

Reinventing Oneself For College

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Starring: Tony Chestershire (Horse) and Garrett Hasbrooke (Deer)

Player A: Tony trotted along the tile floor of the College Faculty Office. At age twenty one, he was applying to University a bit late. He'd taken a few years off to travel across Europe, exploring the countryside and expanding his palette. So he'd just now got home and was trying to decide what to do with his life. Brushing some lint off of his khaki pants, the chocolate-furred stallion ran a comb through his shaggy mane, looking around for the Recruitment Office. He was here to speak with an Academic Advisor, and was considering this college if they offered him a scholarship. Though Tony had taken several years off, he had impeccable grades and a history of athletic performance that was almost unmarred.

Except for one awkward incident involving other males he did his best NOT to dwell upon.

Tony wasn't gay, he had to keep telling himself that. Tugging the collar of his polo shirt, he let off some steam, while making his way towards a door with the words "College Recruitment" printed on the glass window in black lettering. He opened it, waving a hooved hand to the person inside. "Ah, Howdy!" He said with a hint of a southern accent. "Ah'm your three-o'clock, ah suspect. Sorry fer being late, my car ran out of gas at the worst possible time!" He trotted inside, hooves digging into the carpeting. "Um, am I in th'right room?"

Player B: Garrett--or Dr. Hasbrooke, as most called him--let out a long sigh. He'd gotten the paperwork on this horse a few days back, and he already had misgivings. It reeked, to him at least, of entitlement. And when three o'clock rolled around and the horse hadn't appeared, he made his decision. It was going to be a denial. He had no intention of letting someone in who didn't know how to be on time, who showed up late, who had the money just laying around to take a few years off in Europe. He might have been a good student in the future, but the college had better ways to spend its money than catering to someone who was so... so...

His train of thought was interrupted when his door was opened. No knock, no bell, just opened. He frowned as the horse stuck his head in, waved, and trotted into his office. Hooves digging into the carpet from sheer size and weight. The deer eyed him, and after a moment, gestured to the seat in front of his desk. "Sure," he said, hiding the tension in his voice as best he could. "I'm Dr. Hasbrooke," he said simply, reaching for the folder. He opened it, laying out all the papers of the desk, then opening up his top drawer, pulling out an old fountain pen. The handle was ivory, with some strange markings in it. He looked at the horse, nodding slightly. "Let's get started, shall we?" he said, noting the medical records. The listed height. He marked through the 11 inches, and replaced it with a 7. The weight he changed from 269 down to 240. Smaller things first. "You realize that you'll need to wear better fitting clothes for other meetings, though, right?"

he asked.

Player A: “Huh? Ah di-“

Tony held up his hand, seeing the sleeve almost entirely swallowing it up to his fingers. “Ah... that’s odd. This outfit’s usually pretty tight ‘round my chest.” Dr. Hasbrooke was the only one who noticed the stallion visably shrinking a bit, his body growing thinner and his height growing down. He looked a bit like a teenager trying to wear his dad’s clothes, as it was, his pants sagging down to his hooves and his shirt crinkling up. If it weren’t for his belt, he might even risk his pants sliding down his body. He sat down, looking around. “Ah... I’m terrible sorry. Guess I grabbed some old clothes?” His face was hot, blushing behind his brown fur. Tony didn’t understand. His clothes had FIT just a moment ago!

Player B: The deer nodded slightly, examining the paperwork with a discerning eye. “I see here you did some...” He saw 'travelling' down next to the explanation of the last couple of years. He struck through it, writing 'experimenting' above it. "...things in Europe," he said casually, already pulling out the paperwork for the drug test the stallion had been required to submit. He looked over the short essay. "You were... sampling the... finer filthier things the continent had to offer... I'm not sure why you would admit that on a college application, though," he said, glancing up at the horse with some air of feigned concern. He started to scribble down on the paperwork for the drug test: 'trace amounts of hormone blockers.'

