Ridiculous might have fitted the sight of a centaur strolling down an otherwise normal street. Humans were spread around her, offering a wide berth so she didn’t accidentally trot on them, some gawked but most ignored her. But this was another normal day for Equis, a large town that fell under the radar for most. It saw some fame a few years ago for Mia’s accident and subsequent surgery, now that was gone. She was another citizen, albeit one with juxtaposed body halves.

And huge. Those who knew Mia beyond spotting her in public once or twice recognised how incredible she had become. Just a few days prior and she had stood head and shoulders above most, now she added ribcage and hips to that list, putting all the eyelines around her level to her sheaths. Which bobbed and rubbed against her belly with each step.

Mia kept her shoulders hunched and eyes dead ahead. Looking down only highlighted how much she had grown since yesterday. Her head still throbbed from where she smacked it earlier that day when leaving her house, a place with ceilings and doors higher than average. And she couldn’t face those looks.

How many people were around? Why were the streets so full today? She glanced behind her at the packed sidewalk and away just as fast, fire in her cheeks. The clop of her hooves hastened. Roshni’s place couldn’t be far, then no one but the doctor would stare at her.

“Come on, come on,” Mia muttered under her breath, as if the encouragement might urge her legs to work faster. Running was out of the question here, as people still blocked the path before her. Without them, she would gladly toss away all concern and gallop home, savouring the powerful sound of her hooves slamming against concrete, leaving imprints in the weaker portions of street. But, again, she couldn’t.

She risked a look around, the itchy sensation of being watched too strong to resist. People were, indeed, looking at her. Men with mild fascination and a hint of jealousy, and the women, some with their arms or hands entwined with the men, were blatant as they gawked at her sheaths. Yesterday’s wonderful yet worrisome events flitted through her thoughts and she hastened her trot, not seeing the smaller woman in her path.

Mia passed over her. It took but a second to clear the distance on her long legs, however that second was enough. The woman was bombarded in musk, not like what a man possessed. This was wild, primitive, and it called to the same thing inside her. Mia glimpsed behind herself and saw the woman’s lust, plain as she saw the throngs of people around her.

“Don’t look, don’t look,” Mia thought aloud. She fixed her gaze dead ahead, even so she saw all the stares in her periphery. Tendrils of lust crept under her skin, leaving pinpricks of infectious warmth wherever they went. Her nipples poked through her shirt, which was a useless effort, given how it stretched over her chest. It was a button-up top and meant to fit sumo wrestlers with ease, yet her bosom bulged through the gaps between buttons and her nipples threatened to impale it.

In the distance, she spied Doctor Roshni’s private practice. She was the specialist for uncommon cases, though her past experience was more to handle people who had to live with, say, a pipe through the stomach, rather than a centaur. They’d learned together, coming to trust one another over the years. Roshni was, in the truest sense, Mia’s confidant.

It confused her why people felt strange sharing with a doctor, it made more sense than to tell a priest. Doctors were bound by professional courtesy, not a vow to a god that no one could prove existed, or vice versa. It was stronger in Roshni’s case, as she had a Non-Disclosure Agreement to her name as well. Besides, Mia couldn’t confide in a pastor or nun or any deity that didn’t abhor sex. Not only had she fucked several women in the last few days, but she wasn’t romantically involved with any of them.

A holy person would possibly have a heart attack if she went into detail. Or they’d risk their vows to get a taste. A nun might risk seeing Mia’s erect state, take it a step further and get a whiff of her pheromones, so potent that even a total stranger was aroused by her, and perhaps take the plunge and have a taste. Perhaps with another set of lips.

Mia grunted as she hit a lamppost. The pain subsided and brought her attention to the pressure in her sheaths, both eager to release their cargo. A breeze tickled the peak of her cocks. She had to go home. Now. She started away then stopped and looked to her right; Roshni’s place stood before her.

“Oh no,” Mia groaned and stepped inside. She ducked her head low, almost doubling her human portion in half to fit, and was forced to kneel once inside.

“Mia?” The receptionist asked. She was a young woman, in her mid-twenties, and had been working there since Mia’s accident. Where Roshni helped provide an understanding of her body, Diana gave her a glimpse of normalcy by talking about anything but Mia’s absurd surgery.

“Yeah.”

