“So, uh, what’s it like?” Rhona asked. She and Mia stood in a clothes store, one designed to cater for obese people, yet even those clothes did little to help cover the centaur, who was forced to watch out for lower-portions of the ceiling. She’d hit herself more than once in the past ten minutes alone. That didn’t bother her. What did, however, was the distinct strain of her shirt. It looked painted on, doing nothing to hide her plump areolae and nipples. Let alone to prevent her jiggling.

“What?” Mia asked, pulling down a set of shirts and ponchos so large Rhona could use them as blankets, “Hmm, think they’d be a little tight,” Mia said and put them back. As she raised her arm, it lifted her shirt enough to expose a hint of her breast and abdomen.

“Being so tall,” Rhona clarified and tore her eyes away, focusing on their goal once more. She couldn’t afford to be distracted at every turn of her head. So what if Mia had the most giant tits she’d seen, in fiction or reality, and what did it matter that she had a set of abs to die for? They were friends. End of story.

“Oh,” Mia shrugged, again revealing the underbelly of her enormous, lush tit-flesh that obscured much of her belly now, almost touching where human skin met fur. It was soft to the touch, as Rhona knew from many times in the past, and comforting too. How did Mia groom herself anyway? She must need a helper sometimes.

“It’s alright. I could do without the constant stares, but that’s life, I guess.”

“Yeah. Yeah, I guess. How tall are you now anyway?” Rhona asked.

“Dunno,” Mia chuckled, “Oh, this is cute!” She pulled down a monstrous shirt with a prancing unicorn on it, sprouting rainbows and such.

“You’re a little old for that, don’t you think?” Rhona said.

“Never!” Mia stowed it away in her cleavage, where the rest of her ‘worthy’ clothes rested. Each globe of fatty tissue had to be the size of beach balls, if not greater than that. Beanbags were better comparisons, so lush and massive that Rhona could recline atop them and fall asleep, not a care in the world. Except for how turned on she would get by doing so.

“What about this?” Rhona hefted something at random. She needed a distraction, and straining her arms wide to display the top was perfect. It hid Mia from her direct view, and gave her a chance to catch her breath. Something was wrong here.

“Nah, too ‘blegh’,” Mia said, scrunching her face at it. Rhona put it away and went to another section, sequestering herself with her thoughts. The notion that something was different had struck seconds after Mia arrived, even before she’d turned and discovered that her friend was a definitive giant, taller than an elephant even. A smell had struck out, something rich and earthy, animalistic in the alluring, and arousing, sense. Even now, that want lingered as a simmer between her thighs.

Seeing Mia, however, made it better and worse. Better since she knew the source, but so much worse as the centaur, half-human or not, suffused Rhona’s mind in wanton desires. Those nipples made her throat dry. Those tits made her stance feel uncomfortable. That face made her want to smother it in her ass.

Then she glimpsed Mia’s masculinity… rather, masculinities. Her sheath bulged with two distinct shapes, while her quartet of balls sang a lurid melody as they sloshed with what Rhona assumed was barrels worth of semen. They were several feet from her now, yet, as she rustled through various clothes, the occasional gurgle sang to her ears. It was a siren’s song, always luring her gaze over without fail.

Mia had her back towards her, which provided an easy view of her testicles. They were protected in dense skin, as Rhona discovered when she ‘accidentally’ brushed one a few minutes ago, stretched taut around them. No room for wrinkles. The skin had a strained sheen to it, one that compelled her, even from that distance, to kiss and massage them. Before mounting the two cocks Mia kept hidden and being basted with cum.

Rhona bit her lip and pinched her arm. The pain was a welcome, if short, distraction. Her pussy burned as it never had before. She’d teased herself before, even marinated in the anticipation of a past lover, until she was at the brink. Those times were incredible. Yet this, without a sensual touch or even some dirty talk, had her at a similar level.

If she gave in, the orgasms would be amazing. The kind that changed someone, chained them to the one responsible, made it so any other climax would feel second-rate, a cheap knockoff of the real thing. But that meant crossing the most dangerous line.

“You okay?” Mia asked.

Rhona jumped, dropping a tube top to the floor, “Shit, don’t scare me like that.” How did someone so huge move so quietly?”

“Sorry,” Mia giggled, “I think I’ve got enough. Let’s go pay, then we can look for something for you.”