Player A: The big stallion squirmed, the first changes momentarily forgotten. “It was only pot! An’ only tha ONE time!” He stammered, panicking a bit. Actually, memories came flowing in of him getting high a few times in Paris, but he didn’t need to admit that to the Admissions Officer. “A-anyway, it was just experimentin’. ‘s not like I made a habit of it or nothing!” His eyes went wide and moistened. Garrent was able to watch the stallion’s muscles shrink a bit in real time as he added the bit about hormone blockers. If Tony was aware of that change, he wasn’t seeming to admit anything about it. He covered his crotch with his front hooves, unable to look Garrent in the eye. “D-does that disqualify me?”

Player B: The deer shook his head slightly. "No, no, that doesn't innately disqualify you," he said, picking up the paper with his high school achievements. He changed 'accomplished' athlete to 'amateur' athlete, then smiled at the horse. "Why did you include so much information on your sports playing, though?" he asked. "It looks like you were never past... B string?" He looked again. "Ah, sorry. C string," he corrected, making the change on the paper as well. "And I'm not sure why you included your old coach as a point of contact, either..." he said, picking up the interview with the coach. It had gone well, the coach had spoken with glowing praise... He quietly drew an X through all of it, and after the first question, where they mentioned you by name, he wrote: 'Coach: Who is that?'

Player A: Tony blinked. “W-wait, that ain’t right!” His ears drooped to either side, as he stammered. “Ah did really well! Varsity!” He sat up, eyes locked with Garretts. “Ah even have my

old letter jacket outside in my truck to prove it!" He DID remember more of his flubs than his successes on the field, all of a sudden, but Tony had some pride in his performance. So he wasn't letting this go without a fight.

Player B: The deer grinned. "I just have to go off of the information I have," he said, finding the medical history. He added 'Nearsighted' to it, thinking the glasses would be a cute addition and help with the upcoming changes. "With your vision, there was no way they'd run you too often, is there?" he said, smiling warmly. He could feel that jacket out in the truck. A truth from the universe he was trying to remove that could undo everything. "How many games were you on the field?" he asked. "What position did a little thing you like play?" he asked, moving to mark through the '6' on his height... and replace it with a 5.

Player A: Tony shrank again, losing muscle mass and size, now just barely shorter than the stag opposite to him at the desk. He took off his glasses, cleaning them with his oversized polo shirt. "A-ah wore contacts for games, but they got stingy and painful after a while." He was pulling the clothes down. "Ah, um, do you feel alright? This room feels real hot and stuff..." He fanned himself. He was practically swimming in his Papa's clothes. Why had he been wearing them again? It wasn't practical for a stallion his size. Though that was an odd thought. "Ah think ah feel a bit dizzy..." He mumbled, lowering his head and slumping back in the chair. "Ah, what question were we on?" Something felt off, but Tony didn't quite know what was wrong.

Player B: "Well, I was about to ask you about your medical report..." he said, reaching for the paperwork. After all, he needed to explain some things. "It says here you had a hormonal problem," he mentioned. "Growth deficiency... You have to take pills to manage it," he mentioned, scribbling that information into place. "Does that have any side effects that you need to discuss with me or want to discuss with me?" he asked, writing down 'impotence' under the list. "Oh, if you're hot..." He smiled, reaching into the bottom desk drawer. He pulled out an extra-small baby-tee with the school's colors and mascot, tossing it to the horse. "There. Slide into that. You can leave the rest off, if you like," he said. "No shame here."

Player A: "Ah don't-" Tony started, but his voice cracked midway through the word. Blushing, he lowered his head, feeling so unusually small. He was a petite little thing. "T-tha doctors said that ah don't produce enough testosterone for a stallion my age normally." He lowered his head. "That ah'm 'naturally a femboy'." He balled his fingers into fists, trembling with impotent frustration. His tail twitched, the thing having grown longer and curlier, along with his mane, as Garrent continued his work. It was almost like he was watching his magic feminize the stallion-no, the PONY, as he watched Tony's lips puff out with a bit of feminine pout.

