Several vibrations roused her. One after the other, incessant, like the barking of a small dog. Mia leaned up and frowned, looking for the source through bleary eyes. She rubbed the sleep from them and saw her phone close by, flashing its message notification at her. Grabbing it, she found that all were from Annie.

*Hey, have you seen Rhona? She’s not in class.*

*She’s not answering her phone. Text me back asap.*

*Think she’s sick? I wanna check on her, but I can’t skip today. Could you?*

*Mia?*

*Mia?*

*Giant centaur girl? You there? Don’t tell me you lost your phone in your tits or something. But I’ll be happy to fish it out for you.*

Mia rolled her eyes and typed a quick reply, then reread Annie’s texts and guilt wormed around her. As did something else. Pleasure flickered amidst her concern, tugging her attention down to her lower body. Roshni laid, still asleep, with her body curled around the sheaths and her face half-swallowed by an opening. The black mass of Mia’s cock kept her head from being engulfed, in exchange for dousing her in pre-cum.

She shook her head at the sight and went back to her phone. Then stopped and looked again. Last night, she recalled Roshni being tiny, perhaps half the size of her phalli. The doctor was just shy of five feet tall. Mia’s sheaths matched her in length and trounced her in girth. She rubbed at a tender spot atop her head with a glance at the ceiling. Getting around would be a nightmare.

Before she could worry about that, however, she wanted to check on Rhona. Yesterday afternoon, the expression on her friend’s face, how she seemed hurt and scared by Mia’s approach, sank through the centaur’s mind.

*I’ll try looking in on her later.*

She sent a quick ‘hello’ to Rhona, then tossed it onto a chair and extracted herself from Roshni’s hug. She left her slumbering on the floor and shuffled from the room, hunched over to avoid the roof. Her bathroom, which had taller walls, felt cramped now and made relieving herself awkward. After floundering, she exited and took stock of what became of her body.

“Oh my god,” Roshni’s half-muttered statement was adequate.

“Yeah.” Mia glanced at her discarded clothes, then at the bag of fresh purchases. She tried and failed to pick them up, until she managed to kick them up with her leg. Most wouldn’t fit over her chest, but a few might. She pulled one on and sighed when it snapped against her waist above her navel. The stretch fabric stretched taut over her skin, moulding to the mountains of her breasts and lean musculature.

Why even bother? Modesty meant nothing after everything she had done, and not when her most outrageous aspect bounced and swayed between her legs. All it’d take is a lapse in judgement, a passer-by caught unawares, and they’d be smothered in her dick. Then, if it was a woman, chances are they’d follow nearly everyone else’s example. Another otherwise normal woman turned into a slut.

That’d be nice… Mia dropped the bag and chewed her lip. She shouldn’t think that. Sleeping with random strangers went too far. Her friends, or acquaintances in some cases, was fine. They consented to it. They liked her, perhaps with one exception, and knew her beyond what she was.

But the thought of turning a stranger into a complete slut just by their being in her path… She went back to her phone, a distraction. Annie hadn’t responded, but at eleven AM she would be in class. Rhona had no excuse if she was absent. Mia plopped back onto the floor and stretched her human muscles, then grimaced at how the shirt creaked around her tits.

“What’s wrong?” Roshni asked through a yawn. She stayed curled on the ground, cheek propped on a palm and watching Mia with hooded-eyes. Satisfied exhaustion saturated her. From the grin teasing the corner of her lips, to the way her legs splayed open, unabashedly showing off her ruined pussy.

“I messed things up with a friend,” Mia said and sent another text.

“It’ll be okay,” Roshni inched forward and rested her head on the centaur’s powerful form, “You’re a good person.”

“I’m not so sure. I started flirting with her and… I don’t know. I didn’t even think she’d say no.”

“It’s to be expected,” Roshni ran her fingers through Mia’s fur, a gentle, comforting scratch, “But I expect it’s frightening. You’d have to be crazy not to be unnerved by someone like you. I imagine some people smell you before they see you, then it arouses them for no other reason. Like yesterday, I haven’t felt that turned on in years. Possibly ever. I doubt anyone could really refuse you if you tried.”

“Rhona did,” Mia said, harsher than she meant, “I even made her cum and she… This isn’t right. For all I know she was abused or something. Whatever’s happening to me, it’s fucking with my brain, Roshni.” Her words trembled at the memory of how she’d taken Roshni last night. Even if she had refused, would that’ve stopped her?

