Nobody was looking at her. Well, they were, but not for the usual reason. People usually gawked at her as she towered over them, height distracting from her voluptuous curves, now it was her curves or nothing at all. And, strangely, Amy wasn’t sure how she felt about it. The initial novelty had worn off and left a faded version in its place.

Small nuisances presented themselves over the past week. She’d spent years at seven feet, which made the more recent eight feet a simple adjustment, but going down to little over five revealed whole new challenges. For starters, she couldn’t reach the top shelves anymore, or the middle, even the lowest in their kitchen were a struggle. Everything but sex had gotten worse it seemed.

On that subject, however, she loved being short. Most people in the house could pick her up now - as an aside, getting picked up and dropped on a pair of cocks is fantastic - and her pussy was small enough that she felt everyone vividly, like the walls suctioned to whatever entered. Not to say her cock didn’t enjoy its share. All the nerves coagulated in the tip, made it an eerie replica of her actual clit. Just Amanda tonguing it for a few minutes could set her off, then imagine having that thing lodged in someone’s cervix, getting squeezed and pulled until an explosion from the inside made it all go… insane. It was those moments that made her love being shrunk.

“Maddy! Could you get the chips?” Amy asked, pouting from the kitchen counter.

“You could just climb up,” Amanda said and grabbed the bag.

“Oh, yeah. I could.”

“Did your brain shrink too?” Amanda chuckled and popped a chip in her mouth, grinning down at her petite lover. Amy hopped onto a stool and rapped her head.

“Seems like it. Anyway, what’s the plan for today? Want another bath?” Amy wriggled her brows.

“Maybe take it easy today,” Amanda said, joining her. The kitchen was top of the line, designed to handle a sorority house of futanari and ravenous women, with a large table lined with bar stools at its centre, and plenty of space between it and the counters. Of course, it was a neutral zone. No sex or fighting of any kind, despite many violations occurring over the years.

Those violations were met with appropriate punishment. Jade was often in charge of that, breaking out an eclectic mix of chains, ropes, whips. Whatever served her needs. She acted the lawmaker in the house, though her kinky side was unmissable once glimpsed.

“Okay, and do what?”

“I dunno. Watch Netflix?”

“Isn’t that normally paired with ‘chilling’?” Amy teased.

“We’ve been fucking everyday. Maybe we should just relax.”

Amy frowned at her girlfriend. They rarely went a day without sex, such was their nature as futanari, and only a few reasons were valid enough to abstain. One was another obligation that couldn’t wait. A second was that boredom had set in. Third involved medication that stole one’s libido. Amanda wasn’t on meds, and she was all caught up on school work. So it was boredom. Amy sighed, then crawled over the table and sat before Amanda.

“Wanna tell me what’s up?” Amy asked, using her foot to stroke a breast.

“Nothing’s up.”

“Wasn’t asking you. I was talking to your boobs. Oh, is Maddy not feeling well guys? What’s that righty? She just needs a long, luxurious soak in bubbly cum? Sounds divine.”

Amanda snorted and batted her foot away, “Okay, okay. A bath, then we’re taking it easy, alright?”

“There we go,” Amy squealed as she was picked up and kissed her lover, “It’s the height, isn’t it?”

“I miss having eight feet of you to cuddle,” Amanda said, “But Eliza’s working on it, so guess I should just enjoy this while I can.”

“I could always shrink some more? Let you be the Amazon for a while?” They were upstairs now, pulling at each other’s clothes and stoking their lusts. Amy’s member rose, sliding along it’s lover to spring up and smack her between the tits.

“Who knows what’d happen,” Amanda hummed as dainty hands brought her to erection, “Amy, you might end up being two feet forever.”

“Hmm, doesn’t sound too bad, does it? She thinks so at least,” Amy cooed with a squeeze of the nine inch mast, throbbing in her grasp.

“I’d prefer you not to be a dwarf. But just imagine if this wears off at the same time and it makes you grow as well. You’d be giant. Fuck, you’d be bigger than Yuri.” At the mention of the Russian Amazon, Amy froze, “What?”

“Oh shit, just remembered she’s leaving today. We gotta say goodbye.”

“What time?”

“Hmm,” Amy mulled it over, “We got time for a quick soak.”

“I thought you said we had time!” Amanda shouted as they ran through the airport, following the behemoth of woman ahead of them. She wrung her hair, trying and failing to remove the spattering of cum still in it, while Amy left hers alone, like she was proud to show off her production. Though no one knew the context behind it.

“And you believed me?! Hey, Yuri! Wait up! Jesus, these legs suck.”