Catching the shirt, Tony sniffed it for a few moments to make sure it didn't SMELL girly, and then started tugging off his polo shirt. He wasn't going to strip naked here, but he wanted to make sure he at least put on something that fit. "Ah, one second..." He turned away so that the College Agent couldn't see his swollen nipples. Tony had the predecessors of true breasts on his chest and they were sensitive. It was why the scrawny pony wore looser clothing usually. He

slid it over his head. "A-anyway, ah responded by pushing myself. Ah did very well in footba- in soccer." He had almost said gymnastics, but he wasn't a sissy boy. Pulling his head through the neckhole, his muscular, fit booty squirting for the deer as he dressed, he tossed his suddenly longer, girlier mane as he turned around. "Does it fit bettah?"

Player B: The deer watched the horse, leering a bit. His cock has thickening in his pants as he chuckled quietly to himself. He wasn't anywhere near done with this horse, not yet. "I'm glad to hear that you enjoyed your time playing sports and all," he said, grinning a bit as football quietly started to evaporate from the page entirely. "And I think it fits you almost perfectly," he said, picking up his pen and leafing through a few more pages. "I see you struggled with a few classes..." he mentioned, changing the A's in Science and Mathematics to B's and C's, then adding little +'s--completely unnecessary, but he wanted them there--after the A's in English, Writing, and History. He quietly smiled and wrote Theater Arts at the bottom, under everything, with a A+++ behind it, looking back up at the pony. "Tell me about your experiences in your school's theater class," he suggested with a warm grin. "I'd love to hear about how things went for you. I assume that it was a better experience than sports, given how much you talk about it in your application. No one teased you there, did they?" he said.

Player A: "T-theatre?" Tony's accent remained, but his words seemed to have a bit more... coherence... to them. Like he'd learned how to use his breathing to make his words airier, sultrier. "Ah, well... the sports were jess t'keep fit, you know?" he stopped and his snout curled into a frown. "W-weren't they? Ah'm... confused. Ah feel like ah really loved playing sports. but ah also really loved to act. To perform.. even if ah kept getting cast in girl's roles..."

Player B: The deer nodded, smiling at the horse. "Well, I imagine that playing amateur league and intramural sports was a great way to keep yourself nice and toned," he complimented, grinning warmly. "We have those programs here, too, so you won't have to feel out of place. I'm sure the gymnastics team would love to have you," he mentioned, looking down at the paperwork. "How did you feel taking the girl's roles?" he asked. "Having to dress up like them... Your theater teacher says here that you were a method actor... You'd get dressed in women's clothing for days and days to get into the female mindset," he said. "That's dedication to your craft," he said, smiling. "Or you're a little pervert."

Player A: Tawn- no, that was just his stage name. "Ah... well, ah had to get into Juliet's head, is all!" His cock was starting to tingle at the very IDEA of being girly just to be perverted. "Ah just didn't want to do a bad job. Acting jobs are hard t'come by outside college, and you need as many glowing reviews as you can." He poked his hooved pointer fingers together, as Garrett was treated to a show of that cock, now substantially smaller, growing up his saggy pants. "Ah'll do anything to get a good role on stage. It's what yah have to do, right?" He shook his head. "Ah mean, ah work real hard! The Gymnastics is to stay flexible and graceful for choreography. And there was ballet too, when ah was younger. They don't let stallions take it fer too long, though, even if they're... like me." He blushed.

Player B: The deer smiled slightly. "Even if they're like you?" he said. "Are you saying that you're... uncomfortable with the responsibilities that come with being a stallion? Is that why you decided to... transition?" he asked, trying to be nice about it. He quietly drew a line through the 'trace' on the hormones in the horse's system. He was able to watch as the horse's shirt tightened, just a little. "Tell me, how long have you been on your treatments? What changes have you started to notice?" he question, casually letting the horse start the process for him. He'd modify it how he wanted, once it was true.

