The thrum of her phone tore Carmen’s gaze from her book on archaeology. Who was it this time? She checked the date; probably Leah. Opening e-mail, she was struck by another picture of Leah Adams, topless and beaming at the camera with one arm hefting up her breasts. A half empty glass of milk sat in the background.

When Carmen wrote the change, she hadn’t expected Leah to be so enamoured with the catalyst. Maybe she wasn’t. The book held so many nuances, small additions to extract the full effect of an entry that she couldn’t predict. Regardless, the pictured futa had progressed faster than anticipated. Another photo showed the beginnings of new boobs beneath the first. Carmen gulped and slammed it on her bed. Too late. Her cock was hard.

“The more I see of your brain, the more I like,” Ryuka said, taking the phone, “You’re turning her into a real human cow.”

“Dammit,” Carmen groaned and went to the bathroom. Dread and anticipation crawled through her toes and fingers, while lust rampaged toward her crotch, bulging through her pants and dripping down her thigh. She’d given up on panties or even boxers at home, having soaked through too many sets in just two weeks. All because of Leah.

The first image she handled well enough. It was just a plump, attractive girl presenting her boobs, nothing she couldn’t see with a quick web search, then everything snowballed from there. In a mirror of Carmen’s desire, Leah’s areolae darkened, her nipples swelled to the size of ripe grapes, the breasts blossomed until they eclipsed her ribs and then the lactation. Her dick lurched at the banquet she teased it with.

“I can’t keep doing this,” Carmen said after wiping away and flushing her latest orgasm. In the moment, she forgot everything and basked in pleasure, blind to the world. Then the glow faded, and she was left facing a goo-covered toilet, and a floor splattered in her vaginal fluids. Oh, and the smell. Carmen kept a stash of air fresheners for it, but she doubted they did anything. Even fresh air seemed crushed under her musk.

She shivered at the word. ‘Musk’ sounded so base, like she was devolving. And wasn’t she? Humans evolved to control their urges, that’s what made them the ‘superior’ species. Wild animals just followed their desires, without a care but for survival and their next meal.

“Don’t be so hard on yourself. Humans give into their urges all the time. Gambling, alcoholism, sex addiction, it’s all part of being human, isn’t it?” Ryuka mused.

“Yes, but… I should be better,” Carmen flopped onto her bed, its cloud-like sheets and pillows hugged her on all sides, yet she wasn’t satisfied. Above her, Ryuka hovered like always. At times, it looked like she was swimming, her breasts and genitals bobbing in a water current. It’d feel so much better to be held by her, Carmen thought and snapped her head to the side. Her neck and cheeks burned.

“Hmm?” Ryuka floated down, then through the bed. Carmen jolted as the Seikogami came from below, arms looped around her waist. Those massive breasts squished against and around her back, softer than any cushion she knew, “I may be a Seikogami, but I’m also a hugger.”

Carmen gulped, trying to keep her thoughts under control. She had a better chance of outrunning a cheetah than ignoring Ryuka. Softness enveloped her torso, warmth teased her legs where the deity’s cock touched her. How had she avoided touching it? The skin against her leg was smooth, soft like everything else, yet a hardness laid beneath it. Ready to take hold.

“Let me go,” Carmen said.

“No,” Ryuka giggled, “It’s okay to enjoy this. We’re not crossing any of your boundaries, are we?”

“No, but I know what you’re like.”

“You’re worried about the Touch.”

Carmen groaned, “Stay out of my head.”

“It’s okay,” Ryuka repeated and kissed the human’s head, “I’m not about to force you into anything.”

“You did with Leah,” Carmen said.

“No, I just helped you make a choice,” Ryuka said and moved her hands to cup Carmen’s bust, “Now, if I used it here and took advantage of your lust, then that’d be force. I’m not about that. Though these are quite nice now. How come you never play with them?”

“Because I’m not like you,” Carmen forced the goddess’s hands away. They settled on her belly instead, tracing patterns over the shirt.

“That’s what makes you interesting.” Ryuka leaned back. For minutes, they laid in silence. Carmen considered getting up several times, but her body demanded she remain. Sleep had become scarce since she transformed Leah. Most dreams featured her pictures, imagining them coming alive and helping Carmen to cum, which never failed. It was why Carmen now stored condoms with her air fresheners. They made going to bed uncomfortable, but at least the mess was contained.

