Thought returned in slow waves. Mia became aware of several hands on her body, along with the touch of wet sponges and the smell of soap. Sudsy water slipped across her form, down her every muscle, and into every crevice. She cooed when it washed over her asshole, then her heavy balls. The hands moved to her phalli, reaching deep into her sheaths to wash everything they could.

“Why can’t we just fuck her?” Someone asked.

“Because she’s sleeping idiot. It’s basically rape.” Another voice spoke.

“Yeah, but… you really think she’d mind? She’s still leaking pre-cum, isn’t she.”

“Let’s just wash her up first. It’ll probably turn her on even more anyway.”

Mia sniffed the air. The soap, a potent citrus aroma, clouded her natural musk but couldn’t cover it. Once it wasn’t applied, the smell would vanish, replaced by the stench of centaur dick-meat. Through the odours, cum wafted through. She licked her lips and tasted it on them, or was the reek just that strong.

“Think she’ll be surprised?” The two were speaking again. One had a subtle timbre to her voice, shy perhaps.

“Oh, definitely,” the other was confident, husky with lust. Both were laced with it, and if she listened closely, the shy one panted every few seconds.

“Sis, you’ve got some drool on your chin,” the confident one said.

“Oh, thanks.” Mia could almost hear the blush, “So, uh, weird thought…”

“Go on.”

“I had my arm in her butt, like past the elbow. Do you think, maybe, it could fit *me* inside?”

“Jesus, Ashleigh! That’s disgusting… but I kinda like it.” Mia did too. Her cocks lurched in their sheaths and shoved the cleaning hands out. Soap water was cleared away by oceans of pre-cum. The centaur poked around with her hooves, making sure she wouldn’t step on anyone, and stood. Her pink hair clung to her face from the water, so she tossed her head and cleared the view. In front of her stood two gorgeous, dark-skinned girls.

And behind them was the remains of a trampoline, atop which Rhona’s still massive form rested. Her pussy had already recovered, leaking a slow stream of semen. Mia’s cocks all twitched at the sight, jetting pre-cum all over the two before her. They giggled and wiped the viscous gunk from their eyes, before licking it up. Mia watched them, unable to resist such a display as the sisters descended into a debauched kiss, swapping spit and pre like insatiable lovers. Their hands wandered to each others luscious curves.

“She’s watching,” one whispered. Ashleigh, Mia assumed. She shot fervent glances to the centaur, even as her ass was mauled by her sister’s hands, each finger sinking easily into the mounds of fat. Opposite her, Jasmine dominated with her breasts. They looked twice the size of Ashleigh’s, but appearance could be deceiving. Mia wondered how they’d fare in her own huge hands.

“Let her. Once she’s all good and hard, we’ll let her join in,” Jasmine said, clearly the more cocky of the twins. She shoved her blonde fringe aside and kissed Ashleigh again, grabbing fistfuls of neon blue hair. Their bodies slid against each other. Ropes of pre-cum hung between their lips as they came up for air, or bridged their bodies. Both ground their groins into the other, pussies thick and soaking. They only stopped when Mia’s cocks bumped in them.

“How do we do this?” Ashleigh panted.

“One each. Mia can decide what to do with the other.”

“What?” Mia asked, frowning at them. Then she looked past her expanded tits and counted her cocks. They stretched far beyond her legs now, making it easy to look and count. One, two… three. It must’ve grown while she was passed out. The last time she grew a cock it had been a strange, blissful experience. She almost regretting not experiencing it, but shock too precedence.

Like the other two, it was enormous. All three had large bumps across their shapes as well, some longer than others, that gave them an even more unusual appearance. The heads, still lightly tapered and huge, gushed with pre. She recalled having her butt fisted and, aside from the surge in hardness of her new trio of dicks, how there was two sources of pleasure. Were there three now? She strained to look at her backside, but couldn’t bend far enough. Four balls at two cocks. With three then…

She was distracted by the touch of twin hands on two members. Mia returned her gaze to them, both girls now marvelling at the sight. Veins crawled across her shafts, more sprouting with every thump of her heart.