Player A: The pony let out an anguished, panicked squeak as he bit his lip and lowered his head. His nipples rubbed against the fabric of the tight shirt he'd been given, already starting to form the hints of a d-cup. Any bigger and he'd need a training bra. "I-it's not whatcha think!" He whimpered, tail twitching and flicking nervously as he squirmed in his seat. "I-it's not like ah wanna be this way! Ah was born intersex, an-" He closed his eyes, feeling memories rushing in. He already wasn't the most masculine guy, but his dad had- "Horses don' have families like many other species do. We herd. An there's always a lotta competition between the males of the herd. So when ah was getting older, m'Pa felt like it'd jess be better if ah didn't feel any pressure t'even try to be masculine." His chocolate mane had some silver glitter rubbed into it. There was a pink bow tied around his floofy, curly tail. Tony had been going by "Tawny" at home since Gregory Chestershire decided his son Tony should be his daughter instead at age twelve, giving him those supplements and making sure he took them. "A-an' it's his choice, even if ah wasn't that masculine t'begin with."

Player B: The deer grinned at the horse. "It's fine, Tony, it's fine..." he said, laughing softly. "Deer herd together too. I have a son who is just like you," he mentioned. An entirely accurate fact. The little bastard had tried to challenge him for leadership of the herd, but now, he was on his knees worshiping his Daddy each and every night. "So, your father decided that, instead of the male hormones that would have corrected your condition, you'd use the female ones that would exacerbate it... Well, I can't say I disagree with the results. In another few years, you're going to be a real bombshell," he said, smiling. "Did you pleasure your father? My son insists on sucking my cock as often as possible. He says feeling an alpha load in his stomach makes him feel like a real male. Do you feel that way?" he asked.

Player A: Garrent was treated to a display. The ponyboy's ears shot up. His eyes went wide. "N-no!?!!" He stammered, a visible blush crossing his face as he stared at the deer as if what he'd said was something scandalous akin to admitting to impregnating the dean of the school's wife. "Ah'm not gay! Ah'm not a girl!" He covered his lips with his right hand, d-cup tits bouncing slightly. "Ah jess had t'deal with my Papa's decisions, an' the mares in the herd helped me adapt to it."

Player B: The deer was grinning brilliantly as the horse turned his ears up, looking shocked. The deer laughed warmly. "I'll be they did, didn't they?" he said. "I'll bet they told you all the parts of a cock, how to please and pleasure it, what it needed to make it feel good..." He laughed. "You're as much as mare as my son is a doe," he said. "And I'd be willing to bet dimes

to dollars--little Miss 'do anything to get a good role on stage'--that you got on your knees and practiced a few times to make sure you got what you wanted and needed, too."

Player A: Tawn- Tony shook his head, pressing his hands on either side of his skull. "N-no... ah'm a good girl! Ah mean, boi! Ah mean..." he mumbled, looking so confused. She didn't know what she was anymore. She lowered her head, mumbling about something incoherent as she whimpered, feeling the musk of the alpha male deer in the room, making it difficult to think coherently.

Player B: "Tony," the deer said, standing up and grinning, moving to the other side of the desk to sit against it. "Or..." He looked down at the paper, pleased that Tawny had been added to the 'nickname' section. Before he was done, it'd just be in the 'name' slot. "Tawny," he corrected, smiling and sitting on the side of the desk. "I'm hesitate to accept students like you," he admitted. "And do you know why? It's because there are big, strong, muscular alphas walking all over this place," he explained. "I need to know that you're in control of yourself. That you'll go to class instead of just sucking cock, that you'll put in the effort instead of sleeping with professors for grades," he said, reaching out and casually rubbing the pony's head. "You have to pass a very important test for me. Are you ready?" he asked.

