“Ah, I’ve missed this. Feels like forever since we last did anything,” Amy said as she stepped onto set.

The usual hustle and bustle of a modelling gig filled the air around her. People rushed about, shouting over one another to make sure everything was in its place. Of course, this required more setup than the usual photo shoot, as they had to move the vehicles into position, but also keep them just away from the camera’s field of view. Of course, Amy provided plenty of distractions that slowed production. They’d taken that into account though and they still had a couple hours before the shoot.

“Yeah, don’t know why, but it’s almost like we just kinda forgot about stuff for a while,” Amanda said, strolling alongside the much taller futa. Perhaps the best part of being out in public together was having the chance to see how others compared. Though not short, plenty of regular people were taller than her, yet they were all made petite after glancing at the beautiful Amazon.

And she would only get taller if the last few weeks were any indication.

This wasn’t just any gig either. One reason for the madness going on, the clear stress on some workers’ faces, was because of Amy’s growth. Never before had an Amazon surpassed the thirteen foot mark, usually just a couple inches shy, then she came along and sailed past it. Of course, she wasn’t the only star set to appear.

After making their way to makeup, they settled in and let the artists do their work. It didn’t take much for Amy. For as tall as she was, her beauty matched it well, with or without product. Amanda never wanted anything more than to keep waking up to it.

“What skin care routine do you use?” One of the makeup artists asked.

“Nothing really,” Amy shrugged, forced to sit on the floor as they worked, otherwise they’d need ladders to reach her face. Even then, the girls climbed onto her legs to reach higher.

“It’s a secret,” Amanda said with a wink, then, once she had their attention, glanced at her girlfriend’s exorbitant crotch. Their eyes lit up with lurid glee, but kept working.

“There’s no proof,” Amy tried calming them.

“Then explain me,” Amanda framed her own face. It may have been a coincidence, any number of factors could be responsible - the time she met Amy, minor changes to her own routines, and just being happier overall - but it couldn’t be denied that her skin never looked so clear after she hooked up the prolific Amazon. Their nights rarely went by without a mess on one or both of their faces.

“She’s got a point,” one of the ladies said, “I’ve heard futa cum is good for you.”

“Especially Amazon’s,” the other nodded, “There’s even rumours that a lot of the popular products use it now.”

“Honestly, I’d probably some if they marketed it that way,” Amy chuckled.

“Ooh, like if they used specific futanari for different ‘scents’ and stuff. I’d totally buy a case of Amy Skin Cream.”

“You get enough as is,” the Amazon said, not thinking of their company. The makeup girls giggled as they finished up.

“Always nice when we get a good face to work with. Takes no time at all,” one explained, putting away her brush and nodding in approval of her work, minimal as it was.

Amy shrugged off the praise. Compliments were easy to come by, though she still enjoyed it of course. Plenty more setup needed to be done for the shoot, allowing her and the others to sit back, watching the others work, carrying various items past the doorway. Occasionally teasing them with Amy’s raw size. Amanda noticed one going out of their way to make as many trips as possible. A familiarly mischievous smirk lifted her cheeks as she tugged on her girlfriend’s shirt, tits jiggling free with a cock-swelling slap against her belly.

“Maddy!” Amy scolded her, though only in play as she caught her phone before it fell. The worker was joined by others, until Amy eventually put her fantastical boobs away, their hypnotic prowess confined by her custom-made top. Everything in her wardrobe would be forever more. She was just that big.

It was largely the reason why she took the shoot. That, and the promise of a certain someone’s involvement. Amy reached into her boobs, where her phone was best kept. With hips and thighs like hers, pockets just weren’t viable, and the weather didn’t suite a jacket. She could use a bag, but it was more amusing to see people’s eyes bulge when she pulled the seven-inch device out.

“Ooh! She’s on the way,” Amy said, giggling in glee.

“Seriously?” Amanda shared her excitement.

“Seriously. Just pulling into the parking lot now.”

The makeup girls shared a look, but didn’t ask anything. For someone of Amy’s calibre to be so excited, the new arrival must be something incredible. And, of course, she was. Perhaps the only person that Amy had looked up to since graduating high school. They just had to wait a few minutes.

Her arrival was heard before they saw her. People gasped and talked amongst each other in hushed tones. If Amy didn’t know better, she’d almost think it was the president or some Hollywood power couple coming in. However, in her mind, they were far, far more important than either of those. The whispers dwindled down as steps neared the makeup room, first a set of wonderful breasts in an ornate gown just begging to be pulled down appeared. Then a long, elegant leg of snowy white beauty with a tall heel.

“Yuri!” Amy hopped up, breasts and ass quivering from the sudden movement as she rushed over, Amanda not far behind.

