

Transformation Control Center

Report 05 – “Reindeer”

Post-Party Report: C6181809

In accordance with The Holly Jolly Treaties, an Office Holidays Party Event has occurred. This report has been written to document the party in an effort to inventory any and all transformation incidents during this time in order to determine if strict adherence to the contract has been observed. For any further questions regarding the purpose of this document please contact Director Garnet for more information.

Dec 23rd, just before first shift clocks out for the evening. All employees at the Transformation Control Center were afforded holiday time from the 23rd through until January 2nd. Hazel was the newest employee at this facility, and like all new employees, she still felt completely in awe of the fact that she had time off.

Like many employees at the TFCC, Hazel was transformed and unfortunately could not be returned to her original human form. She was robotic in nature with digital eyes on her visor visage, her metallic sleek and near-white. She looked more modern than the computer screen she stared at, typing away at a document in her midday.

“So, they gave you nothing at your previous job?” Livana asked. She was the woman who had been training Hazel during her time at the TFCC. “Not even a day?”

“Well, if your shift rotation had that day as your weekend, you didn’t work it, but otherwise...” Hazel sighed. “All the other waitresses just called in sick so it was just me... serving breakfast to a lot of crabby religious people.”

“It is incredible how as soon as religious people arrive for breakfast, they lose all those manners and goodwill they’re so proud of,” Livana rolled her eyes. “Well, you can feel free to make plans this year. We should all get the holidays off. It’s actually pretty new, we used to have this rotation. Four of us would have to stay behind but apparently the Contracts Department figured out how to fix that.” Livana made instinctual motions as if she was going to smoke a cigarette before remembering where she was and that she was without a pack. She chewed on the end of a pen instead. “Got any plans?”

Hazel gave a little smile across her cybernetic face. “Well, I got my mom some gifts with my first few paychecks. It was pretty hard to wrap them with these,” she rattled her metallic fingers. “Besides that we—”

Bdriiing~

The Pavlovian response kicks in as two cubicle workers at a high stress call center hear the sound of an email arriving at their workstation. Livana clicked on the email icon and waited the half a second their woefully out of date machine took to pull up the window. An email from their manager, Ryvi. It read as follows:

Attention valued employee,

While we have previously reported there would be no need for Holiday Party Attendees, unfortunately the Contract Department has informed us that negotiations this year with the **Holiday Spirit** have fallen through. The following employees will be required to work on the 24th:

Livana

Hazel

Nivzi

Eleanor

These employees will attend an **Office Party Holiday Event** and incur their festivities. For their sacrifice they will receive twice their hourly rate and additional anti-transformative treatment as well as a TFCC Gift Basket.

All other employees please enjoy your holiday break!

Ryvi-Rophelian

Call Center Manager TFCC

Livana gasped. “No way... no freaking way... Ryvi said they wouldn’t have to do it again! We were able to skip last year! Damn it!” Livana stood up. Hazel looked at the monitor confused and anxious.

“Is this party... bad?”

“UGH!” Livana grabbed her hair and tugged. “Why the hell is this happening?! It can’t be...” Livana turned out of her cubicle and rolled up her dress shirt sleeves. “I’m going to go give Ryvi a piece of mind. I already did a holiday party two years ago! And you *just* started! You’re still getting trained!”

Livana marched out from her cubicle and made way straight towards Ryvi’s office. Hazel stayed close behind. Livana pushed open the door, ready to yell at Ryvi. But the door didn’t open to Ryvi’s office. It opened to the meeting room instead. Decorations hung from the white-grey walls. The grey tables were moved to surround the perimeter of the room and each tabletop had cookies and drinks. And in the center one of the tables was left behind and two people were already seated.

First there was Nivzi. Nivzi was a short rat girl with pale green hair the color of a plant you hate and try to kill on purpose. Her pale-yellow eyes see Hazel and immediately fill with hatred that she pulls back like a dog trained to kill on sight. Seated to the right of Nivzi is a woman built like a dog trained to kill. She was a shaggy brunette with an athletic build and tired blue eyes. Through process of elimination this was Eleanor.

The door closed behind Livana. The calendar hung from the door had a red X over every single day except for December 24th which had a great big green O around it.

