She had fucked it up. Mia trotted through her home, ducking to avoid the ‘low’ doorways, and settled before her tv. She couldn’t settle on anything and left it on a random documentary, though her mind stamped any information out, too caught in what had transpired with Rhona. No one had denied her like that, or at all, since this ridiculous growth spurt started.

Even now, her shirt tightened against her chest. If she looked down too long, she could see the slight wrinkles straighten and the design distort around her breasts. The neckline dipped as if pulled by weights to reveal more of her cleavage. Mia removed it with a huff and stared at her bra destroying mounds. Nothing in the stores fit. They were barely enough to reach her areolae before the straps’ elasticity gave out.

Those concerns could wait. What she needed to focus on why she behaved as she did. Any number of possibilities arose, each plausible and deniable in equal measures. Hormones were the likely culprit, given what her body had become. That’s right. It wasn’t her fault, but her body’s. If she hadn’t become a stupid experiment, if that crash hadn’t happened, then none of this would be a problem.

She’d be a normal girl. A gymnast if all went as planned, maybe on her way to the Olympics. Her coach had claimed she was a prodigy after all, and she practiced longer and harder than anyone she knew. Except Keira. It was a miracle that she slept with how often she worked out.

Mia folded her legs and leaned against her horse half. The fur was soft under her fingers, but layers of muscle, thicker than any she’d touched before, ran beneath it. This was a horse’s body after all, a stallion’s at that, of course it would be stacked with power. At her size, she could outrun any prized racehorse. Oh, that sounded great. To feel the wind in her hair, rippling her fur, carrying her tail and breaking against her sheaths would calm her.

“It’s not that late yet,” Mia murmured and climbed to her hooves. She went to grab her shirt, but left it, “Not like anyone will mind.” Her closest neighbours were a mile away. She stepped from her home and into the fresh air. A few circuits around the land, then she would get some food. The pantry and fridge should be stocked, since the suits who catered for her hadn’t messed up from day one.

She went to the border of trees around her land. The leaves tickled at her fur. A breeze stiffened her nipples in the cooling weather, while her eyes drank in the orange splendour of the sunset. Her house cast a stretched shadow to her. That would be her marker.

Mia broke into a gentle gait. Without another person on her back, she could focus on her muscles and let them move as they wished. They pushed against her hide, lifting and falling to a building rhythm. Each cycle swung her balls, which made her sheaths bounce in place, while her breasts followed their lead. As she built to a gallop, the air turned to a whistling gale as it broke before her.

Sky and tress blurred together. She upped the tempo. Her hooves thundered into the ground, leaving dense imprints for her to follow. The air chilled further against her skin as sweat snuck to the surface. Stray drops were flung from her bounding chest, which clapped off-beat to her hooves. Each slap of moistening flesh tempted her thoughts, luring them to other pleasures.

Tendrils of air glided past her sheaths. They snuck teasing licks at the peaks of her cocks, ushering them further into the wind, while her balls became matted in sweat. It was almost uncomfortable to have such a strong current against her pricks. She knew someone who could solve that. Several people in fact. Any would be glad to be strapped to her belly, while their own bulged with seed and cock, all while she rejoiced in her freedom. It would heaven.

She could have someone to each cock. They’d make out while she ran and fucked them, rubbing their sweaty forms against her underbelly, marking her in their scent and vice versa. But, unlike theirs, her odour wouldn’t fade. They could shower, use whatever lotion they wanted, but they’d still wake and smell of her. And they’d want more. Any one of her friends would line up again to be drenched in dick sweat and filled with cum.

Mia panted as she came to a stop. She needed to cum. She twisted her body around and saw her erections, each throbbing visibly, lusting for a pussy or ass or mouth, or any combination of the three, to be stuffed into. The day had passed, however. She couldn’t call her friends at such a time. Annie needed to study, Keira would be working out and Rhona… probably wanted nothing to do with her.

She supposed Roshni was an option. As was Diana. But they were off hours. What reason did they either have for coming to her? Sex was a good one, though she didn’t want to impose. A blatant lie. Every neuron in her body flared in need. A need that couldn’t be satiated without someone’s help.

Dejected, Mia returned to the house. Her cocks bobbed and slapped into her stomach, each connection was a glimpse of pleasure, though not enough to get her off. Perhaps she could talk Roshni into getting a ‘relief worker’ stationed at her home? She doubted Annie would mind. It bordered on a medical need. Given what she could ejaculate already, she dreaded to think what might happen if she stored up for days on end.