“Hello, it is… good to see you,” Yuri said, icy crystal eyes going wide as she looked *up* at Amy instead of the other way around. That alone would be enough to shock the other Amazon, however it only took a single glance down to see what else had grown to impossible degrees, “You, ah, look well.”

“Thanks! You look amazing too. Where’d you get that dress?” Amy asked, ignoring the reaction to her growth. She wasn’t just trying to make Yuri feel better either, she genuinely looked amazing, pulling off something Amy doubted she ever could.

“Oh, just a gift from a job. But what about you? How did this happen?” Yuri looked her up and down again, lingering on the very obtuse bulge in her shorts. It took no small amount engineering to create something to handle her sheer enormity.

“You know, this and that,” Amy shrugged.

“Please,” Amanda rolled her eyes, coming to looking upon the exquisite Amazon, “Our friend works in… pharmaceuticals, I guess? That’s the best way I can describe it.”

“And she made Amy grow like this?”

“Well, not at first,” Amanda said, “But, man, you grew a bit too, right?”

“Yes, I suppose, but tell me about this…”

Before Yuri could inquire further, the director’s voice rang over the PA system; only five minutes left until the shoot. The makeup girls pulled the Russian beauty inside and sat her down, while Amy was led out, promising to catch up in a bit. Amanda followed close behind, power-walking to keep up with her longer strides. Things had developed quickly, everyone eager to see more of Amy in new, likely revealing, outfits.

The core principal for her shoot was simple; size. Anything that helped to sell just how massive Amy had become in the past week got featured. People, fruits, sport balls, even vehicles were employed to sell her new stature. Amy held a watermelon in each hand, easily gripping them despite both being larger than Amanda’s head, yet they were puny next to her chest. Even the beachballs that replaced them barely registered. It wasn’t until they handed her a set of yoga balls that they even approached the proper size.

Not long after the beach balls, a set of tires were rolled in. Amanda demonstrated their size by standing in the middle, arms outstretched to graze the rims. At last, these seemed a fitting match for Amy’s bust, though still undersized. Without another option, the new line of bras specifically made for her were brought in. On a whim, Amanda curled up in a cup, while the Amazon tilted toward the camera with a pout. Like when a pet mildly inconveniences someone in an adorable way. The cameras and crew enjoyed that.

With her safer shots were finished, the time came for the more risqué attire. In just over ten minutes, she systematically went through a whole range of lingerie, using a mesh pattern to ‘cover’ her nipples. The thongs were equipped with a harness for her flaccid cock, holding it and her balls slightly aloft. Paired with them was a ‘sock’, though Amy suspected it was a repurposed sleeping bag, that only just covered her member. A lace tightened around the glans to make sure they stood out.

Most clothes were simple whites and blacks, with a couple pinks thrown in. She normally wasn’t one for such colours, but they did help make her distinctly masculine member more feminine. Everything was enormous. Amanda had no hopes of using even a single article, except maybe the cock socks if the bed wasn’t an option.

“Amazing,” the photographer said. She was young, only a few years older than Amy, and it showed. Where some of the older staff were jaded after years working with Amazons, she was fresh, bright-eyed and oh so very wet between the legs. It also meant she didn’t know exactly what she wanted, which only led to plenty of different angles and random poses all for the sake of finding that perfect eroticism. Amy wasn’t the greatest judge of talent, but she saw a bright future in the girl.

One that might also involve her bed if Amanda shared her thoughts.

After half an hour of mostly solo shots, Yuri’s time came. Everything changed when she entered the room, white hair radiant under the harsh lights, while her skin glistened like a freshly polished doll, yet she exuded raw confidence. The artists had done an admirable job too, adding hints of glitter under her eyes to create an almost ethereal presence with her steely gaze. It all combined with her flowing nightdress and natural grace to form a visage above anything Amy could ever hope to achieve.

Which was fine. She had a style, Yuri had hers, both unique and better suited to their figures. The smaller Amazon almost looked dainty next to Amy’s new fourteen feet of widely tapped sexual prowess, especially as she came to stand next to the lingerie clad futa, all but dwarfed by the height difference. By Amy’s estimate, she had maybe three feet on her colleague. Not insignificant, though much shorter than with Amanda or most other Amazons she knew.

“This is so awesome,” Amanda said, craning her neck back to look at them, a content smirk on her face. Her head only came level to their thighs, and even lower on Amy, but that wasn’t the point to her. Their cocks were in perfect range of her face, all manner of wanton thoughts shooting past each other behind her eyes.

“Keep it in your pants,” Amy said, hearing the camera shutter go off. While her girlfriend basically had nothing on either Amazon, her cock was still sizeable enough to make a conspicuous bulge in her leggings.

“Or don’t,” the photographer called, “We’re doing the NSFW stuff now, so feel free to flaunt what you got, ladies.”

