Twelve transformatives of x-mas.

PC receives e-mail advertising a one stop solution for the Terran winter holiday. PC may elect to purchase item, in which case it will be delivered to the PC's ship and will initiate a scene on PC's ship. PC's ship will be decorated for the holiday, and PC will be presented with a number of items that will initiate some sort of transformation upon use.

~~1. Eggnog that transforms the drinker's breast milk into eggnog. Induces lactation if drinker is not already lactating, increases lactation rate if drinker is already lactating. Causes the development of breasts if the drinker doesn't have breasts already, increases the size of existing breasts. (Sharable with Reaha and Shade, and any other NPCs that will accept breast milk mods from PC.)~~ (Nutnog, perhaps rework for breast milk?)

~~2. Candy cane that makes cum, male and female, taste like peppermint.~~(Peckermint)

3. Mixed nuts that transform PC into a squirrel. (Think Kui-tan in most regards.)

~~4. Cheese log transforms PC into a mouse.~~ (Rodenian)

~~5. Carrot sticks that transform PC into Reindeertaur. (Deerium+ more fur)~~

6. Gingerbread man cookies that ~~make the PC's skin look, smell, and taste like gingerbread. PC's nipples and clitoris become gumdrops, color of each to be assigned randomly~~ transforms the PC into a dark brown Rahn, that secretes gingerbread scented pheromones. PC's cum becomes warm frosting. (Rahn transformation?)

7. Santa suit that turns the PC into a polar bear. (Panda template? Dr. Badger template?) Completed

8. Elf costume that transforms the PC into a christmas elf. (Raskvel size) Completed

~~9. Sugar plums that transform the PC into a fairy. End result is female, regardless of PC's original gender. Similar to christmas elf, but even smaller, and has dragon fly type wings that the PC will use to fly and hover instead of walk and stand due to small size. PC's anus and vagina will become incredibly elastic, allowing penetration by most other characters.~~

~~10. Barbie/G.I. Joe type doll that transforms PC into a plastic manequin, no nipples no genitals.~~

~~11. Snow globe of a swan that transforms the PC into a swan. Wing growth and webbed feet.~~

~~12. Grinch doll that transforms PC into a grinch. (Furry Thraggen)~~

Scene setup:

PC receives e-mail from PhaeTallity@Terranholidaymart.net

Subject: Happy Holidays!!!

Body:

Greetings Rusher! Happy Holidays! It's hard to remember just when the holidays are anymore, especially when you're exploring new planets on the frontier. But that's no reason to miss out on the joy of the season. We here at Terran Holiday Mart believe that everyone should get the chance to enjoy the holidays, no matter where they are, or what time of year it might be there. Try our X-mas premier package, it's a one stop solution for your holiday celebration. For the low low price of $1,000 we will ship a customized holiday kit directly to you, wherever you may be. The kit includes hardlight projectors that will decorate your space for the holiday, leading edge technology even includes scents and sounds so realistic you'll think you're back on Terra for an incredible Festivus experience. Included in the package will be stocking stuffers, and traditional holiday treats for you and your whole crew. We guarantee our X-mas in a box will provide a fantastic time for everyone, and will transform how you celebrate from now on.

Results may vary, not recommended if pregnant or nursing.

(End e-mail)

PC is offered a yes/no choice to spend $1,000 and purchase the X-mas in a box.

If PC answers "no" no event is triggered. Though the choice will be offered again each time the e-mail is read.

If PC answers "yes" PC will be asked to fill out some details on crew size, then $1,000 will be deducted from PC's account balance and event will be triggered the next time PC boards their ship.