Yuri turned at her name and spotted the pair in seconds. Rather, she spied Amy’s unmissable tits bouncing everywhere without a bra, and saw her girlfriend a second later. A smile graced her face, she squatted down to meet their eyes, and yanked them into a crushing hug. The scent of semen caused her to back off, then she shrugged and resumed.

“Sorry we’re late,” Amanda wheezed through the hug and tapped the Amazon’s hip for air. Yuri blushed and let her go, but Amy was happy to be smothered in tit-flesh, especially when said tits were bigger than her head even at full size, “Amy thought we had enough time for a… bath.”

“Yes, I can smell it,” Yuri chuckled, “I am almost jealous I couldn’t try one of your ‘baths’.”

“There’s still time,” Amy said.

“Shut up!”

An announcement called for Yuri’s flight to be boarded. The Amazon rose back to her towering majesty, forced to look side on at Amy, lest the mound conceal her. In the week, they’d hung out and fucked several times, often with Eliza present. The scientist had put off projects to do so, now she was hard at work catching up, as such she wasn’t present for Yuri’s departure. Amy forced a smile at her, submerging the hint of jealousy trying to break the surface.

“I will call when I return. Amy, I hope to see you much bigger than this,” Yuri said and turned away, her ass swinging too far and pulling her off balance. The two futa chuckled as their Amazonian friend sped away, fire no doubt in her cheeks.

Amanda elbowed her girlfriend, “So, wanna tell me what that ‘smile’ was about?”

“What do you mean?” Amy asked, strolling away with as carefree a grin as ever.

“I’ve been with you long enough to know when you don’t mean a smile. It’s so rare that I think most people know. What’s up?”

Amy heaved a theatrical sigh and shrug, “I don’t know. Guess I miss being tall. And, well, it’d be pretty cool if I got to Yuri’s height. Then there’s you,” she turned her attention on Amanda, thinning her eyes, “What kind of Futa wants to watch Netflix with no chill?”

“Sorry. I like the size difference we normally have.”

“Nah, I’m sorry. I should’ve paid more attention. In hindsight, it’s pretty obvious given how you drooled over Yuri, even with me and Eliza in the room. You’re the ultimate size queen,” Amy said and stretched her hand up high, “Tell you what, when I get back to normal, maybe I’ll drink some Shrinkage again, get even bigger. Would you like? A ten-foot Amazon with a giant cock all to yourself? Sorry that she won’t have the Russian accent.”

“You’re perfect the way you were,” Amanda said and waved her hand a bit, “*This* is so-so.”

“Gee thanks,” Amy rolled eyes, “Come on, let’s Netflix and actually chill.”

Coming back to the house, however, revealed a new problem. The cleaning staff that normally tended to their room, decided it was time for a new career, absolutely zero relation to the daily messes they made, which include clogging the drains. Amy insisted it wasn’t *really* her fault, since she couldn’t help having such thick cum. Either way, until a new cleaner was found, they were responsible for it all.

Their bedroom was spared the worst of it. A few early morning messes crusted the bed, though Amanda swallowed most, and what she couldn’t was expunged into the toilet. The bathroom, however, looked like an alien had exploded inside. Goo covered the walls, matted the curtains and towels, and the tub hadn’t lost any volume either. Their feet splashed in the gunk as they walked through, although Amy gladly wriggled her toes.

“Hmm, breathe that cummy air,” she said as if they were on a beach. She set down her equipment, which was an industrial strength vacuum, a shovel and a roll of trash bags. Neither wore clothes, given what they were faced with.

“Focus, babe. We’ve got a job to do,” Amanda said and scooped up a load of jizz. In the time since her release, Amy’s cum had congealed into heavy clumps, slowly drying in the open air. Yesterday’s load had been swept up in the recent one. The layers that had dried before hand were lost causes, adding a crusty texture to the tiles that’d need a fire hose to scrape off. Neither minded it much, having spent most of their days on cum soaked carpets and mattresses.

“Can I just soak for a bit?” Amy asked, running a hand over the surface of cum. It was still warm, enticing her to lay back and enjoy the dense goo around every inch of her petite body. Her girlfriend groaned, sighed, then pushed her in. The sudden fall sent cum splashing out and into Amanda’s waiting bag.

“You’ve got thirty minutes. After that, every second you waste comes out of your wages.”

“You’re not the boss of me,” Amy pouted, blowing bubbles in her seed, “But whatever.”

While Amanda half-heartedly worked, Amy contemplated her desires. It was true that she loved having the chance to be smaller than most, but the enjoyment of shrinking as she usually did was becoming *tiny.* The intensity just wasn’t there. She fondled her breasts and watched them bounce in the water. Proportionally, she was bigger than expected. Her cock throbbed at the idea of what she might grow to when this wore off.

