‘Just the beginning’ turned into Amy passing out. Despite her athleticism, at her size just reaching her favourite parts of Amanda’s behemoth form left her winded, much less doing what she wanted. She did, however, fuck her girlfriend’s cock in the most intimate way. Hands wrapped in the foreskin, Amy swung her hips until her own prick sank deep into the cum-hole. The insides reminded her of a pussy, but hotter, almost burning.

Amanda was paralysed by the sensations. Her cock hardened in approval as moans poured from her mouth. Each twitch almost launched Amy into the air, but she held tight to the loose skin, instead using the momentum to pound her tiny body against Amanda. Scalding hot globs of cum clung to the insides and were dragged out by Amy. They coated her body from head to toe, drowning her senses in semen.

Smell had never turned her on so much. It was like waves of Amanda’s stench saturated her nostrils, filling her brain with the aroma and melting all other thoughts. Her own cock lurched in retaliation, an orgasm squeezed her balls tight, and she unloaded a deceptive amount into her lover’s shaft. The pleasure didn’t end. It lanced through her like lightning bolts. Her legs pulled tight in ecstasy and slipped inside Amanda’s slit. With more skin to feel it, the walls were slick and undulated around her body, trying to push or pull her.

The latter became more likely as she sank deeper. Amy shuddered as her climax persisted, though her torso was sucked inside, leaving only her breasts and upward in the open, while the rest was bathed in jizz. If she went all the way, where would she end up? She peered over the purple cliff-side at the enormous balls below. They were bigger than her entire body now. She could fit inside one with ease.

She almost went through with the idea. Her breasts were squeezed inside, then her shoulders, until only her hands and head were visible. Amanda stopped the act, however, as her own orgasm roared to life. First, the shaft collapsed around Amy, forcing the air from her lungs, then it pushed against her to no avail - she was still far bigger than anything else ever inside the cock - until she was doused in cum. It rose along her body, the tiny sperm seeming to wriggle against her skin, and leaked around her head. The pressure built and built. Amanda’s shaft fattened with the blockage and Amy’s chest was crushed.

A lack of oxygen sapped her strength and she went limp. Moments earlier and she’d be sliding down, instead the pressurised cum cannon launched high up on a geyser of thick, globby girl-jizz. Amanda cried out in her pleasure, mouth agape at the near-painful release, unaware of Amy plummeting down to her open maw. The ‘Amazon’ flailed about to try and stop her descent, but gravity wouldn’t be denied. Her legs went first, sliding over Amanda’s tongue, though she managed to grab the giant’s lips. In her surprise, Amanda’s muscle wriggled over Amy’s body, a surprisingly pleasant sensation. She, then, bolted upright and spat her out.

Amy rolled along the bed in a ball of spit and cum. Enormous globs of the stuff rained down on her, gluing the two-inch futa to the sheets. It was a strange moment in time, dragged out by what seemed like a near death experience. One wrong move and she might’ve been swallowed alive. Although, fleeing Amanda’s tongue all over her body, seeing the inside of her mouth so intimately, and staring into the abyss of her gullet was… hot. Maybe if Eliza figured something out, she would try it.

Oh! But there was something far more enticing to be swallowed up in. Amy managed to raise her head, peering at her panting girlfriend, whose legs were spread wide, her balls askew, and her gorgeous, pink pussy lips glistening from orgasm. Cocks, fingers and dildos had taken that space time and again, but what would it be like to be surrounded in it. Her desire went beyond curiosity and became need.

That is until she stumbled and fell against a mountainside of scrotum. Amy unconsciously nestled into the warmth, while Amanda’s breaths levelled out and she, too, fell asleep. Through the night, Amy rolled herself up in the loose folds of flesh, stimulating her girlfriend’s dreams and bringing her to erection for hours on end. The subtle gurgle of semen was the perfect lullaby for Amy.

“Hmm, that was a weird dream,” Amy mumbled as she stirred to life. Everything smelled of sex, mainly cock, which she inhaled with a gentle moan. She must’ve curled up next to Amanda’s dick again. Oh fuck, the smell was everywhere. Something wet covered her face, forcing her to jolt up with a gasp. Salt cascaded over her tongue, mixed with the earthy tone of a penis. She recognised it as sweat and wiped at her face, wondering how it would almost drown her. Then she looked around.

