“This is awesome!” Amy beamed when she stepped into the location. By itself, there was little worth noting about the area. Stagehands, managers, lights, photographers and others scurried around, making sure nothing would go wrong. No, it was the group of models gathered to the side of the action that sparked Amy’s euphoria. A manager approached. They wore high heels and looked around six feet with them, yet she was head and shoulders below the shortest model.

“Wow,” Amanda said beside her and gave a low whistle, “It’s like a herd of you.”

“They’re all Amazons. Well, that’s how we’re marketing them anyway,” said Joanne, joining them. She was still exhausted from when she picked up the pair, who had wasted no time in ‘paying’ her, leaving Amy’s manager dishevelled and satisfied, “None of them are below seven feet.”

“We’ve gotta mingle,” Amy pulled Amanda along, though she was happy enough to jog beside her. “HI!” Amy said when they stopped at the group. They stopped whatever conversation they were having to size up the new addition. One gawked, which had a domino effect on the others as they realised Amy was, at minimum, half a foot taller than them. And, better yet, was packing an impressive package even for her size.

Each of the Amazons were stunning in their own regard. No one could mistake them for ugly, no matter how warped their perspective was. Expert makeup accentuated the natural beauty on each of their faces, while handmade garments hugged their luscious figures. As with any human, of course, their figures differed in subtle and obvious ways.

One sported breasts large enough to challenge Amy’s monstrous set. Another had her hips cocked to the side, pronouncing how wide her lower half was. A third had supple hills at the crest of her bosom where her areolae were. Only one futa was amongst them, aside Amy, though she wasn’t noteworthy in much else. She was the second tallest next to the overendowed Amy. The others weren’t to be ignored, nor did they command attention.

Amanda gawked at them all with a vivid bulge in her pants. While it was a delight to shrink Amy and be the giant, that was a temporary love, where being dwarfed by her girlfriend, in near-every capacity, would never fade. And now she was surrounded by similar sized women, albeit without the added equipment. It was heaven.

“Name’s Amy. This is Amanda.”

“Hey,” one said. She had a gothic aesthetic, though her smile radiated warmth, possibly because her skin lacked any colour of its own, “I’m Brie. This is Nicole,” she gestured to largest breasted Amazon, “Kate,” then to the broad hipped one, “And that’s Lily.” She nodded at the one with massive areolae.

“Nice to meet you,” they all said. Amy got the names of the others, but they didn’t talk much. It wasn’t hard to discern that the ones Brie had introduced had experience in this setting, while the others were drafted for their ordinarily freakish height.

“I’ve seen you somewhere before,” Nicole said, strutting forward, her mammoth chest jiggling as she did so. Braless? Amy wondered. It made sense, since getting one custom made for such a size would be expensive, and time consuming, “You were in Big Tits Monthly, weren’t you?” She referred to a common porn magazine Amy appeared in, but it never showed anything below the waist.

“Yeah, I’ve got a shoot with them next week actually,” Amy said.

“Me too. Dana said she’d got me a gig with another ‘big girl’, didn’t think it’d be with you. Your boobs are amazing!” Nicole gushed.

“Thanks, yours look great too. Can’t wait to play with them,” Amy said, infusing her seduction into a playful smirk.

“Hey! Remember what we agreed; no fucking around unless I’m the ‘around’,” Amanda said, however her admonishment lacked any weight with her erection straining for release.

“You think I wouldn’t invite you?” Amy giggled and picked her up, “We’ll double team her.”

“Don’t I get a say,” Nicole chuckled and flipped her long, blonde waves around.

“Nope,” Amanda said and winked at her as she was set down with a parting kiss, then her eyes widened and her lips parted.

“Move,” said a strong accented voice. The others all turned and shuffled aside, allowing the giant among giants to move through, despite there being plenty of space around them. Amy didn’t move, however. Not out of astonishment or fear, no, her face shone like a child’s might if Christmas and their birthday had merged together with Easter. It didn’t matter that she had to crane her neck back to stare at the new arrival.

“I said ‘move’.” It was a Russian accent, one that befitted the Amazonian babe’s low, husky voice. Her rack outdid even Amy’s and, if that didn’t grab the eye, the gorgeous locks of platinum hair would as it flowed across her shoulders and bosom. Like most fantasies of foreigners, she had all the makings of beauty. Luscious lips, dark framed pale blue, almost turquoise eyes and strong cheekbones, all pronounced with her minimal makeup. It was a vision of infallible beauty, yet one that begged to be sullied.

Amy stepped aside. Again, not out of fear. As the mystery Amazon passed, Amy studied her rear with all the focus of an artist painting their muse, committing each curve to memory. When the Russian disappeared from view, she turned to Amanda.

“Was it just me, or is she the hottest woman ever?” Amy asked.

“No, not just you,” Amanda agreed, “And did you see her dick? Jesus, Amy, I think she might be bigger than you.”