The house seemed smaller than when she left it. Which should be impossible. She couldn’t be growing *that* fast, but she wasn’t so sure. Her shirts in in the past week had grown tighter as the days wore on, and it would explain why her libido wouldn’t shut up if her hormones were so active. That being the case, what was the point in buying clothes? She should just buy a poncho and leave it at that. It’d make touching herself easier.

“Jesus, what’s wrong with me?” Mia sighed. She leaned against a wall, keeping her weight off her dual erections. Just the slightest pressure and pre-cum oozed out. Sweat dried on her skin, leaving a dense, musky odour in the air, but a shower seemed too much effort. She yawned and shuffled to her bed, careful of her shafts, and settled in. It was early, but she would rather sleep than suffer her arousal.

Sadly, sleep can be brittle, shattered by some random noise or an overbearing thought. Mia jerked back to consciousness, groggy and annoyed. Darkness recessed in the window, her tv the only source of light. She rubbed the sand from her eyes and stifled a yawn. Well, she was awake, so she should at least get a drink.

“Oh, great,” Mia said. Her cocks were still hard. They seemed almost angry at her for leaving them. Her dreams must’ve fuelled them too. She had faint recollections of Annie and Roshni’s tiny bodies grinding against her massive one, teasing her until her balls were bigger than them. Why couldn’t it have been a wet dream?

“Shit!” Mia yelped when her head hit the ceiling. She’d grown in her sleep. Of course. Now she couldn’t stand upright in certain parts. Hadn’t they said the ceiling was raised for her? Most were about eleven feet high, hers was closer to thirteen. If her growth didn’t stop soon she’d need a new place to live. Like a stable.

Some parts were taller than others to her fortune. She moved to the kitchen and stretched, sighing at the satisfying crack of her joints, and the heavy jiggling to her bosom. As she looked to them, taking in their new size – which dwarfed her head, which likely shamed basketballs – her gaze glimpsed a black, flat shape. Mia shoved her glorious melons apart and saw a welcome, if shocking sight; her cocks had reached her front legs.

“Wait, then that makes them, um… a horse is about as long as a person is tall I think, so… Holy shit,” Mia twisted her human half to see how her equine form stretched from view. Her tail swished to and fro, tickling her enlarged testes. She gulped. If she was hitting her head, then she was about thirteen feet tall, therefore her body was about as long. Mia grabbed a pitcher, filled it with water, and glugged it down.

“Okay,” she said after a deep breath. Her stomach rumbled in response. She’d forgotten to make something before falling asleep, “Got it. Guess I’ll just make pasta or something.”

Fifteen minutes later, she held a plate stacked high with penne and a tinned sauce. Another, identical plate rested on her table, waiting for its turn as she inhaled her meal. A third, emptied dish rested beside it. She’d put on a random sitcom in the meantime. Wasn’t bad, not hilarious but amusing enough.

As she finished the third plate, someone knocked on her door. Good timing, she thought and carried her dishes back to the kitchen, her stomachs full and relaxed. Like other impossibilities, her horse stomach had acclimated to her human diet. It would be a nightmare otherwise. What would she even order at McDonald’s? The cheeseburger with a side bale of hay? She shuddered at the thought of it.

Another knock, “Coming!” Mia boomed and swallowed her voice. She hadn’t realised how loud she could be now.

“Good evening, Mia,” Roshni said in the doorway. She forced the words out as she took in Mia’s form. Her lips refused to close and her eyes seemed strapped open. A drop of spit glistened on her lip.

“Um,” Mia rubbed at the spot.

“Oh! Sorry,” Roshni rubbed it away and stepped in. She had a small briefcase with her.

“So, uh, what brings you here?” Mia asked as she led the doctor inside. It wasn’t necessary. Roshni had been instrumental in finding and modifying the house, so she knew it as well as Mia.

“I couldn’t sleep,” the doctor said and rubbed at her darkened eyes, “Kind of your fault. I passed out after you left.”

“Sorry,” Mia giggled. Her erections had calmed, though they still hung halfway from their sheaths. A tremor rolled through them, as if they’d recognised Roshni’s presence. She sat and offered the lonely chair to her friend.