She glanced at the trash bin near her bed. Hidden under paper scraps and wrappers, laid bundles of swollen condoms, each the size of grapefruits and growing. It made her wonder just how much she was producing everyday. The thought sparked her arousal, but the flame sputtered out as sleep came. Atop Ryuka’s so very soft body, Carmen drifted off.

And found herself in a familiar dream-scape. It was the diner restroom, standing across from Leah, except her figure was the same as the recent pictures. Broad hips swung as they approached, tits bouncing to her steps, all four of them. The top pair were massive, larger than Carmen’s and overshadowed the new set. Two nipples on each breast, each leaking a stream of milk. Leah stopped just out of Carmen’s reach and started touching herself.

She groped each breast, keening moans gliding through the air. She dropped one, splashing milk onto the floor, and moved the hand between her legs, where her fourteen-inch cock stood sentry. But she ignored it. Instead, Leah spread her legs and turned to present her pussy. Chubby like the rest of her, its full lips glistened and squeezed between her thighs. Her balls shrouded the clit, but it snuck into sight.

Leah backed closer and closer until the humid heat of her cunt enshrouded Carmen’s cock. Its smell drowned out the sweet milk aroma, burying it under the alluring stench of pussy. However, like most dreams, Leah turned back around and returned to playing with her breasts. She could drink from them at that size. Easily. If she did, it’d create a perfect feedback loop.

It was still a dream. There, Carmen’s mind was God, the Devil and everything between, with Leah as nothing but a plaything to please her. Taking her upper breasts in hand, nipples swelling with milk and blood, Leah swallowed all four nipples and sucked. Lips pursed tight, she refused to let a drop escape. Her throat worked hard to swallow, loud gulps and sordid moans filling the room. As she drank, her bottom pair ballooned. The top weren’t far behind either.

Her hands vanished inside their gorgeous bounty. Two more nubs formed in the areolae, now the size of plates, and grew into their own nipples. Leah paused to take them in as well, doubling her intake. The younger tits were on par with their sisters, each still growing as they were lifted by another pair. Half a dozen fountains doused the floor in milk.

“You can do more.” Someone - Ryuka? - said. From shadows, a figure so voluptuous, a face so gorgeous and a presence so haunting stepped out. That wasn’t Ryuka. This… creature seemed to struggle with the darkness, like it wanted to be seen and heard and couldn’t be, “Your desires go beyond this, don’t they? Give them a chance. You won’t regret it.”

“What are you?” Carmen asked, stroking herself to the pair. How couldn’t she? Leah was blooming into a human cow before her eyes, with tits bigger than Stacy’s, almost the size of Ryuka’s, and the creature that almost seemed familiar. It broke free of the shadows. No wings or cock, so it wasn’t a Seikogami. It, she, approached and stood with her arms wide.

“Whatever you want...” Her form changed, shrinking and widening slightly.

“Don’t.” Carmen shook her head, but too late. The creature, whatever she was, had taken on Stacy’s form.

“Or do you want another?” She returned to her original form, then a cock sprouted and grew to Ryuka’s size, “You can’t hide your desires, Carmen. Or control them. The only ‘control’ you can have is how you indulge in them.” More changes. Taller, wider hips, tits too large for any torso, fatter cock and balls.

“Stop. Stop. Stop.” Carmen bit her lip to keep from moaning the words. She was close. Another mess to clean up, but it’d feel so good to make.

“You’ve got such a vast imagination, Carmen,” the creature said, still changing, gaining stranger additions by the seconds. Arms sprouted beneath others, which groped the new pairs of tits bellowing forth, while tendrils stretched from behind to stroke three separate dicks. The nipples changed, some fattened and opened, revealing new pussies. Others became mouths, more dicks. She raised her beanbag sack and revealed a pussy bigger than Carmen’s head.

“And the power to use it. So, why not?”

“Fuck!” Carmen shrieked and jerked her hips forward. Cum rocketed out of her, so strong that she thought it would rend her cock and balls, as she was battered by ecstasy. For every drop unleashed, it was like mortars striking. None landed back on her. She looked and saw Ryuka’s face buried in her crotch.

“No, GOD!” More shot forth. She grabbed the Seikogami’s head and held it there, twitching against it through an orgasm she’d dreaded and so, so very craved. When the dregs oozed out, Carmen relaxed and wondered if she’d ever move again. Or think clearly.