Event Start:

As you enter your ship your nose detects the unmistakable scent of cinnamon, pine, and wood smoke. As you make your way into the lounge you hear what sounds like a crackling fire, and snow lightly pelting against a glass window. Clearly your X-mas in a box has arrived and your crew has already opened it for you. Where the entertainment center was is now an old fashioned brick fireplace, complete with (Number of crewmates) stockings hanging from the mantle, and an unbelievably realistic fire crackling away merrily inside. Next to the fireplace is an X-mas tree, the hardlight rendering is perfect, and the synthetic pine scent so strong that you briefly wonder why the floor isn't covered in pine needles. The tree has been decorated in classic Terran X-mas style with lots of garlands, lights, tinsel and glass ornaments of every description. On the other side of the fireplace from the tree, and facing it, is an antique, but extremely comfortable looking, leather armchair. Facing the fireplace and between the tree and armchair is an antique leather sofa that's clearly the mate to the armchair. Against the back of the sofa is a long sideboard table of dark wood with a bright red table runner laden with traditional Terran holiday treats. There is a tall vase filled with pink and white candy canes, a large crystal punch bowl filled with eggnog, a platter with a large cheese log surrounded by small round crackers, and a tray of crudite.

You stop and stare around in awe, the lounge of your father's old ship now looks exactly like a sitting room or parlor in some old Terran manor that's been decorated for a holiday get together. Swags of green and red garland hang from the ceiling with large bells strung along their length. There's even a piece of mistletoe hanging just inside the door. As you stand still taking in the sight (crewmember, Anno if recruited, Celise if not) rushes up to you and wraps her arms around you before kissing you passionately. She then leads you to the side of the room where a wardrobe has been placed.

"You should get dressed for the party". She says before flouncing merrily across the room to turn on a stereo that's been hidden by a pile of packages wrapped in shiny X-mas themed paper.

As some long ago Terran begins to croon about the color of the X-mas he's dreaming about, you open the wardrobe to find two outfits hanging inside. One is clearly a traditional "Santa Suit", red wool pants, jacket, and stocking cap all trimmed in white fur, with a wide black belt and shiny black boots to complete the ensemble. The other is red and green, and looks like the sort of thing that one of Santa's elves might wear, if they were using the north pole to strip. It consists of a green crop top with a plunging neckline that looks like it is only marginally more concealing than your standard bra, a red and green striped mini skirt with a jagged handkerchief hemline that will barely cover your ass, red and white striped knee high stockings, a pair of green felt slippers with the obligatory curled toes and bells, and a green felt hat that looks vaguely like the "dunce cap" that was sometimes used by old Terran school teachers, the bell at the tip of the curled cone of the hat does nothing to dispel that notion.

PC is presented with choice “What outfit will you wear to the party? Santa Suit, Elf outfit, Neither”
If PC chooses “Neither” event will move to part 2 with PC wearing (currently equipped armor)

If PC chooses “Santa Suit” move to “Santa Suit transformation” scene.

If PC chooses “Elf Outfit” move to “Elf Outfit transformation” scene.

Santa Suit transformation scene

You strip out of your (currently equipped armor) and hang it in the wardrobe. You step into the red wool pants and pull the attached suspenders up to your shoulders. You stretch the suspenders out in front of you before letting them snap back in place, and notice that the pants are hilariously too big for you. Good thing they've got suspenders, or you'd be partying in your (currently equipped undergarments, top and bottom). You slip on the red wool jacket, and note that like the pants it's enormous, you and (random crewmember name) could easily fit inside it together. You put on the wide belt and cinch it as tight as you can, finding that it just barely gets tight enough to avoid sliding over your hips and landing on the floor. You step into the boots, which like everything else seem to be about a dozen sizes too large, and then feeling like a toddler trying (prefered gender pronoun) father's clothes, you finish the outfit with the red and white Santa hat.

The moment you settle the Santa hat on your head your body is inundated by a tingling sensation, as if you had a low voltage electrical current running through you. The tingling isn't unpleasant, but as you look down at yourself you see that your skin is rapidly darkening, and in a matter of a few seconds your skin is as black as the boots you're currently wearing.

You barely have time to process the change to your skin color when the tingling sensation is replaced by an itching sensation. As you watch, thick white fur erupts from your skin, it's like watching a time-lapse video of the growth of a mold colony.

As the itching starts to subside you're overcome by a wave of vertigo and you have to grab the top of the wardrobe to steady yourself. You have only a moment to realize that you've gained quite a bit of height before you're struck with a splitting headache. Pain so intense that you collapse to the floor holding your head in your hands.

