

ROTUND REALMS - "ORGANIC PRODUCE," PART 1

By Zaftig Industries

CW: Burps, weight gain, slob, flatulence/farting, scat, centaur girls, mild hyper, strong sexual tension



Graduating from the Guild of Agriculture hadn't been easy. Dion and Alexis had purchased their farm just days after graduating, going into business as partners, navigating every obstacle before them. Back then, running a business had seemed simple. Exciting, promising.

Unfortunately for them, their new farm proved to be none of those things.

"Damn. Not a single sprout, even with the weeds pulled every day. What is *wrong* with this patch?"

Dion the satyr set aside his weeding-bucket, frowning at the churned earth below him. The recent graduate was a hardy and patient you, but his patience was being tried by a plot of land which refused to grow *anything*, much less the bounty of delicious organic vegetables, gourds and legumes that they had promised the farmer's market.

At this rate, they would never have a harvest ready for market. Grabbing the bucket and turning towards the farmhouse, he hollered for his, who waved at him from a neighboring patch.

"Alexis! Anything growing over there?"

"Nope! I'll letcha know if I see anything!"

Alexis was a centaress, and a prime example of her species. With her dabbled brown hide, a long luxurious tail and a well-toned, sun-browned human half, the freckled hybrid looked a lot like some sort of earth goddess... especially given the jutting bust under her cutoff T-shirt, which Dion did his best not to look at. They were business partners, after all--it would have been rude.

"What do you think the problem is?" She clopped over to his patch, making sure to walk up her furrow and then circle around it, so as not to trample the delicate crops. "Soil pH, maybe? More aphids?"

"No, not this time." He sighed. "It's just... our entire thirty acres is fallow. *Nothing* seems to want to grow here. Our crops should be reaching for the sun by now, but instead..." He shrugged his brawny shoulders. "Nothing."

"Hey, it's okay. Let's take a break for a bit, alright? I hate seeing you wrapped around a tractor axle like this."

Her gentle Southern accent gave him comfort in his despair, and he smiled as she squeezed his shoulder.

"Okay, okay... Just for a little bit, though."

"Good! I'll make us some dinner."

"Are you sure? You cooked lunch, too..."

"It's fine! I like cooking. And eating--mostly the eating, if'n I'm honest."

Alexis cantered towards the house, her equine rump bouncing fetchingly in the warm spring sun. Dion did his best not to look at *that* side of her, either--he was fully aware what his Satyr instincts would say about those rippling, well-fed haunches.

Phrases like "built like a brick shit-house" floated through the perverted back half of his mind, but he ignored the impulse to stare. He was a *civilized* Satyr, not like those wild bucks up in the city. He was going to be a peaceful farmer, far away from the saucy temptations of urban life--and the diverse strippers of the Southend slums, where his family hailed from. He needed to stay focused.

Damn you, Universe, he thought, *for giving me such an attractive and brilliant business partner.*

Inside, Alexis was already hard at work firing up the gas range. The farmhouse was a little rickety, but the kitchen was brand new--the previous owners had remodeled it before selling.

The screen door clacked as her business partner followed her inside. Pulling off his work gloves, Dion went to wash up, his hoofs clattering on the old wooden stairwell. Alexis hollered after him, brushing curls of hair out of her eyes.

"Hey! Dion! Don't forget to call the landlord today--we need another extension on the rent!"

"Right! Shit..."

He sighed, rubbing his forehead. Their stubborn, reluctant farmland hadn't dished out much produce... and so they weren't able to pay rent. Again. If Alexis hadn't been such a bubbly optimist, Dion thought, he probably would've given up on this whole adventure. But her persistent, happy-go-lucky nature kept him committed to their goal. No matter how bad things got. He wondered if she would stay that way once they went completely bankrupt...

He shucked off his work gear, and turned on the tiny upstairs shower. Everything downstairs was modified for Alexis, including the bathroom and its notoriously sticky double-doors, but the upstairs was his domain, built for humans and human-ish creatures.

He dusted some dirt off his ample pecs and glanced at himself in the mirror--hair, high-cheeked and with green eyes currently sunken with depression. Dion stepped into the shower

and groaned as the hot water washed over him. As he washed, he racked his brain for a solution to their problem.

It was the fertilizer--he was almost certain of it. They hadn't been able to afford as much as he'd expected, and it was leaving their fields without precious nutrients. Without proper fertilizer, they couldn't get enough nitrogen into the soil to stimulate a good crop. And without a good crop, they couldn't pay for fertilizer. Such was the brutal cycle of poverty engendered by a bad patch of land.

Of course, it wasn't all bad. At least they wouldn't starve. Excited to have two young entrepreneurs in their town, the neighbors were constantly bringing by treats, including pastries and casseroles, for the "young couple."

Alexis and Dion were *not* a couple, as they'd explained *several* times, but the nearby population of Brownies, gnomes and wizened old dryads still insisted on bringing them gifts. *And good thing, too*, Dion thought with a smirk. *What with Alexis' huge appetite, we probably wouldn't be able to afford half the food they bring us if we had to buy it ourselves.*

He fumbled for his well-worn loofah, scrubbing off all the workday dirt and grime he'd accumulated. As he soaped himself down, he reflected on the hospitality of their neighbors... and how Alexis' body had taken to it.

Whether out of stress or simple kindness, not wanting the gifts to go to waste, she'd sucked down every morsel of food the neighbors brought for them. That was fine with Dion--he didn't have much of an appetite to begin with. At least, not an appetite for *food*.

Appetites for other things, though... He was very familiar with those.

And Alexis hadn't helped him there. As she absorbed the kindly "gifts" lavished on them, she'd begun to grow... well, a little plump. She was certainly still tough and wiry under her layer of baby-fat; they were farmers, after all, and they did everything that required, including getting up at the crack of dawn to feed the chickens and begin the day's work. But he couldn't deny, all those extra calories looked *pretty good* on his business partner's frame.

Her soft rump, slowly expanding, a few centimeters wider every day... her massive bosom, swelling and swelling under her modest, cutesy country-girl outfits... those freckled cheeks growing chubby under her gleaming blue eyes and mane of red hair...

WHUMP.

"Ah, god dammit." He looked down to find his budding erection nudging against the wall of the shower, his not-inconsiderable member pulsing with an insistent need to be guided towards the nearest available and fertile female. Satyr, or otherwise.

Dion sighed, and turned away from the wall, his cock bobbing and wobbling, now a third leg protruding annoyingly from his fuzzy groin. He wasn't much to look at, in the facial department--his rugged features were best described as "homely." But like most Satyrs, he was irreversibly blessed downstairs, the girthy mass of his loins a flagpole of surrender to sensuality whenever he spent more than two seconds thinking about attractive women.

