Reality had come into question several times in Amy life. She grew early to tower over everyone in school, got a modelling gig, coasted by at college and met a marvellous futa she called her girlfriend for years now, then Eliza’s brilliance came into play. The results of that pulsed and oozed in the bathroom, gradually softening while Amanda trudged through its emissions. She came into view over the softening log. Jizz covered her from head to toe, but in a tasteful way in that it let her best aspects shine through.

“Holy fuck! That was amazing!” Amanda giggled, hugging the Amazon’s balls.

“What the hell happened to you?”

“You’ll see, but come on, admit it, that was the best orgasm ever!”

“Yeah,” Amy said, lifting her up to once more straddle her crotch, “All thanks to a certain someone fisting my ass.”

“I wanted to make you cum,” Amanda sighed, sinking into the squishy mess of Amy’s tits, “My cock’s too small to fuck you properly anymore, so I needed to improvise.”

“I meant it when I said ‘it’s nice’,” Amy said.

“Yeah, but that’s not good enough. From now on, I’m gonna fist and punch-fuck your holes much as possible. And maybe a little more…”

“Like what?”

“When I was eating you out, I got my *whole* head inside you. If I’d tried a bit more, my shoulders would’ve fit too. After that it’s smooth sailing.”

“You want to… what? Body-fuck my pussy?”

“It’s called unbirthing and yes. Fuck, with you this big now we can do all kinds of vore-play. How’s your regurgitation?”

“Why do I love you?” Amy shook her head and lifted her higher, planting a face-smothering kiss on her, licking up the leftover emissions, “We really should clean up though. It’s late.” A yawn from both punctuated the observation. They wouldn’t be able to clean up everything of course. That’d take a whole team and probably some industrial grade suction equipment. For the meantime, they at least had a functioning bathtub and shower to clean themselves.

“That’s gonna be tricky, come on,” Amanda hopped down and led her by the finger, so big it took all her hand just to cover half of it. It was like a baby’s hand. Amy snickered under her breath, which turned into a shocked inhale when she got a full view of the bathroom.

“Oh…”

Everything, from the shower curtain that went mostly unused, to the windows and sink was covered in cum. Not a little bit either. Heavy globs of the stuff clung to the walls, lazily slid down to pool on the floors and into the tub, which itself was already up to the brim with semen. Amanda shoved the window wide open, letting in fresh air that did next to nothing against the pungent fumes. Thick vapours wafted from every square inch.

Clean up would take hours, if not days. And that would need them not to do anything like this in the near future too, which didn’t bode well at all. While the late hour and events had drained Amy, her libido didn’t often follow rules. All it’d take was Amanda talking about that ‘vore’ stuff and a repeat was inevitable.

Not that she minded.

“I know we need to clean, but…” Amanda detached from the Amazon and leapt into the tub of jizz, coming up with a renewed layer of white all over her, “Oh god, it’s still so thick!”

“I can’t believe you,” Amy said and sat on the floor, her chest still clearing the rim. She dipped a hand in, “Wow, it’s so warm.”

“It’s great,” Amanda cooed.

“Is this why you were covered in cum earlier?”

“Yup. Couldn’t help myself,” Amanda said, “Your cum is so nice. I really mean it. It’s like a living thing, squeezing me on all sides, like a massage. And it’s so warm and smelly in the best way. I wonder if that’s what your balls are like. Oh, can I try that sometime?”

“Going into my balls?” Amy asked, an incredulous brow notched.

“Yeah.”

“Uh, I guess? If it’s possible.”

“Amy, we have a friend that can shrink people to two inches tall, I think we can manage this. Oh fuck, I can’t wait to try that. I bet it’ll be so cosy in them. Or maybe it’s more like a cavern. Guess it depends on how small I go, but if I’m too small than you won’t get anything from it.”

“Are you serious?” In response, Amanda reclined back and raised her hips, her nine-inch cock breaking the surface. The layers of cum on it gave the illusion of a much fatter girth.

“Very… hey babe?” Amanda wriggled her hips, sloshing cum over the sides, “You know how I worked super hard to get you off so much tonight? Think you could give me some love too?”

“Is that a good idea?” Amy fretted. While her cock was docile for the moment, being in this room, smelling the product of her orgasm, and having Amanda tease her would lead to disaster. Especially if she started blowing her and tasting all that gooey cum. It did resemble pudding, almost like a panna cotta.

