Amy: The Amazon (usually)

Chapter 1

Amy hugged her girlfriend tight and bounced her softly. The Amazonian futa’s hands coiled around Amanda’s waist, fingers almost touching, and felt it as her cock rammed up her lover’s luscious canal. Just like her height would imply, Amy was endowed well beyond most futanari. Her cock stretched Amanda’s pussy, forcing the sopping walls tight around her like a glove made of velvet, and made its shape obvious through the otherwise flat belly. She could even make out the bell-like head.

A sharp thrust earned a high-pitched cry from Amanda. Every inch of her insides was clenched tight around Amy’s length, its veins pulsating against them like a circuit of prodding fingers. The smaller futa’s cock bounced with each thrust of the amazon, whose crotch clapped wetly against Amanda’s balls her juices poured forth. Amanda folded in half and wrapped her mouth around an Amazonian nipple. The size was a match for a baby’s fist.

Amy moved her hands down to cup her lover’s ass. It filled her palms, each cheek soft and smooth, conforming to the crevices in her hands like liquid, yet they were firm beneath it all. She rocked Amanda to and fro, brushing the plush cheeks against her thighs, while Amy’s cock pushed in all directions. Pre-cum splashed against the amazon’s abs and ran between the crevices of her slight muscles, then down to the sheets below.

“Gonna cum… fuck, ah!” Amanda cried and arched her back, sinking her hands into the almost inhuman softness of her lover’s breasts. Her cock flexed and launched a viscous rope through the air, before gravity made it fall. It splattered across Amy’s face, leading down to her stomach. Another, more intense burst flew loose and coated the amazon’s breasts and chin. Several more shots followed, until they weakened to a viscous dribble. Her pussy remained tense, however.

“Hmm, so tight,” Amy moaned and hastened her thrusts, savouring the slick friction, “Want me to cum inside again?” She cooed, angling her hips to press her yawning urethra against Amanda’s cervix.

“Oh, fuck yeah! Do it!” Amanda yelled as her body jerked in another orgasm, her cock spurting freely once more. Amy opened her mouth wide and caught several streaks. Her prick and Amanda’s snatch worked in lewd harmony, their flesh slapping together. The sounds rang through their room, filling it and their ears with nothing but depravity. Amy smacked each of her lover’s cheeks, smiling at how Amanda’s face twisted in a mix of pain and pleasure.

“Cumming!” Amy shrieked. Her hips rose and slammed her turgid balls into Amanda’s ass, shoving her cock against the smaller futa’s cervix. It curved around her blunt tip, giving just enough for the dilated peak to unleash the initial deluge inside. Amy returned her hands to her lover’s waist and moaned in her climax, and at the unique sensation of Amanda’s belly rounding out with nothing but cum. Spurt after spurt piled into the organ.

Until the pressure was too great. Semen exploded from between them, splashing onto the bed and merging with Amanda’s own seed. It all but covered Amy’s torso and streamed down her legs, while more spilled. The bulge of Amanda’s stomach swelled then deflated with each clench of Amy’s powerful muscles. Her cock jerked and pushed out from the smaller girl’s belly, the next spurt visible through her flesh.

“So good,” Amanda slurred and flopped onto Amy, weakly hugging the amazon. Her head was buried between the daunting mountains of breasts, their plushness surrounded her and streaked cum across her face. Amy smiled lazily and stroked the thick seed into her lover’s hair, sighing softly as the last of her orgasm dribbled out.

“I love you,” Amy breathed and curled her arms around the smaller futa, “But this is kind of boring.” The amazon sighed. Amanda inevitably fell asleep under the afterglow, snoring gently into the pliant mountains. There was one person who could easily solve her problem, if it could be called such. Night after night sent having fantastic sex was wonderful, but even that grew tired over time. She had a fantasy that she craved to have fulfilled.

The following day, Amy strode into the science block. She had to duck her head under the doorframe, despite how huge a place it was, easily claiming more than forty percent of the campus’ huge space. Monochrome walls and floors reflected the setting sunlight brilliantly, almost blinding, while the doors sealed shut with a soft hiss and vents thrummed to keep the air inside regulated. No expenses were spared for the genius that single-handedly kept the division thriving.

And it was this genius whom Amy was there to see. She side-stepped around the students passing by, hunching her shoulders as they gawked at her height. They couldn’t be blamed, standing almost two feet below her eyeline. The Amazon slid into the lab and searched around the room, sighing in relief at how empty it was.

Only one person was present amongst the rows of tables. She wore a pair of stylish glasses and a long, lab coat stained with several burn marks and holes. Stainless steel equipment lined the desks, along with beakers and utensils that Amy was unfamiliar with. Everything was meticulously organised, laid out for the next day.

“Hey, Lizzy!” Amy called softly, for her that is. She had to keep her voice under control. Lungs as large as hers could easily shake windows if she spoke loud enough, or even rupture eardrums.

“Ah, Amy! Great to see you. As big as ever I see,” Eliza greeted her, rising from the stool to approach the impressive Amazon.