Yuri’s cheeks turned a gorgeous red, while Amy gave a lop-sided grin to the camera. Click, click, click. It went off rapidly as she picked Amanda up, then pulled a breast to the side, before dropping the futa down into her cleavage. She closed the gap just in time, trapping the average-sized human in place. Not that she struggled to break free, only to maximise effect and her own pleasure. Glancing to side, she noticed Yuri’s unblinking gaze locked onto the breast-enclosed futa.

“Could I get some lube please?” Amy asked, receiving a bottle an instant later. She poured into her cleavage, soaking her lingerie and Amanda’s clothes, however that was the point. Their attire clung tighter to their bodies, accenting the excitement coursing through their veins and into Amy’s nipples, which stuck out like a pair of cocks all their own. Miss Photographer, whose name she would have to learn, went wild over that.

All the attention was on Amy, with only a few drops to spare for Yuri.

“Enough of this,” the Amazon snapped, then flipped her dress to the side, revealing her cock in its frilly harness. She grabbed Amanda from Amy’s breasts, grip so firm the lube didn’t factor in, and placed her on the base of her penis. The other Amazon couldn’t resist a giggle, especially when Yuri’s member twitched involuntarily. Miss Photographer liked that, as did the small futa.

Yuri shot a look at Amy, one that was basically sticking her tongue out as if to say ‘she could do stuff like that too’. It was too good an invitation to refuse. Honestly, she’d feel rude to decline the challenge.

When signing on for the shoot, Joan gave her all the details necessary. Including that everything cock related was super elastic, designed to handle anything from rough foreplay, to a major erection. Amy winked at Miss Photographer, then took her girlfriend back. She didn’t explain the plan to her, instead pulling her cock sock open and shoving the five-foot-six futa inside. Feeling her lubricated form against her member, combined with everything thus far, it didn’t take much for an erection to arise.

“It’s not possible,” Yuri muttered as her cool eyes observed what could only described as a monster rising.

“Oh, it is… don’t ask me how, but it is,” Amy said, smirking as she noticed Yuri also hardening, though it wasn’t anything close to the fourteen-foot Amazon, practically a giant. Even if her height didn’t class her as such, her cock certainly should, extending all across the set. As Amanda continued wriggling about, the Amazon reclined on the nearby truck, standing well above it.

“Oh god, yes,” Miss Photographer gushed and closed in, changing to a lower angle as she captured Amy’s prehistoric-sized dick on its ascent. The enormity didn’t matter to it either, standing at a slight angle and casting a penile shadow over the set. Yuri’s harness snapped piece by piece as she reached full hardness.

Plenty of whistles sounded off as the fabrics fell away to reveal over three feet of turgid girl-cock. Delicious veins throbbed all over its length, converging on the ruddy, purple crown. Any size queen should be happy with her, most would even think they’d bitten off more than they could chew, however Amy’s mere presence undermined it as she kept swelling beyond ten rock hard feet of dick. The sleeve had stretched taut around it now, pressing Amanda’s squirming form flush against the shaft.

“Someone get the measuring tape,” Miss Photographer snapped, launching people into action as they found multiple tapes, requiring most to get an accurate measure. She kept taking pictures as they added one after the other. Someone held up a board with no less than ‘12ft’ written in bold.

“It’s bigger than me,” Yuri said, walking up and down, her own member swaying wildly. As she neared the head, where the weight finally pulled it down slightly, it smacked against her naked dick, both Amazons reacting. Her with a jump and Amy with a soft coo.

“It looks like it could eat someone, right?”

“Yeah, think they’ve tried that?”

“I’ve worked with them before, so definitely.”

Amy chuckled and rubbed at the exposed portion of her length, “Is this what you wanted, Miss Photographer?”

“Fuck the hell yes,” she nodded enthusiastically, licking her lips and making no attempts to hide the spreading wetness between her thighs.

“Wanna see something even hotter?” Amanda asked through the sock. Amy peeled it back for her, revealing the dishevelled futa.

“Yes,” Yuri said, though clearly not on purpose, as she blushed fiercely.

Amanda hopped down, gesturing for the taller Amazon to kneel, then ran to the front and took the sleeve with her. Gasps rang out at the sight. Yuri was flawlessly porcelain, even her cock shared the same doll-like complexion, but Amy bordered on animalistic in how the veins stood out, pumping so much blood throughout her larger than life cock that it turned the skin a livid shade of red. Unsurprisingly, the head was hugely swollen with a gaping urethra.

Just a single touch from Amanda opened the flow of pre-cum. It coated her arm instantly, then the rest of her as she propped the head up and stood underneath. That alone could land on the front page of any porn site, niche or otherwise, but the pair had other plans. Amy knew her lover too well not to expect what came next, fondling her boobs in anticipation.

