Amy Chapter 3

Amy tugged at her skin-tight shirt, stretched taut over her braless breasts. Tiny details bulged out against the black garment, from the faint bumps along her areolae to her tense nipple. Even calm, they were conspicuous. Anyone would notice them. Given her height – *seven feet and six inches, last she measured* – she’d be fortunate if people didn’t run into them.

“You look fine, don’t worry,” Amanda chuckled from their bed.

“I mean,” Amy pivoted onto her side, studying her reflection. Her shirt didn’t even reach her hips anymore, though she couldn’t refute how it flattered her curves, despite the unnecessity, “You don’t think people will notice?”

“Babe, they *always* notice you. Nothing new,” Amanda said.

“Yeah,” Amy murmured and lowered her skirt so it rested at her mid-thigh. The tops of her hips peeked over, as did the lacy trim of her underwear. The specialised garment bit into her member if she moved wrong, regardless of how slight, “I dunno. There’s gotta be something bigger.” She rummaged through her wardrobe.

“We’re gonna be late,” Amanda hummed.

Amy stopped, “Ugh, fine. If someone gropes me, I’m blaming you.”

“Really?” Amanda said and hopped to her feet. She strode up to the Amazon, whose head resided an entire two feet above her own, and latched her hands onto Amy’s breasts. Her fingers dug into the soft expanse, but the shirt prevented her from experiencing their true plushness. The force sent a quiver throughout Amy’s chest, the fat mounds resembled jelly as they jiggled against the mould.

“I love you,” Amy laughed and pulled her from the ground into a strong embrace. She leaned her cheek against her girlfriend’s head and sighed at her scent, sweet and tangy with a hint of lust. Delicious, she thought.

“Alright, Miss Amazon,” Amanda leaned away, “Much as I love this, some of us actually want to be in class.”

“Fine,” Amy pouted but set her down.

“Quit whining,” Amanda said, turned away and headed out their room, “Remember, we’ve got that party tonight. And I think *someone* has *something* special planned.” She winked as she vanished from sight, rushing to her class while Amy strolled after her.

Punctuality didn’t concern Amy. College acted as a side track for her, something to keep her occupied until she decided what she wanted out of life. A desk job? Volleyball? Modelling? What indeed, she thought and stepped out from the sorority house.

Something fun. Amy met the same vague conclusion that she always did. She sat in her architecture class, cheek on her hand while she tapped her pen against paper. The professor prattled on, his words lost to her ears. People glanced her way throughout the lecture, faint murmurs sparked by her new height and tense shirt. Those in front gawked under her skirt at the daunting bulge of her cock.

“Finally,” Amy huffed once she crouched under the door, legs sailing across the hard floor.

“Tough class?” Amanda asked, breathless.

“No,” Amy said and shortened her strides, “Just thinking about the future.”

“Oh, honey no,” Amanda chuckled.

“I’m serious,” Amy said, though her resolve cracked with laughter.

“There’s nothing to think about right now,” the shorter girl assured. She has a point, Amy thought with a physical shrug. Modelling agencies the world over were begging to sign her, and volleyball teams tripped head over heel for her membership. Three more years of college laid out before her, if she wanted to graduate that is.

Amanda pulled on her hand, bringing her attention back to the dark redhead. They stood in the second floor hallway of the main building, where most of the unremarkable facilities were located, outside the cafeteria doors. A sign read ‘*banquet day – help yourself’*. Amy blinked at the sight. She wouldn’t have thought she could be so caught up in her own thoughts for so long, though her enhanced height might’ve played a part.

“Wow, you’re really out of it, aren’t you?”

“Guess so,” Amy mumbled, “Maybe I’m just tired?”

“Can’t imagine why,” Amanda turned her eyes skyward.

“Oh, yeah,” Amy grinned and leaned down, pressing her face close to the gorgeous profile of her lover, “Doesn’t have anything to do with you riding me all of last night. Definitely nothing to do with cumming five times in a row. Or being woken up to you blowing me.”

“Glad you get it,” Amanda pecked her on the lips.

“Uh ah,” Amy shook her head and returned the kiss, then deepened it. She raised Amanda in her arms once more. Their lips conformed together, wet smacks and pops echoed in Amy’s mind as they separated and reunited. The Amazonian futa slid her tongue past Amanda’s welcoming lips, tasting hers in turn. A trickle of saliva leaked from their union and flowed down Amy’s chin, as did her desire. It meandered through her body, lighting everything on fire.

