Waking up proved a surreal experience. Mia stretched and nuzzled into her pillow, prompting her newly acquired housemates to do the same, though their ‘pillow’ were her various body parts, all massively oversized compared to them. Nestled between her breasts was Mikaela, Annie’s sister, head barely a blip against the expanse of flesh. Wriggling much further below, Annie snuggled against the overstuffed sheath, wherein Mia’s cocks laid dormant for the moment. Roshni was the most sensible, yet decadent, as she dozed atop the centaur’s monumental balls. Her mouth was open, sleepily suckling on the dark scrotum.

She smiled and finished her stretches, taking care not to rouse her lovers. That’s right, she thought, feeling all their bodies against her, she’d fucked them all. More than once. Even after Mikaela’s first time getting to meet her cocks, she was given a thorough reintroduction just hours later. Mia raised her head to look around, amazed at the lack of a mess, despite her going to bed with nearly every square inch of her new home coated in her seed. Someone must’ve cleaned it up.

Surveying her surroundings brought another, far more daunting change to her attention. A groan escaped her, though she wasn’t upset, just resigned to her continual growth. If she’d struggled to ruin her former house, even if by accident, then she’d raze it with her new dimensions. How big did that make her cocks now? Mina attempted a peek at them, twisting her torso, which awoke Mikaela.

“Morning,” she yawned, blinking for a second, before her eyes jerked open, “Holy shit, you’re even bigger.”

“You can tell?” Mia asked.

“I’ve got an eye for this stuff. Used to piss Annie off all the time, since I’d point out every time her ass grew.”

“Shut up about my ass. That’s Mia’s property now,” Annie grumbled and crawled from her nest of foreskin, “Hmm, love the smell of centaur girl-cock in the morning.”

“More fond of the balls myself,” Roshni murmured and kissed the egregiously huge sack, then caught herself before she went in for more, “Uh, sorry, lost my train of thought. Looks this was the right move though.” She hopped down onto the mattress, excessively padded to provide Mia all the comfort she could ever want.

Mia nodded and stood, tentative around her far smaller lovers. The sisters whistled as they gazed up at her, neither able to reach her underbelly even by stretching anymore. That didn’t stop them touching her balls, however, given their sheer enormity. At its lowest, Mia’s scrotum was only a few feet off the ground and, at her height, put them on a pedestal no living mammal could reach. Just glancing between her friends, Mia had to be upward of four times their more average height.

“We’ve gotta see her cocks,” Annie said.

“Totally,” Mikaela agreed.

“I agree. For further study, that is,” Roshni licked her lips. As the oldest one, it was her responsibility to try and act the part of guardian, despite being no less of a willing cocksleeve than either of the sisters. All three gawked at her sheath, lust blatant on their faces, drool on their lips and naked bodies quivering. Roshni clenched her thighs shut, while Annie rubbed at her sopping pussy without thought, her sister more covert, but still touching herself. Just a few days ago and Mia might’ve hesitated.

But these were her friends. They loved her, wanted her, needed everything she could give them. Even Mikaela, who she hadn’t met more than a few times prior, showed nothing but adoration for her. Mia’s cocks throbbed in their home and pushed out, eager to feel that love wrapped tight around them once again.

“Ho-” Annie gasped.

“Ly-” Mikaela continued.

“Fuck me,” Roshni finished and, although the wrong phrase, was universally agreed upon as the centaur’s monumental pricks extended into the open, stretching along her belly to bump into her forelegs, then pushed into view beyond her breasts. The already cock-famished look on the girls faces worsened, lights vanishing from their eyes, replaced by unbridled desire. Mia understood why, a phantom lust from her femininity pumping through her cocks and lifting them higher. They slapped against her and held their new altitude.

Long spires were erected across the shafts in erratic patterns, as if pointing toward the trio beneath them. Interspaced among the spines were rotund bulges and, all across the length visible to Mia, stark veins throbbed angrily. Even for her body, they were the size of her arms, easily akin to someone’s thigh. A subtle mist exuded from them, thickening into a fog as it spread across the area.

All three females bucked their hips and fell to their knees, pussies spraying against the floor. Each occupied the space beneath a cock head, mouths open in silent worship, as all three pulsed and pushed a heavy dollop of opaque pre-cum out. It fell, connecting against Roshni, Mikaela and Annie’s tongues, all swallowing in unison, before leaning back onto their hands and arching their hips heigh as possible. Noisy, lurid squelches emanated from all three’s cunts.

In sync, they cried; “Fuck me!”

Then an alarm went off. Mia looked to it, though none of her desperate lovers deviated from the cocks, and saw a single word; CLASS.