“Hehe, yeah,” Amy shrugged, “How’s the, uh, science stuff going?”

“Not bad, mostly just been passing time until I get approval for my next project,” Eliza hopped back onto her seat and smirked at her friend, “So, what brings you to my humble abode?”

“I… wait, do you actually live here?”

“Perhaps.”

“Why wouldn’t that surprise me?” Amy chuckled, “Anyway, I wanted to ask a favour.”

Eliza arched an eyebrow and picked up her tablet, fingers poised to take notes, “Ask away.” The Amazon grinned and sat opposite her friend, adjusting the bulge of her crotch.

-A few weeks later-

“I can’t believe she’s already finished it,” Amy muttered, staring at the text from Eliza on her phone *‘It’s done’.* That was all it read. She glanced down at her girlfriend. The far smaller futa shrugged and led the way inside, smiling eagerly. Neither had thought this day would come, yet here it was. Amy lingered behind to watch her lover’s bountiful ass, before following her.

“Welcome friends, welcome!” Eliza exclaimed, waving to the pair from her table, “Come, sit.”

“Hey, Lizzy,” Amy greeted her as they sat down.

“Is it a day off today?” Amanda inquired, glancing around at the near-empty lab.

“No, I just kicked everyone out. If this works right, then I think you will want some… privacy,” Eliza winked.

“You really did it?” Amy leaned forward excitedly, eyes and mouth wide. She glanced at Amanda, who shared her grin.

“Sure did… probably,” Eliza chuckled and pulled a beaker of transparent, blue fluid in front of them, “Here it is. Shrinkage! The fantastic new product that will temporarily shrink you down. Presumably, that is.”

“You haven’t tested it?” Amanda scowled at the scientist.

“I figured Amy would want to do the honours.”

“You figured right,” Amy laughed and grabbed the beaker, regarding the clear blue liquid, “How small will it make me?”

“I’d rather let you find out,” Eliza clapped her hands together and stared at the Amazonian futa, tongue flicking across her lips in anticipation. The pair across from her looked to one another, sharing a keen smile.

“Ready to fuck a midget?” Amy smirked.

“Not exactly, you’ll be perfectly proportionate. More like a person on a big tv,” Eliza explained, “Also, that word is offensive, I’d thank you not to use it again.”

“Sorry,” Amy chuckled and raised the beaker to her lips. She winked at her girlfriend, then chugged the contents in one go. It slid down her gullet with ease. The flavour was soft as it washed across her tongue, reminiscent of blueberries, yet unlike them. As the last drops flowed down her throat, Amy swore she felt it settle into her stomach. She smacked her lips and set the glass down.

“How’re you feeling?” Amanda inquired, casting a worried eye over Amy’s body.

“Pretty good. That tasted great… I am a little warm, though,” Amy mumbled and pulled at her shirt, loosening it around her breasts. She glanced at the reflective table surface, noticing that her cheeks were red, and that it seemed closer than normal. The amazon raised her hands and stared at them, watching closely for signs that Eliza’s potion was working.

She flexed her fingers with a slight frown. They felt tight, as did most of her body, like something was pulling her skin. Amy felt at her arms, unintentionally taking a moment to indulge in the natural muscle tone, then patted her legs for any hint of change. Nothing physical seemed present, yet the tightness persisted and increased. Her hands found her crotch as the sensation became unbearably potent there.

Amy gasped as her normally taut jeans grew lax around her groin. The bulge dissipated to a slight protrusion, enough that she was unmistakably a futa, however it was far from the bulk that she was accustomed to. She looked up at her girlfriend with an excited smirk, which widened to flash her teeth. Amanda’s face was almost level with hers and, slowly, their eyes fell onto the same plane. The amazon lunged forward and mashed her lips into the other futa’s, wrapping her arms around her. Harsh moans reverberated in the back of their throats.

“It’s really happening,” Amy gasped when they separated, and she looked *up* at Amanda, a fact that made her giggle, and hopped down from her stool. Her shirt hung on one shoulder, falling from the other like a petite girl wearing an oversized footballer’s jersey. The swell of her breasts was lost as well, every inch of her head-sized mounds depleted until they were diminutive curves on her chest.

“Cool,” Amanda chuckled and groped her own bust, smirking at Amy’s deflated boobs. The former amazon pulled her shirt off, revealing the cute pair she now sported, nipples at the ready. Her friend stood as well, giggling at how Amy only came up to the bottom of her breasts. She bent down to face Amy like she would for a child, lowering further to match the shrinking amazon.

“I bet my pussy’s gonna be so fucking tight after this is done,” Amy chortled, just as her hips thinned enough for her pants to fall into a heap around her ankles and reveal her new sized cock.

“Nice,” Amanda commented and squatted down onto her haunches to study the phallus, its mass still impressive for her height, “We could still have some real fun with this.” She reached out and grabbed it, stroking along the prominent vein that lined the underside. The child-sized futa moaned at the touch.

“Before you go any further,” Eliza butted in, “Could you wait until my formula has taken full effect? I need to make sure there’s no side effects.”