“I thought we washed them. They still smell so…” Ashleigh couldn’t finish. She tried finding the right word, but failed. A mixture of lust and Mia’s musk clouding her mind.

“These are real cocks,” Jasmine said, her voice like a religious zealot worshipping their god, “Remember Tony?”

“Yeah,” Ashleigh shivered, “That’s nothing compared to this. Oh fuck, she smells so good.”

“Yes,” Jasmine also shook. They both pushed their bodies against the dick, rubbing their puny cunts against it, getting wetter by the second. Each took longer breaths, refusing to exhale until they had to. Ashleigh climbed atop a shaft, grinding her whole body against it. Her sister soon followed suite. Juices flowed down the cocks, thicker and greater until both twins seized up in unison.

Mia panted from above. Despite just waking up after fucking Rhona into a coma, and emptying her balls in the process, she was ready to fuck again. Could anyone blame her. Two girls were astride her dicks, cumming on them no less, and she still had one that wasn’t being tended to. She opened her mouth, ready to tell them to start sucking her off, when a car pulled into the driveway next door. The same house that she’d taken the trampoline from.

The centaur didn’t stay to deal with the repercussions. Any other situation and she would have, but every other thought demanded that she fuck first, growing louder by the syllable.

“Hold on tight,” Mia said. The two girls mumbled something and crushed their luscious bodies into her steely cocks. She set off in a gait, waving at the woman climbing from her car, who gawked at the towering centaur. No cars were on the road, so she changed to a gallop. Soft moans punctuated every crash of her hooves on the asphalt. She turned down another road, heading for a nearby field. A minivan stopped in her path. Mia didn’t think to wait, compelled by her lust to keep going. Her trio of cocks thudded against the metal and smeared it in pre-cum.

She glanced back when it was clear of her balls, which cracked the windscreen. The owners had climbed out and were staring at her, not in anger for the moment, just awe. Because of course they would. Their car was just crushed by a group of giant cocks, two of which carried girls, and a sextet of testicles.

More cars got in her path, but were short enough to avoid the worst of it. One stopped too soon, when Ashleigh and Jasmine came atop her cocks, triggering her own explosion of pre, leaving it dripping with her excess. Unfortunately, as her arousal burgeoned, her assets also swelled. The average car became dented with the shape of her balls, any SUV was a lost cause. She almost pitied those with sunroofs, as her slimy ejaculate flooded the insides.

She finally saw the field. Given the hour, most kids were in schools and dog walkers were long gone. Not that it would sway her decision. If anything, an audience might make it better. Oh, to have people gawking at her while she turned two more girls into condoms for her dicks, then inflated them to the size of beanbags and beyond, would be euphoric. Not to mention the power of her pheromones.

More women. More pleasure. Mia hugged her arms to keep from touching her tits, yet the constant air current was enough to engorge her nipples and steal pleasant whispers from her lips. The girls on her cocks had taken to leaning on her flares, hands stroking across the sensitive flesh, encouraging a thicker flow. One of them, Ashleigh she believed, managed to reach and toy with her urethra.

“Alright, we made it,” Mia said once her hooves struck grass. A playground sat to her side and several benches littered the rest of the park. Not another soul in sight. She ignored the disappointment and flexed her monumental trio, launching the girls to the ground. They squealed as more pre splattered them.

“Fuck, this stuff makes you look hot,” Jasmine said and clambered atop her sister, grinding their slippery bodies together. Ashleigh reciprocating and even furthered it, massaging her twin’s breasts and kissing her. More slime fell upon them, a continuous flow from Mia’s ever expanding testes.

“Hmm, tastes so good,” Ashleigh groaned. Their hair was matted in the stuff and sunlight glistened off their skin.

“We’re forgetting someone,” Jasmine said and climbed off to grind against Mia’s leg, now taller than the girl, “Fuck, just a little lower and you’d still have your pussy.”

