

Just Taur-rific (Man to Centauress TFTG)

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A Story Tier Prompt for Scoobert

Clark gets a summer job at an adult Renaissance Fair that uses transformative magic to increase immersion. Unfortunately for him, he gets assigned the role of a beautiful centauress mare, tasked with entertaining guests with pictures and carrying drunk customers on his back. The new mare has an issue, however: her lower half is increasingly aroused, and needs someone to help out with it!

Just Taur-rific

Clark sat in the waiting bay, fidgeting a little nervously as he awaited his turn to be transformed. He knew going in that this would be the case, of course. This was the Magical Faire, an adult Renaissance Fair that used licensed and approved magic to make it as immersive and fantastical as possible. Those signed up as paid workers could be expected to be changed into all manner of fantasy races - elves, tieflings, goblins, and the like - in order to add to the high fantasy feel of it all. One woman even exited as a *dridler*, stepping out on eight spidery legs, a bulging black abdomen behind her, her upper torso dark and enveloped in a tight red dress.

“Don’t worry,” she said to the alarmed Clark. “It’s not my first time. Part of the job!”

It only left Clark with a greater pit of anxiety in his chest. He’d been low on funds for a while, and desperately needed some work now that he couldn’t help tutor fellow college students. It was the summer break, and he needed a short-term job to make ends meet, and this was it. He just hoped he’d get something relatively easy like an elf man instead of a horned demon or something dramatic. He had no desire to be changed too much.

The door opened after another purple magical light on the other side, and out stepped a beautiful elven maiden. She had long coppery hair that shined unnaturally, and her features were refined and ethereal, her ears long and pointed. She wore a gorgeous forest green dress that seemed to be held together by sculpted and varnished tree roots, as if she were one with nature. Even her movements were pure elegance, and he found it hard not to look at her. She, for her part, gave a gentle smirk.

“You’re up next,” she said, winking.

“Clark Tabbart?”

The young man stood and fiddled with his dark, curly hair. “That’s me!” he said. He strode up to short, grandmotherly-looking woman and shook her hand, and she gestured for him to enter.

"I see from your employment file that this is your first time with us. Is that correct?"

She gestured for him to take a seat, and he did so. He towered over the woman. She was white, with old-fashioned curly grey hair and a dress that could have belonged to a fairy godmother. A nameplate stated her to be *Mrs Fairbank*. Not far from 'Fairy Bank,' in a way.

"Um, that's correct," Clark said. "It's just a summer gig for me."

"Not to worry, we get plenty of those. And as you know, we pay well. You'll need to stay in character, of course. I'm just looking at our current employee makeup and determining where you would be best."

Clark bit his lip for a moment. "I don't know if you take suggestions, but I could definitely do an elf. I mean, I don't know if you do black elves, but-"

She waved a hand. "Oh, we have elves of all kinds, don't worry on that part, including black ones. It'd be discriminatory, otherwise! But we've got too many elves, and tieflings, and dragonkin, and - ah! We need a centaur!"

Clark gulped. "A . . . centaur? You can do that?"

She smiled sweetly. "Of course I can, dearie. Four hooves and a tail. You'll have a moment to get used to it but otherwise it should be well in hand."

"But - a centaur?"

Mrs Fairbank raised an eyebrow. "That's the position, kid. It's centaur or bust, I'm afraid. If it's any consolation, you get a fifty percent pay bump for it!"

Clark sighed. He supposed it would only be for a short time; a couple of weeks. The Fair was immensely popular and lasted longer than most thanks to its immersion: many visitors actually stayed at on-site castle and tavern-themed hotels, and the employees remained changed for the duration to increase that immersion. This wasn't what he wanted, but the cash was good. A fifty percent pay bump? That would seriously help.

"Okay," he said. "Let's do it."

Miss Fairbank indicated for him to stand. "We'll have to go to a bigger room first! Ha!"

She took him around, appropriately enough, to a stable that was outside the Fair office and part of the Fair proper. It was about to open, and numerous transformed individuals were already moving around - there were even little pixies in the air.

"Okay, this should be private enough. Ready?"

"I think so," Clark said.

"Very well. A nice little application of magic and you'll be on your way!"

Miss Fairbank produced a wand, spoke a series of words in an arcane tongue that must have been part of the witch language, and then there was a bright purple flash.

The second the flash ended, everything felt different.

Everything.

Even Clark's perspective had changed; he was now much taller standing than he was before, and much bigger. He could feel a massive bulk to his body extending far behind him, and the presence of additional muscles, bones, organs, and most of all *limbs*. His tail shifted at his backside, which was now far behind him, and he had four legs which ended not with feet, but with *hooves!* As a much smaller thing, his hair had gotten quite long, and was now in a loose afro that spilled down his back. He had to hold it to one side as he looked behind at his brown-furred body, shocked at the fact that his lower half was equine. Such movement caused his chest to jostle in a strange way, and it was then that he realised that his chest was oddly heavy for some reason, and strangely . . . pneumatic.

It was at that point that Clark turned his head forward again and looked down. Down at a pair of large, dark-skinned breasts that were held up by a fur-skinned crop top of sorts, and nothing else.