“At least a handjob, come on, you owe me. Like fifty bucks, but maybe I can let it slide if you…”

“Are you really blackmailing your girlfriend for a handjob?”

“Yeah.”

“Fine,” Amy chuckled and reached over to grab her lover’s cock, adequate for so much of their relationship. Now it felt so small, her hand enveloping the entire shaft, leaving only the cute head to peak out. Perhaps the size wouldn’t satisfy Amy anymore, but she did love it. Amanda had the perfect blend of sexes in her member, from its girth and understated veins, to the ruddy colour from years of experience. The foreskin slipped over the head and between Amy’s fingers, feeling like silk.

Oh the two, Amanda cared for her cock the most. A soft landscape of hairs occupied her groin, which tickled the Amazon’s hand as it slid down. Slimy bridges connected them and her skin as she moved away. Sometimes the futa would go the extra mile with her trimmings and make Amy’s name using her hairs, or completely shave and paint the words. Once she even used a very resistant paint that took weeks to wash off, meaning the entire sorority got a good look of her ‘Super Special Amazon Tamer’. At least it distracted from that time she dyed the hairs a rainbow of colours.

“I love you,” Amy said and leaned over the tub for a kiss, moving her hand faster now and squeezing her fingers in their favourite symphony: Amanda’s Moans in A Minor.

“Oh god, love you too, babe… hmm, ooh.” It took a special knowledge of the futa to make her moan in tune, something no other had managed yet. Maybe she did it because Amy liked it so much, but that didn’t matter; it was their thing.

“Are you gonna cum?” Amy asked.

“Mmm hmm.”

“Is that what you’re gonna do in my balls?” Amy teased. While she didn’t really get the fascination, the idea of a shrunken Amanda sliding down her cock was hot, “Are you gonna jerk off and add your load to them?”

“Yes, yes, fuck yes…”

“What about my womb? If you’re gonna do that to my balls, then my womb’s gonna feel so left out. You’ll have to go up there and jerk off again. Then in my ass just to be fair.”

“And your mouth. Oh fuck, it’ll be so hot with you holding me between your teeth while your tongue tastes me. Ah! Fuck!” Despite the previous loads of the evening, Amanda’s climax launched several feet in the air and splashed back into the tub, adding a meagre amount to the gallons upon gallons, “I wanna snuggle.”

Amy sat up and rested her tits over the edge, their bottoms dipped into the pool.

“No,” Amanda whined, “I mean snuggle.”

“Okay, okay,” Amy said, not that she resisted much. The cleaners for Futa Era were incredible. For all they knew, the mess would be cleaned up when they woke up, though Amy doubted they’d want to work afterwards.

She climbed in behind Amanda, who made room for the Amazon’s egregious cock. Her mass displaced most of the cum, forcing it over the edges and re-flooding the already drenched floors, and her legs wouldn’t fit without bending, however she made it all the way in and had a half-asleep Amanda nestled into her. It really was nice.

“It’s a like a water bed all around me,” Amy said.

“Oh, oh! We should get one, but fill it with your cum! That’d be so fucking hot, sleeping and fucking on a cum-bed,” Amanda said, “Hmm, there’s so much to try now.”

“Like what?” Amy asked.

“Hmm, like lot’s oh stuff,” Amanda murmured, eyes drifting off.

“Hey, we still need to clean ourselves before bed,” Amy chided the smaller futa.

“I know, I know. Never thought a handjob would take so much outta me,” Amanda said, “Or maybe it’s the cum bath. I really like I could just doze off and never leave here.”

Amy sighed, “There’ll be more cum. I’m already filling up. Let’s go to bed and see what other fun we can have in the morning.”

“Okay.”

Cum was a strange thing to wash off. Sometimes it came off with just a stream of water, other times it clung to skin like moss and required a thorough scrubbing, which the two futanari were more than happy to offer one another. Amy’s cock remained dormant in a small miracle. She didn’t how they’d sleep if it got hard and didn’t go down again.

What semen didn’t come off under a shower required towels. Amanda wavered on her feet as giant hands moved around her body, rubbing her down and caking several towels in seed. They didn’t even try cleaning up their lower legs, given the pervasive layers of cum all over the floor. Wherever either of them stepped created a splash, more so for Amy, often spreading droplets onto places that had otherwise escaped a dredging. Finally, they reached the bed.