“We’ve got the next best thing,” Ashleigh scuttled to Mia’s back, where her balls continued to bloat with cum. The short run, while not exhausting, had left a fine coat of sweat on her flesh. One whiff and Ashleigh’s knees gave out. She cried out in bliss, then mashed her face into the leathery skin. Folds caught her nose, drowning her in musk.

Mia let her be and picked up Jasmine. Using her other arm, she held her tits together and dropped the plump-titted twin into her cleavage. For a human, Jasmine stood above anyone her age in regards to boobs, just as her twin did with her ass. Here, however, she seemed little more than a doll. She was caught between breasts with nipples the size of her legs, slipping over them from the pre-cum on her body. A full-bodied tit fuck.

Her own cries joined Ashleigh’s, then muffled by Mia. Beads of sweat rolled down the squishy mountains, so huge and heady that she crashed into another orgasm.

“Too much,” both twins slurred, “It’s too much… but… more…”

Mia understood them clear as day. She set Jasmine on the ground, still convulsing in her latest climax, and pushed Ashleigh to her. Both girls recovered and stared up at the centaur that stood nearly three times their height, and dozens times their weight. Just her cocks could crush them. They almost did.

The triplet of phalli hovered over them, held up by Mia’s libido and height. Even so, less than a foot separated them. Ashleigh glanced between the three, fingering herself.

“See one you like?” Mia asked.

“Yes,” Jasmine hissed.

“I can’t choose,” Ashleigh said and got to her knees, reaching up to caress one, then moved onto another, “I want them all.” Mia shivered as she got flashes of her latest fuck. The sensation of both her cocks swallowed by a pussy and womb, grinding together as she worked, each throbbing in tandem and sharing their pleasure. Would three even fit?

“But I want them,” Jasmine said.

“I called dibs.”

“No you didn’t.”

“Just did.”

“You can’t just call dibs on cocks like those. I mean, they’d tear you apart.”

“Wanna bet?”

“Yeah, I do. I bet you can’t take all three without popping like a balloon.”

“Deal. What do I get if I win?”

“Duh! You get to keep fucking her. If I win, you have to…” Jasmine looked around, searching for inspiration. Her gaze settled on Mia’s spewing cocks, “Try crawling into her dick!”

“What?” Mia and Ashleigh said.

“You heard me,” Jasmine smirked and looked to Mia, “That sound good to you?”

“I, that’s…” Mia gulped, then shrugged. No one had been injured by fucking her, so what was there to worry about. All that might happen is Ashleigh’s poor cunt gets stretched beyond repair. She doubted she’d mind. But she had something else in mind first, “Fine. But later. I haven’t fucked two pussies since yesterday.”

“What about the third one?” Jasmine asked, before Ashleigh could protest.

“Figure it as we go, now get on my dicks,” Mia growled. The thought of cramming not one or even two, but three of her cocks into someone kindled her lust like nothing before. Or perhaps she was just that horny now. It was to be expected. New cock, new balls, and likely a new prostate on top of it all, of course her hormones would run rampant.

And she wanted to put them both in their place. They’d talked as if she were some prize, a trophy to be earned, when they were little more than breeding mares for her. A pair of bitches, delectable in every way, that needed to be reminded of who’s boss. One fuck and they’d know.

“So, uh, how do we…” Ashleigh stood under one cock, still stroking her cunt.

“You’ll need to brace yourself against something,” Mia said and fixed her sights on the playground.

“Fuck waiting any longer,” Jasmine said. She launched herself onto the cock of her choice and manoeuvred herself until her slavering snatch pressed against the tapered crown of Mia’s dick. The flood of her juices drowned in the pre-cum. She hooked her hands and heels around the flare, then pulled. On a normal creature, such treatment might hurt, even a hardcore masochist might quit. For Mia, whose every square inch was designed for pleasure and little else, she just moaned and let Jasmine try.