“Oh... hey Nivzi! It’s been a bit,” Hazel gave a little grin and a wave. “Thanks again for helping me with that case.”

“Of course,” Nivzi barely maintained a neutral expression. “It is what coworkers do after all. Help each other. Yes, yes. Now let us focus... What exactly is going on? Did any of you receive an email about the holiday party?”

“Yep,” Eleanor huffed.

“Shit,” Livana looked around. “I don’t remember a day passing but... it does feel like tomorrow? Dammit! They were probably waiting until we were given notice, and then that was it! I can’t believe Contracts fell through on this.”

“What... exactly is going on?” Hazel asked.

Suddenly the projector on the ceiling flicked on and shined a stark blue light on the whiteboard as the projector screen descended from the ceiling. From the speakers came a voice, “I’m *sooooo* glad you asked!” It was difficult to place what the speaker was from it but the voice was cutesy and almost nostalgic as if it was recorded for a stop motion store ad.

A slideshow began, the first slide showing a cute, illustrated reindeer in silhouette walking across the snow towards a gingerbread house. The next slide appeared with a stark statement: *The following is mandated to be shown in accordance with The Holly Jolly Treaties. If it is discovered that this slide was not shown, the event will be considered a failure and the treaty rendered null.*

The next slide appeared and the voice spoke, reading from the slides and only adding a few addendum. “Basically, I’m an entity known as **The Holiday Spirit**. Call me *Holly*~ The Holidays are a troubling time for a lot of people. Financial stress, religious anxieties, familial burdens! And yet they are also a time for excitement and presents and everyone having so much fun~ This extreme contrast between emotions creates Chaos! And in this Chaos, I was born! And my only mission is to spread joy to everyone! The problem was I spread my joy a little toooooo much and caused endless problems for the TFCC! Entire malls filled with reindeer, even a whole town one time~! Under Director Garnet we reached an agreement that I’ll only have fun with a few of their employees once a year, and that’s good enough for me! As long as I am spreading *holly jolly* **FUN!** Of course, I didn’t get to do last year... but thankfully I was able to get Garnet to change her mind!”

Suddenly, the next slide showed a strange sight. It was a reindeer but... strange. She looked drawn and exaggerated. Her chest was plump and busty, and her eyes were expressive and cute. And her sheathe was a little... too big and too present to be appropriate for either an accurately drawn reindeer or a cartoon one. But then this figure simply stepped off the slide into

the room. Every step was accentuated with the sound of the bells jingling from her ears and around her neck, and her hooves clopped even on the flat carpet of the office meeting room.

Holly smiled at everyone nice and bright. Even looking at her felt strange, like she was bending the light. It was impossible to even think her name without seeing it in bright festive colors. Holly shook her head playfully, waving her antlers as if she could make them clap and jingling her bells like a tambourine. “I just can’t wait to **play!** I have so many great games ready for you all! This is going to be so much fun~!”

“You’ve got to be kidding,” Eleanor crossed her arms. “We’re not going to play your games. This whole thing is bullshit.” Livana looked at Eleanor with unadulterated shock. Even Hazel had the survival instincts to know better than to bad mouth what appeared to be a very powerful entity. Still, the smile on Holly’s rubbery face did not vanish. She walked forward on her hooves straight to Eleanor. Wherever she was standing the grey carpet turned white and fluffy like snow being recreated through cotton balls. Artificial and sweet like candy.

She looked over Eleanor and wagged her tail up high. The temperature in the air decreased but never to the point it would get cold, more comparable to the kind of cold someone would ideally create for a winter theme park. When Holly was sated with her lookover she skipped back over to the far wall and then clopped her hooves on the floor.

The next slide showed.

“The first game we’ll be playing is the **ANTLER RING TOSS!** The rules are simple! Each of you are given an antler headband and your partner has to toss the rings. But the more you miss the bigger your antlers will get! Whoever has the smallest antlers at the end wins! And once we’re done with all our games, the two highest scores get to go home early!”

Nivzi raised her hand and waited for the reindeer to prompt her. “Is this our teams for the rest of the games, or do we have individual scores?”

“Individual scores! This game just needs a partner is all!”

“I would like to pair up with Hazel then. She may throw for me first. Livana and Eleanor will be the other team.”

“Excellent! Livana, you’re up!”