“Who was she anyway?” Amy postulated, eyes trained for any sight of the Amazon. Today already topped a long, long list by meeting half a dozen women as tall as her – and their being hot didn’t hurt either – but finding someone greater than her in every visible way would be something she remembered for decades to come, longer if she managed to bed the stunning giantess, and forever if she got a few other Amazons to join in.

“That,” Nicole said, “Was Yuri Vasiliev. She’s been insanely popular since last year.”

“Oh? When did she start?” Amanda asked.

“Last year,” Nicole chuckled, “Doesn’t hurt that she seems to be growing still. Shame that she’s such a cold bitch.”

“What do you mean?”

“That little display, that’s just the tip of the iceberg that is that futa. She’s taller than everyone, so she thinks she’s above them. That old story. But we, me and Brie, have tried to be friends with her and she just shrugs us off. I even tried seducing the bitch. Did not go well,” Nicole explained.

“Great,” Amy sighed, “Now I want her more.”

“Same,” Amanda licked her lips, “Well, not like you won’t get that big eventually.” She added as a whisper. The thought of being that height, of standing double Amanda’s height, towering over everybody regardless of whether they were an Amazon like herself, was both erotic and terrifying. Erotic, for obvious reasons, such as potentially having a cock the same size as her girlfriend’s entire body, and terrifying because of how it enticed her. If she had the means to get that huge, what would stop her from going beyond?

Thoughts for later. The director approached with a clap of her hands, which made her blatant implants sway from side to side. She had a look of rapt adoration on her face as she stared up at the Amazons gathered around, and Yuri who stood off to the side. Amanda received an approving nod, but no more.

“Alright, ladies. And futanari. I’m Hera Stone, and we’re going to be working to highlight your exalted heights, so we’re going to have you staged with props to give comparisons. And that’s also why we have this lovely, normal levelled madam here,” Amanda gave a small wave, “The bigger you look, the better I say. Also, for you three,” Hera gestured to the three futa Amazons present, “We might want some naughty shots of you, so be prepared.”

Amy chose that moment to gauge Yuri’s reaction to such a request. She had done plenty of nude photo shoots, not all sexual in nature, but she enjoyed showing off her body. Few things made her giggle like the reaction of an unprepared intern when they saw her breasts or cock. The same was untrue for Yuri.

Pale beauty blanched into a pallid horror at the statement. A hint of rose tainted her snowy cheeks and her piercing eyes descended on the floor, away from anyone else’s gaze. By no perception was she excited for it, rather, she was terrified of it.

“We’ll start with some Amazon-sized casual wear. Shirts, jeans etc. Then we’ll move onto lingerie and swimwear. After that, we’ll get to the juicy stuff,” Hera said, either ignorant to Yuri’s discomfort, or blocking it from her mind, “Alright let’s get started.”

Amy wasn’t needed at first, so she approached the mountainous Russian. It wasn’t simple curves that comprised her beauty, or her daunting height, but her musculature. Ripe biceps bulged across her arms, rigid beneath a lush layer of fat, and were mimicked by her thighs, each the size of a tree trunk. And yet, for all the dense mixture of softness and strength piled on her hulking frame, Yuri carried it all with ease.

Bitch or not, Amy lusted for her. She wouldn’t let it show, not until she had broken through the icy exterior that only the mention of sex had so much as scratched. For now, she needed to strike up a conversation at least.

“So, how long have you been a model?”

“Three years,” Yuri answered.

“Nicole said you started last year.”

“I worked in Russia. Only started in America last year,” Yuri said, her accent drenched her words in an exotic chocolate, one that made Amy crave to listen for hours on end.

“Still though, pretty surprised you didn’t start when you were, like, sixteen or something. I bet you were a real beauty, even then.”

Yuri said nothing that time, instead she glared at Amy like no one had before. But the glare hid something else, Amy noted. Perception was a fleeting skill of hers. Sometimes she could notice when Amanda gained, or lost, so much as a pound. Usually, however, she was blind to any subtle changes. Not this time. Nerves and excitement and intrigue danced behind Yuri’s gaze.

“Okay, let’s leave that alone. What about sex? I bet you’ve fucked dozens of women by now,” Amy said, a knowing smirk on her face as she watched for Yuri’s reaction.

“I-I… No, I haven’t.”

“Hmm, shame.”

“Shame?”

“That you don’t use that log of yours more often,” Amy said.

“This ‘log’ has caused me many problems,” Yuri growled.

“Oh, I get it. Bullied in school, couldn’t get a relationship, so on and so forth.”

“You’ve no idea what I’ve been through.”

“Uh, yeah. I do. An idea, that is. Life sucks sometimes, but don’t let yourself get hung up on it. Do that, and everything sucks. I got picked on for my body, now I’m a model,” Amy shrugged, then thinned her eyes into lecherous slits, “Besides, I like my futa big.”

Yuri glanced at Amanda, who was sat amongst the other Amazons in an oversized chair, as if she were doll among humans, “What about your girlfriend? She’s not big like you or me.”