Ashleigh wasn’t to be outdone. She managed to pull one to her level and climbed atop it, hips grinding along whatever they could. She was somehow wetter than her sister, releasing thick rivulets down Mia’s girth, which followed her arm-sized veins. After struggling to position herself, she found the same point as Jasmine. The peak of Mia’s cock jutted over her urethra like a balcony. Ashleigh wrapped her thighs around the head, pressing so hard that her voluptuous ass found itself pressed into Mia’s opening.

“Inside… come on, just go in me,” Jasmine whimpered across from her. If they couldn’t take even one dick, then how could Ashleigh handle all three. Their sister had taken two before, but that was with Mia’s weight pushing into her. It was hopeless.

Then Ashleigh yelled. She’d slipped and clung to Mia for dear life. In the process, her asshole found itself flush against Mia’s cum-fountain, which puckered slightly and poked into her body, past the tight knot of muscle. Murky, semi-translucent gunk poured into her bowels. So warm, so thick, so heavy… Ashleigh’s entire body went lax. She would have fallen if her pussy didn’t open like the spreading of a grand curtain.

The tip entered her. Then her folds stretched and stretched, wider until her hip bones creaked in blissful agony. She curled in on herself, caught in a wave of sensations that she couldn’t describe to herself. It was ecstasy. It was torture. It was strange. It was familiar. It… simply, it was heaven.

Ashleigh lost all concern for herself. She saw the shape of Mia’s dick already replacing that of her groin, then her abdomen, all before the head was fully inside. And still she stretched. Her hips widened, further than any woman’s would during childbirth, yet she couldn’t find reason to stop. Not when she felt that first gush of pre against her pussy walls. It flowed straight to her cervix then squeezed out as more of Mia entered her.

She pulled on the flare, desperate to be filled. More of the black, spongy flesh squeezed into her, squelching with heavy doses of pre-cum. The urethra kissed her womb, belching slime against the obstinate barrier. Volts of bliss darted along her nerves and spine, jerking her muscles. She eyed the last few inches, the final mountain for her to climb. Her pussy crept towards it.

Deeper. Tighter. She felt as if a truck was pushing into her. Her body must be ready to give out any second now, yet she continued. The folds of her pussy, once neatly compact, now spread taut and peeled back for Mia. Her clit crushed against Mia’s cock, so swollen and sensitive that she wasn’t sure where her orgasms began and ended. Then her cervix caved and it was in.

Just the head. Ashleigh gawked at the entire feet of dick still outside her body, yet her womb was full, her cunt so stretched that a person could crawl inside. And she wanted more.

“What the fuck?!” Jasmine said. She’d made no progress aside from slipping and sliding along the head, covering it and herself in pre-cum. But Ashleigh had no capacity for her sister, not when another cock sat between them. It looks lonely, she thought as it turned the ground below into slop. She reached over and stroked the flesh, rocking her hips on instinct, then stopped at the urethra. She traced the circular opening, wider than any of her fingers.

Mia moaned above her. What better signal could Ashleigh hope for. She pressed her index and middle fingers into the crevice. It clung to her like sticky paper, yet her fingers slid with ease, lubricated by the constant tide of pre. Ashleigh treated it as she would her pussy, slowly teasing the entrance, using her thumb to find other pleasurable spots, while her fingers twiddled and curled around the innards. More cum poured into, onto and around her.

“Whatever you’re doing,” Mia panted, “Keep doing it.”

At her words, Ashleigh added a third finger. The hole stretched a bit to accommodate, but its pliancy was astounding, swallowing her digit like a hungry animal. Her pinky soon joined it and, after some teasing stretches, her thumb came too. As the hole snapped around her wrist, Ashleigh seemed to realise what she’d done.

She was fisting Mia’s urethra. Her entire hand, straight to the wrist, was inside a horse-cock, drowning in pre-cum and getting massaged by the velvet smooth walls. Ashleigh clenched, relaxed, then went rigid as her head flung back, her eyes rolled and tears streamed down her face to join the spit on her cheeks. Her tongue hung free, vibrating with her scream. Juices gushed from her forever changed pussy as the pure insanity of the situation overcame her.

