

# Ruby

## Part 1

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The Arctic snow floated down, settling on the trees and ground like powdered sugar on holiday desserts. The small herd of reindeer wove in and out of the pines of the forest that didn't appear on any map, their hooves crunching and squeaking in the thick snow beneath them. Not far behind them, a parka-wrapped, redhead spice witch was doing her best not to be discovered.

"Fffuck it's cold!" Jess thought silently, afraid even the chattering of her teeth might give her away. This close to the North Pole anything could expose her plan, from a tiny hint of magic to the deluge of curse words she had dammed up inside. Not to mention she was running out of time. Any moment the deer were going to pass through a barrier that she couldn't unless she got what she was hunting for, and fast. "Okay,

gonna have to risk a move here because I'm about outta time." She pulled a small red bottle out of her snow jacket, pinched her nose, and doused herself. "Ugh! Okay, and now for the lucky fellah," she said sarcastically as she pulled out her wand and aimed it at the straggler of the reindeer herd. With a small zap, the target went rigid for a moment, spooked at how quickly his senses were getting meddled with. "Come on..." she whispered. The large furry beast shook his head as a scent settled in his nostrils, the spell of the wand syncing the red bottle's solution to him in particular. His eyes fluttered as he lifted his gaze and spotted Jessie like a lovesick puppy. "That's right, you big dummy." She tried to look as sleek as possible, even with her hourglass form looking bulkier than ever in snow gear. "I'm a deer... come check me out!"

Her words were forced and obviously frustrated. She was pretending to be a doe just to get what she needed. Not just any doe, but this now drunk-looking, tongue-wagging furball's soul mate. "Okay, you can slow down, SLOW DOWN!" She squeaked as he charged up to her, almost pinning her to a nearby tree, his snout snuffling up and down her clothes. "Okay dude, I know it's strong stuff but I just need... one ... little..." Boink! She pulled a tiny bit of fur from his head, to his pained surprise. "Okay thanks bud, you can take a nap now." She waved her wand and the large buck fell heavily to the ground in a fit of snoring. "Sorry champ, it never would have worked out between us," she said, leaving him behind, letting out a sigh of relief that she poured cold water on that issue.

Thirty feet away the freckled ginger, colder than ever, stopped at an invisible barrier, the air itself like a solid wall keeping her out. "Okay, if you're gonna add the magic sugar plums to your ingredient stash back home, it's now or never." The Spice Witch pulled from her cleavage a device, one with two bronze circles each with a red and blue power gauge. In the one circle was a picture of her face and the meters read 100% blue no red. On the attached circle she clamped the "borrowed" hunk of reindeer fur to the center of it, and the lights immediately went red. "Okay, operation *Under Santa's Radar* is a go!" She flipped the switch and let out a shiver as the blue on her side began to lower as the red meter rose. In the adjacent circle, the opposite was taking place. "I've tried to crack your security spells for years old man, but you know what they say. If you can't beat em join *oooorm!*" The final word came out more like an animalistic grunt. It caught Jess by such surprise that she looked around slightly embarrassed. "Okay, this is happening faster than I thought." She shivered again. "Time to go all in before it's harder to *hnnng-*" Her legs clamped together as another intense sensation shot up and down her spine. There was no more time to talk, she knew what she had to do.

*Zzzzzrt* went the zipper of her fur-lined parka. Jessie shimmied her shoulders to let it drop off her arms, followed by her stuffing it in a log. Next her boots and then her pants and underwear till her entire bottom half was naked for the whole wilderness to see. "Come on, come on I'm cold as hell!" she whined, lifting her bosom to the left with