Under Yuri’s scrutinous gaze, Amanda slid her hands around the leaking urethra. After the party, it was less of a slit, and more a gaping hole eager to unleash gallons of dick-juice. Or be filled. The futa first pushed a set of fingers in from each hand, slowly so Miss Photographer could get into position, then the rest. Not long after, the knuckles were inside.

“She can’t do what I think she’s gonna do, right?”

“That depends, do you think she’s gonna do what you think she’s trying to do?”

“Dude, shh… Oh my god it’s happening.”

Their awe sang throughout the studio as Amanda’s wrists were gobbled up. She didn’t stop there. Amy’s pre-cum was the perfect lube, a flawless mix of sticky and slimy, oozing between her forearms and the hole as she pushed deeper. In no time, she was shoulder deep, staring down a gooey tube she’d been so intimately familiar with not long ago. Whispers continued all around them, while Yuri just stared in equal parts fascination and arousal. Her cock jerked as Amanda grinned at the shorter Amazon.

“You gonna leave it at that?” Amy asked, “You know you want another look inside.”

“Hell yeah, I do,” Amanda said and pushed her arms apart, opening the path. Renewed shock blanketed over the onlookers, then doubled when she positioned her head at the opening, “Try not to cum right away.” With that, she removed her arms and shoved her head in. Though gaped, Amy’s cock-hole still closed around her, holding the much smaller futa in place.

“You… you can vore people with your cock?” Miss Photographer asked, lowering the camera as if to prove she was seeing reality, though she didn’t stop shooting.

“Hmm, yeah. Sometimes,” Amy groaned. Her lover was never passive, even when they weren’t trying to get each other off a dozen times, Amanda tormented her relentlessly. That wonderful tongue kept licking all around the inside of her shaft, and the hair, matted down with pre, rubbed everywhere too. Fuck, it was so hard not to just pull her dick up so gravity pushed her impish girlfriend down all the way.

“That’s…” Yuri licked her lips, then turned away when her cock jerked up and slapped her breasts.

“So fucking hot!” People rushed forward, crowding around and clamouring for a closer look.

“Can you really do it?”

“Will I fit?”

“What’s the rent inside your balls?”

Amy laughed their questions off, even the last one who had the most serious of expressions on her face, “Sorry guys, only for a select few people.”

“Aww… can you at least swallow her all the way?”

“Well, maybe. She’s a bit big,” Amy said, then squeaked at the sharp nip inside her dick, “I didn’t mean it like that, Maddy!”

“I’ll pay you twenty grand to swallow right now!”

“It’s not that simple,” Amy moaned, her lover hearing the offer and trying to squirm deeper in. Unfortunately, the shoulders posed an issue. Much as the party had stretched her out, going from two-foot morsels to a full on banquet just wasn’t possible. Even after her latest growth spurt.

Although, they hadn’t seriously tried in the weeks since then.

“Alright, I’ll try. Hey, Yuri? Mind giving us a hand?”

“With… but that’s… fine,” the Russian Amazon, normally so cool and collected, wobbled on her way to the front, pushing aside the masses, “What am I doing here?” She muttered, perhaps to herself, but Amy took it as a sign to give direction.

“Just need you to give her a push. Don’t worry about hurting her, she’s handled worse.”

“Alright,” Yuri mumbled, then wrapped her hands around the comparatively tiny futa’s hips, gulping at the erection throbbing against her. She looked up and met Amy’s gaze. With a single nod from the larger Amazon, she gave a firm push.

“Oh fuck!” Amy gasped, tossing her head back and holding onto the base of her cock for dear life. Rumbles echoed through the room, emanating from her sack, “Better do it fast. I’m not gonna hold much longer.”

“So soon?”

“I can’t help it. You’re so hot and this feels insanely good!”

Yuri just kept pushing. Amanda’s shoulders were the biggest struggle, but they slowly squeezed in, just like a huge cock did inside a tight snatch. Pre-cum got displaced, gushing out around the futa and onto Yuri’s arms. Once enclosed, however, the rest of her body was smooth sailing.

Constant gasps and moans came from Amy as she was filled up. The rumbles continued, asynchronous with her sounds of pleasure, while she jerked the few feet of cock available to her, raising it further so everyone could see how taut her scrotum had become. More importantly, however, was the distinctly facial bulge working down her cock. It was like a cartoon snake swallowing something much too large; every feature plain to see for the viewer.

For Amy, she felt every feature. Her lover never stopped moving, even if it was just a small wriggle, twisting all around to maximise the experience, despite Amy already being so close. The fact Yuri was helping them just made it all so much better. Her colleague’s cock hadn’t drooped in the slightest, twitching between her breasts, preening for attention too. Yuri didn’t even blink as she stuffed the small futa’s hips inside, dick grinding against the insides and adding its own fluids.