Livana suddenly was stood in the middle of the room, reality so easily folded and shifted. A headband was placed on her head with two antlers sticking out of either side. Eleanor looked down at the rings in her hand and then at Livana. She shook her head. “I already told ya. I’m not playing your stupid game. Let me go now. I’m going to go talk to the Contract department!”

“Hmmm~” Holly looked at Livana. “Okay~ Trade places!”

Half a second later and the pair were traded off, the sound a bell trailing off as the only indicator that something *happened*. Eleanor grumbled. Livana carefully aimed and tossed her first ring. It rolled through the air and just barely landed on the edge of one of the antlers, slowly settling into place. Livana gulped and prepared the second ring.

Just as the first, it followed a steady path in the air towards Eleanor’s headband. However, Eleanor had decided to scowl at Holly again and the ring completely missed. The moment it did the distinct sound of a higher pitched bell sounded. Eleanor began to groan as if in pain, the pitch rising and falling. She gripped the sides of her head. Both antlers grew a few inches pushing further out on either side of her head. She tried to remove the headband but couldn’t find the seam anymore.

“Hey, hold still~” Holly warned. “Livana still has a few more rings to toss!”

“Hold still my *doe tail* ass!” Eleanor covered her mouth. The ring landed on Eleanor’s other antler giving Livana two points now. “W-what was that? Why did I say that?”

“Don’t you know? It’s the *holiday cheer*~” Holly explained. “The more you let in, the happier you’ll be! I told you this was a fun party didn’t I?”

Eleanor (in a later interview following Festive Rescue 1119) reported feeling as if there were two voices in her head. Her own that was easily accessible and most assuredly herself, and a second higher pitched voice that rang just like those bells. It was always there but at a subtle easily overcome volume until suddenly it harmonized with her own voice and like a tuning fork sharing its tone with another they resonated, and the cuter voice took over. “I don’t care about your **SUPER FUN** party! I want to—” Eleanor grabbed her antlers with both fists, ignoring Livana calling out to hold still. The second ring completely missed and Eleanor’s antlers both grew bigger again.

She landed on all fours, struggling with all the extra weight coming out of her head. Unsteadily, she tried to stand back up on two legs but found it difficult with her balance so thrown off by the growing antlers. She was able to find her way back to her original posture stood on both feet but every step she took was much more wobbly. She leaned against the punch table for support.

“Livana with two points! Eleanor gave up her round, so now it is Hazel’s turn to throw!”

Nivzi appeared in the center of the room like the others, antlers on her head. Hazel look at the four rings in her hands and then back to Nivzi. Nivzi cleared her throat. “Alright now, Hazel. Simply do your best and do not disappoint me.” Nivzi looked to her right as a ring landed in the punch bowl. Nivzi felt her antlers grow and join into her head. “URGH! Hazel you fraud!”

“S-sorry! I don’t have very good hand eye...” Hazel’s hands became shaky as she tried to squint and aim better.

“Don’t you dare throw another! You had better have a plan to improve your aim!” There wasn’t much Hazel could do to throw much better in such short time. However, due to her robotic form, she was afforded a few moments of such skillful clarity. As instructed, Hazel took a deep breath, and her second toss landed right on one of Nivzi’s antlers. The rat exhaled in relief. The second ring landed without any issue, but the third landed with applause as it landed without any further issue.

“Damn girl, you can actually throw those things,” Livana laughed.

“Um, yeah, guess I can?” Hazel blinked “That was weird.”

Blink. Hazel and Nivzi had swapped places and now it was Hazel with the antler headband on. “Alright, Nivzi, we got this—” A ring landed on the ground.

“Oops, sorry!”

“That’s okay! Just—” A second ring fell on the ground before Hazel could even finish feeling the changes from the first. Her antlers grew out quickly, becoming quite large and far reaching.

“My bad! I am just so clumsy and no good at this game!” Another ring went flying and it managed to hit Hazel in the torso before falling to the floor. Hazel fell forward on her hands and knees, gasping as the heft and might of her antlers kept becoming so much more. The fourth ring landed on Hazel’s antler at last. “Ah, there we go. I guess I just needed a handicap.” She turned away to hide her evil little grin.