“My, that was intense,” Ryuka said. Carmen raised her head to see the deity licking her lips clean of cum, “Not many people cum hard enough to make me spill a bit. You’ve got potential, kid.”

“Just… shut up,” Carmen relaxed and pondered the dream, painting the creature upon the ceiling. What was that?

“Probably your subconscious,” Ryuka said.

“Yeah,” Carmen nodded.

“Or the Futa Note.”

“What?” Weariness forgotten, Carmen sat upright and glared at Ryuka, “What does that mean?”

“Dunno,” the goddess shrugged, “But the book is alive to some extent. It learns from its owner, sometimes even guides her. Perhaps it sensed your hesitation and tried giving you a little push.”

“That must be it,” Carmen said. She leaned onto her pillows, crushing the thought of how Ryuka’s breasts were softer, and composed herself. The book was to blame, not her mind. Always the book. She couldn’t be the one at fault. On her nightstand, the Futa Note rested unopened, untouched for days now. Perhaps the apparition in her dream was its fault, but Leah was her creation. If she just dealt with those feelings, then she could move on.

“Good news, I’m going to the mall tomorrow.”

*-Leah-*

Time was ticking. Leah’s second alarm went off fifteen minutes ago, blaring at her to hurry up and get to work. Easier said than done. She’d showered, ate breakfast, brushed her teeth, used the toilet, but the most crucial part of her new routine went on and on; the milking. Rachel had left to meet a friend already, fed up with waiting on her sister. But it wasn’t Leah’s fault.

She didn’t tell Rachel about what was happening to her. Aside from dying of embarrassment, she didn’t want to give the kid another reason for concern; high school must be tough enough already. Their parents didn’t know either. And that’s how it would stay. Even if they offered to help with the milking, she couldn’t let them know the other change.

It’s what made the milking drag out so long. Even after she took measures to speed it up, even buying breast pumps of all things, she never left the house until the last minute. Her milk never seemed done. Or her cock for that matter. The moment she attached the pumps and the cream flowed, her dick swelled into her hand and begged to be loved. But if she focused on it, her milk came too slowly. If she focused on her tits, then she didn’t get the pleasure of her cock.

“Okay, secret weapon,” Leah grinned. From a box under her bed, she retrieved another box. Inside was her best chance at leaving on time; a pocket pussy. Her co-workers got it for her as a joke after she mentioned how big her clit was - she got drunk, what else was she gonna say. They didn’t know it, but they’d saved her. After preparing everything, she was ready. She stuck the pocket pussy to her wall.

“Alright,” Leah poured some lube over her shaft, though her pre-cum was plentiful enough, and applied it to her toy. She held both and slid inside, “Fuck, that’s tight.” But it took her. Only halfway, but enough. The silicone bulged with her cock and clung to her every ridge and vein. Hands freed, Leah grabbed her tits. The pumps were almost full. Shit! She couldn’t leave, someone might see, and there were no other empty cups.

“I can’t believe this,” Leah said and gulped. She brought the two cups she’d already used and upended them into her mouth one by one, “Oh fuck! I’m delicious.” Heat washed through her, tearing a moan from her lips. She knew the sensation by now and watched her tits. They grew, so faint that anyone else would miss it, however she saw the growth. Something wet on their bottoms brought a groan.

“No, not you too.” Her other pair were leaking now. Whatever she was going through felt amazing. Just walking rubbed her huge breasts against the smaller pair, hardening her nipples at the worst and best times. All eight of them. She didn’t have time to pump them all. It’d leave a mess, but better than being late. Her boss was getting pissed enough already.

Alternating breasts, Leah squeezed. She replaced the cups and drank them too. The warmth returned, surging down her body and into her loins. Her tits swelled into her hands, tight and hot and full. Concern melted away in a wave of pleasure. Milk spurted from her nipples and the sex toy coiled around her dick. The feeling of fluid leaving her engorged teats, squeezing out holes too small for her demand, was as delicious as drinking it. Oh fuck! Realisation flashed through her. Leah moved the pump down to her bottom set and hefted the top.

“Can’t believe this.” Leah gulped and stared at her leaking nubs, swollen and sensitive from the pump. Her areolae had fattened outward, like an udder, almost reaching for her lips. She closed the gap on both her breasts, wrapping an arm over to hold them in place, and suckled.