You feel the bones of your face and head moving and changing for a brief second before the pain spreads to the rest of your body and you curl up on the floor, too dazed by the excruciating pain to notice what is happening to your body.

Fortunately the pain is as brief as it is intense, and after a few seconds it is gone and you are able to use the wardrobe to pull yourself to your feet. The first thing that you notice is that the previously overlarge clothing now fits you like it had been specially tailored. The second thing you notice is that your head is uncomfortably close to the ceiling. You really are a lot taller than you were.

You reach for your codex so you can use it's camera to get a good look at your new body and notice that your hands are now completely covered in thick white fur, except for the palms and tips of the fingers which have thick black pads, and your fingernails are now long black bear claws. Looking at yourself in your codex's camera shows you that your head and face has flattened and elongated. You now have a broad, deep brow that gives you a permanent

brooding look, and an elongated muzzle that terminates in a cold wet, black nose. You have the head and face of a large bear, complete with large round ears. Your thick black lips conceal your large and sharp looking teeth, and your long and broad black tongue.

Despite the fact that your arms have grown in length to match your new height, you are unable to get your codex far enough away from yourself to see anything but the center of your chest in it. You set the codex down and take a direct look.

(If PC has breasts they will have gained 2-5 cup sizes, if PC has no breasts skip to next paragraph) Looking straight down the front of your body, you're unable to see past your massive teats. You raise your hands to your breasts and confirm that they're not only larger, but heavier. Squeezing them informs you that they're quite firm but still pliable, and the thick, soft fur that now covers them helps make up for any squishiness they may have lost.

You crane your neck forward and look down to see that your stomach is now quite large. You palpate your stomach while tensing and relaxing your muscles and find that under a generous layer of fur and fat is a large amount of very dense muscle. A few pokes and prods of your thighs and biceps reveal that they are the same way. You may not have the classic "beach bod" but you've certainly got the muscle mass to silence anyone that might be foolish enough to point that out.

You straighten up and twist your head about to look over your shoulder. You're able to look down your back and see that your backside is now large enough to be used as a love seat by your crew. Poking out of the middle of the red sea that is now your rump is a small fluffy white puff ball, you have a white bear tail.

Turning back to the front you pull the waist of the pants out with one hand and look inside.

(If PC has a penis/penises they will have transformed into a canine type, and gained 2-4 inches of length and 1-3 inches of girth, knot is oversized with a girth of 2-3 inches more than that of the penis. If PC has no penis skip to next paragraph.) Your penis is currently retracted into it's sheath, but a few seconds of stroking causes it to emerge and become fully engorged with blood. Like the rest of your body, your cock is now truly massive. At (current length in inches) long, and (current girth in inches) wide, it seems more like a third arm sprouting from your groin than a penis. The knot at the base gives a whole new meaning to the term "Bitch Breaker", at (current circumference of knot in inches) it probably would break anyone it's shoved into.

(If PC has a vagina/vaginas the clitoris will have gained ½ to 1 ½ inches of length, the lips will have turned black and become puffy, and the vagina will have become wetter and gained 100 to 200 ml of capacity. If PC has no vagina, skip to next paragraph.) You look down and see that your cunt lips have turned black, and are now thick and puffy like they've been recently vacuum pumped. You reach down and stroke your new bear pussy and find that it's currently moist, and there's no mystery about where your clitoris is, like your labia it's gotten bigger and now stands

out like a signpost marking the seat of your womanly pleasure center. You slip a finger between your cuntlips and it is practically sucked in. Without thinking you slip first one, then two more fingers inside your open and welcoming pussy. Your entire hand is on the verge of disappearing into your snatch when you stop yourself and withdraw your slime covered hand. Your cunt is definitely wetter and can clearly handle larger insertions.

Finished inspecting your genitalia you straighten up and take a deep breath through your nose. When you exhale it comes out as a deep rumbling growl that seems to make your ship's deck plates vibrate. You are a bear. You are a massive bear. You are a massive polar bear, and you are the lord and master of everything you lay eyes on. It's good to be king.

