

## Tarene (Friends to Female Centaurs TFTG)

**By FoxFaceStories**

*Lauren and Oliver are two friends who find a mysterious portal in a house they have been asked to take care of. When they arrive on the other side though, they soon find that in this new world of Tarene, they are centaurs. Female centaurs, to be precise. And a number of centaur stallions are very interested in them.*

### Tarene

I couldn't help but look at the cupboard with something approaching longing. It was insane, I knew, and yet the feelings were there all the same. Lauren coughed, and I turned my head.

"What?" I asked.

"Oliver, we're back. We're *us* again."

"I know," I said, looking down at myself. I stretched one leg, then the other. So strange, to have only two legs. To be bipedal again. To not be hairy, or to have a large lower body, or so much nakedness. And to be male as well. I was certainly lacking a pair of pleasantly ample breasts back in this world. I was a regular twenty year old man again, just like Lauren was a regular nerdy woman with thick glasses and obvious braces and tangled ginger hair, instead of being the flame-haired centaress beauty I had known her as until so recently.

"It just feels . . . weird," I said.

"You're not wrong," Lauren said, scratching her rear in a most unlady-like fashion. "I miss my tail."

"My hearing isn't as good," I said, scratching my now-human ears.

"Can't stand these glasses, either. Do you feel less powerful?"

"Definitely," I said. "Way less athletic." I stepped towards the cupboard and caressed its ancient wood with my hand. "It's so hard to believe we were ever there, but at the same time, it's hard to believe we were ever like *this*, y'know?"

I gestured to myself. The modern t-shirt, the slightly frayed jeans. She was dressed in a striped shirt and longskirt herself.

"It's going to be strange getting used to you being a man again," she said. "And no time has passed! How can we ever adapt to what life was before? Well, what it's like now, I guess. All modern technology. And pollution."

"No starry nights," I added. "No magic."

"Yeah," Lauren said.

"Yeah, I repeated, looking up at the cupboard again.

Our tale had started many years ago, and also only for mere minutes. My name was - and had become once again - Oliver. I was a young man who had gotten a job as a caretaker for old mansions and the like, building up a reputation as a trusted cleaner and maintenance man when families went on long cruises or even when things were taking a long time to sort out in inheritance. Lauren had been my best friend since high school, and so she joined the job, and together we were able to both pay off ongoing college debt while at the same having free places to stay.

That was, until we stayed at Evergreen Manor.

It was a huge estate, and had been in unclear ownership for decades, with various parties having to keep it maintenance while feuding over property lines. It was a golden goose for Lauren and I. I could be the handyman, and she could be the regular cleaner. Some took us for a young married couple sometimes because we fell into such grooves easily, but the truth was she was far too small and nerdy-looking my type, and I was probably too lanky and awkward to be hers. But we definitely got along, and everything was smooth sailing.

That was, until we discovered the magical cupboard.

I'd only gone in there to clean it out, but its expanse was impossibly huge inside. Literally impossibly huge. I was halfway through when I saw a strange light, and it looked like daylight!

"Lauren! Get in here! There's something weird you need to see!"

My best friend entered, and we went through together, exploring beyond the hanging coats and into a strange land beyond. It was wintry and cold and *beautiful*, with expansive mountainscapes beyond, and what appeared to be *two* moons hanging in the air. We both marvelled at this strange and alien place, which looked like something out of a fantasy world. Despite the cold, we decided to venture a bit further in, keeping in mind where the cupboard entrance was.

Only, once we went over a ridge, things began to change. My body - and hers - started to feel strange. Pressurised. As if something magical and brilliant and *weird* was blooming within us. Soon we were gasping and groaning, staggering forward in a daze through the nearby forest as our bodies changed. We erupted out of our clothes, our bodies extending and expanding, muscle and tissue and bone growing at a rapid rate. My pants ripped away as my lower body surged behind me. A tail exploded from my rear, followed by two more legs that seemed to grow my lengthening ass. The same was happening to Lauren, and only by looking at her did I realise what we were becoming: centaurs.