Every vein. Every heartbeat. Every laboured breath. Even Amanda’s hair follicles were like streams of blinding light behind closed eyes, muted yet no less insane.

Then Yuri gave a final push. It all unravelled at the same time. Amanda’s feet slid in, shoes coming off from the tight squeeze. Her toes wriggled about, the final stimulus needed for the Amazon’s balls to find their relief. No more than a couple feet in and she was held firm, the tunnel closing around her like a finger trap, only for a tide of jizz to rush forth.

“Oh fuck, make way!” Amy shouted and thrust her hips forward on impulse. At just the wrong time too, as Yuri’s erection finally relaxed enough to droop down, like it wanted to follow Amanda inside. And it got its wish. The Amazons stared at one another in silence, then both sang out as the first of Amy’s geysers shot out. Or tried to.

Though smaller than Amanda, the new blockage was held tight. Not a millimetre of slack between it and the shaft. Pressure rapidly built as cum backed up, however there was a single, small passage for it. Yuri cried out as semen entered her cock, pushed all the way to her balls by sheer pressure. That same force squeezed between the shaft and walls, oozing out Amy’s cum hole, though it didn’t stop flowing into Yuri.

“My… balls…” The Amazon gasped out, hands flying to her sack, obscured by Amy’s cock.

“Oh shit!”

“They’re growing.”

“No, they’re inflating. With *her* jizz!”

“Oh fuck, cum-flation FTW!”

“WOO!”

Amy just kept jerking herself off. She leaned over and wrapped her arms around her dick, pretending to give it the heimlich, ushering an ever-greater flow out her testes and into Yuri’s. It was so hard not to thrust, her friend’s dick filled her nicely, but it was more of a tease. She could get so much pleasure from it. Only the fact that Amanda was still trapped inside kept her from losing herself.

That futa had an amazing lung capacity, though even she’d be tapping out before long. Especially with all that pressure around her. She needed to cum harder.

“H-hey! Anyone? Uh, fissssst me pleaSE?!” Amy squealed, the amount of cum escaping not nearly enough to keep up with her output. It was building up inside her cock now, a distinct, squishy bulge forming up and down the lower half.

“On it!” A bunch shouted and ran to her rear. She squatted down for them and howled in bliss as their arms and heads and even some pricks penetrated her holes. Muted clicks went off, though she wasn’t sure what it was anymore. A pair of hands felt around her asshole, before stumbling on her bulbous prostate. Some of the sorority claimed it was the size of a honeydew melon.

Regardless of its size, the sensitivity did just the trick. In what could only be described as a lurch from deep inside her balls, cum just exploded from the reservoir and finally overwhelmed the blockage. Yuri yelped as she fell back from the sheer strength of Amy’s eruption, followed closely by a swollen Amanda, having been one of the very few openings for cum to flow into. She landed on Yuri’s chest, dazed, all but drunk on semen as more burst out to cover them and the onlookers.

“I’m so fucking happy I went for this career,” Miss Photographer said once everything settled enough to be heard. Next to no surfaces escaped Amy’s climax, splattered in it, yet no one complained. The young woman sat in a pool of the stuff, so thick it barely moved under gravity’s sway. A few of the others picked up huge clumps of the stuff, congealed thanks to the pressure within. One even lauded a clod the size of a soccer ball.

“Glad to hear it,” Amy sighed, relieved that she wasn’t in trouble. And that her sack hadn’t become stretched out.

“You owe me *several* explanations,” Yuri said, wringing her dress of jizz.

“It’ll probably be better if you come back with us. Eliza can explain it better.”

“Oh yes, your scientist friend. Very well, I look forward to hearing about this.”

“Maddy? You good?”

A cum-drenched thumb rose from a mound of semen.

Eliza swivelled about on her stool. Everyone else had gone home, their projects complete or leaving them in frustration, but her work was never done. The fact Amy had grown to such a mass seemed impossible, no matter how much scientific wizardry she used. Her creations bordered on alchemy at that point, various elements that otherwise had no business with each other working in harmony to turn an Amazon into a sprite, then into an Amazon above all others. Truth be told, she’d stumbled upon the recipe.

But once she had it set in stone, she just couldn’t stop tweaking things. Sometimes, nothing exceptional happened, beyond a more effective dose, but then the two inch fiasco occurred. It was that formula that turned Amy’s former eight-feet standard into thirteen-glorious-feet. And she’d only gotten bigger after shrinking again.

Was there even a limit?

A maddening prospect for numerous reasons. One of which throbbed inside her pants. Her member had been incessant lately, demanding her complete attention more than a few times like normal, which consumed more time than she’d care to admit. Anything could factor into the cause; Amy’s growth, her own kinks developing to new levels, or the exposure to her experimental formulas. Or it could be the anticipation for today.