“Oh… so that was real.” Her ‘bed’ for the night had been Amanda’s scrotum. Somehow, she’d climbed it and settled into the wrinkly nook where sack met dick, which shone brilliantly under a sheen of sweat. She climbed down, careful not to wake her lover, and looked over her body. It appeared larger than yesterday, but not by much. At least the effect was wearing off, and her proportions were all in place. Maybe a little off around her cock. Was it really that big on her?

Amy travelled to the pillows and pulled herself onto Amanda’s chest. At normal size, her breasts weren’t much to note, nicely shaped handfuls that she enjoyed playing with, but now they were mountain ranges. She crested one and stared at the nipple, easily the size of Amy’s head, though that couldn’t more than a grape. The areolae was a beautiful pink, covered in ridges and led to the darker teat, wrinkled at the centre. Amy stood over it and licked her lips. If only Amanda was lactating.

She beamed and knelt down to hold it. At the centre, it collapsed in itself, hiding a future bounty of milk, but she could live without that. Amy ground her crotch into the surrounding pink, while she leaned in and kissed the massive nub, squeezing and pulling on it. The giant groaned and arched its back, but Amy stayed in place.

Her tongue dove into the crevice. She couldn’t hope to fit the thing in her mouth at this size, no matter how bad she wanted to try, especially as the taste of dried cum and sweat tingled across her tongue. Grinding harder, she shoved her head against the nipple and jerked when it tried swallowing her. No, it had just opened up. No way! Amy giggled and stood over it once more, this time aiming her cock at the peak. Whatever made Amanda so stretchy was a blessing to all. But mostly to Amy.

With her aim true and lust raging, the Amazon squatted over her friend and impaled her nipple with a cock.

“So tight!” Amy cried. It was moist, though not like a pussy or cock or mouth, more like a residue of some kind. Whatever, Amy thought and started fucking it with her arm-length dick. It didn’t go deep at first, then the tightness gave out and she slammed her crotch into her lover. She beamed at the heavens, amazing at the sensations being so tiny offered. Not only could she stand atop her girlfriend’s boob, hear her moans like the deafening roar of a storm, and fuck a nipple, but her nerves felt clustered together, enhancing her pleasure and turning it into volts along her flesh. Even her pussy walls grinding together made her want to cum.

“Gonna cum… I’m gonna cum in Maddy’s tit!” Amy giggled and moaned, licking her lips like the depraved futa she was, “Then I’m gonna suck my seed out. I’m gonna drink her cum-milk. No, no. I’ll stuff her nipple in me this time and get her to blow it all out inside my pussy.”

Would it even fit inside her? What did that matter? If Amy could cram her entire dick inside one, then all logic was out the window. Hell, she was two, maybe three inches tall at that moment. Logic had taken a vacation and never came back. All thanks to Eliza. Oh, fuck, could Eliza make something for Amanda to lactate? That’d be so fucking hot to fuck her as milk came squirting out, or drinking it as sat on Amanda’s face. So many possible futures played in her mind, they concealed her encroaching orgasm.

She all but crushed the nipple in her hands as she sped up. The areolae plumped out beneath her, destabilising Amy, so she fell to her knees atop the nipple, which forced her legs to spread around it. Her thighs held it tight. Everything throbbed inside and out, like bombs of pleasure were going off and getting larger. When she tried standing again, intent on fucking Amanda’s nipple to completion, the giant took a deep breath and moaned. The nipple clenched and pushed her out an inch. She slid back in and panted as her orgasm flattened her.

Amy folded over the teat and worked her hips. Cock and balls pulsating, she cried her bliss into the soft landscape of tit-flesh. Cum sped through her shaft, faster than normal, and exploded from the tip. It washed around her cock, most pouring into the breast, but plenty squirted against her crotch. Another blast shot forth, piling atop Amy’s ecstasy. Every inch - millimetre? - of her cock was a new landmark of pleasure.

Semen poured over the breast as it leaked from Amy’s phallic cork. She quivered at every spurt, muscles tensing and going numb after each release. Dense cock juice clung to her groin and thighs, more of it rolling down the vast expanse of Amanda’s breast. Eventually, Amy flopped onto her back, panting for air, and looked to her lover’s cock, which towered over her like a small skyscraper. Imagine getting stretched by that.

“Not that it’ll ever happen,” Amy sighed. Eliza might be a miracle worker, hell her sciences might as well be magic for what they could do, but that was beyond even her. For now at least. That was Eliza’s motto when she found something impossible. The Amazon checked on her lover, which took on a whole new level after fucking her dick-slit and nipple, and found her eyes creaking open.

“Morning lover mine,” Amy said.

