So many people dream of fucking their doctors. They’re the perfect fantasy, most were rich and, to some extent, compassionate, they knew how to care for someone and they could get drugs. But it was for none of those reasons that Mia rocked her hind legs, gently urging her specialised physician to suck more of her cock. She had a simpler reason, but one that dominated all others; lust.

Roshni moaned around the colossal head while her hands lathered the second one in its copious emissions. Pre-cum gushed from both dicks, her throat worked to guzzle down its share, but still several ounces escaped and drooled down her chin, while the other cock hosed down her naked chest. It was a wonder that she could breathe like that, yet she made no effort to pull away. If anything, she tried to go deeper.

Without her lust, Mia might’ve thought the situation was comical. With it, however, she groped at her boulder-sized tits and moaned as Roshni did her best. She couldn’t see the doctor suckle on her dick, only savour the sensations, though her mind conjured an adequate visage. Her dual cocks twitched and lurched.

She saw Roshni in her mind, jaw and cheeks bulging with a flare fatter than any horses, bigger even than the woman’s entire head. And it was going down her throat now. The more Roshni gulped, the easier Mia slid into her. Yet another strange component of her body, one that she approved of, though it needed testing. Hilting what had to be six feet of cock in this petite woman would suffice.

That moment would wait, however. Mia rewound back to the present in her mind, closing her eyes and tweaking her thick nipples to the images. Her cocks had become a pair of broken faucets, unable to turn off their flow, which moved through the shafts like lava, burning and lavishing her senses in pleasure. When Roshni changed her angle, pre-cum exploded down her gullet and onto her chest. The bulge as she swallowed was puny next to Mia’s cock swelling her throat.

Deeper. Roshni worked further along Mia’s shaft, impaled on a mass too great to be anything but inhuman. Her jaw stretched like a python’s, her eyes bulged and wept in reverence, and her tongue writhed under the tumescence. All the while, her hands stroked and gripped what little of the second shaft they could reach. It didn’t scrape the sensations of the first, but she couldn’t complain. Though a second person would be perfect.

Yes, another throat to fuck. Diana was right outside, so close that a simple shout and she would come running, likely after cleaning up her clothes. Was she masturbating right now? If Mia’s pheromones were as strong as they appeared, it was probable, though maybe she had a stronger willpower than that. For all Mia could say, Diana was sat at her desk, stewing in the desires of her wanton cunt, desperate to get up and find Mia, to bend over and present herself. To get fucked deeper than any human alive. To become Mia’s personal broodmare.

“Mm, fuck,” Mia hissed and pulled a breast to her face. Something must be wrong with her to think such things. She couldn’t even get someone pregnant, not with the sperm her cocks produced, but her body was unlike anything humanity had seen. What if her sperm were compatible? What if, right that second, Annie and Keira and Bella were all walking around, unawares of the life blossoming in their wombs?

She stamped a hoof and surged forward. Roshni gagged and pushed against her, but took it all the same, until her chest puffed out with Mia’s cock, which sank lower, intent on her stomach. Whatever the case, regardless of if she could sire children, Mia was ready to breed. Her balls, all four of them, sloshed and rumbled against her hindlegs. Her thrusts lengthened, the force grew, until she’d pushed Roshni against a table nailed to the wall. It was designed for Mia to lay down on, as such the table was the size of kind-sized bed. Just in case.

Mia reared up and slammed her front legs onto it. The metal dented but held up well enough. With her hooves fastened, and Roshni unable to escape with several feet of centaur girl-cock down her oesophagus, Mia fucked her physician. She sank deeper into the lake that formed her bliss, heedless to anything that didn’t heighten her pleasure. Regardless, there was little to distract her.

Roshni didn’t struggle. She moaned, gagged and gurgled. Each thrust forced the air from her lungs, and unleashed the deluge of pre-cum up and out her maw. It joined the fresh produce that covered her torso and drooled down her legs, so thick that it overwhelmed the downpour of pussy juice. Every wasted drop was replaced a thrust later as Mia inundated her stomach in pre-cum. This deep, her second cock bent against Roshni and found its way to her salivating cunt.