"What the heck!?" he gasped, and was immediately confronted with another change: he sounded like a woman! In fact, his entire upper half looked female. He had smaller shoulders, a thinner waist, and his arms were lithe and beautiful. He felt his face with his hands, and could immediately tell some major difference: his lips were more prominent, and he definitely had a smoother face. Baby-smooth. "I'm a *female* centaur!?" he screeched in his new, rather beautiful voice.

"Oh, did I not mention that?" Mrs Fairbank said. "I'm very sorry! Yes, we need a centaress, specifically. It plays well with the crowd, and captures the attention of the male demographic who like to spend more around the presence of beautiful and exotic women. Most of all, horse girls are the target."

"What!?"

"For photos, of course! And rides, obviously. Women love to come to these events to ride the centaurs, but generally feel more comfortable riding a female centaur. So there's good practical reasons for you being female."

"But - but I'm a man!"

"And you will be again, dearie," the woman said in a grandmotherly voice. "Just remember the paycheck! Oh, and you'll also be assigned at nights to helping carry drunk guests to the medical tent on that strong back of yours. Here's your briefing." She passed Clara a small booklet. "Memorise it and store it! Now, go out there and make a difference and earn that paycheck, dearie! I suggest you go by 'Clara' for the duration of your employ here. Trust me, I bet you'll grow to love it!"

Then, with a pat of Clark's furry flank, she sauntered away while humming some old-fashioned tune, leaving Clark-turned-Clara one very confused and embarrassed mare.

"Oh God," the new female fantasy creature muttered. "I don't even get to have a stallion cock. Damn it!"

Clara soon found that she was quite popular at the Magic Faire. Even by the standards of other transformations, she stood out. It didn't hurt that with each trot her impressive breasts bounced a little. They weren't *too* big, at least, though they felt huge from her perspective looking down, and she kept adjusting the fur wrap that supported them. She probably didn't need to, but she was terrified of exposing herself. In a way, of course, she already was: her lower half was completely naked, her equine ass out on display, her tail flickering back and forth.

"It's just two weeks, Clark," she told herself. "Sorry, *Clara* now. Remember you're Clara now, but just for *two weeks*."

Still, she needed the money, and it was not unheard of for an employee to fail to live up to their role and be asked to resign early. As such, she did her best to put on a beaming smile. From 9am to Midday the Magic Faire was technically available to everyone, so many families poured in before it became adults-only. There was nothing too risqué after that, but drunkenness became more common, and several performers became more scantily-clad, and there were scheduled events that might scare children or be inappropriate in content for teens. And, of course, the alcohol flowed in the afternoon, and there were some bawdy medieval acts and the like.

But that morning slot, Clara was the most popular performer around, and all because of the little girl demographic.

"Mommy, can I ride the pony woman!"

"I want a photo with the beautiful centaur!"

"Mommy, that horse woman looks like you! Can I go see her?"

Clara smiled and nodded and asked each girl if they'd like a photo and even a slow ride around a section of the fair. It was oddly endearing, and it helped Clara ease into her new role. Moving slowly allowed her to get used to having four hooves, and it made her more aware of the bulk of her body. She accidentally turned a bit too quickly at one point, and nearly bumped into a dragonkin.

"Hey, watch it!" her fellow performer rasped.

"S-sorry!" she said. "I'm still getting used to all this, uh, backside."

The drider woman was scuttling past on the side of one of the tavern buildings at that point, and she burst out laughing. "You're speaking my language, hun! Love the new look, by the way!"

At this, Clara blushed again. Still, she continued to give little girls rides, answering their questions in character as much as she could based on the brief that had been passed to her.

“Where did you come from?” one little girl asked, utterly enraptured.

“Well, I came from the Greengrass Meadows beyond the Purple Peaks of the Everglade. My herd is just one of many, and we practice nature magic so that we can hunt and keep our forests safe . . .”

The enchantment had to end, however. After midday, the family focus died away, and the true celebrations began. More scantily clad demonesses and elves appeared, but others remained more refined, such as the green-dressed copper-haired elven maiden who Clara had seen before.

“Oh my God!” she said to the centaress. “Are you the guy who was going in after me? I swear I haven’t seen you before!”

Clara smiled sheepishly. “Ah, yeah. I was asked to be a centaur. I didn’t realise, you know, I was going to be a female centaur. Pretty embarrassing, right?”

“I don’t know,” the elf said, putting a hand on her hip. “You’re kinda hot. Totally hot, actually. I’m Erica.” She extended a hand. “Officially, Eliria while in-character,” she added with a cute wink.

Clara shook her hand, and her tail automatically shook with a little excitement. “Clark. Er, but I’m Clara right now.”

“I like it. Clara is such a pretty name. I’m keeping an eye on you, Clara! Don’t be a stranger!”

She walked away with her hips swaying sensually, leaving Clara very confused.