But who knew when that would happen. She sighed into her cum, watching it ripple with her breath, and pondered how to excite Amanda. It wasn’t that she couldn’t just fool around with someone else, however she didn’t want to leave her out, or leave her dissatisfied. The idea struck her as Amanda cleaned up nearby, so obvious a concept that she had to role her eyes at herself.

Amy climbed out and wiped off her gooey coat into a trash bag, “So, hey. I know you’re not busy tonight, so how about we play with some of the other girls?”

“Play?” Amanda arched a brow at the word choice.

“Yeah, play. As in roles. A play of roles, you might say.”

“What did you have in mind?” Amanda asked, never one to refuse a chance at roleplay. Beside size differences, it was easily her biggest kink, though it was rare that Amy propositioned it. Sex was fun regardless of what context was involved, though some scenarios were enjoyable, like the one she was thinking of.

“Hmm, you’ll see. Come down around eight tonight. And bring some lube. We might need it.”

Clary and Dana were all too happy to be involved. The fact Dana was on the ‘opposite’ team as Amy riled her up, and Clary had been facing a suspiciously dry spell of late, so she *needed* get laid, and who better than the fourteen inch beast Amy carried. They were in the living room, couches and chairs moved aside and bereft of pillows, which were used to make three forts. Each were big enough for two people to get intimate.

Clothes were an essential choice. Amy had wound up with a suit from Eliza after a mind-numbing night together, but it was the perfect size on her for now, and gave the illusion that she had some class. Clary wore overalls held up by clasps over her chest and nothing else, the straps sank deep into her bosom, telling a grand tale of their softness. Her hair was done into small pigtails, and with her freckles, it gave her the perfect farm girl look.

Dana was her ‘sister’ and opposite. From their complexions to their genders and Dana’s wardrobe, which comprised of a Lycra bodysuit that left nothing to the imagine, from her breasts, to her toned abs and hips, and her cock of course. If Amy’s expectations were right, Amanda would turn up in the most sensible outfit, something that made her seem older, mature. Two minutes later and she was proven right.

“Gonna explain?” Amanda asked with a look around the remodelled room, then at her sorority sisters, and finally lingered on Amy’s suit. She gave a low whistle, “You clean up good.”

“Thanks, but it’s a little tight,” Amy said and tried pulling on the chest to demonstrate, but the cloth was stretched flat, almost impossible to get a grip on, “Anyway, what do you think?”

“I’d think something more if you explained what’s going on? Honestly, I feel a bit overdressed,” Amanda said, gesturing to her plain shirt and pants, much more suitable for a campus than any of the rest.

“No, no. It’s perfect. I mean, for now. Obviously all that’s gonna come off eventually, but it’s perfect. Anyway,” Amy moved over to the forts they’d made, “Tonight’s entertainment is a retelling of a classic; The Three Little Pigs.”

“Oh god,” Amanda rolled eyes.

“Staring, Clary!” Amy did her best showmanship as Clary sauntered in view, miming a song as she did, “She will be Pig #1, who is just a humble farmer girl looking to make it big. And Pig #2 is, drum roll please; Dana! Fit like a wolf, she’s ready and willing to take on any challenge in her way.” Dana came in and flexed, posing to show off her musculature.

“Lastly,” Amy said and came over to Amanda, running a finger down her chest with a sweltering smirk, “We have Amanda as Pig #3, the oldest and wisest of the three, she’s the only one that can help them come together when the wolf shows up.”

“Let me guess, you’re the wolf?”

“B-b-b-b-BINGO!” Amy made finger pistols as she did a pirouette. The suit had small coat tails that flapped with her motions, adding more pizazz, “I, Amy, shall play the magnificently sexy huntress, the Wolf. In turn, I will get inside all your little houses and fuck you into submission. Will you escape afterwards? Can you turn the tides on me? Only one way to find out. Ladies and gentlemen, let the show begin!”

The three ‘pigs’ ran to their forts and crawled inside. Amy strolled by them all, whistling nonchalance as she imagined what she’d do to all the little piggies. Her cock strained her pants, she fondled her balls and cooed at their heat, greater than usual, until it became too much. Time to play.

She went Clary’s house first and knocked on the door with her cock, “Little pig, little pig, let me in.” Amy said, withheld the giggle at her words, and listened intently to the drawling moans of a horny female.

“Not, hmm, not now Miss Wolf. C-come back later,” Clary said. A pair of muffled giggles came from the others homes, and audible eye rolls at Clary’s abysmal performance, as her lust came through clear. Amy knocked again, this time wedging her cock in a small gap. With a bit of lube, she might’ve tried thrusting. Fuck, she really was horny.

