There are an incredible number of things to consider when climbing. So many that Amanda struggled to keep them all in mind. The few she focused on were the basics; one hand and foot after the other. She kicked her legs out far, searching for the nearest foothold, but it was tricky, not just because of the sharp incline. The only options for her were rounded, easy to slip on if she didn’t hit them just right. Luckily, plenty of them stuck out far, perfect for her fingers. The other most important thing to remember was gear.

Unfortunately, that was all abandoned at the bottom. Her chest tightened thinking how far away that was now. Don’t look down, she told herself. She knew this wouldn’t be an easy challenge to overcome, which was exactly why she chose it. If she reached the top, not only would she have incredible satisfaction, but the treasure that awaited her was something truly amazing. Just thinking about it made her shaft flex in excitement.

She tilted her head back to try and see the peak. There it was, still so high up, but she could recognise it. A vaguely mushroom shaped crown, its colour a royal purple, with many vines of similar shades jutting out all around it, swayed almost tauntingly at her. She pulled herself up, almost launching herself in her excitement. Big mistake. Her erection ground along the tower, almost pushing her into an orgasm of all things.

Pre-cum gushed from her tip and streaked down the tower. Amanda peeked over to watch it go, landing at the boulders down below. They rumbled as she tightened her grip, like a pair of hungry bellies just waiting to devour her. The thought shouldn’t excite her, yet it did.

“Keep going, futa,” Amanda said and resumed the climb. A new challenge presented itself; the next section had very few possible footholds. If she stretched, she might just get her fingers around the next ones. Trying to shimmy around to the other side posed an unacceptable risk. Even if it paid off, she didn’t know what the rest looked like. Her best option was to squeeze her thighs in tight, hope she kept a good grip, and just go for it.

Game plan set, the futa spread her legs out wide and dug them in deep. Not like she was hugging a lover, but trying to choke the life from someone. She loosened her hands, testing her grip. Satisfied, Amanda shimmied up, ignoring the way her cock and balls dragged over it. More pre dribbled from her tip, marking her trail. Luckily it wasn’t enough to make her slip up.

However, the tower wasn’t simply a stationary mountain for her to overcome. It reacted to her like any living being would. Or perhaps not. What kind of creature shuddered and suddenly gushed an avalanche of thick goo? She smelled it before she saw it. Such a rich, earthy musk. So much like her own slimy leakage, only on a far, far greater level. Her vision swam as it saturated her head, but her grip only tightened. Just not in desperation, but in pleasure as her cock jerked and tried cumming just from the smell alone.

She was too consumed in her own world to notice the sludge come cascading over her. It smacked her in the chest, knocking the air from her lungs, then swept her legs with it. Amanda scrambled for anything that would save her, however the goo was as slippery as it was thick. And yet it stuck to her skin, preventing her from getting any traction whatsoever.

She sank lower and lower. The rumbling of those starving, dark pink boulders vibrated throughout her entire frame. If she didn’t do something soon, she’d be back to square one. Notes of exhaustion already gnawed at her willpower. The climb hadn’t been easy, not that she’d prepared well for it, and having to start from scratch would be too much. No! She wouldn’t let it end there.

Amanda knew the rumours of what laid in store for her. They ranged in outlandishness, but even the most sensible claim spoke of ‘untold bliss’. She was a sexual person by design, loved to push her limits in the bedroom, and had experienced new levels of orgasmic ecstasy time and time again. After all the things she’d done, she wasn’t sure there was anything greater. However, if there was even a chance that there was indeed another level, then she needed to discover it for herself.

“Not today!” Amanda cheered to herself and clasped her whole body around the pillar, digging her knees hard into its sides. She was lucky it had some give, though new difficulty arose as the pressure forced out a fresh wave of slime. Not a problem, she thought. She was prepared this time and dug in harder, all but smothering her nose and mouth against the soft surface. Odd how a tower so rigid had so much give.

Still, she didn’t question it. That softness allowed her to hold on, even under the heavy rainfall upon her head, while she held her breath to keep it from disorienting her again. She still made the mistake of opening her mouth a fraction of an inch. The flavour summoned memories of all her sexual escapades, then slammed into them, creating a supernova reaction that triggered her long fought orgasm. She bit into the tower, whole body going stiff, as she resisted the urge to hump against it. Streaks of her off-white seed plummeted down amidst that cavalcade of goo.

But she did it.

That was the perfect confidence booster she needed to resume the climb at even greater speed. She knew where to aim her hands, how to angle her legs for the most optimal route, and soon she was back where she fell from. Sweat coated her body, however that proved to be more of a boon, as it made her stickier and let her get better traction on the pillar. That said, the next wave removed that advantage.

Still, she held on through it. Amanda continued, the afterglow of yet another orgasm urging her on even faster. After the first taste, she thought she’d be ready if it happened again, yet she succumbed just the same. If it was potent enough as to make her cum twice, then whatever stood at the peak must’ve been something else entirely. Finally, she came close enough to make out more details, like the bundled… skin? But this thing couldn’t be…

Amanda launched herself in a bid to discover the truth of this so-called ‘tower’. Unfortunately, it *moved*. The second she jumped up. It lurched forward, away from her reach, and sent her falling back to the bottom. She scrambled for another chance, however nothing got close, it was just too far. As those pink boulders took the brunt of her fall, she noticed two other distinct mountains in the distance. They housed the tower, with a gorgeous set of brown eyes looking upon her.

“You okay?”

“What was that about?” Amanda demanded, getting to her feet atop the enormous balls, “Amy, you’re meant to be a tower. Last I checked, towers don’t move.”

“Most towers don’t have beautiful, tiny little futanari climbing them. Or humping.”

Amanda sighed, “I would’ve done it if you just stayed still.”

“You were just gonna fuck my cock again,” Amy said and picked her up.

No matter her ire, there was no hiding how this dynamic aroused Amanda. She tried keeping a pout on her face, but her cock betrayed her. Being picked up by Amy was nothing new, however it was rare that she felt so completely helpless in the Amazon’s grasp. At fourteen feet tall, there was nearly a nine feet difference between them, meaning Amy could do whatever she wanted with the smaller futa. That day, however, the difference was extended to twelve whole feet.

Amanda could’ve been a the best MMA fighter alive and she never could’ve broken free. That didn’t stop her from struggling. There was no fun otherwise. It also sold just how huge Amy was to get brought before those warm eyes, lips curled in bemusement. They parted and Amanda saw the depths of her girlfriend’s gullet, tongue lifting slightly, as if offering to slide her down where she would never be seen again. Rather than do that, Amy just pushed it forward and poked the tip of Amanda’s eager cock.

A spurt of pre-cum went across the pink muscle. She almost came just from that. Amy didn’t relent either, running her tongue up and down, pushing more out each time. It looked it could coil around her, like a wide, dark pink boa. Shivers ran up and down her body, toes curling as it pressed flatter, covering Amanda from hip to hip. The hand gripping her relaxed.

If she was actually hoping to escape, that would’ve been her only chance. Instead, Amanda just spread her legs wider, offering her two-foot self to the Amazon, whose tongue slowly covered more and more of her body. It was like the best massage, bath and blowjob all at the same time. The constant thrill that she could be devoured at any time just made her all the more excited. And Amy knew it too.

It wasn’t just her cock, her pussy leaked a constant flow down her thighs. Amy immediately lapped it up, always hungry for more. She changed her attack, shoving the tip of her tongue past Amanda’s balls to smother her pussy. She pushed hard, as if to penetrate the much too small orifice. The tiny futa slid up the hands cradling her from the force of it, only saving herself from falling by curling in and snatching thick handfuls of Amy’s hair. Her heart jumped when the support on her rump disappeared.

Amanda kicked out in pure fright. She locked her thighs around Amy’s head, its size a close match for the cock she was climbing, and let out a deep, drawn out sigh. Not only was she safe, but her little cock was crammed inside her girlfriend’s mouth. All while that relentless tongue kept pushing against her snatch. Each shove forced her to move as if she were fucking Amy’s face.

Moans vibrated all around her. They were soft for the Amazon, but to Amanda’s tiny frame, it felt like an earthquake. Rhythm had no place in their world by then. Neither were very good at sticking to a single tempo, always moving as their bodies longed to. And yet the whole thing was like a top-class musical. Amanda’s simple, sensual movements were a dance in itself, with Amy’s tongue leading her.

There was no concept of holding out. Amanda pumped faster, little hips smacking wetly against Amy’s lips, while her pussy slobbered all over the thick tongue, encouraging it to attack harder. Those hands came back, only the fingers wrapped around her torso to toy with her tits.

It was the last push she needed.

“I’m cumming!” Amanda cried and grabbed onto the Amazon’s ears, pulling on them like a pair of hips as she pumped out her thick seed. That alone was incredible, but Amy didn’t stop working at her snatch and that brought out the best part of being born a futanari. At the second eruption, fresh pleasure wracked all two-feet of her body as she squirted from two separate holes at the same time. The world turned into waves as she held on for dear life, even as the pleasure seemed determined to pull her under.

“That was amazing,” the shrunken futa panted once she could finally breathe normally. She rested atop Amy’s breasts, each one like a king-sized bed to her. A fat, juicy nipple stuck out between her legs, its heat all but cradling her femininity. If only she had the energy, she’d be grinding against it. There was something far more pressing for her, however. Something that required all her concentration.