Holly clopped happily. “And there we go! The antler ring toss was a success! Hazel was the top scorer that round! Second place goes to Livana! You both get some victory points! And at the bottom we have Eleanor, who has been soooo grumpy! Congratulations everyone! Now, let’s get on to the next game!”

The room was rearranged again. Now in the center of the room there was a tall and magnificent pine tree. The ceiling was lifted and domed to create enough space for the monstrous spire. All around it were various gifts each wrapped neat and tight inside bright and colorful wrapping paper and boxes. Holly hopped around, admiring the ornaments and peppermint candy canes.

“The rules for this game are simple~ Inside each present is a gift. Don’t worry, only good gifts here! However, some of the boxes have victory points in them! Last round Hazel got 3, and Livana had 1. Well, this is a great chance to catch up and even pull ahead. Once it is your turn you can either steal a gift or open a new one! However, you also have to steal all the gifts they have, and who you stole from gets to open a new one right away. There will also be a bonus point given to whoever has the most gifts! Eleanor, you’ve been soooo grumpy! I think you deserve to get to go first!”

A red carpet was laid out from the tree to Eleanor. She grumbled. “I’m not going to pick one of your gifts!” She shook her head.

“Then here! I’ll pick one for you!” Holly hopped into the tree and vanished into the verdant branches and returned with a heavy box she pushed over to Eleanor. As soon as it touched Eleanor the box opened. Eleanor’s fingers squeezed together. She felt like they were getting taped together, coat after coat of wrapping paper pulled taut around her hands until they were hard and stiff. Eleanor clumsily stared at her two new hooves and gasped.

“I-I have hooves?!”

“You do! **HAPPY HOLIDAYS~!**”

“Y-you freak! I *love them so much!*” She fell on to all fours and struggled. It felt natural. It felt right. She was pulled aside and Hazel was pulled up to the tree.

“Your turn, Hazel~”

“O-oh!” Hazel looked over at Eleanor as she continued to struggle her way back to her two feet, hooves tripping over the table and spilling the punch. Hazel hovered her fingers over each of the gift boxes before arriving at one. She undid the wrapping paper.

Immediately she was hit by a cold sensation. The temperature sunk and all that heat inside her moved somewhere else. Her legs spread as suddenly they felt a great weight pushing in the space between them. Warm pulses washed through her—the first warmth she had felt in a long time—and she watched as a growing strange bulge pushed against her pants. She crossed her legs, trying to delay the inevitable, but she knew she’d have to look. Whatever had grown down there, when it touched her metallic thighs and squished just right it made a gentle squeaking sound like rubber.

She pulled her waist band gently open so she could peek. Inside, a rubber pink *reindeer cock* had pushed out from her body, the base soft and squishy like her cock and gradually fading back

into her faint white metal. And she could feel it. When she squeezed it teasingly it felt hot and horny and *overwhelmingly* good.

Keep going, Hazel. A little gift to yourself~ A voice spoke. She wasn't sure if it was hers, but it sounded so much like her that the distinction wasted precious bandwidth. *N-no! I'm not supposed to have something so wonderful! I mean amazing! I mean...* No matter how hard she tried she couldn't bring herself to complete a negative thought about it. After all, it was a gift. And you weren't allowed to dislike a gift someone got you.

"Niiiiice~" Holly cooed. "I'd love to feel that in me so bad~ You're a regular stud, huh Hazel?"

*"EHEHE, I ALWAYS WANTed oooone*HRGH. Oh my gosh! That felt... weird!"

Hazel tried to steady herself as reality was shifted for Livana's turn. Livana walked to the tree with trauma in her eyes. As she spent a beat trying to decide on which gift shape was the least threatening, Hazel looked back over to Eleanor. Didn't she only have one set of hooves? At some point did her back feet turn into hooves too? That was almost for sure the case as a tear drop tail pushed out from the top of her rump.

"Are we... changing slowly?"

"Of course!" Holly laughed. "The more you let the HOLIDAY SPIRIT in, the more festive you'll become! Isn't it great?"

Livana opened her gift and gasped. She watched as her rear grew and grew, ballooning in size until her pants began to rip and tear apart. She groaned but didn't feel the need to say anything about it.

Holly tilted her head. "Don't you like it, Livana?"

"I hope you kept the receipt, because I had this gift before."