Player A: He- no, SHE looked up, eyes intent. Thankful for being given some direction to latch onto. The fog of confusion was settling down. One thing remained true no matter what gender the horse was. She was intent and determined to do what she needed to do to get her way. "Ah'll do anything." She said, balling her fists and snorting with determination.

Player B: The deer reached down, undoing his belt, then his pants. "Take off your clothes," he said. "Leave that top on, though. You should always wear your colors when you can, even if you're getting fucked," he assured, pulling out his sizable nuts and sheath. He leaned back, looking down at her and waiting. "C'mon," he encouraged. "You can do this. I know you can."

Player A: Standing up, Tawny began to undo the belt she was wearing... she'd thought dressing up in her Papa's clothes would help, even begged the big grunting chocolate stallion to loan them to her, but it'd only made her look like a child. The khaki pants dropped to the floor, revealing pair of Howdy-Kitten panties, bright pink, and stretched nearly to bursting. Even trans, Tawny was a horse, and her dick was still a good five inches, even if it'd been over a foot as a male. "L-like this?" She said, swishing her rear and palying coy. She knew how to tease. All those years of acting classes and her mommies all giving her tips helped her get many males eating out of her hoof.

Tucking one finger along the rim of her panties, she peeled the tightly-clinging things down, sliding them down and revealing a pert and flexible sissy pucker tucked just below her pretty glittery tail. Batting her eyelashes at the academic advisor, she let the undergarments fall to the floor, the filly-boi pressing her thighs together as she trotted over to the big buck, sitting on her knees in front of him like a good girl.

Player B: The buck grinned, picking up a piece of paper from his desk. He turned the papers around, looking down at them. He went down the list of references, of personal contacts, of people who might be of interest. Friends from football that 'he' discussed, old buddies from trips, people 'he' met in Europe. He wrote their names down on the paper, one at a time, as the pony stripped and trotted over, settling down on the floor. It took him a while, but slowly, he had twenty names down on the list. And then, at the top, he wrote down: "Tawny's Fuck List." He set it to the side, then took the horse's head, pulling it against his nuts and rubbing her. "Just relax. No licking. No sucking. No nothing. Sit there, breathe it in, and tell me about..." He looked at the list. Her best friend from high school, some stud named 'Jeremiah.' "Tell me about Jeremiah. He was your first, right?"

Player A: Tawny sniffed at the big buck's must, blushing and listening, just nuzzling his body and worshipping him like an alpha expected of his does... or his mares. She didn't presume. Didn't try to get aggressive. She just obeyed, like a proper trained female should. There'd be time for showing her skill later, time for showing how flexible and amazing she was. But for now, the Alpha Male demanded her worship, not her hole. She sighed blissfully, rubbing her body against his thighs, feeling safe and taken care of.

The questioning of "Jeremiah" broke her out of her reverie. "Jer?" For a moment, she wanted to say he was a rival on the football team. But that was silly, the mareboi hadn't ever played football, had she? "Ah, um, well..." Her face got hot, recalling the new memories flooding her head. "Um, well, he was a lineback- er, the quarterback on the football team in High School. A big burly bull!" She giggled at the thought of the black and white bull and the gold ring between his nostrils. She'd always felt it made him look domesticated. He disagreed. "Ah actually got in trouble with him... ah was trying out fer cheerleading, and he saw my ass through my panties an' got so worked up he-" She shook her head. "Ah... that feels wrong, don' it? Ah'm so confused..." She remembered Jeremiah sneaking into the women's locker room and seducing her, pinning her against a locker after she offered her ass to him and rutting her to pop her cherry, but she also remembered competing with him on the field. It was so hard to decide what was right. "Ah... ah guess he didn't realize mah... condition..." She mumbled, ears drooping. "But decided a hole was a hole, after he kissed me an' pet me so sweetly, an we didn't have a lotta time before the other girls got into the locker room, ah always snuck out early from practice to shower alone fer obvious reasons..."