“That’s fine,” Amy giggled and jumped back onto the stool, kicking her legs like the child she now appeared to be, “Everything seems so big now.” She raised her hands and clapped them together, beaming at how soft the sound was compared to before. A sigh slipped past her thinned lips; she wished she could feel these tiny fingers on her hulk of a cock. That could wait, though.

“How small is she gonna get?” Amanda inquired, a worried frown creasing her brow as she glanced at Amy. The once towering amazon barely reached her lover’s shoulders now, yet her smile refused to wane.

“If my calculations are correct, and they usually are,” Eliza added under her breath, “Then, she’ll be about two feet tall when it’s finished. There’s about a three-inch margin for error though. Of course, science is all trial and error so…”

“Awesome,” Amy smirked, ignoring her. She ran her hands across her body, feeling the last of her womanly curves slip away. Her feminine shape remained, though it was slight at best, while her cock seemed to reach its limit. It was no bigger than when she was entering puberty. Her hair fell far past her ass now.

“You’re so tiny,” Amanda giggled and picked Amy up, eyes widening as she did so, to set the futa on her lap, “And light too.”

“Thanks,” Amy laughed in return, then seemed to realise what had become of her voice, “Wow, I sound like kid again.”

“And it’s adorable,” Amanda nuzzled into the diminutive girl’s neck.

“I think it’s stopped now,” Amy said.

“I’d say so,” Eliza noted, “How’re you feeling?”

“Like a ball of energy,” Amy chirped, “And horny.”

“Nothing out of the ordinary,” Eliza typed it into her tablet, “Your cock’s still working?”

“Oh yeah,” Amanda breathed, her hand wrapping around the shaft as it swelled to life.

“Motor functions?”

Amy jumped from her girlfriend’s thighs and hopped in place. She did a twirl and waved her arms about, cock flopping with her movements. On her now-tiny frame, it appeared massive, more so than when she was full-sized. She jumped to beam at her scientist friend from across the table.

“Okay, now I need a couple of samples,” Eliza stated and held up a syringe and empty cup. Amy pouted and climbed back onto her seat, offering her arm, “Don’t worry. The other one will be a lot more fun, I guarantee it.”

Amanda leaned down to wrap her arms around the child-like amazon, holding her tight. She squeezed as Amy winced, chuckling at her reaction. A moment later and the scientist was done. Eliza, then, slid the empty beaker along to the pair and winked at them. The tiny futa raised her head and giggled at her lover, before she pressed her lips against her cheek.

“I’ll leave you two alone,” Eliza smirked and strode out from the room, throwing a short wave at her friends as she did so.

“This is gonna be fun,” Amanda breathed and stepped back. Amy spun around to fix her gaze intently on Amanda, eager to see her naked form with smaller, yet no less excited eyes. The taller of the two hooked her hands under her shirt, then pulled it over her head. Amanda’s braless tits leapt into the open, nipples bouncing with her mounds. The tiny futa’s gaze followed every movement with unerring precision, drinking in the gorgeous sight before her.

Amanda’s buck naked figure filled her vision. The gentle curve of her breasts slid gracefully into her waist, soft but slim, and flared beautifully into a pert set of hips. Her tits were level with Amy’s face, subsuming her gaze. She licked her lips in longing.

“Hell yeah, it is,” Amy agreed and flung her arms over Amanda’s shoulders. She pulled, yet the taller futa didn’t budge. They shared a chuckle, before Amanda picked her up and kissed the dwarven girl. Amy’s mouth was completely covered in her girlfriend’s lips, their plushness consuming hers. Her tongue quickly pushed inside but was dominated just as fast.

She pressed harder and hooked her legs around Amanda. The taller girl was like a pillar now, holding Amy’s weight with ease. Comparatively massive fingers clamped around her ass. They pushed and pulled, grinding Amy’s cock against the other futa’s stomach. Slimy pre-cum spilled from it as her erection peaked, while the spongy tip poked into Amanda’s bosom, sinking into the deliciously soft mounds. A high moan trembled her chest, the vibration travelling through to her prick.

Amanda slid a hand between them to stroke the diminutive futa’s cock. Her fingers brushed against Amy’s nipple, flicking it and sending a powerful pulsation along her dick. The slit widened and spewed pre, thick rivulets of it coursing down her length and all over Amanda’s torso. Their bodies slipped against one another as Amy’s slimy emissions persisted.

The shrunken futa moaned and rolled her hips without thought. Her body was alight with sensations, sparks of delight racing across her nerves as she fell deeper into her lust. She massaged her lips against Amanda’s and ran her fingers across her body, seeking out her girlfriend’s most sensitive spots. There was one at the crest of her ass, yet it was out of reach. Amy groaned and strained to reach it.

“One moment,” Amanda broke the kiss and lowered her two-foot lover back to the floor. She turned around to present her curvaceous rear, slapping a hand over a cheek. The flesh jiggled enticingly, hovering over Amy’s head. Amy latched her hands onto it and giggled as her hands sank into the giant globes. Her fingers were submerged in the pliant cheeks, “Have at it.” Amanda urged her and yelped at the sudden spank she received.