Holly noticed the lack of festiveness in her voice and nodded. “I knew I should’ve asked first! But it was more important to me that the gift was a surprise. Sorry, Livana! I’ll do better next time!”

Nivzi was pushed in front of the tree. She grabbed a box without much thought and opened it up. A triumphant ring sounded out. Holly hooted. “And Nivzi received a victory point!”

“Naturally, I am just that good,” Nivzi snorted.

And back to the first. Eleanor was made to walk to the tree. This time all she could manage to do was walk on all four of her legs. Any attempt to stand upright resulted in her tumbling back down to the floor. She opened it by simply poking it.

Her chest produced a strange sound like a balloon filling up. She stared down. “Oh my god I’m *so excited! I can’t wait to see what* ffffuck **GIFT** *you got me~”*

It pushed and pushed. The distorted bulging chest pushed forward and squeezed up against her lanyard as the buttons on her shirt popped. Her bra snapped in half and revealed her growing heavy chest depicted in a rich chestnut color with a creamy central fur. It was not like her breasts had been, for deer don’t have tits at the front of their body. Hazel felt her mind fizz and struggle to comprehend the logic of it but there was just something she understood. Those weren’t quite breasts and yet they still were. It was a design compromise between what a reindeer is and what would appeal to a person. Inside of that wicked geometry Hazel was absorbed by an unyielding magnetism as her cock pointed painfully, needily at that tremendous chest.

And then it was her turn. She walked slowly to the tree, trying to keep her bulge contained while struggling to remain balanced on her feet. She opened a gift box... and there was the relief! The jingle played and another victory point was awarded to Hazel, giving her a grand total of four.

It wouldn’t be the last they heard of the jingle as Livana opened a gift and immediately received the same boost. “Oh, thank god,” Livana turned around and groaned as she nearly tripped over herself. She kicked her shoes off, revealing the hooves she had grown.

Nivzi walked up and pointed at Livana. “I’d like to steal from her now please.”

“A-are you kidding?!” Livana groaned.

“You heard her~” Holly laughed. Livana felt her rear shrink back to what it was before... as far as she could tell, and just as it shrunk and Nivzi let out a shocked gasp. Her tight skirt ballooned out around an ass that was perfectly well sized on Livana but on Nivzi’s thin frame it was essentially enough to double her mass. She fell backwards on to it, her shoes bursting as her hooves grew through them.

“I-I even got the hooves?”

“Of course! You got right in the spirit of the game!” The spirit snickered. “And what do you think of your new booty? Pretty great, isn’t it?”

“Hrgh...” Nivzi struggled... but her hands went down to her ass cheeks, squeezing the rubbery toy flesh that pushed out from behind her and squeaked as she toyed with it. They were that same brown fur color with a white center and a few spots surrounding it cutely. “I-I *love my doughy doe ass~ It’s so big there’s no way a **stud** could miss-* GWAAAA!” Nivzi face palmed.

“Just have her take her next gift!”

No one could be lucky twice. Livana opened the next gift and this time she was left on her knees immediately rubbing between her legs. She tore her pants down and saw that between her legs her slit had puffed up nice and big and rubbery, darkening in color with a tempting pink inside. Her eyes looked over at Hazel. Hazel never saw that much appetite before. Both of them gulped.

Eleanor walked up to the gifts but this time something was different. “G-gosh. *I just can’t decide~*”

Holly nodded. “I know, right? There are so many great options!”

“You wrapped so many nice presentssss~” Eleanor moaned as her face slowly stretched into a muzzle. *“Mmmph~! If I pick one that means all my friends get less gifts!”*

“Don’t worry! You can be a little *selfish!* It is the holidays!”

“Then! This one!” She poked the gift she wanted. Her reward was for her chest to puff up even bigger. She laughed and cooed, bouncing her head off her great big busty reindeer chest. *“I love it~! I’m more STUFFED THAN A STOCKING now!”*

Both reindeer giggled and turned in unison to Hazel. *“Your turn~”*

Hazel poked her head against one and was immediately gifted with a heavy pumpkin sized sack burgeoning between her legs. It was so heavy that the only way for her to manage was to spread her legs apart and let her pants riiiiip. *“T-that feels so good~”* The cool air hit her rubbery legs and her widening hips. Her heavy balls thrummed with so much heat as the cocoa color soaked in from her new appendages to the rest of her body. She was running out of parts of her that could change but she was still able to stand and still didn’t have a tail.