But she still craved more. Even amidst the greatest pleasure she’d ever known, despite doing another act so depraved and unusual, she couldn’t wait to try more. So long as it involved Mia. Anything for Mia. She’d take all her cocks, bathe in her ball sweat, even sleep in her sheaths.

Jasmine watched her sister’s face turn from blissful to absolute depravity. Gone was the shy girl she knew, in her place hung a woman crazed with pleasure. All thanks to the centaur they both craved. Unlike Ashleigh, Jasmine had slept with dozens of people, taken cocks and dildos of all sizes. Yet this one dick presented an insurmountable challenge, while her sister took it so deep with ease.

“Come on, dammit!” Jasmine grunted, trying to force the tip inside to no avail. Lubricant wasn’t the problem. Even in her frustrations, her pussy drooled like a glutton at a buffet. So why couldn’t she take it? She had missed something.

“Having trouble?” Mia asked.

“No,” Jasmine said and tried again, “Yes.”

“I think my cum does something to people. All the girl’s I’ve, uh, done it with always sucked me a little or something.”

“But I’m covered in it.”

“Try swallowing a bunch.”

“Okay.” Jasmine doubted it would work, but she had no other option. Besides, if anyone knew the secrets to handling giant, horse-cock, it would be Mia. She pulled herself up and straddled the shaft once more, pausing to bask in how its veins throbbed against her pussy, then worked on getting her mouth to the urethra. Several tries later and she found the right position. Jasmine glanced to her sister, who rocked her hips to the visceral rhythm of Mia’s heartbeat.

She refocused when a spurt of pre-cum splashed her cheek. It was faint, perhaps a trick of the light, but she swore vapours of its odour wavered in her vision. Her nostrils flared and devoured it. Such a foetid, lurid, delectable stench. More powerful than any garbage heap, yet so fragrant that she never wanted it to go. She’d caught whiffs while Rhona was fucked, but this… being so close was maddening in the best way.

Time snapped out of place. One moment she was staring at the bulbous tip, then her mouth was wrapped around it, while her nose became clogged with pre-cum. An inch lower and she found her maw flooded. Jasmine gulped, but the mixture was too thick to go down. She glanced at the slimy earth and saw how white it looked. More goo escaped her mouth, a pearly colour.

It couldn’t be possible, yet it was. She’d thought the same thing when she first met Mia while out with her sisters, and again that morning, then once more with Rhona. Physics, sensibilities, any logic failed in the face of the centaur. Hers was an impossible existence.

So why couldn’t her pre-cum be as thick and rich with sperm as the actual stuff? Which, itself, was the same viscosity as jelly, maybe denser. The globs that clung to her cheek oozed down across her lips and over her eyes, gluing them shut. She didn’t need to see. She felt, heard, tasted and smelt everything anyway. From the audible squelching of pre-cum and Mia’s thunderous heart, to the way her shaft seemed to harden by the second, she even wondered at the wriggling sensation on her tongue.

Her throat worked like a machine. She chewed the semen in her mouth, but it clung to her teeth and gums, and still more came gushing in a perpetual tide. But she wanted more. Every breath struggled to reach her lungs, the blood rushed to her head, and her pussy throbbed in a building orgasm. Her gut clenched and she gurgled a moan. Ashleigh screamed yet again and Jasmine’s muffled cry joined her.

Mindless groans rumbled in her chest. The world bleared around her, clouded by the gunk in her eyes. More oozed out, layering upon her face. Jasmine ground her cunt into the cock, even though she must’ve swallowed enough cum to take it now. The thought of parting from this flavour, from the smell, made her shiver. And it wasn’t doing anything regardless.

Mia grunted and shifted on her hooves. The cocks swayed with her motion, knocking Jasmine’s face forward. Her jaw stretched wider than humanly possible, like a anaconda about to swallow its prey, and more of her cock crammed inside. Not an inch of space was spared. Her tongue pressed flat and squirmed, trying to pleasure Mia. The tip pushed against her throat. Compelled by instinct, Jasmine shoved her face harder against it.