For the hundredth time, he wondered if he should bail on their little farm experiment. It was failing, after all... and every day he stayed in business with Alexis, he lusted after her more and more. Not only was she smart and funny, she was also *absurdly* attractive, in that plump

down-home country-girl way that he couldn't resist. And those buck teeth... Bacchus have mercy, she was so damn *cute*.

But it wasn't fair for him to be salivating over her ass every time she turned around... or even salivating over her front. She didn't deserve that. Even though she'd been wearing more revealing clothes lately... as if she were *trying* to catch his attention.

It's just the heat, he thought with resigned exhaustion. *She's just dressing down for the heat. She's not a...*

He was going to think "slut" and then the hot water ran out, cold water hitting him like a wall, destroying his erection and making him squawk with discomfort, scrambling out of the way of its freezing, boner-killing torrent.



Every night around midnight, Alexis rose from her enormous centaur-sized bed, rubbing her eyes and grumbling. Tonight was no exception. Nature was calling, and Alexis had to answer, as she always did.

Like many centaurs, she had a touch of irritable bowel syndrome--the lavish decadence of modern processed foods, and even most grains, didn't agree with a digestive system designed for huge amounts of grass and calorie-rich fruits. Centaur evolution had made her species omnivores, but their horse halves hadn't entirely gotten the memo.

And so here she was, up in the middle of the night again. Yawning, she pulled on her night-shirt and grumbled as she headed for the bathroom. Her bowels churned and groaned, struggling to hold in the remnants of her dinner... and to her concern, it was more violent struggle than usual.

Against her will, a small **brafft** of flatulence burst from her backside, her tail lifting. Alexis winced. That was a bad sign...

Moving a little more urgently now, she trotted through the kitchen, sizeable rump smacking against the wall and shaking the cuckoo clock there on its hanger.

Alexis froze--she would hate to wake Dion. The poor boy was so tired all the time; he didn't have her level of stamina in the fields. She was built to stand all day, and her body was perfect for pulling a plow or using a seed-planter. His was not. But luckily, she didn't hear any stirring from upstairs--he was still sound asleep.

Thank goodness it was a QUIET fart...

Bfrrplltt.

... Mostly.

When she got to the farmhouse's bathroom, a fresh problem presented itself. Since they had moved in, Alexis and Dion had found that certain doors swelled at night, and tended to stick.

This time it was the bathroom doors. They wouldn't budge, no matter how much she tugged. And the small amount of movement she *did* get was covered by a loud cracking, groaning sound as the wood resisted her.

Furious and full of a powerful need to empty her insides, Alexis did a jittery dance, picking up her hooves one after the other as she struggled to figure out what to do. The bathroom upstairs was impossible to reach--centaurs and stairs did not get along. And the only other option was the outhouse in the backyard, which was very creepy and constantly falling apart, and also, *super* gross. It was also built for humanoids, meaning her front half would be sticking conspicuously out of it.

She was a country girl by nature, she could handle it... but the woods might have banshees and such, this time of night, and sometimes they ventured into the backyard. What if a banshee saw her releasing her "load"? That would be mortifying! The poor ghost didn't deserve to see that. And the backyard was full of gopher-holes, where a centaur could easily break a leg in the dark.

There is one more option...

She whimpered, biting her lip. Theoretically, she could just "go" in the fields, and cover it up with some dirt... As long as she covered it, the smell wouldn't be too bad tomorrow, and the earth would quickly break down her body's excess waste into useful fertilizer.

It was humiliating... and a little gross... but it was better than braving the overgrown backyard, or waking up poor Dion. Breathing heavily with the effort of holding everything inside her, Alexis left the house, making sure to close the door behind her.

A wall of chill air hit her as she entered the yard, her nipples stiffening under her silk slip as she trotted towards the fields. She just prayed Dion wouldn't wake up and look out the window... she would *never* live this down. Not in a million years.

Finally, she was positioned far enough away from the house that she felt safe doing what she needed to do. Her eyes closed in self-disgust, she raised her tail... And let loose.

"Ahhhh... Gods, finally."

SPLRRRTCH... SPLURT!

The release ecstatic... even a little sensual. The heavy plopping sound from behind her didn't make her very happy, but hey, such was the reality of being half-horse. Her body wasn't built for delicacy--it was built for speed, battle, and efficiency. And part of that efficiency included dropping her offal wherever she went. Centaurs' minds might have evolved past such base behavior, but their bodies hadn't.

Ashamed of herself, but feeling very relieved, Alexis trotted back into the house, her sphincter completely clean due to its equine muscles. She fell asleep feeling much better... albeit a little naughty. Passing manure in the *yard!* Her mother would have dropped dead if she'd ever heard of such a thing.

I need to stop eating so much, she thought as she dropped off. It's... messing with my insides... I should... slow down...

But the next morning, she knew she would eat a heaping breakfast fit for two, as always.



"Alexis! Alexis, come check this out!"

Alexis' long, fuzzy ears perked up as she examined a tomato leaf, checking the underside for aphid eggs. Dion was yelling from his side of the fields, waving at her.

What's got into him?

She crossed the field in the same careful way she always did, and her nose caught a whiff of manure as she went.

Oh, right... My midnight crime spree... Oh God, I hope he didn't find anything.

It wasn't a "crime" as such, but she hoped she'd buried it well enough. Good thing she had done it in *her* field, and not Dion's, or he might...

Wait a minute.

The smell got stronger as she approached Dion's field.

Oh, no. No no no!!

Blushing furiously, she paused on the edge of his furrows. "Uh... What's up?"

"My seeds! My seeds are growing!" Dion was practically dancing with joy, his sturdy body alive with excitement. "It's a miracle!"

She swallowed. "Yep. Certainly seems that way."

He turned to her. "Can you smell that? It's manure. One of the locals must have taken pity on us and fertilized my crop with some leftover manure overnight... Maybe the brownies, they like doing sneaky stuff like that. Or maybe..." He frowned. "Hey, what's wrong?"

"Nothing! Nothing. I'm super happy for you."

But she refused to look at him, struggling to keep a poker face and failing. A blush lit up her cheeks as she chewed on her lip, examining a nearby rock.

Comprehension dawned on Dion. His jaw dropped.

"Was... was it *you*? Did you fertilize my field? But it's so fresh, and we don't have any..." He blinked. "Oh. Huh. I guess that's one way to do it..."

Alexis went into panic mode, emitting a high, tittering laugh.

"**WHAT** haha why would you even suggest--that's ridiculous, why would I ever--I mean that's *gross*, going outside, I'm n-not an ANIMAL..."

But her blush deepened, and she squirmed with embarrassment. *He's going to think I'm a monster! Why did I do it? What was I thinking?!*

Dion smirked, leaning on his gardening hoe.