(PC will now be 9 to 10 feet tall and weigh between 1200 and 1800 pounds. PC will be massively thick and strong, but will have lost some agility and speed. Thick fur, hide, and fat, will increase PC's armor. Bear claws and teeth may provide special melee attack options. Possible special attack: "Roar" stuns enemies.)

End "Santa Suit" transformation scene. Skip to "Event part 2".

Elf outfit transformation scene.

You select the “Elf outfit”. You slip out of your (currently equipped armor) and hang it up in the wardrobe. You see that the outfit includes panties and pasties, so you remove your (currently equipped undergarment, top and bottom), and step into the panties, they’re very snug. After smoothing the panties, which are decorated with red and white candy canes, over your ass you place the pasties, large glitter covered snowflakes, over your nipples. Next you pull the knee high stockings up your legs. They’re so tight that once you’ve smoothed them out they look painted on, making your legs look like giant, sexy candy canes from the knee down. You squeeze yourself into the skirt, it pinches your waist like a corset and and isn’t quite long enough to cover your panties, leaving almost an inch of your panty covered ass and crotch sticking out the bottom of the skirt. You bend down and cram your feet into the elfin shoes. Despite feeling like soft suede, the shoes are impossibly tight, feeling two or three sizes too small, at least. You straighten up, praying that your feet won’t start cramping in the sadistically tight shoes and pick up the top. It looks like a crop top, but as you try to pull it down over your chest it feels more like a tube top, one designed for a child, a small child. You exhale all the air in your lungs and tense your muscles, trying to compress your chest as much as you can, and are finally able to get the skimpy top on. You were right, you’ve seen bras that would cover more than this top, and it’s so tight that the outlines of the snowflake pasties stand out like some kind of bas relief sculpture. You take gentle, shallow breaths, sure that at any moment you will hear the purring growl of ripping fabric. Feeling your movements restricted by the tight garments, you complete the outfit by placing the cute little elfin hat atop your head.

As you lower your hands from putting the hat on you are overwhelmed by dizziness and a sensation that you are falling. This sensation is reinforced by the fact that the floor is rapidly getting closer. But you’re still standing firmly on your feet. You’ve shrunk quite significantly and are now much shorter than you were. (PC will now be 3 to 3 ½ feet tall.)

You feel an odd tingling sensation course through your body and look at your arms as you feel it start moving from your shoulders towards your fingers. As you watch your flesh flows and ripples like water, as the rippling flesh stills you see that your skin is now smooth and flawless, not a pore nor a hair left behind. Your soft white skin is now as pale as a glass of milk, and it shimmers faintly as if it’s been dusted with fine silver glitter. As the transformation rolls over your hands and fingers it finishes by turning your fingernails a shiny shade of silver. (PC now has smooth white skin with silver flecks, and silver fingernails.)

(If PC’s face is currently human, skip to next paragraph.) The tingling sensation returns to your face for a moment, and you touch it with your hands. Once again you feel your flesh rippling and changing. You caress your face with your fingers and find smooth skin covering a normal human face that decidedly feminine angles and contours. (PC’s face is now human, with high cheekbones, a narrow feminine jawline and full pouty lips.)

You feel an itching sensation in your scalp, and when you start to scratch your fingers encounter rapid hair growth. In only a few seconds you feel hair slithering down your back, the sensation stops just as you feel the tips of your hair brushing the top of your ass. You pull a handful of hair over your shoulder and look at it, it's snow white and shimmers faintly. You have long white hair now. (Hair will now be 2 to 2 ½ feet long.)