Just taking another inch seemed an insurmountable battle, but she’d long since learned not to think. Logic was a failed practice against Mia. Slowly, inevitably, her maw extended and passed the flare, which bulged from her throat like it was wrapped in a condom. Mia’s heartbeat supplemented her own as it sank deeper.

Jasmine floundered for a handhold with the flare gone and hooked her fingers into a vein. Only one thought dictated her actions; Deeper. No room for doubt or reason. All she knew was that she wanted to go deeper, to beat Ashleigh and be impaled on this dick forever. She felt her torso swell. Like everything else, this shouldn’t be possible. Her heartbeat against Mia’s cock, her lungs filled with air despite the giant obstruction in her airways, and she was cumming throughout.

What did it look like to an outsider? She imagined that her torso was nothing but skin around Mia, her arms and legs hanging at her sides, while her belly distended with a cock bigger than her entire body, arm-thick veins all throbbing through her skin, while foot after foot entered her. Jasmine glanced through murky eyes to her sister. It was faint, but it looked like she’d regained some lucidity. The top heavy twin ignored her in favour of another climax.

Ashleigh pulled herself to the middle-dick. She couldn’t move her legs, merely kick and twitch in her endless pleasure. Instead, she brought herself to the cock with her fist currently inside it. She twisted and pushed and pulled, shuddering as her womb grew heavier with pre-cum, while she licked at the mostly dry head. Would it fit in her like it did Jasmine? Probably, but that could wait.

She wanted to test Mia’s cock-hole. Her other hand hooked into the orifice, pulling it wider and spilling pre-cum like a waterfall. Where the creamy slime touched her tingled like a constant thrum of energy against her skin. Ashleigh lapped at the flow, moaning at the flavour and smell of it. Her lower body clenched in another release just from the taste.

“Oh fuck,” Mia gasped, “You two are great.”

“Still more to come,” Ashleigh said, speaking more to the cock than its wielder. Her sister couldn’t respond, both gagged and insensate with cock. The bottom-heavy girl fed a pair of fingers in alongside her wrist, then more as Mia’s hole swallowed them. Mia stamped her hooves and nickered softly, moaning at the stretching.

“You’re *in* my dick!” Mia said, realising the sensations assailing her.

“Yeah,” Ashleigh breathed, feeding still more of her hand in with her other, “It feels so squishy and slimy inside. Kind of like your asshole. But it tastes even better.”

“You were the one who fisted me?”

Ashleigh nodded, then remembered that Mia couldn’t see her, “Yeah, it was. I wanted to do it again. And more. I’m so fucked up.”

“No, you’re not,” Mia moaned.

“I want to be so fucking close to you. I want to be tucked into your scrotum, swim in your sweat, cum and spit, I even want to go up your ass.”

“Like… like, vore?”

“Yes!” Ashleigh cried in another climax, then her muscles faltered. Any words she wanted to say past that became nothing but gibberish, a string of sounds without meaning beyond bliss. Her eyes rolled as she came harder, feeling Mia’s cock pulsate and flood her insides with jizz. Despite her having yet to orgasm.

Mia’s breaths came in heavy gusts. All three of her cocks were in bliss. Neither were buried all the way, though Jasmine crept forward inch by inch, but between the twins’ womb, stomachs and arms, she felt her orgasm encroaching. The rumbling in her balls as they distended crushed grass underneath, and her cocks felt harder by the second. She never considered Ashleigh to be such a freak, but… she’d be lying if the thoughts didn’t tempt her.

Having arms in her cock or ass felt amazing. A leg might be better. An entire body even more so. Maybe they were both freaks? She almost laughed at herself, there was no ‘maybe’ with her, a fifteen foot centaur with three cocks and half a dozen balls, who fucked any woman who offered herself. Even her friend’s sisters.