Player B: The deer smiled, rubbing and letting her head and ears. "Good, good," he said. According to the lookup he did, the bull was a student here as well--a sophomore. He grinned to himself, imagining that meeting. "And what about... Cody?" he asked, looking back at the list again. "You wrote about him in your essay some, didn't you? Your first boyfriend, the one who found out about your condition... so encouraging... pushing you forward into femininity... He's the reason you got the piercings, isn't he?" he said, smiling quietly as he made little notes on the list of people. Slowly and steadily, the new reality was coming into place, but the scraps of it could still be felt in the back of the horse's mind. Of course, he had a plan for that, but at the

moment...

As he listened to her, his cock had been stiffening and sliding from his sheath. It flopped over her face for a moment, then pushed through her mane, standing up and proud between her ears at the moment as the scent of his manhood invaded her senses.

Player A: A cute pink blush crossed the whorse's cheeks as Garret petted at her and brought up the name of Cody. She whinnied and looked away. "U-um, well..." She felt like Cody was supposed to be a childhood friend. But while that wasn't wrong, it also wasn't exactly the truth either. "U-um... well, he was a big strong buck, like you..." She mumbled, remembering when she'd come to him in tears, telling him about how she wasn't allowed to be a boy anymore. And how he'd kissed her on the spot. "Jer was mah first, but Cody... he really was tha' first male ah ever loved." She wrapped an arm around Garret's leg, clinging to it, remembering the good memories: Nuzzling against her boyfriend's snout, feeling his antlers as she cuddled his face against her tits... the time she spilled icecream and he put his tongue to work cleaning her breasts... It brought a weak smile to her lips, as she rubbed her head against the plump cock crowning her mane, teasing the big male's shaft with her hair. "He liked tha' tongue studs... an' having something to grip my nipples with..." She spoke so brazenly about lewd things, as if they were commonplace. 'Ah remember him standing up t'my Pa to get the permission t'fuck me. Alpha males can get fussy about their mares, yah know?" She looked up, before tearing up.

"But ah wasn't used t'being a girl yet. An' every mistake ah made, ah made with him first. Ah ruined our relationship being so insecure... tryin' t'cling t' being a boy..." She sniffled. "Ah was such a dumb bitch an' he was so patient."

Player B: The buck grinned slightly, nodding as she remembered. There we were. Bittersweet memories, memories about how her lack of femininity ruined someone precious for her. Good. That would push her even harder into it. "There, there," he murmured, rubbing over her ears and cheek slowly. "That's a good girl. You've given into it entirely now, haven't you?" he said. "And to be honest, bringing on a transgendered girl here seems like a perfect opportunity to me. Now, I think it's time you earned that full ride, hmm?" he said, taking her muzzle and pressing it against the tip of his cock. "No sucking... Show your restraint."

He let her do her job, setting the list aside. There was more to do with that later, especially the fact that he'd added math teachers and science teachers to make sure that the fact that she passed those was even more humiliating. He grunted slightly, feeling her breath on his cock. It made him leak on her snout. He picked up the last thing he needed. A picture of Tony, the alpha stud, unchanged on his desk. It was him in his football uniform, proud and smiling. He turned it over, looking at the writing on the back. 'Championship, Tony Chestershire, #43'. After that, he wrote down, 'Nude, erect, posing and proud. Every inch the alpha stud.' When he turned the photo over, it was the stallion again, only nude and flexing, his cock out. He took the picture, lowering it down for her to look at.

"One last thing, then," he said. "Do you want to be the stallion? Or do you want to be under this stallion?" he said.

Player A: Tawny was trembling a bit. Her breath was uneven. She stared at the shaft in front of her, trying to resist the urge to open wide and start suckling it. But god, it was HARD. The smell of his musk, right at the source, that delicious flesh... she hadn't realized how much of a cock slut she really was until this moment. She wanted almost nothing more than to disobey him and start worshipping his flesh with her warm, wet tongue. Even licked her lips of the spurt he'd left on her snout, smiling and dreaming, her panties getting a bit stiff in front.