It wasn’t much of a stretch to say she had a fetish for Amazons. Her fantasies always involved them, the bigger the better, and for so long, none were larger than Yuri Vasiliev. It had always been her dream to meet someone literally twice her size, and while she’d succeeded in that endeavour once already, Amy put new dreams in her head. The former biggest surely couldn’t let another upstart take her place so easily. That could mean this visit had more in store than merely satisfying her desire to see the Amazon again.

Which meant she needed to keep working. Just in case.

The sky burned a stunning orange when the doors opened. She raised her head and there she was, hair peeking out behind Amy’s arm, which itself only just peered beyond the Amazon’s breast, was Yuri’s brilliant snowy hair.

“Hey, Eliza. Got a present for you.”

“Do not reduce me to a present,” Yuri said, accent thick as she chided the taller Amazon. Even before they stepped one foot into the lab, Eliza hopped off the stool and rushed over, tablet clutched tight to her chest.

“Oh my god, you’re here, you’re here!” The little scientist squealed, jumping in place, then her eyes widened, “And you’re even taller!” Even if she was half-asleep, she’d be a quivering mess. In her present state, she was nothing more than a child on Christmas morning after catching a glimpse of the presents the night before. Or something to that effect.

Simply put, she couldn’t restrain herself at all. Nor could her penis. With a mighty rip, her pants tore open and out jumped her ‘little’ friend. Yet, so captivated by Yuri’s mere existence, she almost didn’t notice until catching an eye wondering to her crotch.

“Uh… sorry about that,” Eliza tugged her shirt up and over her member, “I’ll just go grab some spares.”

“You sure don’t want a hand with that?” Amanda asked, licking her lips.

“Or two?” Amy offered, expression just as thirsty as her small girlfriend.

“No, no. I’ll take care of it later. Just give me a second.” True to her word, she left and returned in no more than the blink of an eye, “So, uh, Yuri. What brings you back to the States?”

“Work. But I’m not here to talk about myself, I want to know about you.”

“Me?” Eliza shrank into her shoulders, like they’d hide the ferocious blush on her cheeks. The lab was maintained at room temperature, so it couldn’t be the room heating up.

“We’ll leave you two alone. I’ve got some classes to catch up on,” Amy said, nudging Amanda.

“Aww… I mean, yeah. Me too. Totally. Welp, gotta go, bye!”

With that, Eliza was left alone with the futa solely responsible for entire gigabytes of lost storage. In images. If there were more videos of her, they’d likely take terabytes. Now, however, she wasn’t staring at a screen or magazine or poster, but at the real deal. In the flesh. With her bulbous groin just overhead.

Focus! Eliza gulped and led the way deeper into the lab, “So, uh, what do…” She stumbled into a table, but righted herself immediately, “What do you want to know? About me?”

Yuri smiled down at her, “No need to be nervous. It’s about something I hear you’re an expert in.”

“Yes?” Eliza perked a brow up at that, curious what Amy had said about her.

“You are the one responsible for Amy’s recent growth, yes?”

“Oh, that. Yeah, of course. No one else in the world does what I do.” It was part bluster and part truth. Far as she knew, no other scientists or companies were anywhere near the breakthroughs she’d discovered.

“Tell me about it. Please?” Yuri asked and took a pair of stools to support her delectable rear. A warm, slimy stream ran down Eliza’s chest, but it fortunately didn’t soak into her shirt. She took a perch opposite the Amazon and struggled not to let her nerves overwhelm her.

“Okay, well,” Eliza cleared her throat, “They asked me to shrink Amy at first, but you know that much. I honestly never expected her to grow from it.”

“Last time I saw her, she was no taller than Amanda. Now she’s taller than me. What happened?” Yuri’s curious was, perhaps, the most engrossing thing Eliza would ever commit to memory.

“Well, she grew back to normal at first. Then suddenly shot up. I’m still trying to figure out what caused it.”

A pensive look befell the Russian. Her cool eyes darting about as if reading something only she could see.

“Um, sorry to ask, but you’re still growing right?”

“Da.”

“But how? I’ve been following your career for years now. You didn’t grow that whole time,” Eliza said, “Is it natural?”

“Of course,” Yuri said, tilting her chin slightly, a small grin on her lips.

“Then you could keep growing too,” Eliza whispered, a mixture of intrigue, potential and desire running circles in her mind, “That could be it.”

“Could be what?”

“Are… are you staying for long? In the country, I mean.”

“I have a few jobs lined up for the next few weeks,” Yuri said.

“Excellent. I believe you could be what helps me make another breakthrough,” Eliza explained.

“You wish to run tests on me?”

“If you’re willing.”

Yuri exhaled through her nose, “Very well. But, I wish for something in return.”

“Anything!” Eliza shouted and hopped onto the table.