Amy sat on the edge, her legs stretched out clear to the other wall. Her girlfriend leaned on her side, eyes half-shut and with a dozy grin on her lips as she tried doing the same. Both their feet were covered in cum, which created little webs as they stretched out their toes. Even with perspective on Amanda’s side, her feet still seemed tiny by comparison.

“What size shoe do you think I am now?” Amy asked, wriggling her toes and enjoying the squishy sensation.

“Who knows? Won’t fit in mine.”

“Maybe I should try?”

“Don’t,” Amanda groaned with a tired smack on the Amazon’s breast. Though light, it was enough to send tsunami waves through the plush shape.

“Tomorrow’s gonna be a fun day, huh?”

“Yeah.”

“It’s like a whole new world,” Amy said, laying back and taking her love with her. Even with her feet so far off the end, her head still reached the pillows, “You guys all look so small now. Well, small-*er*. Doors are literal pains in the ass. None of my clothes fit. My cocks bigger than most people are tall.”

“Oh, that reminds me!” Amanda perked up and shuffled down the Amazon’s body to her crotch.

“Maddy,” Amy warned. It was tough enough staying flaccid when the whole room reeked of her cum, and with the futa’s naked body always against her.

“I’m not gonna start anything, just wanna try something before I pass out,” Amanda said and reached the end of her girlfriend’s behemoth cock. The head peeked out from the foreskin, wiped clean yet still exuding the same pungent aroma that surrounded them. It almost seemed to wink at Amanda as she laid over it, then rolled back, taking the shaft with her. Coils bound her body as her face greeted the Amazon once more. A lop-sided grin slowly drifted off when the futa couldn’t sustain her energy.

“Guess you’re sleeping sorta in my dick tonight,” Amy rolled her eyes, once again struck by what would become her daily life. It was sexy how she could wrap her cock around someone like a python, though she’d need a few more feet to fully cover someone, but that was just a matter of time. She needed Shrinkage just to fuck her lover now, although they hadn’t even tried yet. The idea stiffened her cock around Amanda. Fortunately, the day’s events also caught up to her and her mind drifted into dreamland.

Amanda was first to awaken. She’d been on the cusp of wakefulness for half an hour, unsure whether she could be bothered to get up yet, then she realised a very important thing she needed to do; measure Amy. Much as speculation was fun, knowing the hard numbers of her lover’s extravagant body was far, far too enticing. Easily double her height, which meant a minimum of eleven feet tall, a cock that almost matched, and tits big enough to lay on. But just *how big* were they?

Her eyes burst open and found a purple shape blocked her vision. A long slit dug into the peak, slightly ajar, enough for her to peer down an endless, slimy void. Oh right, she’d gone to sleep wrapped up in Amy’s cock. Her own member jerked to life, tremors rocked through it and her balls, echoing in her pussy. If only she could take such a monster.

But why not? She’d been fucked by Amy and Yuri at the same time before. Sure they weren’t in the same hole, nor were they nearly half as massive, but if she could handle two of the biggest Amazon futanari she knew of, then maybe…

Thoughts for later. Amanda extracted herself to a few grunts and low, powerful moans from her sleeping beauty, and planted her feet on solid, slimy ground. Even after several hours, Amy’s seed hadn’t dried much at all. Only the rare patch had crusted over. She savoured it for a second, then headed straight for her dresser and found her tape measure a moment later, before reality set in. It was only seven feet.

“Clary, you got a tape measure? Mine’s not long enough,” Amanda asked, deciding to search while feeding herself some breakfast. She’d already asked Jade without any luck, and Dana wasn’t around.

“Hmm?” The busty singer looked up from her pasta dish, “Uh huh, top drawer. About ten feet I think.”

“That’s not enough either,” Amanda sighed.

“Or was it metres?” Clary frowned, “Sorry, brain’s still waking up. Go check, I’m like fifty percent sure it’s metres.”

Amanda shrugged and looked. The sorority’s resident singer didn’t have the best memory for numbers, head usually occupied with melodies or lyrics, so it didn’t surprise her to find the measure was in feet, though it wasn’t ten, but twenty. Good enough, Amanda thought and thanked her, before returning to her dozing giant.

Of course Amy was still asleep. It took something pressing for her to get up on time, usually a cock or two prodding her sides, or her cock doing the prodding. That worked in Amanda’s favour. She wanted to surprise her later with just how massive she’d become. They already had measurements from Amy’s former ‘normal’ states, from seven feet, to seven and a half, and her most recent record of eight that was now blown away completely. One thing Amanda loved more than anything about a sleeping Amy was her susceptibility.