“You’re still Mia,” Roshni said and stood up. At her full height, she only came eye to eye with Mia’s nipples, which gave her pause, “Oh, the injection didn’t work.”

“No.”

“I’ll keep working on it. For now, you should work on setting things right with Rhona. I doubt she likes this any more than you do.”

“I’ll just fuck up again.”

“I don’t think you will. Just be honest with her. If that means you want to fuck, then it’s better that she knows.”

“Yeah, I guess,” Mia said. Not that it would be easy. Rhona might not even want to see her, much less talk, if her lack of texts were anything to judge by. She wouldn’t know without seeing her again, though. The thought picked away at her nerves, joined by her inane desires, both whispering in her ears why she shouldn’t and should go. Desire had an easy victory, however, for all it needed was to remind her of Rhona’s ass when she walked away, or how it felt on her back. For the wrong reason, Mia left her house.

The walk played like a nightmarish dream. Rhona lived in a small suburb, surrounded by apartment blocks on one side and fields on the other, which led to a small farming district just on the fringe. Mia could’ve cut through them, even taken a run to distract herself, but the farmers were uneasy around her. They claimed that ‘she made the animals restless’, so she clopped along the roads. A sidewalk wouldn’t fit her anymore, and the road struggled already.

Several times, she missed a car underneath her until the heated metal brushed her sheaths. People complained about it, but soon dwindled as the touches tore at her self-control. Women’s whispers rose above the traffic, increasingly lurid as they discussed her genitals. Taller cars were the worst. Her balls rubbed across them, sometimes shaking with the vibrations of a stereo.

It wasn’t long until her pre-cum flowed. Her cocks remained tucked away, but the tide wouldn’t be denied. Windscreens were splattered in murky pre, and unlucky drivers with their windows down got a heady dose. None complained. Even the nun she spied on a street corner was silent at the sight.

“Oh thank god!” Mia gasped once she was free of the busy roads. The suburb stretched a short way before her, devoid of activity with children and their parents away. A few cars remained, one of which she recognised as Rhona’s sisters. It sat in the driveway of a Victorian inspired home. Two stories tall, shingled roof and ornate window planes. The front door was an oaken brown and tiny compared to her towering stature.

She glanced through the first-floor windows and flushed when she realised what that meant. Long breaths, she thought and did her best to calm her heart. At her size, it must sound like a drum. Mia stretched down under the alcove and pushed the doorbell, then carefully extracted herself.

“Hell…o?” One of Rhona’s sisters, Jasmine if Mia recalled correctly, gawked at the centaur. Anyone would. Though the novelty of a real-life myth had long since worn off, meeting a house-sized one was fresh. Not even a day old.

“Hi, um, is Rhona in?”

“Yeah, sure,” Jasmine didn’t move, but for her eyes, which raked in Mia’s form with a shameless hunger. Her nostrils flared as she spotted the sheaths, bloated from her cocks, “I’ll just get her.” The door shut and Mia waited. And waited. She caught hints of an arguments, words that no sister wanted to hear, then silence. Jasmine returned, flushed and wide-eyed.

“She’s being difficult,” she sighed.

“Her room’s at the back, isn’t it?” Mia asked.

“Yeah.”

“Do you mind if I go round? I just need to talk to her a bit.”

“Just don’t wreck the fence. Dad might have a stroke and Mom will probably blame us. Don’t think they’ll buy ‘it was a fifteen-foot centaur’.”

“No,” Mia chuckled, hiding what the statement did to her. She didn’t think she was that tall, but not far off either. Two-story houses measured perhaps twenty feet, more with the roof, and she already stood level to the windows… Mia pushed the thoughts aside, though her stomach continued twisting and churning.

“See ya,” Jasmine said.

“Yeah.” The houses were spaced far apart to her relief. Mia straddled the property line, cautious of the bushes and flowerbeds on either side, and found her way into Rhona’s backyard. Her hindlegs stopped a foot shy of the fence at the back, lined by lush shrubberies. Vibrant ivy crawled along the house’s drains and framed the window she wanted, through which she saw a naked Rhona scrutinising a shirt. What she wouldn’t give to feel it around her cocks.

Shut up, Mia chided herself and fixed her attention on anything beyond Rhona’s nudity. She couldn’t let herself drink her in. Even glancing at the ebony delight before her was too risky. Her breasts sat high on her chest, slightly flatter than in a bra, but capped with plump nipples that begged to be suckled. Like a pair of delicious chocolates just staring her in the face.