Amanda frowned and blinked, then rubbed the dust from her eyes. Amy rushed to the crotch and leaned on her erection, which had to be about four or five times her height, then she giggled at Amanda’s gawking face.

“Holy shit,” Amanda said and picked her up, looking her over with a critical eye, “Fuck, you’re pretty hot even as a doll.”

“You can brush my hair, touch me everywhere,” Amy sang, adding a husky edge to the lines.

“Bet you’ve got some good fucking action too,” Amanda giggled, then noticed her nipple, which had swollen from the penetration and was leaking cum at a steady rate. She stared blankly for a second, “Did you fuck my boob?”

They adjourned to the bathroom. Amy’s viscous cum from last night hadn’t dried out yet, but had evaporated it seemed, as the air had a fine mist to it, one that reeked of semen. Both futanari inhaled it with a sigh. Amy sat atop Amanda’s shoulder so they could talk.

“Fancy some fun?”

“Not right now. I’ve got classes in about an hour,” Amanda said, though her cock refused to flag even a little. She set Amy down and got into the shower, since the water might drown the ‘Amazon’. Once her body was clean, her breast milked of cum, and her cock back to its flaccid state, she and Amy discussed what to do.

“We can’t just leave you here,” Amanda decided, while Amy clamoured over various pieces of makeup, dick flopping about, “If someone finds you, who knows what’ll happen. Or maybe a cat will get in and think you’re a mouse.”

“So I’ll come with you. My classes are all vocational anyway,” Amy said and grinned at her girlfriend, clad only in a bra”

“Won’t it uncomfortable in my pocket? And I’m not exactly gonna carry you around all day. People will ask things.”

“Don’t see a problem with that, but…” Amy climbed atop a box, built up some tension in her legs, and leapt at Amanda. Her strength exceeded expectation, as she landed in the centre of Amanda’s cleavage, sinking into the soft embrace until her head and shoulders were only visible, “Ah, best seat in the house.”

Amanda broke into laughter, chest quivering and swallowing Amy deeper, until she vanished into the erotic abyss of her lover’s tits. All she smelled was Amanda’s body wash, tinged with her natural musk. Her favourite perfume, exclusive only to Amanda. She crawled out with a theatrical gasp. Air wasn’t as sparse as she expected.

“Okay,” Amanda controlled herself and breathed, “Don’t just suffocate on my boobs.”

“Wouldn’t go out any other way,” Amy sighed, “Hope you won’t mind me having some fun in here?”

“What kind?” Amanda asked.

“Oh, you’ll love it,” Amy said as a shirt was pulled over, concealing her enough that no one would notice, not without a careful eye. She might make a bulge or two, sometimes a lurid one, however she wouldn’t get caught. Who would think to suspect a futa just a few inches tall? Amanda just needed to make sure things didn’t get out of hand. Though Amy would make it that much trickier.

She didn’t intend to start so soon. For a while, Amy was happy to bounce along with Amanda’s footsteps, body sliding up and down her cleavage. It chaffed after a few minutes, which she quickly resolved through arousal. Pre-cum lubricated the giant’s tits, allowing Amy to glide between, and also to sink into them. It was dark inside, with the only light stifled by Amanda’s shirt and blotted from above by her breasts. She didn’t give a crap when she was in her favourite place for the time being.

Maybe she would set up permanent residence in there. It was soft, warm, and the place smelled of her pre-cum, with a luscious hint of Amanda mixed in. She always got turned on by her girlfriend’s boobs. Some argued it was her weakness. Not true. Everything was her weakness. She loved sex, she loved Amanda, and she adored sex with Amanda. That meant she all but worshipped Amanda’s body.

And she had the perfect opportunity! Less than half a foot tall, small enough to fit inside someone’s bra, meant she could manage all sorts of intimate mischief. Amy grinned and felt Amanda sit down, likely for class. No time like the present.

She crawled into a cup and used her limbs to squeeze every inch she could. The breast swelled against her from a sharp breath, mashing her face, tits and cock deep into that mountain of soft flesh. Amanda said something, but it was smothered out by her tits. Amy ground against her, pressing tiny lips against what, to her, looked like miles of tender boob meat. Droplets of pre oozed out and ran against her legs. The slick fluid stole her grip. She reached out and latched onto Amanda’s nipple.

“Jesus, Amy can you… oh, but… hmm, never mind. Just don’t go too crazy in there.”

Amy giggled and pulled herself up to straddle the nub. It twitched and engorged between her legs, which she tensed, feeling the rumble of a moan run through the breast and reverb in her genitals. The bra restricted her movements, being filled with Amanda’s luscious boob and Amy’s entire body, but she managed a rhythm. Slow and steady and forceful.

