

Add a Little Sparkle to Your Studying

By: Firingwall

BRRRRIIIIIIINNNNNGGGGGG!!

“And that’s it for today everyone,” softly spoke a purple-furred woman, her equine ears perking up as the bell blared, “Be sure to finish the next two chapters for next time.”

Another class had ended for the day at a private school, the students filing out the door and saying good-bye to their favorite teacher as they left. The anthro, Cheerilee, was one of many popular equine/pony teachers that taught at the school. Gifted at reaching their students with their unique styles of teaching and wearing alluring, rather revealing outfits, there wasn’t a single person who didn’t at least like them on some level.

As Cheerilee waved good-bye her students, she noticed one of them, a senior named Chad, trying to rush by. “Mr. Mochrie!” she stated firmly, eyeing him as he tried to leave, “I would prefer if you would stay behind to talk for a second.”

The teen froze in his spot, the remaining students chuckling and taunting as they left. He turned and approached her, fidgeting slightly. He had at least a good foot on her and was far wider, but before her, with that gaze and tone she had, she felt larger and more intimidating. He cleared his throat, scratching at his neck, and weakly responded, “Yes Miss Cheerilee?”

She walked over to her desk and sat down, her eyes focusing on him. “It’s about your recent test results as you may have already guessed,” she sighed, “Well, it’s not only that but how you’re doing in my class currently. With how things are going, I’m concerned you may not pass. I rather not involve your parents right now, but I may have to soon if things continue like this.”

Chad’s head lowered and all he could say was, “I... I understand...”

Cheerilee’s ears perked up and she quickly tried to lighten the mood. “But it’s not hard to recover from this little setback! All you need is a tutor or if you would prefer, you can stop by after school every day and I can try working with you one-on-one if that would help.”

“It’s... it’s fine,” answered Chad, still staring at his feet.

The pony teacher’s head tilted to the side, her eyes sympathetic and her tone gentle. “You know,” she replied, “as much as you love it, I feel that if you cut back just a little bit on practice, you might have some more time for your work. I’m sure my sister won’t...”

Chad’s eyes widen and his head shot upward, looking horrified. “No!” he said, “I-I-I can’t do that! We have a big game coming up and I can’t let Coach Cherry or the team down at all! I-I-I just can’t... but I can’t let everyone else down... and I can’t keep failing every class....”

Chad just unloaded everything he was feeling on Cheerilee, who sat there, listening and occasionally nodding, her ears perked up in surprise. *Oh my*, she thought worriedly, *I didn’t realize how bad things were going for him...*

Once he finished, she spoke up, "I see. I'm sorry to hear that. I understand."

"Y-you do?" he replied quietly, his face red and his body quivering.

"Yes," Cheerilee replied, standing up, "I do. I've been in your position before when I was at school and I still do feel stressed out from time to time. It feels like the whole world is coming down on you and hurts so much on the inside. If you want, I can try to help."

"...how can you do that?"

"Well," she explained, clearing her throat, "I can suggest to a few different things. Right now though, we should focus on your stress level. It will only inhibit you as you try to study with how things are going currently.."

"What do you have in mind?" asked Chad, his tone returning to normal.

Cheerilee stood up and approached the cabinet next to her desk, continuing, "there are several different ways to help you relieve some of that stress. You can exercise more, which you already do though. There's meditation, yoga, listening to relaxing music, but I think there's a better option than those. Aromatherapy."

"Aromatherapy?" he asked again, his eyebrows slightly raising.

"Yep!" she cheerfully replied as she looked through the cabinet, "It's a bit complicated, but simply, it's about inhaling and smelling certain oils or candles to help stimulate or relax the body. I've done it since I was in high school and I'm sure I... hmm?"

"Something wrong?" Chad enquired, her sudden trailing off rather strange.

Cheerilee turned to face him, her eyes glued to a glass perfume bottle in her hand. Chad glanced at the bottle himself, taking note of the dark purple liquid within it. An eyebrow cocked, she mumbled, "this... is different. I could have sworn I had something else in there before..."

Chad looked at her, the bottle, and glanced at the clock. His eyes widened and he quickly said, "well... will that work anyways?"

Cheerilee's head jerked up and her ears straightened, replying, "maybe, but this doesn't look..."

"I'll take it!" he said, "My next class is going to start and I can't be late!"

Night had fallen and Chad was back at home, up his room all by himself. His parents were out and his younger sister was at a sleepover, the perfect time for no distractions and to focus on his assignments. He had everything laid out on his messy desk and the first part of his homework before him: some sheets with history questions from Daring Do's class.