And those hips. Mia sucked in an unconscious breath as her eyes betrayed her, raking in the arch and dip of Rhona’s lower body. Her cocks twitched in memory of how her friend’s ass had felt on her back, accompanied by the heat of an unsated pussy. Unsated… and unmarked.

“Shit!” Mia jumped at the hiss from the room. She thought Rhona had seen her for a second, then realised that she’d turned her back to the outside. Mia gulped. Smooth muscle streamed down her back and into the cascade of fat on her rump, layered atop a set of thighs designed to wrap around someone’s sides. She wiped at her chin. When had she started drooling?

Rhona threw down the shirt. Instead of a simple thump, Mia heard it splatter against the floor. Her friend fretted about, hands in her curls as she stared at something outside Mia’s view, “Why isn’t it enough?” She said, almost a plea.

“Rhona! Mia’s here!” Someone shouted, probably Jasmine.

“I don’t… I can’t…”

“Oh and she’s in the backyard!”

“What?” Rhona turned and almost collapsed, “Holy shit.”

“Uh, hi,” Mia gave a slight wave.

“Y-you’re huge,” Rhona said an awed grin on her face, before she recovered and put on a neutral mask, “What’re you doing here?”

“Right to it. So, uh, about yesterday…” Rhona’s stance stiffened, “I’m sorry.”

“Oh,” Rhona exhaled, then seemed to realise her state of undress and rushed to pull a clean shirt and pants on, “Is that all?”

“No! No, I mean… what more can I say? I don’t know what’s going on anymore.” Rhona’s expression softened and she leaned on the windowsill, waiting. “Look at me. I’m a giant centaur.”

“That doesn’t you can just start… you know.”

“Y-yeah,” Mia nodded, “I’m really sorry.” Her eyes stung and her nose felt blocked. Rhona didn’t say anything, nor did her face change. She just looked out at the centaur, unreadable beyond the mask she wore.

Then she broke the silence, “Everyone I’ve been with, just leaves me. Without a word. Or I have to leave them,” her fingers clenched around the ledge, “I don’t want to deal with that again.”

“I’ve lost people too,” Mia said after a moment, “Maybe not as many as you, but do you have any idea what it’s like to be normal, then wake up like this? I had friends, parents and a life. Then I lost it all. Do you have any idea what that’s like?” Mia reiterated.

“No.”

“No,” Mia hugged her sides, not wanting to let her anger out for such a small reason. It wasn’t really anger, but a justification. If she kept going, she would make Rhona feel guilty and perhaps forgive her, or more. Then what? Doing so went a step beyond not considering someone’s feelings. She acknowledged and used them.

“I could’ve been a gymnast or something. I used to be really flexible, you know. My parents were happy, I had good grades, a boyfriend and… and that’s all gone. You know what, though? I got over it.”

“Yeah, that must’ve been so difficult,” Rhona rolled her eyes, “Give me a break. I’m sorry what happened to you, but look at you now. You’ve got everything you could ever want. More than that! You’ve fucked plenty of women. Annie, Keira and that slut, just from who I know. Yeah, it must’ve sucked at first. You have no reason to complain now.”

“And you do?”

“Yeah. What the fuck do you expect? Almost everyday I’m around you. You’re beautiful, tall, kind and… and… I just can’t go through that again.”

“Someone’s melodramatic,” Jasmine’s voice called.

“Not now Jasmine!” Rhona huffed.

“Rhona,” Mia sighed and leaned down to the window, “I’m not going anywhere. Not like I can just up and move. Everyone would through a fit.”

“I know, but…” Rhona glanced at the grass, a dozen feet beneath her, then at Mia.

“Rhona,” Mia gently pressed her forehead to the glass, staring at her friend, “I don’t think I can help myself. Everyday, I feel less like me. You, Annie and Keira might be the only people who’ll treat me the same.”

“Please, I’ve seen how Annie acts around you,” Rhona shook her head, laughing softly, “She’d tie herself to your dick if you let her.”

“Yeah, she would,” Mia grinned, “But she’s always been like that. She once volunteered to drag my dick out.”

“Why?” Rhona snickered.

“Couldn’t get erections back then. Something about my hormones balancing or some shit. Guess that’s why this crap’s happening now.”

