

# Addition to the Team

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Warning: This story contains: Transformation, human to reindeer, muscle growth, cock growth, gay sex, orgy, anal, rimming, kissing, making out, bukakke and more!

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Winning description as follows: Santa needs a 10th reindeer to handle increasing loads. Time to look for a new candidate (involves TF, orgy, gay sex, muscle growth, cock growth)

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“Well, I can see you are incredibly qualified,” the fat man with the white beard said, looking over Jack’s resume in his hands. “Very qualified.”

“Thank you sir,” Jack said, shuffling in his seat, trying not to stare too much at all the stuff around him. Even though it was only a few weeks before Christmas, the office was incredibly festive, with lots of bright lights and garlands, and not one, not two, but three christmas trees, and a roaring fire in the fireplace. The fact that the guy in front of him looked like Santa, wearing a pair of red pants and a bright white shirt and a red vest, his thick beard reaching down to his chest, and with a half eaten plate of cookies on his desk, only made it more surreal, more weird.

Everything was rather weird about the job posting. “Stablehand” was the description, and there were things like helping with feeding, grooming and otherwise taking care of domesticated animals. But there wasn’t anything really requiring skills or abilities in doing so, and in fact said that “required skills will be taught to the successful candidate.”

But Jack needed a job, and the pay was huge, and even the commute didn’t seem too bad.

But something just felt... off. He just couldn't place his finger on what it was.

"Anyway, when can you start?" the old man asked, looking over his glasses.

Jack blinked. "Uh... right now?" he said, surprised. "I don't exactly have anything planned for the rest of today."

The old man gave a smile and a jolly laugh, and stood up from his chair. "Then follow me Jack, and we'll get you started."

Jack stood up and followed the other man through a door flanked by large candy canes and right into the stables. It was warm, humid, and the smell hit Jack like a freight truck, a thick, earthy conglomeration of old hay, oats, leather, musk, and a thousand other smells, assaulting his senses.

"Alright, so I have nine animals to be taken care of," the old man said, pointing to each stall along either side of the walkway. "They are pretty self reliant and can do a lot themselves, but there are just some things they can't do."

"Like what?" Jack asked, looking at the hand carved signs on the door of each stall. Dasher, Dancer, Prancer... Wait, like Santa's reindeer?

This guy really was weird.

"You'll find out in time," the old man said, hooking his fingers into his suspenders, before turning around and heading to the door he just came out of. "But I sincerely apologize. I got a lot of things to do, being so close to the holidays. Lots to see and do!"

"Wait!" Jack exclaimed. "What exactly am I supposed to do?"

"Just get to know them all," the old man said. "I'll be back in a bit to check on you all. See if you are all getting along. Ta ta!"

The door slammed shut, and suddenly, Jack was left alone.

"Okay, this is way too weird," he said, blinking in confusion, rubbing his head.

The heat was starting to get to Jack, so he took off his winter parka, followed by his sweater. Even then he was a bit on the warm side of comfortable, but he proceeded to explore the stable.

There wasn't much to it: rather large swinging doors leading to each stall, all of which seemed rather spacious compared to what Jack thought would have been normal for horses. He didn't see any tools, like shovels, rakes or pitchforks around, and there was only a couple buckets here and there. He couldn't even find where to get the oats or hay for the animals.

Not to mention that he couldn't hear anything: no snorts, no nickers, no whinnies... just quiet.

He did notice lots of harnesses, halters and leather straps, with sleigh bells and silver fasteners that glinted in the light, hanging on hooks by each stall. But there was one set of halters on the ground near the far end of the stable, next to a stall with its door left open.

"Well, I guess I can clean up," Jack said, walking over and picking up the polished leather gear. It seemed a lot smaller than the other ones he saw, almost more human sized than for a horse.

Jack looked back toward the door where he first entered, then to each closed stall, then ducked into the open one, looking over the leather gear in his hands. He debated in his head, over and over... before with a curious shrug, he slipped one of the harness over his head, and fastening it on his chest, little bells jingling as it fit over his upper body, perfectly fitted.

"This... feels weird," he said, looking at the harness. "Like, it shouldn't fit, should it?"

"Well I think it looks great on you," a deep, masculine voice said. "Very fitting, wouldn't you say?"

Jack looked up, eyes wide in shock, to see a nine foot tall, two legged reindeer leaning on the side of the stall, arms crossed over his own leather harness. But what caught his eye wasn't just the fact that there was a human like reindeer, with thick, soft brown and grey fur covering his body and two large curved antlers on his outstretched head that just missed the top of the doorway. Nor was it the massive hooves that would have rivaled dinner plates in size, or muscular arms and legs, and a thickly etched six pack that would make a bodybuilder green with envy. No, what made Jack stare at the massive animal person was his junk: eighteen inches or so of a massive horsecock, jutting from his crotch above a low hanging leathery sac filled with two softball sized testicles.

"W-wh-what...How..." Jack stammered, confused, trying to figure out what why there was a massive, sexy, horny two legged reindeer standing there.

"Of course the big boss never tells the newbies what to expect," the reindeer chuckled. "Doesn't want to scare the new candidates, of course."

"What are you talking about?" Jack asked.

"This year we need a new team mate. And so the boss went looking for one. And he found you. And I have to say, you should fit in nicely."