“Wow, uh… you’ve grown up,” Diana chuckled and headed out. The reception room was empty of other people, the sparse chairs set up such that Mia could visit and sit down at any time. She did so and knocked one over in the process. She and Diana shared a laugh.

“I guess so,” Mia said, “How’ve you been?”

“Hmm?” Diana hummed, eyes zipping across Mia’s frame like a skittish cat, devouring each detail. The potent definition to her abs and biceps, which dwindled into softness around her pecs, to the enormous breasts that bellowed out from her torso. No store brought bra in the world could contain them, even custom orders would be hard-pressed and expensive to find. The musculature extended into her equine form, a testament to masculinity despite her feminine upper-body.

Sat as she was, Mia’s members were concealed from eye. She couldn’t do anything about the smell, however, and it soon captured Diana’s sinuses in coils of pure muscle. They pulled her closer, urging her feet to shuffle forward like a zombie.

“Diana?”

“Huh? What?” Diana snapped back to the present. Her face was flushed a deep crimson, the colour of desire, not embarrassment.

“Can you get Doctor Roshni, please?” Mia asked. She recognised that look – after Annie, Keira and Bella, how couldn’t she? – and what it could entail. Surely the doctor wouldn’t be as affected, not after all the years they’d spent together.

“Uh, yes. Yes, I will,” Diana said, seeming to realise what was happening. She left through a door down a short hallway. Mia sighed her relief and twisted back to glare at her hindquarters, specifically the pulsating shafts that rested just beneath her bottom-half. How long would it be, if she kept growing, before her scent drove women over the edge? Before she could just step into a room and have all the females drooling over her?

Her dual shafts gave a powerful throb of yearning. She bit her cheek, stifling a moan as they attempted to rub against the hard floor. Mia turned her attention elsewhere. The reception was as might be expected; sterile walls and floor, adorned only with notices and reminders for treatments. In Diana’s workspace was a set of folders, piled high, and a cup of already cooled coffee. A clock ticked somewhere out from view, as if counting down the seconds before disaster struck.

Each click of the pendulum was another stone on the mountain her anxiety was becoming. Mia pulled her shirt up, hoping to loosen it and conceal her nipples, yet the friction made it worse. Another tick and another stone. What if Doctor Roshni was somehow weaker to her pheromones than Diana? Another tick and stone. What if Mia couldn’t control herself if things got out of control?

The door opened and Diana stepped through, “She’s just setting up for you. Shouldn’t be another minute.”

Sixty seconds? Mia almost stood, only the reminder of her penises kept her down.

“Oh, okay.”

Diana returned to her desk behind a wall. She opened a folder and went about filling in forms, but her fascination was obvious. Every other tick of the clock and she looked up, stared for another tick, then went back to work. It got worse each time. Before long, she was stealing glances whenever she thought Mia wasn’t looking. But she always was. She couldn’t look away.

The receptionist was dressed appropriately. A button-up long sleeve shirt, buttoned to just below the collar, with a plain skirt that should rest above her knee. Her hair was done up in a neat pony-tail that extended down to the small of her back. Appropriate, however, could turn to the opposite with a few alterations. A couple of more buttons undone, the skirt hiking up a few inches or slowly releasing the ponytail. By the time a minute had passed, Diana’s bra was in the open, as was her ample breasts.

“Will she be much longer?” Mia asked.

“Shouldn’t be,” Diana answered, though her voice was low, as if dazed. Her hands were beneath her desk. Slight shoulder movements and the sound of ruffling fabric left little suspicion as to what she was doing. A soft moan, so gentle that even Mia’s augmented hearing almost missed it, then another. Diana slouched.

“Don’t look, don’t look, don’t look,” Mia repeated under her breath, hands clasped tight under her bosom. A mistake as the position pressed the gelatinous mountains together. Flesh bulged through the gaps of her XXXL shirt and her nipples stood to attention, straining the cloth to the point that it almost turned see-through. Her hind legs squirmed and propped her rear up, revealing a glimpse of her endowments. Only someone observant or looking for such a view would see them. Diana was both.

“Mia, uh, since she’s taking so long,” Diana said and stood. Her skirt was skewed to one side, revealing the line of her panties, “Why don’t we go into the examination room and I’ll do the usual bits. I’m sure I can handle that.”

“Um, no. No. That’s fine. Thanks.”