But there was one thing she wanted more: To get into this college.

Granted, it was partially to be around this alpha male buck so much. In just a single meeting, she'd kind of developed a crush. But she was destined to be an actress, and she knew getting into this college was her first step. So she employed the discipline drilled into her after years of bowing her head to her Papa and restrained herself... mostly. Garret watched her body tremble with need, and the vibrations of her lips was teasing the front of his shaft.

Gazing up at the picture of everything she'd... once been, she found herself drooling a bit, her tiny little cocklet lazily leaking out precum into her panties. There wasn't any hesitation. "I-I w-wanna be under that stallion." She said, with only a slight bit of hesitation.

Player B: The deer nodded, taking the picture back, turning it around to reveal a picture of Tawny, in her cheerleader's uniform, resting on some stud's shoulders with her pompoms in the air. He laughed softly, tossing it to the desk where it slid, a photo revealed under each twist of it over the wood. One of her in costume for a play, one of her nude and wrapping her tits around a thick cock... It went on and on. She'd been exceptionally thorough in documenting her skills. Daddy's little mare. Tony was gone. Tawny was left, and the stallion was rapidly fading from everyone's memories. Hell, even Garrett would forget him eventually--only remembering that he used to be a stud by how well he sucked cock. There were a few of those around, after all.

The deer nodded slightly, grinning to himself. "You've done very, very well, Tawny," he said, smiling. "Very well. I'm extremely proud of you," he continued. "You've really shown me what a kind, thoughtful, intelligent girl you can be. Now, I want you to show me what a fucking slut you are," he said simply. "How far along are you in your transition? I can see your little dink, so no cunt, I'd bet," he mentioned.

Player A: She shook her head. "N-no, Pa hasn't been willing t'pay fer the operation." Her ears drooped. "But ah've got a set of warm, real tits that've been growin' since ah was thirteen, an' ah'm good at tucking." She gave an embarrassed smile. "Most boys nevah know the difference." She giggled. "Ah'm saving up fer surgery, but wanted college first..." And also possibly finding a boyfriend who had rich parents who would pay, but she wasn't going to admit that to the big burly buck.

At his request, she began to rub her long face against his shaft, stroking it and caressing it with her lips, worshipping it while gently petting and stroking at his balls. She was quite eager to embrace her new role, to show this buck what she could do. But of course, she had to start slow. This was worship, not a quickie in a bathroom. Not that she'd ever admit to having done that. She wanted to take in his smells, let him feel how wonderful her chapstick-lubed lips were... and then, after a few more moments, closed her eyes and slid her flexible equine tongue around his cockhead, circling it and sending tingles of pleasure up the buck's spine.

Player B: Garrett tilted his head back, smiling softly to himself as the mare worked her magic on his shaft. He sighed happily, enjoying how altered she was. Really, a person was just made up of a few accomplishments, and all it took was a few changes to make those things fall apart. A little shoved against his ego and a quick kick to his reality, and the big, powerful stud was now a compliant little transgirl working his dick. He rubbed on her ears, and when she started to lick his cock, the pleasure was potent and real. More than satisfactory. But... he had other males to break today. He reached out, taking the back of her head and simply dragging her down his cock.

"Nnn... Student loans would help with that..." he mentioned. "You're getting a full ride scholarship... You can take out a little, toss it into the bank... build it up so you can finally be the mare you were born to be..." There was a mocking edge to his voice. He turned one of papers, marking through the hormone deficiency. It made it better, he thought, that her father had simply... done this. To break him.