“Guess so,” Rhona sat to the side and studied her hands. Mia didn’t know what she expected of her friend’s room, but barren wasn’t part of it. Minimalism didn’t suite Rhona. Desk, closet and bed, the only screens belonged to her monitor and phone, and the beige walls stood bare. Then she glanced to Rhona, who stood out all the greater amidst the simple surroundings. Even the uncertainty on her face couldn’t dim the extravagance she radiated by comparison.

Mia swallowed a groan. Her cocks hardened and stretched in their prisons, twitching with her heartbeat. At her size, it would be simple to just break open the window and draw Rhona out. One minute of concentrated exposure and she’d be hers.

“I should go,” Mia forced the words out. Any longer and she wouldn’t hold herself back. The demands of her body, its throbbing need, already punctured her willpower, dulling and luring her thoughts to what she could do to Rhona. Fucking Roshni with both dicks at once was a dream, but she was a slight woman, without the reach, strength or softness that Rhona possessed. Oh, to feel those cheeks sliding across her underbelly, while her cocks turned her insides into a condom. Then a house of cum.

“No, don’t,” Rhona stood and grabbed the window’s handle. With the glass, Mia’s pheromones couldn’t bombard her, but few windows were airtight. One opening and the full brunt of her chemical-laden musk would tear apart any resistance, any semblance of hesitation, until Rhona became another eager cock sleeve.

Open it… Mia swallowed back the words. Furrowed lines marked Rhona’s face in indecision, yet her hands didn’t move away, and her thighs pressed close together to hide a slight but growing wetness. Wanton desire paced in her eyes, a reflection of Mia’s own cravings.

“You promise that you’re not gonna leave me?” Rhona eventually said.

“Wouldn’t dream of it,” Mia said.

“So, if I open this window and we fuck, you’re still gonna fool around with Annie and Keira, right?”

Mia blushed, “And my doctor. And a couple others. Maybe more.”

“You really can’t help it?” Rhona asked. Her lips twitched as she shook her head, “You’re hopeless. A hopeless giant, double-dicked, beautiful centaur girl.”

“I’m working on it.”

“Don’t worry,” Rhona chuckled and unlatched the window. It creaked open, then snapped taut at a gust of air, on which Mia’s pheromones and aroma sailed. Immediately, her mouth fell open and her nostrils filled her lungs with the tainted air. The wetness on her leggings trailed along the seams, darkening with every breath, until a drop escaped.

“Oh fuck,” Rhona said. Her hands tugged on her shirt, damp from a fine layer of sweat that clung to her nipples, as if it choked her, “That’s, uh, that’s… whoa.”

“I get that,” Mia smirked and reached inside. The smile fell when she saw how her hand measured to Rhona’s body, easily able to wrap around her slender waist. One finger would outdo an average cock, in size and dexterity. And just mere feet away, her own dicks strained her sheaths, desperate to be freed. Everything about her dwarfed Rhona. Even her tits were vaster than the woman’s entire body now. It would take one mistake and she’d be crushed.

“It’s okay,” Rhona placed a hand on Mia’s, reading the thoughts on her obtrusive face. The other busied itself with groping her own breast, rolling the fleshy mound and pinching the nipple in her fingers, “You won’t hurt me. Besides, maybe I’m into that.” She added with a wink.

Mai rolled her eyes and pulled her out into the open. Where fresh air should flourish amongst the aroma of flowers and suburbia, all Mia smelled was sex. Not just her own dominant musk, but Rhona’s increasing wetness, which had a palatable tone to it. Her tongue flicked out, almost tasting the scent.

She brought Rhona to her face, cradling her in both hands, and peeled off the ever-moistening pants. Dark skin poured into the open, marred by slight stretch marks. To be expected with her bottom heavy figure, but no less appetising. Rhona dealt with her shirt and let it drop to the grass. Even without being a centaur, Mia couldn’t believe her situation. She held this woman in her hands, so small that she laid atop the palms, at her mercy.

At such a distance, Rhona’s musk filtered out all else. It soaked into Mia’s sinuses, extended deep into her head and lungs, and pulled a line of drool from her lips. She needed to taste her.

“Open wide,” Mia said and gulped as her friend did so, spreading her legs and pussy to her gaze. It was an adorable sight, a relief after seeing Roshni’s soiled cunt, and drenched. Juices sweated out and dripped along the mons, into the swell of her ass. She couldn’t resist kneading the cheeks with her thumbs. She stopped and raised Rhona to her lips, then slipped her tongue out to lap at the folds. They spasmed at her touch and spattered the muscle in flavour.