“Oh, she’s packing plenty,” Amy said. Perhaps Yuri believed that she had been bullied in school – it was the truth, though she’d had plenty of excellent experiences as well – or maybe hinting at sex shook her a bit, regardless of the cause, her glare had lessened, “Wanna find out?”

“N-no,” Yuri turned away, a stark blush creeping along her neck and into her cheeks, “Why’re you talking to me anyway?”

“Because you’re the tallest, hottest futa I’ve seen,” Amy said, “So, I figured I’d get to know you a bit. Before stealing the spotlight that is.”

“Pfft, and how do you intend to do that?” Yuri scoffed.

“Honey, you’re a nervous wreck just from mentioning sex. I practically live in it,” Amy smirked.

“Just because I’m not a whore, doesn’t mean I can’t deliver,” Yuri said, defensive now.

“Neither am I. I just like it. You should try sticking your dick in someone. Preferably me.”

“Stop it.”

“Why?”

“It’s… unclean.”

“No, it’s natural. I’m just flirting.”

“Well stop it.”

Amy sauntered to stand in front of her, then leaned forward so her straining shirt was forced to distend around her hanging tits, revealing an entire foot of cleavage. It was slight, but Yuri’s crotch twitched at the view, “What’ll you do if I don’t?”

Yuri went silent and left Amy to realise she’d pushed too hard.

“Well, that was a bust.”

She sat down in a chair far from Yuri’s, who glanced in her direction on occasion, but her eyes remained fixed elsewhere. Amy sighed and watched the other models, waiting her turn. It was a joy to observe, however. The grin on Amanda’s face, when she wasn’t told to lose it, was as intoxicating as the heaviest beer or strongest ecstasy. Surrounded by Amazons with breasts the size of an average person’s head, it was a miracle she hadn’t popped an erection yet, much less groped someone.

Amy was called in alongside Yuri to hold the normal sized futa between them. They were given cocktail dresses, ones too short for futanari to wear, much less those two. She enforced every ounce of willpower not to gawk at Yuri’s strained panties, which were pulled so far by her member that they revealed the base of it. The Russian seemed at ease for the moment, despite her frequent gulps and skittish glances. Determination darkened her eyes. Amy grinned for the shot and wondered how best to get through to this staggering beauty.

Several more shots and poses later, she was released. Yuri was modelling an assortment of upper-sized clothes, while Amanda tried on the same to comical effect. Hera reprimanded Amanda time and again for getting distracted, the cause of which was obvious to all except Hera it seemed; a keen bulge was at her side throughout most of the shoot.

“So, how’d the talk with Yuri go?” Amanda asked once she was relieved, the other Amazons coming in to do more group takes.

“Blew it,” Amy said, “I might’ve flirted too much.”

“No, you didn’t. Just the right amount, I think,” Amanda said.

“How’d you know?”

“Because she can’t get her eyes off you. Either she wants to kill you, or she wants to fuck you. I bet if we tease her together, she’ll be more than willing to give us a hands-on view of that cock,” Amanda said, lust and determination alight in her eyes, echoed in the bulge pulsing to life within her designer pants. Just because the core reason for this shoot was to market for Amazons, didn’t mean other brands couldn’t sneak in. Amy was called in for her group takes.

Nicole welcomed her with open arms, squishing her enormous bosom into the futa’s back as they worked to accentuate Amy’s height, then used that to bring out Yuri’s. Most of the Amazons, the inexperienced ones in particular, while perturbed by the ten-foot futa’s coldness, couldn’t tear their eyes from her. None but Amy, who caught Amanda’s eye and nod.

She didn’t break the pose as she sidled beside Yuri and laid a hand on her rear. The taller Amazon started but maintained her composure, eyes locked away from her temporary co-worker. None of the others paid any attention, even as Amy slid her fingers under Yuri’s shirt to rake her nails along her back. Soft tremors trickled down the Russian’s back. A muted sigh wheezed past her lips when Amy found a sweet spot.

The taller futa clapped her hands in front of her and assumed a powerful pose, like that of a mob boss performing a hit. Dense muscle strained the sleeves on her undersized shirt. The plan was for her to flex and tear it asunder while the cameras took it all in, though the cameras hadn’t been set up yet. Amy decided to push and cupped her ass, silently admiring how strong it was underneath such a plush layer of fat. She stopped when the creak of cloth almost became a tear.

“Please stop,” Yuri said.

“Stop what?” Amy said, hands behind her head as she stared up at the mountain of futa beside her.

“Trying to throw me off.”

Amy blinked, then laughed, stopped and rolled her eyes, “What? Can’t handle a little competition?”

“Shut up.”

“Ooh, terrifying,” Amy snickered. Playing the mean girl didn’t suit her, and it showed. Her smile was easy-going on the worst of days, and she refused to frown for more than a few minutes at a time, even then only when she was confused by something. Negativity was something that plagued her early teens. Why let it infect her future too? For now, however, she needed to goad out some spark from Yuri. Bottling up emotions was unhealthy after all.