The diminutive Amazon squeezed her whole body into a breast, huffing its scent like an intoxicating drug. Only her back went undevoured by Amanda’s tit, though the flesh squeezed around her limbs to hug her waist and rear the best it could. She ground her pussy along the nipple. As her juices flowed, she glided to and fro, thrusting her cock as well. Delicate gasps slipped from her lips, as if she needed to be careful. No one would hear her at this size and with Amanda to stifle the sound.

Twitches ran through her body as pleasure encapsulated her world. Though she couldn’t see well, her memory painted the image of her puny form, embedded deep into Amanda’s breast, pleasuring herself with it. The mountain had to be several times her size. Fuck, she wished she could see it. Pictures were a must after classes ended.

Rivers ran down her legs now. The air turned humid from her copious fluids, and the film of sweat budding across their bodies. She lapped at Amanda’s areolae, hands roaming across the tiny ridges raising across its expanse, and moaning at the tangy flavour. Earthquakes jiggled through Amy’s perch and up her snatch, followed by thunder all around.

“Dammit Amy, I’m gonna get hard at this rate,” Amanda hissed from above. Oh yeah, they were in public. Futanari inclusive or not, the college still had public decency to maintain, and a boner wouldn’t be prudent. But it was hot.

Amanda would be forced to hide it, or rush to a restroom. There, she could find Amy and use her as a living sex toy, punishing her by using the tiny Amazon to finish what she started. Filthier yet, Amy imagined not being used on her lover’s cock, instead having her whole body crammed into a dark, pink and moist cave. She thought cramming her two feet of cock into the futa was the deepest she could be, but this ‘predicament’ revealed a whole new meaning.

She ground faster now, almost slipping from the nipple as it was drenched in her fluids. Gushes of gooey pre-cum coated her front, requiring her hands to dig deeper lest she fall. Amanda’s breaths quickened, pushing her breast into the bra and Amy into deeper her boob. Her cock lurched, balls tightened, and her snatch quivered. On a clumsy push back, her hips slipped free. She thrust forward in blind hope and mashed her opening against Amanda’s nipple. Both futanari gasped as Amy’s underappreciated cunt blossomed for the massive penetration.

Her folds stretched taut around it and her walls slurped it deeper. Amy lost her grip in the sudden torrent of pleasure, falling against the bra as her entire body lurched. Cum shot from her dick like a fountain, sticking to her girlfriend and the lingerie, while her pussy tried imploding on itself, before releasing its own depraved geyser. Her nose was clogged with the heavenly reek of sex.

“Okay… that’s it, I’m putting you in my pocket,” Amanda said and her clothes shifted. Amy snapped out from the afterglow and scrambled downward, forcing the cup up. A tide of semen followed her along Amanda’s belly, carrying her to her destination. She hooked her hands on Amanda’s pants and climbed inside, escaping a hand that came away covered in gunk. Somehow, the gigantic futa had staved off erection, though Amy now straddled a semi that just waited to be released.

“Aw, sorry girl, but I’ve got wetter places to be.”

Amanda’s panties were far tighter than her bra. Futanari couldn’t afford loose underwear when their cocks could get loose at any moment, especially when conspicuous erections lurked in the corner of every futa’s mind. Even more so for those with a tiny Amy wreaking havoc.

She was still for the moment. Only a fool wouldn’t wait and savour the many aromas that clung to the fabric, and the feel of a cock, through which she felt Amanda’s heartbeat reverberate up her pussy. Amy took a long breath. Her body was pressed flush to the cock by panties, which themselves were saturated in the delicious meats’ odour. Before, she was too big to really appreciate it, to be smothered as Amanda often was. Now, however, she tasted it just by breathing.

Time was stolen as Amanda made to grab her. Never in her life did she think her athletic figure could be used for this, but it aided her escape down to the balls. Again, she paused to enjoy the moment. Ball sweat clung to them, probably a result of her efforts in the bra, and moved to Amy. Oh, she could live there, but hints of a sweeter treasure laid in wait, trickles of its scent luring her deeper. Amy climbed down, using the wrinkles as hand and footholds. She’d need a shower afterwards, as sweat rubbed off onto her hair and face.

“What’re you doing?” Amanda hissed at her. She couldn’t respond if desired regardless, being tiny and smothered in her lover’s privates.