Mia moaned at the taste and pressed further. She kissed the opening, flower-like as the petals parted for her tongue, which prodded and lapped at it, from taint to clit. Rhona undulated against her, reaching out to grab whatever she could. Her legs kicked at a stab of pleasure when Mia suckled on her, pulling the lips into her like a vacuum, and wound up inside the centaur’s mouth. Commanded by pleasure, she didn’t remove it instantly. Instead, she lathered it in her spit and popped it free with a playful flick on the foot.

“Oh god,” Rhona moaned as her pussy was assaulted once more. At Mia’s size, not an inch was spared. Her tongue covered everything, slavering not just Rhona’s crotch in saliva but her inner thighs, replacing the copious sweat already there. The tip probed at her orifice. It gushed around the muscle, but didn’t open for it. Just Mia’s tongue seemed too big.

Then she forced it in. The walls clenched and pushed against her, before freezing in place, a prelude to a violent ripple and gush of fluids. Rhona quivered against her. She jerked upright and held tight to Mia’s face, wrapping her body around it and driving her scent into her nose, while her insides spasmed in a deluge of bliss. Her heart pounded through her pussy and reverbed inside Mia’s head, urging her to squirm within her.

“That was awesome!” Rhona laughed when she was released, “Oh fuck, my legs won’t stop shaking.”

“Glad you enjoyed it,” Mia said, then yelped at the unusual touch against her underbelly. She tried looking past her breasts, but their size and the shirt obscured her eyes. Rhona peered over the horizon and sucked in a sharp breath.

“Huge,” she said, then glanced back at Mia, “But I guess that’s normal, huh?” The centaur shrugged.

“What now?” Mia asked, nervous about pushing too far too soon.

“You made me cum, so it’s my turn for you,” Rhona said and started pulling on Mia’s shirt. She slowly got it up and offer, revealing the mountains beneath. They sat proud on her chest, so huge that they obscured her waist, and revelled in their freedom. The border between horse and human was shadowed by them. Tomorrow, it might be hidden entirely. Not even tomorrow, Mia thought when she noticed her nipples stretch further away. Even now, she grew.

Mia pushed the thought away and said, “Go for it.”

Rhona didn’t waste time. Still balanced in Mia’s hands, she opened her mouth and engulfed a teat, straining to take it. Any other time and it could’ve been mistaken for a cock, such was its girth and length. Rhona’s lips stretched wide, her teeth grazed the tender nub, while her tongue rolled across it, enticing the nipple to swell and fill her mouth. Tiny pleasure-filled nubs lined the tit, each a prime target for her curious muscle. She inhaled and slobbered around it.

“So good,” Mia cooed and pulled her friend closer, smothering her in tit-flesh. She gagged at the sudden tug, but soon recovered and lathered her spit across everything in her reach. Her arms stretched to encompass what she could, which left much to be desired. The tiny woman pulled back and gathered globs of her spit, then brought it to the unloved nipple. Like a true cocksucker, she bobbed to and fro.

Spit and tears smeared her makeup and clung to her hair. She thrust herself along the nipple, gagging on each descent, while her eyes glued themselves to Mia’s. Mascara ran in smeary rivulets down her cheeks, where they joined her copious saliva, more added on every descent. Her lipstick marked her accomplishment at the swollen areolae.

Mia shifted her weight onto one hand and used the other to trace along Rhona’s legs up to her pussy. Still sopping wet, she slid along its folds to the clit, circled the nub, then pushed inside. Rhona yelled and fell to a twitching stillness, before coming free with a viscous pop.

“Let me at ‘em,” Rhona said with a nod toward Mia’s cocks. At their present size, the heads came level with her breasts, hidden for now. She nodded and set her down. The air breezed against Mia’s tits, calling her hands to them. Pleasure tingled through her body, a prelude to the cavalcade of delight ahead of her. Her members throbbed and slapped her skin, pre-cum already oozed from their tips, as if stretching for Rhona’s touch. She stood close to eye-level with them.

“Fuck, they’re huge,” Rhona said and hefted one in her hands, then squealed at the burst of pre. It covered her head and shoulders, before drooling along her torso and between her legs. She shivered when her pussy was covered. Her body pulsed with need, like every beat of her heart no longer carried blood, but pure lust. Rationality dictated that she couldn’t take one cock and live, let alone two. Desire crushed such thoughts into dust.