She glanced around and, seeing that everyone but Amanda was preoccupied, groped at Yuri’s crotch. The Russian yelped, her voice a higher pitch than Amy thought possible, and swatted her hand away. But Amy had discovered all that she needed to solidify her desire.

“Jesus, that’s big,” Amy said. Sights can be deceptive and, despite having caught clear glimpses of it earlier, she hadn’t understood just how enormous this Amazon was. It didn’t dwarf hers, not the way that she might humiliate the average man, but it certainly left it wanting.

“What is your problem?!” Yuri hissed, voice low to keep from attracting more attention.

Amy shook her desire loose and resumed her subpar persona, “It’s called sabotage. You’re the biggest futa here, can’t have you hogging all the spotlight.”

“That’s ‘sabotage’?” Yuri grumbled, her words trailing off into unintelligible murmurs. ‘Ice water’ and ‘thumbtacks’ surfaced, but the rest remained a mystery. That didn’t stop Amy from reaching a conclusion.

“Sorry about that,” Amy said, “I can get pretty competitive.”

“Oh, you haven’t seen me yet,” Yuri said, her pale eyes boiling as she leered down at the eight-foot Amazon, “Good news, I’ve decided to upstage you after all.”

For the rest of the shoot, Yuri did everything in her power to overshadow Amy’s presence. Whether it was adding a flex to a shot, or simply using her longer physique to block her from view, she kept everyone’s eyes and adoration fixed upon her, like an attention starved goddess. She played along, but, in truth, Amy was as captivated by the display as the others. How couldn’t she be?

The brief study she’d performed earlier became a thesis as she engraved each feature into her brain. Yuri’s hair wasn’t a simple platinum blonde, but had a silvery tone to it, one that stood out under the stage lights and, at its longest, fell to tickle the base of her spine like an arrow pointing to her ass. Oh, what an ass. It stood out like a shelf all its own, firm and round, yet the cheeks jiggled with her every step, which brought her hips into the limelight. Yuri had a wide frame befitting her height and musculature, and still her lower-body bellowed out past her shoulders, then flowed into her powerful thighs. They looked fit to crush melons.

It was with a heavy heart that Amy curbed her erection and continued with the shoot. This time, she was placed in front of Yuri, who stood so close their bodies were touching. As if something had snapped in her, the Russian had no qualms about resting her unfathomable breasts upon Amy’s head, or mashing her pussy-destroying bulge into her back. Even from such a distance, her breasts cast a shadow across Amy’s chest.

Even so, Amy wasn’t to be ignored. She improvised the pose, using the stature of her rival to appear small and, therefore, cute and bashful. One arm stretched down her front in a meaningless effort to hide the bulge of her own member, half-erect from her shameless worship of Yuri’s form, while showing how malleable her breasts were. The other hand was loosely clenched at her side, as if unsure of what to do. Hera adored it all.

Next came the risqué pieces. Amy smirked at Yuri, who, despite tensing in response, betrayed little emotion, even as they left to get changed. Once returned, Amy felt freedom. Joan had gone the extra mile to secure a set of lingerie that would fit her new body. Lace and silk worked together to both conceal and accent her curves. Her nipples poked through the bra, a vivid pink against the otherwise black garment, and her cock swung in a velvet sleeve, the kind that would sweat horribly after too long. And that was the point; it only made her musk stronger.

A pair of glossy stockings rode up her legs to the thighs, while a garter helped secure them in place. It almost looked like the exoskeleton of an insect, giving her an exotic, and no less sexual appearance. The panties were a modified thong, designed to leave her balls free and offer a hint at the prize of her cock, while still sinking deep into the crack of her ass. Her pussy went uncovered, offering a glance to those in the right position.

Then Yuri stepped out. Despite her best attempts, her cold exterior was gone, replaced by a shy, awkward girl with the greatest body around. Even with her shoulders hunched and hands clasped before her, she breathed sex appeal. None of the previous garments had done her body justice, now Amy and Amanda, and the others, were free to take in her hulking form.

Her previous clothes had puffed out her shoulders it seemed, as her frame appeared sleeker than before. Relaxed muscle and sinew, hard as steel, poured out into her liquid curves that overflowed the underwear. The bras were made with endurance in mind and wouldn’t snap easily, yet every sway of her bust put that endeavour to the test. Her panties faced a similar battle, trying to keep her cock from swinging free. Visible through the lace, her slab of pale cock meat strained against its downy prison. Her balls hung free in all their glory, each half again the diameter of Amy’s.

“Let’s get this over with,” Yuri said and strode to the set, followed by everyone’s gaze until Hera snapped them free of the Russian futa’s spell.

Amy’s concentration and self-control had never been tried so harshly before. Sometimes a glance was all it took to shred another shard from her will, and she was in constant contact with the taller Amazon, whose icy complexion belied her warmth. Every few shots, they changed poses. Each time, however, she was in some sexual position. Her experience prevented any professional mishaps.

