

# Mini-Story: Not My First Choice (Centauress TF)

By FoxFaceStories

When Anna was found guilty of stealing apples from a neighbouring farm, she had no idea that its owner was in fact a witch, or that she had a predilection for transforming troublemakers into workers on her own farm. For all she knew, it was just a small act of theft to have something nice to eat, as well as to make a little bit more money on her own family's farm without sacrificing any profits.

It would prove to be a big mistake.

When the witch demanded Anna take on a role on the farm as punishment, or else ensure the local sherriff take an interest in the case, Anna just assumed it would be some seasonal work, perhaps helping pick the very apples she had stolen. It was embarrassing, but better some help on the side than getting a hiding from her own parents. Besides, the woman - whose name was Elliana - seemed forceful but not cruel, and even gave her the choice of what role she could take.

It was then that Anna made her mistake. The young woman foolishly asked for a role that would be *'something to do with horses, but suited to a lady'*, not realising what that might mean in the context of a farm. The witch just grinned.

*"Very well, then a lady's role on the farm you shall have. And since you requested to work with horses, then I imagine you shall be very popular with the stallions indeed . . ."*

Before Anna could reply, suddenly her body was shifting, changing, *enlarging*. She shrieked as she exploded through her clothing, her lower half becoming hairy and black and developing extra legs and even a tail. She cried out as her ears became floppy and soft, and her chest swelled to become large and pert, barely contained within the tattered remnants of her dress. In moments, she had become a real centauress, tall and powerful and feeling strangely warm in her new gut. She shifted on uncertain hooves, astonished and terrified.

*'You - you're a witch!?! What have you done to me!?!'*

*'Only what you asked, my dear. You shall serve as a centauress on my farm, helping produce good working stock from my powerful stallions, and ensuring my rearing business goes well also. Don't worry, there'll be plenty of times to pick apples as well.'*

Anna tried to run, but some kind of magic stopped her. And not just magic. A powerful musk as well. She sniffed the air, and to her horror realised that she could smell not just her own powerful

estrus, but the dominant scent of an approaching stallion. Before she knew what she was doing, she was already spreading her rear legs in anticipation for him, and raising her tail. She looked back, and saw a male centaur approaching, his chest hairy, his features handsome and wanting. The cock that swung between his rear legs was positively enormous.

*'Well, well, another transformee. I've been working for Elliana for years. My name is Jamis. But you can call me your stallion. We best get to work, but don't worry, there's a normal horse stallion that will compete for my attention too, so you'll have lots to look forward to.'*

The witch just laughed as he began to mount her, and Anna could only moan - first in terror, then in deep arousal and reluctant pleasure. Soon she felt gallons of hot seed flood her centaress womb, and her fate was sealed.=

Two years on, Anna had become resigned to her role as a centaur broodmare for the centaur and stallions of the witch's farm. She never imagined in her life that she would be on the receiving end of a horse cock, or that her new body would crave it so much when she was in season, nor that she would ever give birth over and over to prime stallions and mares as her job in life. Now, when new recruits to the farm see her, all she can do is look at them with frustration and indicate to her centaur-form as she is led out to be bred once more.

*"Trust me, this was not my first choice. Whatever you do, don't steal apples."*

But whatever advice she may give, still someone is occasionally changed by the witch, and Anna can only shake her head at the life that may await them. For her, it is as a continual source of pleasure to the stallions and Jamis, and the amusement of her mistress. It is a fate she will have for the rest of her long centaures life.

**The End**