"Hey, come on. Be honest with me. How did this happen? I'm not judging, here... And it's certainly helping our plants."

Gods, she thought disjointedly, *he's a saint, most men would run SCREAMING away at something like this...* Maybe honesty was the best policy here. Her mother always had recommended honesty, when in doubt.

So she told him.

She explained in a babbling half-laugh how she'd found the door stuck, didn't want to wake him and... had *Done the Terrible Deed*. Her mistake, in the darkness, had been doing it in *his* gardening patch instead of hers. Now she was caught dead to rights. A smelly, smelly criminal, the evidence of her crime glistening under the morning sun.

But Dion didn't seem worried.

"Hey, it's alright. If anything, you've saved some of our crops. Look at this growth rate--they're already a few inches above the topsoil. We might even get an early harvest on these." He noticed her fretting, shuffling her hooves. "What's the matter?"

She was nearly in tears with shame.

"Y-you must think I'm... *disgusting!*"

But Dion just shrugged.

"Bodies have *needs*, Alexis. You had to fulfill yours somehow. And it's a good thing you did--with a crop like this, we could afford real fertilizer!" He paused. "Although..."

She didn't like the thoughtful expression on his face, and pouted at him, trying to suss out his intentions. There was an expression on his face that reminder her of the Grinch, from that old human book.

"What is it? What are you scheming?"

Now it was his turn to blush--if she'd been crazy to leave her 'gift' behind in their fields, what he was about to suggest was even *more* crazy.

"H-hey, don't laugh now, this is just an idea. But... We could save a *ton* of money, like, thousands if we didn't *buy* fertilizer. If you... if you know what I mean."

She thought about it... realized what he was saying... and her jaw dropped.

"Oh, no *way!* I could never..."

He held up his hands. "I know how it sounds! I know. And trust me, I wouldn't suggest it if we weren't so broke. But... If we burn the money from this crop on fertilizer, that's just going to set us back another year. We need to be thinking ahead." His brows furrowed. "It would be... *financially smart* of us to use, um. Homemade fertilizer, if you know what I mean. Rather than the store-bought kind."

She sighed. "I see what you mean. But..." She winced, shocked that she was even considering this.

"But for me to, um... 'Fertilize' an entire field... I would need to..."

"Eat a lot, yeah. That's what I was thinking." He shook his head. "Sorry--forget I said anything. It's a stupid idea. I never should have said anything. Asking someone like *you*, someone so..." He coughed, realizing his near-slip. "I *value you as a business partner* way too much to ever ask you to do that. Nevermind--let's just get back to work."

"Dion... Wait."

Alexis frowned, doing the numbers in her head. Extra food might cost a little, sure... but not nearly as much as fertilizer. And with the extra money from the crop, they could expand the farm. Re-invest in their own business.

She hated it. She really did. It was gross and disgusting and... and *lewd* in a way she couldn't quite place. But it made financial sense.

"I... I'll do it."

"You'll what?" His eyes widened.

"I'll do it." Her jaw tightened. "You're always talking about how we have to put ourselves on the line for the farm--this is just another version of that. Right?"

Dion nodded slowly. "That's... true. But... are you really sure? This is, uh, this would be new territory for both of us."

Alexis steeled herself. Visions of her horse-haunches twitching as she unleashed... *fertilizer* on the fields made her queasy with shame. But... the money. All that extra money!! And maybe, just maybe, if they made enough money... well, maybe she and Dion could go out sometime. Just the two of them. Nothing romantic of course, just a *nice* quiet dinner. With some wine. And candles. And...

Don't be ridiculous, she thought. *As if he could ever be attracted to you, after you've pooped all over the gods-damned lawn!!*

But satyrs were legendary for their 'open-minded' attitudes, and he hadn't even raised an eyebrow yet over her cursing like a sailor during farm work, or smelling like a rank animal after a hard day's work. Maybe...

Well. She would just have to try and find out whether this plan made her *too* unattractive to ever be romantically interesting.

"You really don't have to," Dion was saying. "It was just... I mean, it was just a silly suggestion..."

"No, you're right. It makes sense." She nodded firmly, staring out at the fields. *Their* fields, the land they had sweated over and struggled with... and now, finally, had a chance to exploit at last.

"I'll do it. Cook me a big lunch--I mean, a BIG one. We're going to need a lot of fiber. And carbs." She cracked her knuckles. "I'll get the wheelbarrow in place for... for afterwards. Okay?"

Dion simply shook his head, amazed. The dedication in her, the commitment... it was admirable. Very attractive. In a crazy sort of way. She really was a farm girl, through and through--she would do anything to help them succeed. Even using her own body for a fertilizer factory.

Plus, he wasn't going to say *no* to the concept of funneling food into his plump crush. Those haunches could use some filling out, after all... and as a culinary minor, he knew exactly the recipes to do it with.

They were doing it, he realized. Really doing it. 'Operation Fertilizer' was a go... and there was no turning back now.



They approached the whole process very scientifically.

Dion prepared a meal plan--high in fiber, just like they'd discussed. And loaded with enough carbs to loosen even the tightest sphincter. As he shopped for bigger and bigger boxes of pancake mix in the local supermarket, he found himself shaking his head in astonishment at what they were actually doing.

It was crazy, certainly. Completely crazy... and yet, it just might work. More than work--it might make them rich. Fertilizer and nitrogen supplements were a huge overhead cost for farmers everywhere. If he and Alexis could cut out the middleman, and essentially get their fertilizer for free... it would be *revolutionary*.

Of course, first he would have to get Alexis to take her "medicine," so to speak.

"Dion... **UrRRrp**, I'm afraid I'm full... Both halves of me. Can't we take a little break?"

Dion looked up from his cookbook. Around him were scattered pancake-batter bowls, empty and grease-coated pans, and containers of oil and pats of butter. On the stove, thick rashers of bacon sputtered and hissed while in the waffle-maker, batter warmed and crisped into thick, fluffy waffles. The smell of breakfast pastry, frying pig and warm butter filled the kitchen.

"Alexis, we talked about this. We need to *maximize* your intake, if we want your digestive system to produce..."

"Yeah, I know that! But... **urrrp**, 'scuze me, I'm just so gol-durned *stuffed* right now... **BRULLP**, s-sorry..."

He turned around to examine his co-worker, who had rested her barrel on a flat futon beside their large kitchen table. Overhead, a ceiling fan spun lazily, cooling off her heaving, overheated body... and blowing her curly reddish-brown hair around, rather fetchingly.

"**B'hullLLch...**"

Alexis could put away a big breakfast, on most days. In fact, she'd had one just a few hours ago, when they both woke up. But usually, that was all she had until evening--their work was long and grueling on the farm, and both of them survived on hefty doses of calories for eight hours or so at a time. Yet here she was, eating a second breakfast--and this one was a little more ambitious.