And why wouldn’t she? Every woman she fucked fell unconscious with ecstasy from her cocks, even without getting their pussies hollowed out by them. They all came to her. They knew their place beneath her, and she loved them for it. That’s right, she thought. So long as a bitch knew it, they would be happy to let her claim them whenever and however she wanted. Of course, that meant a womb or belly inflated with sperm.

“Hmm, fuck I’m gonna cum,” Mia said. Her hands found her tits and, once again, she wished she had more women. Two wasn’t enough for her penises any more, and far from enough to satisfy the rest of her. If Rhona hadn’t passed out, she could be on the third member. If Annie was around, she could be sucking and fucking Mia’s nipples. If Keira, Roshni, Bella and Diana were there, they could try worshipping her bloated testes. But even they wouldn’t be enough.

What about the other two testicles? What about her ass? What about her mouth? Oh god, she wanted to feel women all over her. Licking, kissing, fondling, adoring her from head to hoof. Her breaths came faster. Drool escaped her lips at the memory of tasting a pussy. Something must be wrong with her if she wasn’t satisfied with those she’d fucked so far, yet she couldn’t refuse it.

“More… more… oh fuck, give me more,” Mia pleaded. Whether that meant the twins pleasuring her more, or for other women to stumble across and join the lurid display didn’t concern her. She just craved more.

And she got it. Ashleigh’s arms sank to the biceps, Jasmine reached her sheath, and her senses imploded. With her massive lungs, Mia’s cry rang for several yards, reaching the ears of anyone remotely nearby. Though quieter, the ensuing tsunami resounded throughout the park, even the spurts launched into the trapped girls.

Mia lost all thought to her pleasure. She rode the waves, leaving cognition to drown under the waves of cum, and so she didn’t notice the intermittent swelling in her cocks. The nodules spaced around her shafts lengthened to the size of arms, holding both twins in place, as did a series of bulbs that swelled down the lengths. While slight, they were enough to keep them on the cocks, despite the pressurised waves of semen.

Gallon after gallon poured into the two. Their climbing weight brought the cocks down. Jasmine’s stomach faced the ground and met it long before Ashleigh did. Her belly inflated to the size of a beach ball in seconds, then eclipsed a yoga ball and beanbag. Likewise, Ashleigh’s abdomen distended into a monument to fertility, however hers rose skyward and fell under its weight, pouring over the sides. Her skin resisted enough to hold an ovoid shape.

In the meantime, Ashleigh’s hands were blasted free. Mia’s central had no container. Jet after jet launched forth and collided with the playground, covering the monkey bars, slides, jungle gym and roundabout in her seed. One apparatus wasn’t fitted well enough and toppled over.

More and more and more cum flooded the area and the girls that inhabited it. Mia recovered enough to notice her increased production, easily double its earlier load and still going. Entire minutes passed since she came before the end arrived. She stepped away from the gibbering, huge-bellied girls, pulling free of their bodies.

“How we try that bet?” Mia said, but Ashleigh couldn’t offer anything more than a mad giggle. Her eyes were glazed over, half rolled into her head, and Jasmine wasn’t any better. The centaur looked around, as if someone would appear to help her with this mess. She didn’t have her phone, and the girls were naked before arriving at the park. Only one option remained. Carefully, she picked them both off the ground. The slight pressure was enough to open the floodgates.

“Oh crap, oh crap.” Mia set off into a gallop, hoping to put them back home before Rhona woke up and got worried about them. Cum splashed everywhere, not the least of which herself. It soaked into her fur and hair and oozed down her chest. She’d need a shower later. If she could find a way to fit.

After returning the girls, Rhona was still unconscious, she didn’t linger. The last thing she wanted was to be questioned by her friend, and she really needed to bathe before the semen turned crusty. No one liked dried cum. At home, however, another obstacle waited.

“Hey there,” Annie said, trying to maintain annoyed tone, yet her awe came through clearly.

“Hey,” Mia blushed and smiled, stepping closer to truly tower over the petite girl.

“We need to talk…”

“Do we?” Mia leaned down, still several feet over her.

“Oh fuck.”