She pushed Amanda against a wall. The shorter futa wrapped her legs around the amazon’s waist, holding her tight. Amy groaned deep in her throat, heart pulsating as blood flowed to her cock, now constricted by her panties and skirt. Her hands clung to Amanda’s voluptuous ass, fingers deep in her curves and savouring the texture as she massaged the cheeks. Gentle undulations rolled through the small futa’s body against Amy’s daunting one.

The college walls and passing students swirled and faded into the aether. At the back of her mind, Amy knew they were there, watching in blatant desire. She didn’t care. Every flick of her tongue against Amanda’s, every drop of spit they shared, every ounce of desire boiling within her crotch seared away her worries. *This* made her happy.

She loved modelling, rather, she loved showing off her body. Volleyball made her blood pump and set her competitiveness on high. But neither scratched the surface of her time with Amanda. It could be a passing romance, the kind her parents mentioned. It could end in failure.

Amy moaned against her girl’s lips. A fresh stream of spit overflowed from their mouths. In the end, it wouldn’t matter, Amy thought. She loved this futa and, for the moment, little else mattered. Hardness pulsed against her stomach where Amanda’s crotch resided. Heat flowed from it, into her own strenuous bulge, pushed tight against her clothes. She drove her hands under Amanda’s shorts to grip her ass, skin on skin.

“So soft,” Amy breathed and silenced herself once more, lips enraptured by her lover’s mouth. No reason to think. No purpose for her worries. Those were adequate reasons for her to ignore any uncertainty. She pulled her in tighter, a dribble of moisture now part of the experience. Amanda ground against her belly, her pre-cum rubbed off on the toned flesh, as her cock swelled higher, a clear line against her top.

“We should stop,” Amanda gasped, “I feel like I’m gonna cum.”

“But I like this,” Amy said, huge breasts heaving as they overwhelmed her girlfriend’s impressive pair.

“I know… believe me, I do,” Amanda chuckled, “But I’ve got class after lunch, and we, uh, might have a bit of an audience.”

“Spoilsport,” Amy huffed and set her down.

“Quit your bitching,” Amanda admonished with a light smack on the amazon’s breast, “I’ll make it up to you tonight. Promise.” They stepped apart to a groan from their spectators. Amy flashed them a grin and led Amanda into the cafeteria, eyes bright as they leered down at the shorter futa, whose eyebrow arched. She looked down at herself, crimson boiled over into her cheeks at the blatant bulge running up her shirt. Dampness spread out from the tube shape.

Amy couldn’t judge with her own skirt acting as little more than a sheet. Designed for such a purpose, her underwear tolerated the swell of her cock, taut around its and her balls shape. They raised her skirt, enough for any curious eye to sneak a glimpse of her privates. She glanced around the lunch room, met several keen gazes and chuckled at the palpable desire some girls radiated. How could they not, she thought and beamed at her girlfriend. Amanda returned the expression with her flushed cheeks.

They strode into the lunch line, casual as possible. All eyes watched Amy, stunned and aroused by her sudden burst in height. She towered over them before, now she compounded that fact. Many stares followed the bounce of her breasts, pert despite her lack of underwear, some settled on her curvaceous rear – though she would bow to Amanda’s superior ass – while everyone, without fail, gawked at her groin.

She glanced behind her to find an average girl, no more than 5’4’’, crouched with her head tilted back. Amy turned as the girl realised she’d been caught. Her cock came within inches of the admirer’s face, close enough to offer a heavy whiff of her musk. She trailed her eyes over the nameless girl, a freshman she presumed, and saw her nipples poke through her band-shirt. It showed a female singer Amy didn’t recognised, whose body was an exact match for the girls. At a glance, she could believe that the singer’s nipples were hard.

“Feel free to take a picture,” Amy said. The girl whipped out her phone in an instant. Once she had her fill, she left the queue for a table full of observing girls. They giggled at her arrival and huddled around her phone. Several glanced at Amy, ran their tongues sensually slow across their lips and winked at her.

Of course, she’d seen the same expression dozens… hundreds of times in the past. She stopped counting during high school. Amy smirked at them and turned her attention back to Amanda, who kept herself pressed against the counter as she grabbed various pieces of her meal. Few things exaggerated the shorter girl’s demeanour, but embarrassment did so with gusto.