Being a centaur, she was already over a half-ton in weight, the strapping horse-and-human combination of her figure spread out over four delicate and supple horse-legs, with comely fetlocks and smooth hooves. Her dappled equine half required her to eat more than any human-sized creature; where the normal human intake for a day was around two thousand calories, Alexis actually needed *six thousand* just to break even in terms of the energy she used while working each day.

But with enough bacon, anything was possible--even feeding Alexis over her limit. And that was what Dion had decided to do, to carry out their scheme.

Therefore, he'd immediately made a run to the grocery store, and stocked their oversized fridge with countless treats. This "second breakfast," by his calculation, had already reached eight thousand calories... to start.

Alexis was certainly feeling the effects.

Wiping syrup-drenched crumbs from her lips, she belched softly, wiping her now-sticky fingers on her overalls. Her upper half, usually rosy and healthy, was looking a little blotchy and bloated with all the food she'd indulged in. Her upper stomach was distended under the denim, gurgling loudly.

Meanwhile, the breakfast avalanche had already made its way into her lower half through her incredibly efficient digestive tract. Her horse-half's "barrel" was looking noticeably wider, her soft flanks and smooth, coarse fur dappled with perspiration. Her tail flicked with irritation as Dion brought her another platter of pigs-in-blankets.

"Dion, darlin'... Please, those look delicious, but... I simply can't. I'm going to get 'hay belly' if we keep this up!"

Dion sighed. "Only *actual* horses get hay-belly, Alexis. And you have to accept that a little bit of extra weight might be a... side effect of this plan. I'm sure we can work it off after harvest season, right?"

"Hmm. If you're sure..."

Reaching for the plate, she took a pig-in-a-blanket and carved a big, juicy chunk out of it with her teeth. The sausage-juice dribbled down her chin, glistening in the sunlight from the window, and Dion coughed, finding himself growing hard once again.

Dammit, he thought miserably, *I was hoping I could get my priapism under control, out here...*

As a descendant of Bacchus, Dion was uniquely "gifted" with long, frustrating erections. On top of that, his natural, innate magic had a tendency to get people around him hot and bothered, too. It wasn't quite like an incubus' energy--it was more like a magical pheromone. And when he got aroused, it got more intense.

In fact, he could see it hitting Alexis right this moment... As he watched, her eyes drifted a little, unfocused. She took a bigger bite, grunting in an almost sensual fashion.

"Nngh... Those are *really* good, is that Pillsbury dough? Something in these is *delicious*."

He smiled, nodded, and lied his ass off.

"Yep! Slathered in butter. The hot dogs, *and* the batter."

She sighed wistfully. "Well... I guess a few pounds on me couldn't hurt. My folks are big country 'taurs, it runs in the family... Hey, bring me some orange juice? All this butter and salt has got me thirsty..."

That makes two of us, he thought, obediently fetching her the jug of O.J. from the fridge. To his surprise, she took it and drank directly from the neck, popping off the plastic cup and chugging greedily.

"Gllk... gluk... gllp... **BHuuLCH.**"

She seemed to have gotten a second wind--and was coming back with a vengeance. Over the next hour she painstakingly indulged in breakfast sausage, croissants--these were tough to get right, but Dion had enough dough to work through his failures--bagels, donuts and even fried-chicken-and-waffles. With each plate, Alexis seemed to go deeper into an almost *bovine* trance, gobbling and grunting ecstatically.

It was the most erotic thing Dion had ever seen. His smart, capable, strong farming partner was deliberately shutting down all her higher thought in favor of eating. Naturally, it wasn't meant to last: after another hour of gobbling, she hit a wall, and this time there was no getting her through it.

"Oh *gawwwd*... Dion, I can hardly move. **HIC!** This was a bad idea..."

"Just relax and take it easy." Dion could practically smell his own pheromones now, a constant gentle, woody musk under the scent of cooking food. "If you need me to rub your stomach... Either one of them..."

Alexis blushed. "Oh, no you don't need to do *that*, I'm f-fine..."

But the gurgling of food packed into her overstuffed frame told him she was lying. Smiling, he moved to her back half and gently placed a hand against her barrel, rubbing in circles.

"Are you sure?"

"Ohh... well, that WOULD feel nice... **B'wurrpfh...**"

Alexis groaned in pleasure as her friend massaged her body. She was painfully overstuffed, and felt gassy and stretched like a balloon filled with breakfast food... She should have been embarrassed, concerned about Dion touching her body while it was so bloated, but instead she just felt at ease... *relaxed*, as if his fingers working deep into her flesh and massaging her guts were a natural part of her day. And he certainly knew what he was doing... And those fingers were so firm and strong...

Against her own will, her tail began to lift slightly, its modest flare of horse-hair adjusting to try and expose her rump. Blushing furiously and biting her lip, Alexis *consciously* forced it back down, her body resisting her as if it was under someone else's control. Her loins were suddenly burning with a directionless and animal heat, and it was disorienting her.

What's wrong with me? she thought, struggling not to give in to the strange, subconscious urges. *He's my co-worker... a very CUTE co-worker, but he could never like me like THAT, not after seeing me like this...*

Could he?

She brushed away the impure thoughts crowding her brain, assuring herself that not even satyrs could possibly get aroused by a centaur stuffed like a prize pig. And that's what she felt like: a prized pig. Anxious, she realized he was going to see her much *more* out-of-shape, eventually... It was inevitable. And she wasn't looking forward to it.

But right now, with his hands playing over her body, fed to the point of a food-coma and a little dizzy from all the sugar, Alexis had to admit... this little 'scheme' of theirs didn't feel so bad. At least, not yet.

Then her hindquarters twitched and a deep, telltale rumbling came from her insides.

"Uh... Dion?"

"Yeah?"

The satyr seemed distracted, preoccupied. Alexis nudged him gently with a flank.

"Uh... Can you get out of the way, a minute? I need to... hit the bathroom, real quick..."

She made to stand, but then she felt Dion's hand on her croup, the upwardly curved area just above her rear. He pushed her back down with slow insistence.

"Can't let you do that, sorry. If we want the *maximum* amount of fertilizer, we have to keep you full all day... and avoid any premature loss of um, *emissions*."

She wrinkled her nose in distaste... and whimpered a little, as gas began to build up inside her.

"You mean... I have to hold everything in, *all day*?"

"That's about the size of it, yeah."

Alexis groaned. "O-okay... But don't blame me if I start to get a little gassy..."

Dion smiled. "Don't worry--I'm a professional. I used to manage livestock all the time, at the last farm I worked for. I'm used to that."