Yet entire feet remained uncared for. The diminutive doctor’s hands only reached so far, even now they fell short of Mia’s eager balls, their vastness still expanding despite dwarfing watermelons. A faint tickle in her nose brought her attention to the musk she was exuding. To her, it was an earthy scent, like dirt and, of course, equinity but lacked the unpleasantness of it. All she smelled was fresh hay, grass, and groomed stallions.

None of which registered in Roshni’s mind. What tiny breaths she managed riddled her body with a tidal wave of energy, zapping her senses and focusing them on the objects of her inane lust. She spread her legs apart and clamped them around the crooked dick, her hands helped hold it in place, and ground along its length while gelatinous pre-jizz was wasted on the floor behind her. A whimper escaped her at the realisation. The longer she basked in Mia’s presence, the stronger her inner-slut became.

“That’s it, suck my cock,” Mia moaned from above, voice booming in her pleasure, “Take it down your tiny, human throat. Worship me. My flare, my veins, my huge, swelling balls. Mm, you’d beg for my cum if you could speak, wouldn’t you? Yeah, you would. You’re already addicted and you haven’t even tasted the real thing yet. Just some worthless pre-cum.”

Several inches of cock slid into Roshni, who gulped it down like she would die without it. The tendons in her throat were overwritten by Mia’s cock, its own myriad of dense veins bulging from her neck. Roshni’s hips were in a desperate state of lust. Lathered in Mia’s pre and her own copious cum, she glided along the second prick, pussy latched to a single vein bigger than her fingers. It throbbed against her snatch and echoed throughout. If she hadn’t cum already, her orgasm was nigh.

Three sharp raps on the door fished Mia from the abyss, though she remained mostly submerged. She turned to the door, hips still working to sink her cock, sheath and all, down Roshni’s sluttish maw.

“Doctor? I was wondering…” Diana’s words died as she stepped inside to a sight she hadn’t thought to fantasise of until then, “Mia?”

“Hmm, yeah?” The centaur cooed as Roshni struggled to pull free and address her employee, however Mia kept her trapped. Not only by sheer physical might, but also in her unending musk. It wasn’t a fog, more akin to a blizzard now. One step into its path and you were blasted in the stuff, covered in seconds, and overwhelmed before even that. Unlike a blizzard, it didn’t chill you, rather it enlightened your senses to the peaks of pleasure.

“Can I kiss your balls?” Diana asked. She didn’t look the giantess in the eye, as if incapable of looking away from the four, gigantic, and growing, testicles that crowded a single scrotum. They had a light coat of chestnut fur, which blended into the onyx, leathery skin beneath. Mia swished her tail about, an unconscious choice in spreading her scent around. The pink fur did nothing to distract Diana, who was already stripping. ‘No’ wasn’t an answer anymore.

And why would Mia refuse her? Another eager cock-whore had just walked in, one that wanted to give her balls some love. Annie and Keira were focused on her cocks more than anything, Bella was no different. Even the stray onlookers as she walked by would stare at her sheaths.

“Of course,” Mia said and widened her stance enough to give freedom to her tormented sack, without sacrificing her stability. She wouldn’t be much of a centaur if she stopped fucking Roshni’s face just to let Diana have some fun. The receptionist almost tripped over herself as she ran forward. She wrapped her around the quartet and shoved her face into the skin.

“Fuck!” Diana moaned into it, “Fuck, fuck, fuck!” Her cries reached a fever pitch and an off-beat splash made it clear that she just came.

“Really?” Mia giggled, “Did you cum already?”

“Yes,” Diana said and fell silent, save for fervent slurps and sloppy kisses across the expanse of testicles before her. She shuddered as she worked, caught in a constant haze of bliss, despite her hands being preoccupied with a set of balls. A mixture of spit and sweat soon coated her face.

Roshni was determined not to be outdone. Something in Mia’s fluids had awoken a true slut in the doctor, depriving her of any decency, just as it had done to Diana in the lobby. Anyone could’ve walked in there, yet she was willing, on the cusp even, to seduce and fuck Mia. Now, unfettered by outside interference, or their own worthless inhibitions, both doctor and employee were beholden to Mia. It would take an impossible willpower to stop.