“Okay,” Rhona said. She took the lead. Disappointment and relief warred with equal force, each fighting over the same thing; that she wasn’t behind Mia. It didn’t make a difference, as her scent was everywhere. Rhona looked to the other customers. Several moved in a daze, a couple had latched onto Mia as the source, while others struggled not to stare. What was Mia becoming, that she could influence such a wide area without realising it?

It didn’t matter. Mia was still the same centaur she’d known since freshman year, just double the height. And sexier. Far, far sexier. Rhona gulped and took several breaths through her mouth, a mistake she soon recognised as Mia’s flavour washed over her tongue. She turned and came to eye-level with Mia’s fur. A sharp inhale and that taste bombarded her again.

The scent and flavour seemed to surge through her body like a virus, except it wasn’t recognised as such. Her body welcomed the foreign effects with open arms, guiding it through her bloodstream and depositing them in her mind and crotch. They swapped signals, inciting the opposite to better one another. Rhona stepped from Mia’s path and averted her gaze elsewhere. Another mistake.

Mia sauntered forward. No one would bat an eye under normal circumstances, as they had for years at this point. However, Mia had risen back to abnormal, as her dual cocks bobbed and swayed with the gunshots of her hooves. Rhona looked and saw the head of one peeking out, with a slight bead of glistening, translucent slime at its tip. The bead broke apart as it struck Mia’s belly, creating a viscous rope between sheath and abdomen. Would anyone even notice if she stepped under her friend and licked it up?

If just smelling her was enough to *taste* Mia, then what would the actual flavour be like? Insanity seemed close enough a description. A gut instinct chilled Rhona’s lust. Going any further than platonic flirting would be too far. There’d be no going back and, inevitably, Mia would choose someone else. Someone not nearly so clingy or toxic.

“All done,” Mia announced.

“Huh? Oh, okay,” Rhona said, “Let’s go.”

“Is everything okay?” Mia asked as they left the store, entering back onto the stage for dozens more eyes to follow the centaur. Each and every person there seemed as enamoured by her mere presence as Rhona was, despite not being so close for an extended time.

“Yeah. Yeah, obviously. Why wouldn’t it be?” Rhona said.

“Sorry,” Mia lowered her head, “This must be weird. And people are staring. We can go somewhere else if you’d like. There’s an empty field near my place, we could make some food and have a picnic.”

Rhona stumbled but caught herself, “It, uh…” she gave a nervous laugh, “It almost sounds like a date.”

“Guess so,” Mia shrugged, “I just like hanging out with you. It’s only a date if you want it to be one.”

Rhona paused mid-stride, only animating once her balance gave out. She was giving permission? The human girl stared at her giant friend, aghast at the mere idea, yet it tantalised her as well. Her stomach roiled against the idea, terrified of how it would end, while her pussy leaked into her panties.

“Well, well, what’d you know?”

Rhona silenced her thoughts and turned to the familiar voice. It was Annie, accompanied by Keira. Perfect distractions at the perfect time. Rhona almost thanked them, but instead latched onto the reprieve.

“What’re you guys doing here? I thought you had classes,” Rhona said.

“Got let out early,” Keira shrugged, “And I don’t have practice until two anyway. So, Mia… still growing, I see.”

“Yeah,” Mia flushed.

“You look great,” Annie quickly added, and leapt at the centaur, though she couldn’t reach any higher than Mia’s thigh, “Dammit.”

“Want a ride?” Mia chuckled and picked her up. The smallest of their group was but a child to Mia, barely a third of her staggering height. Even with her broad ass, she was easy to lose amidst the landscape of Mia’s body.

“Fuck! Didn’t realise how tall you are now.”

“I can let you down,” Mia said.

“Hell no! I love it! Especially since I can hold you like this,” Annie said and wrapped her arms around as much of Mia’s waist as she could, though they fell helplessly short of the middle. Her fingers managed to brush the centaur’s monumental bosom, at least.

“I’m next,” Keira stated.

“There’s plenty of room,” Mia said, gesturing to the expanse of her body. All three could fit with plenty of room to spare, and, if Mia’s musculature was anything to go by, she wouldn’t feel them anyway.