“It’s no trouble,” Diana continued and entered the reception room proper, until she stood before Mia, who still towered over her sitting down, “I’m sure it won’t take long.”

“That confident are you?” Doctor Roshni said, appearing behind the receptionist, who jumped. As did Mia. The doctor chuckled and looked at the centaur, expression betraying none of the shock in her eyes, “Come on through, Mia. I think we’ve got a lot to discuss.”

Roshni was something to behold. Not because she was like those fantasy doctors, the ones with voluptuous curves and ditsy attitudes, but for her tiny stature. She embodied the term ‘petite’. A squashed, rounded face, framed in mid-length hair tied into a loose bun, down to her sleek chest and waist. Unlike Annie, whose lower half was ample enough for someone half again her height, Roshni’s form was singular.

As they stepped through, the doctor took off her bulky white coat and set it down. She wore a simple tank top and work appropriate skirt. Pens were strapped onto pockets for both. Out of the jacket, she looked fragile, like a porcelain doll, until she tensed and her muscles shone through.

Mia folded her legs under her and sat, waiting. The room was large, as per the requirement for Roshni’s work with Mia, and once seemed overwhelming. Now it was cramped, the ceiling too low and walls not nearly far enough apart, unaccommodating for the centaur and assortment of tables strewn about. Roshni sat at one table, the most organised of the lot. A bed was beside her.

“So, how long has this been happening?” Roshni asked, writing fervently.

“Um, almost a week,” Mia said, “It just, sorta, started.”

“You didn’t change your routine? Use anything new?” Roshni asked.

“Not that I’m aware of.”

“Any other changes? Physically?”

“Um…” Mia nursed her bottom lip and stood. She shuffled about, cautious of knocking over anything, until she was facing Roshni from the side and her dual sheaths, both of which hung almost halfway down her belly, were on display. The doctor gasped at the sight and her hand sped up, eyes dashing from desk to patient.

“Interesting. Is there anything that could’ve provoked this change?” Roshni asked.

Blood erupted to Mia’s face, darkening her cheeks and forcing her eyes down. There was an obvious, if nonsensical reason for it. Keira and Annie. Being with the two, having them both lusting for her, to the point they each took a load of cum inside themselves, likely forced her body to accommodate. Which made no sense. Nothing about Mia’s life did, not anymore.

“Have you been sexually active?” Roshni broke the reverie. Mia jumped at the query and realised her members were stiffening. She sat back down, burying them under her weight. The burn in her face could shame lava.

“Y-yes,” Mia said.

“I see,” Roshni noted it down, her tone distant. She looked at Mia closer next time, eyes tracing every curve, every dip and rise of her budding musculature, before settling on the pillows on her chest, “Parts of you have been growing out of proportion.”

“Yeah,” Mia sighed, relieved that her doctor didn’t ask her anything more about her sex life. It was hard enough around Annie or Keira, people she held a close relationship with, but her doctor, the person who felt akin to a parent after so long, was torture. She sympathised with the kids who were forced through ‘the talk’. The embarrassment seemed ready to swallow her at any moment.

“We’re going to need some measurements,” Roshni said and hopped down to the floor. She truly was tiny, but that was no detraction from her exotic Indian features, rather they were highlighted by her size. Compared to the giant centaur knelt before her, Roshni was a doll. Something to be cherished and nurtured and loved. Yes. Above all else, loved.

Held close, kissed, pleasured and penetrated. Slow and deep, loving until the time came that she begged for something else, something primitive. To be rutted by a half-animal, fucked by two horse cocks longer than she was tall, inflated with bathtubs of sperm. Even then, after she was trapped atop her belly, she would still be adored. Just as a gorgeous doll should be. Maybe some paint now and then? To bring out a sensual beauty.

“Mia?”

“Hmm?”

“Are you alright?” Roshni asked.

Mia opened her eyes, not realising she had closed them in her fantasy. Her cocks strained to be freed from the weight atop them, stretching from their sheaths, and her nipples were each a towering mass on her tits. The shirt wouldn’t last long. If she stretched an arm, or even flexed her shoulders, it would tear open and reveal her heavy bosom. Just her shallow breaths strained the buttons.

“Y-yeah, fine. Just… daydreaming,” Mia said. At this rate, she thought, her cheeks would stay red forever.