“Oh fuck, I forgot about that,” Mia groaned, chewing her bottom as she glanced back to the three, pussies dripping like faucets. If it was that time already, then Roshni must need to go to work soon. And Mikaela was still in high school. None were concerned with that. They didn’t even blink as they gazed up the slowly flagging erections, drooping nearer to their splayed legs.

“Um, guys, I think we’ll have to get a rain check on this,” Mia said, finally breaking the trance.

“I… I need to go to work,” Roshni said, though torment raged in her eyes and her body remained in place.

“Can’t we just do it quick then go?” Mikaela asked, shaking her hips.

“No,” Annie said and grunted, like her body fought her will, as she righted her posture, “Mia’s right. It’s probably best that we leave this for later. Mikaela, you definitely need classes.”

“Hey!”

“And Roshni’s working to help Mia, so she can’t miss work.”

“True.”

“So you guys go and I’ll help Mia get ready for college,” Annie said, to which the others glared.

“I don’t think I’ll go honestly,” Mia said, reacquiring their attention, “I’m just too big, right?”

“Oh my god, you’ve gotta go,” Annie chirped, renewed excitement brightening her eyes, “I can’t wait to see everyone’s faces when you show up.”

“Nothing will fit me,” Mia said, licking her lips at the prospect Annie suggested. What was it about getting so huge that made her like this? All her life, before and after her surgery, Mia had been fine not being centre of attention. Even after her short lived celebrity status, she kept to herself for the most part. Now, however, as her body grew beyond the realms of reason and into pure fetishism, she longed for those who stared at her. Her waning erections twitched and stopped their decline to hang halfway from the sheath.

“Just use the bed sheets,” Annie suggested, “Not like anyone will complain at a nip-slip from you.”

“Actually, they did supply us with this new material,” Roshni said and rummaged through a set of drawers, before pulling out an unassuming shirt, which appeared several dozen sizes too small for Mia, then stretched far as her arms would go, “It’s stronger and more flexible than any elastic out there. Give it a try.”

Mia arched a brow at herself. The shirt fit like a latex stocking, hugging her shape as if painted on, and left nothing to the imagination. Not the majesty of her breasts, or how proud her nipples were as they jutted forth atop the mounds of her areolae. Despite its appearance, the fabric was soft like cotton to her touch and hugged her sensitive flesh nicely.

“Won’t I still get in trouble for my cocks?” Mia asked.

“Can’t imagine why. People see animal phalli all the time,” Roshni shrugged, “Besides, I’m sure your pheromone output will squash any issues.”

“What’re you saying?” Annie inquired.

“I suspect Mia could flood a literal street and any law enforcement that arrived would try repeating it rather than prevent further damage.”

Mia took a deep breath, recalling yesterday at Annie’s house, how close she was to cumming all over the neighbourhood. If it weren’t for the MILF and sorority girl and Annie, she would have. Though would anyone have cared? All the people she saw had gone inside, moaning loud enough for her powerful ears to pick up. She should try it sometime, just to see.

“See? Just let your giant semis hang out, maybe cock slap anyone that’s gotta an issue, and boom! No more problems,” Annie said.

Mia chuckled and shook her head, “I guess it’s worth a try.”

Two conflicting thoughts raged as Mia trotted onto campus. ‘This was a mistake’ and ‘I want to fuck’. No one looked anywhere but at her. Even those she knew were devout Christians gawked at her the same way Annie had earlier, though none spared a glance for the tiny human riding Mia. A couple tried averting their gaze, but she’d take another step and suddenly they were transfixed by the shaking of her phalli.

They sometimes dragged on the floor if she didn’t keep her muscles clenched. Such was their length. Mia didn’t notice a student between her legs and knocked them over with one. Backing up to check on them, she found a freshman rubbing at herself through her jeans, face smeared in pre-cum. She noticed Mia staring and tugged at her belt.

“Oh my god, Mia!” Rhona’s voice distracted the centaur, who turned away from the lust-stricken freshman.

“Hey, Rhona.”

“You, uh, really shot up, huh?” The dark-skinned beauty strolled up to her, luscious curves constrained by a skirt and tube top. It made sense with the warmer weather, though Mia suspected a different reason as she caught a whiff of Rhona’s pussy.

“Just a bit.”

“Hi, Rhona!” Annie called from the centaur’s back, “Wanna join me? The view’s great from up here.”

“Well, if that’s okay with you?”

“Sure,” Mia grinned and picked up her friend, placing her down with the much smaller girl. They were so tiny next to her, and only getting smaller. It was slight, but Mia’s shirt was already tighter than when she left, a constant creaking in her ears as the elastic remodelled around her frame.