“You’re so big,” Amy sighed. She leaned up on her tip-toes and laid her cheek against her lover’s, then brought her hand along the curve, sliding it between the mounds down to a lustful warmth. The heat fuelled Amy’s own, seeming to sink into her skin and coursing through her like lava.

“Why don’t I play the big, hulking Amazon this time?” Amanda offered, sinking her hips to brush her snatch against Amy’s tiny fingers.

“Maybe another time,” Amy said and kissed her lover’s flesh, then nipped at it, “I just want to enjoy this for now.”

“Aww,” Amanda pouted and turned around, putting her crotch almost directly in Amy’s face, “Oh well… I can’t wait to try out your pussy.”

“Neither can I,” Amy moaned and pushed her face against Amanda’s cock, sliding her small lips along the shaft. A single vein was enough to demand her full attention. She pulled back along the immense length to press her mouth against the girl-cock, poking her tongue out and into the slit, lapping at the salty insides. The tiny girl groaned at the flavour and opened her mouth wide to engulf the tip, though even that much forced her jaw to stretch uncomfortably.

She stroked the shaft with her diminutive hands. They were insignificant by comparison, barely covering more than inch of cock. Her fingers were outmatched and outnumbered by the veins that wrapped around the shaft, like an intricate web that kept her hands firmly in place. Amy pulled her mouth free and pressed the spit-slickened head against her cheek, staring up at her lover as she stroked it excitedly.

“It’s longer than my face,” Amy rasped. Pre-cum poured down her face, its scent permeated the air around her, while she savoured the sensation of Amanda’s heart beating through the bulbous head. Her breaths deepened as she inhaled the musky fumes, almost able to see them wafting from Amanda’s cock.

“Put it back in,” Amanda panted and laid her hands on Amy’s adorable head, “It was so tight…”

“Oh?” Amy thinned her eyes mischievously and ran her tongue along the tip, slurping up all the pre she could, “You want me to put your big, meaty cock back in my teeny-tiny mouth?”

“Yes… please?” Amanda pleaded.

“You’re the giant now,” Amy mumbled as she traced her lips across the bottom cum vein, anticipating the viscous seed that would flow through it, “Why not make me?” She ducked lower and nipped at the scrotum, then kissed the soft bitemark she left.

“Is that it?” The breathless futa asked, “You want me to shove my huge dick down your little throat?”

“I’m just a helpless, little futa now,” Amy moaned, kissing every inch of her girlfriend’s balls, “You’re more than three feet taller than me, what can I do to stop you?” She half-heartedly smacked Amanda’s thigh.

“So, you do want me to play the giant?”

“Do whatever you want.”

“In that case…” Amanda wove her fingers into Amy’s hair and pushed her away, before she angled her hips to push her turgid cock forward. Amy didn’t resist and stretched her mouth open around the tip once more, hollowing her cheeks as she sucked on it. She took it deeper and moaned, covering her tongue in her girlfriend’s flavour. A tide of pre-cum gushed against the back of her mouth and made her gag.

“Don’t push yourself,” Amanda cautioned.

“Not a problem,” Amy mumbled incoherently and practically inhaled the cock, cheeks turning convex around it, before she shoved forward. The skin around her throat bulged obscenely with Amanda’s prick. Her taut lips curled into a mockery of a smile.

These sensations were incredible. She’d sucked Amanda off without trouble before, always deepthroating her. Her body had been just so huge, it would’ve taken her own cock to have any effect. Now she felt it all. Every vein throbbed against her cheeks and tongue, while the head pulsated at the back of her strained throat. She even felt the constant drool of pre-cum as it slid down into her stomach.

She wanted to feel it more. Amy slowly withdrew, silently celebrating how her lover’s dick scraped along her insides, then pushed forward. Her saliva lubricated the way and dribbled down her chin. A wave leaked from her lips and drooled down Amanda’s cock as she gagged again. Tears joined the lines of spit streaking across her face and bulging neck, before she repeated her earlier move. Amy soon found her rhythm and boobed back and forth.

It was slow going. Her resized mouth could barely fit around Amanda’s girth, forcing her jaw to stretch. Amy’s lips crept along the length, gradually adjusting to the sheer size of a cock more than a quarter of her height. Each press managed to sink a little more inside and made her throat bulge greater than ever.

Amanda didn’t mind the pace if her moans were any indication. The small, barely two-foot, futa wriggled her flattened tongue as best she could while her lips massaged every vein she slid across. She gagged and sputtered occasionally, unable to fully quell her gag reflex. Sloppy ropes of spit and pre-cum hung from her chin, falling to the floor below.

Amy’s own hips thrust in tandem with her head. Her hands remained locked around the base of her girlfriend’s fat cock, stroking the final inches yet to be buried in her oesophagus. The task seemed insurmountable. Just five, maybe six inches were stuffed inside her, and there was still so much more to go. She was like a traveller whose destination was always on the horizon, never closer no matter how far she walked.