Amy stroked along her member, though it was futile even with her giant hands. She barely managed to hug it with both hands, fingers stretching to meet and falling far short. A trickle of pre-cum oozed from the tip, either dripping past Amy’s head, or flowing down its length, following the labyrinthine veins. Its scent ripened the longer Amanda waited, veins throbbing in anticipation.

“Man, I still can’t believe how hot this is,” Amanda said, struggling to keep her balance, as she walked to Amy’s collar, “If you get much bigger, I could run a whole marathon on you.”

“You still want me to grow?” Amy asked, slowing her jerks, limiting the movement of her body.

Amanda hopped down to stand beside her lover’s head and kissed a cheek, “You’re plenty big now, but I’m not gonna be upset if Eliza just so happens to keep making you grow. Or if you just naturally get bigger. Even if it gets to the point that you have trouble living normally, I’ll be with you all the way through.”

“It’s already difficult,” Amy said, looking at their attic room, lingering on the massive hole she made just to climb up. The rest of their sorority wasn’t in much better shape. No one seemed to mind at least. On top of that, they were running out of space. Just Amy’s torso took up the whole bed, with her legs outstretched to make sure her crotch wasn’t too elevated. Otherwise her erection would punch a hole right through the ceiling. After that, one errant orgasm and she’d paint the whole house in white.

“Oh!” Amanda yelped, the cock jumping out of her reach, “Someone’s having naughty thoughts. Come on, out with them.”

“It’s nothing,” the Amazon groaned as her tiny partner pulled her cock down. Those little hands barely covered a fraction of the spongy peak, yet were no less pleasant, “Just thinking what’d happen if I got too big and fucked a hole in the roof.”

“Then you cum and it rains all over the campus!” Amanda giggled, patting the enormous purple crown, “That’d be so hot.”

“I know,” Amy said and shuffled down, giving her love better access to her member. It rested heavily on her chest, shooting right past her head. Every inch exuded a rich odour, the pre-cum adding to it, naturally excited both futanari even more. No matter her size, Amy was a futa, fuelled equally by her urge to fuck and be fucked. If given the choice, she’d follow Amanda’s example and jump on another twelve-foot dick.

For now, hers was the only one around. And it was all for Amanda.

“I can’t wait,” Amanda said. She angled her hips up, prick sliding along the lightly gaped opening of Amy’s urethra. Despite her words, she ran it up and down, teasing the opening. She backed away whenever the cock pushed toward her.

“Maddy, babe, if you don’t fuck my dick right now, I’m not letting you do *that*.”

The tiny futa stopped, “You wouldn’t.”

“I will if you don’t get to work!” Amy wasn’t one to go through with her threats. She liked to tease, but she much preferred to just get on with it. Especially when she’d been taunted with Amanda’s body for so long, feeling and tasting her orgasms while she was left high and dry. Much longer and she’d grab Amanda and shove her in the cock head-first.

Luckily, the prospect to being denied did the trick and Amanda stopped playing with the opening. She didn’t lined up, as if to enter a pussy, despite the hole being more than big enough to handle her cock and much more. In fear of Amy following through, she wasted no time and pushed in. Both futanari gasped at the penetration.

Amanda’s cock wasn’t anything special in that form. She measured around fourteen inches in her best state, though she was just nine little over a year ago. Either size was plenty for the average girl or futa, but with Amy, it may as well have been a stubby needle. That didn’t stop her from slapping her crotch into the spongy cock, using its buoyancy to thrust back even harder.

“That’s the stuff,” Amy sighed, leaning back and lazily rocking her hips. Just sighing, Amanda thought and grit her teeth. Her member was already sensitive from the last few orgasms, it wouldn’t take long to blow, however she had to get Amy off first. It wasn’t fair otherwise.

Much, much, *much* easier said than done. She only had around five or six inches of length to pound Amy’s cock with. Not much girth either. Yet the walls closed around her like the tightest pussy of her life, the residual pre-cum stuck fast to her and the walls, which made each subsequent thrust even harder to pull off. To pull this off, she needed to play dirty. Or rather, she had to get extra dirty.

Amanda slid her hands all over the head. Even on a shaft six times her overall size, it was enormous. That meant it had plenty of room inside for more than just a dick. Sweat ran down her front and back, making her bust stick to the peak, forcing her to peel back each time. Until she finally gave up on the thrusts and slowed down, instead tucking her arms into her sides. She wriggled her fingers past the slit.

“So good,” Amy moaned.

That’s what she wanted to hear. Amanda punched her whole body forward, hips clapping against the peak, while her arms slid in further and further. The urethra stretched open like she had a pair of forceps. She glimpsed its walls, the outside so thick no light broke through. Her fingers were the only thing visible, only to be swallowed up as the depths clamped down.

“Hurry up!” Amy said and bucked her hips. Her cock pushed Amanda right against the wall, pinning her there with both arms trapped inside.

“On it!” The tiny futa squeaked and pushed back with all her might, spreading her arms out too. She opened her hands, digging her fingernails in and scraping them along Amy’s insides, all while pumping her arms in time with her hips.

Breaths came fast and shallow. She rarely pushed herself so hard, usually letting her much bigger partner do all the work, but fisting and fucking her partner’s cum-pipe was the perfect motivator. Amanda ignored the sweat on her skin, her hair sticking to her back, and focused only on giving Amy the best orgasm possible. Not that she could do that on her own.

Amy had been fucked every single way imaginable not even two weeks ago. On top of that, she’d had Yuri fucking her cock just days prior. The foreign Amazon’s prick alone was even larger than Amanda’s whole body at that moment. So how was she supposed to match up?

“I can’t!” Amanda said after nearly an hour of trying. She wanted to see Amy cum, to look at her face as she did, however the Amazon seemed no closer than when they started.

“But I’m almost…”

“No, you’re not.” Amanda had been with her long enough that she knew exactly when she was going to cum. None of the usual signs were present, “It can’t be helped. I’m going in.”

“What? Oh, right.” Amy tried hiding her excitement, but that was never her speciality. Her cock didn’t help. It gripped Amanda tight, lifting her high as it jerked up, before dropping her. A rush of pre-cum followed, dousing the futa. All her efforts hadn’t borne such fruit, yet just the idea of cock vore excited her so much.

Amanda sighed. It was partly her own fault. If she hadn’t decided on the narrative that involved climbing Amy’s cock, then she’d still be normal sized. Then she might’ve had the reach to get her off. No, even then that might not be sufficient.

Besides, she was the one who introduced the idea to Amy. She needed to take responsibility by making sure she was the best ‘victim’ of Amy’s cock. Besides, the timing was almost perfect; not much longer and she should grow back.

The titanic phallus fell back down, though it twitched, almost seeming to lurch at Amanda. It was just like a wild animal, trying to strike at its prey. Her pussy quivered as she looked at it. She rarely ignored her own member, yet that side of her wasn’t nearly as turned on looking at the predatory cock. Fingers coated in dick juice hooked into her pussy, wrist pressing firm into her balls, which rubbed at her clit.

Amanda knew from early into puberty that she had a fetish for Amazons. She just had no idea it would evolve to such a degree. Now her pussy gushed and her heart palpitated at the thought of being swallowed by an Amazon-sized cock. Vivid memories of sliding down it at the pool party made her ache beautifully. Wait, then what was she doing just standing there?

She yanked her hand back and instead used it to pry open the slit. A faint vapour wafted out. It went straight for her nose, saturating her mind and senses until all she could taste or smell was pure, undiluted *cock* and everything that entailed. Amanda didn’t even think as she pushed her face in, giving up the light, and kept going. It only took a moment of coercion for it to slide over her hair, then snap shut around her neck. The shoulders weren’t much harder.

Once they were in, Amanda was completely at the Amazon’s mercy. All it took for Amy’s cock to finish gobbling her up was for it to lift up. No matter how tight the passage, with all that pre-cum lubricating the way and with Amanda so small, she fell as if on a water-slide. Her shoulders were squeezed on all sides, hair completely matted in pre, and plenty more oozed between her butt cheeks over her pussy. What little light illuminated her way made it clear just how deep she’d gone already.

Yet all she could focus on was the end. Deep down she saw the tunnel deviate down two paths, each tighter than the urethra. The whole cock flexed upright, insides undulating, pushing her even lower in a smooth gulp. Her cheek pressed into the bottom, then slid away. Her nostrils flared.

It already reeked of nothing but cock and pre. That was just a teaser. Even compared to the pool party, the scents were on another level. Probably because she wasn’t sharing the space with so many other people. It was all hers. Amanda squealed just as she would on a ride as the final squeeze forced her into the pool with a wet thud. It was so thick, she thought it would keep her up forever. When she pushed, however, the surface finally broke and she went under.

Amy, meanwhile, licked at her cock while she tit-fucked herself. Both hands were down below, massaging her balls, trying to figure out which enormous testicle housed her girlfriend for the next… who knew how long. It was impossible to tell, since both gurgled with cum. Their tremors went straight into her pussy, its moisture dripping over the backs. She rolled her hips.