“Then I’ll huff,” Amy pulled back, careful not to burn herself on the fabric, “And I’ll puff!” She thrust back in, “And I’ll blow your cunt down.”

“Okay! Okay, okay, I’m opening the door,” Clary relented at the banging on her ‘door’, which slid open to reveal her overalls pulled inward to let her tits out, and a damp patch spilling around the crotch. In under a minute, the house of cushions was saturated in her scent, which pulled Amy in deep. Like the wolf she portrayed, Amy tackled her to the ground and bit deep into the supple flesh of Clary’s breast. Next to Yuri and Amy (when full size) hers were the largest and wonderfully natural.

Few people let their breasts be soft as Clary did. They did everything in their power to firm them up, wanting perkiness over anything, but she let the softness pile on. Amy’s hand submerged into the flesh, kneading it like dough. Even with her fingers splayed out, she didn’t cover the areolae, much less handle the whole thing well. If she pushed her mouth too far, she feared she’d fall into them.

Fortunately, she had an unsinkable weapon. Amy pulled back with a wet pop and moved up to mash her face into Clary’s, grinding along the pig’s body. Pleasure squeezed down on her lust and released it as pre-cum, which seeped into Clary’s overalls. Their tongues whirled around and moans escaped. Remembering her role as the wolf, Amy growled and yanked the clasps free. It was her place to let loose and really make these pigs submit to her. A genuine snarl rolled from her lips as she pulled.

Clary didn’t fight her, too caught up in her desires to play the reluctant pig. She spread her legs at the slightest prod and revealed her sopping cunt, the lips swollen, her thighs damp and musk overwhelming. Amy reared back onto her haunches and brandished her fourteen-inch slab of girl-meat, pre-cum splashed onto her prey’s pubic mound, rolling over the folds, while she stroked it to the demure sight.

Clary’s hair was already dishevelled and her hands stayed overhead. Her tits poured off her chest to pool on the ground, her lips were parted in anticipation, and her hips wriggled shamelessly. Few things were as pleasing to a horny futa as that.

“Shameless pig,” Amy said and planted her cock between the cosy nether-lips, “I force my way in and you’re already slavering for my dick.”

“Yes,” Clary breathed and tried bucking against her, but Amy inched away when she did.

“Let the others here you.”

“I’m a…”

“No! That’s not how a pig sounds,” Amy chastised with a sharp smack of her glans on the pig’s clit, “Do it right.”

“Ah, oink?” Clary giggled, as did the others from their forts. Even Amy, trying her hardest to stay in character, shook in laughter.

“Okay, maybe not. Anyway,” Amy said and pressed a little harder, dipping inside but restrained herself, “Beg for it, piggy. Beg for the big bad bitch’s cock.”

“Give it to me, please,” Clary moaned and circled her hips, pleasuring what little cock she could. Each ‘pig’ was a version of the three from the story, with Clary being the weakest, Dana the most combative and Amanda the most sensible. As such, the singer eagerly offered her dripping sex. Juices streamed around the wolf’s prick, hot as lava and alluring as massage oil.

Having spent the day plotting the situation, Amy hungered for a good fuck. It didn’t hurt that her balls were heavy, her scrotum taut and energy thrummed in her veins. She didn’t linger on why and slammed her hips into Clary’s, who moaned louder for every inch that stretched canal. The tidy folds strained until white, embracing Amy’s girth and moving with veins as they throbbed. Clary wrapped her legs around the futa, inciting her to shove right past the cervix.

A cock-shaped bulge pushed through Clary’s abdomen and settled just shy of her boobs. It twitched and pulsed, filled the pig’s womb to overflowing and, as she pulled out, their combined juices splashed out. Each thrust sent ripples of pleasure through Clary and made her tits jiggle like delicious pudding, which Amy drooled over as she raced to a heavy rhythm. Their hips clapped wetly, random drops of sexual juices splattered elsewhere, while moans trilled from their gasping mouths. Muffled echoes followed from the other forts.

“You pigs are so easy,” Amy said, loud enough for the others to hear, “I just show you my cock and you’re dripping wet. Such a slutty piggy.” No objections from Clary, unless Amy misunderstood the constant pull and suction of her pussy, or the moans streaming from her mouth above the constant moist thumps of Amy’s thrusts. A breast slapped at her hand on a vicious thrust, bringing her attention upon them.

She lunged for a nipple. Clary yelped as her teeth caught a tit and pulled, before letting it snap back, then Amy suckled on all the dusty pink flesh her mouth could handle. Not nearly as much as she used to, but enough to satisfy her tongue, which poked and prodded every inch it reached. She kept thrusting, incapable of stopping herself. The thought crossed her mind and was crushed under her ass with a sloppy noise.