Dark red hair contrasted to her bright cheeks. She tucked a lock behind her ear, revealing a playful grin on her luscious lips, painted in vibrant red. Her soft tan let the splay of freckles across her cheeks stand out, enough to be cute without obstructing her face. A quick glance to her side showed off her emerald eyes, curiosity and desire brightened them better than any mere jewel. Though untested, Amy could stare at her face all day.

She often did when the rare occasions she woke before Amanda.

“Something on my face?” Amanda asked.

Amy shook her head, “No.”

“Then quit staring.”

“No,” Amy repeated to a drawn-out sigh. They came out from the line and steered toward their usual table, where Clary and Jade sat. Dana’s timetable differed to theirs that day.

“Am I gonna have to get shock collars for you two?” Jade groaned, spying the still impressive swells of their members.

“Blame her,” Amanda nudged Amy as they sat side-by-side. Her tray of salad and chicken curry paled to Amy’s meal, the amazon having taken more than one of the same item to sate her ravenous appetite.

“Didn’t hear you complaining.”

“Kinda hard when your tongue’s down my throat.”

“Bet you wish it was somewhere else,” Amy snickered and let her tongue hang out, long even for her huge stature.

“You know me so well,” Amanda said and pulled her down to suckle on the wet muscle, casting a sidelong glance at their friends as she wriggled her eyebrows.

“I swear you’re both gonna get arrested for indecent exposure. When you do, don’t come crying to us,” Jade pinched the bridge of her nose. Music hummed beside her, Clary’s ears plugged into her phone while she tapped to the rhythm, “Exactly right, Clary,” Jade added. The musician blinked at her name and looked to Jade.

“Hmm? Did you say something?” She asked, pulling out her earphones.

“Don’t worry about it,” Amanda said, “More importantly, you two in for the party tonight?”

“I don’t think so,” Jade muttered and poked at her mashed potato, “Some of us prefer to wake up on time.”

“Aw, don’t be like that,” Clary said and leaned over, pulling the exotic futa in for a hug. Jade’s face fell into the endless depths of the musician’s cleavage and, enveloped in such exquisite tits, her disciplined mask cracked. A slight jerk caught Amy’s attention. She smirked and reached out with her leg, easily bridging the gap between her and Jade. The strict futa grunted at the touch, but Clary refused to let her pull away.

“Ooh, someone’s liking the attention,” Amy teased. She slid her shoe off and poked her foot against Jade’s shorts, finding a distinct bulge had formed.

“Really? You like my boobs that much? Aw, ain’t you sweet?” Clary gushed and held her tighter. Jade’s chin caught on the blue-haired girl’s neckline and pulled her shirt down, unleashing her mammoth tits to the world. Amanda giggled as she spectated the inadvertent lunchtime entertainment.

Amy rubbed the sole of her foot into Jade’s crotch, gripping the swelling shape with her limber toes. Their friend, renowned for her self-control, moaned at the touch. Clary no longer held her in place, instead she mashed her breasts against Jade’s cheeks, swallowing her entire head in their masses.

“Hey, babe,” Amy leaned to Amanda, “Why don’t you help Jade out?”

“Sure thing,” Amanda cackled and licked her lips. She slid under the table, food forgotten, and sidled across Amy’s leg to Jade’s trapped erection. Her fingers found the zipper and pulled.

“No!” Jade gasped and jerked upright. She pushed Amanda and Amy away, the latter still gripped her zipper, though, “Great…” the tanned futa glared around the table, lingered on Amy before she fixed her scowl on Clary.

“What?”

“You started it, so finish it,” Jade huffed. Her cock peeked over the table’s edge, its dark crown wet with pre-cum.

“What happened to ‘indecent exposure’?” Amy giggled, earning another harsh frown.

“Sure,” Clary shrugged, the rest of her shirt falling down her arms. None at the table, nor in the sorority, possibly the entire college, could deny her place as most endowed. Even Amy’s bust came second to hers. The singer/songwriter shimmied down as Amanda had done moments prior, torso-concealing tits jiggling with every slight move. Amy followed them, eyes swaying with the plump nipples and immense areolae as they vanished from sight.

“A little privacy, please?” Jade grunted. Her cock fell beneath the table as a loud, wet slurp drowned out her words. Another followed, punctuated by an intentional gag. Amy and Amanda ate in silence, smirking at their friend and savouring the sounds of Clary’s expert oral skills. Indignation flitted across Jade’s features, chased away by her pleasure.