Player A: "Mmph!" Tawny didn't really have a chance to respond back. She had her mouth full, after all. Swallowing that dick, she began bobbing up and down on it, listening to him speaking, making decisions for her. At the mention of a full ride scholarship her ears perked, he saw the thing under her panties twitch, a small little dark spot forming on the front. THAT had gotten her excited, if the glazed over expression and the cute blush on her chocolate-fuzzed snout was any indication. She snorted, pressing into his shaft.

Her muzzle was like a warm, wet vacuum, milking him of every drop of precum his cock dared muster up. The idea of being a full female made her tail wag back and forth like a little doggy that was eager for a treat. She cupped at Garrett's balls, pushing down his shaft, letting the head of it rub against the back of her throat. She swallowed cock like a trained pro, which likely meant she'd had years of experience working on dicks like the one that'd sired her. Tawny closed her eyes, panting, her bosom bouncing up and down with every taste of his shaft.

Player B: The buck gave a deep, snorting bleat of pleasure, eventually grabbing the back of her head tightly and shoving her all the way to the base of his cock. She really was a wonderful cocksucker, just like his 'son' had become after similar editing. He smiled, emptying the load down her throat with a groan of pleasure. It was fairly built up as well, not having ruined anyone for a few weeks now, and the volume was plenty for filling her tummy nicely. He sighed when he

was done, pulling back and looking down at her. "Get out your little clit and tease it," he said. "You deserve a treat," he mentioned, stepping behind the desk. He opened a drawer, pulling out a packet of blue pills he kept around for just such an occasion, then passed one to her to take.

After that, he bent over the paperwork. A few edits and changes to her past to make things work better... Changing the gender she marked, her medical needs. Most of it was already coming into existence, but all of it needed to be right. It didn't take long, though, just long enough for her to start enjoying the fruits of that pill he'd given her. He smiled, getting out the stamp and marking the paper with it. Full Ride scholarship, with weekly meetings with her Academic Advisor--and he'd listed himself in that role. After all, she had special needs he was going to be seeing to... He smirked to himself, smiling and opening up the bottom drawer to his desk, where he'd gotten the shirt from. He tugged out a matching pair of shorts with the logo as well, smiling at her and laying them on his desk for when she was done. With a final grin, he tugged the paperwork over a little more... than carved a couple of years off of her age. Nineteen. Fresh and new to the world, excited and ready to make something of herself.

He chuckled to himself, guessing her parents were waiting outside now as their daughter played with her cock. He got out his phone and pressed record. Always good to remember your accomplishments...

Player A: Her tummy was puffed out from the warm, heavy load he'd pumped into her. With a sigh of contentment, Tawny followed his orders, swallowing the pill and tugging her panties down to the floor. Garrent, as he made his changes, was treated to a sight. Even with a lifetime of hormone treatments, Tawny was still a good four and a half inches down there. And the blue pill was certainly fast acting. "Oooo.... ah feel... hot..." Tawny said, her voice breathy, airy, and needy. She groaned as she touched herself, her cocklet springing to life as she began to pump up and down on it.

Garret could hear her heaving breaths and cute little moans of the mareboi as he adjusted her. He actually watched her body shrink a bit when he changed her age: it seemed Tawny and Tony both hadn't stopped growing until around age 21 as it was. She was literally an inch shorter now. And two years of experiences were ripped away from her, as he watched a van with three female horses and one male horse waiting just outside his building. Tawny's mommies had all come with her daddy. He even thought he saw one head pressed between the stallion's thighs as they waited. Like father, like daughter.

"O-Ooooooh!" Tawny groaned, her last load as a male spurting out of her, clear, sterile cum with a faint pinkish tint to it spurting out all over her shirt and tummy. Some of it was even dripping on the floor. "Did... did ah do good?" She said to her Academic Advisor, the inexperienced mare eager for praise.

Player B: Garrett Hasbrooke nodded, set his phone aside, and grinned at her, pushing the papers away and to the side as he handed her a small award letter and a note on her

acceptance. He grinned. "Welcome to college," he said simply, chuckling softly. "You're going to be quite happy here, I think."