The centaur girl huffed, crossing her arms at him.

"I'm not *livestock*!"

"You know what I mean! Try not to take it too personally, okay?"

Crossing back to the kitchenette, he began cleaning up the dishes. "But I mean it--no emissions before sundown. We also need to do this after it gets dark because I... don't really know whether it's legal, for us to do this? Like it might be against an FDA law, or something."

Alexa raised one bushy eyebrow. "Why would it be illegal? Centaurs used to do it in the wilderness, all the time... It's natural."

He shrugged. "Maybe. But I doubt any of the people who deliver our supplies would want to see it. They wouldn't *get* it, you know? Besides... If someone else gets the same idea, we could lose our competitive edge."

Alexis smirked. There was that ambitious gleam in Dion's eyes--the same gleam he got when he was balancing their checkbooks, or negotiating with harvester manufacturers, or bartering for better seed prices. He might be overly polite, a little standoffish, and something of a hippie... but deep down, Dion had moxie. She liked it when he got assertive like this... if she was honest with herself, maybe she liked it a little *too* much.

"Alright. I'll just... wait... to go. When's the next scheduled meal?"

He checked their harpy-themed wall-clock. "Lunch. So... Two hours. Go lay down and relax, you've earned it."

Her ears twitched. "Shouldn't I... be helping with the farm, while I digest?"

"Of course not! We need you stationary--generating fertilizer. I'll take care of everything."

And so, Alexis found herself with an unexpected day off, the first she'd had in many weeks. She tried watching TV, settling her gurgling body down on their specially modified centaur couch... but she kept getting distracted by the increasingly insistent pressure, in her lower parts.

Grrllggllg...

Squirming and blushing, she was reminded by a smart-phone alarm that it was time for lunch, and returned to the kitchen, to find Dion returned from farm-work... and overdoing it once more, making more food than she'd ever seen in here life.

It seemed the theme for lunch today was "sandwiches"--she saw turkey Reubens with half a dozen bacon strips each, ciabatta rolls stuffed with tuna and lettuce and tomatoes, grilled cheese oozing with gouda cheese and a generous side of French fries and potato chips to go along with the simple but pleasing treats.

"Oh Dion, I can't *possibly* eat all of this!"

He paused, his "**KISS THE SATYR**" apron covered in splatters of deep-fryer grease and mayonnaise. "You don't have to eat every single one. I'm just, you know, trying to get you accustomed to big meals. That's all."

"Okay then..."

Still a little reluctant about this whole thing, she settled into her kitchen chair again. And began to eat... and eat. Slowly, as she indulged deeper and deeper into the pile of lunch meats and toasted bread, the crunch of whole-wheat, white and ciabatta and the soft grunts of consumption filling the kitchen as she plowed through one sandwich... then the next, and the next, like an endurance athlete doing her reps.

Finally, that evening--after an enormous dinner of spaghetti, meatballs, linguini and garlic bread--the two of them moved out the door onto the porch, into the gathering dusk. The smell of freshly tilled earth filled the air: the farm was lit by the last rays of the setting sun.

And Alexis felt like she was going to *burst*.

"I'm so... B-backed up... **BLURpff...**"

She was biting her lip, sweating, her freckled face slicked with sweat. Her nipples, rubbing against the inside of her overalls, had grown unaccountably hard. Her entire digestive system felt packed to the brim--as if she might lose control of her bowel functions at any second. The constant, insistent *need* to vent herself into the garden made her stamp nervously, her ears flicking.

"D-Dion... How about now?"

Her business partner, eyes on a stopwatch app, help up his hand.

"Not yet..."

"*Dion!*"

FLARRPPPTfff.

In her distraction, she loosened control just a little bit--and a thick, rancid burst of flatulence blasted out of her backside, her tail flicking anxiously. Breathing hard, Alexis clutched at her belly, wracked with nature's call.

"Eww, gross... See, I *told* you I was backed up..."

"Gas is nothing to worry about. It just means you're digesting properly." Dion raised his hand higher. "Wait for it... Waaait for the timer..."

"Dion I don't know if I'm gonna **URRP**, make it--"

"*Wait for it!*"

Panic raced through Alexis' mind as her barrel gurgled and her rump quaked with the exertion of holding in her 'payload.' And yet... something about the control he exerted, the simple easy confidence, made her feel better. It was almost exciting, waiting for his command... a weird way to feel during such a moment, but she couldn't deny the sensation.

He nodded as the alarm went off.

"And... *Go!*"

"Oh thank Zeus--*mmph!*"

SPLLLUTCH.

Alexis' face relaxed in tandem with her sphincter, and her tail raised high as pure, grade-A horse manure splattered all over the garden. Too late, Dion realized he was going to need a wheelbarrow next time--he would be up late spreading this all around the rows.

But Alexis wasn't done yet. Her face slack with sensual release, she whimpered and whined as even more thick, heavy 'fertilizer' spurted out of her.

SBPLURRT... SPLOORCH!!! BRRRulllptch.

Dion raised an eyebrow at the foul spectacle.

"Wow. That's a *lot* more than I--"

"*DION!*" Alexis whimpered. "Could you look away, at least?"

Dion blushed and did as he was told, politely turning his back while Alexis blasted out the fecal remains of two breakfast, lunch, dinner and the many snacks he'd pushed on her during the day.

SPLORRRBBFTCH.

Finally, the avalanche was ended... the torrent reduced to a small, plopping drible, which was then cut off by Alexis' powerful internal muscles. Wheezing and gasping a little from the intensity of the experience, she trotted out of the field, wiping sweat off her forehead.

"Okay... Y-you can look now..."

Dion turned, and his jaw fell open. At least three feet of steaming filth lay in the center of their humble vegetable-patch--enough to fertilize this field, *and* at least half of their cornfield as well!

"Wow. You've outdone yourself! This is going to completely revitalize the soil!"

Despite herself, Alexis giggled, blushing off his compliment.

"Oh, it's nothing... I just, you know, ate like a pig all day. Which is *your* fault, I might add."

"Well, it looks like it was worth it."

Dion inspected the pile, Alexis' ears going flat with mortified embarrassment as he did so.

"We'll feed you just as much tomorrow... maybe a little more... and then we'll have more than enough for the field! In just *two days!*"

He seemed to come back to himself, turning towards her.

"Assuming you're... Still willing to keep going? I know it was hard on you, but I mean... look at the results! We're doing great!"

"I'd rather *not* look, actually..." But she had to admit, he had a point. "We'll keep going. I want to help the farm... even if my role is less 'active' than before." She tapped her chin, still greasy from the day's gorging. "In fact, if we get this much tomorrow... maybe we could sell the excess? Make a little extra profit?"

He grinned from ear to hairy ear. Leaping up with satyr agility, he planted a kiss on her cheek.

