

ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS IS ME

FIRST PERSON STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“What the *hell* am I going to wear?”

This *wasn't* a question I often asked myself. I wasn't the 'go out to public events' type of guy a lot of the time and you could completely blame that on my introverted nature. But in this case? I unfortunately didn't really have much of a choice in the matter. As much as I didn't *want* to go out, I had more or less been cornered into being the +1 of one of my friends to a Christmas party of all things! Brooke's boyfriend had come down sick last minute and she didn't want to go alone, so of course she defaulted to asking her childhood friend.

I was just too much of a sucker to say no. But also she promised there'd be free food and sometimes that was enough for *any* introvert to step out of their comfort zone. Hey, don't judge! Food is expensive these days! But my eventual agreement had led to this last minute debacle. What *should* I wear to a Christmas party? It probably would have been nice if I'd had something festive to wear, but I didn't even own a single Santa hat to put on much less a tie or shirt.

In the end I defaulted to rummaging through my closet in the hopes that I might find something suitable. **“I was going to spend a night grinding games, too... That reminds me, I should totally roll on the new Fire Emblem: Heroes banner before I leave. Maybe going to a Christmas function will bring me some Christmas banner luck?”** *That* was a long shot, and I knew it. That

game had some of the worst gacha mechanics ever seen in a gacha game ever.

“Huh? When did I buy *this*?” Almost as if to answer my prayers I uncovered something *bizarre* in the back corner of my closet just moments after musing about gacha games. It wasn’t *bizarre* in the sense the object *itself* was *bizarre* so much as it was *bizarre* in the sense that it didn’t *belong* there. A tiny Santa hat was propped up against the wall. One I couldn’t recall purchasing and, even if I *had*, the state it was in made no sense.

I picked it up and turned it over in my hands. It looked like a brand new hat without any dust or wear on it whatsoever. If I had purchased it so long ago that I couldn’t remember buying it then you’d expect it to show age, right? That or Brooke placed it in there the last time she was over as a joke. It wouldn’t have been *that* surprising to find out she’d been planning this all along. **“Maybe I should just text her about it?”**

While turning to go make that text, however? I did something *odd*. I slid the tiny hat onto my head without thinking. It wasn’t until I’d stepped towards my desk after the fact that I realized what I had just done. **“Why did I, *like*, put that on?”** I’d had no reason to! And not to mention it didn’t even *fit*! But it also didn’t *fall off*? Reaching up I realized why. There had been a tight pressure squeezing my head and now it made sense. The hat was on a headband. I could feel flowers on it too. But I couldn’t... *take it off*.

“The hell!?” To begin with it *hadn’t* been attached to a headband when I’d put it on top of my head in the first place. Not only was it on one now, but for the life of me I couldn’t remove it regardless of how much force I applied. **“Come... off... you... stupid... thing!”** But in the end all I was doing was exacerbating an issue that I was not yet aware of. The short, dark hair around the headband was lightening in color – and not towards a *normal* hue. Instead it all turned a bubble gum pink, the phenomenon spreading throughout all of my body’s hair.

And my eyes. Their murkier colors not only brightened to pink, a color that was only really attainable with colored contacts (much like how you’d typically need dye to have pink hair) and seemingly rejuvenated them. They were more alert, all of the exhaustion I felt as a young adult seemingly melting away. Then again, my complexion in *general* began to appear far less worn. Skin not only tightened but was robbed of any and *every* blemish, giving me a much more youthful glow that only grew with time.

“Hah?” I had still been pulling on the headband to no avail when my sweatpants suddenly dropped from my hips, pulling my boxers along

with them so I was exposed from the waist down. I'd been wearing a belt, hadn't I? So how had *that* happened? **"Wait a second..."** It took a moment, but it *did* finally click. Not only could I clearly see my pants pooled around my feet, but my shirt was hanging so loosely that it hid my dick even *without* pants. I didn't want to believe it, but lifting up my shirt and throwing it off made it clear.

Even despite seeing it with my own eyes it was difficult to believe. **"I'm totally thin?"** My round tummy wasn't only gone, my sides had curved inwards as well. It gave my body a shape that was undeniably feminine. But before long I noticed something else I couldn't have with clothes in the way. **"And why the heck are my pubes pink? They're cute though... ERM..."** I hadn't *meant* to say that, but I had just sort of blurted it out without thinking!

I coughed. In a similar vein, what was going on with my voice? It sounded *higher* all of a sudden. But familiar at the exact same time. In the end it wasn't a trick of my mind or anything, my voice really *had* become higher pitched. But it didn't necessarily look out of place on my body by that point in time anyways. I was growing increasingly androgynous and eventually leaning more into the feminine; my face exemplified that.