“Nope, all mine,” Annie interjected and hugged tighter, while rubbing her crotch into Mia’s fur. Rhona bit her lip at the sight, a new sensation joining the earlier roil of terror and lust. What gave Annie the right? She could just hop on and dry hump Mia in plain view, without any hesitation. And it was clear that Keira wanted to do the same. Mia didn’t object with anything beyond an eyeroll, as if this was normal. As if Rhona was being the weird one.

No, she wasn’t the stranger there. What person would accept this? But a glance around revealed that many people did. More, they encouraged it. So many of them were smiling at the display, even as Annie managed to squish her front into Mia’s back, allowing enough reach to give the giant tits a proper squeeze. Even the conservative dressers, those with crosses around their necks, were unconcerned by the licentious display.

Rhona stood alone. Her friends were walking away, too caught up in their conversation to notice her. Sunlight streamed through the skylight above, yet she was cold. It happened again? She’d moved from state to state in her youth, dragged along by her dad’s work, so she was used to be the odd one out. But she supported herself now. She lived alone. Her life was her own. She’d been here for years now.

And still they forgot her in the end.

“Hmm, Rhona aren’t you coming?” Mia said, turning to look at the lingering girl.

“I’m, um…”

Mia frowned and set Annie down, ignoring her childish pout, then walked back to Rhona, “Are you sure you’re okay? We can leave if you’d like. I mean, we were just gonna hang out one on one today.”

“It’s not that,” Rhona said, unsure.

“I can give you a ride back home if you’d like?” Mia offered. Concerned thickened her voice, yet it still had a sultry edge to it. Was that always there?

“That’s, uh,” Rhona swallowed. She hadn’t ridden Mia yet. Everyone had at some point. She claimed not to mind, that it was comforting in a way, having another person’s weight on her body, “Sure.”

“Hey guys!” Mia didn’t raise her voice much, yet still it thundered through the air, resonating in all who heard it, “Rhona and I are gonna take off. See you later.”

“Oh, okay,” Keira said. Her lips curled in a slight grimace. Annie didn’t even attempt at hiding her disdain.

“Aw, come on!”

Mia rolled her eyes, “Another time,” then she turned her attention back to Rhona, “Need a hand?”

“Um, yeah. Sure,” Rhona said and took the proffered hand. It was hot to her touch, soft yet firm, and strong as it seized around her own and hefted her. She landed with a soft pat, legs splayed over Mia’s lower body, “Wow.”

“Like the view?” Mia asked. Her voice seemed so close now, like it was spoken into Rhona’s mind.

“Yeah.” It was a strange, but stunning sight. Looking out through a window, or from a stationary perch didn’t compare. She was above all these people, while astride a living being, whose every movement rippled between her legs and echoed in her own body. It didn’t take long to deduce why Annie wanted to keep this spot.

“Dammit,” Annie cursed from afar. Rhona turned and caught her glare, though it was more the petulant fury from a child that had its toy taken, but understood why. She wanted to argue against it, though what could she say that wouldn’t sound awful?

“See you tomorrow,” Mia said and left, ducking through the, fortunately, massive entrance for the mall. The building was a cathedral at first, somewhere for the holy to find sanctuary, and all that survived was the door. Now it was a hive of greed, gluttony and, when Mia was involved, lust. With her gone, such lavish desires were restricted to those close to her, and none were as close as Rhona at that moment.

She leaned into Mia’s human-half. A series of muscles flexed beneath the shirt and skin, powerful as necessary to work the monumental stretch of land that was her equinity. Rhona kept her arms around the centaur’s waist, fingers clenched and muscles taut, hoping to keep herself from letting loose on the monumental tits bouncing against them. Instead, she traced the impressive pack of abs Mia now sported. It made sense that she would become muscular, otherwise how else would she handle being so enormous.

Yet those weren’t the most astonishing. Rhona kept her lips tight together, though her nostrils flared and her chest rumbled with deep rooted moans. Too late, she realised this put a horrible strain on her self-control. Between her legs, clad in a pair of yoga pants that barely concealed her panties from view, the transition of pleasure between Mia’s steady gait and her already wanton snatch was miniscule. Now each echo of a step extended deep into her as Mia’s bone and muscles rubbed her just right. She might suspect it was on purpose if Mia didn’t seem oblivious.

“So… um, were we making you uncomfortable?” Mia asked.