Nothing would keep her womb empty much longer. Not what she had learned in biology, or even her self-preservation. Rhona licked her lips clean and dove in. The gushing hole was shadowed by a bulbous peak, forcing her to duck underneath to cover it in her mouth. The following spurt filled her maw and forced its way down her throat, so thick that it clung to her insides. She swallowed, desperate to take more.

But she was human. Even latched onto the source, driven by an insatiable, inexplicable need, the flow overwhelmed her. The urethra alone was the size of a grape, and the force that it expelled pre-cum meant it couldn’t be contained. After several gags and failed attempts, she gave up. She, instead, stroked what her hands could reach and licked the rest, lathering it in her spit and banishing any remnants of her own scent. The musk crowded her senses, wafting through her like a dense fog.

All the while, pre-cum poured and covered her ebony skin. The ground below became a sloppy mess of slime and mud. Rhona stretched on her tip-toes and tried smearing her tits across the head, then slipped onto her back. As she scrambled to get up, another jet of pre splashed between her legs. Her eyes rolled for a moment in yet another climax.

Last night had been spent aching for this. Every thrust, conscious or not, along her horse-cock dildo did nothing to satisfy her. It couldn’t overpower her like Mia’s now did. It couldn’t dominate her with pre-cum alone. It certainly couldn’t make her cum with barely a touch. And she hadn’t sampled the greatest part of all.

She rubbed the murky goop from her eyes and stared at the balls several feet away. They swelled before her eyes, descending to the ground despite being metres above it. Mia’s legs spread apart for them. Rhona’s stomach growled at her. She hadn’t eaten since yesterday. What could be better than all those gallons of juicy jizz? She’d heard from Annie how she and Keira had swollen up with cum. And that it tasted incredible.

A looseness fell over her. She didn’t relax exactly, but she felt… prepared. Her entire body tingled like electricity crackled beneath the skin. She weathered the storm of pre and latched onto her chosen cock, while its brother twitched and slammed against her head. It almost knocked her back down. Rhona held onto the other for dear life. Strange nodules ran along the shaft, but she didn’t question the added grip.

“Suck it, suck it, suck it,” Mia said from above.

“It’s too big,” Rhona whispered back, as if speaking to the cock before her. The words were true. She’d seen watermelons smaller than the head, and that size hardly diminished along the shaft. In fact, she thought and looked to the base, where the leathery sheaths strained around bulbous shapes, it got worse. Rationality whispered for her to leave, while instinct screeched and sang for her to give in. Her body would be a speck on those members. Even now, they dominated every corner of her mind, just by her cradling and tasting one.

The shudder down her spine ran through her pussy. Juices plunged to the muck below. She panted against a cock, drowning in its musk, while the other spattered her back in pre. Her hips rolled to each pulse, grinding along an invisible shaft, and her womb burned. Her ovaries boiled.

One way to stop it, she thought and opened her mouth. When it couldn’t go further, she mashed it against the dark glans, felt them give under her force, then her jaw snapped open. She yelped, expecting pain as her jaw distended like a snakes. It never came. Shock and awe gave way to delight when her tongue was doused in pre-cum. Another quiver ran through her body.

Rhona struggled deeper. She wriggled her body, shoved against the ground and pulled on the cock and, exhaustingly slow, she took it further. The cock bent with her body, flexible but unyielding. The gag she expected was another spike in pleasure, then her throat was invaded, already slick from pre, and everything fell into place. All her senses were fixated on Mia.

She hadn’t showered. She’d fucked someone recently too. Dried sweat and grime lingered on her cock, from the flecks of crusty seed beneath the head, to the tangy bite of fem-cum further down her shaft. Rhona’s tongue lashed around it, sampling everything that she could. Every inch was a wonderfully bitter experience. So strong and virile, it reminded her of cum. But the few times she’d tasted it didn’t compare. This was a new plane, another existence entirely.

No one else could satisfy her this way. Her stomach gurgled in invitation, urging her to swallow and stagger onward, until the head popped past her oesophagus. When she tried pulling away, it wouldn’t give. She was stuck. Trapped with her jaw impossibly stretched, and her body impaled on her most powerful and recent fantasy. Yet, several feet more stretched before her.

Mia’s heartbeat thundered against her own. It was a war drum, resonating in her ears and bones, while Rhona’s was a tiny flutter. Just another way that the cocks dominated her. This was her place. She moaned and flexed her body. Mia throbbed inside her and stamped a hoof in approval.