Let's just try to get this done, he thought as he finished sharpening his pencil, *this can't hard. Daring never gives anything that's too difficult in her class...* With that, Chad got cracking and started going over each question on the sheet in front of him.

Not even ten minutes later, a cold sweat was dripping down his face as his eyes stared at his homework. He had finished seven of the twenty questions on the first page, but had come to an abrupt stop. *That first one*, he thought, *Mesopotamia is right... right?*

Rereading the question again, even the next one that followed, his fingers and eye twitching subtly. *No... no that's got to be right*, he thought, biting down on his bottom lip, *but it's... it's wrong, right? And if it's wrong, then the rest of these got to be wrong too!*

Chad erased everything on the sheet fiercely, scraps of eraser flying across the page as his heart raced. "Got to start again," he mumbled, his pencil-holding hand twitchy as he brought it to the first question again, "let's just try this again... ..answer... would be..."

He tried writing, but the pencil lead snapped against the page. With that snap, he tossed the pencil against the desk and ran his hand through his hair, groaning loudly, "damn it, damn it! I can't... I can't keep doing this! I'm going to..."

He trailed off as he leaned over his desk, his hand still in his messy mop. His helpless gaze slowly made its way over to his left, the bottle of perfume resting comfortably there next to one of his text books. Staring at it and its visible purple contents, he let out a loud, exacerbated sigh and mumbled, "okay... let's just try this. Just need to try and relax..."

Leaving the bottle where it was, he unscrewed the cap, fumes seeping out. He took a deep breath, but he didn't smell anything right away. "Yeah," he mumbled, reaching for the bottle again, "probably should bring this a little..."

When he reached for the glass however, fingers still shaking, he knocked the bottle over. It's purple liquid contents spilt across the desk and over his papers and work. The fumes wafted up into his face, a full blast of the perfume's scent striking him square on.

While pleasant, Chad was only more stressed out now than before. Coughing, the young man got up and hurried for the kitchen. *Need some paper towels stat*, he frantically thought, *can't let everything get ruined!*

Even as he rushed through the halls, he could still smell some of the perfume just under his nose as if it was just floating beneath it. His skin and body tingled, hairs on the back of his neck and arms standing up. However, he paid no attention to any of that and just kept his mind focused on getting the paper towels.

As he reached the kitchen, his eyes looked about the wide room, having forgotten where things were in his panic. As they looked about, their color began to change. Their dark green shade took on a lighter, almost sparkle-like purple tone. His eyelashes even lengthened just a tad, giving his eyes a cute flutter every time blinked.

Eventually, his eyes fell upon his target on a countertop. “There you are,” he mumbled, hurrying over, “let’s get you...”

He reached out, grabbing onto the paper towels. Doing so though, the hair strands on the back of his hand changed color, taking on a faint, pale mulberry purple. He didn’t notice though and turned to leave, heading back for the exit. When he reached the doorway though, he stopped and glanced back at where the paper towels once were.

It was the same countertop that his mom kept all of her cookbooks on, usually stuck between two large bookends. Instead though, the books were all spread out over the counter and one of the ends was knocked to the side. Looking at them, a thought ran through his mind, *mom must have forgot to put them away... I... I better fix this...*

He hurried back over, rearranging and fixing everything. Swiftly, Chad had put every book back, organized peculiarly by topic, and stuck the bookend back into the place. A soft smile crossed his lips and he wiped his hands, far smaller, fuzzier, and daintier-looking than before.

Without a word, he hurried back with his paper towels. Speeding along, with each step forward, his leg hairs slowly gained a purple tint like his hands while his legs lost a tiny bit of muscle definition. Even more curious, right at the end of his spine and above his rear, a small nub began to poke and press out.

“Needtohurry needtohurry,” Chad stated, rushing into his room, “needto... huh?” Looking around his desk, there was a problem. In this case though, it was a lack of a problem.

There was no spilt perfume. None of his papers were wet or purple. Nothing was dripping off the side of the desk. The perfume bottle was just there on the left, cap off, and releasing a nice, rather peaceful scent that had filled the room. Everything was normal.

What the hell? Chad thought, *why... where... what’s going... oof!* There was a sudden burst of pain from the middle of his forehead, lightning flashes blaring in his eyes. It felt like the onset of a headache, the last thing he needed.