She didn’t mind it being just beyond her reach, however. This only made it better. Her body was so tiny now that she couldn’t fit all of Amanda’s cock, and what she could manage made her pussy thrum with desire. Could she take it all down there? Would it hurt? Would Amanda be so big that she somehow ruined her?

Amy moaned hoarsely and sped up, heedless of how her jaw protested. She placed her tiny hands on her lover’s thighs and dug her fingers into the meaty flesh, pulling herself to and fro. The wet sounds of her self-induced throat fuck saturated the air around her, drowning out Amanda’s moans. She slurped as she retreated, then gagged as she charged. Amanda’s hands massaged her scalp and helped maintain the brutal pace.

Until she abruptly came to a sharp stop. Amy looked around through bleary eyes and found her vision encapsulated by Amanda’s crotch, the neat bush of which softly tickled her nose. All nine inches of cock pounded in her throat, as if trying to escape. Her chin was buried in the balls, their saliva coated expanse rubbing against her. Amy moved her hands to cup a rotund orb, needing both just to cradle the thing.

“Fucking hell, you’re the best,” Amanda moaned, “Since we know you can take it, let’s take it up a notch.” Amy couldn’t even nod, her throat and head forced into a near perfect line by the rigid spire. She moved her mouth as best she could in affirmation, before her airways were abruptly released. The shrunken futa took several ragged breaths, filling her tiny lungs, before retching once more on Amanda’s cock as it drove back to the base.

Amy widened her stance and steadied herself against the ferocious pounding. Amanda treated her throat like a pocket pussy, fucking it without concern. Fresh cum-spit sputtered from Amy’s mouth as her maw was abused. Amanda’s balls slammed into her throat with each thrust, each smack wetter than the last as Amy gagged, moaned and gurgled. Pre-cum gushed without end as well.

Her stomach felt heavier with every gag she made. Amy swore she felt her skin stretching, but she didn’t dare check it. She needed her hands to keep from balling over from Amanda’s assault, as it was her muscles already ached from the strain. Just as she had wanted. All her strength was gone, replaced by that of a child’s. She moaned and purposefully forced more of her spit to flow.

“Gonna…” Amanda gasped. Her head had leaned back, looking at the heavens, hair flowing around her like a mane. A predator, Amy thought and mentally grinned. She wasn’t a giant, she was the big bad wolf taking advantage of a grown woman trapped in a miniscule body. Amy held perfectly still as her lover’s thrusts turned erratic, hammering into her throat, before hilting there, “Cumming!” Amanda roared.

Amy’s eyes flew wide as the cock widened spectacularly. Her jaw almost creaked in protest, while her throat stood out further, and a glorious flood of jizz poured into her stomach. It settled amidst the tides of pre-cum, filling her belly even further. Amy moved her hands to her abdomen as the follow-up burst, suitably bigger than the last, exploded within her. Her eyes widened, and a stifled moan vibrated in her chest.

Her new belly was so small that Amanda’s orgasm was swelling it like a balloon. It jiggled with the latest release, heavy with the oceans of her girlfriend’s cum that teemed with sperm. She moaned and suckled softly, eager to take more. The swollen head jerked within the confines Amy’s oesophagus, spraying its load as vigorously as ever. She stayed in place even as the agony in her starved lungs tainted the incredible sensations.

“Oh god,” Amanda gasped and, finally, pulled out. She immediately stroked her slimy cock, forcing the last ropes of her dense seed across Amy’s face. It splashed in her hair and poured down her body, tracing over the dome of her belly, “Holy shit.” The tall futa gawked at the sight, while Amy grinned as she wondered how pregnant she looked like this.

Amy shuffled back and giggled at how the contents of her stomach sloshed about. She grinned up at her girlfriend, tilting a lip lopsidedly, and licked up the slime around her mouth, “More.”

“You’re kidding,” Amanda laughed and shook her head, though she was helpless to deny her diminutive lover. And Amy knew it. The swollen futa climbed atop a stood and spread her legs wide, showing off her needful sexes. At that height, she was almost level to Amanda’s crotch. Amy pulled her balls up to reveal her pussy, its lips puffy and soaked with lust.

“In a bit,” Amanda said and crouched in front of her, “I think I should return the favour first.” She took hold of Amy’s prick, a look of both amazement and disappointment that she could grasp it in one hand. Amy yelped, a jet of pre-cum flying from her peak.

She was never that sensitive. Even at her most aroused or after hours of edging, Amy never felt on the verge from a single touch like that. Amanda gasped at the sudden spurt, her breath spilling across Amy’s sack and drenched cunny, earning another in the process. Just a simple breeze made her clit feel like it was being shocked, worse, it was multiplied by her dual-sex. Amy’s gut tightened in anticipation.

Amanda smirked at the puny girl, then slid her lips around Amy’s tip. She took more than half in the second it took for an orgasm to take hold. Amy made to shout, but her voice faltered and came out as nothing more than a squeak. Pleasure razed her thoughts to nothing, consuming her mind in an apocalyptic cloud of climax. It exploded from her cock without delay, yet the blasts felt slow even to her decimated mind.