“What?” Rhona started, sinking deeper into a raised joint. Droplets of bliss raced through her mind, as did the temptation of more. All that she needed was to let her guard down and give herself, and Mia, what they wanted. Hell, she would give Mia something she doubted the double-endowed centaur had experience; two cocks in one hole. Oh god, what was she thinking? It was impossible to conceive that Keira could handle one, much less Annie. And Rhona expected to take them both at once?

“Annie and Keira. You know? They were, uh, a little excited,” Mia said, glancing back with rose tinted cheeks. It was just a glimpse, before she turned away, but enough that Rhona was forced to do the same. Mia probably thought she was also embarrassed, and was right, but not for the correct reasons. Seeing her was enough to remind Rhona how bad she wanted her.

How bad she had craved her since they met… It was Rhona’s first week in her own place, then college started, and she saw her. She’d been several relationships before – none lasted long enough for her end it when she moved away – and all had fallen to shambles. That did nothing to curb her fantasies. Half-horse or not, Mia captivated her from day one.

Which got worse the longer they hung out. Rhona would notice small things, like the subtle twitch in Mia’s right cheek when she was nervous, or the way she sometimes seemed awed by own her body and, in recent days, how she struggled not to stare at everyone’s boobs or asses. They all worked in concert to make Rhona want her, despite knowing how such a relationship would end. It’d be fine for a few weeks, then Mia would see how Rhona clung to her. And that’d be the end of it.

“It-it’s fine,” Rhona said, shaking her head free. She had more important issues than worrying about an impossible future. Why would Mia be interested in her anyway? Every girl in Rhona’s class lusted after Mia, and, from what she heard, the same held in true in others. Mia could choose from any of them. She could fuck a girl with tits bigger than Rhona’s, an ass of equal magnitude, and an eagerness bordering on a slut’s. She had nothing to offer except to be a friend.

“Are you sure?” Mia looked again, this time her brow creased. Her lips were set in a slight pout, and her eyes rounded. Rhona dug her nails into her palms to keep from kissing her. The sudden pain caused her to inhale, suffusing the pleasant air in Mia’s musk. They passed a bakery, fresh loafs and cakes tempting any nostrils in range, yet even such an aroma was lost.

“Yeah. Definitely. Absolutely. Not my problem,” Rhona said.

Suspicion relieved the creases on Mia’s forehead. Her eyes thinned and her lips lifted faintly. Did she realise what Rhona wanted?

“Okay,” she said and looked away, “Hey, want to go for a run?”

“Huh?”

“I haven’t had a good gallop in ages. And I figured it’d be a cool way to make it up to you. It’ll be fun, promise,” Mia said.

“I don’t know. I mean, it’ll be safe right?” Rhona couldn’t ask the question she most worried about. If Mia walking was enough to put her on the precipice of collapse, then even a jog would overwhelm. Even now, as they talked, Mai’s legs lifted and lowered muscles in a soothing, erotic rhythm against Rhona’s crotch.

They moved her body in tempo. Her snatch ground into the fur, plumping her nether lips with desire, while moisture oozed and soaked through her clothes. If Mia’s scent didn’t overpower all others, Rhona might think she would leave her mark. On random intervals, her clit would be crushed, forcing her jaw to clench lest she moan. She almost failed as the pleasure circumvented her concerns and swelled her nipples to stiff, needful peaks.

It would be so easy to lose herself. Just a few feet away were a pair of cocks that promised the ultimate satisfaction, and to forever leave their mark. Just one would irrevocably stretch her pussy. All those past times, most with decent sized men, would be meaningless. And the cum! Mia’s balls were massive, the sloshing constant in the background as they walked. She’d be pregnant for sure.

Her first moan escaped her. Rhona froze, though Mia didn’t, maintaining her slow, maddening rhythm. If she kept this up, whether or not Rhona resisted would be irrelevant. She would cum before long. Another minute? Thirty seconds?

“Of course,” Mia said, bringing her thoughts back to the conversation, “I won’t let anything happen to you that you don’t want.”

Did that include sticking her cocks inside her? Rhona swallowed the question, and a flood of spit with it. She was almost drooling as her fantasies rampaged.

“Okay then.”