“Straighten your legs, babe,” Amanda whispered into her ear, which prompted a soft groan, before the giant did so, “Now stay like that, okay?”

“Hmm-kay…”

“Good girl,” Amanda grinned and started the arduous task of measuring someone that defied even Amazonian norms. Was she the biggest one in the world now? Probably. Amanda hadn’t heard of someone bigger than ten feet before, an honour reserved for Yuri, but there had to be plenty of undocumented Amazons. The world was a huge place after all.

If there was someone bigger, however, then all Amy needed was to grow again. Amanda’s steady hand wavered, caught between completing her task, wanting to touch herself to the thought, and wanting to worship her lover. What would the next growth spurt be like? Was this just a taste and Amy’s body was preparing to go into overdrive for next time? Another dose of Shrinkage, even the regular kind, might result in another five feet.

“If that’s what she wants,” Amanda chided herself. Much as the idea titillated her, to the point her pussy juice was gushing down her thighs, it was Amy’s body. Not that she wouldn’t do her best to convince the Amazon of how awesome it’d be for her to be just a bit bigger, enough that Amanda could slide into her body without any issue. If she was twenty feet, then her cock would be more than enough to fully engulf Amanda’s body. Maybe they could even use it against Futa Alpha?

“Calm down. Got work to do,” Amanda said to her cock, which ached in longing to continue the fantasy. With Amy’s measurements noted down and time on her side, she had more surprises in store, though she’d need some help given the size of it. But it’d be worthwhile. She pulled out her phone and dialled her friend in the theatre department.

“Hey, Steph? Any chance you could help with a custom order? A big one.”

When Amy woke up, she was alone. Nothing unusual about that, she normally slept past Amanda unless they were horny in the morning. Her cock was soft to her relief, nor had it grown overnight as she’d feared. No birds nesting on her dick today. Her feet brushed the wall as she stretched and rubbed the sleep from her eyes. Nature called for her to use the bathroom, which posed an interesting challenge.

Entering wasn’t an issue, but angling her cock to the toilet was like wrestling a stubborn cable into place. The floor didn’t help. Each time she lost her grip, the shaft would slam into the still moist layers and become that much harder to manage. Not to mention the stimulation it provided, gradually filling out the ever-turgid veins along its length. Her balls rumbled against her legs, powerful enough to almost knock her down.

Did she really need to cum that bad already? Most days she could go a whole morning without the insistent ball quakes, unless the growth had been biased to her production. Amy rubbed at her scrotum, finding it smooth against each orb. Yeah, she needed to cum soon. But first her bladder demanded attention.

She settled for resting her melon-sized glans on the toilet rim and held it in place as best she could. It worked with minimal mess, not that anyone would notice it amongst the still dripping cock goo she’d unleashed last night. With that predicament finished, Amy went back to her queen-sized bed, now too small for her. Even with her back propped on the headboard, her gooey feet hung well over the edge. She didn’t curl up, worried about concentrating her weight and breaking the floor.

“We’re gonna need to move,” Amy said to the ceiling. The attic-turned-bedroom was spacious, yes, enough that they’d lived there for years without issue despite one being an Amazon, but she’d at least doubled in mass since then. Being on the top floor of a three-story sorority house was disaster waiting to happen. She’d already ruined several doors just to get back up there.

Thoughts for later, she decided and her stomach growled its agreement. A new obstacle stood in her path; how to get down without destroying stuff? Going out Clary’s window wasn’t really a choice, given how full her balls felt and that she’d struggled enough with help and lube. Sighing, Amy felt around for her phone. Hopefully her fingers weren’t too big to use it.

“Got you.” Amy got the device, equipped with a 6.5in screen that resembled an old Nokia in her grip. Trying to use the fingerprint scanner and her pin didn’t work as her fingers had, indeed, overgrown it. The eye scan still worked though. Of course, texting was beyond her. She’d need a tablet, or one of the new folding phones to make it work now. Again, troubles for later.

“Call Clary,” she said. The singer was often the only one left in the house, most of her classes took place in the afternoons, so it was her best bet. To her relief, she picked up. A short conversation later, and Clary was on her way with a platter of breakfast items. Good thing modelling paid well, otherwise food costs would be a massive issue. As would clothes.