“Keep doing that, oh… I’ll cum soon, just keep doing it,” Mia said.

Rhona tried speaking but all that came was another moan. It didn’t matter. Words didn’t matter. She tensed her muscles where possible, tightening the passage down to her belly. Mia pulsed again and undid it all, reshaping her throat to suit her cock. Rhona did it again, holding as tight as possible, while her hands and tongue pleasured everything within reach. Then Mia throbbed. The cycle persisted, teetering Rhona on the cusp of orgasm each time. But Mia was close too.

Through damp eyes, Rhona saw the balls dripping with perspiration. The skin became taut and gleamed from the strain inside. Four oblong shapes so huge that she could curl up inside one in comfort. Her pussy clenched. She could practically live in them, swimming forever in a sea of jizz. Or would it turn her body into more cum? Use her life to create more of Mia’s ambrosia.

Her thoughts shattered in ecstasy. The pressure inside her stomach pressed against her womb, which bore down on her cunt and scraped the walls together. She went limp on Mia’s cock, yet it held her upright. All its flexibility vanished, leaving a slab of meat-covered iron. She shook and moaned and slobbered, unaware of the world around her. Including Mia’s rising moans and the audible rumble in her balls.

The weight in her gut, bloating until she felt she would explode, and the agonising ecstasy with it were all that Rhona recalled when she recovered minutes later. It was the sensation of Mia’s cock being pulled free that roused her, bringing to light what she’d done. Her jaw pulled back into place. She rubbed at it, certain the pain would start, but felt only her swollen lips and slop-covered cheeks. She touched her throat. The skin should be loose, stretched by Mia’s sheer size. It was smooth as ever.

Her chest. Normal. What about her stomach? Massive. Rhona stared at herself. Remnants of Mia’s orgasm ricocheted in her system, a powerful tingle like a low electric current. Her pussy throbbed once more. She couldn’t count the number of times she’d already cum, and she wanted more.

Not just more. She craved it all. The mind-shattering sensations of having her face stuffed with a single cock… what would it feel like in her pussy? With both cocks at once. Just the thought pushed Rhona to her legs, which bucked under the new majesty of her stomach, easily large enough to lean on. Mia stepped back.

“Fuck me,” Rhona said the instant their eyes met. The ache she expected began, but not in her jaw, or her chest. It permeated her waist and hips, burning hotter the longer she waited. If she took too long, then it would incinerate her insides. Or so it felt. She couldn’t take the chance.

“I’m not sure how,” Mia said. Rhona’s mind darted around. She couldn’t just turn around and expect Mia to mount her, their heights didn’t match, but there had to be something. Didn’t her neighbour have a trampoline? Not a large one, big enough for an only child to enjoy. Certainly big enough for Rhona to lay upon and get fucked.

“Do you see a trampoline next door?”

“Yes,” Mia nodded, then realised what Rhona intended. Short on other options, or the patience to consider them, the centaur grabbed it with ease. School was in session and the parents worked, so they had no issue. Once in place, Rhona clambered onto it. The unsteady footing sent her falling upon her belly, just as she wanted, which left her sopping cunt defenceless against Mia’s wishes. The height wasn’t perfect, too tall, so her back brushed Mia’s underbelly as she stepped over. She didn’t care when the cocks fell to either side of her.

They had grown. Rhona had a good eye for subtle changes, this was no different. Mia wasn’t simply having a growth spurt; she was always growing. Taller, stronger, fiercer, sexier… How could she even think to deny that?

Mia reared back until her cock heads were poised to either side of Rhona’s backside. Then the first problem arose of how to get inside her.

“Fuck,” Rhona bit her lip, desperately trying to think of how to work it.

“Need some help sis?” Rhona didn’t turn at her sister’s voice, or answer, “Ashleigh, help move the other one.”

“Okay,” came Ashleigh’s timid voice. She wondered if she was still unconscious. There she laid, half-supported by her cum-filled belly, which jiggled with every motion of the trampoline, while her shemale, centaur friend and sisters worked to fuck her into oblivion. It couldn’t be real, yet as she felt pre-cum splatter her pussy, she didn’t care. For all that concerned her, she could be chained up in an asylum while cumming her brains out to a fantasy.

So long as Mia fucked her.