He rubbed at his forehead, oblivious to the small bump that had formed at the top, and sat down. *Weird or not*, he thought as got back to work, *pain or not... I got to get this done or I’m not getting it done...*

He cracked his knuckles and stretched his chest out, which stayed locked into place as he took his pencil and began work on his homework. He answered seven questions yet again, but came to yet another abrupt stop, his head pounding as his bump pulsating outwards. *Not again*, he aggravatedly thought, *why can’t I do this? I... I just can’t focus or do this right? Why?!*

An exhausted sigh left his mouth and he leaned back into his chair, tilting backwards as he looked upon his entire desk. An eye twitched, looking upon the chaotic, sprawled out mess of

papers, books, and junk all over the place. “This is horrible,” he murmured, leaning back in, “Everything is just out of place everywhere! I can’t focus when my desk is a disaster zone.”

He stood up and got to work, first putting the perfume bottle safely somewhere else. He moved books around and put objects away, clearing and cleaning the chaotic study area. With each move and spot cleaned, his body and figure shortened and slimmed down. He dropped almost a good foot by the time he had finished, purple fur moving across his arms and other parts of his body hidden by his clothes.

Looking at the scene before him, Chad felt a strange mental weight lifted from him. The area looked so much better now, his books neatly stacked and in order of what he was planning on tackling first, papers placed neatly in corners for later, and pencils and pens all lined up in a row on the right. It was a thing of beauty.

Perfect, he pleasantly thought, *this is so much better already! I can do this.* He took his seat again and began working on Daring’s homework for the third time. To his great pleasure, things proceeded much more smoothly and it felt like he could answer everything. Curiously, with each question answered, part of his now oversized clothing changed and more fur sprouted.

By the time Chad had finished every single History sheet, he felt confident with his answers and he looked completely different. Every inch of skin from his legs to his face was covered in a thin, soft, purple fur coat. His outfit was much smaller and more feminine-looking, his large grey-tee and dark blue, baggy jeans traded in for a sleeveless, low neckline Indigo t-shirt and a thigh-high dark Indigo skirt. All of his attire fit him perfectly, hugging his smaller, daintier form.

“I can’t believe I got everything done!” exclaimed Chad, shifting his history work away, “I even feel better. That perfume and cleaning up a little bit helped a lot! Time to do some of Miss Spitfire’s math and...”

Just as he took ahold of his math book, he stopped and his brow furrowed. “Actually,” he mumbled, “should I do my math homework now? Is that what my study schedule said I should do? ...wait... why do I have a study...”

His head stung a bit, the first time since he started working again on Daring’s homework. He gripped his forehead and clenched his teeth as the bump on his head grew longer, its color turning purple like his fur. *Dangit*, he thought, *where did that come from? I don’t need this right now! I... I just want to get my homework done! I’m feeling better about what I’m doing and all I need is my study schedule right...*

With that, his sudden headache cleared up and he felt better once again. His eyes narrowed and he scratched at his head. His fingers moving quickly through his follicles, his hair color began changing at the roots. It’s natural brown shade took on a violet tone that spread up each of his hair strands and to the tips.

I don’t know where that came from, he thought and sighed, standing up and moving over to his backup, *but I’ll deal with it later. I’ll look it up online and read all about headaches and*

migraines. Or maybe I'll put some books on reserved from the library about that instead? It's been a while since I've been to the library anyway and I reeeeeeaallllly need to get back there.

Chad yawned and looked down at his backpack leaning against his bed. Stretching his arms for a second, he bent straight down and zipped the bag open. Shifting through his many folders, his butt, raised high into the sky, jiggled and began to grow. It's flat, tight shape inflated into a roundish, soft, and squishy form that stretched the back of his skirt. Not to where it was uncomfortable, but enough to highlight its firm, bubble butt look.

Should be here, he thought, biting down on his bottom lip as he flipped through all his folders, it should be here! I put it in the folder like always... ugh! Why are all of these out of order? I swear I put everything in its proper place when I...

Something slid down his face, blocking part his eyesight. "Dang hair," he mumbled, pushing his long locks behind his rather enlarged, concaved ears, "should have kept the ponytail up, but no... oh well."

With his rather long locks mostly secured behind his growing ears, Chad continued his search until he finally found the schedule he was looking for. "Finally!" He declared happily, "now I can... *coughhackcough*"

He started hacking and coughing loudly, beating at his chest to get some air flow going. After a moment of doing that, his chest softer and a light purple streak running through his luscious mane, he could breathe again. "*Phew!*" he cheerfully spoke, "*That's better! Don't know what that was about, but now let's get back to work!*"

He returned to his desk, study schedule in hand and a renewed determination to finish his workload. He sat down in his chair, a tiny bit higher up due to his new, cushy bottom, and took another look at his study schedule. "...*okay it's not math,*" he muttered quickly, "*it's... oh! English! Right! Better get to work on that essay! Shouldn't be a problem at all.*"

Chuckling, Chad pulled out two notebooks from the side, one for writing up his rough draft in and the other with all of his extensive, detailed notes. He didn't recall writing this many notes down in the first place, but it didn't matter. The essay should be a cinch.