“Oh wow,” Clary said upon entering, which let loose a small wave of cum. Her eyes bulged as she took in Amy’s new physique, despite having an up close introduction last night, “I honestly thought I dreamt it up.”

“Yeah, I get that,” Amy said and took the tray from her, stomach growling at the sight of scrambled eggs, bacon, two bowls of cereal and a pitcher of orange juice, “Guess waitressing really helps out, huh?”

“Oh yeah, surprising how useful a skill it is,” Clary chuckled and sat down, not minding that her socks were soaked through in semen, “Any idea how big you are?”

Amy shrugged and swallowed her mouthful, “Kinda, not really though. Everyone thinks I grew about five feet from last time.”

“Five feet…” Clary whispered and squeezed her thighs together.

“In height that is,” Amy added, focusing instead on her meal, “My cock must’ve gained, like, six or seven. Flaccid. Hard is more like nine.”

“Holy fuck, you could swallow someone with that,” Clary said.

“I doubt it.”

“No, no. I mean it! Haven’t you heard of a python swallowing a person. Maybe your dick can do that too?”

“Jeez, first Amanda, now you. What’s so hot about getting swallowed by a penis anyway?”

“Well, I mean,” Clary blushed, “Think about it, right? The feeling of having something so deep in you, or being so deep in someone else. It’s that feeling of closeness, right? Like there’s nothing between the two of you. Ooh, if only…”

Amy recognised the look of someone pining for another. Plenty of people wore it around her, though it seemed Clary’s desire was for someone else, despite her hand drifting to rest on Amy’s tree trunk cock.

“Who is it?” Amy asked.

“Huh? Oh, um… nobody. Oh, shit, sorry,” Clary said and pulled her hand away, then used it to brush some hair from her face, though not without an audible sniff, “It’s just…”

“A lot?” Amy giggled when she nodded, “Yeah, I get it. Actually, when I’m done here, mind helping me outside? My balls are getting a bit sore.”

“Your balls?” Clary looked at them, too infatuated by the cock to even notice the egregious globes. Their skin had taken on a glossy sheen, almost like a pregnant glow, which wasn’t wrong. She just didn’t have a child, but the catalyst for millions of them. Well, given her production, probably billions, “Whoa, yeah, they look pretty full.”

“Think you can help?”

“Uh, with emptying them or getting you outside?”

“Why not both?” Amy grinned, “I won’t fuck you, don’t worry. I mean, this thing wouldn’t fit anyway, but I’d the company.”

“Sure. With pleasure.”

Getting out proved harder than expected. While Amy’s mould was left in the doors from last night, her balls were fuller, widening the previous indents and stimulating her further. Every bit of progress filled out her cock a little more, the slumbering python stiffening and rising between her legs. They made it to Clary’s room by the time it was a solid semi. It was cramped for the Amazon, with only a nine-foot ceiling.

“Okay,” Clary said once they were in, “How do we do this?”

“Uh… no idea.” With the various pieces of furniture in the normally adequate room, she couldn’t manoeuvre without knocking things over. All she had was a straight path to the balcony. Well, the point was just to cum without flooding the house, and her cock would reach. “Think I’ve just gotta do it out the window.

“Is that safe?”

“Better than a cum flood, right?”

“True, okay. How thick is your hard on, anyway?”

“No clue.”

“Right. Let me move some stuff just to be safe then.”

On the way down, Amy had been focused on making as little a mess as possible. She still left cum stains from her feet and cock, and her balls furthered the destruction on the doors, but she was mostly successful, which meant she’d paid little attention to her friend’s body. Clary wore her usual home attire; an oversized shirt from one of her many admirers, which slid off one shoulder and barely made it around her rack, coupled with a delicious pair of yoga pants that left little to the imagination. Such as whether she wore any underwear. She didn’t.

They also told Amy just how excited the girl was. A dark patch spread out along the cobalt leggings, creeping down her thighs from the front and back, though she didn’t seem to realise it. What really caught the Amazon’s attention, and stiffened her cock, was the way they clung to Clary’s shape. Not only did they follow the flare of her waspish hips, they pressed flush against her pussy and made known how fat her clit was. Each step she made sent mouth-watering ripples through her curves.

Then she was on her bed, stretching for something Amy didn’t bother to notice. One leg lagged behind, while she pulled the other toward her chest, almost in a splits, which only made her voluptuous ass cheeks stand out all the more. Her knee squished into her breast, letting it peer behind the redhead and taunt Amy’s desires.