“Great! You’re gonna love this,” Mia said, that sultry edge returned to her voice. It was the tone reserved for seductresses, or steamy porn movies, the type that was designed to entice, and Mia pulled it off with ease. Did she even realise it?

She gave no acknowledgement to Rhona’s moan, nor to her building motions. Pleasure boiled under the girl’s flesh, brimming over as sweat and her creamy pussy juice. Her fingers twitched beneath the giant pillows of Mia’s tits, longing to sink into them, to explore every square inch. Just that would take all day, to speak nothing of how long Rhona wanted to suckle from those nipples.

“How’s your boyfriend?” Mia asked from the aether.

“What? Oh, uh… don’t have one.”

“Oh? I thought you’d get all the guys,” Mia said. She turned to address her, half-lidded eyes cascading over Rhona’s body, devouring it, drenching it in her gaze. A slight smirk tugged on her lips. Was that her approval?

“No! I mean, um, that’s not… I’m not interested in that right now.”

“Well, it’s college. Isn’t the big thing for people to experiment?” Mia asked.

“Hmm?” Rhona murmured, her thoughts muddled as her clit was pressured.

“You know, girls kissing girls, all that stuff? Some people go a little crazier though.”

“Yeah,” Rhona sighed. She ground against Mia’s motions now, losing herself.

“Did you hear about Chloe?”

“Hmm, no.”

“Apparently, and this is just a rumour, but apparently she fucked a horse,” Mia said.

“Jesus,” Rhona said, breathless as she built toward her climax. A mixture of Mia’s seductive voice, and the torment of restraint, pushed her closer to the edge.

“Yeah,” Mia’s hand found Rhona’s from beneath her breast, “Ever thought of that?”

“No,” Rhona answered. She leaned into Mia’s back, pressing her own tits flush against the broad expanse of muscle. Her nipples squished into them, sending bolts of lightning from her bust to her cunt. Sweat saturated her clothes now, sticking them to her skin, while her pussy all but gushed, as if attempting to ruin her tights.

“Really?” Mia asked and turned to her yet again, though Rhona’s movements didn’t slow. Her temperature flared, and her mind screamed for her to stop, yet that was it. She was locked in a loop of self-gratification, one that wouldn’t break until she came. And still Mia remained ignorant to it.

“You never thought of having a horse’s cock? They’re pretty incredible from what I hear. The feeling’s different than a guy’s. It’s kind of leathery, thick and dense. Sounds kind of nice, right?”

“Hmm,” Rhona nodded, incapable of refusing. Mia knew. She had to. Why else would she say this? She knew few people ever really thought of fucking a horse, much less admit to such an illegal and taboo act. Unless it involved a pair of specific horse cocks, which hung mere feet away from Rhona. Did they feel like Mia described?

“Some of them are really veiny, though. Like, you can feel them inside you from what I hear,” Mia said, “And they’re so huge that you feel like a virgin all over again.”

“Uh huh,” Rhona moaned, eyes closed and grinding harder now. She was so close. Her imagination took hold, placing her in a similar state, except she was hung from beneath Mia in a pair of stirrups, while those enormous cocks swelled toward her. Most people thought they could control their fantasies, that their thoughts directed them. It was true, except when lust controlled their thoughts.

“If you want it all, you know what you’ve gotta do?” Mia asked.

“No…”

“You’ve gotta let it fuck your womb.”

“Yeah…” Rhona’s imagination conjured just that, except on a whole other level to what the average girl might think. She had both of Mia’s giants inside her womb, stretching her lower body until they dominated her frame, until she was like a human condom for them.

“But the flares, that’s what you call the heads, make getting them out pretty difficult. Can you imagine being stuck like that and someone walks in?” Mia giggled, though her voice had an edge to it. Not the sultry tone that brought Rhona past the point of no return, but lustful tenor that made it clear she enjoyed the thought too.

“Hmm…” Rhona had an easy solution for that in her mind. A tarp or something, like the thing knights put over their horses, that covered them down to their shins. A caparison, that was it. With one of them, Mia could walk around in public, all the while Rhona was strapped to her belly, helpless to refuse the cocks dominating her womb. Even so, a strong wind or a curious hand would reveal her to the public.