Birds scattered at her shriek. Rhona tore at anything in reach, her eyes rolled, her tongue lolled freely, and cum dribbled down her chin as she came. The folds of her pussy, loosened by an entire night of fucking her dildo, became taut as she was filled beyond human reasoning. All logic dictated that she should be pushed around at best, yet her pussy opened. It embraced the dual horse cocks.

The heads burst inside, slamming her walls with pre-cum, before barrelling deeper. Through her cervix and into her womb. They pushed on her oversized stomach, forcing the semen to redistribute. But she was numb to it. Any sensation outside pleasure was shrouded in an iron cage. Her womb stretched and her ovaries flared as Mia’s pre-cum found its way into them. Her orgasm reignited and didn’t end.

Mia hadn’t considered Rhona’s sisters. Now she wished she had. Having people around to help was a dream. She rocked her body against the impaled girl, while her siblings pulled her further down. Rhona’s pussy didn’t relax after entry, locked in a state of ecstasy that burgeoned with every square foot of cock inside her. Her moans faltered into screams, then faded as she came to the trampoline’s edge, and Mia’s sheaths.

The centaur bucked her hips to an instinctive rhythm. Rhona didn’t weigh enough to do much, but she managed short, powerful thrusts. The elastic floor helped, as it forced Rhona to bounce into Mia’s every thrust. Mia savoured the sensations of the scraping wetness, of feeling Rhona’s heartbeat through her pussy, of having both her cocks buried once again. Nothing compared.

But it could be exceeded, she soon found as Jasmine and Ashleigh joined the fun once more. With their sister insensate, they turned their attention back to Mia. The centaur couldn’t see them beyond her body, only feel it as they embraced her hulking balls. Both girls moaned and ground their naked bodies against her sack, uncaring of the grime that lingered on the taut skin. Before she was done, they’d come away reeking of her musk for days or weeks to come.

Or worse. She’d forgotten about the cum she’d shot earlier, pooling within the garden. If they fell in it, then the smell might never go. No, she realised, they’d want more of it. From the source. Mia shivered and mangled her tits as three girls became enraptured by her very existence. She heard the twins whispering to each other, but couldn’t make it out.

They didn’t keep her guessing long. One climbed onto her balls – had they really grown that huge? – and embraced her hindquarters. Then licked her asshole.

“Oh fuck!” Mia jerked at the wetness on her untouched area. It never felt so sensitive before, although no one had tried such a thing before. And she hadn’t used it since her growth began, like her body had devoted everything to maintaining her development. Not that the girl could know that. Even so, she did it again. This time her fingers joined the fray.

“How’s it taste?” She couldn’t tell who it was. Ashleigh or Jasmine. She hadn’t spent much time with either.

“Strangely sweet, and a bit sour,” the speaker’s breath tickled Mia’s hole, urging her to buck against Rhona. Her balls churned and swelled, “It feels nice too.”

“Think you could fist her?”

“I’ll try.” She did. Moments later and Mia’s spit covered hole opened up to a girl’s hand, then wrist and forearm, all the way to the elbow. The girl felt around, as if searching. Then Mia yelled and her entire body convulsed. Her prostate! Whoever it was squeezed the organ, then brushed another. Mia’s legs locked into place, lest they crumble beneath her. They squeezed the two glands.

“Cumming!” It was all she could say before everything went white. Her orgasms prior to it seemed pitiful examples of her true prowess. She felt those like crashing waves or explosives lining her body, intense and addictive. This was torture realised into absolute bliss. All her senses went dark, leaving her with touch and nothing else, like her body wanted to experience it all.

Semen raced through her cocks and exploded forth instantly. Yet she felt it all. The sensation of cum rising from her balls, into her dicks, violently swelling them and setting fire to her most sensitive points, cemented itself in her thoughts, before blowing apart at the first shot. Veins and tendons rose across her form, every muscle working in unison to unleash the biblical flood of seed.

Rhona’s sister squeezed again. Mia wanted to tell her not to, but her voice wouldn’t work beyond incoherent babbling. All she could do was stand there, caught in an orgasm that threatened to tear her mind asunder. And she wasn’t sure she wanted it to stop.

Something pushed against her belly, harder with each release. The trampoline creaked beneath her, springs straining until they snapped, and Rhona fell with a hard splat. The pressure on her stomach was gone, then returned after a few spurts. She lost count after the first two. The hand in her ass slipped free, yet her orgasm didn’t end. Cum had ceased flowing but her cocks still flexed as if she had any left.

“That was awesome!”