None of them wanted to.

“How’s it taste?” Mia asked with a bounce of her rear.

“Like the dirtiest sex ever,” Diana said, “It’s so strong. I swear you almost taste like pussy, but… but there’s so much cock in it too. And cum, ooh, hmm… fuck! If this keeps up, I’m gonna get addicted to it. To you.” As she spoke, Diana maintained her hedonistic lavishing.

“Not like that you won’t,” Mia said and pushed her away with a leg, then pulled free from Roshni’s suddenly panicked maw. Once her body was freed of the two, she turned to Diana and ushered her to the table, “Get on it.” They did and, unbidden, fell to all fours and presented their asses to her.

Roshni’s had a small, yet bubbly ass. The kind that provided enough of a handhold for a lover, yet didn’t obscure anything for below, nor did they close around her tight, puckered star. Beneath it all, was her pussy. Neatly trimmed pubic hair framed the slop-coated mons, which, themselves, framed the pink folds that peaked out. She reached back and spread it apart, revealing her drenched hole. It was the smell, a sweet aroma to Diana’s spicier scent, that caught Mia’s intrigue.

“Are you a virgin, Roshni?” Mia asked.

“Y-yes,” Roshni said, “You’ll be my first cock. Your giant horse dick is gonna be my whore pussy’s first.”

“You haven’t even tried one yet, but you’re willing to have all men ruined for you?”

“Yes!” Roshni howled and looked to Mia, eyes glossy from tears and the unspeakable need boiling beneath the surface, “Fuck my pussy until it’s shaped like your cock.”

To her side, Diana moaned and spread her own cunt, shaking her hips. Mia laid a hand on her doctor’s ass, groping the supple flesh, while she took in the other desperate slut. Unlike Roshni, Diana was experienced. Her snatch showed the years of sleeping around, taking dicks and dildo’s and fingers inside herself. Yet none of them would even compare to the mammoth shaft Mia intended to shove into her.

“I can smell it,” Mia said as she clapped a powerful hand onto Diana’s fuller ass. It was a delectable sight, stacked high with rippling fat, yet perked up by the layer of muscle underneath, “You’re a real slut, Diana.”

“Yes,” the receptionist hissed and bucked her ass into Mia’s hand, “I’m a whore. I do anything for cock, pussy, even just a few fingers.”

“It’s a miracle you’re not pregnant yet,” Roshni snickered.

“Yes,” Mia agreed and spanked the self-admitted whore’s ass, leaving crimson handprints in her place, yet Diana’s pussy dripped in response, “Yet.”

“Can you even get us pregnant?” Diana asked, a voracious excitement in her voice.

“Dunno. Let’s see,” Mia said. A part of her knew this wasn’t rational. Only an idiot fucked their doctor, especially one who had been the closest thing to a mother in her teenage life, and someone who had been a happy confidant for much the same time. And yet, here she was. She had them side by side, hips touching, an innocent pussy next to a drooling whore cunt, with her own cocks ready to penetrate both. Could they handle it all? Six feet of cock each?

One way to find out, Mia decided and reared back. Neither female flinched as her hooves stamped over their heads. They raised angled their rumps toward Mia’s cocks and reached back, grabbing their respective phallus as they slapped against their skin. Even Diana’s longer fingers were dwarven compared to the veins. Pre-cum gushed across their asses and clung to their skin, even as the excess dribbled across their pussies. Once in position, the two shoved back.

Mia couldn’t see any of it. Yet she felt the impossible sensations of the two women opening for her cocks, spreading their bodies wider than they would during childbirth. Hip bones were forced wider, skin stretched and stretched, while their pussies swallowed her with greedy slurps. She imagined the scene and almost laughed, were it not for the surge of pleasure as both holes undulated around her in sudden, brutal orgasms that had the two shaking afterwards. Her cocks, each larger than the women taking them, were inside a pair of cunts, one of which was a virgin seconds prior.