With her mouth on one breast, Amy put both her hands to the other. She angled both tits inward, creating a lurid pillow for her to pound into, and snapped onto the other nipple. Clary pulled her into them, but Amy fought to pull on the supple nubs. The pig’s strength gave out and her tits were tugged high by the wolf, then released to jiggle back into shape, only for Amy to return. She darted between the two, slurping on one then the next until the nipples had engorged into firm peaks that begged to be suckled. Drool and sweat glistened on the heaving mountains.

“Fuck, I’m cumming!” Clary moaned, then cried out as her pussy clamped down on the wolf’s cock. A wave of fem-cum squeezed out as the thrusts kept going, unrelenting even as her orgasm drove her sensitivity to its peak. From one orgasm, Amy forced her into another and, before that even finished, a third. Taking her role to heart, the wolf bit down and sucked hard. She moved across the vast breast, leaving purple and blue kisses, and built to her own climax.

“Don’t -oh, fuck!- stop…” Clary grunted. Her juices had been mixed into a dense froth by Amy’s thrusts, which kept powering on, and her mouth wouldn’t shut anymore. She slurred attempts at more words, but trailed off into moans, and wrapped her limbs around the wolf. Though her stamina seemed limitless, and she usually fucked her partners into unconscious before she reached that point, Amy liked to cum. What the fuck was the point in sex if she held it back? And nothing really got her hard like the feeling of submerging her own cock in jizz.

Or watching and feeling someone’s gut swell. No, it wasn’t those things that got her. It was the excess of it all. She didn’t try much in her life, letting things come and go as they pleased, but she loved taking sex further. It just wasn’t satisfying without putting her all into it. Whether she grew into an Amazon to dwarf Yuri, or came enough to fill the bathtub several times over, she adored all forms.

Her cock lurched and Amy growled into a breast. Fiery tendrils lanced through her body, nerves burning and jumping to the surface. The gusts of Clary’s breath caressed her naked flesh, the heat of her pussy boiled her seed as it sped to the surface, and the breasts were like clouds on her head as Amy smothered herself in them. Then both pig and wolf arched their backs far as they could go and screamed in release.

Semen distended her cock and thinned it as the deluge erupted from her. It bathed her cock and turned the womb into a pool of progeny while she dumped more inside, cock bloating and shrinking to a primal rhythm. Clary moaned through the spurts and thrusts, shivering in absolute bliss and occasionally bucking into the cum pump. Her movements turned sluggish as her gut bellowed out.

It was with a heavy burst that Amy’s orgasm sputtered out. Thick drops squeezed out, the dregs of her bathtub flooding release, and told her it was time to move on. Amy gave the inflated pig a kiss goodbye and pulled her cock out with a lewd pop as the lips released her, followed by a rush of cum over her legs. Amid the orgasmic haze, Clary found the mental strength to move her body, crawling away like the piglets in the story. Amy could’ve gone for another round, maybe five or six, but she let her go. After a little rest, it was Dana’s turn as the slightly more resilient of the pigs.

“You ready?” Amy called, tapping her foot to the throbbing in her dick. It wasn’t often that she got this worked up, usually after a week of abstinence - which itself was usually enforced on her - and she had three willing pussies, and one dick, just waiting to satiate her insatiable lusts. While she waited for a response, Amy groped her balls. They were full and heavy despite the orgasm, her sack had no more give, the skin taut around them and the veins jutted out.

“Yeah, come and get us you damn, dirty wolf!” Dana shouted with a meek affirmation from Clary.

“That’s from Planet of the Apes, dumbass,” Amanda said.

“Same difference.”

“How?”

“Enough,” Amy chuckled and rammed down the door, cock leading the charge, straight into a trap. Clary was splayed out in the centre, cradling her swollen belly like an expectant mother, but no sign of Dana. How? The fort was way too small for someone to hide in. It’d be plenty crowded with just the three of them. She realised the plan too late as Dana barrelled into her from behind and caught her into a leg lock.

“Ha! You fell for it! No one said I had to wait inside the whole time, so while you and Clary were smushing booties, I hid out back.”

“‘Smushing booties’?” Amy said.

“Now let’s role you over,” Dana grunted. She maintained her hold as she manoeuvred the petite wolf around, getting her cock-side up so the mast stood tall, like a monument of sex erected in honour of Dana’s fantastic cheat. The stronger pig planted her ass over Amy’s face, legs keeping her arms in place, while she traced the cock from base to head, “Hmm, got you right where I want you.”