one arm as she felt her pale freckled skin with the other. The witch's hefty backside jiggled as she kept switching feet in the snow. Out of her view, but noticeable with her fingers, the small red patch of hair right above her feminine mound was getting thicker, darker. Soon it blossomed into a full patch of brown reindeer fur that spread around her soft middle and over her hips. "Oh thank goodness, 'bout damn time!" She let out a sigh of relief as the fur crept down her thighs and shins, adding some much-needed warmth to her form. Pressure built in her lower spine, with tension and muscle twinges that finally ended in a relieving *pop!* Above her pale ample bottom sprung a small fur-covered tail, its brown two-toned hairs spread out from the lengthening nub to her lower back and swaying cheeks. An itching sensation built up in her nose until it also built up with a pressure that crunched and popped out into a snout tipped by a reddish nose. "Kay Jess, it's working, best to get a move on." She quickly put down the device in the soft snow and began removing her top, a sweater that was the last bit of clothing on her quickly transforming body. As she tugged the warm woven top upwards, her large, pale, freckled breasts shook free and flopped down heavily on her ribs. Hard cherry-pink nipples capped her swaying bosom, hard and aching in the cold, but she continued. The top now over her face and snout, she could feel the tug of her ears as they lengthened and the pressure in her skull as her velvety antlers emerged from her red locks. Antlers, crap! She really needed to hurry because if she didn't- the thought was cut short as the sweater got tangled on her newly emerging antlers. "Nooo!" The more she tugged the more her antlers grew and spread, stretching the sweater like a tall lumpy hat. "Okay, it's fine, we're just gonna reverse the change for a second so I can get this sweater off..." She padded over to the device on tiptoes, her legs lengthening and thinning into more cervid-shaped limbs, her toes hardening into smaller and smaller hooves. "Muuuuuunk" Jessie grunted, falling tits first into the snow. Her hands were hardening into hooves, making it harder and harder to operate the device. "No, no- slow down! I can't change all the way, damn it!" she growled in her mind, afraid she was just moments away from going full-on doe.

"Gotcha!" She grunted, finally able to pause the transfer between her and the buck passed out in the snow. SssshhhRRRRP! It was too late for the sweater, however, now tatters in her antlers. The witch rolled her eyes and recalibrated until she was 45% deer and 65% witch. Able to stand once more (and wiggle her fingers and opposable thumbs), she was ready to attempt what she had come for. "Oh yeah... finishing touches," she remembered at the last moment. A wave of her wand and the jingle bell harness that had been wrapped around the dozing deer behind her zoomed through the air and strapped itself around her body. "Ooof!" It was ill-fitting, cutting into her soft curves a bit with its crushing tightness... but it would have to do. With a few tentative steps forward, Jessie walked into the invisible barrier, wand and device in hand, and with another step was able to push through it.

This was genius! This was a better result than she ever could have hoped for. Yes... she was covered in fur as a humanoid reindeer, swaying a bit from the large antlers growing out of her head, balancing her plush body on smaller feet. But she was now only twenty feet away from Santa's workshop, and less than thirty from the sugar plum grove. This new ingredient was going to do wonders for her alchemy, she mused. That Jolly barrel of Jelly had finally been outsmarted and all she had to do was... run into the deer stable with a furred arm steadying her tits as she went as fast as physically possible. A tiny elf-flown helicopter was circling above with a searchlight, the pilot looking way more menacing in their "chopper" than their "on-a-shelf" schtick. "They must be searching for the missing deer." She groaned, trying to squat down in one of the stalls but unable to because of her harness getting too tight around her ass anytime she tried to bend at the waist. How long was the damn thing gonna circle up there? Even with her fur coat, the spice witch's body was a bit chilly, and the smell of this stable... it was... Well, it was. Okay, embarrassing as it was, the stable smelled exceptionally good. Like not, "oh that's a nice bit of lavender" good. More like... "hugging someone close you really, really "appreciated," and just their scent sends shivers up and down your body" kinda good. Jess put her hand out on the railing, trying to calm her heartbeat. She was warming up at least, but more on the inside than the outside. Jess had to shift her hips as the scents of the barn filled her tiny deer nose, making her ears and tail shiver. "Get it together Jess. Get outside and get the sugar plums and get back to your typical human foooOOORM!" She broke into a yell as a large semi-damp nose nuzzled between her fuzzy ass cheeks, blasting her nethers with a hot, tingle inducing breath. A new smell was filling the stalls, as her eyes fluttered. Shit, that scent was her. That was "Jessie in Holiday

"Hey HEY!! There... erm," she looked back at the overly friendly reindeer, was this the one from the woods? "W-Woah there, Comet! I'm on the nice list-" Jessie's nose began to glow red, heat spreading to her blushing cheeks and filling her belly. "This isn't what you think!"

"I'll say" Came a smug voice from the other end of the stable. "But he's not Comet, I am!" Leaning against the post was a hugely grinning, very humanoid, very... "ready to roll in the holliday hay" Comet. "I don't know what you did to me back there, jingle jams, but Comet LIKEY!" He snorted and pushed the other reindeer out of the way.

"Oh right, what I did. Well the thing is um, this is all part of a complicated plan that I need to-"

"Need to hook up with a hot mate?" He wiggled his eyebrows backing her into the corner.

"Mate? MATE! OH I don't think that's on the um... the um.." She could hardly think his scent was so strong, and he was tall.

"You under the mating mistletoes Ginger Spice" and so she was.

“Jiminy Christmas” She squeaked as she was squished between the wall of the stable and the wall of tall, muscular deer man.