“So cute,” Yuri murmured, just loud enough for her to hear, “I wish to grow too.”

For a moment, Eliza wondered if she was dreaming. It seemed impossible when Amy first grew and just kept going, now this futa of all her fantasies was asking for the same. She couldn’t resist looking over Yuri’s body, seeing the subtly powerful striations of muscles nearly all Amazons possessed, then imagining them straining to support an ever increasing weight, laws of physics weeping in the corner as they were laughed at by Yuri growing to unfathomable heights. And what of her penis? Compared to Amy’s former stature, it was much larger, so who knew what its limits were.

“Hello?” Yuri waved a hand in front of her, so big it could wrap around her head and hold it like a grapefruit.

“Yes?! Uh, I mean, that is more than possible. In fact, you could always try taking some of the Shrinkage formula and see what that does.”

“Tempting, but no. I don’t wish to shrink. Amy’s reasons for doing so are confusing to me.”

“You don’t have a partner that you’re too big for?” Eliza asked, once again contemplating whether she could handle such a beast. Sources claimed Yuri was no less than three feet when hard, and more than thick enough to boot.

“No, I haven’t had a partner in a long time. Much less one than couldn’t handle me,” Yuri’s gaze burned softly, a fire behind a sheet of ice, as she cast her gaze along Eliza’s petite frame. Such a cock would dominate her body, even her own was much too large.

“I understand. Well, shall we go over the plan?” Eliza asked, trying to curb her own enthusiasm for the Amazon. Though if the invite ever came, she would’ve hopped on the table and presented herself at any given second, more than willing to try her luck with such a big phallus. Or at least to see this beautiful creature naked in the flesh.

Keep it together, Eliza snapped to herself even as she listed off everything she needed from Yuri. Her self-chiding didn’t make a difference, however, eyes frequently drifting away from her tablet as she asked about Yuri’s medical history, devouring the Amazon’s body. What a dress, Eliza thought as she traced the fabric over a shoulder, following it down the side as Yuri leaned an elbow on the table. She didn’t look bored, more like she was trying to adjust for comfort. A slight shift in the dress around her legs almost overwhelmed Eliza’s restraint.

It couldn’t be that she, of all people, was having an effect on this goddess? When there was someone like Amy that would happily see to Yuri’s sexual needs.

Or perhaps it was something else? Maybe she and Yuri shared something beyond the mere desire to see the Amazon grow faster and bigger than any natural path could get her. Eliza pushed the thoughts aside for the moment, focusing on the task at hand, that being to form a plan of action. Then she could wonder about if she had any chance with the gorgeous futa sat across from her.

God, she was like a high schooler with a massive crush. Unlike high school brats, though, she could contain her urges.

“I think that’s everything,” Eliza said, ogling all the data available to her. Next to none of this was public information, such as the exact size and shape of Yuri’s nipples - something that could crop up in testing. She didn’t exactly want to accidentally give her idol gigantic teats without a reference for reversal. Finding that Yuri’s nipples were inverted was perfect. Apparently, based on information gleamed from the interview, they would erupt from hiding like an erection.

“Not everything,” Yuri said and walked to Eliza’s side, the five-foot-two futa left gawking in awe as a pen was produced from thin air. Her arm was grabbed and the cool tip pushed against her skin, numbers appearing in rough, yet somehow elegant script, “My number. Contact me any time. Especially if you’ve made a breakthrough.”

“What about if I, you know, just need to talk?”

“Hmm, perhaps. If I am not too busy,” Yuri smiled, not showing a single tooth, yet it was radiant. Eliza couldn’t see a single flaw in the Amazon.

Fuck, she really was a high school futa again. Yuri could’ve robbed her blind right there and she’d still be smitten.

“Don’t worry, I won’t call too often. Once every other day at most. Promise.”

“You can call once a day,” Yuri said, “I would like to be updated quite often.”

“Definitely.” Did she have a dopey grin on her face? Eliza tried bringing her features into line. This wasn’t a friend she was talking to, but a client. One of the sexiest beings on earth, sure, but she had to maintain *some* degree of professionalism. Regardless of how bad she wanted to grab onto the very obvious bulge staring down at her.

“So, I’ll see you soon,” Eliza said and offered a hand, which was all but crushed in Yuri’s grip.

“Before I go,” the Amazon leaned in, “Would you like me to sign anything?”

“Uh, oh, um…” Eliza pulled on her shirt, cock throbbing powerfully. It hadn’t softened even a fraction of a fraction in the entire time, pulsating with the raw need for the futa pondering her so intently. What if she signed her cock?

That’d be stupid. Oh no, what was she doing?

“You are a most interesting person,” Yuri said and squatted down low, her dress revealing more of those awe-inspiring thighs. It also gave Eliza the perfect window for her idol’s cleavage, “And impressive in more ways than I expected.” The way she was looking at it, did that mean she wanted to do something… no, Eliza couldn’t even entertain the thought. Not for a second.