“Not a problem. I loved it,” Roshni said, her bronze cheeks warming as her legs clenched together. She cleared her throat, “Uh, anyway, the reason I’m here is because I think I’ve worked out how to pause your growth.”

“Really?” Mia all but leapt at her. Instead, she reached over and pulled her into a deep hug, squishing the petite woman into her bosom, “That’s great! Thanks.”

“Yep, I’m awesome,” Roshni chuckled, muffled by the huge tits moulded around her, “Just a quick injection and you should stop. I don’t think I can reverse it though.”

“That’s fine,” Mia said and set her down, then offered her arm. Excitement plumped her veins and brought them to the surface.

“By the way, haven’t you showered today?” Roshni asked. Her nostrils were flared and pupils dilated. A dreamy sigh escaped her lips as she licked them, tasting the remnants of Mia’s sweat.

“Uh, this morning I did, but not since. Sorry, I must stink.”

“Yeah, but it’s the good kind,” Roshni said and opened the case. Inside was a laptop, a syringe and a pair of latex gloves. Mia thought about if she should’ve used condoms thus far, but the idea was ridiculous. As much as her current state of being was. A condom wouldn’t fit her, much less hold her load.

“Since when were you such a slut?” Mia asked with a slight giggle. She had her suspicions but wanted to hear it from the doctor’s lips. Those delicate lips, which had just hours ago been wrapped taut around her cock.

“I’d wager since you stepped into my office today,” Roshni said and filled the syringe. It looked like a plain liquid, slightly thick and translucent, “Pheromones are a bitch.”

“Don’t hear you complaining.”

“Of course not. I had the best sex of my life because of them.”

“How about a repeat?” Mia asked, urged by the steady flow of desire in her veins. She smirked and leaned in closer, her naked chest coming within mere inches of her. Roshni’s breaths deepened, dragging more of Mia’s chemical-laden musk into her sinuses. It must have strengthened, Mia thought as her cocks expanded, stretching toward the doctor.

“My pussy still hasn’t recovered,” Roshni said, though it was less an excuse and more an awed statement. She rubbed her sleek thighs together and sighed, “And Diana’s not here for the other one.”

“I think you could take both this time,” Mia said, breathing the words as the needle entered her arm. She didn’t feel it. Her attention was locked on Roshni, watching as she depressed the syringe and tugged on her shirt, letting out glimpses of her chest. Though slight, her dusty nipples stood proud, eager for attention.

“They’re twice as big as me,” Roshni said.

“I know,” Mia whispered and sank down. The needle was removed and set aside. She picked Roshni up like a child and pulled her close, letting her take deep, saturated breaths now, “Can’t you imagine it? My cocks sliding through you, up your belly, then your chest, until they’re past your head?” As she spoke, Mia traced her fingertips along Roshni’s body, then used them to lift her chin. Their eyes met, each captivated by the other’s lust, “Then you can take every last gallon of my cum.”

“Gallons?”

“Yep. You’re welcome to go around back and feel for yourself. My balls are pent up right now. Someone turned me down earlier, and I got hard at home. Without anyone to relieve me. Can you imagine that? But you’re here now.” Mia slipped her hands into Roshni’s clothes, stripping her of the nuisances, before sliding a finger along her pussy. The lips were swollen, soaked, and gaped. Could she expect anything less? The hole had taken something bigger than a baby for at least an hour. It’d be a miracle if it recovered at all.

“Yes,” Roshni sighed. Her eyes glazed over and she sank into Mia’s bosom, kissing and licking her salty skin. Long breaths tickled her skin, as she bucked her hips against the centaur’s fingers, mewling like a needy kitten. Mia slid a pair into her, then added another set, before tucking her thumb in as well. Her fist popped inside with ease and was wreathed in Roshni’s drenched, velvet insides. They squished against her hand as it opened and closed.

“So loose. You got fucked once and people will think you’re taking fists up here every other minute,” Mia said. Her other hand found Roshni’s pert ass, “What about here, hmm? Shall we get to work on it?”

“N-no,” Roshni shook her head, but arched her back, “Just my pussy. Fuck my pussy.”

“With both cocks?” Mia feigned shock, “But look at it! The poor thing wouldn’t recover if I did that.”

“I don’t care!” Roshni whined and humped against her forearm, her juices drooling down it as she sank deeper, “Stop teasing me! Please, Mia? I *need* you now.”