“Don’t get so full of yourself,” Amy grunted and squirmed her way out, though she took the chance to steal a lick at Dana’s pussy.

“Fuck,” Dana shuddered and tried getting back in control, but Amy’s size gave her agility, so she dipped under all the attempts at capture, “Hold still.”

“Piggy’s got some fight in her,” Amy giggled, then yelped as she was caught in the strongest bear-hug she’d received, smothering her face in Dana’s lovely chest.

“Got you!”

“Hmm, or…” Amy said as she wriggled about, then latched onto a chocolate nipple and sucked with all her prowess, honed over the many years and encounters. She ground her teeth into the nub, a move that always drove Dana wild, while her lips and tongue massaged the areolae. Her athletic friend’s nipples were interesting things. Where her breasts were a luscious teardrop shape, the area around her peaks stretched out, like small mounds. Which made them perfect to suck on, “I’ve got you.” She said around it.

Dana moaned and squeezed tighter, hips undulating and rubbing her slavering cunt against Amy’s prick. Arousal pounded through the veins, echoing through Dana and soothing her muscles, enough for Amy to slip free, adjust her cock, then thrust it to the hilt in one, powerful move. The difference in height forced her to jump at Dana, pinning her down as the thrusts began. In her haste, however, she forgot Clary. The singer made her presence known with a sharp tug to free her fellow pig.

“Hold her down,” Dana ordered and mounted Amy instead. She used both hands to spread her pussy wide, letting it drool upon the fat glans, which she teased in circles until Amy jerked her hips up and re-entered. In a bid for control, the athletic pig gave in to gravity’s sway and fell. Their hips sexes mashed together, juices splashed all the way to Amy’s cheek and lips. Clary planted her ass down on the wolf’s face, rear facing Dana, to keep her in place.

A tempest of movement settled upon them. It may look organised, yet Dana’s pussy rolled and squeezed and gushed as it took fourteen inches of cock, which changed directions to the whims of Amy’s hips, swaying on the ground to her pleasure, and Clary was brought to bliss and back as the wolf’s tongue tormented her clit. Guttural moans filled their ears to the beat of Dana’s hips plummeting. Her strong legs moved like machines to keep her womb and cunt full, never vacate for more than a second.

“Oh god, I’m gonna… I’m cumming!” The dark pig cried and every muscle in her seized up. She fell forward, legs giving up, and caught herself on Amy’s vast bosom, fingers sinking deep in their softness. Not that it stopped Amy. Feeling the movements stop, save for the mindless rocking of Dana’s hips, the futa planted her feet and lanced upward.

“Bitch!” Dana said as she lurched forward, face falling into Clary’s cheeks. A pair of delicate, powerful hands kept her there, effectively holding the pig in place for Amy to fuck into oblivion. And fuck she did. With a steady trickle of Clary’s juices, a hard-on that needed to cum a few more times at least, and a strong pussy slurping all over said hard-on, Amy had all the motivation needed. Her balls swung to and fro, slapping the floor and Dana’s ass until they pulled tight.

“Not yet,” Dana groaned and squeezed with all her vaginal might, cutting off the cum-vein before even a drop filled it, “I’m winning this damn game.”

“Whatever,” Amy grunted into Clary’s folds and nibbled on them, taking the still inflated pig to her climax. Sperm rioted at their denied escape, they swarmed each other in the sack and forced their way up her shaft, squeezing past Dana’s incredible muscles. Could sperm feel rage? It felt that way as Amy’s shaft bloated, the central vein bellowed along its bottom, and her balls wailed indignantly. Dana pulled on the wolf’s nipples as that sack expanded and lifted her ass higher.

No matter the vagina’s strength, regardless of whether Amy intended to savour the experience, her cum would get out. Dana bounced and clamped down with every muscle, she conformed her powerful legs to the hips trying to pump into her womb, moved her pelvis in every direction that stirred up her juicy cunt, but none of it stopped the encroaching orgasm. A shout. A moan. A loud squelch of release. The three knocks of the inevitable.

Dana yelled as the first drops invaded her. The heat of it spurred her own orgasm, though she resisted even as her hips kept moving, unknowingly undulating to Amy’s tempo. Anger and bliss collided in her face, which she buried deep into Clary’s ass cheeks. The blue-haired pig squirted onto Amy and drenched her face, cumming harder as a tongue slurped on her asshole.

As Dana’s climax trailed off, Amy’s took the reigns. She was the wolf, the proud aggressor, an apex predator seeking piggy cunts to sate her sexual appetite with. While she loved sex in all its forms, whether she was using someone or being used, it didn’t match the character she portrayed. Not to mention being more passive didn’t suit her libido at the moment. She wanted to fuck and these pigs were going too slow for her liking.