The sack was too heavy to move with her anymore, making it perfect for her to grind into. Her hands manipulated them freely, pushing them together, so their vibrations fed into one another, while squeezing them against her pussy so her clit was bullied into ecstasy. Then Amy found her girlfriend at last, or rather, Amanda made it impossible not to find her. Unashamed as always, the two-foot futa shoved herself against a wall, features bulging through the thick skin. She wasn’t content with that of course, and ground her erection against Amy’s insides.

Cum rolled and churned around her. In darker fantasies, Amanda would’ve thought of it dissolving her, turning her from a human being into nothing but fresh, virile jizz for Amy to shoot into someone else. Instead, it just splashed all over her, making sure not even a micrometre of her body wasn’t covered. A hand came down on her through the ball, pressing firmly against her cock.

It was already so fucking hot being inside her giant lover’s testicle, Amanda had no chance of delaying her orgasm. The best part was how she didn’t feel a single drop of her own seed. That’s how pitiful it was compared to Amy’s.

Then it settled in how bad a girlfriend she was being. Yet another orgasm for her, without a single one for the sexiest - and, by extension, biggest - Amazon in her life. Time to rectify that, Amanda thought and thrashed about with all her might. Not an easy feat given how viscous her surroundings were, but she managed. The jizz sloshed about wildly, waves of it crashing into her and the walls.

Finally, her efforts bore fruit.

Amy panted, hands now working at her nipples. She turned them inwards, moaning as her shaft glided between them, while Amanda made sure her balls felt her presence. At the same time, her snatch pulsed against them, ready for her to reach that peak. It was so close. She just needed a little more. A push.

Or a hand.

Abandoning her self-tit-fuck, Amy stretched her hands far overhead. Her fingers stroked along her glans, just grazing the peak. She only needed a couple extra inches. Amy angled her hips down and bent her dick. She could see the dip of her urethra, and how it then yawned open as she pushed in the tips of her fingers. With hands like hers, it was as much of a stretch as Amanda’s shoulders. Her nails and knuckles dug into her urethra.

“Come on,” Amy groaned. The orgasm was so close. She kicked at her sack with her heels. Their size and density turned the impact into raw pleasure. It also signalled Amanda to change tactics. She moved to the back and pushed outward, right against Amy’s pussy. With her own rocking hips, it finally did the trick.

Down below, the other members of Futa Era went about their lives. Some had sex, others were responsible and did their studies, a few even grouped up to rut one another to the sounds coming from the attic room. Then all went still as the first rumblings shook the foundation. A couple girls checked outside, but saw no other signs of it. That only left one possible cause.

They all looked to each other, then up at the ceiling, just as the first signs of cum leakage occurred. Without proper architecture in place, there was little hope of containing Amy’s orgasm. They had talked about reinforcing the entire house, and remodelling the doors for her, however it was just too expensive. Not to mention they all got a thrill of seeing Amy struggle to fit through the doors. Which were already a decent bit larger than average.

The house’s relatively weak foundation reared its head as the rumbling only got worse. Cum found cracks in the attic floor, seeping down to soak into the ceiling of other rooms, its sheer amount and viscosity quickly overpowering the thin material. In one room, Clary bucked into Jade’s thrusting hips as the first drops broke through. In another, Dana crammed the biggest dildo of her collection up her cunt to the beats of others around her. Or she was. Now she took a much harsher pace, gazing up at her ceiling, watching it creak and bulge.

Then it all went to hell. Amy’s howl of ecstasy reverberated throughout, likely heard all the way at Futa Alpha. The reason; Amanda of course. The dosage of Shrinkage finally wore off, her body slowly growing back to its former stature, which only made the journey back up her Amazon’s urethra all the tighter. No amount of cum or lube would suffice.

But pressure? That would do well. Her body blocked most of Amy’s seed, forcing it to build up inside her balls, even as her kegels flexed to try and expunge it. Every attempt tightened her scrotum further, forced it to stretch out over the bed and onto the floor, bathed in its prior releases. She grabbed at her member, right where Amanda’s body shape stretched through the flesh, and heaved her girlfriend up.

Amanda both helped and impeded her progress. She writhed about, helping the cum and hands to push her up, yet her movements just stimulated Amy more, producing jizz faster and faster. The giant balls groaned, straining from the burden, piling on the sensations for Amy. They just got greater and greater, weighing on her, to the point that she couldn’t breathe without making it worse. But that only made her want to properly cum all the more.

With a powerful yell, she heaved Amanda up and up, until the futa took her first breath of ‘clean’ air after several minutes of being held inside. Amy’s cock saw its chance and took full advantage. A powerful rolling motion went down her spine, through her hips and into her balls. In one big lurch, Amanda’s 5’6’’ body shot out and she fell to Amy’s face. Conveniently, her pussy landed on the Amazon’s open mouth. Even stifled, the voice reached everyone’s ears. Made easier by the massive holes caused by the weight of her semen.

Not that it stopped those already in the throes of passion. Even Jade, who notoriously worried over the ramifications of Amy’s growth, was helpless as she bucked into Clary, both of them covered in jizz pouring from above. Dana fully embraced it, taking clumps of jizz and stuffing her face with it. Her pussy slurped loudly as the dildo pushed fistfuls of cum inside too.

The release lasted half an hour. Ejaculating even half the amount Amy did would’ve taken most futanari months of constant orgasm, their openings just too little. Admittedly, that climax was on another level entirely. It wasn’t something she could achieve without Amanda’s mischief.

“That was great,” the futa sighed, held snug between Amy’s breasts. It was the perfect place for her to sleep those days. Even if the Amazon rolled over, they were huge and soft enough to cushion her. Sure, she sometimes woke up smothered in them, though it was a small price to pay. Especially since she got up earlier than Amy, giving her the chance to have them all to herself. That usually meant a sneaky tit-fuck.

“Hmm…” Amy idly ran a hand over her partner’s sticky body.

“What’s up?”

“It’s nothing. Don’t worry about it.”

“You know saying that makes me worry more, right? Just tell me.”

“Aren’t I getting too big?” Amy asked, glancing to the foot of the bed. Beyond her sight, her feet splashed in her ejaculate, slowly leaking down the holes she’d created, “I’m basically breaking down the entire house around me now. And… um…”

“Um?”

“You’re a bit… small.”

“It’s how you use it,” Amanda quipped, then snorted and ground her flaccid member into a breast, “No, I get it. Even after I’ve grown so much, I guess it’s pretty small compared to what you deserve. Maybe Eliza will think of something? And you can always take some Shrinkage.”

“Hmm, I guess.”

Amanda coaxed her to lean down for a peck on the lips. Their difference in stature wasn’t so great that a normal-sized Amanda couldn’t kiss her properly, though it certainly did look and feel almost comical. Not even ten-percent more and she’d have to kiss each lip individually.

“Hey, it’ll be alright. We’ll figure something out.”

Amy smiled and kissed her back, “Yeah, you’re right. Eliza will figure something out. She’s basically a witch at this point.”

“Exactly… although,” Amanda looked around, spotting the holes big enough and the rooms below, “We have to survive Jade’s wrath first.”

Eliza didn’t know what to do. This never happened to her before. This… excitement! It’s not that she was apathetic towards the everyday, but it was just that; the everyday. Recently it was far more interesting as Amy grew, huge enough as to swallow people with her cock no less. Even that only roused Eliza’s curiosity on a scientific level.

The person speaking to her through the phone, however, did much more than that. Every word made her even more aware of the fat length swinging under her skirt. She forewent underwear on a whim, though now she had justification as blood pumped into her member little by little. Anything she wore would’ve been torture with how big she already was. At least the skirt was long and there wasn’t much of a breeze.

People still stopped and looked her way. She was something of a celebrity at the college now. Everyone knew that she had a hand in Amy growing. No doubt plenty of them wanted it too. One group came to mind as she cast her eyes over those passing by, recognising the notorious pledges of Futa Alpha. What a farce, she thought. If they were so interested in gathering the biggest and brightest futanari, then they should have approached her the second she walked on campus last year. Not that she’d ever join them. She had enough trouble handling Amy’s bubbly nature.

Spiteful and domineering were even worse.

“I’m still amazed at your progress. It’s only been a few days,” Yuri said. She was as different to Amy as possible, despite sharing a distinct similarity, and nowhere was that more obvious than in her soft, accented voice. Almost monotone in its delivery. Some might’ve struggled with it, thinking she either didn’t care, or was mocking them. Eliza heard those subtle intonations that others somehow missed. Most blatant was the hint of lust, becoming more prevalent whenever Eliza gave her an update.

“When I have the right motivation, I can’t help but work fast.”

“I hope you are not missing sleep because of me. You can’t work well like that.”

“Personally, I find I do my best work when sleep deprived. It’s how I figured out Shrinkage and look what that created.”

“Hmm, I suppose.”

“Besides, it’s thanks to long nights that I should be able to test it in by next week. Though I doubt you’d like me to try it on Amy.”

“It would not be ideal. Besides, I should be back in the states soon and staying for a few days.”

“I’ll do my best,” Eliza said, perhaps too quickly. She was so eager to please Yuri.

“I know you will,” a hint of amusement came through, “But take your time. Make it perfect. Even if it’s not ready, I would still like our next conversation to be in person. You are interesting to talk to.”

