his jeans as his legs undertook a big beef infusion. They were just as meaty and dense as his arms now.

Madeline panted, wiping his forehead. He was strong. He was handsome. He was big in so many ways~. He shivered, legs shaking as they spread open. His crotch bulged and bulged, a large lump expanding out as the soft fabric gently wrapped around it.

"My my, what a handsome reindeer you've become. You're totally my type of helper~."

*Heh, called it!* He chuckled, "Thank you, ya **big, beautiful cutie**~. **Much appreciated!**" He trembled again, a small nub extending out above his sweatpants and wagging.

"No no, thank you for being so handsome!" Santana swooned, "In fact, handsomeness must be shared! Have a look!" She pulled out a hand mirror from behind her back and held it up to him.

He looked into it and booped it accidentally. His face stretched forward suddenly, jaws strengthening and lengthening in one big burst. He now had his own reindeer muzzle, one longer, a bit wider, and stronger than Santana's.

Still, it didn't phase him. The new reindeer merely looked at his expression with mild surprise before lightening up. He looked as good as he thought! What a handsome mug!

**“Heh, when you’re right, you’re right, babe! I do look hand-”** He looked back to Santana and melted. She looked sooooo beautiful, so cute and soft and strong! He just wanted to snug her so bad... or rub his muzzle in her bountiful chest.

“Look “handy”? You are most certainly right!” With a sly grin, she pulled out another thing from behind her back. This time, it was a sack, a very large, LARGE sack. “Here we are! My delivery bag! You’ll assist me in delivering these presents! You want to do that right? Help some nice kids out, riiiiight?”

**“Ah-huh! Of course~!”** Of course, he wanted to help the kids. He just looooved Christmas and wanted to spread that love and joy around. He also really wanted to help Santana however he could on top of that. She was soooo dreamy.

“Aww, thank you, handsome!” She stroked his chin again. He just loved that. “And, as a special reward for when you’re done, my lovely BFF and I will treat you veerrrry right after we’re done to wind down if you’re down~.”

SNORT! **“Yesyesyesyes! Let’s get to work!”** The reindeer snatched up the bag and charged into the chimney, vanishing.

Santana just giggled one last time, a mischievous smirk on her face as she got up and strolled into the opening as well. The fireplace disappeared behind her, and the room returned back to normal. Its owner would be gone for a while.

Though, they would eventually return, renewed and eagerly awaiting the next year. For that night would be one they would cherish deeply in their hearts forever.

THE END?