“Just having some fun,” Amy said anyway and kissed the sack as she slid underneath it, feet nearing a dank heat. Soon, her toes met soft, fleshy folds and her eyes found them a moment after. Her eyes had adjusted to the dark, allowing her to bask in the sight of dimly lit pink lips. She splayed her body out to hug it all, receiving a rush of fluids in return.

“Someone’s enjoying themselves,” she said into the meaty folds. They squished and moulded themselves to her body, almost sucking her in, but it lacked that power. Amy kissed and licked and squeezed and pulled, anything that elicited reaction. While Amanda kept her moans quiet, her body couldn’t hide it. Viscous rivulets drooled onto Amy, coating her head to toe, and those folds clenched as she found the clit.

At her size, it was almost too much for her mouth. She undulated her whole body against Amanda’s pussy, thrusting her little dick into its hole, though it meant little. It may as well have been a toothpick fucking Amanda. However, Amy had a perfect remedy for that situation. After nearly throating the clit - it was tickling her uvula - she pushed her feet into Amanda’s snatch.

“Hmm, that’s, ah, that’s hot,” Amy said and meant both ways. The fact she was pushing her entire body into her girlfriend’s vagina pumped endorphins through her veins, distending those on her cock into mangled roots like a trees, and it was warm as well. Sweltering even. She took a deep breath and pulled herself inside.

It wasn’t as she expected. Amy tried imagining the feel on her fingers and cock spread across her whole body, yet her mind couldn’t compare. Tiny crevices her usually massive form couldn’t notice caressed her, they squeezed and rolled around her, removing her agency. She squirmed, straining against the walls, and turned around. One pulse forced the air from her lungs. She took a breath. There was more air than she expected, though it was muggy, like the air inside a packed gym. Except this smelled and tasted of bliss.

She wished she had her phone. Imagine her friend’s reaction to seeing her like this, and then she could see the walls with clarity. As it was, she could only make out the shapes as they clenched and rolled around her body, while she squirmed in joy at the sensations. While sight was limited, she basked in all the others. She opened her mouth a tiny bit and had it flooded with Amanda’s overpowering zest and sweetness. Every noise was a squelch or heartbeat, drowning out even her own thoughts sometimes. And everything she touched was slimy and squishy and erotic.

“I *really* could just live here,” Amy sighed, slurping down a mouthful of juices. She lapped at the walls time and again, reaching out to scratch and tease every nook and cranny, while her cock was forced around by Amanda’s insides. Once copious amounts of pre-cum were like drops in an ocean now. Mouthfuls of her favourite juice flowed into her mouth, down her greedy gullet and filled her belly, until it swelled in semblance of a pregnancy.

Pregnancy… Amy giggled at her own idiocy. There were few things she could fuck at this size, a nipple being one, but a cervix should be within reason, at least after she rammed through it so many times. Now she just needed to reach it. She couldn’t tell how deep she was, since the exit appeared sealed tight, but it didn’t seem like she’d been turned around either.

“I’ll just climb up then,” Amy said, “It’s a shame Amanda can’t do this with me. She’d get a kick out of it. We’d be like two explorers who found a giant’s pussy and decided to climb in. Seems like something she’d do.” As she prepared to climb, the walls closed around her, tight enough that she couldn’t move without extreme difficulty. No extra fluids came, Maddy wasn’t cumming. What was it then?

Amanda sneezed and held back a shudder, “Fuck, this better not be a cold.” No, it was just Amy. She should’ve grab her when she had the chance, now it was all she could handle to stay semi-erect and walk. Each step was torture. She’d tried going out with a vibrator taped inside before. That had almost been a disaster, but she endured. This… this didn’t compare. Amy wriggled around, licked and bit things, her hands seemed to go everything. And her cock!

The thing didn’t bend at all on top of being the length of Amy’s arm. She squirmed just right and jammed it into Amanda’s g-spot, causing her to stumble. People stared at her wonky movements, though they hadn’t noticed her cock yet. Industrial grade panties and jeans prevented a semi from showing. Amy made it harder, however, as she kept moving. Amanda didn’t try squeezing her out, worried that she might hurt her, and that it’d feel too good.

She made it to her next class on time but not in the best shape. Her pussy slid against Amy on every step, and the Amazon writhed in response, grinding her huge, little dick on everything in reach. Once Amanda sat down, the movement started up again. Grabbing her desk, she tried keeping calm, ignoring all the pricks of pleasure darting along her nerves. Something salty rolled into her mouth.