It couldn’t be. Eliza pulled at her skirt, feeling a not so subtle twinge in her length. Perhaps the accent skewed her perception, but that ‘interesting’ sounded distinctly flirtatious. More than that, it was an outright statement that she wanted to fuck Eliza. No, no. That was pushing her luck much too far. Besides, her little body had nothing to offer the Amazon. She couldn’t even take Yuri’s cock if she tried. Although… Amanda claimed she and Amy were still intimate in *that* way, impossible as it sounded.

“Eliza?”

God, just hearing her name in that voice was erotic, “I, uh, I’d like that too. Next time. In person. Um…where?”

“I’d love to see your lab again, but I remember this quaint little café I’d like to visit again. I’ll send you details later. Alas, they need me. See you soon, my little genius.”

“See you…” A powerful shiver ran up from Eliza’s feet to her scalp, cock flexing so hard it flashed itself to anyone looking. Even her balls tingled. If - and it was a massive IF - it went well, then she might - MIGHT - have a chance with the futa single handedly responsible for her sexual awakening. Yuri never did any nude sets, though that hadn’t stopped Eliza fantasising about her enough to think she had a good idea what the Russian Amazon looked like.

It was enough to make her hard just thinking about it. She put her phone away and picked up her already brisk pace, making a beeline for Futa Era. Amanda expected her any minute now, having called about if she had any potential breakthroughs. One of the best parts of her work was discovering other applications for different processes.

Walking up to the house, something seemed off. Not with the outside, or even the people milling about, but there was something she couldn’t put her finger on. Eliza ignored it and knocked on the door. Not a moment later and Amanda answered, grinning ear to ear.

“Eliza! So glad you came, come in, come in.”

Even for her, that greeting was a little too exuberant. Something was up. The scientist stepped in and looked around; nothing amiss. She walked down the foyer, looking into the other rooms and saw nothing unusual. So why did it feel like there was a huge secret waiting for her deeper into the house?

“Where’s Amy?” Eliza asked.

“Upstairs. Jade’s still grilling her for last night.”

“What happened?”

Amanda just giggled, “Probably best you see for yourself.” She gestured to the stairs. Eliza frowned at her, but climbed up anyway, wondering just what awaited her. Not even a second past the final step and she discovered it; cum. Lots and lots of cum. She leaned into a room and found a team of maids trying valiantly to wring the semen from bundles of clothes. The same was true the next room, and the next. All of them had one other thing in common; a massive hole in the ceiling. Did Amy cum so much that it broke the floor?

If that was the case, then how long did the house have before Amy destroyed it?

“It was partly my fault,” Amanda said, “I wasn’t good enough to get her off earlier. And you know what futanari are like; we just build and build until it finally comes out in one big rush.”

“Yes, but not to this scale. There has to be hundreds of gallons. Wait, this is just what got out. What’s the attic like?”

“Attic?” Amanda blinked at her, like she’d just said the craziest statement of her life, “Oh, you mean the cum room.”

“It’s that bad?” Eliza prided herself on expecting the most incredible results, keeping her composure even when unusual effects happened. Like Amy growing, or shrinking to two inches. Everything was a chance to learn. But this?!

“So, um, I have a request.”

“Go ahead,” Eliza said and crouched down to sift through a pile of white tar. It was viscous enough to come away in clumps, sticking to her skin, yet it didn’t flow at all. Even when she spread her fingers, it maintained its shape. There were stories of futanari that got so pent up their ejaculate turned into near solids, but never on this scale.

“You’re working on something to make Yuri grow, right?” That made Eliza pause, “I’ve got connections. Don’t worry about it. But the point is, would you be able to make *me* grow too?”

That… hadn’t even occurred to her. Could she turn an otherwise average futa into a certified Amazon? Of course. The prospect seemed almost simple after turning seven-feet of Amy into fourteen-feet of Amy, with a penis to match no less. Then again, Amazons had a natural growth factor of sorts. They could just grow and grow in theory, so she believed anyway. Nothing concrete proved her hypothesis, however she was confident in it. Anything to explain Amy’s incredible developments of late.

So, yes. If she distilled that factor into a serum of some form, then it could make someone else grow. A reversal of Shrinkage. Temporary Amazon growth, or even beyond, into the realms of a giant. Imagine all the accolades she’d receive for creating such a thing! A serum to give people that awesome feeling of being several times taller than their peers. How tall could she push it? Twenty feet? Thirty?

She bit her lip. This was certainly worth her attention. It could even be a bigger breakthrough for Yuri. Oh, Yuri… Eliza had to get this right. Even if only temporary, she could not let the chance of an even more behemoth Yuri slip past. At that size, what would it do to her cock?

“Eliza?”

“Huh? Oh, yes. Make you grow. I believe that’s something worth pursuing,” Eliza said and flattened her skirt, cheeks burning at how obvious her cock was, “But you must do something for me.”

“Sure. Anything.”

“I’ve refined the Shrinkage formula. Longer lasting, more efficient. Perhaps even some lingering effects, I’m not sure.”

“So you need me to try it out for you? No problem.”

“Actually, I’d like a larger test base. Could you convince some of the others here to participate?”

Amanda smirked and pulled out her phone, “Sure. Though ‘convince’ is a strong word. One mention of this and they’ll be swarming you. Just give it a sec. And done. Come on, lets go downstairs. More room. Also, you mentioned ‘lingering effects’?”

“Mhm,” Eliza nodded, going over the formula in her head. From the simulations she ran, there was a chance she had a way to give Amanda what she wanted, “I believe proportions are the key here.”

“Oh?”

That was the nice part of talking to Amanda over many of the other people around the campus. While they weren’t dumb by any means, their interests laid either in their own fields, or with having sex as often as possible. Amanda took a keen interest no matter what, even if she wouldn’t understand the science of it.

“Yes. When people use Shrinkage, their bodies are compressed to an extent. To tell the truth, describing it in detail strays so deep into fiction it’s almost ridiculous. I believe that the un-compression, for lack of a better term, applies the same proportions. So, if this new formula doesn’t shrink everything as intended…”

“Oh, I get it. So if my boobs stay this big when I’m two-feet, they’ll match that kind of proportion,” Amanda squeezed her bust, never shy about enjoying her body even around others. She bit her lip, obvious excitement reddening her cheeks, “If that happens to my dick…”

That was the whole reason Eliza hadn’t tried it on herself. If it turned out like that, with a member like hers, she’d be more endowed than Yuri. Proportionally, she’d be close to Amy’s size too. She measured herself as fifteen inches last time, though she was encroaching on sixteen. If she shrank to two-feet tall, then it’d be almost two-thirds of her size. Grow back to her admittedly petite self, it’d be nearly three-feet long.

That wouldn’t be so bad. She was hoping to court an Amazon after all. It was her girth that posed an unacceptable issue.

“Everyone’s here,” Amanda said, once again breaking Eliza from her thoughts. She looked around and recognised a few faces, Clary and Dana among them, with others being reminiscent from the pool party. All in all, eight participants. Not exactly a huge testing pool, but more than she could hope for with such a niche product.

“No Amy?”

“Jade’s still reprimanding her,” Clary said, “If only she got that passionate about other things.”

“Well, I suppose this will do for now. She can join later. You all know why you’re here?” Eliza addressed the group, receiving nods. She opened her bag, revealing neatly arranged vials, fifteen in total and told them to take one each. Naturally, she wouldn’t participate both to avoid a mishap with her own size, and to record data. If only she’d thought about this more, then she’d have prepared a camera. Her phone didn’t have the battery left to film them the entire time.

“If my calculations are correct, this will last between two and three hours. Any discomfort you feel in that time, let me know immediately, or at least write it down somewhere. There is no such thing as inconsequential detail here. If you even think you feel something, do not hide it.”

“Sure!” Was the resonant reply and they all downed their vials at the same time.

“Tastes like strawberry.”

“Nice and smooth. Wish my smoothies came out like this.”

“Oh, fast acting!”

“Anyone remember stealing their parent’s clothes? Kinda feels like that right now.”

“Whoa, feels good too.”

Moans agreed with that statement. Eliza plopped herself down on the couch, notes up on her phone. Cushions warped to suit her little body, embracing her in a way she’d forsaken in favour of work. That familiar weight of her eyelids returned, crying for her to let them close. She fought it, looking between her willing subjects for any abnormalities. Thus far, they’d all shrunk at similar paces, perhaps a couple centimetres variation, with them all displaying heightened arousal. As was expected.

They also weren’t entirely uniform in how they shrank. Those compelled her full attention. Clary, for instance, retained far more bust as her overall mass diminished, making her chest seem even larger the shorter she became.

“Oh, forgot to mention, but we might grow a bit from this depending how we shrink,” Amanda said.

Eliza gawked at her. How did someone forget such important information? It wasn’t even a small thing either. If anyone there decided they didn’t like the changes, they could easily sue her for not being clear enough. This already a sketchy trial for a drug she crafted in her own time. All manner of worst case scenarios played through her head, chief among them being imprisonment and, worse yet, never seeing Yuri in person again. She wouldn’t get to see how big the Amazon got either.