Customers always bothered her about the ‘freshness’ of the food. ‘Was it bought in today’ and ‘how old is this soda’. She just told them whatever they wanted to hear, whether they believed her or not was up to them. Now, however, she understood the difference. Having her milk slightly cooled from the cup, its taste distilled by the precious seconds out of her tits did not compare. Leah guzzled every drop she could, though some dribbled out.

She fucked the toy faster. She bowed her legs and swung her hips like a madwoman, balls flying into the pocket pussy, then her ass and back again. It stung, but pleasure swarmed the sensation and buried it.

“Ugh, can’t believe this!” Rachel shouted. What was she doing back? No worries, just focus on finishing. Footsteps thundered up the stairs, approaching Leah’s door, “Leah? You still in there?”

“Shit! Y-yeah, just getting dressed.” Her hips wouldn’t stop. She moaned into a hand, breasts leaking down her front and soaking the carpet.

“Well hurry up! The buses aren’t running for some fucking reason.”

“Give me a few minutes!” Leah abandoned any intent on savouring herself and keeping things mostly clean. She pounded the wall, pinched her nipples and clenched her thighs to rub against her fat pussy. It was her favourite, covert way to masturbate. Her clit poked out and was pinched. Here it comes. Leah did her best to hold back her blissful scream, reducing it to a sharp roar as cum blasted out her dick.

“Oh, oh god that was awesome,” Leah giggled and fell onto her thick ass, “Can’t imagine how good a real pussy feels.” Viscous jizz drooled from the abused toy.

“Leah!” Rachel pined from outside, shocking her into action.

After their growth spurt, her bottom breasts almost showed through her clothing. Last thing she wanted was to explain them to someone. She rummaged through her old clothes, too lazy to throw them out, and found an old shirt. Tearing into it, she fashioned a belt and looped it around her lower breasts, squishing them down against her belly. Uncomfortable, yet effective. She’d find a better solution later.

“Gretchen’s so annoying,” Rachel grumbled in the car.

“Why hang out with her then?” Leah asked. She’d heard enough about Gretchen to know she wasn’t a good person.

“Because…” Rachel shrugged.

“That’s not a reason.”

“I dunno. I’ve just done it since freshman year, so it’s normal.”

“Normal isn’t always good,” Leah said, holding back a smirk.

“Fair enough. Doesn’t matter. After this shitty prep year thing, I’m done with her.”

“Oh yeah, what’s your plan anyway?” Leah asked.

Rachel started, “Huh? What plan?”

“For when you graduate. Going to college or just working?” Leah shook her head. Her sister got flustered over the smallest things sometimes.

“Oh. Oh, yeah. Not a clue. I’ll think about it when the time comes.”

“I could always put a word in at the café.” Leah offered.

“No. Like I need more people comparing our… Did your tits grow again?”

“Hmm, oh yeah. Must be a second puberty.”

“That’s not a thing, Leah. It’s gotta be all those snacks you’re sneaking. I thought you were on a diet.”

“I am! I cut milkshakes and coffee and soda. Just water and milk.”

“You could at least cut back on the éclairs and doughnuts,” Rachel shook her head, looking out the window, though her eyes flitted back to Leah.

“No! Those are my favourites.”

“Tough shit. If you don’t want your tits to turn into udders, you’d better stop.”

“Nothing wrong with udders,” Leah said, stroking her breast. She stopped and focused back on the road. Her tongue slipped out and licked her lips, thinking of the bounty imprisoned in her boobs. Rachel just murmured something and fell into silence.

Her manager wasn’t happy, of course. She was five minutes late - better than yesterday - but they just shoved her into work. It was Saturday, busiest time of the week, no time for discipline. Her lower breasts ached from their bonds, however the work rhythm kept it from her attention. As did a familiar face.

It was that girl from a couple weeks back. She was alone, sat in a corner with just a cup of coffee. A notebook sat in front of her, while she tapped a pen. Writer’s block? She glanced up at Leah, who hurried onto another table. For some reason, she wanted to know that girl. She was attractive, sure, with breasts just begging to be adored, but there was something else. If Leah got the chance, she’d get that girls number.

Her heart sank when she next looked and saw no one there. Another time, then.

“Waitress!”