“Are you growing aroused?”

“No!” Mia gasped, then controlled herself and looked away.

“It’s alright if you are, Mia,” Roshni said. She turned and went to another table, which had a large roll of measuring tape on it, then added, under her breath, “I’d lying if I said I’m not a little bit myself.”

“What?” Mia asked, certain she’d misheard.

“Nothing,” Roshni shook her head and smiled. Her nostrils were flared, eyes drowsy and her demeanour shirking off her professionalism, “I’ll need your help. Stand up.”

Mia did so and clenched her eyes shut as well. Would she be admonished for growing aroused here? Her cocks were huge and inhuman. Would it look obscene? Roshni was a medical professional, of course, but there was a limit. Anyone would react harshly to such a sight. Would they, though? Annie, Keira and Bella were all fine with it, better than fine, but they must be unique.

Any average person, when presented with a centaur shemale’s hulking dual masts, would be horrified by it. By the very prospect of mating with such a creature. That’s it implied, after all. Mia wanted to mate with whoever was in her line of sight. And, at that moment, small as she was, that person was Roshni. Yet she only glanced at them and remained quiet.

“Here,” Roshni said and tossed the tape up. Mia caught it and let it unfurl, rolling down to the doctor, who quickly pulled it taut and noted the measurement, “Oh lord. Eleven feet, ten inches.”

Mia swallowed any response. Her cocks had no such inhibition. They throbbed and slapped against her underbelly in glee, hardening further at the information.

“Now the chest. Remove your shirt, please.” A moment later, “Not even on the alphabet anymore. They, your breasts, measure about thirty-seven inches all themselves. Okay, now I need to measure your phalli.”

“Really?” Mia squeaked, both turned on and mortified by the idea. Regardless, she turned around and knocked over a few objects in the process, but Roshni didn’t say anything, until her rear was facing the doctor, offering the perfect view of how ridiculous her genitalia had become. The sharp inhale was all she needed to confirm her own thought. Roshni’s hand met her sack, stretched smooth around its four occupants, and stroked.

That hand travelled far and wide until it trailed across her leg to the twin dicks. Both were trapped in limbo, lost in the void of semi-erection, caught between Mia’s discipline and cravings. The landscape dipped as Roshni touched them, her skin inciting an escape attempt. A successful one.

Both doctor and patient gasped as the dual shafts leapt to full erection, their enormity reaching Mia’s front legs. On an ordinary horse, such a feat might not seem absurd, still unusual but within reason. For Mia, whose horse was long as she was tall, it underlined just how impossible her body was becoming. Roshni stood beneath and to the side of her to avoid having the cocks rest on her. They were forced to wilt under their sheer size unless she tapped a network of unseen muscles.

“Remarkable,” Roshni noted, breathless. She cleared her throat and spoke again, stronger this time, “You have no issues with anaemia?”

“None that I’ve noticed.”

“How long can you be erect for?”

Mia blushed again. It was more reflex than genuine embarrassment at that stage. Her handle on her desire was shaken by her erections, their state poisoning her rational mind, “Um, I think about an hour. But I’ve woken up with them before.”

“So your heart’s perfectly fine. None of your other organs seem to have an issue either. What about your orgasms?”

“I don’t know,” Mia said. She didn’t think answering with ‘enough to turn someone into a human cum balloon’ was appropriate.

“Damn,” Roshni said under her breath, a whisper of air brushed against Mia’s cocks. Was the doctor closer now? “Okay, I’ll need to test that.”

“Why?”

“More information the better. I presume you can’t masturbate?”

“No,” Mia admitted. It was something she had tried earlier that morning. Of course, horse bodies weren’t equipped for self-indulgence. She could grind her shafts against something, but that led to friction and caused more discomfort than it was worth. Why couldn’t she have the body of a lion or something? An animal with good flexibility so she could reach it. After a while, she could probably get used to it.

“Hmm, I suppose Diana might be willing to help. No, I couldn’t ask her to do such a thing. I suppose it should be me…” Roshni murmured.

Mia twisted around to look at the doctor. Her human half was as flexible as it was several years ago, when she was a young gymnast. Those were the days, she thought with a grimaced smile. Entire oceans separated the differences between what she had expected from life and what she got. Her realities were on different continents, one normal but otherwise enjoyable. The other chaotic but shrouded in bliss. Both had their perks.