An indeterminable amount of time passed before Amy recovered. She groaned in the residual pleasure and looked around, swiftly finding Amanda sat behind her. Amy turned to face her and saw that the far bigger girl’s face was doused in lines of white so thick that they made tar seem like water. They remained stuck in place, unmoving even as Amanda leaned down.

Amy touched a drop of it. The brief contact was enough for it to stick to her finger, a bridge forming as she brought the digit to her lips. She licked it clean and instantly recognised the taste of her cum, only far, far stronger than she’d ever sampled. Her face lit up in understanding, lips spreading in an excited grin. Eliza’s formula had condensed her entire body into this little package, meaning her nerve endings and cum were all packed tight together.

“I wonder how many times you can cum before you pass out,” Amanda idly postulated, wriggling her eyebrows at the hyper sensitive futa, “I think about three should do it.”

“Wanna bet? I could easily handle four or five.”

“How about this? If you last more than three, you win. Any less than four and I win.

“Deal. When I win, you’re drinking it next time,” Amy beamed, “Imagine having *my* dick in someone so teeny.”

“That’s if you win, squirt,” Amanda laughed and lifted the futa with one hand, the other preoccupied with aiming her still rigid cock. She leaned up to press her soft lips against Amy’s ear, “When I win, we’re doing whatever I want next time.”

Amy opened her mouth, ready to reply. Her words turned into a shrill gasp, however, as her pussy was stretched further than ever before, even compared to when she was normal sized. She was utterly aware of every inch that forced her walls to spread, and every vein that pounded against her insides. More than anything, she was fixated on how much continued to enter her. It never seemed to end.

Her engorged lips were stretched thin. Every slight movement against them sent orgasmic shudders through her pint-sized body, zipping across her densely packed nerves. The sense of fullness somehow increased. One moment, she was certain that she was stuffed to the brink, that no more could enter her. Then gravity and Amanda’s insistence pressed a fresh inch inside.

“So deep,” Amy panted, speech already beginning to slur from the numbing pleasure. Amanda quickly came to her cervix, and still she kept pushing, grinding against the barrier. It was only a matter of time before she broke through. But Amy was never one to wait. She bore down with all her weight, groaning as the door to her womb resisted. Amanda’s hands grabbed her waist and pulled her down half an inch.

“Tight,” Amanda moaned.

“Yeah,” Amy slurred as her hands stroked her cock, which still felt huge despite its newly average size. Her head lolled forward, the muscles growing slack under the constant onslaught on her petite cunny. She cried out as Amanda raised her body and slammed it back down, then repeated the process.

Each clash between her cervix and Amanda’s cock felt better than the last. Their meeting sent stars streaking across Amy’s vision, then dimmed to a smouldering river of flame when she was pulled off, before it mutated into the very sun on the next descent. Her high-pitched voice wailed as her bliss built greater and greater. The world around her turned white and fell silent, yet she was all too aware of how her body moved. She was incapable of stopping her hips from grinding against Amanda’s thrusts.

“Cum for me, my little amazon,” Amanda whispered into her ear, barely audible above the roar of Amy’s astronomical ecstasy. Her cock exploded as best it could, the slit widening almost painfully far to release her impossibly thick seed. It lurched forward then meekly fell with a thunderous splat. Her pussy convulsed, the walls seeming to twist in knots around the immense penetration, releasing a tide of semi-opaque liquid that spilled over Amanda’s pounding dick. Amy’s puny body went lax as the pleasure receded.

It was the perfect opening. Amanda gave a hard thrust, powered to combat the intense grip of Amy’s sopping cunt, striking through the loose canal and stabbing through her cervix. No one could ignore such a sensation, not even Amy in her borderline insensate state. She jerked back to reality and clutched at her gut, where an all too recognisable bulge stretched her skin. A clear indent ran from her crotch up past her navel, poking into her stomach.

“I’m in,” Amanda groaned huskily. She lightly rocked her hips, giving Amy the chance to experience the sensations of her cock thrusting through her cervix. Was it all inside? Amy wondered amidst the torrent of her pleasure. Even being fisted before hadn’t made her feel this full. Did Amanda feel this way when she went so deep?

Amy turned to face the comparatively giant futa and mashed their lips together. That was all the affirmation Amanda needed. She held Amy aloft, keeping her butt raised while her pussy remained pressed flush against the base, and slid out. Amanda’s tip caught on Amy’s cervix, the brutally stretched barrier clinging to her like a choker. It made no difference, for she swiftly rammed back to the base.

“Fuck!” Amy yelled as her snatch clamped in her womb’s virgin climax. Her follow-up cries were muffled by Amanda’s lips, forcing her to scream into her mouth as waves of pleasure reared far above her consciousness and crashed down upon her. She could barely surface above the abyss of her ecstasy, then Amanda’s hand stroked her cumming cock and brought another tide. It buried her.