“I went to your house this morning, thought I could get a ride,” Rhona lowered her head, dark cheeks blazing scarlet, “But it was ruined and you weren’t there. I was worried.”

“Don’t worry, I just outgrew it. Good thing I did it yesterday,” Mia said.

“Why?”

“Her cocks would’ve torn it apart,” Annie answered, then whispered into Rhona’s ear, just loud enough for Mia to catch as well, “You should’ve seen them this morning. They’re way bigger than she is tall.”

A sudden rush of moisture soaked into Mia’s fur. She thinned her eyes at Rhona, a knowing grin spreading, though a new sensation on her balls stopped her inquiry. Moving away, she found the freshman now stripped, their skin glossy from the perpetual layer of ball sweat Mia perspired. Others were approaching a similar state. Her cocks jerked and, in the brief silence, a heavy ‘plop’ was heard.

Then alarms rang throughout the student body. No one was close enough to fall into the same trance as Annie had, the abrupt noises enough to bring them back to reality and head inside. Mia gulped, nipples pulsating in tandem with her trio of pricks, now encroaching on full erection. Everyone wanted her. An orgy was inevitable if not for the alarms. If she stayed then there might be no going back.

“I’ve got time before class,” Rhona said, “What about you two?”

“I’m good for now,” Annie said, “Mia?”

“Huh? Uh, yeah. I’ve got another ten minutes or so.”

“Great, care to tell me where you’re living now? You better not be on the streets.”

“No, no,” Mia chuckled and filled her in on the events of yesterday, skimming over what she’d done to Annie and Mikaela.

Rhona glared at her, “Wait, so they’re all living with you and you didn’t think to ask me?”

“I was busy,” Mia said, though a poor excuse. In truth, after getting home, her three housemates had turned her on again, “And I didn’t think you’d want to leave home so suddenly.”

“Fuck that. I’m joining you guys. My sisters probably want in too.”

“Wait, how many would that make?” Annie asked, counting under her breath, “Six of us?”

“Yeah,” Mia said, voice wistful for the possibilities. Three to her cocks while the other three rested? No, she could do more than that. Three on her dicks, one pleasuring her asshole, and the others on her nipples? Maybe. Or maybe her cocks swallowed half then shot them into the others? Yeah, that’d do it.

“I’ll barely ever get a turn at this rate,” Annie pouted.

“Don’t worry,” Mia said, eyes and breath heavy as she turned to look at her cock-sluts, “You’ll be so full of cum, you won’t even notice.”

“Uh… I need to use the bathroom,” Rhona said, glancing around, while her thighs clenched.

“I need to be used,” Annie muttered, but sighed when her own alarm went off. It was time to separate for the day and try living like normal, well-adjusted human beings, and not as the sluts for a dick-girl centaur. Mia groaned as well, but let them down. Much as her body craved to fill and cover them both, she had more mundane issue before her; how to fit inside the building?

Doors were an impossibility. While taller than average, her equine half still grazed the frame and left no room for her front, though she tried regardless, almost trapping herself. She attempted a different angle, but it proved fruitless. It also made clear how fast she was growing when she gave a third try and couldn’t even get her rear into the door. Her balls made it through at least, which left a smear on the floor.

Sighing, Mia trotted around the building. All she could do was explain the situation to her teacher and hope they let her look in through a window. Another sigh escaped her when she recalled the lesson being on the third floor, beyond her reach. For now, she thought and looked up at the windows, wondering how long they’d be too high. Her shirt creaked louder, prompting a small grin.

“Mia?”

“Oh, hey Keira,” Mia said, stopping to look down at her friend.

“I guess it’s been a while,” the athlete said.

“Only a couple days,” Mia shrugged, “Feels like longer though, right?”

“Yeah, you’ve really changed. Is that a third dick?” Keira asked.

“Mmmhmm. Hopefully I don’t grow more. It’s enough that I’m always growing bigger,” Mia said.

“I’m surprised you even showed up,” Keira said, covertly pinching herself, “Aren’t you too big to fit inside?”

“Yep, I was just going to explain everything to Ms. Grace. What about you?”

“Huh? Oh, uh, I’ve been feeling a bit off lately. Just taking a walk to clear my head.”

“I could always ask my doctor about some medication when I get home?” Mia offered.

“You live with a doctor? Since when?”

“Yesterday. She’s been my physician since my surgery. Right now she’s looking into stopping my growth.”

“Oh, okay. Well, um, I shouldn’t keep you. See you later.”

“Alright. See ya,” Mia said and watched her go around, parts of her twitching as Keira’s ass bobbed to a brisk pace.