It was a relief to know that Yuri was faring worse. She was frequently corrected, told to raise her arms, puff out her chest or pronounce her enormous cock a little more. Not that she needed direction. Just a flat portrait would inspire countless erections the world over. Even so, Amy took a glimmer of joy in outclassing the giant, and the reactions from around them. The other Amazonian futa had been forgotten, not that she seemed to care, as she, and the rest, stared enraptured by the sexual display.

A moan finally broke free when Amy was made to bend in half, offering a glimpse of her pussy and balls, and extended her tongue toward Yuri’s cock. Few people knew how many models were exhibitionists in nature. Knowing people were looking at them, naked or halfway there, was a powerful incentive for such people. Amy shared such a trait, and, as she soon realised, so did Yuri.

Most would miss how the Russian’s member had thickened since the shoot began. Not Amy. Not when she was in such proximity, with her focus almost devoted to the hulking phallus. Its restraints were spread a little thinner, an inch more of skin on display, and gave a glimpse of a single, dark vein coursing along its length. At the tip, though concealed in black silk, the crown bulged and a faint stain formed. Amy shifted her pose and poured the sensuality on thick.

The camera snapped wildly and Hera praised her. Amy had no eyes for them, fixed upon the shaft as she awaited Yuri’s reaction, and smirked as it lifted and swelled. People could lie all they wanted, some even controlled their bodily responses to commit wholly to deception, but one’s libido concealed nothing. Amy glanced to her fellow Amazon’s face, which betrayed no emotion, despite her cock straining its bondage.

Next came a comparison shot. This time the third futa Amazon wasn’t forgotten, though she was woefully undersized to step into such a scene. She was between Amy and Yuri, face flushed and uninteresting next to them. Most stares lingered on the taller Amazons, flitting between curves and dicks. Though better endowed than any futa she’d met prior, Amy didn’t hold a candle to her counterpart.

Her foot long flaccid cock ended level to Yuri’s, who stood two feet higher. Though sporting a semi-erection, Yuri was the size of Amy’s full-blooded phallus, perhaps bigger. She drenched the thong as she imagined what this monster was like at its peak. How glorious it would feel as it stretched her insides? How dense was the cum in balls half-again the size of her own? Could she even fit it?

Amy licked her lips, her own desire swelling on her body. Her nipples poked out from the bra, as though stretching toward Yuri, whose own pair dimpled the undergarment. Any concept at modesty was lost on them. Their curves betrayed the notion, regardless of what they wore, and their cocks destroyed it. Such was the nature of their bodies.

“So, got any plans after this?” Amy asked, while they waited for Hera to approve of the lighting. The director wanted as much attention on their junk as possible, to really pronounce how durable the clothes were and how beautiful these so called ‘freaks of nature’ were.

“No,” Yuri said, though her gruff tone lacked what Amy earlier suspected was a superficial harshness, replaced instead by a normal, though still husky voice.

“Well, Amanda and I are heading back home. You’re welcome to join us,” Amy said and pressed an inch closer, brushing her nipples into the bottom of Yuri’s monumental breasts. Legends would be told of her extraordinary willpower at that moment, and how she exhausted it all to keep from sinking into those chest pillows.

“I… I don’t know,” Yuri averted her gaze. Tall and visibly powerful, yet shy and inexperienced. Was there a more enticing combo?

“We won’t do anything you don’t want to,” Amy said, trying to sell heron the idea, “But you clearly want to.” She added with a shimmy of her hips.

“Have you no shame?”

“Some, just enough that I’m not trying to ride you right now.”

“You are a strange girl.”

“Isn’t that what it means to be a futa? And an Amazon?”

“I suppose… we’ll see where the day goes,” Yuri said, then turned her attention to the cameras. Unbidden, she clapped a hand onto Amy’s ass. Her palm and fingers covered the broad surface with ease, and sank into it like old friends. The shorter Amazon restrained a gasp at the touch and returned the favour. They pulled each other tight, which only made the size difference more apparent.

Amy’s cock gave a jerk as she wondered what it must feel like to be so tall, and how it would feel to grow to such a height. She also caught sight of Amanda, a line of drool on the normal futa’s chin, as she gawked at the pair. A familiar stare for Amy. Amanda’s mind was made up; she would fuck both of them, probably at the same time, before the day was over.

Another slew of shots later and the long shoot came to an end. At its finale, everyone was ordered like a police line-up, from shortest to tallest with measurements behind them. Amanda pouted from the far end. All Amy could offer was a sincere smile. Then it was over.

“So, about that offer?”

“I…”

“Hey! Amy, um, some of the other models are heading to an afterparty. Want to join? It’ll really *fucking* fun, I swear,” Nicole interrupted, then glanced at the hulking majesty of Yuri, “Of course, Yuri’s also invited.”

“What do you say, Yuri?” Amy smirked.

“I don’t…”

“We’re going!” Amanda announced, launching herself onto Amy’s shoulders. She looked to Yuri, “Right?”

“But…”

“Come on, it’ll be awesome, I promise,” Amy said, “And I know you want to go. Or,” she snickered and lowered her voice to a challenging whisper, “Are you still a virgin? ‘Cos I’m not. Guess I’ve got you beat.”