“So, I guess I’m gonna get bigger boobs?” Clary asked and did a little bounce.

“Think I’m a little more toned than I ought to be,” Dana said, running fingers over her tiny, but strong figure.

Others checked themselves for any signs of disproportionate parts. One had a larger butt, though not by much. All in all, nothing severe. Amanda, meanwhile, held out her much too loose pants to look at her crotch, beaming at it. So she got what she wanted. But that didn’t help Eliza’s predicament.

“Aww, I wanted a bigger dick.”

“Would’ve been nice to have some extra junk in the trunk for me. Still flat as a board.”

“Dammit, why does Clary always get the huge boobs?”

“Wait!” Eliza sat forward, looking over the much smaller gathering. It was a strange feeling being the biggest in the room, though she put it aside for the moment, “You’re fine with it?”

They all frowned and looked at one another, “Yeah. It’s alright. Just wish I got something extra.”

“And I like having big boobs. Might be just what I need to get a certain someone’s attention,” Clary said.

“Can’t complain about some extra muscle.”

“And I’m gonna be pretty dang big,” Amanda said and dropped her pants, revealing no less than eight inches of erection. She claimed fourteen inches was her average, give or take depending on the situation, about a fifth of her height. Now it was a third.

“Assuming it works as I expect,” Eliza said, though now her thoughts were on her own member. Would it be so bad if she got a similar boost? No, she couldn’t think like that. Her cock was already fat enough.

“It will. I have full confidence in you.”

The scientist sighed and leaned back. Why did their couch have to be so soft and comfy?It was getting hard to think straight.

No, she needed to keep track of it. Just a couple hours. Then she could have a nap. Just a little longer.

“Well,” Amanda snapped her fingers in front of Eliza’s lax face, getting no reaction, “She’s out.”

“What now?”

“Now?” Amanda plopped down on the cushion and pondered as to their next action. Someone needed to record data for Eliza, otherwise she’d be pissed when she woke up, but then… She glanced at the dozing futa, whose skirt lifted suspiciously, “How about some fun with the sleeping giant?”

Gasps rang out when Amanda lifted Eliza’s skirt, revealing perhaps the thickest slab of cock on anyone that wasn’t an Amazon. Completely out of proportion with itself. It took far more strength than expected just to lift the thing upright. Fat veins pulsed all over the semi-erect pillar, thickest at its middle, before tapering toward the crown, its thinnest part. But even that made Amanda’s head seem small. Even if she was full sized, it’d be enormous.

Her touch slowly roused it to greater heights. The girth didn’t change much as it hardened, meaning Eliza somehow smuggled this massive thing around constantly. And Amanda hadn’t noticed a thing. Just thinking of all the times she and Amy could’ve been playing with their friend, getting the Amazon properly stuffed, frustrated her to no end. Unfortunately, she doubted even Eliza was big enough to fill Amy to the brim anymore.

Eliza moaned and mumbled something. Her hips shifted down, as if offering herself to the small, horny army. Mouths and eyes widened as it stood up on its own, hard like an iron greatsword, its shadow pouring across them. The sun hit just right, streaming through the window behind Eliza, and bathed the other side in golden light. Amanda stood beside it, only a few inches taller.

She straddled the scientist, peering around the cock to look over her tiny allies, and unconsciously ground against her. Eliza’s dick covered her from shoulder to shoulder. Not to mention those big, juicy balls just waiting to be worshipped. She wasn’t alone in that thought.

Dana and Clary broke from the pack. They were more accustomed to this, recovering from the shock of such a giant prick, and each took a testicle. It required their entire wingspan just to embrace one. At their touch, Eliza mumbled something else, slouching lower to give them better access. Or rather, to encourage them to kiss all over her taut flesh.

This was too perfect. The thrill of being small compared to someone else was incredible, just one of many reasons she loved being around Amy as much as possible, but without Shrinkage, she didn’t get the full experience. Furniture was all made with someone of her height in mind. Now, however, she really got to feel like she was in a land of giants. Not least because a cock she knew wasn’t *that* big, still seemed massive.

She swung her arms around it and pulled herself against the girth. Her own member wasn’t anything to sneeze at, no doubt, however it only measured up to about half of Eliza’s shaft. In length that is. Their girth was completely different. Just the veins were almost as fat as her entire prick. Perfect for her to grind into, simultaneously getting her pre running, and giving the huge, meaty tower a boob-job as well. Her mouth naturally joined in, trying to hear Eliza moan again.

Unlike Amy last night, it wasn’t hard at all. The futa, in her sleep at least, had no filter. She was probably dreaming something sexy as well. Whatever it was had her talking fervently, even if it wasn’t easy to understand. Amanda listened over her, Dana and Clary’s slurping, picking out words like; ‘so big’ and ‘tight’ and, best of all ‘Yuri’.

Eliza’s adoration for the Amazon was no secret. Though it was easy to think, with how little people talked about her in the bedroom, that she just wasn’t a very sexual person. Couldn’t be further from the truth it seemed. Amanda sank as low as her back would allow, dragging her cock over Eliza’s belly, with her tongue pressed flat into shaft. Veins throbbed hard against her, so strong they almost pushed her away, like they were testing her resolve.

Makes sense, she thought. It was so fat that any wishy-washy intentions wouldn’t be enough to take even one inch. Still might not be at her size.

Not that it ever stopped her. Logic couldn’t dictate Amanda’s path. She yanked it down toward her, forced to back up with her feet on either side of Eliza’s sleeping chest, then over the shoulders and past her head. A tingle ran up her spine when an exhale breezed across her lips. Fuck, she was already so wet. Usually only Amy got her that worked up.

Amanda climbed up the couch, struggling to keep the cock at the correct angle. What kind of dream was Eliza having that got so hard that gravity did nothing? She had to hold it by the glans, making the futa groan. Eventually, she got herself into position, pussy wet and waiting, and pulled it down. Unfortunately, the behemoth lurched away from her right as she got it lined up, whipping her balls in the process.

“You were trying to fuck her?” Dana asked, taking her mouth off the testicle, though her hands didn’t stop their massage.

“Uh, yeah. Why wouldn’t I?”

“Maybe someone else wanted to go first?”

“I came up with this whole thing, so it’s only right,” Amanda said and rushed back over to grab the cock. She would get it inside her before they grew back. Then she’d try it again afterwards, see how it compared.

Her efforts to pull the cock were stopped by another pair of arms, “That doesn’t put you in charge by default. We live in a democracy.” Several snickered at that. Dana amended, “It’s supposed to be a democracy.”

“Well, I’ve got the biggest dick among us, so that puts me in charge.”

“Wow, okay. Since when were you part of Futa Alpha?”

“I’m not! It’s just role-play.”

“Sure, sure. You know you’ve been acting pretty high and mighty since Amy grew past ten feet. I think it’s time for someone else to take the lead for once. Who’s with me?”

Most of the others just shrugged. Clary didn’t listen, too busy slobbering over Eliza’s scrotum, now with both balls to worship. One girl cheered and that was enough to give Dana a smug grin.

“There you have it.”

“Fine,” Amanda rolled her eyes. Much as she enjoyed a good competition, she was horny as hell and this huge cock was right in front of her. Still… she hadn’t really fucked anyone but Amy for a while. Even then, it wasn’t really fucking between them, except when Amanda thrust her cock deep into her girlfriend’s. She just didn’t have the length or girth to satisfy her pussy.

“How we doing this?” Dana asked, flexing her biceps, which made her tits bounce and jiggle enticingly. Knowing her, she wanted a contest of strength. But Amanda was pretty sure she knew another method that they’d both enjoy.

“Let’s fuck. First one to tap out loses. Winner gets to lead. Sound fair?”

Dana’s smugness vanished as she glanced at the eight-inch beast. If they were normal sized, that’d be nothing to her. They’d all slept together before after all. But they were almost a third of their usual size. Something like that was equivalent to Amy before she blew up to her current height. Amanda smirked and grabbed her member, stroking it slowly, exasperating how long it was on her. A direct challenge.

“You’re on!” Dana said, voice coming out a bit too loud, and she knew it. Her lips went tight, “Come on then. Let’s do this.”

The bluff didn’t last long. It survived the initial penetration, despite Dana’s gasps and obvious difficulty taking something that big, however one thrust dismantled her front. She clawed at the couch cushions, Eliza’s huge frame just in front of her, as if mocking her inability to handle a mere eight inches. Little over half of it remained outside, the tip already snug against her cervix.

On a normal day, eight inches would’ve been nice, but hardly problematic. At two-feet, however, it might as well have been a baseball bat rearranging her insides. Amanda didn’t help matters, angling her thrusts so the flanged crown scraped along her g-spot.

But Dana was anything but a quitter. Staring up at Eliza’s monolith, the throbbing of its veins echoing in her skull, she pushed back. Her pussy strained to take it all, lips taut around its girth, yet it did. Little by little, her ass neared Amanda’s crotch, until they finally clapped together. They held still for a moment, taking in the sensation of one another. Dana’s breaths came fast and light, feeling the shaft pulsating against her sternum. Just a couple inches more and she’d be licking it through her skin.

“There! Took it all!” Dana grunted. Even if she had it all inside, that didn’t make it any easier for her pussy to adjust. The walls tried closing every time she breathed, which just exaggerated how huge Amanda really was at that moment.