Great, now she was sweating. Just one more hour, she thought and bit her lip. She had a break before the next lecture, which she’d use to cum and get Amy out, then keep her in a pocket or something. After licking her clean, and maybe forcing her to cum again. Amanda grimaced at the sticky gunk still in her bra. Her nose had attuned to Amy’s odours long ago and picked up her cum through all the perfumes.

“I’m such a slut,” Amanda groaned into her hands. She was in public, yet pleasure rolled in waves and her girlfriend was, in the most intimate way, fucking her, all while a bottles worth of semen dried in her bra. How did Amy still cum that much? She was barely the size of a can of soda. If that stayed the same, then once she was back to full size, she might flood the bathtub. Must be a side effect of one of the formulas. Or was Amy still growing in some way?

Fuck, she lost focus. Her cock strained its bonds, jealous of its sister’s personal Amy dildo. It couldn’t fit inside Amy anyway, but she might fit inside it. No, no, no. Amanda shook her head and retrieved her tablet for notes, opting to refresh her mind before the lecture began. Then she noticed Amy crawling deeper into her.

Unlike most women, futanari have multiple g-spots throughout their pussies. Now Amy was rubbing her sexy body all over those, probably not knowing as she strived toward some goal. Why did she feel so good in there? Amanda rolled her hips, as if to get her deeper, despite it not making a difference. She wouldn’t make it. The professor just walked in and a dampness had spread from Amanda’s crotch. Amy thrust her cock into another g-spot and forced a moan. She lowered her head to hide.

Even the most extreme boredom didn’t drag the seconds like this. Amanda tapped her finger on the screen, listening but not retaining a single word, while her leg bounced and jostled Amy around inside her. Beyond the pleasure, all she could fixate on was keeping her erection down. It almost hurt. Almost every cell in her being wanted to run and jerk off. Not even run. She just wanted to cum.

Whatever the fuck Amy was searching for, she found it and settled down for a moment. Amanda breathed a sigh, relaxing a hair, before jumping in her seat as something pushed past her cervix. She recognised the sensation, though it was mired in new ones. Before, Amy would force her way through it, destroying the barrier until it repaired itself, but this time she felt her cock slide through that tiny opening. Jesus, fucking shit! It was sensitive! Every little ridge and throb of Amy’s dick resounded through her.

“Dammit, Amy… couldn’t this wait?” Amanda hissed and moaned under her breath. When that futa was back to normal, Amanda would organise a hunting party and fuck her until sex was torture. Yeah, that’d teach her. She’d inflate people until her balls ached, then keep going, and have her asshole reamed by Eliza, while a few others fist her pussy. And, when she was done and begging an end, Amanda would force one final load.

“Shit, stop thinking!” She said and devoted every brain cell she controlled to the lecture. Then her cock suddenly lurched to erection, tenting her pants and rubbing hard against the panties, which bit into her cum hole. It throbbed harder, wedging her underwear between her folds and scrotum now. Oh no…

Amy wondered if she’d lost her mind. Nothing should feel so good. She’d been fucked by Yuri, whose cock dwarfed hers, rammed her own in her comparatively petite girlfriend’s many holes, and even gotten filled while shrunk. Yet the sensations pouring from her cock were familiar and abnormal, almost supernatural, or like a million land mines were going off under her skin. Ecstasy splintered off in shards and lodged themselves in her nerves. Though she recognised them all, they were twisted and warped.

If not for Amanda’s kegel muscles, she’d have slipped down long ago. All her strength drained into her hips, drips of it leftover for her arms and legs, but Amy otherwise acted on pure instinct. She would laugh if her moans would stop for a second. Most pussies felt tight for her, but here she was fucking the tightest hole of her life. Thrusting would be impossible without the copious fluids surrounding her.

Sweat and pussy juice covered Amy. She hadn’t worked so hard during sex a while, and not without several prior orgasms, yet she panted for air and rocked her hips as if in heat. What little oxygen she had was filtered through mouthfuls of Amanda’s fluids. Her stomach had swollen from it all. Amy hooked her fingers into whatever crevice she could, slipping free of most, until she became lodged in a fold. From there, she wriggled about and slammed her hips forward.

Not once did she forget about who she was inside, or her intentions. She shouldn’t do it, not in public, but Amy wouldn’t forgive herself if she didn’t take advantage. Right about now, Amanda was on the verge of an erection, if not orgasm. Amy pounded her lover’s cervix, pressing her body against it, rubbing her nipples against the barrier, while she licked and kissed everything. The walls pulsated and soaked Amy.

