

Burning Up the Track

By: Firingwall

All My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic characters belong to Hasbro

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“And then I knocked his ass out of the truck,” Daring Do proudly proclaimed, punching her fist into her palm, “with him out of the way, I was able to take that truck to the airport and get the cargo safely back to the States without any trouble.”

Everyone in the Teachers’ Lounge applauded excitedly, their eyes sparkling with delight over the new adventure their favorite history teacher. Spring Break was officially over and everyone was back at the school, including the three Equine teachers that consisted of the lovely Blossom twins, Cheerilee and Cherry, and the adventurous Daring Do Yearling. They were the most popular teachers at the school and easily stood out the most. It wasn’t just because they were the only Equine Americans in a school consisting of only humans, but more that they loved to flaunt their curvaceous bodies.

“That sounds amazing Daring,” Cherry stated with a large grin, “especially how you describe punching the crap out of that one goon!”

“I wish my life was that interesting,” sighed one of the male teachers.

“Don’t be so glum!” chuckled Darling, pulling her backpack up from the floor, “I got something you’ll all enjoy: souvenirs from my last trip!”

All the teachers smiled warmly as the yellow pony woman wandered around the room, handing them each a gift, like foreign currency or a knick-knack for some tourist trap. The teachers each took their gift gladly, giving her warm smiles.

After handing a book on culture to Cheerilee, Daring approached the last teacher, Ms. Jennifer Stephens, the trigonometry teacher and the track team coach. The forty-year-old smiled softly and blushed as she looked at Daring, holding out her hand and quite curious about what she would receive. What she got was something neither she or even Daring seemed to expect.

Daring pulled out a small perfume bottle. Within it was a fine, orange liquid with a strong scent that was seeping out of the glass bottle’s nozzle. The pony woman looked curiously at the item and remarked, “huh... I don’t remember getting this. I’m pretty sure I had something else here you would’ve loved more.”

Politely, Jennifer responded, “It’s alright Miss Yearling. I’ll take it. I’m sure I’ll find a use for it.”

I mean I don’t have much use for this, thought the trig teacher, perfume is just pointless and a waste of money. I also never really go anywhere other than here or to the movies. Still, it would be incredibly impolite to turn this down.

Jennifer accepted the perfume bottle and the school bell rung loudly. Everyone in the room gathered their things and Daring sighed and muttered, “Alright, time to get to that last class and give everyone their paper assignment.”

“If you dislike papers and grading them,” commented Cheerilee, “you could just choose **not** to have them in your curriculum you know.”

“I know,” Daring explained as she followed her friend out, “but sometimes they’re the only...” Their conversation continued on into the hallway, everyone following closely behind.

The only person who didn’t leave right away though was Miss Stephens, who took her time collecting the worksheets she had been grading earlier before being sidetracked by Daring’s adventure tales. Her classes were done for the day, so all that was left was getting outside and preparing the track team for today’s practice.

After putting the papers away, Jennifer turned to leave and head for the locker rooms to change. However, on the way out, she noticed that she had nearly forgotten to bring the perfume Daring had gotten for her. “Oops,” she murmured, picking the bottle up, “Shouldn’t forget this...”

After staring at it for a second, she glanced around the room and back at the bottle. *Oh heck, she thought, what’s the harm? It wouldn’t hurt to try some of it...*

Carefully, she applied some of the perfume to her body. The scent of it was strangely invigorating and energizing. She couldn’t exactly describe what it reminded her of, but it was something that she definitely liked.

Jennifer smiled pleasantly and carefully put the perfume bottle into the bag alongside her folders and documents. She took in another light sniff of the perfume that gently wafted off herself, her body positively tingling as the scent floated up into her nostrils.

She shook her head and chuckled, “What am I doing? I need to get going and get ready for practice.” Jennifer set off and headed down the hallway. Passing by different students, some still rushing for their classes at the last minute, she gave a few some smiles and polite nods or waves.

“See you after class Ms. Stephens!” Callie called out, passing her by. It was a member of the track team and thanks to Jennifer’s fine coaching, one of the fastest girls in the state, let alone the school. The coach smiled in response, watching her speed on by.

“Quick as always,” Jennifer chuckled again, before suddenly boasting, “Not as great a speed demon as I was back in school. I could’ve easily run laps around her.” Ms. Stephens’ steps faltered and she slowed to a halt as her own words played back in her mind. Her brow wrinkled in confusion as she played them back one more time.

*Why did I say that? She thought, yeah, I was on my track team when I was in school but... I wasn’t **that** quick... right?* She’s scratched at her head, unaware of soft, yellow fur sprouting subtly on the back of her hands and forehead.