From their crotches, the bodies lost their definition as Mia’s cock. It’s flare distended their lower abdomen and rose until it met their ribs, having stolen the once flat expanse of each woman’s stomach, leaving them an obscene, gnarled tube-like shape. Thick veins pulsed and drowned out the stampede of their own hearts.

Mia pushed, though her cocks couldn’t very well push into their ribcages. Roshni was first to understand this and, despite quivering under the impossible bliss of her inhuman patient’s cock, helped angle it. On Mia’s next push, she slid past Roshni’s ribs, along her sternum, bulging out her upper torso with the full brunt of her girth. Diana almost didn’t have the sense left to help, but she managed. Both fell forward as the strength in their arms gave out. Instinct kept their legs in place.

“So good…” Roshni slurred between infrequent moans. Her jaw had given out, allowing her tongue to loll out and drool down her cheek, and her eyes were glazed over, the life in them replaced by pure ecstasy that exploded again with each shift of Mia’s cock. A lurid grin still teased at the edges of her mouth.

Diana was no better. She had her chin testing on her hand, while the other gripped the edge of the table as if to crush it, a mindless smirk on her face. Her tongue also extended. Her body rocked with Mia’s slow thrusts, almost starved for pleasure it seemed. The bulge along her torso receded to her gut, then extended back, each time a little easier and less defined as Mia’s pre-cum flooded her.

It wasn’t these imagined sights that made Mia thrust harder. No, it was that she reminded herself of an obvious fact. She was in their wombs. She was stretching their uteruses throughout their chests, between their tits, almost into their very throats. Was this her life now? A perpetual festival of impossibilities, one after the other.

Her next thrust was yet another of those. The startled cries brought it to mind, though she couldn’t see it in person, she was certain that she was envisioned was true. Mia muffled her own shout of pleasure in her tits, the vibrations sending shards of pleasure zapping to, and up, her cocks. Both Diana and Roshni stopped moaning or slurring. They couldn’t do so, not with a six-foot dick up each of their gullets.

Did it stretch from their mouths? Mia kept pushing, wanting her mind to conjure the image of their wombs stretching from their maws, while also being used as a condom for her gigantic phalli. She held her place for a moment, savouring the image of her doctor and friend having their bodies almost replaced by cock. And not even a human one. There was no mistaking the flare, or the black colour that showed through their taut flesh, or the swell of her sheath as it also sank into their bodies.

However, she couldn’t remain like that. Her body had done incredible, unnatural things to the two, but they still needed oxygen to some extent. In that position, her cocks had their airways crushed against them. Mia retracted and the two sucked in haggard breaths, yet their pussies rippled around her, trying to squirt around the ultimate plug. On the next thrust, they helped to angle her away from their throats, freeing of the added restriction of their mouths as she shoved onward.

The table groaned under her weight as she pulled herself deeper, then stopped as her balls slapped the females’ thighs. She was in. This was every foot, every inch, every centimetre of her behemoth members. And they’d taken it all. Mia inhaled a nipple, savouring the inherent satisfaction of the moment and the pleasure of her new mates as they came on her pricks.

“This is… fuck…” Mia groaned. How could she describe it? She’d fucked before of course, even two at once just a few days ago, but this… the difference was night and day. Did her growth cause this? Or was it the mere fact that she’d practically started this by teasing Roshni? Maybe. The fact that two women had all but thrown themselves onto her dicks wasn’t new. Annie and Keira were the same. And Bella had been similar enough.

“So… fucking… awesome,” slurred Diana.

“Yeah,” Mia said. She couldn’t release her tits. Her fingers mauled them in search of greater pleasure, while trapping her plump nipples – each larger than an apple – and rubbing them between them her eager digits. It was pitiful compared to what her cocks experienced, but pleasant all the same.

“I’m,” Roshni giggled, “I’m more cock than person.”

“Yeah,” Diana followed suite and the shared in the mutual absurdity they experienced. Their laughter vibrated through their bodies and into Mia’s cocks, causing her to resume her thrusts.