Jack raised his hand to try to interject, but then stopped. His fingers... his hand was changing! Brown, black and grey fur was starting to cover the back of his hand, while the fingernails on his fingers turned into tiny hooves. He looked down, to see the fur crawling over his arms, under his shirt. He winced as his shoes were suddenly ripped apart, replaced with a large cloven hooves that were perfectly designed to cross snow and tundra.

“What’s happening to me?” Jack cried out, stumbling before falling to the floor of the stable, landing on his new tail that was peaking through the top of his pants, making him bleat in surprise.

The reindeer took a couple steps, his huge schlong swinging back and forth, forcing Jack to look up, up and up toward the reindeer’s face, who gave a grin of lust, before kneeling down, his muzzle an inch from the human’s face, breathing hot, humid air into his face through the large nostrils on his face. His cock throbbed and pulsed just in eyesight of the transforming human. “I think you’ll turn out just fine.”

Before Jack could say anything, the reindeer grabbed the back of Jack’s head, and pushed his muzzle into Jack’s face, forcing his large, broad tongue into Jack’s mouth for a long, deep kiss.

Jack struggled for just a moment, before nearly melting into the sexy reindeer man’s hands, as the transformation began to speed up. Rips and tears of fabric echoed through the stall as Jack’s body began to grow larger and more powerful, to rival and match the other reindeer: muscles grew under his new fur pelt where Jack didn’t even know muscles existed, and soon the t-shirt he wore was little more than rags, and his jeans had long given up. The last fighter in this losing battle was his underwear, stretched tight as Jack’s hardon begged, struggled to escape it’s cloth prison, before a loud *rip* signalled that it had surrendered, and a massive shaft, almost two feet long and with two fuzzy orbs to compliment it, spilled out, already drooling preseed. His muzzle stretched out, more easily able to take in the other reindeer’s tongue, while Jack’s own tongue now began to wrestle its way into the other reindeer’s mouth. His senses went into overdrive, now more easily able to determine the scents and sensations that had assaulted him. But now one, very powerful, overwhelming scent flooded his mind and body.

That of sex. Hot, manly, gay sex.

The other reindeer pulled away from the long, sensual kiss. “The big boss doesn’t go looking for any old schlub on the street, but for the guy that will best fit in with the team. And from that mouth of yours, I think you more than easily fit in.”

“Why didn’t he tell me that this was going to happen?” Jack asked.

“Doesn’t want to scare away the new recruits. Which, you know, fair enough. But that just means a lot more fun for the rest of us.”

Jack blinked. “Us?”

The big reindeer shuffled around, to show off eight more massive, muscular, well hung reindeer, all in their leather gear and sporting erections nurtured by gentle edging strokes, ranging from a bit over a foot to a massive two and a half feet. Some of them were already making out, while a couple more were groping each other. One of them even had a bright red glowing nose.

“You’ll know all of them, of course: Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen, Comet, Cupid, Donner, and Rudolph. And I’m Blitzen.”

“Uh... hello,” Jack said, with a sheepish smile.

“Alright, enough of that. Boys, I think it’s time for a team bonding exercise,” Blitzen said. “Gotta break him in.”

“Hell yeah!” Prancer said, nearly leaping in to get the second dibs on Jack’s muzzle, starting another deep French kiss with the new reindeer.

“Time to test the new guys stamina,” Dasher said as he came up next, going to town on Jack’s new cock. He was easily taking the whole shaft in one, well practiced motion.

“Because we have a big job every year, and no one can slip up,” Comet said, as he slipped in underneath, sticking his muzzle between Jack’s perky ass, his tongue playing with his tight, virgin hole. In time he’ll be able to take all nine of the other dicks, and he’ll get the chance to use his own on their asses, but that was at least going to have to wait for a few more rounds.

Everyone else gathered round, stroking their cocks, kissing and nipping each other and helping each other out with fingering butts or tweaking nipples, moaning and cheering as they watched the orgy below them take place.

Then one by one, each of the reindeer’s horsecock flared and they came, spilling pints of hot seed over the writhing mass of fur, sweat, cocks and sex, coating Jack and the other

deer in their virile cum. But almost as quickly as they came, their cocks were already hard and ready to go again.

Jack was panting heavily as the first group of reindeer pulled off to allow the next batch of horny reindeer to take their place. Without even a moment of break, Jack was assaulted on all sides by more kissing (Vixen), more rimming (Dancer), more groping (Donner and Cupid). Rudolph, however, got the pride of place, getting the chance to take the new teammate's cock, and slowly lowering himself over the long and thick horse cock, moaning loudly as his nose glowed brighter and brighter as he took inch after inch of Jack's cock. The tight ass made Jack buck and gasp and groan, until Rudolph got all nineteen inches of Jack's sensitive and throbbing manhood into his ass, to the cheers and hoots of the rest of the watching reindeer.

Then the red-nosed reindeer began to buck up and down, raising himself up, and then quickly dropping back down to the hilt, bleating as he aggressively fucked himself on the new guys dick, picking up speed, his balls slapping against Jack's chest, his own cock bobbing up and down and coating everything in pre as his g-spot was hit time and time and time again.

Then with a final gasping bleat, Rudolph rammed himself down onto Jack's cock, and with his cock flaring wide, spewed a geyser of hot reindeer spunk all over Jack's face and chest and the other reindeer all around him.

And Jack felt his own cock flare deep in Rudolph's guts, and he coated his insides with another blast of cream, his first as a half man, half reindeer.

And from the hungry looks on all the reindeer around him, it wasn't going to be his last.