Her hands stayed below the table top, biceps flexing as the lewd slurps hastened. Viscous strings of spit fell to the floor like heavy raindrops. Clary’s familiar voice hummed throughout, broken up by her skilled chokes. All sounds stopped for a moment, then Jade relaxed. Heavy gasps filtered through the air, before the lurid song resumed.

Amy watched her friend’s face. Her lips were tight, throat working to keep her from drooling, while her eyes clenched shut. Her eyelids fluttered, a sign Amy recognised. The amazon beamed in mischievous delight and extended her leg once more, this time to pull Clary away. Jade’s eyes flew open.

“Wh-why’d you stop?” She asked, staring down at her crotch, where Clary knelt, huge tits filling her lap, with Amy’s foot on her shoulder. Jade’s lip twitched as she turned to Amy, “Let her go.”

“On one condition,” Amy giggled. Her foot let the musician sway, placing her lips within inches of Jade’s slop-covered prick.

“Ugh, name it,” Jade groaned.

“You’re gonna come to the party.”

“Fine, fine. Just let me cum down her throat,” Jade grabbed at Clary’s hair and pulled hard, impaling the eager girl on her ten-inch cock. Her head flew back, lips parted, as she stifled her cries to mere gasps. Amy moved her foot under Clary’s chin, to Jade’s full testes, and played with them. Her friend groaned louder.

A minute later and Clary sat huddled against Jade. Cum and saliva stained her face and shirt, now put back into place over her bountiful bosom, while she wore a contented grin.

“Thanks for the workout,” Clary trilled.

“Yeah, no problem,” Jade mumbled. She refused to meet the girl’s adoring eyes, focused instead on the uneaten remnants of her lunch.

“I’ve gotta get going,” Amanda said after a check of her phone, “I’ll see you at the party. Don’t forget the formula,” she whispered into Amy’s ear and kissed the lobe.

“Wouldn’t dream of it.”

Their sorority resided half a mile off the main campus, nestled into a neat suburban community. An ideal area would have been on the ‘campus street’, where most sororities and their counterparts lived. Sigma Futa, however, needed a more understanding neighbourhood. For all the parties that a typical college frat house hosted, they held an infamous title for theirs. In part due to the noise and stench of various substances during the party proper, but it was the aftermath that became cause for complaint.

To that end, they moved the sorority to an environment filled to the brim with energetic yet bored neighbours, eager for some form of excitement. Their parties of late often included the local housewives, and their husbands on occasion, inviting them into the flood of alcohol and sex and general discord. Several members’ families lived in the community, both a convenience and curse depending on the perspective.

Amy sat on her queen-sized bed, phone in hand and speakers blaring. Pre-partiers had shown up, comprised of underachievers intent on retaining such a distinction. Her music pumped against the pulsations from below her floor, a constant war note for note. Sharp yells pierced through the noise, and faded as immediately. The vague smashing of a pot caught her ear as she glanced to her left. There, a single bottle of her new favourite drink sat on her nightstand, awaiting its chance to make her shine.

She sighed, stood and took stock of her and Amanda’s spacious room. On each side of the bed, stood a table and, beside them, a short chest of drawers for their more ‘immediate’ clothing needs. The two shared the built-in wardrobe, filled it to the brim with their outfits and piled their shoes high. Amy slid it open to inspect her clothes.

She wore nothing for the meantime. Everything but the ground floor and basement was member’s only, leaving her in privacy. All her sorority sisters had become intimately acquainted with her body in the year since she joined, even the freshmen, and she with theirs. Were it not for the open invitation, she would’ve joined the festivities in the nude. Her upperclassmen had made more than enough of a fuss after the first time – and second, third, fourth and fifth – for her to understand.

“But nothing fits,” Amy whined. She sifted through top after top. None suited the occasion, either too tight to fit over her breasts or too short to cover them adequately. Amanda made it clear that she wasn’t to show off too much skin to strangers. The amazon laughed and pouted as she searched. Jealousy suited her girlfriend well.

The door burst open and in stepped Amanda, clad in her usual social fare. A cropped shirt blatantly displayed her lithe waist and hugged her breasts, enough for Amy to spot her lacy bra at a glance. Light skin led to her distressed jeans, strategic slits made to offer glimpses of her full thighs, above which her shape flared into an erotic hourglass.