“Good for you, but it’s not about fitting me inside. You still gotta make me cum first. Which,” Amanda dragged her length back, coaxing a long moan from the impaled woman, “Doesn’t seem likely.”

“Oh shut up and fuck me already,” Dana said and yelped, a high pitched sound completely unlike her. She even clapped a hand over her mouth in shock, only to keep it there to stifle the following moans.

Amanda had no such qualms. After fucking Amy for so long, this was nothing. Even if Dana’s tiny pussy wrapped around every inch of her condensed shaft, palpitating against it from top to bottom, it didn’t compare to the Amazon. It didn’t come as much of a surprise, but Amy had incredible muscle control. The few times Amanda did the fucking, it was into the tightest, wettest snatch of her entire life. Not to mention the recent cock-in-cock action.

Next to that, Dana was nothing but an appetiser. And if Eliza’s theory about this new formula proved true, then their love-life might just see some fantastic improvements. Then they could actually trade places again. It didn’t matter how skilfully Amy controlled her kegels, their size difference was just too much for a measly fourteen inch dick to make an impact.

“Umph! Umph! AHHH!” Dana finally gave in. Amanda hadn’t even changed her pace or added any fingers to the mix.

“I win,” she said and pulled out, her member dripping with Dana’s juices.

“Nooo… I didn’t cum. That was… a micro-orgasm. A pre-orgasm. Not a proper one.”

“Okay,” the futa smirked and lined back up, almost slipping from how wet the lips were, “Then I guess I should stop holding back.”

“What’s going on here?”

Amanda stopped mid-thrust, her head just past Dana’s lips. The girl paid no heed to the new voice, much louder than their tiny forms could muster, and pushed back to squeeze it all back inside. Looking down at them, arms crossed and lips in an obvious disappointed grimace, was Jade. Amy crouched behind her, not even hiding her envy for their situation.

“Um, Eliza came and needed some help getting data, so…”

Jade looked over the others, all of them not even up to her hips anymore. Her gaze lingered on Clary, who made a point of pushing her boobs together, while the others stared at Jade’s crotch. Even she couldn’t keep total composure around Amy, much less after walking in on a group of naked tiny people. And a half-naked Eliza, still dozing peacefully with her cock upright.

“Hey Jade,” Clary walked up to the comparatively huge law student. She still had the largest bust of the two, which she put to good use, pressing it firmly against Jade’s leg, “Eliza says this stuff might make my boobs bigger. How’s that sound?”

Jade’s chocolatey bronze cheeks turned an even darker shade as she made a point of not looking down. Her mind was clearly elsewhere, though, as her pants strained harder. Luckily the focus shifted to Amy, who walked on her knees into the middle of the others. Even soft and contained, her cock was far bigger than any of the people present. Not their cocks, but their whole bodies.

It didn’t take much to guess what she was thinking. Last time so many people were that small, they ended up feeding themselves to her dick. There was a whole orgy inside her balls. Amanda’s member pulsed hard, demanding she thrust. She obliged, even as she watched Amy’s attention move to Eliza, hunger consuming her eyes as she looked at the fattest member either of them had seen. That wasn’t attached to an Amazon anyway.

“Amy,” Jade warned.

“It’s fine. Just a little swelling,” the Amazon said, palming her even larger bulge.

“Not that. I mean the look in your eye. Don’t. Not here. We can’t handle another mess like that.”

Amanda slapped her hips against Dana even harder, catching their eyes, “Why not take some Shrinkage?”

“Won’t that make me grow again?”

“I dunno,” Amanda said, not wanting to lie, even if she wouldn’t be opposed to her lover gaining another few inches. Or feet for that matter, “Eliza thinks it’s all about proportions. As long as you shrink to two-feet, then you should be fine.”

“Hmm…” She knew the look on her face. Amy wasn’t the most responsible person, usually acting on a whim, so when she wanted to do something, even when she knew she shouldn’t, she’d just stop and try convincing herself out of it. The problem was she sucked at it.

Not even a minute into her internal debate and Amy downed a vial in one gulp. Jade just sighed sat on Eliza’s other side, doing her best not to sink to their level. A futile effort with Clary grinding into her lap. Any semblance of order had vanished, which Amy only worsened as she stripped down, cock slapping against her shins, and grabbed Eliza’s cock. She hadn’t shrunk much, though it was hard to tell when she towered over them all.

Amanda was too preoccupied to bother organising everyone at that moment. She’d do it after Dana finally admitted defeat. Besides, they were both enamoured by the view of Amy’s glistening folds descending on a massive pole. Eliza mumbled something again and bucked against her, shoving the tip inside. No surprise there. Amy was so huge she could take that monster with ease.

Though it didn’t stay that way. As she sank down, the formula finally took its toll. For every inch stuffing her insides, her body lost almost a foot in height. Not everything kept to that tempo, breasts lingering at the size of beach balls even when she was ‘only’ seven feet. Likewise, her cock, now fully hard, only lost a couple feet by then. The rest crowded around it. Futanari took to the head, shoving their diminutive cocks inside, while every girl ground their tits and pussies against it.

Eventually, her height got to the point that she had to stand on the couch, foot just inches away from Dana’s face. Amanda thrust harder, pushing them closer to her giant, shrinking girlfriend. Once in reach, the delirious girl set to licking at it and, as Amy backed up further even so far as to suck on a toe. Amanda’s hips pumped on instinct as she stared at the cock protruding between her lover’s tits. Details became more prevalent the more she shrank.

It almost resembled a two-litre bottle, covered in thick vines, wrapped in a condom. Amanda’s balls pulsed hard, clenching against her taint, as her lover approached four feet, body so tight Eliza’s urethra was visible at the top. The entire time, Amy panted hard and fast, barely moving her hips. She didn’t need to. The way Eliza moaned and writhed beneath her did all the work. As did her ever-tightening hole.

“This is amazing!” The former Amazon gushed, not even noticing how everyone struggled to crowd around her cock. It was still huge, the angle just made it difficult, as did the constant flexing. Without all that weight, it lifted easier and easier, almost flinging people away. Amanda reached over to grope her girlfriend, making sure to push it in a way that would pleasure Eliza even further.

“Hmm, I always forget how good it feels to be small,” Amy said, finally two-feet tall like the rest of them. She was still huge in nearly every other aspect though, “Keep going, babe. I’m already close.”

Already? Amanda looked to her cock, fully upright and jerking about. It certainly looked ready to explode. But so soon? Getting shrunk felt amazing, all her nerves condensed into a tighter space and the boundless energy that came with it, though that shouldn’t be enough to get her off so soon. It must be Eliza’s cock.

If the growth didn’t work, then she’d need to get much more creative to pleasure Amy in the future. For now, though, she just wanted to get her off.

Amy bounced on Eliza’s lap. She didn’t rise more than a few inches at a time, always stopping if she went too far, like it was too much for her tiny body to handle. That did let her move faster, tits bouncing against Amanda’s hands as she tried wrangling the nipple into position. She pounded Dana harder, forcing her to move forward, and closed the distance. Snagging the nipple between her teeth, Amanda bit down and suckled. Her lover yelled and pinched her own nipple, hips rolling faster, angling her clit down so it got crushed against Eliza’s shaft with every rotation. Nothing could resist all that.

“So good!” Amy cried slammed her pussy down one last time. Juices gushed out, splashing loudly against her balls, while cock jerked high and slapped against the tube bulging out her torso. Even her nipple thickened inside Amanda’s mouth.

Semen erupted and rained down on the others. They cupped their hands, mouths opened and tongues outstretched just to catch it. Plenty of streaks painted their faces and chests, all landed with dense splats. Even shrunk, Amy’s seed was thicker than most. Its scent remained just as potent too. Amanda yelled into the breast as Dana’s pussy finally milked an orgasm from her. Though not before the girl came again.

“I can’t feel my legs,” Amy laughed when the release finally settled. She didn’t move from her perch on Eliza’s lap, the scientist occasionally thrusting into her, though she didn’t try freeing herself either. Amanda climbed down, leaving Dana to recover on the cushion.

“You’re still so big,” she said, taking in the foot of cock Amy still sported. Probably more, though it was hard to tell with her lusts still so high.

“You’re not so bad yourself,” Amy cooed, “Is that all for me? I’ve still another hole you can use. But it might be a tight fit.”

“Actually…” Amanda glanced around. The initial chaos had settled, people either slurping up Amy’s cum, or massaging it into their skin, “I’ve got an idea.”

She cleared her throat and took to the couch once more, standing over a leaking Dana, “I have beaten the challenger! She was no match for this,” she stroked her length, squeezing out a dollop of cum that landed on Dana, “But! I cannot lead you. Not when our queen is finally here! Hand chosen by the gods of our all Tinies, Amy has come to conquer the giant that invades our land!”

“Um…” someone raised their hand. Amanda nodded at them, “What about Jade?”

All eyes looked to the Brazilian, who obviously wasn’t paying attention as a two-foot Clary gave her a passionate body-job.

“She is neutral. Long as she doesn’t interfere, then we leave her be. Is that alright, High Queen Amy?”