“I’m going,” Yuri growled, but not in hostility. She was excited, no mistake.

“Great! There’s a studio next door that’s not being used for a few hours. Let’s go!” With that Nicole grabbed Amy’s hand, Amanda wrapped her body around the eight-foot Amazon’s body, and Amy latched onto Yuri’s hand.

The unused studio was pure white, a set designed for high contrast shots, and provided adequate room. All the models were present, and a few of the crew, many of which were struggling to hide their bewilderment and arousal. Many had separated into their own groups. Three normal women had reserved Nicole it seemed, as they all but clung to her, eyes locked to her bosom. The Amazons kept to themselves, though the one with the largest ass – next to Yuri that is – had a fervent admirer already worshipping her rear. Amy, with Amanda still on her shoulders, turned to Yuri.

“This is…” the Russian gulped as several of the others abandoned their clothes. Before long, the sounds of passion permeated the room. The big assed Amazon had the stage-hand’s face buried within her cheeks, while Nicole’s nipples received a blitzkrieg of kisses and her pussy was fisted. Others were entangled in their own lust. That left Amy and her companions.

“Awesome, just like I said,” Amy said and pressed close to her, then stood on her tip-toes, arched her back and pulled Yuri down into a lurid, sloppy kiss. Amanda, meanwhile, moved like a ninja and relieved them of their clothes.

It was her first kiss. Yuri lacked any technique, her tongue fluttered like a frightened bird, and her hands were stiff against Amy’s sides. How did someone like this go so long without sex? Amy pushed her postulations aside. There were better things to devote her mind to, such as invigorating Yuri’s sex drive with a deft squeeze of her dense balls, or tracing down the length of her shaft. She poured on the slop as Yuri reciprocated. Rivulets escaped their lips and smeared their makeup.

Unseen, Amanda made her move. Whatever she did, spurred Yuri into action. Her mouth devoured Amy’s, inhaling her moans of surprised delight, slavering their cocktail of spit all over. When they parted, both were a panting mess of desire, each sporting an erection that shamed most others.

“Fuck yeah,” Amanda cooed from beneath them. They looked down to find her stood between them, face level to Yuri’s naked crotch, on which there was a wisp of snowy pubic hair. She grabbed both their cocks without invite, and nuzzled her face into the pair, moaning and panting as she did so. Amy’s shaft throbbed harder at the sight of its superior, befitting someone of Yuri’s stature.

It looked over three-foot long, as broad as Amanda’s thigh, and capped with an exotic flared head not unlike a horse-cock. A little flatter and it would be hard to distinguish the two. As it was, the peak was blunt with a protrusive urethra, already glistening with pent-up pre, that rounded out as it sank into the shaft. Dozens of gnarled veins riddled its surface, each the size of a finger. Some criss-crossed to create dense knots.

“Um…” Yuri nursed at her lush bottom lip, before she was caught in another spit-filled kiss, her tongue being coaxed out to fence with Amy’s.

Amanda moaned her joy as she basked in each pricks musk and heft and pure, masculine presence. Her own cock burst from its flimsy jail to weep at the sight and touch of its superiors. Yuri and Amy’s heartbeats echoed hers, stepping up as they all fell deeper into their lusts. She nestled deeper into the pair, coating her face in their delicious stench.

Pre-cum and sweat smeared her skin as she betrayed her own scent for theirs. When she reeled back, every intake through her flared nostrils was saturated in either Amy or Yuri’s musk, though pangs of floral soap and her own odour marred it. Unacceptable. She stroked each shaft now, spurred on by the muffled moans and lurid slurps from above, and poised both heads over her face as pre-cum began to drool upon her. As it poured, she rubbed it into her skin until it shone with lewd cock-slime.

“That’s it,” Amanda breathed, “Cover my face in pre. Make me reek of you guys. Turn me into a fucking cum dumpster.” Yuri attempted to reply but her tongue was sucked deep into Amy’s mouth. The room heated as everyone grew feverish in their respective fuckings. Even the Russian ice queen wasn’t unaffected. Her hips rocked to Amanda’s steadily quicker strokes, and to Amy’s perfected make out technique.

“Oh, fuck, there’s so much. It’s gonna drown me,” Amanda moaned.

“Yeah,” Amy pulled away from Yuri, grinning as they exchanged hot gusts of air, “We’re gonna fucking cover you, inside and out. Isn’t that right, Yuri?”

“I-I… Yes?”

“Aww, don’t be shy,” Amy said and kissed her hard once more, amplified with a powerful moan as Amanda Frenched her urethra, “She loves roleplaying. Whatever kind. Right now, she’s the perfect cum dumpster for a pair of Amazons. Especially one with cock like yours.” With that she took Yuri’s cock from her lover’s grasp and found a fierce tempo, flinging pre-cum everywhere.

“Ahh, that’s… it’s sensitive.”

“That’s the point,” Amy giggled, then stepped back, wrenching her cock from Amanda, “But I think it’s time to show you the real fun.”