If she did, she might cum out of nowhere.

A hiss left her lips when a marker appeared and pressed against her sensitive, turgid flesh. Powerful strokes decorated the shaft in blue ink, finishing with a strong flourish and, much to her near eruption, a kiss on the tip. Yuri seemed to realise how far she’d gone and abruptly stood, then walked away without a word, not even looking back at the small futa watching after her. The doors opened to reveal a group of familiar faces, all from Futa Alpha, but they were quick to scurry away in the face of Yuri’s size. Then she was gone.

Eliza planted her face in her hands on a table, taking deep breaths. Her balls ached from being aroused so long, the release so close, yet she refused it. It begged for her to go back to her dorm and handle it, but she wouldn’t last that long. No way in hell.

Just the open air was pushing her closer to that peak. Fuck it, she thought and locked the lab doors. They were on the first floor, too high for anyone to look in through the windows, and she doubted anyone else would come in. No one but her. God, she really was too horny, now she was cracking jokes in her own head. Once secure, she went removed all her clothes and pondered the pendulous weight of her endowment.

For every gram of fat her boobs lacked compared to almost everyone else in her life, her genitals more than compensated. Those buffoons in Futa Alpha claimed to have the biggest of the big in their ranks, of course Amy made them perfectly aware they didn’t, but none of them knew of Eliza’s own size. She was perhaps the only futa on campus that Amy used to struggle with. Now it was just like a third, doubly thick arm protruding from her crotch.

“Alright, you obnoxious lump of dick-meat,” Eliza said to her throbbing length, “First, we commemorate this.” She took several pictures of her cock, making sure Yuri’s autograph was always in frame. They’d get printed and framed the first chance she got, a plan she filed away for later.

It boggled her mind that *the* Yuri had signed her dick. Not only that, but kissed it. Those memories took command over her hands as she wrapped them around her fat member, cooing at the coolness against it. She didn’t have cold hands, except in Summer oddly enough, but they were pleasantly cool on her shaft. Bending almost in half, she reached the tip where plenty of pre-cum flowed just from memories of Yuri. Her scent lingered, empowering the fantasies taking hold.

They were familiar to her. More often than not, Yuri stared in her mind, lording the difference in size between them over Eliza, before discovering the meat pillar in her pants. From there, the Amazon would marvel at the disparity between it and the scientist, before taking it in hand and getting a proper sense of its mass. Eliza bit into her lip as she stroked, tiny hands a poor imitation of the giant ones she longed for.

But they’d suffice. The envisioned Yuri changed tactic, using her own member to point out how abnormally fat Eliza’s was, it’s girth even larger than the Amazon’s. So fucking thick, she thought as she tried squeezing so her fingers would meet, only to fail. Each vein was the size of her fingers.

Her fantasy changed to their dicks rubbing together. Yuri was far longer, doubling it with ease, yet half its length was obscured by Eliza’s chunky fuck-stick. Inevitably, things led to pussies, with the Amazon rubbing hers up and down, slightly anxious about if it would even fit inside her larger than life snatch. But they’d try, no matter how much lube it took.

Which Eliza was more than ready to provide. Once her gears started going, she just couldn’t stop leaking, not like a leaky faucet, more a burst pipe. She gathered overflowing handfuls and worked it into her shaft, jerking faster as she imagined the slickness being Yuri’s cunt swallowing her dick. The blood thumped in her ears, an orgasmic thunder storm approaching fast.

Her heartbeat was a war drum. It pounded so hard and fast her cock felt even bigger, the head drifting away from her. But that couldn’t be. Eliza grinned to herself and cracked an eye, entertaining the idea for just a moment, though what she saw roused conflict. Was it actually bigger?

She’d masturbated hundreds of times. Of course that meant she was intimately familiar with her size, not just because she measured herself regularly, though it didn’t mean she could recognise small changes. What if she was growing and it just kept going? What if she and Yuri got together and her cock was so huge the Amazon couldn’t even handle it?

“Oh fuck!” Eliza howled, a shrill sound unlike her usually low pitch, as her dick leapt up and slapped her in the chest. It held that extreme angle as the first of many mortars launched. She leaned back on a table and pumped her hips in time with each burst, so powerful they splashed against the ceiling. Great, now she was gonna have to clean that up too. Though her ire didn’t last long as the next salvo launched and washed her thoughts away in a wave of white.

After the twelfth jettison, her orgasm finally calmed down.

“That was… oddly intense,” Eliza panted, sweat all over her body from the strain of pushing so much jizz from her body. She ran a hand down her length, the pre-cum having turned into a sticky layer, then cupped a testicle. A frown crept in, “I need to measure you again.”