The sounds of the world become muted for a moment and your ears tingle strangely. The sensation passes quickly and before you can reach your ears to feel what's going on, your hearing returns to normal and your ears no longer tingle, though they do feel slightly cool, as if they've become more sensitive to the air around them. You gently stroke your ears and nearly orgasm on the spot. You ears are now tall and teardrop shaped, and exquisitely sensitive. (PC's ears will now be sylvan and will be 5 to 6 inches)

As the tingling, rippling sensation of the transformation ebbs away, you find yourself feeling surprisingly light and energetic. You bounce on your feet energetically for a few moments before you realize that the shoes are no longer cramping your feet, in fact they now feel as comfortable as a pair of well worn slippers. The skirt that previously didn't even manage to cover your ass now hangs down to just above your knees. The restrictive tube top now hangs comfortably loose to just above your navel, leaving only a bare sliver of your midriff exposed. You have lost weight and become petite. (PC will now weigh 30 to 35 pounds and have a very slight build with decreased strength and increased agility.)

(If PC has no penis skip to next paragraph.) As you move around you notice a difference in the way your groin feels, and slip your hand inside your panties to see what has changed. Your fingers fail to encounter the cock you were expecting and in disbelief you pull your panties down so you can look directly at your crotch. Your penis is gone. (PC is now a female. All male genitals are gone.)

As you lean down to get a closer look at your transformed groin you find something truly unexpected, hanging from your crotch is a small silver bell attached to a silver ring, that upon closer inspection is inserted through your tiny clitoris. Moving the bell aside you find a pair of thin, tight, cuntlips, they distinguish themselves from the otherwise featureless mound of your groin with their pale, ice blue color. You stroke a finger along the thin blue line of your tight pussylips before gently pushing it between them and into your vaginal opening. You're tight, so incredibly tight that even a single finger can barely enter you. You gently increase the pressure with your finger and it slowly slides into you deeper. You finger is only able to enter your dry pussy to the depth of it's middle knuckle before it's progress is stopped by something solid, it's a hymen. Your new pussy is virginal. You pull your finger from your tight little hole and stroke the crease of your pussy lips again, giving your tiny little clit some attention. And tiny is right, your clit is so small that even with your nearly non-existent labia you would have trouble finding it, if not for the little silver bell hanging from it. Small though it may be, your clitoris is extremely sensitive, and you are unable to stifle a moan of pleasure as you stroke it. As you take your hand away from your groin the bell on your clit jingles slightly, the motion of which sends enough

sensation through your clit that your knees become rubbery for a moment. You quickly pull your panties back in place to stop the bell from swinging and causing you to orgasm. (PC's vagina is now small and tight. The hymen is intact and capacity and lubrication are decreased. PC's clitoris is now only 0.1 of an inch and is pierced with a small silver bell on a small silver ring. If PC had multiple vaginas/clitori they are gone leaving a single vagina and clitoris.)

Curious to see the rest of your transformed body you lift your top and expose your chest. For a moment you think the pasties are still in place, and you wonder if they had bells in the middle of them all along. Then you realize that your areolae are now shaped like large snowflakes, and your nipples have been pierced. A small silver bell now dangles from a small silver ring pierced through each of your ice blue nipples. Your areolae are the same ice blue as your nipples and labia, and are densely speckled with silver that shines like glitter. You lift your hands and cup your breasts, like the rest of your body they're petite, perhaps a small B cup at best, but very perky and sexy. You pull your top back down and shudder as the bells hanging from your nipples jingle and send waves of erotic sensation through your body. (PC now has small B cup breasts. The areolae are large, 3 inches across, and shaped like snowflakes. PC's nipples are 0.5 long and 0.25 thick. Nipples and areolae are pale blue with silver speckles. If PC was lactating at 50% or less, lactation has stopped. If Lactation was greater than 50% it has decreased by 50%.)

You run your hands down your sides caressing yourself and reveling in the feel of your petite girlish body. You slide your hands to your ass and give it a squeeze. Your ass is small but round and deliciously feminine. Your ass begs to be groped, and then fucked. You moan in pleasure as you envision a large male impaling you on his cock and lifting you off your feet with it. (PC's butt is small and round. Hips are narrow, but waist is even narrower.)