One such perk was having women she cared about fawning over her. Mia licked her lips as she studied her doctor. Roshni had practically raised her in the years since her parents died and her humanity was taken. They hadn’t lived together of course. Mia had needed independence

sooner rather than later, but it was impossible to develop some familial bond when they spent the better part of decade in each other’s company. Now, however, that bond was about to break.

No mistake could be made. A blind person would hear Roshni’s breaths, a deaf person would see her lustful fascination, and both would smell her. It was faint, a sliver of heat in the air that cut through the odourless environment. Roshni didn’t wear perfume most days. Did she have a boyfriend? Girlfriend? Was she dating?

“It really should be me,” Roshni continued, as if trying to find the argument that would convince herself to do this with her own hands.

“You know, you did blow me off on the phone before. I really could’ve used your help back there,” Mia said.

“Yes. Yes, you’re right. I’m sorry about that,” Roshni said, though she didn’t look away. It was like a magician’s volunteer, fixated on a pocket watch, unaware of the hypnosis already taken hold. With just a few simple words, she would do as Mia wished.

“I think you should help out now. I can’t masturbate, like you said. Do you know how pent up I get?” It was half a lie. After one day, her balls were heavier than ever and ached for release, but that release was only a phone call away. Annie would be more than willing to show up, strip down and present that oversized ass for Mia to fuck. Again, again and again.

“I can’t imagine.”

“It hurts sometimes,” Mia said, groaning for effect. She shifted her hindlegs to press herself closer to the doctor, who didn’t move, even as a shaft came within inches of her face, “I came without trying once. That’s the only time it’s happened.” A blatant lie that time.

“When was that?”

“When this all started.”

“Almost a week ago? My, most men can’t even go that long,” Roshni said.

“So, you see my predicament?”

“Yes.”

“Will you help?” Mia asked.

“I… y-yes. I will.”

“Thanks,” Mia said and closed the distance, brushing a shaft against the doctor’s face, directly on her lips. Roshni inhaled and released it in a sigh. It caressed Mia’s leathery foreskin, urging the veins to throb at the cool air, as if rebuking it. They wanted heat. Moisture. A pussy, ass or mouth.

Mia gulped as she imposed an image of her cock down Roshni’s throat, distending it and her mouth to inhuman shapes. It’d work. Whatever it was that comprised her fluids, it made her lovers impervious to pain, or made it so that whatever discomfort was pleasurable for them. There was no other explanation. Unless human anatomy was very different to what science classes had taught her.

Cautious described the doctor’s approach. Her face betrayed her desire, though. Lips parted, breaths hot and heavy, a sliver of drool leaked onto her chin. She wiped it up, smearing her face. Roshni’s eyes were wide, enormous on her small face, bulging as she touched a massive prick. Fingertips danced across its dual-toned flesh, from the pure black of her sheath, to the lighter shade mottled with pink. The shaft flared abruptly into a broad disk shape, its peak bulbous and housing her urethra. It was like a cliffside, protecting a cave that spewed fluid everywhere.

Roshni found this cave and stood before it. A constant trickle of pre-cum leaked out, warm and glistening against the crown. She, like those before her, couldn’t resist leaning in and touching it. The massive head was a different texture to the shaft, which was smooth and thick like leather, this had a rough surface, like a million bumps invisible to the eye, but gave in like a sponge. Then there was the fluid.

She pulled her fingers back slimy and coated after a second of exposure. The liquid was better described as a gel, yet slimy and quick, like running water despite its viscosity. When her eyes told her no more, Roshni turned to her sense of smell. A wonderful mistake.

Mia also relied on scent. She couldn’t see the doctor beneath her stomach, only feel her as she explored, and smell the growing musk of arousal in the air. Hers was prevalent. Almost a fine mist perceivable to the naked eye, stronger than any odour she’d met. Beneath it, however, floated a gentler scent, that of a female falling into lust’s powerful grip. A rush of air was sucked in below her, held, then released in a gale. Roshni moaned.

“Mia, I… I don’t think I’m gonna get a sample,” Roshni said.

“Why not?” Mia asked, biting back a lurid moan as her doctor’s hands held one of her cocks. Those small extremities hefted the mast, which must be as big, if not bigger, than the doctor herself. A dozen rapid gasps stimulated the head, urging a greater flow of pre.