It was weird. No matter how big Amy grew, even before she was a certified Amazon, other bodies still tantalised her. She knew it was nature to desire others, but given the fact she had the biggest figure around, one would think other chests would bore her when they barely measured to half her bust size. A tremor rocked her hardening prick, the memory of Amanda squirming in her cleavage, all but drowning in it. Her hand wandered to a tit and squeezed a nipple.

There’s still so much of her body to explore, Amy thought. Amanda had been pretty thorough last night, but how much had she really discovered, how much could she find out about the Amazon? Just tweaking a nipple, engorged to the size of a stout bottle, had her chest vibrating with moans.

“Okay, that’s about everything. Should be… good to… go…”

“Sorry, getting really full and this is pretty new,” Amy said, still twisting and pulling and squeezing her tit. Clary didn’t look at her as she spoke, instead following the rapid progress of the cock as it lifted off the ground toward the balcony. ‘Little’ drops of pre-cum dripped streamed from the purple head, collecting around the bundle of foreskin and falling to the ground. It soaked into the carpeting, though Clary wasn’t worried about that.

“So, what should I do? You’re the expert,” Clary said, rooted in place by the sight.

“I only just grew this big,” Amy moaned, both hands now mauling her breasts. Even for her, she’d need at least two, maybe three, to really handle each globe. She’d seen novelty beachballs smaller than them.

“What did Amanda do?”

“Oh, a little of this, hmm… a little of that… Just do what you want.”

“Yeah, okay. What I want.” Clary crawled over her bed toward Amy’s peak, now poking onto her balcony. Clary’s room was about ten feet from wall to wall, yet the Amazon’s cock kept going, even with her being at least a foot into the room thanks to her bodacious figure. It had to be almost twice Clary’s size in length and girth. The growth stopped at the bannister to overlook the sorority’s yard and their pool.

Amy fondled her tits and brought them to her lips. Both nipples filled her mouth, their texture like a tender steak, yet the flavour was sweet and heady, a mix of her body wash and natural muskiness. They squished between her teeth, gushing pleasure rather than juices, while her fingers undulated along the mountains in search of hidden bliss. She inhaled around them, cheeks turning concave, before coming free with a pop and gasp. It didn’t take long for her to locate the reason.

While Amy was preoccupied with her nipples, Clary moved to the balcony. While the Amazon was distracted, she looked deep into the cum hole, spread wider than her face by her fingers, which delved a little deeper as her mind was pulled into the depths. The scent of cum blasted at her each time Amy moaned, the fumes of her seed pushed out, followed by a slimy eruption of pre that coated her down to the forearms and dripped onto her knees. Her own pussy drooled in lust as her arms slid in.

Deeper. Deeper. Clary leaned in close to the slit, huffing its musk, all but tasting it on her tongue, then it was against her lips and her arms were up to the biceps. Each undulation through its length pulled on her, as if to devour her whole. She rubbed her thighs together, barely even touching her inflamed cunny, and pushed her nose into Amy’s cock. A spurt of pre-cum coated her face and seemed to ooze into her mind.

She blinked it away, but the darkness remained even when she opened her eyes. The scent was different, far stronger, and her arms were against her cheeks. Tremors ran through her unusually soft surroundings, which clenched and coated her in slime. A thudding noise pumped all around her, reverberated in her ears and body. She gasped when it relaxed, not realising she’d held her breath, and tasted the slime. Pre-cum!

It was pre-cum! Which meant this was inside Amy’s cock! Pressure ramped up inside Clary’s gut, then released in a spectacular flood of ecstasy. Her whole body vibrated with it and a trembling scream escaped down the tunnel of Amy’s behemoth.

Dreams could come true. Clary hadn’t told anyone her fetish, she didn’t think they’d understand, and there wasn’t anything they could do to make it come true regardless, but when Amy grew hope blossomed. It took a while, but now she could finally fulfil her deepest fantasies. Joining this sorority was easily the best choice of her life.

Now she just needed to take it further. The first step in that journey was getting her shoulders in, then her breasts and hips, and if she did that, it was just a matter of squirming her way down until she reached the balls. Once there, she could float in a literal world of cum, drink it to her heart’s content, and rub it into her skin until she reeked of nothing but jizz. A problem stood in her path as her shoulders squeezed in.