"Alexis, you're *brilliant!*"

The moment hung between them, both of the farmers in shock... and grappling with their feelings. Alexis' whole chest bloomed with warmth, her brain going to mush, tormented with a number of strange urges--the desire to kiss him back. Hell, the desire to do *way* more than kiss him.

"Jeez--I'm sorry." Dion adjusted his work-shirt, still filthy from the day's cooking and laboring. "I kind of... got ahead of myself... I didn't mean to be so, um, forward..."

"Hey. It's okay." Alexis leaned down and pecked him on the cheek, returning the gesture. "You're very sweet. I'm just, uh, a little sweaty right now--I've had a long day. Maybe... give that another shot tomorrow?" She whispered in his ear, the earthy hay-smell of her hair filling his nostrils. "You missed the target, by the way... My lips are two inches to the right."

And with that, she trotted off back to the house, humming happily to herself, her rump bouncing behind her... leaving behind her enormous 'gift' for Dion to spread out. Apparently she had decided it was *his* job to deal with the mess.

Which was just fine, right now... because, Dion thought as he picked up a shovel, if he didn't have something to do right now he would have gone for another kiss. Maybe several more.

Had she been serious, about tomorrow? Or just messing with him? He decided to leave it alone for now. He had a lot of work to do, and Alexis needed rest... after all, she would have another big day tomorrow.

Not to mention, a lot of eating to do.



While the “project” of feeding Alexis certainly took its toll of time-investment, there was plenty of other work to do as well. Now that his partner was engaged full-time with producing prime fertilizer, Dion was forced to take care of the rest of the farm tasks himself.

First, the finances. Dion woke early, and after cooking Alexis an enormous breakfast and ensuring she had supplies for between-meal snacks, he sat down to crunch through the numbers for the day. The small, cramped desk in the corner of the farmhouse living room served as his battle-station. From here, he could hear the messy sounds of Alexis chewing, slurping, belching, and occasionally--very quietly--passing wind.

This did not do wonders for his productivity.

It was a well-known fact that satyrs could get aroused by almost anything. While most species capable of developing sexual paraphilias did so during puberty, satyrs were so adaptable sexually that they could actually generate new kinks on the fly, often without even realizing it. Around the third time that morning that a soft *pffrt* of flatulence came from the kitchen, Dion realized his satyr brain had found a new source of “inspiration” for his constant arousal.

“Gods damn it...”

It was damn hard to crunch through costs on their tractor lease with his groin rapidly rising to flagpole status inside his overalls. Frustrated, he took a hefty gulp of orange juice, wishing he could just dump the whole thing on his crotch without enticing Alexis’ curiosity and confusion. That would show his errant body-parts who was boss.

“Payment’s due first of the month... ugh. Settle, damn you...”

“Who’s settling?”

Dion swiveled in his chair, a painful prospect with his erection--and then immediately hid his crotch with his finance notebook as Alexis clopped into the room, syrup and waffle crumbs decking her lips.

“You’re not overpaying for that tractor again, are you?” she said, dabbing her soft cheeks with a napkin. “I told you--**urRRrp**--that we can’t settle for just any old jalopy, hun. We need the John Deere because it’s the only one we can get repairs for, locally...”

“No, no, I’m not settling,” he said, coughing. “We’ve got the John Deere. It’s all good! Everything’s great!”

Dion had to struggle with all his might not to focus on Alexis’ body. Her upper stomach was distended beneath her simple “**I <3 ORGANIC FARMING**” T-shirt, and her lower half was noticeably wider than when she’d trotted into the kitchen to start eating. The bottom of the T-shirt was smeared with bits of raspberry jam, splotches of potato-grease and countless wet fingerprints from where she’d lazily “cleaned” her hands on the hem.

God, she’s beautiful, he thought, struggling to stay composed. Don’t stare. Don’t stare. Just keep it business as usual. Stay casual...

Alexis frowned. “Hey... Are you okay? You seem... flushed.”

“Yeah, I’m fine.” He kept the notebook rigidly positioned over his lap. “Are you, um, done with breakfast already?”

“Yeah! It seems to get easier to eat more as I go. I’m still **urRrrp**, stuffed of course... But it’s less uncomfortable than yesterday.”

She patted her bulging belly, with obvious pride and self-satisfaction.

Damn, he thought, she’s really getting into this. Too bad I am, too... and in all the wrong ways...

“Well, ahem, that’s expected. The human stomach can expand if it consistently gets lots of food, so it makes sense your centaur stomach--er, stomachs--might do the same thing...”

He trailed off, as Alexis cocked her head at him, looking worried.

“Dion. Seriously, what’s going on? You’re jumpier than a flea on a dog!”

And then before he could react, she plucked the finance notebook from his hand.

“Is there a problem with our ledgers? I told you, you can always let me review them before you... Before... Oh, *my*.”

And there it was. His enormous, plainly obvious erection, clear as day. Bulging up under the denim of his overalls like some malevolent circus-tent, erected to full height by her food-splattered bust and swollen flanks.

There was a moment of terrifying silence as Alexis took in the length of the concealed tent-pole, her eyes wide with shock.

“Oh, wow. Dion, um... “

“Alexis--I’m so sorry--”

Dion made to stand up--but the boner scraped painfully against his overalls. He persisted, and managed to stand, turning away to conceal his embarrassment.

“Um... This is just... a medical thing. Satyrs get this a lot. I’ve got, uh, medication for it. I’ll be right back!”

And with that he hobbled off to the bathroom, leaving Alexis behind in a cloud of confusion... and intoxicating satyr-pheromones.

Alexis swallowed nervously. Clearly she’d humiliated her business partner, and while that hadn’t been her intention, she still felt terrible about it. She knew a lot of satyrs suffered from priapism and extended erections... but oddly she’d never heard Dion mention it.

At least... not until now. Until he’d started working with *her*.

In a moment of sudden realization, Alexis looked down at herself. Splattered with food, so fully engorged she looked like she was pregnant in both halves of her hybrid body... Surely he couldn’t find her *attractive*. Not in *this* state. Not the way she looked... and with tiny, barely-muffled flatulence constantly escaping from her rear, not the way she smelled either.

But you couldn’t argue with a boner. In Alexis’ (admittedly limited) sexual experience, erections were the one true arbiter of truth. A boner couldn’t lie. And clearly, Dion couldn’t conceal it, at least not easily. Chagrined, she realized that if he’d been getting “problems” like this since he started working with her, he’d probably been fighting to hide them the entire time.

Which meant she had some decisions to make.

For starters, it was clearly a morally gray area for them to keep working together, if Dion was constantly getting aroused over her body... regardless of its bloated width... that would clearly be an obstacle to their business.