“Yesss!” The two cried, then fell silent as their strength gave out. Anything left was used to keep their asses high enough for Mia to fuck them, though her cocks were hard enough to support them all by themselves.

Each pussy was a small symphony. They sucked on her cocks as they exited, then squelched on entry, a splatter of juices fell on the table and fell to the floor a moment later. Diana’s was louder, like the slut she was, and her voice hadn’t given out yet. Incoherent words flowed from her mouth. Their meaning was obvious, however; more. Always more.

Roshni was quieter, reserved. If Diana was the brass in an orchestra, then Roshni was the accentuating strings. She offered a soft, high-pitched series of moan, while her snatch occasionally bellowed at the height of its performance, then returned to a soft squishing. Where Roshni was the clear superior was in how prolific her fluids were. They gushed from her like a series of miniature geysers, while Diana’s were mere faucets left on.

But both were united in their ecstasy at being fucked by the centaur. At having their pussies ruined for all other cocks. It’d be a miracle for them to return to normal afterwards. No matter how long they had to recover or adjust, their holes would forever be tight sleeves for Mia, like a pair of human condoms. So tight, in fact, that each felt the breeze on their inner pussy walls as Mia pulled away.

“So good,” Mia moaned from high above, a voice of a goddess in their pheromone and bliss addled minds. Her balls continued to expand, churning a far greater load for the two human mares, even as they swung to and fro, striking each woman on the former. She recalled what became of Belle, how she’d inflated into a human-sized ball of cum. That was with both her cocks in one hole, but Mia had been smaller then.

“I’m gonna make you both swell up,” Mia said, wanting them to know how little control they had now. The thought should have given her pause, but the reason for it was obvious; she was the stallion here. They were a pair of holes to fuck. Easy as that. Their rightful place was here, impaled on her every fat foot of her dicks, while swelling up with entire ounces of pre-cum by the second. And, before long, they would be inundated in her semen.

“You’re both gonna be balls of cum when I’m finished,” she continued, thrusting hard as her body could manage, heedless to their safety. If they could survive taking a seventy-two-inch cock to the hilt, then they could handle some force, “Entire gallons of my baby batter will flood your wombs. How much sperm do you think there’ll be, Roshni?”

The doctor gurgled in response, though her pussy clenched in blatant joy at the idea.

“No idea either,” Mia chuckled, “Bet it’s gonna be high in the trillions though. Maybe the quadrillions? Or higher! Imagine if I could get you guys pregnant? Fuck, you could end up carrying entire litters of my children. I bet you’d get so fucking huge. You’d be like a pair of human boulders.”

Both of them came at the image laid into their addled brains. It didn’t matter what they might think of the matter anymore. They were Mia’s to be used and fucked and bred as she wished. Diana’s belly extended far past her head, a mirror of Roshni’s own predicament, though the doctor’s was absurd by comparison. She stood almost a foot smaller than her receptionist, and now she had six feet of horse dick piled into her. But what did that mean to her anymore? Everything she’d learned in medical school, everything she’d spent her life doing, even the semi-maternal feelings she’d built towards Mia, all were meaningless. Roshni’s eyes rolled and her body went limp.

Diana followed soon after. Thrust after thrust rocked their senseless bodies. The bulge of Mia’s cock sank to their heads, then bellowed toward the wall before them. Each detail showed through their taut, shiny flesh, as did the constant jets of pre-cum as they exploded against the uterine walls. The underside rounded out as they were flooded.

“Oh god, I can’t take much more,” Mia moaned, heedless to her cock-sleeves heedless states. All that she heard, felt or cared about were the two cunts slobbering over her twin pricks. Fucking them was an impossible joy. As she slid back, their walls closed, almost seeming to swell to suit her desire to break through once again. Each little nook and cranny conformed to her veins. The glands that produced their juices had become open floodgates.

Yet none of it escaped without Mia’s help. Fem-cum gushed forth as she slid back, pulling it with her. The puddle on the floor had spread, consuming much of the examination room, where she’d once taken solace in Roshni’s company and advice. For so long, she had only felt comfortable here, away from the throngs of staring eyes and maelstrom of questions. Now it had become a place of pure, unbridled lust.