“Goddammit fucking big titties!” Amy shouted from outside as the stowaway in her cock shoved against it and clawed at her tube to try fitting her boobs in. But they wouldn’t. The shoulders glided in, but no amount of lube, natural or otherwise, would let her any deeper. Clary squirmed, tried every angle with no luck, before going limp with a petulant sigh.

“Weren’t you trying to help me cum?” Amy asked, voice muffled by the walls of her cock.

Clary took a deep breath cum-ripened air, “Okay.” It wasn’t Amy’s fault she wasn’t big enough yet, but that would change eventually. There was no way she could fuck Amanda like this, so she’d shrink and grow again and again. When she did, then Clary would try again, often as was necessary. For now, her friend needed help.

“What’s going on here?” Amanda’s voice appeared, faint against the thudding of Amy’s heart that ramped up in her presence.

“Oh, hey Maddy,” Amy said, “Clary’s just helping me get off. Didn’t want to flood our room.”

“Clary?” She could hear the frown in the futa’s voice and kicked up with her legs, signalling her presence, “Oh… OH!” Footsteps rushed to Clary’s side, then hands were on her hanging tits, “Wait, wait, wait… She’s *in* your cock!”

“Yeah.”

“Oh my fucking god that’s so hot fuck!” Amanda gibbered, then rushed away with a final squeeze of the singer’s chest, “You stay right there, Clary. I’ll handle this end.”

“What do you… ooooh, fuck,” Amy moaned, her dick clamped down on Clary and jerked, lifting her feet off the floor. A surge of pre-cum washed over the trapped girl, drowning her in its viscosity. With her blocking the exit, it oozed out and down her body, soaking through her shirt. Half a minute passed without the surge thinning, instead it worsened the longer Amy moaned, which never even paused. What was Amanda doing to her? Clary wondered, then her mind stopped as the cock squeezed again and *pushed* her partway out.

Unless the pre-cum found a better exit soon, she might drown. One and a half minutes was Clary’s record, which she was drawing dangerously close to, judging by the fire in her lungs. She exhaled, but Amy’s pre-cum kept her from empting her reserves. Then Amy yelped, more of a squeak, and her cock lurched again, but stronger this time. More pre-cum shoved against the singer while the walls closed tighter.

Fuck! Clary finally relented and pushed on the insides. Amid a fountain of pre, she landed on her ass, drenched in dick juice and mired in a mix of disappointment and arousal. More slime poured out, gluing her hair down. Her shoulders and upward felt so cold in the open air. Even the stench of Amy’s cock, which hovered overhead, wasn’t nearly as pleasant. But given the constant flow, there was no way she’d get her head back in without the same issue.

There were still parts of her that hadn’t experienced it. Clary slurped pre from around her lips, then stood and shoved her sodden pants down, pausing only to look at the lovers. She couldn’t see much of Amanda, only her shoulder and some of her hair, but her movements said exactly what she was doing, as did the constant squelching. Amy, meanwhile, had her eyes shut as she moaned and groped herself. Her cock was left entirely to Clary.

“Let’s try this,” she said and laid down, yanking her shirt up enough to free her own humongous tits. They flattened under gravity, and the weight of Amy’s pre, but the nipples rose to meet her hand. The other busied itself with aiming the behemoth cock down, before she lined a foot up and pushed it in. What little slime couldn’t escape was squeezed out by her calf, then her thigh. Her chest was too big to get in, however her ass wasn’t nearly as large.

“Come on,” Clary panted, her arousal burgeoning as she watched herself line the other foot up and push in. Just like so many of fantasies, it was like Amy’s dick was swallowing her bit by bit, though she usually imagined someone else in the Amazon’s place. But that would never happen, while this was on the verge of fathomable.

Her efforts slowed as her knees entered and the cock started on her thighs. Every inch she sank ramped her arousal higher, compelling a hand between her slowly devoured legs to finger herself, adding her meagre juices to the mess from Amy’s stretching slit. Amanda changed tactics on her part, causing the Amazon to yelp again, her cock slurping on Clary and pulling her in to her hips. Reaching behind her, Clary pushed on the bannister and forced herself to the waist. All her legs and part of her hand, still fingering her cunt, were inside a cock.

“Oh god, oh god,” Clary worked at folds faster, unable to hear the lurid noises it made, yet keenly aware that part of the goo pouring onto her was her own juices. As she worked toward her own climax, her first inside a dick, more of her body vanished inside of it. Past her navel, over the peek of her stomach, before squishing against her plump tits. With how they poured off her chest, soft or not, they were wider than her shoulders. No wonder they didn’t fit, she thought.