*Actual fucking centaurs.*

Our muscles swelled as our new coats grew in, but our upper bodies became powerful too; fit and athletic and perfect in a way neither of us had ever been. Lauren

became unbelievably beautiful; her hair extended down to her lower back (the human torso part, that was), and it was almost flame-like in its red brilliance. Her glasses fell off, no longer needed as her vision sharpened, and her freckled face became that of a gorgeous huntress. Her bosom - I couldn't help but notice - grew also, her clothes changing so that only a simply wrap existed to hold in her chest, so that her magnificent abs were shown off.

I would have been very erect were I not *also* changing into a centaress at that point. It was quite the shock to me, almost as much as having a massive equine lower half. But the fact was that my voice went high and reedy as a magnificent set of breasts the size of overripe cantaloupes grew from my chest, even more ample than my friend's expanded pair. My waist thinned, my brown hair grew long and brilliant, and my features delicate - except for my lips, which became fuller. My penis slid back into my body, leaving me with an equine womanhood between my rear legs.

I remember practically squealing in horror, unused to my new voice.

"Oh my God. Oh my God! I'm a centaur! I'm a female centaur!"

"Me too!" Lauren cried, her voice more commanding than mine.

"But at least you were always a woman!"

"That doesn't make this any better! I'm barely clothed!"

At least our coats and tougher constitutions kept us warmer. It took a while to even take stock of our changes and try to move; going from two legs to four was an uncertain transition. We made our way back to the cupboard, intent on changing back - it had to be the way, right? - only to realise we had gotten turned around in the transformative confusion. I was in a panic - my hair was long and swaying about, and my new boobs were wobbling constantly even in my supporting wrap - but no matter how long we searched, there was no way to get back!

In the end, we had to try and find shelter. And boy, did we end up finding shelter, just not the kind we expected. With our greater senses, we could smell other travellers across the valley. We moved, getting a sense of our new gallop, to intercept them and appeal for their aid.

Imagine our shared surprise when we found a herd of centaurs just like us.

Imagine our further surprise when we realised that a good few of them were *male*, and already sizing us up.

"We'll help you, travellers!" one announced. "I am Dabor, the chieftain of this herd. No centaur should be without a herd, especially not two fine mares such as yourself. The land of Tarene welcomes you."

Tarene, that was what this world was named. It would be our home for a while yet.

Being called a mare was, of course, quite humiliating for us, especially formerly-male me. But how could we refuse? We needed shelter and aid in this new world, especially if we were going to be stuck for another day.

Of course, looking back, 'another day' was a hilarious expectation. We were with Dabor's herd for years. Fifty four years in the end, to be precise. You see, it turns out that centaurs, just like horses, went into estrus when their season came. And while we were in a snowy section of the world, spring was emerging, and despite our attempts to find the cupboard, we were unable to leave the herd due to our own instincts. I simply couldn't help it, and neither could Lauren; our bodies were fixated on the stallions, especially the handsome Dabor, who was young, handsome, and had yet to pick his 'fillies' yet. It turns out, he saw our arrival as quite the right sign, because when we could no longer contain our wanton lusts any longer, he eagerly mounted the pair of us.

Yes, my friend and I shared a centaur lover. I'll tell you this, I certainly didn't expect to be mounted by a horseman in my life, especially not as a centaress myself. But despite my embarrassment, my body was overcome with pleasure. And the more it became apparent that we simply couldn't find a way back to our previous lives, the more I simply had to accept my new needs as a centaress, just as Lauren was doing.