Fuck, she needed a better angle. It was fine thrusting as she was, but none of her movements had the power she wanted, not with Amanda crushing her. She planted her feet, toes digging into the squishy floor, and stood. All the walls snapped against her, but she overpowered them. She must be making a bulge.

Amy panted and grinned like a mad woman. Given the movements around her, Amanda must be close to cumming, now she ramped up the pace. Muscles tensed, Amy ramped up the pace to her usual, punishing rhythm and crushed her balls into the cervix. Yes! This was perfect!

Rear back and CRASH! The barrier buckled under her force, almost knocking her off balance, though she recovered and rammed harder, intent on carving the shape of her cock into the cervix. Lust hardened her veins into steel roots, resisting the squeeze around them. Her balls gurgled and churned with unspent cum. They knew Amanda’s womb was closer than ever before, compelling her to fuck harder, as if she could break through.

All that was missing was a set of hips to grab on, but she settled for pulling herself with Amanda’s fleshy tunnel. Amy bit her lip, trying to hold back her own orgasm. Her sperm went into a frenzy, oozing from her dick. Good thing Amanda was on birth control. Would that work if Amy crawled into her womb and came in her ovaries? She wanted to find out. She would find out. Amy flung her weight and strength into her thrusts.

The cervix slowly caved under her pressure. It dipped where her balls struck and the hole had widened, also taking a lumpy shape from the veins, while her hands and feet shoved against the walls. Amy’s tits mashed against the barrier, her nipples rubbed against it, while she drooled a mix of spit and fem-cum all over herself. Translucent jizz poured out her cock, squeezed fresh from her balls by Amanda’s womb hole.

She pushed further and ground her teeth. Her muscles flexed and her cum-tube widened around a heavy dollop. Was the womb getting hotter? It urged her to go faster. A sloshing noise consumed her ears, then the floor quaked and walls tightened. She pushed against them, entire body tensing, before everything suddenly relaxed. Her eyes bulged, as did her loins. A shriek let loose and the world rumbled. Liquid flooded the canal and tore her away from her current favourite hole.

“Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!” Amy yelled in both orgasm and terror as she was carried down a slide of flesh and lust. She was forced around by Amanda’s pussy, its walls clenching at random, until she saw the exit and was shoved out. Amanda’s underwear had turned into a thin slice, which she slipped past and down the pant leg, cumming all the while. She tumbled out in a pool of semen and looked up, to see Amanda had gotten erect, her pants straining hard not to lose.

Dark splotches spread down and joined along Amanda’s jeans. A mixture of pre-cum and pussy juice stained them, drops trickling out after Amy, who shook in her orgasm. Heavy ropes spurted from her cock, the amount on par with any futa, despite her puny stature. It pooled and poured down the steps. The room was set up like a movie theatre, with tiered seats. A girl sat in front of Amanda, unaware of the white tar heading her way. Amy rolled over as her climax petered out. Cumming at her size was almost fatal.

None of her adrenaline from earlier saved her. Her limbs refused to move beyond simple motions, supporting her and little else, while she got her bearings. Thick, slimy juices drooled off her body and hair, matted to her skin, its scent saturated her nostrils, and even a mouthful of her own cum didn’t drown its taste. Amy fell with a splat as her muscles gave out. She caught her breath, giving Amanda a moment’s reprieve.

She couldn’t stop there, however. Amanda hadn’t cum yet, at least not from her dick, judging by the filtered pre-cum oozing from it. Her erection was flagging, the worst seemingly over. Strength returned, Amy stood and locked her legs in place, gazing up at the giantess. Before class was done, she’d make that titanic cock shoot its load all over the place.

First thing was to get back in her panties. Shouldn’t be difficult, Amy had done it hundreds of times before. Checking her legs were fine, she went over to Amanda’s ankle and latched onto it. Most of the juices had dried on her skin, allowing her to climb up the calf to the knee. A fine, salty layer clung to Amanda’s skin from the strain of holding down an orgasm. Bad call, Amy thought. Futanari couldn’t deny climax without consequence.

Amy took a break once she crested the knee. Her muscles hadn’t recovered from her prior orgasms, or the strain of fighting against Amanda’s surprisingly powerful cunt. She giggled at the thought of her cock training it. Was that how their genitals saw it; a workout session, each pumping the other to go harder, faster, and cum more? Having her entire body inside it must’ve been a shock to Amanda’s pussy then.