Livana opened her gift... no melody played. She braced for the change but instead felt her phone vibrate. She lifted it up and squinted. “You emailed me? Are these airplane tickets?”

“Oh yeah, that’s a vacation to Finland. Full week. Hotel and meals included.”

“... oh, thanks.”

Nivzi walked up, her turn to select a gift. She eyed Livana. “If you steal from me again I will spam login attempts on your computer every morning so your account is locked. Every single day.” Nivzi shrugged.

“I just want to win, my friend, you needn’t worry.” The gift she poked had her tailhole suddenly bloat out nice and big, just as puffy and needy as Livana’s. Just as sensitive. Just as drawing. She looked at Hazel with the exact same appetite. Hazel stared back at her and then

Livana. Both slowly began to move towards Hazel, all of them struggling to keep their minds together.

The sound of a point being scored drew their eyes back over. Eleanor had selected her gift and received a victory point. *“Oh yaaaay! This is so nice! Thank you Holly! Thank you thank you~!”*

Nivzi licked her darkening lips.

“This is the last round everyone!” Holly confirmed.

Hazel went up and poked the gift she wanted. Her arms and legs began to grow and her body grew with them. She became... stronger looking, greater and larger. And then Livana’s turn came and her gift had her chest balloon back to the exact size they were before. Great.

Nivzi arrived and didn’t struggle. “I am stealing from Eleanor! I want *all of her lovely gifts* AND THE POINT!”

“Oooh~! Very good! Sorry Eleanor!”

And all of Eleanor’s gifts flowed over to Nivzi, though Hazel noted that none of Eleanor’s assets were quite able to return to their original human proportions. Nivzi’s tail turned into a plump doe tail and her chest ballooned heavy and big. She was insanely stacked, absurdly ballooned out on either side. Even with her less impressive antlers she now had no choice but to stand on her hands and hind legs and struggle to keep her mind clear.

“And with that, Nivzi doesn’t just have the most points, but also the most gifts, giving her another point!”

The round concluded. The projector shined through the tree casting its shadow parrel to the scores. Hazel was at 4, Livana at 1, and Nivzi at 3. Eleanor had no points and likely no hope of winning.

And everything went dark. Every light was out.

But then holiday lights came on, little colorful bulbs of red and green and blue all dangling from green vines of wires festooning the ceiling and the floor and the Christmas tree. The projector came on and showed the word [INSTRUMENTAL] in dull yellow text that slowly filled in with yellow.

“And for the final challenge, the only one that can take away points~ The **YOU SING YOU LOSE KARAOKE CHALLENGE!** Here’s how it works! I’ll play some of the best holiday songs and you try your best not to sing along. Your points is how many times you can safely slip up. If you make it to the end, you receive another point anyways, but none of you will~ These songs are too catchy.”

Hazel blinks. “... I really like Christmas music.”

Livana squinted. “You didn’t sound like you were in reindeer mode when you said that?”

“Livana, I unironically really like holiday music.”

“*Me toooo~!*” Eleanor cooed. “*Gosh, Hazel you stud! We really do make a heck of a holly jolly duo!*”

The song began to play. Bells rang. Big band brass boomed out. The lyrics sung: *There’s snow in the air... and music everywhere. A long happy year, but now family is near.*

Every confident face began to tense, save for Eleanor’s whose face was glued into a permanent smile. Nivzi squinted, the song making her shake and struggle. She plugged her ears and tried to yell over the music but somehow it seemed to bite through any sound she made, and her words kept trying to morph into the lyrics.

Livana groaned through it, shocked at how even though she had never heard the songs she at least wanted to hum along to the song and guess what the next word might be. The last line was *gather 'round the Christmas tree*, so maybe next up it'd be *happily, you and me...*

But for Hazel it was the hardest of all. She knew this song and she loved it, but that nostalgia bubbled up inside her and stimulated both heads. Her cock buzzed and shuddered. Her clothes barely fit her and the acorn-colored rubber had almost completely overwhelmed her white metal. It was the first time in a while Hazel had been something besides the bot she had been turned into. "*H-happily, you and—*"

Holly giggled. "Sorry Hazel! Minus one point!"