The second Dana exploded in a third orgasm, she made her move. Amy shoved them both off, though she kept her cock planted inside, and squatted over Dana. The position made it impossible for the taller girl to move properly, not with her legs trapped in Amy’s hands, spine curved and her belly jutting perversely with over a foot of cock. It was easier at her proper height, but Amy made do, using her deceptive muscles to hip drop and clap her balls into those pert cheeks. And not a drop of semen escaped the seal of Dana’s cervix.

“Hey!” Clary moaned and crawled over. She was shaking on her hands and knees, exhausted from so many orgasms in close proximity, but found the strength to haul her fecund gut over and sat down on Dana’s face as she had Amy’s.

“You’re supposed to help me,” Dana said between grunts as her swelling womb was pounded, the shape of Amy’s cock imprinting upon every inch it could reach.

“Don’t care. Wanna cum,” Clary snapped, then sang out in moans as her pussy was eaten once more. Confident Dana wouldn’t get out, Amy clapped her hands on the rocking hips before her and pressed them down harder.

All three were caked in sweat and juices. Salty drops rolled down Amy’s jiggling tits and dived from her swollen nipples, streaked over her stomach, then mixed with the frothing cunt-juice on her prick. Her orgasm kept going as well, balls pumping with abandon, and prolonged Dana’s. If only they had more people. Even with two pigs to fuck, she wanted more. Her pussy boiled in need, her tits ached for a set of hungry mouths and salacious hands, and she doubted either Dana or Clary could handle another round after this one ended. Dana would try at least.

Then the door opened. Amy didn’t look back, mind focused on the act at hand, etching every detail of Clary’s ass and the sensations of Dana’s powerful cunt. Her orgasm just wouldn’t stop. Buckets of cum piled into Dana, more even than Clary took, and turned the once toned abs into a semen-bed that squished into the singer’s rear, warring for space.

“Gotta save my people,” Amanda said from behind and rammed into her pussy.

Amy yelled and moaned, climax renewed with incredible ferocity. Caught up in the sudden, blissful explosion within her, she didn’t notice that Amanda felt smaller than the last few times. The nine-inches still filled her, the head scraping along every sensitive nerve, while the pig futa’s balls slapped against hers. God, it felt so good to have something inside her again. Everything felt good. Better by the second.

“Gonna cum,” Amy said and angled her thrusts to maximise penetration for both herself and Amanda, slamming back to tease her cervix with the futa’s crown. Gallons of semen sloshed with her every motion and kept Dana pinned where she was, until Clary finally decided to play again. She pushed Amy back, putting her atop Amanda, who took it in stride and bounced the petite wolf. Fourteen inches of moist, dripping cock bounced before the two females.

Even exhausted, Dana and Clary came over. It hovered just beyond their faces, flinging drops of mixed cum and a mire of her musk, compelling them forward. Both kissed the shaft, holding it steady as they stroked. Tongues joined their lips in cleaning off the lurid cocktail. Amanda kept up the pace, whispering into Amy’s ear the whole time.

“Come on, little wolf bitch,” she snarled, a more ferocious wolf than Amy ever was, “I thought you were gonna cum. Hurry up and do it. Let me feel you cum on my pig-dick.”

“Fuck,” Amy groaned. This was way more intense than she expected. Everything in her body throbbed and sparked, like it all wanted to share the fucking her pussy received. She grabbed at her breasts, hoping to placate the fire there, instead it added fuel as her nipples jerked against her palms and fingers. Were her boobs larger? Were her nipples too big for them? Amanda felt smaller again.

Before she could complete the simple puzzle in her thoughts, her pleasure eviscerated them. Her cock jerked free and her balls pulled tight, meeting a pair of sperm-famished mouths, but a cruel hand pinched her shaft shut. Unlike Dana’s pussy, the deft fingers offered no quarter and forced any seed straight back into her tankards. Even so, it didn’t struggle nearly as much. Something was happening.

“M-M-M-M-M…” Amy couldn’t get her girlfriend’s name out, the thrusts knocking brain around, “Maddy!”

“Yes?” Amanda asked, her voice betraying the bemused smirk on her face.

“S-something, ah, is… oh, so fucking wrong.”

“Doesn’t sound that way to me,” Amanda said and thrust harder, then frowned when she didn’t reach the cervix, “Hmm…” Finally, the jackhammer pace slowed enough for Amy to gather her thoughts.