Mia grunted and slammed her hands into the wall, hard enough to leave holes in the stone. She saw them and hooked her hands inside, ignoring the jagged edges she’d made, and used it to push and pull herself at an even greater pace. The splash of fluids increased, as did the voracious churning in her balls. Nothing smelled of the sterile equipment she was used to. Her musk dominated the room, accentuated by the two cunts pouring onto the floor.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck!” Mia groaned under her breath. Her cocks throbbed with need, ready to unleash a biblical flood of cum into the two broodmares. God, how she wanted to just let go. Both girls had already cum a dozen times, or were close to it, and she hadn’t done it so much as once that day. So unfair.

But cumming meant leaving these glorious sensations behind. At least until she called Annie. With Mia’s size and speed, it wouldn’t take long to meet up with her. Or perhaps Bella would be ready for another double helping of centaur jizz? No, not after how Mia had left her yesterday.

Why settle for one? Or two? She should call all her friends and invite them to the clinic, where they could help clean up Diana and Roshni, before they all turned and worshipped Mia. It would be glorious. Nothing on her body would go unloved, even as she fucked another load into someone. There’d be someone to lick and massage her balls, people to sit in her arms and suckle on her tits, and even someone’s pussy for her to devour. It wouldn’t end until everyone was an overinflated balloon of her seed.

And who would deny her? Keira and Annie had already sampled her cocks, and Bella might not even care that she still looked like a whale had moved into her womb. What about Rhona?

“Oh shit!” Mia glanced to a clock and saw the time. Last week, she’d promised to meet Rhona at the mall today. It was more necessary now, since Mia doubted her current wardrobe would last longer than another day if she kept growing as she had done. She had fifteen minutes. Rhona was a punctual woman, the kind that teased you for being even a minute late.

“Gotta cum, gotta cum, gotta cum,” Mia said and affixed her mind to the sensations bombarding her. It didn’t take long for her imagination to obtrude its influence. She saw Rhona in the nude, as she had before while the ebony woman changed outfits in front of her, except now she was enticing her. Rhona kept her hands over her chocolate nipples, the palms just big enough to shield them, while her hips swayed side to side in a seductive, primal motion. Then she turned and presented the greater ass Mia had seen or imagined.

It was the same one that she would fantasise about having when she was a human, before she understood its detriments. Daily gym visits had built the ultimate bubble butt on Rhona’s form. Her cheeks flared from her waist into a rounded shelf, the kind people photoshopped themselves to have. Muscles surged beneath the layers of fat she’d worked to maintain, keeping the bounty firm yet jiggly. And, like all great asses, it blended back into her luscious thighs.

Her imagination jumped ahead to her hilting in both Rhona’s holes. They welcomed as her friend always did, accepting her as she was, no matter how many feet of onyx, vein-riddled, cum-packed horse cock that meant taking. And, slowly losing herself to the throes of bliss, she pictured herself growing then and there. Taller, stronger, greater.

So huge that she dwarfed houses. So massive that her cocks became mansions. So utterly gigantic that she became the earth itself. All the while she fucked her friends one after the other, leaving them heavy with her children.

“Fuck!” Mia shouted and her vision shattered as bliss exploded in her brain. All control was removed from her, leaving the path clear for her cum. Roshni and Diana both regained enough sense to sputter, moan then scream as they were inundated in jizz. The first blast rocketed through Mia’s urethra, swelling her shaft as it went. Her flares both doubled in size, perfecting the lock she had on the two, though it was unnecessary.

“So much!” Roshni shrieked as her already ruined womb inflated to a heavy ball of cum, despite the giant spire that still extended far beyond her, from which a second, more forceful shot collided with the wall.

“Keep cumming!” Diana said beside her. The slut was in her personal nirvana, even as her knees were lifted from the table by her stomach. Through hazy eyes, Roshni watched Mia’s cock swell from base to tip, then explode with semen. The centaur hadn’t been bluffing about the gallons.