Thinking back, her memories were far foggier than she recalled. She could see herself on the track team, the fourth or third fastest member during her time. But alongside these foggy, blurry memories were also flashes of her younger self blazing down the track at lightning-quick speeds, leaving everyone behind in the dust. In one memory, she saw herself cheering a fellow racer from the sidelines as they came in second place. In another memory, she saw herself finishing in first in the same race, even winning a trophy.

That's not right at all, she thought, the tone of it almost a frustrated mutter. However, the harder she thought about it, the stronger the memories of her life as former track star seemed to grow. At the same time, her legs became a bit longer and the muscles in them strengthened, looking like they used to be in her early 20's, but somehow even fitter.

Eventually, Jennifer sighed and continued on her way. *Maybe I was*, she thought more, *can't believe I'd forget something like that though! Probably need to stop grading late into the night... maybe run some more...*

She hummed a relaxing song from her youth as she continued strolling through the hallways, which grew quieter and more deserted as people disappeared into each classroom. Her strolling started to change though as her steps and posture gained a sense of confidence and energy to it. The sound of her footsteps grew louder as her pace quickened, the smacking of her shoes against the tile floor filling the emptied halls.

Eventually, Jennifer reached the stairs, the locker room a floor below her. She took two steps down before stopping, her eyes turning over to the railing. A smile flashed across her lips as her eyes flickered from green to a brilliant amber. Her grin widened as she felt the smoothness of the railing. Without a second thought, she hopped onto the rail and slid down it, giggling like a child. The sense of speed as brief, but exciting nonetheless. She vaulted off the rail at the first landing gracefully, stretching out her arms and back, pushing her rear outwards as well. Doing so set off something else within her body, her hips and butt starting to tingle somewhat.

Rubbing her bottom, she blushed. "Gees, maybe that wasn't a good idea. I'm not as young as I use to... ugh! It sucks!"

Jennifer continued on her way down the last set of steps normally, though still very tempted to slide down the final railing. Her bottom gradually stopped tingling as she moved downward, but in turn, it also began to swell. Her hips widened considerably in her knee-length skirt and with her movement, they gave her hips a natural sway. The trig teacher's swelling bottom stretched against her skirt, the swaying of her hips accentuating their growth. Her thighs thickened, regaining the toned musculature of a runner, and her ass ballooned out, pushing itself into a full-on bubble butt.

Packed tightly into a skirt that seemed to cling to her protruding, heart-shaped rear, Jennifer continued down the steps and to the first floor. Her hips swayed as she walked on, her destination growing closer. More yellow fur sprouted across her arms, legs, and face as well; her soft, slightly aged skin becoming supple and more elastic underneath it. She soon looked a good twenty years younger as her laugh lines, wrinkles, and bags vanished.

Eventually, the rejuvenated teacher reached the locker room and strolled inside, humming a rock song that popped into her head only a moment ago. She reached her locker and opened it up, seeing her reflection in the locker's mirror. Grinning, she shook her hair out of her frumpy bun, almost sighing in relief. However, instead of falling down the back of her neck, her hair turned fiery orange-yellow and puffed up into a cool, spiky ladies' pompadour.

Glancing at the small mirror she had placed in her locker earlier, Jennifer smiled and ran some of her soft yellow-furred fingers through her former brown hair. "Even after a long day of teaching math," she gleefully remarked, "I still look awesome."

The teacher undressed, removing her jacket and began unbuttoning her blouse. As she did, the soft yellow pelt that was spreading over her body finished its work, covering her breasts last. By the time the first three buttons were undone and her shirt off, the yellow fur completely covered her up.

She carefully put the shirt away in the locker and took out her sports bra. *Wait*, she thought, holding the undergarment, *why am I pulling this out? I'm not running, just coaching. Why do I even have this...*

Jennifer held her hand to her forehead and closed her eyes. Memories of her coaching and training the track team flashed in her mind. Some memories showed Ms. Stephens on the sidelines, keeping track of times and shouting advice. However, they were not as vivid or strong as other memories of her running alongside her team, teaching them how to run and improve their form through example. She remembered out running Emily Richards, the second fastest runner on the team, grinning away and shouting back encouragement to her. The junior's eyes had lit up as she strained to catch up to her coach in the final hundred yards.

As Jennifer remained deep in thought, her breaths grew deeper and her chest began inflating. Within her bra's cups, her small B-sized breasts enlarged and pressed against their confines. Their saggy, slightly aged look rejuvenated and matched the rest of her body, becoming as firm and perky as they were when she was in early 20's. In fact, they seemed to go beyond that, swelling slowly in size until they were about C-cups.

The tightness in her chest grabbed her attention right away and she glanced down at her mounds, her concentration broken. "Geez," she mumbled, undoing and taking her bra off, "This thing is way too tight! Did it shrink in the wash or something? Ugh... bra shopping later..."