Instead of living in old houses and keeping them maintenance, we now slept beneath the stars. Instead of having to work for a living, we simply hunted and ate and drank and sang and partied as we wished, defending ourselves when necessary, but trading with other communities most of all. There is no way to describe the sheer freedom of being a centaur. The great expanse of the steppe, the magnificence of the views that Tarene offered, the sheer magic of trading with medieval civilisations filled with magical and mystical folk of their own kind. The world was always new, and Lauren and I (I went by Olive during this time) would gallop and laugh together, uncaring that we were mostly naked and no longer human, but instead revelling in our connection to the land. And, I won't lie, the sex was indeed good. We mounted openly - there was no sexual shaming in the herd - and while we sometimes took other lovers we were mostly mates of Dabor. He was very endowed, and I learned to love the sensation of being penetrated and filled so deeply. Soon, I didn't care how loudly I cried out in bliss, just that I experienced the bliss at all.

In fact, as time passed, I began to take pride in my beauty, not just my ample chest but my powerful flanks and hooves. Lauren was a great huntress, learning to use a bow. I, meanwhile, became a talented cook and weaver. Of course, the final thing to cement us into our new lives was when we both found ourselves ill and tired and bloated in both halves of our centaur bodies. I was briefly confused, but Lauren set the record straight. Being a woman, she knew the signs of pregnancy.

Dabor, naturally, celebrated.

“Two perfect foals shall arrive around the same time! What better omen for a chieftain of a tribe?”

He turned out to be even more right than that: Lauren and I went into labor at the same time, and our first foals were born within minutes of each other. The act of birth was a brilliant, powerful, and painful thing. But the sensation of my new foal suckling from my udder was sweet, making me forget the worst of it. I had been a centaress for over a year at that point, and my feminine emotions got the best of me: I cried with Lauren, my sister and fellow mate of my chieftain. It was like being reborn myself.

And yes, I did say ‘first foal.’ Centaurs live a long time and age slowly. I fell pregnant many more times, and raised many magnificent foals. Even after half a century had passed, I was still beautiful, only just beginning to leave my fertile period. The same was true of Lauren, though her being a huntress more than the cook I had become did mean she was more free of pregnancy than I was.

Our rediscovery of the cupboard was a total accident. We often broke free from the tribe for short stints, but this time was special. Dabor had passed a year ago, and we had positions of respected leadership in the tribe, and had held such for a while now. We were hunting together, Lauren taking the lead, when I spied the cupboard by sheer happenstance. I could scarcely believe it.

“Is that?”

“It is,” I said, rubbing my eyes.

Of course, we had to enter it. We simply had to. It was a good thing that it was a large, old-fashioned thing, or we would not fit. But as we pushed through the clothing, almost unbelieving what was happening, we landed on the other side . . .

. . . as our old selves. Our lanky, short, lesser-limbed and much less-muscled selves. We were a tangle of limbs and could barely stand up straight, used to resting back a little. To say it was strange would be an understatement; simply having a manhood again would have been enough, but the rest just heightened it.

Days had passed. We didn’t do any work, of course. It was like entering a strange dream and finding it to be reality. But always, we kept finding ourselves before this cupboard, and close proximity to it only made our limbs more uncertain, our longing to be centaresses stronger. At least, that was the case for me.

“What do you think happens if we go back in?” Lauren asked.

I shrugged. “I can see two possibilities. One, we end up as our female selves again, back in Tarene. We lose the cupboard location again, probably. Maybe we spend the next fifty years as centaresses again.”

“What’s the second possibility?”

“Well, we haven’t aged here. No time has passed. If we go back through, who’s to say we won’t be young centaureesses again? Beautiful mares, fertile and all.”

Lauren bit her lip, clearly trying to hide her excitement. “Or, we end up as something totally new. Like the beautiful merpeople. Or those randy satyrs! Or the medusa women?”

“That’s true, too. I don’t know what will happen if we step through that door.”

Lauren was silent for a moment. “But we *are* stepping through again, aren’t we?”

I sighed a breath of relief. I wouldn’t have gone in without her, but I desperately wanted to go back in. I extended a hand to my best friend.

“Of course we are,” I said.

And together we stepped back into the world of Tarene.

**The End**