“Is that why you came here instead of calling tomorrow? To get another taste of centaur cock?”

“Yes!” Roshni cried.

“Then we’re gonna need to get you ready.”

After some thought, they were decided. Mia held her doctor aloft, while Roshni’s legs wrapped around hers, placing her pussy in the path of blissful destruction. Lust thumped through Mia’s veins, jerking her cocks to its beat. Each head brushed against the doctor’s ruined cunt, smearing it in pre-cum. Every beat seemed to press a little closer, almost entering Roshni. Mia toyed with her, dipping and pushing the tiny human without ever penetrating. Once the begging started, she flipped her around.

“You ready?”

“Not my ass, okay?” Roshni said.

“Don’t worry,” Mia said. She had no intention of fucking her ass yet, not when such a ripe, gushing pussy waited. With a few swings and thrusts of her hindlegs, the seemingly impossible happened once more and Mia entered Roshni. It was one cock, yet her hole stretched like never before. The walls suctioned to the ridges, palpitating with the veins, before slurping on it as the shaft retreated. On the next thrust Roshni’s legs guided the second shaft.

“Too… big…” Roshni croaked. Her body was frozen but malleable. The petite woman’s crotch bellowed forth in the shape of Mia’s cocks, each stacked on the other. Every vein, every slight protrusion on their surface was highlighted. Even the spurts of pre-cum were visible against her helpless form. The bulges sank deeper, rising along her stomach to barge past her unprepared cervix, still loose from earlier, and up past her sternum.

Mia wished she had someone else there. Anyone would do. She licked her lips and imagined having Diana or Annie’s snatch at her tongue’s mercy, tasting them, torturing them into orgasm while their puny hands groped at her enormous tits. How would it feel to have ten small digits wandering over her breasts? They’d struggle just to hold her nipples.

Pleasure zapped through her. Roshni was jerked into an orgasm as her constitution gave out. She cried and moaned and begged for more, while Mia indulged in her fantasy. She tugged on her teats, thick with want and longer than a soda can. Someone could fuck themselves with such things. It was easy to imagine Annie astride her tits, pussy and ass stuffed not with dick, but nipples.

Mia raised a breast to her mouth and inhaled it, tasting herself. The tang of her sweat remained and strengthen as she thrust into Roshni, who held onto her legs for stability, lest she fall from her perch. The possibility was non-existent by then, as her torso was dominated by dickgirl-centaur dick. Still they surged through her. She pushed on the legs now. What little sense remained was devoted to destroying her body with Mia’s cocks.

“Yes… deeper… fuck my womb, fuck my tiny womb… fuck my everything, oh yeeeesss!” Roshni slurred as she plummeted in a second climax, with a third hot on its trails. Her pussy and womb both clenched, as if to remove the monstrous invaders, but only sucked them deeper. Pre-cum churned inside her uterus, swilling with her bucking hips and eager pushes. The deformed tubes that bulged through her flesh lost detail as her stomach was weighed down with pre.

“Hmm,” Mia moaned around her tit. What was it about sex that made everything wrong seem perfect? Her body was growing, which meant more sensations, which meant greater pleasure, which translated into orgasms. Her cocks were twice the average human’s height, but that equated to better sex. Her balls weighed a ton and grew heavier by the second, and all she thought of was how grand the load would be.

Sperm by the trillions pooled together in fluid, turning it opaque and white. Just a drop of it would assure pregnancy. There it was again, the fantasy of impregnating someone. The idea was fast becoming her favourite fetish, but it must be impossible. Her sperm was that of a horse. No human could conceive from it.

Facts mean nothing to her. Mia indulged in the visions of her friends, even just acquaintances, falling massively pregnant with her young. No matter what she thought, the possibility was there. Being a centaur should have been a fantasy, as should her cock duplicating, and so was her current height. Yet they existed. She existed.

“I’m gonna get you pregnant,” Mia said, “Doesn’t matter how many loads it takes, you’re gonna be my mare. You’re gonna birth my foals. Got it?”

“Y-yes! Oh fuck, yes! Whatever you want! Just keep fucking me!” Roshni was beyond her words. If they meant they could keep going, then she was happy to hear them.