“Yes,” Amanda groaned and jumped at Amy. The Amazon caught her as if she were made of feathers, then lifted her, until the pint-sized futa’s pussy hovered over her majestic cock, raised on sheer internal muscle. Eyes locked to Yuri’s darkening blue orbs, Amy dropped her lover. Both cried out, then stifled each other’s shouts as they tongue-fucked the other’s mouths. Amy’s tongue soundly defeated Amanda’s, though she refused to give in so soon.

“I just watch?” Yuri asked, frowning at the pair, despite her cock twitching and visibly throbbing harder than ever.

“No,” Amy said and lowered herself and Amanda to the ground, putting herself on all fours, ass high and her ripe pussy on display. Lewd strings of fem-cum bridged her thighs together and even her ass cheeks, “You join in.”

Yuri’s mouth opened and closed as she stared at the two. This was sex? Every story she’d read that so much as mentioned the word described it as romantic, something shared between two people, sometimes more if they were depraved enough. Even with the internet, and the filth therein, she couldn’t shake such a concept. It should be shared between lovers. Yet these two were fine inviting her?

That said, she was in a closed room surrounded by rutting individuals. None were of her stature, however. They were the lower crowd, the sort that would gladly give in to their baser instincts for sex. She wasn’t one of them.

Her cock disagreed. It not only approved of the proceedings around her, it adored them. From the big-breasted Nicole, who had all three of her worshippers slavering over her pussy, to the underwhelming futa with her dick buried to hilt in some woman’s throat, and back to Amy and Amanda. The normal-futa bounced beneath her Amazonian girlfriend, tits slapping together and into her face, her stomach distorted around the impressive cock, while her snatch squelched with depraved ecstasy. That alone made Yuri envy them.

But Amy both made it better and worse. Better, because her body masked most of Amanda’s jiggling figure, and worse for that same reason. Though smaller by a full two feet, and distinctly less womanly than Yuri – no one had yet to improve upon her own physique – but she was stunning, nonetheless.

Golden skin wreathed in sweaty brunette coils, which flowed down into her lumbar region and parted for her extravagant hips, that then thinned a hair as they transitioned into her thighs, bulging with muscle yet softened with gorgeous fat. Even at her present angle, with her ass arched out, her balls peaked beyond the rotund cheeks. How old was she again? Was she done growing?

Yuri’s grabbed her cock as she imagined what Amy might become if she continued to grow like this. Two feet for an Amazon was nothing, Yuri had grown that over a summer, and Amy was bigger in every capacity than she was at that height and/or age. The ten-foot Amazon looked to her member and wondered how seeing such a massive beast on another person might look, then silenced the thought. This pedestal was hers. She was the tallest and biggest and no one could take away.

Yet Amy’s body dared sow doubts in her thoughts. Such a crime couldn’t go unpunished. Or at least, not without retribution. Yuri steeled her nerves and ignored the violent thumping of her heart in her chest, instead she heeded the determined march of her cock. Everything blurred, then she was crouched low, cock in hand and pressed flush to Amy’s pussy.

An inferno did no justice. The waves of heat that pumped from her opening were like blistering gusts of sand in a desert, but infinitely more pleasurable, and the constant flood of juices was magma against Yuri’s cock. Yet no pain warned her. Each degree of flame that licked at her dick pulled her deeper, until she was spreading the folds and entering Amy.

“I’ve missed so much!” Yuri whispered. She’d masturbated so much she could write a novel on all the intricacies to getting off, how the shift in pressure from one end to the other could make all the difference between a poor orgasm and a body-shaking climax. Nothing, not in all those years, compared to the tightness that now gripped her very soul.

Amy was a vice clamped around her. Velvet walls threatened to crush Yuri’s cock, yet still she slid deeper into the hellfire, which dripped with the richest honey that lubricated her path. Pleasure burned with every inch she travelled, pressure gathered in her balls and gut, even her snatch prepped for an orgasm, but she kept it restrained. So much of her cock was still in the open, now cold air.

She needed that warmth. Less than a third it seemed had tasted Amy’s cunt, leaving over two feet to suffer in the icy air. How shameful! Yuri hunched forward and clasped the smaller Amazon’s hips with her hands, severing all over sound with the crack of flesh on flesh, then yanked her back. Both the shorter futanari exclaimed their shock and pleasure. Amy’s quieted to a grunt as some barrier got between Yuri and complete satisfaction, before it gave way to a deep roar.

“Took you… long enough,” Amy panted. A lurid smirk grafted itself to her face and to Amanda’s, who also looked to Yuri through a mask of pleasure. She was a pretty futa, nothing to dismiss without a second look, but now she could stand with any model. Yuri never expected spit, tears and pre-cum to make such a gorgeous sight.

“Now come on,” Amy said and wriggled her hips side to side, grinding her voluptuous ass into Yuri’s crotch, “Fuck this upstart model. Or I’ll end up getting the drop on you.”

“Like hell you will,” Yuri growled and gave a sharp tug of her hips. Where she expected to glide free of Amy’s tunnel like she had gone in, her cock was caught on the futa’s cervix.