Jennifer uncaringly tossed the bra into the locker and put on the sports bra. It was far more fitting and comfortable on her body, but only in the sense it didn't squeeze her chest. Unlike the shrunken brassiere, the sports bra felt uncomfortably large, her breasts far too small. However, she was far too focused on getting onto the track to notice how ill-fitting the bra actually was.

"Can't wait to get out there and train those girls!" she declared excitedly as she removed her skirt and heels, "With the way things are going, they'll be the best team in the state in no time. No one is going to be outracing them!" Jennifer chuckled happily, thinking about all the progress she made with the girls through her motivational skills and training routine. It was the

same stuff that she had used to become a track champion back in high school and what got her into the Olympics after all.

She paused again and her face scrunched when the Olympics popped into her mind. However, she just merely shrugged it off. *Eh*, she thought with an indifferent tone, *probably just forgot. Gees, I need to lay off the long nights and stuff. I keep forgetting all the best things in my life!*

She took out her blue gym shorts and slid them up her long, toned, shapely legs, carefully pulling them over her heart-shaped derriere. She fit her perfectly like a glove, showing off her the curvy posterior and wide hips. In fact, the clothing almost looked like it was made of spandex with how it hugged her body.

Again, she didn't mind such a thing and instead grabbed her gym shirt from the locker. It was a dark blue, backless halter top, held up by a neck collar and a tie that went around the back of her stomach. The top even had a hole in the center for a cleavage window. It certainly didn't look like proper gym clothing at all, but Jennifer loved the feel of it on her body and it left her back free and unconfined.

That was particularly good because her back bulged, large lumps pressing against her skin from within. Only seconds later, two large, golden wings burst from her back, spreading and stretching out majestically. Soon after, a thick, bright orange horse tail slide out from her lower back, flicking from side to side as if drooped down over her rear.

A strong and pleasurable feeling rushed through her body as her wings and tail came out, causing her to moan out, "ooooohh yesss!"

Jennifer's face red and hot, she shook her head after the outburst and asked rather surprised, "Whoa... where did that come from?"

"I'd say it came from your mouth missy," chuckled a voice. Jennifer's head whipped to the right and she caught sight of Chery Blossom. The gym teacher had already changed into her tight, highly revealing gym attire, her hips swaying hypnotically as she approached. The golden furred woman smirked and approached her friend, her chest pushing out more as her shoulders fell back. Her breasts seemed to swell as well, pushing her up to a D-cup.

"Probably did," Jennifer teased back, "but I really don't know why I did it. I just felt super good all of a sudden. Haven't felt like that in a LONG time, too." Her ears stretched and pulled themselves upwards as the two talked, changing into equine ears like her friend's own.

"Oh really?" asked Cherry, "A mare like yourself? That's surprising. I know plenty of handsome men, stallions, and mares that would love to make you feel like that."

"Am I looking at one right now?" the golden-furred woman teased, her breasts expanding more, inching closer and closer to Cherry. The two teachers large F-cup mounds were soon only a few inches apart from one another.

“Nah,” chuckled Cherry, “I just know some **very** nice people who’d love to meet you.”

“Well maybe you could introduce them to me,” Jennifer happily said, her face inching closer to Cherry’s as well. However, the track coach wasn’t doing that on purpose. Her mouth and nose inched closer and closer on their own, pushing out and forming a short mare muzzle.

The door swung opened and someone stepped in. Both mares stopped their conversation and looked to see who had enter. A young teenage girl with black hair walked by and saw the two, giving them a smile. “Hi Miss Blossom,” she said to Cherry first, before turning her head to the other, “Hi Miss Spitfire.”

Spitfire smiled, running her hand casually through her large, blazing pompadour and replied, “Good afternoon Miss Tamaki. While I appreciate your dedication for running, I’m not quite ready yet and frankly, don’t you have a class right now?”

“Nah!” the student replied, “I just have a free period and decided to use it to get warmed up for today’s training!”

“Well alright,” Spitfire replied, her eyebrow cocking, “I hope that’s the case. I would hate to lose my star because she’s not doing her homework like she should.”

“It’ll be fine!” the student replied, starting to change into her uniform.

Spitfire and Cherry exchanged looks and shrugged. “Well I gotta get out there now,” Spitfire said to the purple mare, “You can talk to me about you know what after work at our favorite bar. See you later.”

“See ya,” Cherry replied with a wink. The two giggled and headed their own ways. Spitfire snatched her whistle, stopwatch, and clipboard from the locker and slammed it shut. With that, she zoomed out of the room and out on the grounds. Time to begin another day of training. Who better to coach the future state champion track team than a former star sprinter and flyer for the American Olympic team, representing all Equine Americans, than ‘Wonderbolt’ Spitfire herself?

THE END