Yet.

Between her gyrations and Amanda’s moves, Amy could only last so long. Pulsations ran through her cock, squeezing on Clary and even forcing her fingers to go deeper, while the redhead’s legs kicked in her own pleasure. Through hazy eyes, she peered around the behemoth swallowing her to try and watch Amanda, who did the same and made sure her long, punching motions were obvious. As were the jiggles in Amy’s thighs and hips.

Yet the Amazon held on. Despite her claims that she needed to cum, she refused to orgasm, even with stimulus on all sides.

“I measured you when you were asleep by the way,” Amanda said, just loud enough for Clary to hear over her own moans.

“Y-yeah?” Amy mumbled around a nipple, the other maimed by her fingers.

“Wanna know just how huge you are now? Because it’s pretty big.”

“Go… go ahead.”

“You’re thirteen feet two inches tall,” Amanda spoke as if she were seducing a new lover by telling them she didn’t have underwear on, “From head to toe. Wanna know your cup size?”

“Uh huh,” Amy’s voice was higher now, breathless with anticipation. Not that half-devoured redhead was any better, as she contained her moans to hear.

“You don’t have one. You’re too big for the system. But I tried anyway. Your tits are like *thirty* inches, which means you’re four inches too big for a Z-cup. And that’s only an estimate, because they’re so big and squishy it was hard to get a proper measurement.”

“What about her dick?” Clary asked. She tucked her thumb into her palm as she stretched her pussy from within the Amazon’s penis.

“Hmm, that’s the best part,” Amanda said and removed a hand, covered in opaque juices, from behind her lover to slam it against the egregious scrotum resting on the floor, “These babies, when they’re not about to blow, are forty-two inches wide, which means they can hold almost a thousand litres of cum. Right now, they’re probably almost twice that.”

“I wish I could see inside them,” Clary sulked, though the values still pushed her delight to new heights.

“Your cock,” Amanda continued, returning her hand back to its slimy duties, “Is seven fucking feet when soft.”

“Seven… feet?” Amy moaned, staring across her length as if just now realising its sheer majesty.

“Flaccid,” Amanda said, “You’re so well-behaved when you’re asleep, you know? I just had to tell you to ‘get hard’. Wanna know how big this thing is? How big you have to be to swallow someone up to their oversized titties?”

“Yes.” Amy brought her other nipple to her lips, mauling them as she awaited the final, most important number - at least to Clary.

“Ten feet. Over three metres long, babe. Your cock alone is as tall as Yuri. It’s almost twice as big as everyone here. If not for Clary’s huge boobies, you’d have swallowed her whole. She’d be in your balls, cumming her brains out, until you shoot her out with a thousand litres of jizz. How’s that sound? Amy?”

“I’m cumming!” Amy shouted, her enormous lungs powerful enough to shake the room. Or perhaps her balls were responsible, as they rumbled and swelled further, before contracting. The thirteen-foot Amazon’s cock bloated from its base and gradually moved further up. Clary gasped when the first drops of true semen enveloped her feet, and redoubled her efforts in fisting herself as it rose up her body. Then it caught at the peak.

The girth expanded more and more as Amy’s balls swelled and emptied, trying to unleash their load. As the pressure built in and around Clary, her legs lost all freedom in the dense sludge, thickening with every failed ejaculation. Finally, as her whole body jerked, as if her fist yanked the orgasm from her depths, Amy’s force overwhelmed the blockage of her body and launched her clean over the balcony. Blizzards worth of cum flew with her, yet she was oblivious to it all as her eyes rolled and her body convulsed.

“Keep cumming, babe!” Amanda cheered, both hands now in her giant love’s ass, each massaging and torturing the appropriately huge prostate.

“Can’t… exactly… stop!” Amy grunted with each twitch of her sexes. Not only her cock and balls, but her pussy was squirting with violent force. Amanda kept up her assault, enraptured by the sight of so much cum, even if she’d witnessed a similar display just last night. Globs of semen thicker than grapefruit erupted into the air and fell just as fast under gravity’s command.

Cries of shock reached them from down below.

“What the fuck? Is that Clary?”

“Fuck Clary, is this all cum?!”

“Amy?! What the fuck?!”

“No, wait… this gives me an idea.”