As she rested, the jeans relaxed around her. The erection was done, reduced back to a permanent semi. Deep breaths informed Amy of the pre-cum still gushing out, each drop further reducing the panties to a sloppy mess, or was that just the jeans now. Between all their cum, the garment reeked of sex and would after several washes. She resumed her journey, now crawling toward the greatest treasure that was ripped from her grasp.

“Oh babe,” Amy said once she squirmed back into the panties, now a sodden, clingy mess. Muggy air clogged her legs and tinged on her tongue, however the flavour wasn’t pussy or even dick. It was semen. After a misstep, Amy was wedged between Amanda’s scrotum and vulva. There, she felt the orbs rumble and stretch, their contents gurgling since they had no room to churn about anymore. Amanda must feel her too, as the terse balls swelled against her. That was why futanari shouldn’t refuse an orgasm.

Their bodies hyper produced semen and hormones after a climax, keeping them raring to fuck more and more. Without an outlet, that abundance of cum was building up inside Amanda’s testicles, bloating them until the loose skin stretched taut, tiny veins roaming about like bolts of lightning. With the hormones involved, she would be on a hair trigger too.

Maybe they’d try some orgasm denial later on. Amy’s cock surged to action at thought of what *she* would produce in that case, since it never came up before. Thoughts for later, she decided and turned around to face her lover’s decadent cunny. What she faced was an engorged mess of folds, from which a pea-sized clit protruded. Even if Amanda came from there, the influx of chemicals had their way with it regardless.

Amy planted her feet in the labia, hoping to slip back inside. Not too much, as she had other plans, but couldn’t get a grip. She slipped no matter where she tried, every fold, nook and cranny covered in slime. Then she hooked her feet in the hole. Amy giggled as she lowered herself inside, then stopped as the walls clamped down on her. Before she could guess why, Amanda’s balls moved against her. Class must be over.

Every step rubbed her face into the balls. They were covered in sweat and pussy juice, all but drowning her in the flavour. Amy wriggled her way down, pushing her legs back inside, until she was at her waist, then she stopped and pondered the massive clit. If she wanted Amanda to cum, then that needed to be her target, given that she couldn’t get to the cock in this prison. She licked the balls, certain it drove Amanda wild, and slowly ran her hands up the giant’s lips until she grabbed her clit. A sharp jolt broke her grip, but the steps had stopped at least.

Her legs were all but crushed inside Amanda. She didn’t have an inch of leeway, barely enough movement to keep stimulating her lover, and her arms might be next if the balls kept growing. With a moment of freedom, Amy snatched the clit again and pulled herself up, mouth wide, then crammed it inside. The effect was instantaneous.

“Amy! Fuck, ah! Shit! C-cum… I’m… oh, god! CUMMING!” Amy was crushed by the balls as they exploded in size, filling with cum faster and faster, while Amanda’s erection tightened the panties. She sucked on Amanda’s clit, teeth nibbling the fat bundle of nerves, until her entire body was mashed against it by the giant’s sack. Not even air could sift through now.

The world shook and thunder rumbled against her back. Amy’s cock and breasts were squashed, yet her pleasure reigned, as if feeding off her girlfriend’s ecstasy. Then she was pulled deep by Amanda’s snatch, tits and shoulders vanishing into the sloppy void, before it shoved her out and sucked her back, using her like a dildo. She couldn’t catch her breath. Darkness crept into her vision, then exploded in white as her cock went off again.

Out she came, her cock shot a rope, and back inside the walls squeezed so tight she couldn’t shoot. That made her abrupt release stronger, like a tension-loaded cannon. Every burst ricocheted throughout her body and brain, rattling bones and nerves. Amy stopped seeing, her mouth wouldn’t close, and her lungs burned for something other than pussy juice or ball sweat. Like semen. Her eyes finally rolled and shut.

Amanda laid on the bathroom floor. She was lucky to have made it before Amy set her off, now she breathed the stench of her congealed jizz, which spread out beneath and over her. She was still cumming too. It hadn’t been ten minutes since she managed to clench off an orgasm, but the effect was massive. Every drop was double, triple her usual density, with a similar quantity. Oh, but she’d be fucked if that wasn’t her best orgasm in a while. Not since that Amazon orgy with Yuri.

Speaking of Amazons, she hadn’t felt Amy doing anything. Frowning, she reached into her ruined clothes and found the shrunken futa, who didn’t move.

“Oh fuck,” Amanda sighed when she picked up her girlfriend, still two or three inches tall and covered in a mixture of fluids, “We’d better clean up before we go. Hmm, but don’t you look delicious.” She licked her lips. It was the least she could do to repay her.