As soon as it hit Hazel felt her neck begin to reshape, becoming thicker and more feral in shape. Hazel stood up on all fours and felt her heavy *gift giver* stiffen and her *GIFT SACK* sag so nicely. She looked at Livana and Nitzi and struggled to keep her thoughts sane. "Ffff... This is..."

The second song started to play. Contagious pop synths, a slightly more melancholic sense, but Hazel knew that the chorus was an absolute bop. She was distracted from the song when Eleanor pushed up against Hazel, rubbing her face against her. The distinct squeak they made when two rubber-deer rubbed together was intense and made Hazel's brain buzz and go completely numb.

"Hey stag stud~ Do you need some help spreading the love?"

Hazel shuddered. "I-I'm not so sure *but I'd love to put a holiday roast in your oven—*" Hazel blinked and tried to back away. Eleanor wasn't giving her any space. The song kept going and Hazel knew every lyric, the only thing stopping her from singing was when Eleanor **squeaked** up against her like a desperate fan.

Livana sing out "*r-rocking stocking holiday fun!*"

Holly shook her head and gave Livana a teasing bop on her head. “And that’s minus one! And now Livana is at zero points~! No way to regain either. So sorry, Liv! But don’t worry, the party will still be fun! But we still have more songs to go, especially since Hazel and Nivzi are tied!”

Livana gulped. “S-sorry Hazel... Look! You’ll be alright, don’t worry about me. Just stay strong.”

“Or lose, Hazel,” Nivzi laughed. “I doubt she’ll honor a three-way tie as second place. So, it’ll just be you three celebrating here eehee~ Don’t be selfish Hazel, and stay behind to keep Livana company~”

The next song started playing. Nivzi’s face went stark.

An extremely memorable melody was played on xylophone. Strings came in, slowly swelling. *I don’t want... a lot for Christmas...*

“N-no...” Nivzi grabbed her head. “No no no... this cannot be!”

“Oh my god...” Hazel struggled. Why was hearing this making her harder? She looked to Livana to get anchored back to normalcy but Livana was fresh out. She was rubbing her hind legs together to try and stimulate her rubbery pussy shamelessly. She turned her head at Hazel, making Hazel watch as her face slowly streeetched and squeaked into a grin.

“H-Hazel~ Hazel I love this song...~” Livana walked over to Hazel, joining Eleanor in brushing against her. “*You’re so big and strong... surely you can handle a few does! After all the training I gave you... you should pay me back with a BIG GIFT-*” Livana leaned over and lifted her tear drop tail.

Hazel felt her cock pulse so hard it nearly made her black out. “T-there’s just one...”

“Minus one, Hazel!”

Hazel felt her mind go fuzzier. She pushed her new cock against Livana's big rear. It was plump, the way a human would want. The hole below was so inviting. She lowered herself... felt proud of how much bigger she was than Livana now. It was weird it was wrong... but it was so *festive*. Traditions didn't have to make sense. They just had to be fun. You'd miss it if you didn't watch the cheesy movies or sing along to the annoying songs. You did it because it felt good, because the holidays told you to.

“I-I just...” Nivzi squeezed her teeth so hard she could crack a nut. “W-want you for my own...”

“Woah! Minus one Nivzi!”

“M-more than you...” Hazel slowly pushed inside. “C-could ever know.”

“And minus another point for Hazel!”

“A-All...” Nivzi landed on her flank and pushed her hoof into her puffy rubber pussy. She watched as Hazel sunk into Livana with a satisfying *squeak* and stared in pitiful envy, wishing so badly she could be with that buck. “F-for Christmas...”

“Minus one!”

Hazel thrust brainlessly into Livana, over and over, feeling her big balls thrust forward and bounce off the beautiful doe beneath her. Eleanor squished against her, encouraging her more. Hazel opened her mouth to say the next lyric but just squealed in brainless orgasm, her face stretching into a rubbery muzzle and a big dumb smile.

“Is... you...” Nivzi said as she watched Hazel pull her cock out and turn to face her.

“Sorry, Nivzi, that was your last point~” Holly snickered. All of the reindeer turned to face her. Hazel slowly walked towards her, legs now around her. Nivzi was only an inch away

from that stag dick. At that moment her face began to stretch forward into a muzzle, giving the head a kiss. “And the winner... is Hazel!”