“Don’t stop,” Roshni said, losing herself in the fourth burst. Wherever Mia’s sperm touched her womb, it ignited her pleasure, almost refining it until she once again lost her grip on the conscious realm. All she saw was the white of a billion nerves detonating in a chain reaction of ecstasy, and the envisioned chaos of sperm now inside her womb.

Mia continued to thrust as she came, her body on autopilot as it sought to better impregnate them. She angled her rump blindly, hoping to thrust against their ovaries, despite being much, much too large for such a feat. Even so, she persisted. Her balls continued to swell, though they diluted faster now. From the size of what she guessed to be beachballs, they shrank to mere grapefruits. But sizes were always deceiving in Mia’s case.

Where one might expect a few gallons of cum at most, based on the size of her testicles at the time, she left both Roshni and Diana insensate, laying atop twin orbs of cum, each the half again the size of their entire bodies. Mia clenched muscles deep in her body, hoping to squeeze the last of her orgasm out. It worked, pushing the viscous remnants that had stuck along the inside of her cock. Both females were lifted another inch.

Mia panted from atop them as she pulled away. Five minutes left. She might still make it, if she left Roshni and Diana on their own, but she couldn’t. As they were now, they might slip and fall. She helped them to the floor, ignoring how their pussies gushed against her, and made sure they were stable enough not to tumble over. It took all she had not to linger on her handiwork.

“Mia?” Roshni said, rousing back to consciousness once more.

“I’m sorry,” Mia said.

“Don’t be,” the doctor smirked and rubbed circles into her enormous belly. Her navel had popped out, and the expanse had the illusion of solidity. Beneath it, her pussy sat splayed open to the size of a watermelon. It undulated, trying to return to its former tightness, but the damage had been done. On both it and Roshni’s psyche.

“I think you really did ruin my pussy,” Roshni said and giggled.

“You’re not mad?”

“How could I be? It might be your pheromones, or something else entirely, but I love you, Mia. And you were perfect for my first time.”

“So, uh… we’ll do this again?” Mia asked.

“Absolutely,” Roshni beamed, “Now, come over here. I can’t let you leave with your cocks covered in our cum like that.”

“Yes, ‘Mom’,” Mia rolled her eyes, but trotted over to let her slowly softening erections hang by the doctor’s face.

“Hmm,” Roshni took a long inhale as she nuzzled into the slimy shaft. Her face came away with viscous strings of cum attached, “I could never get enough of that smell.” She soon took the head in her mouth and sucked it clean.

“Hey! I want another load too,” Diana said.

“She, ooh, she’s just cleaning me up,” Mia said.

“Yeah, right,” Diana crawled over and took the other cock into her mouth, stroking and sucking it as she would a flaccid cock, “Come on, get hard for me. My womb’s full, but my belly’s really hungry.”

“Don’t…” Mia trailed off as the two worked.

“I can’t help it,” Roshni said as she lathered the massive cock in her spit, “Fuck, I need more.”

“I’ve gotta meet a friend in a few minutes,” Mia protested.

“Then hurry up and cum,” Diana giggled.

“I have an idea,” Roshni said and leaned away, then her fingertip circled Mia’s broad urethra, before slipping into it.

“Fuck!” Mia shouted as Diana followed suit. Not long after and they got their wish.

-Twenty-five minutes later-

“Sorry, sorry, sorry!” Mia said as she galloped through the mall. She spotted Rhona by the wish fountain, though most people just stole the pennies thrown in by children. Her friend was turned away at the time, checking her phone.

“It’s about time. Jesus, I was about to send a search… party…” Rhona’s voice diminished to a mere breeze as she look upon Mia, “Um… growth spurt’s still on, I guess?”

“Y-yeah,” Mia shrugged and looked down at her friend, over whom she stood almost six feet higher. Rhona wasn’t tall like Keira, but she wasn’t short either. She was in the middle, a nice five-foot-six or seven, Mia assumed. Now, however, she truly looked tiny. As did almost everyone.

“Clothes first, then,” Rhona said and led the way.