“Coming! What can I… um, get for you?” Leah frowned and pulled on her shirt. Was it always that tight? The customer made their order, and Leah was on her way. The tightness alleviated, then another patron called for her. An attractive, if haggard woman with two kids, probably a single mother. She must not get much action, Leah thought.

The tightness was back, this time it focused in her boxers. Leah leaned forward to hide her discomfort, taking the order as she always did. Her underwear got tighter as she waited for the kids to figure out their choices. That shouldn’t be. She bought the largest pair that’d fit her, and they’d worked so far. It couldn’t be growing as well.

Eventually, she went to place the order. The garment remained tighter, but it wasn’t getting any worse at least.

“Her ass is so hot.”

“What about her pussy?” Leah looked and saw a nearby table of two. A pair of girls, lesbians she suspected, were stealing glances at her. They probably thought it was too loud to hear, but Leah had learned to pick out conversations amid the noise. One waved for her and she headed over. Again, she felt like something was off. This time she noticed that her clothes weren’t at fault, but her body.

“Man, your tits are huge,” one girl said, grinning ear to ear. Leah wasn’t focused on her breasts, worried by the odd sensations between her ass cheeks and thighs.

“Th-thanks. What can I get you?”

“How about… a date?” The other girl asked, licking her lips.

Leah cleared her throat and turned her thoughts to anything non-erotic. Kittens were nice, then her mind twisted into a girl with cat ears and a tail. Old, decrepit nuns. That worked.

“Sorry, can’t quit until five,” Leah smiled.

“Shame. I love thicker girls. Especially when they sit on my face.”

“So! Um, what can I get you?” Leah repeated. The heat between her legs was horrible, and something strange was rubbing between her ass cheeks. It wasn’t her boxers, they felt different to this. The lesbians let her go. Thank god. She had to see what was happening to her body. Right as she came to the restroom, someone asked for her. Leah opened her mouth to refuse and apologise, but the words caught. She went over.

Another table of women. Just friends this time it seemed, though both were equally fascinated by her rack. That original tightness returned, stronger this time. Leah waited until the order was done to check herself.

“No, no, no.” Her breasts had grown. Not the small amount she’d experienced over the past two weeks, though that had added up. She looked a couple cup sizes bigger, if not more. Her shirt was riding up now, as neither mountain gave much ground to gravity.

“I’m telling you man, long tongues are the best. Like, top tier for me now. Oh! Hey, could I get a water?”

“S-sure,” the moment Leah said that, her tongue tingled like it was numb, then her mouth felt full, “What the fuck is going on?!” Leah hissed at herself and gasped at how her tongue rolled out. It recoiled just as fast. She got the customers water, but got distracted and spilled it.

“Oh crap, I’m so…” Her tongue slipped out as she bent over. He stared at her, while her cheeks burned hotter than a deep fryer and she dabbed at his shirt.

“Hey, uh, are you doing anything tonight?”

“Yes.” She said and escaped before anything more could happen.

“So, I was on this website the other day and you won’t believe what showed up… double pussy. Like, girls with two vaginas. Hot, right?”

Leah didn’t wait and moved to another table. Whatever magic was terrorising her, or if this was a dream, she wasn’t allowed to stop working. Someone always needed something it seemed, nor could she refuse them. Worst of all, every customer just made her hornier as they flirted or talked about weird things. She tried going to the bathrooms, but someone always called her.

“Take a break, Leah. Ten minutes, got it!” Her manager shouted from the back.

“Thank you!” Leah scampered to the restroom and slammed it shut, panting hotly. Everything was hot and *alive*, like a million volts were frying her nerves. She walked to a sink and stared at the mirror. A familiar stranger stared back. That was her, right?

She yelped and backed away before she could take in the staggering visage. Her eyes fell to her tits, which moved as if someone were groping her, yet she saw no hands or anyone behind her. All she could do was feel them. Leah grabbed at herself, trying to break free, however nothing but her own skin met her touch. A ghost? Was she cursed?

That might explain everything. No one could prove ghosts didn’t exist, or vice versa, so perhaps Leah was victim to a perverted spectre. A spectre that knew how to use its hands. Fingers dug into key points, urging the blood into her nipples, and the milk to flow. Of course they were full again. She hadn’t expected this, as such she had no pumps. Her only options were to let it drain into a sink, or drink it.