Amy lost sight of her surroundings. Her eyes rolled back into darkness, scarcely aware of anything beyond the all-consuming bliss. Each thrust of Amanda’s cock prolonged the sensations, which made her pussy flutter and constrict, causing Amanda to thrust harder and stroke faster. It was a never-ending cycle. Amy weakly grabbed at her girlfriend’s breasts, acting without thought.

“That’s two. If you pass out after the next one, I win.”

The words meant nothing to Amy. She didn’t care what they meant either, only wishing to keep cumming. Her hips undulated out of instinct, grinding her clit and inhumanly sensitive lips against Amanda. Exhaustion tugged at her consciousness, yet she resisted. Passing out meant she couldn’t keep cumming. Amanda’s hand left her cock with a gentle flick on the head and settled at her clit. She massaged it in a flurry of movement.

It was too much for the two-foot tall futa. Her voice gave out. Muscles across her body locked, then fell lax. Only her cunt remained strong. It milked the cock fucking it with a mindless hunger.

“I guess I win.” Amanda grunted, then cried out. Amy felt the massive invader swell greater as a blissful heat burst into her womb, then everything went dark.

The gentle rocking brought Amy back to consciousness. She groaned and cracked open an eye, blinking against the bleariness, then looked around. A frown crumbled brow as she struggled to recognise her surroundings, before realising it was the lab room. A hand stroked through her hair and brought her attention around to Amanda, who sat with the child-sized futa in her lap.

“Welcome back,” Amanda chuckled and kissed her forehead, “How’s the baby?”

“What…?” Amy frowned and looked down at herself, then gasped at the easily noticeable gut she carried, “How long was a I out?”

“Only an hour,” Amanda giggled, “Don’t worry, it’s only cum.” She patted Amy’s stomach, causing it to jiggle fluidly.

“Oh,” Amy sighed in relief, “How come it hasn’t leaked out?”

“Well…” Amanda wriggled her hips, sending pleasant tremors through Amy’s short body, “You just wouldn’t let me go.”

“Sounds about right,” Amy laughed and leaned back, moaning at how her pussy was manipulated by the undeterrable cock still rock hard inside her, “Seems like you’re still good to go.”

“What do you expect? You’re so fucking tight, I don’t think I could go limp if I tried.”

“Works for me,” Amy smirked and lightly bounced in place, cooing at how her belly rippled, “Because I could do with another round.”

“You wake up and that’s the first thing on your mind?”

“Yep!”

“I can’t argue,” Amanda sighed, “Want me to try and use you like a pocket pussy?”

“No,” Amy shook her head and groaned as she turned around with the cock still buried within her. A single streak of cum leaked, while the rest remained trapped, “Missionary. I don’t think I could handle something as intense as before.”

“Never thought I’d hear you say that.”

“If I was normal sized, we wouldn’t stop,” Amy giggled, “Let’s just savour this for a while. If we’re still good for another go, then go nuts.”

“I’ll hold you to that,” Amanda grinned and moved to the floor, where she laid her puny lover down and towered over her. Amy’s head barely came to her chin in that position, but it was perfect to get at her tits. The pint-sized futa licked her lips and wrapped her frail arms around Amanda’s waist to urge her closer.

“Nice and slow,” Amy whispered.

“Nice and slow,” Amanda nodded and gently pulled back. They both moaned in unison, before Amy’s voice rose higher as their flesh clapped together. The clash rocked Amy’s body, forcing her engorged stomach to jiggle beautifully. What felt like gallons of cum sloshed about inside of her, spilling against her inner walls. She could almost feel the sperm seeking her eggs. Too bad for them, she thought, her eggs were safe until she went off her birth control.

Amanda kept to her word. She moved slowly, dragging out each movement almost painfully long, yet her thrusts held no less power as she jerked forward at the last moment. Each thrust to the hilt sent a smack through the air. The sound turned wet as Amy’s pussy continued its masquerade as a waterfall. Her juices pooled on the floor and slid under her back, causing her to slide with Amanda’s thrusts. Amy lunged up to lock their lips together with a deep moan.

The pace couldn’t last, though. Inevitably, Amanda’s desire overwhelmed her self-control. She sawed her cock through Amy’s sopping depths, her tempo rising. Amy’s moans poured into her girlfriend’s, muffled by her plush lips and tongue, as they rose like a crescendo. The little futa’s pussy squelched lewdly, spraying a mix of her and Amanda’s cum with every thrust. Her muscles flexed as another release built.

Amanda split the kiss and leaned forward, pushing her tits against Amy’s mouth. Petite lips found her nipple and suckled on it, urging Amanda to speed up. Rapid moist claps of flesh mixed with Amy’s muffled, yet no less insatiable moans. Her tiny hands joined her mouth and milked the tit like a cow’s. A sudden change of angle forced her lips apart and her head back in a soundless cry.

“Fuck!” Amanda gasped, her tempo faltering as her cock swelled, “Cumming!” As the larger futa’s seed exploded within her, Amy’s own cock forced out her absurd payload. It poured between her belly and Amanda’s crotch, dripping down to mix with their other fluids.