She couldn’t justify making him uncomfortable and aroused every day, and he couldn’t justify hiding that discomfort from her. In fact, she was pretty angry that he had hidden his problems in the *first* place.

Acting like everything was ‘just fine’... that was so typical for Dion. She’d once seen him ignore a rabbit in the turnip patch all day because some special “rabbit repellent” he’d purchased was supposed to keep them out. He might be good with plants, but he was even better, Alexis thought, at denial.

On the other hand... if they *did* keep working together, they needed to be honest with each other. She’d had a bit of a crush on him since the day they started, but she’d assumed that he didn’t reciprocate. She wasn’t the most classically attractive girl, with her buck-teeth and her widespread freckles... And he was a satyr, which had made her assume he’d had his pick of girls back at university. Why would he ever be interested in a bulky, clumsy centaur like her, when he could have any harpy or wood nymph or Siren he chose?

And yet... she had caught him staring at her, on multiple occasions. Mostly at her chest, which was expected. Of all her assets, her chest was the one she was most proud of. It jutted out before her like the prow of a zeppelin, commanding attention wherever she went. But she’d assumed that like most men, Dion couldn’t help but goggle at her bouncing “tracts of land.” She’d never expected he actually had *feelings* for her.

Well, she'd never find out if he was harboring a crush by just standing here. Trotting down the hallway to the bathroom--a difficult prospect, as her swollen flanks now grazed the walls, making movement difficult--Alexis knocked on the door.

"Dion, honey? You okay?"

Muffled, shameful mumbling emerged.

"I'm... fine... Just waiting for things to, um, go back to normal."

Alexis found her ears flicking with curiosity... and amusement. It still hadn't gone down? So the rumors about Satyrs were true, after all. Poor boy--he must be so uncomfortable!

"I've, um, I've heard a cold shower can help?"

"Not for this." Dion's voice was full of misery. "This is... it's a magic thing. It, um, it doesn't usually 'turn off' unless I..." There was a rather significant pause. "Well, I'm just going to wait."

Alexis raised an eyebrow. *Unless what?* she thought, and her mind--usually quite modest and reserved--immediately turned to lewd activities. *Maybe he might want some "help" with resolving his "issues"...*

She shivered, trying to shrug off the steamy images in her head. What was wrong with her? Ever since they'd started this little fertilizer "experiment" she'd been randier than a stud in heat, and she had no idea why.

Besides, she owed it to Dion to try and make him feel better. Not sexually, but emotionally--he clearly felt as if he'd exposed himself to her, though nothing could be farther from the truth. She was the one who'd snatched away the notebook, after all.

"Look, don't stress too much," she said. "I'll go out and do the daily chores. You just stay in there and wait, okay? I don't think you'll be able to do much work with... all of that going on."

Dion mumbled something; Alexis couldn't hear him. She pressed one of her long, fuzzy ears against the door to hear him better.

"What was that?"

"You must think I'm a horrible pervert, huh?"

She couldn't help but laugh. "Dion... No, not at all. It's perfectly natural. I know how satyrs get--I should have been more considerate of your species, hun. I'm sorry."

He sighed.

"It's... it's not your fault. Between me being a satyr, and *really* liking you... this keeps happening. I feel like I've ruined everything."

Alexis snorted, rolling her eyes. This boy was so *sensitive*.

“Dion. If you can stuff me full of food until I poop all over your garden, and that doesn’t ruin things between us, I doubt a little boner is going to do it. Okay?”

“Huh.” He paused. “Good point.”

“And honestly... I like you a lot, too.”

Oh gods, I said it!! Just admitting it made a warm feeling flow through her. Her whole body shivered, her bowels churning.

She could hear him nearly choking with surprise. “R-really?”

Alexis pressed forward, too eager to slow down despite the bathroom door between them.

“As a matter of fact, yes. I think... it would be nice for us to get dinner, sometime. Not as co-workers, just... as people. Together.”

Lords, she was blushing up a *storm*. Her cheeks were just *blazing* with heat. “But... I want you to be comfortable, first. So just let me know when things settle down, and we can do that. Okay?”

“Okay.” He paused. “Alexis?”

“Yeah?”

“Thanks for not freaking out.”

The centaur sighed.

“Dion, I’m becoming a living fertilizer factory. Nothing could weird me out at this point. Now get yourself a cold shower, and let’s get back to work. We’ve got a date to keep tonight, right?”

“Tonight?” He sounded excited... if a little panicked. “I don’t have anything to wear...”

“Just dress casual. We’ll go down to that little local place, Domovoi’s Diner. And...” Inspiration struck her, and she leaned in close to the door, her voice breathy. “You can fill up my fertilizer tank for me. Dinner’s on you. As payment, for interrupting our 'project.' Okay?”

He gulped audibly. “Oh... Okay!”

Now what the heck made me say that?! thought Alexis, puzzling over her own words as she backed slowly out of the hallway and returned to the kitchen. Her flirting was certainly rusty after years of being single... but that hadn’t been rust. That had been... something else entirely.

And she was a little worried by where it had come from.



After the strange but educational "Boner Incident," life at the farm took on a different tone.

Before, Alexis and Dion had worked together in mutual denial of their attraction to each other. They had an understanding, completely non-verbal, that flirting or otherwise expressing interest would be to destabilize the fragile, delicate business they were building together.

But now, things were different. Now they had a new motivator for their work: the mutual chemistry which had grown unspoken between them, and was now flowering into a full-on relationship.

Their first dinner together was... awkward, to say the least. Dion's finance wizardry allowed them to splurge on good food, but Alexis was too busy eating to do much talking--and when she did, she found it hard to get Dion to talk about anything but farming. He seemed so *nervous* around her, as if she were some kind of Nymph super-model, and not the tubby country-girl centaur he was currently fattening up to fertilize their farm.

But she didn't care. She liked spending time with him, and although it was difficult to get him to come out of his shell, she found an easy 'cheat code' for doing so: alcohol.

They were sitting in a monster-friendly Italian restaurant, one of the many chain restaurants their small town had recently acquired. Normally, Alexis didn't like chains--that was why she was doing organic farming, after all, to put a little personal touch back in the food industry--but she had to admit, their Endless Appetizer option was enjoyable. She was currently on her sixth basket of mozzarella sticks, her deep-dish pizza tray already demolished but with her own glass of wine barely touched. She was busy, very busy, gathering information about her crush. And he was happy to supply it.

"You know what the problem with satyrs is?" Dion said, wagging a finger halfway through his third glass of wine. "They have no *ambition* at all. And no work ethic! They're always... Hangin' out with floozies! An' havin' sex! And they can't run a business for *shit!*"

"Is that... **urrrp**, so?"