Her cock lurched at the suggestion, digging the boxers into her skin. Any other time, and at home, she wouldn’t have hesitated for a second. But this was where she worked. She had to be out in ten minutes, less by then, and presentable. She couldn’t go back out there though. Leah was slow, she admitted that freely, but not stupid. If she served a customer, her body changed.

And drinking her milk would just exasperate it. The spectral hands stepped up a gear, tugging on her nipples and soaking her shirt. Juices ran down her thighs, which she clenched together, then jerked apart again. Since when was her pussy so big? Leah gawked at her panting reflection, its lips too plump to be hers, eyes too large and hair a deeper red than ever, and at the way her tits were handled. Quivering in pleasure and fear, she reached down her body and lifted her uniform skirt.

It fell from her grasp to drape over her straining cock. Just as she’d feared, the member had grown even greater, now thicker than her chubby bicep with a flattened head to match. The skin looked a bit darker too. It almost resembled an animals, but which one?

Her thought crumbled when the ghost abandoned a breast and yanked her boxers down. For a moment, she stood frozen, incapable of processing why or how this happened to her. Delicate pink folds dipped below her ballsack, no small feat at its size, and ropes of viscous fluid drooled from it. Leah lifted her testicles, hot and heavy and pouring from her palms.

“What the fuck is this?” Even her voice trilled with pleasure. Cradling her sack in an arm, she cupped her new oversized pussy. She recoiled, hissing in shock and delight, and touched again. It was too big for her hand, the vulva squishing out the sides and drenching her in juices. She squeezed and had to grab the sink for balance. When she looked at the mirror again, her face was smiling.

“Well… fuck it, I’ve got time.” Leah crumbled to her knees and crammed fingers past her meaty cunt-flaps. The insides fit three without trouble, and a fourth just the same. Her fist was next, snug in a cocoon of pussy. It squelched with the smallest movements, juices splashing her thighs. All the while, the ghost kept playing with her boobs.

“H-hey, I’ve got these,” Leah said and shoved her face into one boob, angling its nipples to her mouth. The other hand stopped, “No… keep going. Please?” The ghost seemed hesitant, then its touch returned, this time on Leah’s pussy. She acquiesced and pulled out, her snatch slurping on her hand the whole way. Then it was replaced not by fingers, but what felt like a tongue. Oh god, the spirit was eating her out. She put the other hand to work on her neglected cock.

The warmth returned and doubled. Why, she wondered. She wasn’t serving a customer, therefore the ‘curse’, or ‘spell’ or whatever it was, shouldn’t activate. Yet, she felt it deep in her gut. A roiling sensation of growth. Along with a sudden rush of bliss. Leah fell onto her back, which arched to fit the new height of her ass. Her breast, the one not bound or held, rolled off her torso like a water balloon. Or an overfilled condom. They must weigh a ton. She should be uncomfortable, even as she came on a ghost’s tongue, yet nothing disturbed her ecstasy.

If anything, the weight made it better. She grunted at a sharp pain, which faded back into pleasure. Her breasts grew. The bottom tier struggled with their bondage. Milk soaked through the cloth. Leah bit into her teat and held it in her mouth as she pushed the torture device away. Free to release as they wished, milk pooled around Leah as she drank more. Her cock throbbed in her hand and pre-cum spilled like a busted faucet.

“Leah! What’re you doing in there? We need you out here.”

*-Carmen-*

Carmen fell back at the sudden shout. Her tongue tingled with the juices on it, which dried and dripped on her cheeks. She looked around in stunned silence, panting and aroused. What did she do? Unlike her, Leah was already in motion. She put her clothes back on, proper as she could in her current state and went to leave, face betraying no worry over what her appearance might do.

“Shit!” Carmen lunged for her bag and tugged the Futa Note. One small addition; ‘only Carmen will notice anything wrong with Leah’s appearance’. The calligraphy was awful, but the book didn’t care. By the lack of screams, it worked in time.

“I never expected that from you,” Ryuka giggled as she floated in view, “What next?”

Carmen glanced at her and said nothing. She wiped her face and rinsed out her mouth, but the tang of Leah’s pussy stuck with her. That was stupid. She shouldn’t have done that, or been in the bathrooms to begin with. If not for her ridiculous body, then everything would’ve been fine. Instead, she lost control again. Even worse, she was seconds from going even further.

“I’m leaving.”