“Was she just flirting with me?” she whispered to herself. She’d seen how her new self looked: she really was a beautiful centaress. Maybe the elf lady had a thing for horse girls, more than most actual horse girls. Either way, it set a fire in her. For the next few hours, she couldn’t stop thinking about Erica. Even while helping serve drinks, helping patrons get a ride across the enormous fair at a charge, or simply posing for photos, she kept an eye out for the elven beauty.

“Damn, she is so pretty,” Clara said to herself after helping an early drunk to the medical tent. A couple of powerful golem men pulled him off of her back and moved him to get hydrated at one of the rest beds, and when she exited, she noticed Erica taking photos with some men who were very clearly into her. It made Clara jealous: she’d had a number of men hold her bare stomach a little too tightly, their hands a bit too near her new breasts, but clearly her situation was not unique. Erica seemed to take it in stride, though, holding up her staff and bonking one lightly on the head.

“No touching an elven princess!” she declared. “Or ye shall be banned from the fair - got it?”

The man backed away, embarrassed. Oddly, this show of confidence only made Clara feel even more in heat. There was a moistness in her equine parts, and it was growing more and more across the course of the day. By the time her mid-afternoon break rolled around, she was getting desperate. She’d interacted with Erica briefly several times, including during the Fantasy March through the Fair, where Erica had actually *ridden* her.

“You’ve got such lovely hair,” she said. “Love the lack of clothing too. I bet it’s freeing.”

“I kinda wish I had a dress like yours, but I couldn’t pull it off like you could.”

“Aww! Thanks!”

It had left Clara desperate to ‘attend’ to herself. Her new pussy just needed a bit of playing with, that was all. Now that she was finally on break, she manoeuvred her large centaress body to a private stable where she could relax. She closed the door and indicated on the sign that she needed privacy. Most would think she was just using the specially-designed bathroom for quadrupeds, but in reality she really, really, really just needed to masturbate. She was beginning to suspect her body was in estrus or something, because this was a desperation she’d never felt before.

“C’mon,” she grunted, reaching around to touch herself. “Surely there’s got to be some way to - oh, Jesus!”

There wasn’t. She could play with her boobs - which she was absolutely doing, now that her top was off - and their sensitivity was indeed lovely, but she couldn’t reach her womanhood! Not even close, in fact!

“Fuck! Mrs Fairbank gave me a freakin’ horse body that’s in frickin’ heat! Ugh, I can’t make it through two weeks like this!”

“How about you ask for help!?”

Clara yelled in surprise and shifted, almost bucking in the air. Behind her was Erica, who must have slipped in. She was in her green dress, but had removed many of her adornments while she was on break. Somehow, this made her even more beautiful, and Clara’s body all the more needy.

“Clara, what are you doing here?”

“Thought we might catch up. I was waiting for you to come outside so we can get to know each other more, when I heard your complaints and entered. So, you’re in heat, huh?”

Clara wanted to die. “Y-yeah. Shit. This is humiliating. I didn’t mean-”

“Don’t be embarrassed. I’m a gal with a high libido, and I’d be horrified if I couldn’t flick my own bean, if you know what I’m saying. I could help you out, you know?”

“Help me . . . out?”

The elf smiled. "Have I read things wrong? I've been flirting all day: you seemed pretty into it. You keep following and talking to me. I thought maybe we liked each other."

"I do!" Clara said suddenly. "Wow, I just . . . I didn't realise you liked me."

"I can tell you were a man. So clueless! Come here, I'll help you out . . . if you want."

Clara hesitated. This was moving so fast, but her loins were tingling with an aching need. "P-please," she begged. She shifted her backside around to Clara, then raised her tail for her to gain access.

"Tell me if this works," Erica whispered. She patted Clara's flank, then began teasing her womanhood. Clara sighed, shivering from the sensations of it. Soon, she was actually *moaning*.

"That's - ohhhhh - that's p-perfect. Keep going!"

"I intend to."

She stroked her equine parts, and Clara moaned further. She began to pinch and cup and feel her own breasts. Her arousal was growing, as was her pleasure, soon she was entering a stage of euphoria she'd never known, her entire body alight with the pleasures of Erica's ministrations.

"Oh God, I'm c-close! I'm s-so close! I'm - Ohhhhh! YESSSS!!"

Relief from her lusts finally came in the form of enormous orgasms. She had to struggle not to kick out her legs, but she certainly shook her heavy body, overcome by such feelings. It took her what felt like minutes to come back down to earth, by which point she was breathing heavily. Erica now stood before her, stroking her flanks and feeling her stomach.

"Good?" she asked.

"Are you kidding?" Clara replied. "That was . . . amazing."

"Good! Now get down on your horse knees for a moment."

"What for?"

"Just do it, horse girl."

Clara did so, and found that she was now even in height to Erica, who immediately grabbed her face and pulled her forward into a tender kiss. Clara found herself returning it.

"There," Erica said. "I've been wanting to kiss those lips all day."

"Me too," Clara said dreamily. "Wow. Erica, you are amazing."

"I am," the elf princess said. "Which means you have to be too, if you want to keep up with me. So how about you return the favour and drive me wild, too?"

Clara licked her lips. This was more familiar territory for her. "That, my princess, I think I can do."

The End