Holly fluttered over to Hazel, floating just above the floor with her Holiday magic floating. “Congrats, big guy~! Of course a *STUD* like you would win. Well? Are you ready to head out and enjoy your night? There’s no rush after all. You’re the boss!”

“I think...” Hazel struggled to fish for the pronoun he was using before. He was fine with this one for now. It felt euphoric the same way trying on a new costume that fit you perfectly did. It was good for photos and parties but it didn’t have to hold up to the light of the next day. “I mean, it is the HOLIDAYS~”

He sunk his hips forward and pushed down Nivzi’s throat. The happy moans were as sweet and dulcet as carolers. Hazel laughed, squeak plowing over and over and feeling that soft rubbery muzzle squishing down with the summit of every thrust. It was so satisfying, if he had toes he’d curl them.

The pace was frantic and giddy like a bouncy castle at a birthday party. And with just a few more thrusts he made Nivzi’s Christmas white. He plucked his cock out and stared over at the other two doe. They each raised their tail and taunted with their flanks, smacking their hips together with a seductive little squeeaaak.

“I can’t pick which gift to open first~” Hazel cooed. “Donuts and puffy pastries~”

“A whole buffet for stags~” Holly wagged her hips.

Hazel pushed her face into Livana’s pussy with a low squeeeee... and began to lick. The toy made a moaning sound higher pitched than Hazel had ever heard Livana make before. It was so nice to hear her in the spirit. Hazel got carried away, trying to open her gift delicately but all she wanted to do was rip in and get exactly what she wanted.

She raised her front legs and climbed on top of Livana’s rear. “How about we play a little reindeer game?~”

“I’d love that, *stüd*~” Livana cooed.

SQUEAK SQUEAK SQUEEE!! Hazel’s hips thrust just as ferociously, bouncing back and forth. Holly turned on the music again. Hazel thought he had run out of brain to dull but the squeaks in time to the jingle bells completely dulled out any brain waves he had left to pilfer. There was nothing in there to find, no nugget of wisdom underneath the veneer. He was as soft and featureless as fresh laden snow. All that was left was pride in his form, in his power, in how good he felt. He swore his PERMAGRIN was even bigger than Livana’s.

But that made sense. No one loved the holidays more than him~

...

Following the conclusion of this Holiday Party Event, employee 1020-S4 Hazel Coffey was recovered from the precipice of The Snow Globe and returned to her home to enjoy her hard-earned holiday. The other three employees were confirmed safe but were to remain in the event sphere until they were released from the spirit’s whims. Following a short quarantine, Hazel was allowed back into her home and was awarded a TFCC Recovery Gift Basket. While she enjoyed the chocolates and the coupon allowing for free visits with Permanancey, she claimed that the candy cane made her “feel like she may puke.”

Before New Years, employees Livana, Nivzi, and Eleanor were deposited. Eleanor immediately filed her resignation and was returned to normal society following her short quarantine. Nivzi held Livana at pen-point and threatened to kill her if she spoke of anything she had done. Livana quickly turned the tables and proceeded to attempt a brute forcing of Nivzi’s computer password which resulted in locking her account. Nivzi engaged IT for a lengthy call before she was able to sign her digital release form and return home.

Livana called Hazel when she returned home. It was the first time the two spoke to each other after work. “Don’t feel bad. Transformation stuff is like that. In a way... I’m glad you got to experience it. Well, again. You already turned into what you are now, but it probably didn’t go as far as it did with Holly. For some reason a lot of them are just... really horny.”

“I’m just glad you’re okay,” Hazel said. “Things won’t be weird between us?”

“No,” Livana said. “Just never sing that song. Ever.”

Hazel laughed and set the phone down as she gently pet her cat and pulled up her laptop to check an email she had received from a dollgirl from a previous case.

Per Director Garnet’s instructions, Hazel had participated in a Holiday Party Event. The following year Contracts was able to reestablish its previous deal. More communications will follow concerning the training of Hazel.

TFCC

HAPPY HOLIDAYS

If you feel any lasting effects from reading this document, the following phone number below will manifest. Please call it immediately.

(XXX-XXX-XXXXX)