“I want it,” Roshni answered a while later. The words caressed her member. It throbbed and spat pre-cum, splattering Roshni’s face, leaving it streaked in translucent slime.

“Is that right?”

“I shouldn’t,” Roshni said, as if defending herself, “I’m straight, I know that. I’ve had boyfriends. I’ve had sex. I’ve even kissed a few girls. Nothing. But… oh fuck, Mia, I want you.”

“That’s okay,” Mia said. She brought her hands to her chest, massaging it through her ever-tightening shirt. A button snapped free, allowing a wave of tit-flesh to escape. Her tits begged to be touched, while her nipples, long and plump, demanded that she stimulate them at least. She resisted. A fast and easy release was fantastic, but a slow and arduous one was resplendent.

“But why?” Roshni asked, seeming deaf to the centaur, “I noticed Diana’s attraction, but she’s bi-sexual. It makes some sense for her. It could just be your penises. Oh my lord, they’re way too big. They’re unreal. I feel like if I stop touching them, they’ll disappear,” she whimpered, “Don’t let them disappear, Mia.”

“I won’t,” the centaur sighed.

“It’s like a drug,” Roshni continued, “One hit and I’m hooked. Just one breath and I’m high. Are those pheromones?”

“I think so,” Mia said. She was caught between lust and listening to her doctor’s own licentious analysis. Were her pheromones so strong they were comparable to a drug? It was possible. Just a few minutes of exposure and Diana was ready to pounce, even Roshni, who Mia knew was as professional as any doctor could be, couldn’t control herself. Not to mention how taken Annie had become with her since their first time together.

“Makes sense,” Roshni said. Her clothes rustled. There was a weak thump to the right. Mia looked and saw her doctor’s clothes were discarded. The gentle scent was stronger now, still subtle compared to her own sex, but building. Her cocks throbbed at the aroma and Roshni yelped as she splattered in fresh pre-cum.

“It’s denser,” Roshni noted. A lewd slurp made Mia quiver in desire, certain her doctor was so far gone that she was sucking the pre off her fingers and face, “Almost white. How much sperm is there? You could get someone pregnant just with this.”

“Could I?” Mia asked.

“I’ll have to run tests,” Roshni said and moved closer. Her soft cheek pressed flat against Mia’s cock. The next burst of pre-cum rebounded off her face and fell to the ground with a heavy splat. More accompanied it. As if given permission, her second cock unloaded as well, slowly creating a puddle of thick pre-jizz on the floor. Roshni gave a shuddering sigh and brought her hands to both shafts.

She stroked them from the head to as far as her arms would reach. Her hands were covered in slime, then transferred it to the cocks. Their smooth surface turned slippery as she applied more pre-cum. She cupped her hands under the nozzles, before slathering each handful onto the enormous shafts. Entire feet of length were beyond her reach.

The room filled with the lewd, slick sounds of her hands moving across twin horse cocks. Her face remained close to the flare, heavy breaths enticing thicker gushes of sperm-riddled slime to sully her skin. Roshni moaned and pressed her lips against the crown, licking up a dollop of pre.

“Oh fuck,” Roshni shivered and went still. Her hands recovered first, moving slow and purposefully across every inch within range. Her grip was tense and shaky, “I think I came.” Mia’s cocks leapt at the sentence, almost shoving the petite doctor back in their zeal.

The centaur nibbled her bottom lip and shifted left to right, hoof to hoof. Her doctor just came from a taste of her pre-cum, a puny, watered down form of her true seed. She wanted to cum too. The ache in her balls wasn’t painful, more an annoying thumping in the background, but any longer and it would turn unpleasant. How much cum did she have stored up now?

Her balls were enormous spheres now. Each of the four were akin to watermelons or pumpkins, and growing all the time. One set hung beneath her body, while the other bulged out from her rump. Her tail swayed to and fro, brushing the taut flesh. A rumble emanated from them, akin to a starved stomach. They were full, no doubt there. They hungered for release. To unleash every gallon of semen upon this tiny woman. And Mia shared their desire.

“That’s not really fair, is it?” The centaur said, “You cumming before me like that.”

“No,” Roshni agreed. Her hands paused and her lips returned, “But I think I know how to make it up to you.”