You move in front of the fireplace and use your codex to take a selfie. You look at the picture and are stunned by what you see. You've captured an image of a feminine homunculus of near legendary beauty. While your frame is extremely petite you have curves that would border on voluptuous on a larger body. If Santa had cheerleaders, you'd be team captain. And the best part of it all is your face. The ice blue, pouty lips beg to be kissed, and the silver eyes sparkle with delight, or is that elfish mischief? And the large elfin ears may well inspire a fetish all their own. Whether Santa is real or not, there's at least one elf that's ready to spread some holiday joy. (PC's lips are pouty and pale ice blue. PC's face is delicate and feminine, but more angular than round. PC is now a short, petite, x-mas elf. Most applicable stats can come from Raskvel.)

End of "Elf Outfit" transformation scene, continue to Event part 2.

Event part 2.

You turn from the wardrobe and look around your ship's lounge. Maybe it's the music and decorations, maybe it's your crew all chatting with each other like a real family, maybe it's just the memories that the holiday calls to your mind, but your ship has never felt more like home.

(If Sera is on board and is completely submissive to PC. If not skip to next paragraph.)
The only one that is standing alone is your demonic little slut. Sera is standing in a corner with her arms crossed over her breasts. She looks more like the Grinch in her green tights and red and white Santa jacket, but at least she's not sulking in her room. Though you do briefly wonder if she's hidden any mischief in here somehow and is simply waiting to see the results. You walk over to her and she glares at you briefly before turning her face away. "Glad to see you joining the party, pet." You say. Sera's lips compress into a tight line and she says nothing continuing to refuse to meet your eyes. "You are my slave, but you're also my lover, part of my crew, and my crew is my family. I want you to enjoy yourself, and if you're a good girl, I might have an extra present for you later." Sera looks up at you briefly, you can see conflicting emotions flitting through her eyes. Sera lowers her head again, but before she breaks the eye contact completely you put your fingers under her chin and gently raise her face so that you can lean in and kiss her gently on the lips. It's a comparatively chaste kiss, but it expresses your feelings for this succubus pain in the ass better than words ever could. Caught off guard, Sera reaches her hand to the side of your face and gently strokes your cheek, jaw, and down your neck as she returns the kiss and her true feelings for you become as clear as if she'd posted them on a holoboard the size of a New Texas barn. You step back, breaking the kiss, and see that Sera's cheeks are flaming from that uncharacteristically gentle and loving moment. Sera drops her chin to her chest in an obvious attempt to hide her face from everyone, but her tail givers her away as it curls up to look like one half of a heart. Not wanting to press your reluctant lover and ruin this tender moment you turn back to your party.

(If Paige is not on board skip to next paragraph)
You find Paige standing in front of the X-mas tree. She's staring at it like she's never seen one before, like a child who still believes in the tales of a magical being that makes every good child's heart's desire come true once a year. You know she's simply enjoying the fact that she can see one, not taking one moment of her sight for granted, and it warms your heart immensely to see her childlike joy and wonder. You step over behind her and wrap your arms around her and give her a warm hug. Paige snuggles into you for a moment before twisting around in your arms to face you. She beams at you like a little girl who has just been given a pony for X-mas, and wraps her arms tightly around your neck and kisses you passionately. When the need for air finally breaks the kiss she smiles at you, glowing like she was the day she got her eyes back. "You really are one in a billion, Steele." She says. "It's no wonder everyone loves you so much, and it's no surprise that you've got a ship full of lovers." You blush slightly, and Paige takes your face gently in both of her hands to ensure you give her perfect eye contact, before she continues. "I know you're out here chasing your father's legacy. But that's really a secondary thing to you, it's so obvious even a blind woman can see it. You spend most

of your time caring for others. You could easily have left any of us where you found us, but you collect lovers like some ancient Terrans used to collect stamps and bottlecaps. And you do a good job of taking care of us all." She blushes slightly, clearly she's used to being a strong, independant woman and admitting that she's letting someone else take care of her is hard for her, but after a deep breath she finishes her thought with another passionate kiss. "I love you, and I can't thank you enough for everything you do for me. And I know the others feel the same way." Before you can respond Paige pushes away from you and disappears into her room, though you do catch a glimpse of moisture at the corner of one of her eyes before she gets away from you.