Once past the corner, Keira stopped and grabbed her breast. Sharp breaths left her, trying desperately to clear the addictive aroma from her lungs, but Mia’s musk was everywhere. She bit her lip in hopes the pain would steal control back from the lust pounding through her veins. It took everything for her not to climb onto Mia’s dicks. What were they doing hanging out like that, drooping so low they grazed the longer blades of grass? They’d been leaking white cream too, though Mia couldn’t have cum recently.

If she had, there’d be signs. Either a ballooned woman or layers of jizz all over the place. Keira stifled a moan and forced her hand away as someone passed by. Like pulling a bowstring further and further, the urge to touch herself only worsened the longer she restrained herself. More people walked along, sparing her a worried glance, then hurried along to their own classes. Why hadn’t she taken that blatant chance with Mia?

“Fuck, she’s so hot,” Keira groaned and resumed her groping, another hand sliding across the dampness between her thighs. She could just turn back around and ask, but Mia was so huge now. If fucking her before had seemed insane, just looking at those cocks was a death sentence, yet nothing else occupied her thoughts. She needed to get bigger too.

Keira had always been the taller girl in her groups until Mia’s surgery. Even after that, only the centaur overshadowed her, but she hadn’t grown at all recently. Mia had mentioned her physician, did that mean they were studying her growth, did they have it isolated? Could they give that same effect to Keira? She looked to the ground and imagined it being pushed away by her growing legs.

Heedless of the people around her, Keira jammed the hand into her clothes and ground the palm into her clit. She pulled her top up and over her breasts, pinching the swollen nipple, while in clear view of anyone that walked by. What a slutty move. Her fingers slid through her labia, squelching around them, before being slurped into her hole. Such a slut, Keira thought to herself, picturing her own giant form being slammed from behind by Mia’s gigantic cocks. All three would rail her filthy cunt and work her juices into a creamy froth until semen replaced it.

“Oh god, Mia!” Keira cried out in abrupt bliss, her pants soaking through as juices spurted around her fingers. Unbidden, her fingers kept stimulating her, pulling on her nipple and sliding across her throbbing clit. A second climax whirled into existence and swept her legs from below. She fell to the ground with a wet slap. She murmured in her delirium, uncaring that someone would see or hear her, “I’m a slut for centaur cocks…”

Mia explained the situation to Ms. Grace. It proved awkward for both, as Mia caught her on the first floor, which put the lecturer at the perfect height to stare directly at the trio of phalli, though she accepted Mia’s issues. A simple solution was offered; outside lessons.

“It’s a waste to be inside today,” Ms. Grace said, “And we don’t need any slides for this class.”

And so, Mia’s class occupied a yard of greenery. They could’ve spread out into their own cliques, taking notes or gossiping amongst their own, but everyone stayed close to Mia. They didn’t interact with her, some even wanted to move away, but found reasons, no matter how arbitrary, to stay nearby. It could the shade her massive shape provided, or the fact she didn’t mind them leaning on her, though her scent became the definitive reason.

“Okay, uh, we’re outside today, but that’s no excuse to slack off,” Ms. Grace said. Mia couldn’t take notes, but she paid attention, trying to absorb all the information possible.

“Hey, uh, do you need help with notes?” A girl she wasn’t acquainted with asked.

“Yeah, thanks,” Mia said and leaned over, though that strained her back, her tits shoving against the shirt. Everyone must’ve heard the creaking of the material by then, and none could mistake the conspicuous bumps for anything but her nipples. She groaned, rubbing at her shoulders, “One moment, this’ll be easier.”

“What’re you, oh sweet Jesus fuck!” The girl squealed as Mia picked her up, seating her on the vast expanse of her bust. Thankfully, her shirt bolstered their already pert shapes and provided a perfect desk space, if very soft, “Wow, we’re really high up.”

“Sorry about scaring you. My tits are really heavy even for me,” Mia said, then chuckled, “They could probably crush a car.”

“Oh god,” the girl murmured, hips squirming, before she reaffirmed her focus on the lecture.

“Th-that’ll be all today,” Ms. Grace said after an hour of stuttering through her lesson plan. The girl on Mia’s chest had stopped taking notes halfway through, hands instead gripping her book and pen in consternation. Her thighs wriggled together, bouncing lightly on Mia’s buoyant tits. The centaur ignored it all until a moan reached her ears.

“Kelly!” Ms. Grace shouted, bringing everyone’s attention to Kelly, who was pulling down her shorts to finger herself.