Amy’s orgasm soon dwindled to a trickle of delight. Her body tingled from head to toe, the tips of her cock and nipples felt like a hundred volts were passing through them. Shockwaves pulsed through her, originating from her still convulsing cunny. Amanda’s own cock was far from done, throbbing and shooting its third load of the day, while she moaned with every twitch of her lover’s inundated snatch.

“Too much,” Amy mumbled against Amanda’s breast. Cum kept pouring from her, fresh spurts joining the mess on the lab floor. Comparatively huge arms wrapped around and picked her up. Amanda laid down on her back and sat Amy atop her crotch, her oversized belly twitching with the lingering ecstasy. Gravity caused more jizz to spill from her taut lips.

“Round four?” Amanda inquired breathlessly.

“You don’t know when to quit, do you?” Amy panted but laid her hands on her giant lover’s breasts, sinking her little fingers into the pliant pillows. She raised her hips as far as her taxed muscles would allow, revealing Amanda’s cum-coated cock, then let physics take her down with a loud smack. Her prick bobbed with her descent, flinging the vestiges of her latest climax. Hoarse moans drifted from Amy’s lips as her body rapidly built to another explosion.

-an hour later-

“Wow, you guys really got carried away,” Eliza noted as she stepped over another puddle of cum.

“Sorry,” Amy flushed. She hadn’t grown back yet, though part of her could sense the impending change. Her body felt loose, as if preparing for the return.

“I’m not,” Amanda chuckled, squeezing her adorable amazon lover. She hadn’t dressed yet, cock sitting between Amy’s skinny thighs.

“I can see that,” Eliza rolled her eyes and sat opposite them, tablet raised, “Now, I need to know any differences you experienced, Amy.”

“What kind?”

“Did you lose any sensitivity? Have trouble with balance, so on so forth,” Eliza elucidated.

“Neither of those,” Amy giggled, “I got really, really, and I mean *really* sensitive though. And my cum was extremely thick.”

“Interesting,” Eliza noted, “So it doesn’t simply shrink everything, it compacts your body. Including nerve endings and sperm. What about your libido?”

“Seemed fine,” Amy shrugged with a glance to her crotch. Her pussy was almost numb, and her cock ached in best way possible. Thankfully, her stomach had returned to its normal flatness.

“Anything else?”

“Not really,” Amy looked to Amanda, who shrugged.

“Alright, a few simple alterations to the formula, and everything should work as normal. In the meantime, you’re welcome to take these,” Eliza pulled a few bottles from her lab coat and slid them over to the pair, “I always have couple of spares just in case.”

Amy reached for the bottles but froze as a wave of discomfort came over her. She groaned and hugged her gut, knees rising as if to shield her. The diminutive futa gasped as the wave seemed to focus on her arms, pooling within her hands. Just like when she shrank, it was the strangest sensation she’d ever experienced. It felt like something was pushing on her fingers from within and pulling from the outside.

She lifted her searing hands to her face and watched, mesmerised, as they visibly grew before her eyes. Fingers no bigger than an inch swiftly extended to their former glory, easily longer than her flaccid member. The burn crept up her arms, bringing them into the moment. They soon extended well past the length of her entire body.

Amanda set her down to let the futa’s growth continue unencumbered. Amy giggled at how her arms were forced to bend, before her torso and head joined the development. Her breasts ballooned out in all directions, outpacing her head to attain their glorious fullness. It was a laughable sight as the Amazonian futa’s upper body finished its resurgence, leaving her lower half pitifully tiny, before it, too, burned with its growth. Amy couldn’t contain her laughter when her cock extended down to sway between her shins.

“How’re you feeling?” Eliza inquired once Amy stood at her true height, staring down at her companions.

“Great,” Amy grinned and ran her hands around her body, checking to make sure everything was back to normal. Indeed, it was, her basketball sized tits and equally voluptuous ass were as full and pert as ever, while her cock brushed against her mid-thigh. She bent low to gather her clothes, while also flashing her renewed pussy at Amanda, and put them back on.

“Fantastic. I’d say that we can call this a success,” Eliza beamed, noting it down on her tablet, “Oh, I am good.”

Amy finished with her clothes and gathered up the bottles, two in total. She arched her eyebrow at Eliza, who waved off her expression.

“I’ll make more, don’t worry your pretty, giant face. Perhaps I’ll even make one that’ll make you bigger,” Eliza winked at her, glancing up to the ceiling, “Although, you’d have to take that outside. The Dean’s already breathing down my neck about the last hole I put in the roof.”

“I think I’ll stick with the shrinking,” Amy laughed, “My clothes are already getting tight as it is.”

“Yep,” Amanda chimed in, standing beside her massive girlfriend, “Amy’s still a growing girl, after all.”

“Tell me about it,” Amy sighed, “See you another time, Lizzy. Thanks again for doing this.”

“No worries. It was fun,” Eliza assured them, “One thing, Amy,” she added, voice taking on a hard edge, “Don’t take more than one dose a day. Try to wait at least two between them, okay?”

“Will do,” Amy nodded, having no intention of disobeying the smartest futa on campus.