He stretched one last time, working out all the knots in his joints before jumping back into his work. As he did and prepared to write the first paragraph, his chest pushed against the fabric of his shirt, subtly at first. Fatty deposits began to build up, inflating into a simple, but perky set of B-cups. Despite the weight and the slight prominence of them within his eyeline, Chad just focused completely on writing his essay.

And write he did and to a rather exceptional degree, at least in his mind. With his new-found focus and impressive notes, it was incredibly easy for him to write out his rough draft on The Last Unicorn. With each paragraph he wrote, he felt happier and more relaxed, the scent of

the perfume still as strong as when he returned to the room. He felt even better when the odd, pressure in his groin region vanished, her panties no longer tight and uncomfortable to her.

In less half an hour, she looked upon a rather functional, but decent rough draft she could be proud of. *Perfect*, she thought happily, putting the notebooks away, *I got that done and a week ahead of time too! Now... back to math...*

Pulling out her math sheets, she gave the homework a quick glance as she sharpened her pencil. The questions looked daunting and tricky, just like always with Spitfire's homework. The young, purple lady furrowed her eyebrows looking at the sight, but began to ease back. The longer she looked at the questions, the simpler and easier they appeared.

A smile crossed her face and she instantly went to town, going over each problem and doing the work on the paper. She slid her tongue against her lips as she zoomed through the assignment, her face trembling ever so slightly. Her nostrils flared and lifted up as the bridge of her nose widened. Her face stretched forward into a short, but cute muzzle.

"And done!" Twilight declared happily, setting her pencil down. She stretched her body again, cranking her torso back and forth and in and out. Twisting her body, her waist curved inward and her breasts swelled up another cup size, giving her the first bit of cleavage. Pushing her back out brought about a small little nub that squeezed out between her shirt and jeans, quickly growing hair as long and as colorful as her head.

"Alright," yawned the young pony, *"I think that's everything now. I can relax and finish that novel I was... OH! I can't forget!"* She turned her head and stared at her backpack. Brow furrowing, she tilted her head at the bag.

The bump on her head shook, growing longer and into a rounded point rapidly, a faint purplish glow emanating off it. Her new horn stretched out for at least a foot, the glowing intensifying more. Her breasts swelled another full cup size, growing wider and more pronounced in her tight top. A faint glow appeared around her backpack soon after, shaking softly.

Her eye twitch and a bead of sweat rolled through her furry forehead, her mumbling, *"oh no... am I doing this wrong? I practiced this so much, so why am I failing?! Oh no, I'm going to completely screw..."*

Suddenly, out popped a black folder and it floated over to her hands. Once firmly in her grasp, she let out a soft sigh and replied, *"oh... it's all good. I'm fine. Let's just give these a look and make sure they're fine."*

Flipping open the folder, there appeared to be tons upon tons of different little charts with X's, O's, and what appeared to a field with lines on it. "Let's see here," she mumbled quietly, tapping her chin with her pencil as she scanned each sheet, "all of these plays here seem fine and there's nothing here I have to adjust to..."

It was hard work for Twilight Sparkle to be both the smartest student in her school, the school body president, and the team manager for her school's football team, but she did her best. Most people would be crushed under the weight and exhaustion of all the responsibilities, but with her teachers' help, meticulous planning, and tons of study schedules, she managed to do it. She managed to do everything required.

“And that should be it,” Twilight pleasantly, her smile growing wider, “I'm done for tonight! Phew!” She jumped to her feet excitedly and stretched her body one last time. Her hips widened just a bit more, stretching her already tight skirt further. Her chest swelled one last time as well, a hefty set of E-cup tucked into her tight top. They got a bit in the way as she tried working on her homework from time to time in the past, but she's grown use to them.

Glancing at the perfume bottle, cap still open and emitting fumes, she remarked happily, “that stuff really works! I never felt more relaxed and stress-free in a long time! I...”

Her eyes had fallen upon some of the sheets from Daring Do's homework, in particular, on some of the various questions. Huh, she thought, that's... ummm...

Leaning down and looking closer, she sighed a breath of relief. Twilight mumbled pleasantly, “okay... false alarm. Those questions were right. It's all good... ..but to be on the safe side, I should probably just double check... triple check... maybe quadruple check this... maybe some of Spitfire's Trig and see if that's good. I'm sure it's nothing... nothing... nothing at all. ...can't let all my favorite teachers down now!”

With those “confident” words, Twilight sat back down and started pouring over each question individually, taking her time to make sure everything is right.

THE END