Alexis smirked as Dion slurped on his drink, red-cheeked and animated. She had been waiting all evening for the floodgates to open, and finally she was getting what she'd been looking for.

"Yeah, satyr guys are just so... shallow, you know?"

Dion belched, covering his mouth. He was wearing a cheap suit he'd dug out of the closet--it was *tweed*, of all things. Alexis had no idea where he'd gotten it, but it was adorable.

"They're obsessed with appearance," he continued, slurring slightly. "They have no appreciation for *real* decadence. And the girls they go out with are so *skinny!* It's an affront to our ancestors!"

Alexis snorted. "So... You like 'em a little big, huh? Suppose I should have **urrrrp**, guessed."

He shrugged. "I mean... I don't *mind* skinny girls. But I need a little more than that, you know? A skinny little wood nymph doesn't have anything to... To grab onto. Ya dig?"

He made a rather obscene "boob-grabbing" gesture, and Alexis brayed with laughter.

"Dion, you're a secret *pervert!* I should have known." She waggled her eyebrows, her tail flicking behind her playfully. "What else do you like? Just out of curiosity... You know, in case anyone wanted to know..."

He blinked at her, clearly trying to gauge whether he should stop talking. Alexis hoped he wouldn't--she'd learned more about him tonight than she had in *months* of working with him, and the more she found out, the more she liked him.

"Well... There's not really an upper limit, you know?" he said, a little sobered, but still quite serious. "Satyrs have a very elastic sexuality... it's how we evolved. Between our magic and our... uh, 'priapic' tendencies, we can pretty much get excited by anything. Given the right... stimulus."

Alexis licked her lips, reaching for another mozzarella stick. The fried bread-crumbs coating crunched between her teeth as she gobbled it down.

"So... **Omf, chomp...** you can get aroused by *anything*, then? What about me eating *these*, for instance?"

He swallowed visibly. "Uh... It's a little late, for you to ask..."

Alexis nearly choked on the gooey cheese sliding down her throat.

He's actually hard right now, she thought with mischievous delight. Just from watching me stuff my chubby face... How many women would kill for a guy like this? Someone who likes you no matter how messy, lazy or gassy you are? A lot, I imagine.

She winked at him.

"Well, if you liked *that*... Just wait until you see what I can do with a chili dog! **Urrrp.**"

And she tilted her head back, grabbed another mozzarella stick, and shoved it down her throat--no chewing, just a guttural, gagging *swallow* of the fried phallic food. It got stuck in her esophagus for a moment, but she managed to gorge it down by washing it down with some wine.

Belching, she pounded her chest, feeling her "girls" bounce and wobble as she did so. Dion was open-mouthed, staring at her.

"You're... uh. You're amazing," he blurted, and hurriedly drank the rest of his wine.

Alexis blushed, somehow astonished by the genuine sweetness of the compliment. He really was floored by her--absolutely, head-over-heels *fascinated* by her. And to think she'd once found herself plain and a little drab... Maybe it was the wine, or maybe it was the bellyful of fried cheese in her gut making her feel warm and sleepy and stupid. But Alexis began to get worried. She might actually *love* Dion, she realized--and she wasn't ready for something that intense. Not at all.

But she changed the subject, and they spent the night chatting cheerfully away. When they arrived home later, was Dion drunk as a skunk and sporting a clear and massive erection in his pants.

Alexis shepherded him to bed and gently declined all his offers to "show her a good time." She wasn't ready for that level of intimacy yet... although she wanted it, she *really* did. But she wasn't sure how much of this chemistry was his intoxicating satyr magic, and how much was the lustful animal inside her straining against its yoke, and how much was *genuine* love between them. She needed more time to think about this.

Besides, she had midnight snacks to eat... and an early-morning date with the vegetable patch, the next day. Those fields wouldn't fertilize themselves, after all... and at the thought of loosing an onslaught of her offal onto the crops, Alexis found herself tingling with a strange, filthy excitement.

It was wrong, it was so *very* wrong... but she couldn't *wait* to take a gushing, orgasmic dump, tomorrow.

What's wrong with me? she thought, as she pulled off fake eyelashes in the mirror, reverting from a come-hither curvy seductress back to the ordinary, curvy, rather porky centaress she recognized.

*Why do I keep feeling this way? Is it something Dion's doing... or is my own body doing it? Am I really... God, this is so gross... am I really getting **excited** by the idea of becoming a bloated fertilizer tank? Yeesh...*

She shivered with strange glee, just at the thought. Growing bigger and bigger... filling up with excrement, ready to blast her "product" all over the garden like a piece of chubby farm equipment. It was so dirty, so *demeaning*... and yet, so alluring. It was all she could do, right now, not to jiggle outside and loose her bowels right away.

"Easy, girl," she said, hands creeping up to her breasts as she found herself panting heavily, her ears flicking back and forth.

"This is... this is some freaky stuff. Gotta take it slow... Gotta... take it slow, and calm down. *Fuck*, I need to take a shit..."

But she went to bed instead, preferring to let her bloated insides bubble and churn, swelling her flanks with gas and making her feel heavy and stupid.

She couldn't sleep for a while, and eventually she had to get out her secret weapon: a wall-mounted, suction-based dildo the size of a male centaur's phallus, its heavy silicone mass enchanted to stand erect in the proximity of a female centaur's rump.

And she had *plenty* of rump to present it with...

Backing up onto the dildo, its lube-slicked length sliding inside her, Alexis had to cover her mouth to stop herself from screaming with excitement. Gas leaking from her behind and soft belches emerging from her mouth, Alexis slammed her tubby ass against the farmhouse wall, over and over and over.

WHAM! Frrrt... WHAM!! FrrrAAppptf...

Her compulsive, desperate ass-twerking shook the whole place on its foundations until she finally came. When she pulled away from the wall, the dildo came with her, stuck in her muscular pussy. Too lazy to pull it out, she collapsed into bed, her bosom heaving and a blush fading from her freckled cheeks.

Yet... despite the leg-shaking orgasm she'd experienced, a single phrase buzzed on the edge of her subconscious, rising slowly to the surface towards her conscious mind as she slept. The thought was barely articulated, an animal instinct rather than a real coherent thought, and it spurred dreams of gluttony and orgasm, gang-sex with a dozen Dions and an endless bowl of wine that she guzzled and gulped, her body swelling as a feral, monstrous instinct of *need* coursed through her sleeping body.

I need it, Alexis thought, her hooves twitching as she moaned and whimpered in her sleep, her womanhood flexing around the dildo until it shot out and rolled across the floor. *I need it. I need all of this. More food, more sex, more farting, more shitting.*

I... I need...

She licked her lips in her sleep, and a rich fart ripped from her flabby asscheeks.

I need MORE.



END OF PART I