“I dunno,” Amy mused, wriggling around as strength returned to her lower body, “I wouldn’t mind taking on another giant.”

“I got it,” Clary said, standing up. Her small legs barely put her crotch level to Jade’s tip, though it obviously wouldn’t stop her from trying. She ground her little nub into it, “So, oooh, just ignore us. We’ll be quiet.”

“I doubt that,” Amanda said, but shrugged and addressed the others, “Anyone object to our new queen?” They all shook their head.

“Good,” Amy said, “Now, my lovely concubine, what wonderful ideas are you cooking up? I doubt even I could beat a giant after she wakes up.”

“Don’t worry. I’ve got a plan.”

A constant giggling woke her. Eliza tried ignoring it, hopeful that it would stop before long, but it only got worse. Then she heard hushed ‘shut ups’ and ‘you’re gonna wake her’. Too late for that. Such a shame too. The dream was still fresh in her head - of her balls deep inside a cumming Yuri - so vivid that she could’ve sworn it was real. So much so that she could still feel it. Alas, just a dream. Where was she anyway? She was working on Shrinkage, then Amanda called. Right, she was at Futa Era. The past few nights finally caught up with her.

Hopefully she wasn’t out for too long. Cracking an eye open, some dust got in it. She went to rub it clean, only to be stopped. Did she fall asleep on her right arm? No matter. She tried the left. Same problem.

“Here, let me.” That was Amy. Good, she was very important for data. Refining Shrinkage was all well and good, but if it didn’t work on the Amazon, or caused further growth spurts, then it would require far more work. Small fingers cleared her eye for her, meaning Amy already shrank. A shame, Eliza enjoyed seeing all that mass seemingly vanish into nothing. Even if she preferred to see it appear.

“Thanks, how long was….” Eliza had no words.

“About an hour. Give or take a few minutes,” Amanda said, standing to her side, cock brandished proudly. That wasn’t nearly as intriguing as Amy’s position on Eliza’s lap, ass flush against her crotch, and the unmistakable wetness clinging to her every inch. She should’ve known something like that would happen. For as sexual as the regular members of Futa Era were, Amy was twice as much.

“That explains the dream,” Eliza muttered, then went to get a grip on the shrunken futa, only to discover why she couldn’t rub her eye earlier; her wrists were bound to her thighs. She tested her feet and found them tied up too. For all intents and purposes she was at the mercy of the futanari couple. And the rest, she noted while leaning around. They were all gathered at her feet, gnawing on lips. Based on that, and the people seemingly in charge, there was no chance this wouldn’t take an even lewder turn.

“Don’t get any ideas, giant,” Amanda said. Oh great, one of her roleplays, Eliza thought, “We may be Tinies, but you made one fatal mistake; falling asleep and getting horny in front of our Queen.”

“Queen?” Eliza frowned then swallowed a moan as Amy wiggled on top of her, “Right, Amy. Makes sense. So, what do you intend to with me now?”

“Hmm, good question,” Amy said, though from how she bit her lip, her intentions were obvious, but she deferred to Amanda, “My concubine will tell you. While I enjoy myself a little. It’s torture not to move while you stretch me like this.”

As promised, Amy pushed herself up. Her tight lips dragged across Eliza’s girth, so thick that it didn’t matter how drenched the hole was, it still took quite some effort. The scientist restrained another moan, instead making note that Amy’s ass still looked big for her size. It was never her defining feature, though that could change, assuming only it was oversized. Eliza leaned over to get a view of Amy’s front, only for Amanda to push her back.

“Don’t move, giant! Consider yourself lucky our Queen took a liking to your massive cock. But in no way does this mean you are free to do as you please.”

Eliza rolled her eyes. She didn’t ‘play’ much, even as a child, taking her enjoyment in other ways. Although, she supposed this wasn’t the worst. Being a giant among people who were ordinarily taller than was exciting. Her cock agreed, twitching inside Amy, who clenched in response. Between this and her dream, it was a wonder Eliza hadn’t cum already.

“As for what we shall do you with, hmm…” Amanda cupped her chin, though her eyes said she already knew exactly what to do, then snapped her fingers, “That’s perfect. A giant has so much space for *activities* and we Tinies get so very horny. I think you see where I’m going here. People of the Tiny Kingdom, it is time we join the Queen in fucking the giant until she submits. Now pull!”

“Pull? Pull WHAT?!” Eliza yelped as she was yanked down, landing on her knees. Thankfully they had a soft rug set out for her. With Amy still on her cock, she fell further forward, until her weight rested on the tiny Amazon’s back. Amy just moaned, unconcerned with the heft pressing on her, and rocked her hips. The sound of her pussy slurping on Eliza’s cock was mostly lost as half a dozen sets of feet ran around her.

They gathered at her rear, Amanda in the lead.

“Alright girls and futanari,” she said and raised her hand, meeting Eliza’s gaze. There was reluctance, however she couldn’t deny how turned on she was. Just masturbation only did so much to satisfy a futa. It’d be impossible to log any data without a clear head, and for that she needed an orgasm only this commune of tiny people could provide. Eliza nodded and used what limited balance she had to fuck Amy back.

“Attack!”

They didn’t need to be told twice. All at once, they were upon her. Hands grabbed her tits, little fingers squeezing her nipples like miniature cocks, while more palmed her ass cheeks and spread them, revealing her delicate pucker. First one, then a second tongue assaulted the knot of muscle. Her kegels flexed in response, making Amy moan.

Her pussy was split open with a sharp thrust. She hadn’t realised she was so wet, allowing inch after inch to sink into her with one smooth push. This was… new. Eliza had enjoyed multiple partners before, usually at a celebration of a successful project, but never was *she* the one being enjoyed. Judging by the length sawing through her tunnel, Amanda had taken that honour, though she was far from alone. More tongues found their way underneath Eliza and went to work on her clit and balls.

Luckily, some were more interested in Amy than her. She felt them beneath her, moving in to get at Amy’s own cock, easily the second largest in the room. A couple of futanari moved around to the front, stroking their adorable lengths, before dropping into squats over Amy’s face, taking turns having her lick at their pussies or assholes. They weren’t content with just that, however, and grabbed Eliza’s face, sloppily kissing her all over. It honestly felt like a tribe discovering a giant and being swept in their lusts.

They wanted her bad. She returned their kisses, filling their mouths with her tongue, or swiping it over their cheeks in a primal display of ownership. A couple of them even swapped her spit between them. Amanda pounded away at her, hands keeping her cheeks apart so others could continue lapping at her anus. Fingers were added, too small to be any trouble until entire hands were added. Eliza bucked harder into Amy, who reciprocated just as passionately, howling into the people sitting on her face.

It was all too much. Going from her dream, to balls-deep in Amy, then to having so many people all fawning over her. Eliza just couldn’t hold out for long.

“She’s gonna cum!” Amanda announced, voice breathless and husky. She wasn’t far either. “Keep going! Make this giant our bitch! First her, then this strange new land.”

Muffled cheers vibrated around Eliza, who just rolled her eyes again. Whatever got them going. The pair kissing her ducked down to grab at her tits, pulling them up to their lips. Teeth kneaded her tender, pink nubs. Someone got the same idea for her clit, then another decided to try it on her balls. Before long they were nibbling at her all over. It was strangely pleasant, like she drove them so wild as to lose all civility.

Then the impossible happened; they all worked in unison. Her nipples, clit, ass, pussy, balls and cock were all bombarded by ecstasy that swept her away. Eliza screamed at the ceiling, whole body throbbing in one big release. Balls pulled flush against her pussy and propelled a pent up tide of cum up her cock. Already fatter than most, it thickened another two inches across, straining Amy even further. Yet the tiny futa only panted and moaned in abject bliss as her own member launched a salvo.

Even in her bliss, Eliza awed at how much it was. Her own load pumped Amy fuller, belly inflating to push the cock up high and launch its seed all over the two futanari in front of it. There was enough to paint them from head to toe. A beautiful sight.

And one that Amanda clearly enjoyed too, as her own orgasm filled Eliza with pleasant warmth. The scientist sighed as the peak settled down, resting upon Amy and just enjoying the feeling of a sweaty body against hers. Cum oozed around Amanda’s cock as it softened, Eliza’s lips receiving a good coating. As did the rest of her, the other futanari all jerking themselves to a sticky finale.

“This was… nice,” Eliza said after finally being freed.

“Hell yeah it was,” Amanda giggled, snuggling with Amy, the pair of them rubbing her cum-gut like it was an actual pregnancy. Others weren’t so eager to relax, pairing off or gathering into small groups. Jade and Clary were absent, though faint squeals reached through the roof, indicating they were either tickling each other, or something more carnal. Either way, Eliza was satisfied for the moment.

“Definitely gotta do this more often,” Amy said and bit her lip in obvious enjoyment as a thick squelching came from between her legs, “Ooh, you’re so fucking thick, Eliza. Feel like I’m gonna be gaping all week.”

“Maybe forever,” Amanda said, “That’d be so hot, if you’re just so wrecked now I could crawl up inside of you whenever I wanted.”

“I feel like you need therapy,” Eliza sighed.

“And I feel like you should crawl up there yourself. It’s incredible.”

“Perhaps some day. With the right person.”