“I’ll make you massive! So huge you won’t be able to walk. You’ll just be a belly with a mouth to suck on my cocks,” Mia growled. She thrust her quarters, but Roshni had reached her limit, unable to reach either of Mia’s legs. She hung on the cocks like a useless onahole without a master. Her pussy made up for it, however.

Every word from Mia’s mouth made her its walls ripple from opening to the womb. She writhed in place, desperate to find deeper satisfaction. Her lips strained and dribbled cunt juice. In her blissful stupor, Roshni brought her lips to Mia’s underbelly, worshipping it as if the flesh were that of her balls, while her arms embraced the monumental bulge in her torso. There she found new leverage and fucked herself on the obelisk.

“That’s it you fucking broodmare,” Mia said, “Fuck yourself on my cocks. Ruin yourself for anyone else. No one, human or otherwise, can fuck you like this. You’re mine. Your womb is mine. Your cunt is mine! Your eggs are mine!”

“Yes! Yes! Yes! All yours! I’m yours! Oh fuck, nothing can fuck me like this! I’m worthless now, just a stupid cum bucket, baby factory!” Roshni babbled.

“Fucking right!” Mia roared. Something deep in her body clenched and Roshni was launched forward several feet, until her hands met Mia’s legs again.

“Are you cumming?! Please cum in me!” Roshni pleaded.

“Calm down, bitch,” Mia said, panting, “It’s just pre-cum. Now get back to work!”

Roshni returned to her position, sliding along the dripping pole until another pressurised jet of pre sent her racing. So it continued. Each time, she would push herself back from Mia’s front, stomach fuller and rounder from the latest load of pre, and fuck herself until she returned. Mia needed to do nothing, such was her place. She was the stallion here, alpha to Roshni. If she raised a finger, then the broodmare had failed in her duties.

Such thoughts infested Mia’s mind. Whatever the situation, she was supreme. Annie worshipped, as had Diana, Keira and Belle. So would Rhona. It’d take just a minute and she, too, would be enamoured. Then more women would join in. More and more, until Mia had an army all to herself. A private line of horse-cock whores eager to bare her children.

“What the fuck?!” Mia gasped and shook her head, still the pleasure pervaded, but it was dampened. Roshni ignored her, too caught in the umpteenth onslaught of ecstasy. The centaur rubbed at her temples, trying to sift through her pleasure and isolate those strange thoughts. It was hopeless, however, as the sensations in her cocks obscured everything.

It could wait. Her balls almost ached with their unspent load, a combination of Rhona’s refusal and her lapse in control weighed them down. They’d swollen enough to rest against the backs of her legs, down the shin. She brought her nipples back to her mouth and poured herself into the bliss.

The pleasure flowed unabated. It roared through her veins, raced across every nerve ending and set them alight, sparking other fires or snuffing them out to pave the way for a fiercer blaze. Roshni’s cunt rolled along her cocks like a starved whore’s throat, wringing more pre-cum from her overburdened balls. Each spurt must’ve been as dense as the real thing.

Mia’s nostrils flared. The air was mired in sex, mostly her own but traces of Roshni’s snuck through. It almost seemed build before her as a fine mist, too faint to be certain, yet too thick to ignore. She inhaled it, tasted it. It might have been gasoline for the damage it wreaked. Her body flared, sweat dribbled down her skin and fur. The intoxicating stench saturated her bloodstream. She needed to cum.

Oh yes, she needed it. No longer want, but need. Both pain and ecstasy poured from her balls as they gurgled, a perfect sound for her desire. Fuck! She wished she could reach them, just to massage the ache. Having just one person wasn’t enough. Two might not be enough. She still wanted to taste pussy and fuck it at the same time. She’d need more.

Annie, Keira, Roshni and Diana. All four would be perfect. Her personal orgy. Every girl would tend to her, licking and kissing and massaging and worshipping her growing body. Their reward? Simple. They’d trade places with whoever was on her dicks at the time, get a massive load, then move on. All her needs would be placated.

Someone to adore her nipples as she drowned their pussy in her spit. Another to cradle her ever-tumescent balls as they became addicted to her musk. A third and fourth to her cocks, one to take them and the other to help it happen.

She moaned into her breast, brow furrowed as her gut clenched. Not long now. Then everyone could gather around the one on her cocks and slide along every foot of her all-encompassing shafts, before backing off to watch their belly turn to a semi-sphere of cum that would expand until they couldn’t take anymore. Though no one else was around, she was happy to realise the ending.