“I’m growing!” Like it needed the acknowledgement, her body surged. Amanda’s grip was broken as her cock gained several inches all at once, clearing the path for her swelling cum tanks to shower the room, which they did. Several huge loads ballooned her cock all at once, lining the shaft with balls of jizz, before it jerked high to spray at the ceiling. For the first several seconds, an endless line splashed off the roof and rained on them, until the initial onslaught dipped slightly. Dana and Clary opened their mouths and cupped their boobs to catch all they could.

Amy kept riding Amanda as the growth overcame her. Her legs stretched out, muscles piling back on, so she planted her feet and leaned forward, showing off her ass and pussy to her lover. It didn’t matter that her pussy was deepening, her exceptional control kept it tight like a living condom, squeezing into Amanda’s more feminine cock. In perfect contrast to the sleeker shaft pounding her snatch, Amy’s cock darkened to a ruddy fleshy tone as dense veins burst to life. It was only temporary and settled back down as it seemed to finish growing after almost doubling in size.

Both females went back to work on it and her balls. The cock might’ve finished, but the rest still had to catch up. In Amy’s pose, hunched far over and ass bouncing high, she slowly grew toward her cock head and the girls making out with it. She caught them in her hands and kissed both in turn, swelling tongue dominating their delicate mouths. Amanda could only reach her ass and hips, but she worshipped them.

The tempo calmed to slow circles as Amanda sat up and hugged the burgeoning cheeks. Amy groped herself, moaning at the constant pleasure that swarmed her senses, stronger by the second as she gained inches all over the place. Her balls overflowed the hands cupping them, jizz still pouring from them even as size piled on. Breasts the size of her head doubled in moments, the nipples becoming like cocks in her small hands.

Likewise, her ass did it’s best to swallow Amanda’s hands. Soft flesh rose like proving dough in time-lapse, while her pussy engorged with lust, fattening around the futa. The game was forgotten, everyone’s attention devoted to Amy’s growth and subsequent pleasure. She had to wonder how this growth would end.

Last time brought her from barely three or four inches all the way to five feet. If that was the pattern, then she’d reach Yuri’s height before this was done. She squeezed her tits harder in anticipation, wondering what sex was like at that size and imagining how far above Amanda she’d stand, and how Eliza would react. The only problem she saw was getting fucked. If Yuri was unavailable, even Eliza wouldn’t be enough at that size. She’d need Amanda to fist her with both hands. And someone else to look after her asshole.

Fuck, she couldn’t wait.

Then, all at once, the sensations just stopped. She felt pleasure, her orgasm still flooded her system, but the intensity of her growth dissipated until there was nothing. Not long after, her climax waned as well and she climbed off her lover. All four laid around the cramped space, inhaling the muggy air and Amy’s musk, with undercurrents of the other three’s. Amy wasn’t thinking as she stretched out and collapsed the fort.

“So,” Amanda said after escaping the cushion debris, “That was pretty cool.”

“Sorry about ruining the game,” Amy said, though she was distracted taking in her new frame, “I’m not that much bigger am I?”

“Hmm,” Amanda appraised her, trained eye judging every measurement. After years in theatre, helping with costumes, she had a good eye for it, “I’d you’re back to seven feet. Although, these are way bigger than they should be.” She said and squeezed Amy’s cock, ass and breasts.

“No complaints,” Amy shrugged and sent ripples through her upgraded curves. Proportionally, she looked about as large as Clary in terms of bust, though with her larger body, they had to be a few inches larger at least. And her butt? Forget it, that thing dominated the household now. A fact she knew Amanda would enjoy. She already was, Amy realised as the futa’s hands roamed the fields of ass she now possessed.

“So, uh, how about we go upstairs and break the new sizes in?” Amanda asked with a squeeze of both cheeks.

“Sure. You guys good down here?” Amy asked the girls, who were cradling their cum-babies.

“Yeah. Yeah we’re good right now. Just, give me a minute. Or two. Maybe five,” Dana said.

“Hmm, I might just sleep here,” Clary said and pulled a cushion under her head, “You guys have fun.”

“Oh, we will,” Amy said, cock resurging at the prospect of stretching her lover. They rushed upstairs, Amanda wrapped tight around the Amazon’s hips so their cocks were pressed flush. When things calmed, the bedroom and bathtub were messes once more, not that either futa cared. Amanda passed out atop her lover, face cradled by the softest, aromatic pillows she knew of. Amy stayed awake a little longer, pondering the faint tingling all over her body. It had started with the growth but was completely overshadowed before.

She grinned at her normal-sized love and settled in for the night. How long before she grew again? How big would she grow? Questions for later. For now, she just embraced Amanda and drifted off to sleep, dreaming of possible futures. Even one where she could use Yuri as a dildo.