“Sorry,” Kelly said, “I-I can’t help it. I’m so fucking horny.” She took a deep breath, suddenly doubling her efforts to finger-fuck herself in plain view of the others. Vehement thrusts splashed juices across the grass, her back against Mia’s leg. A spasm caused Kelly to slide off, looking up, directly at the drooping set of equine cocks. Like a signal going throughout the class, all other eyes locked to them.

Kelly’s obscene sounds were joined by the note taker atop Mia’s chest. Whether the sounds tipped her over, or she couldn’t restrain herself, the girl had shoved her own pants down, hooked her panties around her engorged mons, and went to town on herself. Juices dribbled onto the centaur’s shirt, staining the struggling material. Her nostrils flared at the nearby lust, the aroma rushing to her members and lifting them from the ground. Gasps echoed among the rustling of clothes.

“Control yourselves,” Ms. Grace commanded, yet no one heard her. Mia swept her gaze across her classmates, none more than a foot away from her, and none even acknowledged that their lecturer had spoken. In their world, she didn’t have anything like the clout Mia possessed just by standing there. Fertility swirled about in the air, worsening with every shared gasp among the students, while Mia’s cocks pumped longer and fatter with heavy droplets falling from their tips. Though captivated, murmurs spread amongst the others.

“It’s not just me right?”

“No, I feel it too.”

“It’s like a burning in my belly.”

“My cunt’s so fucking wet.”

“Don’t call it that!”

“Shut up, your cunt’s just as bad.”

“It feels like I need a baby.”

“Y-yeah…”

“I wanna get fucked and bred so bad.”

“Someone knock me up right now.”

They continued in that vein, the muggy atmosphere worsening as lust decayed everyone’s inhibitions. Skirts, shirts, pants and underwear were discarded as people gathered beneath Mia like a congregation to summon her erections, which kept progressing. Ms. Grace was the only one to hold her place, watching the events in abject shock. More conservative than her students, she wore a sensible skirt past her knees and a blouse that only hinted at her full chest. Controlled or not, her cheeks were flushed.

Mia’s hind leg jerked as someone licked her balls. Other tongues joined the first, moans rising from them, and lips kissed the thick, leathery flesh, stretched taut by her myriad of fecund balls eager to flood the field and all those nearby. She looked to the girl on her chest, grinding her pussy against the shirt, and picked her up again. Unlike the first time, she didn’t scream or struggle, just humped against Mia’s fingers. A moan roared from her lips as Mia mashed her tongue against her sopping snatch.

“Miss Davis!” Ms. Grace shouted, though Mia didn’t pull her limber muscle away, letting her classmate undulate against it. Spit and fem-cum coated her thighs, which clamped around Mia’s organ. No one else paid Ms. Grace any attention, infatuated with the centaur. Once her balls were surrounded, they went for her legs, desperate for any taste of her.

“Put… put her down this instant! And come with me!”

Mia tilted her head at her. A tiny person was ordering her around? It’d take a single cock to bring her down to nothing but a willing slut just like the others. Nine feet of cock extended past Mia’s chest, hovering above Ms. Grace, who tried in vain not to stare. Her balls, pleasured by the entire class, ached to unload. If she didn’t cum soon, that ache would become all consuming.

“Hey,” Mia said to the girl, pulling her from the tongue, “Want me to ruin you for all other dicks?”

“Yes please!” The girl said, ripping at her shirt, legs flailing and flinging her juices about.

“So polite. Which one?” Mia asked, turning her to see the trio of near identical pricks, each a labyrinth of veins that led to one of two possibilities; the flared crown, or the overburdened sheath.

“All of them. Breed me with all of them!”

“Miss Davis, come with me right this instant! Or I’m calling campus security!” Ms. Grace shrieked at her.

Mia rolled her eyes and reached down to grab her. A closer view of her cocks would stifle any of those pesky inhibitions that plagued the educated woman. Then it was just a matter of taking everyone, one - or three - at a time. She blinked when Ms. Grace cowered beneath her outstretched hand. What was she doing?

“Uh, sorry. I was getting carried away,” Mia said, though her pulse still thundered in her ears, stronger still through her cocks. Much as she wanted to let loose right there, it wasn’t the right time. And she barely knew any of the people around her. She’d wait until later, after she got home and her friends would happily present themselves to her.

“Just come with me. The rest of you, sober up and get to your other classes,” Ms. Grace snapped and marched away, leading Mia into the campus gymnasium. Most of the sports teams were away on competitions or training outside under the sun. The barren room echoed Mia’s hooves as she trotted into its centre, looking down at the teacher who, by law, possessed more power than her. By nature, however, Mia was the clear apex.

“What was that?” Ms. Grace asked, voice like a shard of ice raked across a chalkboard, “That display… utterly shameless. You need to be punished.”