“Fuck! I’m cumming! Ahh! Yes! I’m cumming inside you!” Mia cried. Roshni’s limbs latched to her cocks as they swelled half-again their original size. The size stood out in stark relief to the Indian woman’s form. Each stomp of Mia’s heart caused the doctor’s rotund gut to jiggle, before it exploded.

Her release didn’t come in spurts. A single flood gushed into Roshni’s womb and swelled her to a greater size. It ebbed to a gentle stream, yet it still shamed any human, before the intermission passed and the next tide crashed into her. Mia quivered throughout it, basking in the pleasure and heat of her seed as it bathed her cocks. Not a drop escaped the tight seal of Roshni’s whorish cervix.

Every drop was trapped. Every little speck was locked away. Every sperm had free reign. Fantasies of impregnating her surged once more, stronger than ever. Mia saw it clear as day, her friends cradling stomachs bigger than their bodies, while their tits leaked milk in steady streams and their hips flared to accommodate. All the while, they would fall to their knees and worship her cocks. What better food for their young than the father’s ultra-potent seed?

“It… it’s over?” Mia clenched and felt nothing escape her tumescent cocks. Her balls had shrunk to ‘normal’, spent of their egregious load. She took an experimental step and felt a huge weight tug her members down.

“Roshni? Hey, Roshni are you okay?”

“Never better,” came the hoarse reply.

“I’m, uh, gonna pull out. Okay?”

“Y-yeah, that’s probably for the best,” Roshni said and grunted as Mia slowly extracted herself.

“Oh god,” Mia said once she was free and looked down at her friend, or the petite form attached to her belly.

“I know,” Roshni giggled and stroked the landscape of her abdomen. It had pushed the table aside and almost knocked the tv over. As it was, the screen leaned precariously on her body. Mia moved it to safety while she inspected her doctor.

“I can’t believe this. I know I made you huge in the clinic, but… fuck, how haven’t you popped yet?”

“Who knows? I’ll figure it out,” Roshni said, though her voice was faint, “Hmm, I could just fall asleep here.”

“Hey, don’t pass out,” Mia said and shook her. The touch was too much. A gush of white spewed from Roshni’s crotch and crashed into the wall, a second soon followed.

“Ahh! So good! It’s so fucking thick, it’s like giving birth already!” Roshni cried, shivering in an encore to her previous orgasms.

“Oh shit,” Mia remembered what she’d said. Had the words stuck? Oh god, what if Roshni became obsessed with being bred? Another heavy splatter dictated her attention, “Come on, you can drain in the shower.”

“Yeah, okay,” Roshni said.

“Or…” Mia licked her lips as she came around to eye her friend’s gawking cunt. When the onslaught of cum paused, it oozed out in opaque rivulets. The act had left her throat dry and sore. She hadn’t drunk anything since she ate either.

Mia lowered herself and lifted Roshni off the ground. Cum squirted from the hole under such pressure, dousing Mia in her own fluid, before her lips covered it. The tide inundated her mouth. She swallowed, but it was difficult, like trying to glug jelly without chewing. When she did chew, her jizz clung to her teeth and gums. Viscous gulps were all she could manage and, despite her large mouth and gullet, the flow overcame her.

Semen streaked down her front and fell to the floor. A puddle formed as more escaped her. No matter how fast she swallowed, she couldn’t keep up. Mia eventually let it leak, choosing instead to savour her jizz. How could she describe it? A whirlwind seemed accurate, like a storm of flavours rampaged on her tongue, too many to say, each stronger than anything in recent memory. She could, however, say it was better than the pasta. Maybe next time she’d replace the sauce with her cum instead?

Mia pulled away with a gasp. Her lungs craved oxygen, and another part of her lusted for the rank aroma of sex. She stared at Roshni’s pussy. The hole had recovered slightly, though it seemed ruined forever. Even now, the vague shape of Mia’s cocks remained. She could slide a fist into such a cavern and have room for her head.

“I really ruined you,” Mia chuckled. No response. She checked and found that Roshni had passed out, “Come on, let’s go to bed.” Standing and walking was a strange combination with a belly stuffed with food and cum. Her stomach sloshed if she moved too much or suddenly, yet she couldn’t imagine more satisfaction outside of sex. Sleep reclaimed her, promising a new day tomorrow. Hopefully one where she’d stopped growing.