"Bodies don't just change, but I guess if they did I would have to assume I'm becoming a woman?" The inflections I put on my words were very *extra*, like the way a stereotypical high school girl might speak. Then again I already looked like I might be a teenaged instead of an adult, and even then my face began to present like one too. Whether it was a newfound fullness to my lips that forced them into a natural pout, or my daintier nose, or my thinner cheeks, or even how my eyes were now big and round with thick lashes. All of a sudden I had become a picturesque, feminine beauty from the neck up.

This included my already pinkened hair, which crept ever longer without dislodging the Santa hat headband at any point somehow. Bubble gum pink hair fell *well* past my shoulders, curling outwards just above my rear end which, in truth, wasn't as far away as it had been. **"H-Hey!?"** I'd noticed why. My naked body had shrunk suddenly and quickly, and I dropped from nearly six feet in height to *five* feet in just a mere ten or so seconds. **"Whoa!?"**

I wasn't yet used to being so short and I fumbled a bit, the stumble sending some of the pink hair I had grown over my shoulders so that I could clearly see it. **"Pretty pink hair, the sound of my voice, shorter..."** Seeing that hair had triggered a realization. Weren't these all the traits of a video game character that I knew rather well? As if to answer my question, my knees were soon brought to buckle due to a pull

upon my hips that pulled them wider and a squirming between my legs that...

Stole away my masculinity.

“Mmm!?” Having your cock and balls sucked up into your body was certainly an unusual sensation, but I my body couldn't deny that it had been a strangely pleasurable one as a pink pussy took its place. I was squirming in place, less attentive to what was *actually* happening to my body while lost in momentary ecstasy. Regardless, with my loins transformed the regions directly around them came to flourish. Thighs burgeoned with a plumpness that pulled skin so tight it shone, and my ass cheeks erupted onto perky peach shapes that I could feel jiggling even with the slightest shuffle of my feet.

But there was one area in particular that grew more spectacularly than the rest. **“O-Oh! Well I suppose I should have expected this...”** I didn't sound shocked; I sounded *eager*. And how could I not be? Looking down, before my very eyes I watched my erect nipples *triple* in size while fatty flesh pooled beneath them. Before long soft mounds took shape, and then those mounds blew up into hills. My chest sloshed and bounced around as it continued to burgeon before long peaking in a pair of tits that were clearly DD's. I seemed to *know* this. My mind had been adjusting without losing sight of my old identity entirely.

And then there was a flash. It was like I'd been flashbanged by a flamingo because my surroundings had suddenly been pinkified. But I was also no longer *naked*. A crimson Santa dress with a very short, slitted skirt hugged my thin and curvy form. Complete with a cleavage cutout and bare thighs, it was clear I had wanted to show off a little when *I picked it out*. It felt very natural to wear, from the white boots and gloves to the pink thigh highs, to the Santa-inspired secondary skirt that clasped around my waist.

Even my beautiful hair was styled into an adorable yet alluring twin tails now!

“Well that was all *very* weird, but I suppose it all worked out for the best, didn't it?” Despite the fact that I had just been transformed into a Christmas-clad *Hilda Valentine Goneril* (apparently solving my outfit problem) I was definitely in high spirits. It was a mix of my new personality traits and my old self's personal desires. I didn't see a problem with the fact that I was now a beautiful young woman. Though the pretty significant drop in age down to *nineteen* wasn't especially convenient.

Reality had changed as well. My office was now a *very* pink bedroom in the same apartment, but the apartment itself was decorated in a completely different manner appropriate for my new stylistic sensibilities as Hilda. Curious, I pulled my wallet out of my purse – which I could effortlessly locate like things had *always* been that way. **“Yup! Even my ID is different. But my memories are a little odd too.. Who was I going to this party with again?”**



An older woman? That didn't sound right. I was going with Marianne from the marketing department, right? I could recall working at a sales company ever since graduating high school. With my adorbs good looks and outgoing, extroverted personality it was easy peasy! Even though I tried to push as much work off on the rest of my team as I could.

“So there's a Marianne too? Did someone else get transformed into her? Weird...” But in all likelihood we were in the same boat. I didn't feel much like asking her about it when we met up for the Christmas party. After all, if she was as happy about this as I was then it wasn't really a problem, right? We were *girlfriends* according to my new memories! **“Oh well! I look so good! I'm going to be the center of attention at this thing! I hope there's a dance, oh, and free gifts!”** A festive gift basket would be great!

I *loved* to go out an socialize!