“You mean Yuri?” Amanda teased.

Eliza ignored her, “The formula should wear off any moment now.” She returned to her tablet, wiping the cum off its screen, and settled in on the sodden couch once more, legs crossed with a clear view of all those gathered. Though her focus was clearly on Amy.

Just as she said, everyone but the Amazon groaned as their bodies gradually reclaimed their lost mass. Amanda was first, her face a mixture of anticipation and anxiety, while the others stopped their fun to observe one another. Eliza’s fingers tapped furiously at her screen, keen eyes searching out any and all abnormalities. To her pleasure, there were few and those were within parameters.

Dana certainly looked more toned than before. A couple of the others had minor increases to their curves or phalli, though only an inch at most. Then there was Amanda, whose face had fallen into a deep pout, looking at her normally impressive fourteen inch member. No changes. Eliza frowned, certain her calculations were correct in regard to proportions.

“Oh, looks like Clary got bigger tits,” Dana said, showing her phone with a picture of Clary’s new bust. With a cock photo-bombing in her cleavage.

“Good for her,” Amanda sighed.

“What’s wrong?” Amy asked.

“I thought it’d make my cock bigger. That way we could, you know, do more stuff. Or, well, the same stuff, but it’d be better for you.”

“Oh, Maddy,” the Amazon said and kissed her cock, “I like your cock plenty as it is.”

“Yeah, but it’s not big enough. Not really. Eliza was barely enough to actually stuff you and I’m like a twig compared to her.”

“I’ll figure something out,” Eliza said, “Truthfully, something to make a cock grow should be simple after all of this.”

“And in the meantime, we have a fresh supply of Shrinkage so we can have lots of fun together,” Amy said, pulling her in close, “I know you’ve got plenty of ideas in that awesome noggin of yours.”

Amanda kissed her, “Thanks, babe. Feel like you’re growing yet?”

“Now that you mention it,” Amy groaned, stretching her legs out further than her height would suggest, “Ooh, I forgot how good this feels.”

Both Eliza and Amanda watched with rapt attention as the Amazon regained foot after foot. Her growth was faster than others, likely her body compensating for how much extra mass it it was missing. Within minutes, she was back to her original seven feet. Already impressive. More so was the speed of her curves and cock, each gaining multiple inches for each that she grew in height. It was difficult, but Eliza kept her own member under control.

She needed complete focus. Amy was the most valued source of data in the room and the best way to tell if Shrinkage was really perfected. Couldn’t very well keep giving it to her if it caused growth. Really, Eliza would prefer to see if there was a limit, but it wasn’t something she could risk so freely. There was no chance she’d still have funding if she turned Amy into a literal Kaiju. Although that would certainly be impressive. And someone would have to be into it.

Perhaps she could figure out a temporary means?

Stay focused, she chided herself and returned to logging data. Amy’s cock had easily surpassed its former self, though it was hard to tell by how much with it only semi-erect, while her curves had slowed down considerably, now keeping pace with her height. Even sat down, Amy had grown head and shoulders above Eliza.

“At least eleven feet now,” Eliza said.

“Three more to go,” Amy moaned.

“In theory.”

“Doesn’t matter, this is so damn hot,” Amanda said, not concerned with keeping a clear head as she stroked herself.

“You like?” Amy asked, now moving to her knees. She had to be over seven feet just like that, which put her monumental breasts right in Amanda’s face, who wasted no time in embracing them. As best she could anyway, since her arms couldn’t reach all the way around.

All the while, Amy kept growing. Whatever Amanda was doing inside her bosom had an effect, her cock hardening and lifting off the ground. Eliza input her best estimates. Dammit, she should’ve brought a tape measure. That could come later. Guessing had its own charms, particularly when she was later proven correct.

Not that it was hard to tell Amy wasn’t done. She looked about as big as last Eliza saw her, but still she grew. So it still needed tweaks, she thought, already ruminating over what to change for the next test. Perhaps Yuri would be willing to assist if she could guarantee growth afterwards? She could only imagine what the Amazon’s pussy would feel like when she was that small. Then the subsequent growth. Unlike Amy, she was still growing naturally. Would the effects be stronger on her? So many unknowns.

“I think I’m done,” Amy said and pulled away from Amanda, now thoroughly dwarfed.

“It’s hard to say right now, but…” Eliza walked around the enlarged Amazon, eyes dancing from curve to curve, over the arch of her balls as they rested beneath her immense cock, then judging how far she was from the ceiling, “I’d say you’re no less than fifteen feet tall now.”

“Forget that,” Dana said, “Look at those things!” She pointed to Amy’s balls. It was easy to dismiss their size underneath a cock on par with a Burmese python. Knowing the Amazon’s recent propensity for cock vore, it was good thing her phallus couldn’t move that way. Otherwise the entire college could be in danger if it got much larger. And it likely would. Eliza knew her abilities and the chances of cracking the next batch wasn’t certain.

Still, her scrotum definitely looked out of place the longer Eliza studied it. They hadn’t looked that big on her shrunken form. Did that mean proportions didn’t directly affect the after effects?

“They’re bigger than my bed,” Dana marvelled, leaning on one. Even if she wasn’t putting her whole weight into it, the fact she didn’t make at least a dent was impressive. A possible, ongoing effect of the cum production formula.

“Which means…” Amanda licked her lips then shoved the boulders aside, requiring Amy’s assistance, before falling backward into the gap, “Oh yeah, this is easily the third best bed.”

Eliza frowned, “What’re the others?”

“Amy’s cock and tits obviously. Number four is her ass cheeks.”

The scientist just nodded. She should’ve expected that, “Moving on. Amy, can you stand?”

“Probably not in here, but feels like I could.”

“What about walking? Balls like those must weigh hundreds of pounds each. Probably much more.”

Amy waddled forward on her knees, legs swinging behind her and almost knocking several people over, Eliza included. It didn’t seem to take much effort for her, though she did use her thighs to help push her testicles.

“Interesting. I’d love to test your strength sometime. While your muscles don’t appear to have grown much, their density must have increased. Either that, or my formulas are turning you into some kind of cartoon character. Which would certainly explain the elasticity. How else could I fit when you were so small?”

Eliza paced back and forth, ignoring the people gathering at the end of Amy’s cock. The room was large enough to fit her, though it did make for a tight squeeze with so many people, and a gigantic penis. A few tentatively pushed a finger inside the slit, then when it didn’t get a reaction, added more and more, until Amy finally moaned, breaking Eliza from her thoughts.

“You, uh, might wanna leave,” Amy said, “If things keep up like this, it’s gonna get a little messy.”

“I heard that!” Jade shouted from upstairs, “If you’re big again, go outside. And *try* not to cum past the property line! I swear, if I have one more person bitch at me because of you, I’m going to plug up your cock. PERMANENTLY!” The last word came out strangely, a cross between enraged shouting and a blissful cry. It got the message across though.

“I’ll see you soon, Amy. Remember, if anything strange happens, let me know right away. No detail is too little. Got it?”

“Yeah, got it. Bye!”

Eliza smoothed out her clothes. They were streaked in mostly dried cum, with other splotches on her calves and neck. She considered wiping them off, but then decided it was a waste of time. After that nap, she needed to get back to work. Yuri was expecting results.

“And if I succeed…” Eliza lowered her face as she marched back to her lab. So many possibilities with Yuri paved her future. She definitely hadn’t imagined that flirtatious tone earlier, right? She replayed the conversation in her mind, erogenous zones tingling at the memory of how Yuri said her name.

That was restrained as well. It’d be so incredible if she shouted it in a fit of passion, in the midst of complementing Eliza for… all manner of things. She could practically feel it reverberating in her bones and head. But just think what it’d be like if she was Amy’s new size. Or even bigger!

Eliza had a rough idea how big Yuri’s endowment was. It wasn’t anything like her friend’s, but that didn’t happen without the two-inch formula. It didn’t to be either. She’d love it regardless of size, so long as it was Yuri slamming it into her. Using whatever hole she chose to wreck. Though it’d be nice it was so big she couldn’t handle anyone but Yuri for the rest of her life.

Or… so huge that she could fuck Yuri’s cock with hers.

“Hey, want some help with that?” Eliza froze and looked up, realising she was surrounded by very interested girls, all of them looking hungrily at her aloft skirt.

“No, thank you. Excuse me,” she pushed her way through and made a beeline for the nearest restroom that was out of their sight. Masturbating in a public place wasn’t her favourite thing, however she needed to sometimes.

Though it didn’t really count when her orgasm eluded her for almost twenty minutes. It had to be that earlier climax inside Amy. That, or her cock was acting like a spoiled brat, holding out until she provided it with Yuri. Eliza palmed a tit as she kept stroking its fat length. She’d cum eventually, she just had to keep going. Or try something else.

She slowed down and instead traced the cum-vein along her underside, coming to her glans. Her nail followed along the cleft and up to the urethra. Thanks to her, Amy had discovered a kink for docking. Did it really feel that good?

Eliza staggered out of the restroom, dripping in slime. Her cock swung between her legs, still throbbing but finally soft, while she typed into her tablet, logging the sensations, their intensity and, most importantly, what to use on her cock next. Didn’t one of her colleagues have a dildo collection?