“Ahhh!!” Rhona was frozen but for the tremors emanating from her pussy. Her head was thrown back, mouth agape, eyes shut and back arched. It only lasted a second in reality, but to her, trapped in a cyclone of bliss, it might’ve been hours. Her insides clenched and unleashed her juices. They soaked through her pants from top to bottom in just a couple of spurts. Then Mia took another step and reignited the sensations.

Her nerves tingled in the aftermath, leaving her numb to anything but the remnants of pleasure. When cognition returned, she was held in Mia’s arms like a child.

“So… how was it?” Mia asked. Rhona looked around and saw that they were in a field. How long was she out? She didn’t even notice herself fainting, “We only just arrived,” Mia said, reading the confusion on her face.

“Oh, okay,” Rhona said and pulled on her clinging pants, finding them drenched, “Shit.”

“It’s okay,” Mia said and started peeling them away, grin broadening as she revealed rich thighs, clenched tight in a bid to conceal the sopping lips between. The dark skin was coated in a sheen of juices and sweat, which glimmered in the sunlight. Mia’s nostrils flared as more was revealed, until Rhona snatched the soaked garment from her.

“Stop it!”

“What?” Mia blinked and looked up, perplexed by the action. Then it cleared and was replaced by remorse. As it should be. Rhona yanked her pants up, grimacing at how the material clung to her skin. Any further and she would’ve done it. Crossed that line. Even this was too much. She wanted to, oh fuck, even now her pussy was wet and ached for her to give in.

No. If she went even a step further, just admitting what she felt, would spell the end. Mia would use her, then leave. They all did. But she couldn’t blame them, it was her fault, always was and always would be. That’s what they said. And how could Mia be any different, when every single past lover Rhona had left her? The odds weren’t in her favour.

“Put me down,” Rhona said. She kept her voice level, afraid to let even a speck of emotion slip free. What would come out? Sorrow? Lust? Either one wasn’t worth it. She’d deal with them later, away from Mia, away from the glorious stench of her cocks. Stop it! Her loins burned. Later.

“Okay,” Mia set her down. In doing so, her fingers sank into the plush mounds of Rhona’s ass. The spark of lust almost broke into the void she’d created, though it did enough to make her pussy flare. Fuck, she wanted to. It’d be so damned easy, just pull her pants and turn around and ask Mia to fuck her. She obviously wanted to. The air reeked of her ever enticing musk. It’d just be two words, a quick action, and everything would fade away. That’s what her pussy promised, bolstered by the relentless waves of Mia’s scent.

“I’m going home,” Rhona started walking. Her pants squelched with each step. Any loose parts, few as they were, slapped against one another. The further she got, the clearer her thoughts became, though it didn’t relieve the want simmering within her. Once she reached a sidewalk, all that remained of Mia’s scent was what clung to her own body. It brought her own situation into light, however. She reeked of pussy. At least it gave her an excuse for a long, long, long bath.

That could wait. The first thing her body craved once she got home and into the sanctity of her room, away from her sisters and parents, was the attentions of her fingers and a guilty-pleasure. Beneath her bed, locked and chained away, rested her sole dildo. A monster by most standards. She’d bought it from Bad Dragon last year and couldn’t regret it.

She fished out some lube from a nearby drawer and lathered the obscene toy. It was firmer than most of this model, as she’d requested, and decorated in dense veins that scraped at her inner walls like curious fingers. The head flared into a wide, bulbous crown capped with an inch-wide hole. A pair of balls at its base housed the fake cum she used, and a nearby pump promised to release it into her. As thorough as she’d been, it was a poor substitute for the real deal.

After all, she bought it out of a need for Mia. For the last year, she’d worked out her frustrations with this toy, stretching her pussy wider than her fist, and cumming until her fantasies stopped or her body gave out. Usually the latter, and today was no different.

Hours later and she crumbled to her bed, legs splayed around her impaled cunt. Thick, cum lube oozed from her stretched lips. Her hand clenched in the aftermath, pumping still more into herself. She imagined it was real, that sperm were invading her womb at that moment and fertilising her egg, promising her the birth of a new centaur. Or it could be human or horse. She wouldn’t care. So long as it was Mia’s.

The echo of an orgasm surged through her at the thought. Rhona panted and turned over, cooing at how the dildo shifted inside her, before letting exhaustion claim her. She closed her thighs around the toy, eager to keep it lodged inside. No better way to sleep than with her pussy plugged up tight.