“Hmm, fuck! Sorry babe, looks like you’re stuck in my womb,” Amy moaned and reverse-thrust into the Russian, while bucking her hips down to pile-drive her own dick into Amanda. Yuri grumbled something under her breath, before she rocketed into a violent pace. All other sounds, even the cries of other Amazons as they came, were whispers compared to the thunder of Yuri’s flesh on Amy’s, and hers, in turn, on Amanda’s.

Each of their bodies quivered. Amanda girded her tits in her hands, preventing them from smacking her face, and twisted the nipples, while her mouth busied itself with both of Amy’s teats as she suckled on the long nubs. Yuri did nothing to still the leaps of her breasts. They flew every direction, her face included, accenting the slap of her groin against Amy’s wet cunt.

Amy was no stranger to threesomes or orgies, less so since entering college. This, however, was another level. Three feet of cock the size of her leg was inside her. She could watch her own phallus pulse from within Amanda’s body, yet her own gut was no less deformed by Yuri’s behemoth. The weight of it was incredible by itself, as was the shared palpitations of their balls, which clashed time and again, churning an ever-thickening flood of sperm. Part of her wondered if she should skip the pill and see if Yuri got her pregnant.

The idea flashed her teeth to the world. She covered Amanda and leaned into her ear, whispering her intentions. The Amazon whore nodded eagerly and popped her mouth free. Amy slowed her thrusts and looked back to Yuri, eyes wide and pleading, while she focused on her pussy muscles.

“Come in me, Yuri. Ooh, get me pregnant. Stuff my tiny womb with you huge, Russian babies. Make me carry your giant kids! Get this Amazon slut pregnant with your children!” Amy cooed.

“Then me,” Amanda moaned, “Fuck, I can’t wait to what my belly balloon with your cum, then your kids. Ahhh! It’ll get so fuck huge! Give it to me! Either of you! Give me a fucking Amazon baby!”

Yuri’s thrusts staggered, then resumed at a violent pace. She said nothing to them, but Amy was certain she and the foreigner shared the same thoughts. Of Amy and Amanda waddling around with huge guts hanging from their clothes, so enormous that they couldn’t even see their erect dicks past them, and their tits so engorged with milk that they leaked through any maternity bra, and hips too wide to wear anything not designed for the Hulk.

It was Amy’s greatest fantasy, but one that she had every intention of holding out on for some time. For now, though, she was glad to indulge in the fantasy. Especially as Amanda urged them to change places. Amy and Yuri stood opposite each other, the taller Amazon crouching so their groins were level, while Amanda descended down both their cocks, each buried in her pussy.

“What the fuck are you?” Yuri moaned.

“Who fucking cares?” Amy laughed and kissed her short lover, almost covering her face in her passion, and whispered to her “I bet Eliza made something for you, you sneaky bitch.” Amanda just chuckled and moaned as she was impaled. The logistics of how a human body might stretch like that was beyond either Amazon, even Eliza probably didn’t know, but neither cared for the moment. Their dicks rubbed against each other as Amanda’s sopping cunt doused them.

The tiny girl’s cock lurched when she reached the base and unloaded the first load of cum between the three. It was a pitiful squirt compared to what came next. They bounced her a couple of times, however the friction, combined with Amanda’s fuck-addled expression, was too much. Amy pulled Yuri close, their tits mashing together around Amanda’s face, and kissed her hard as they unloaded into their cocksleeve.

After teasing Yuri for so long, Amy was backed up already. She cried into her new lover’s mouth as cum raced through up her shaft, swelling its central vein to the size of a bottlecap. Yuri wasn’t far behind, screeching with release after going days without orgasm and from the relentless teases during the photoshoot. Entire ounces leaked from her tip as the dense fluid built in her urethra, before the pressure was too much. Both her and Amy’s first shots erupted into Amanda’s obscene womb.

Her belly went from misshapen with a pair of massive Amazon cocks, to a smooth, rotund ball of cum in an instant. That was a single load from each of the towering futanari. A follow-up swelled her further, then another forced her to the limit. With a stomach massive enough to house a normal human, the pressure overwhelmed her and semen exploded from her snatch. Her own juices thinned the tide of viscous white sludge.

“Here,” Yuri said once the ‘party’ was over and handed Amy a card, “It’s my number. Call if you ever want to meet.”

“Cool. Here’s mine,” Amy hastily scribbled her and Amanda’s numbers down on a piece of paper, “If you’re in town, call us. We’ll gladly do this again, right Maddy?”

“Hmm,” Amanda hummed, resting against Amy’s back, exhausted after the orgy. Even Amy struggled to stay upright before they were in Joan’s car.

“See ya,” Amy waved as they drove away, “I hope she calls us soon. I’ve never been fucked so good.”

“Sounds like you enjoyed yourselves,” Joan said from the front.

“Don’t mope. I saw you sneak in,” Amy chuckled with a knowing wriggle of her eyebrows.