“Everyone’s here,” Amanda said. On cue, the house exploded into cheers and vibrations of heavily distorted dance music, “Any luck?” She asked, shutting the door. Amy sent a silent prayer of thanks to whoever invented soundproofing.

“See any?” Amy replied.

“Does it matter what you wear?” Amanda strode over and hugged the amazon, gifting her with a full, sensual smirk, “You look great no matter what.”

“True. But I like dressing up now and then,” Amy said, reciprocating the grin before she hefted the richly endowed girl off the floor, “Maybe I’ll just wear you? We can walk around with my cock buried up your ass, while you hug my big, huge, massive tits.”

“Okay, that sounds lovely. But don’t get me turned on yet, last thing I want is to walk around with a raging boner. And those all mean the same thing.”

“Aw, and here I thought was I being clever,” Amy shrugged, “The offer’s always there.”

“I’ll think about it,” Amanda laughed, “Now c’mon, I wanna have some fucking fun.”

“That can be arranged,” Amy beamed and lowered the girl, hands clasped to her ass as their sexes rubbed together.

“Again, sounds great. For later,” Amanda said, though she rolled her hips and ground her crotch into Amy’s flaccid prick, huge despite its slumber. She hopped free and reached behind the amazon, grabbed a shirt and handed it to Amy, “Now get dressed. I’m not going back down without my big, huge, massive…”

“I get it, I get it,” Amy sighed.

“That’s my futa,” Amanda grinned and kissed the amazon’s plump nipple before it vanished under her top. Amy, then, pulled on her panties and a pair of once baggy shorts, now offered under an inch of leeway around her toned thighs, and none against her crotch. Her shirt hung over her breasts as a cloak might, concealing all but the bottoms from view.

“Remind me to call the agency tomorrow,” Amy said.

“No problem. Now let’s party!”

Lights flashed from above without an apparent pattern. Splashes of red, blue, green and, indeed, all shades of the rainbow illuminated splotches of the houses living room, now converted into a dancefloor. The kitchen functioned as a waypoint, with chairs and non-alcoholic refreshments for all. Few people occupied the space, while throngs danced elsewhere.

In the living room, several dancers slowed and stopped. Music blared and reverberated against the walls, seeped into the floor and bounced against their feet. Noiseless chatter filtered in amongst the distorted melodies. All focused on the new arrival, whose stunning figure stood head and shoulders above theirs. Breasts bigger than any onlooker’s head wobbled to and fro, hips ill-fitted for the shorts that contained them sashayed hypnotically, while a plentiful bulge led the procession. All eyes drifted from their partners to the fixation of lust.

Amy pushed a set of earplugs into her ears, still the music rattled her bones and curves. Her breasts jiggled against her strained shirt, slight tents where her nipples protruded, while her shorts pressed flush against her rear, pulled their by her cock. Amanda walked beside her, clad in a short, skin-tight blue and gold dress. It ended an inch past her ass, while the neckline stretched low around her luscious tits. Few glanced to her, fixated on the reputable amazon.

She refused to return the favour and focused on Amanda, “Care to dance?”

“With pleasure,” Amanda pressed close and coiled her arms around Amy’s slender waist. They swayed in their embrace, deaf to the EDM thumping around them or the curious stares.

Dancing was close to a dream for Amy. Flashes of watching ballet recitals or staring at dancers on competition shows flew across her mind, as did the lessons she took as a child, before her height became life-affecting. She liked to think she did well, before puberty shot into overdrive. Overnight growing pains and sudden increases in weight made walking an awkward affair, let alone dance.

So, she dropped it after failing time and again to regain her limber movements. Fate refused her such an opportunity when her cock swelled into the behemoth her partners remembered her for. One door closed and another opened, albeit far from ideal. Amy joined the volleyball team, where her height became a strength, though her gangling movements proved an issue. A modelling agency found her soon after.

The perfect role for someone like her. Amy could never be graceful again, her limbs were too long, nor could she coordinate with teammates. Pose and look gorgeous, on the other hand, were two things she excelled at.

Amy held Amanda’s head against her bust, hands entwined in silken, scarlet tresses. Her feet slid with the shorter futa’s, following her to avoid overstepping. They moved off-tempo to the music, a solitary duet in amongst the undulating crowds, now free of the spell Amy’s appearance cast. None stepped into the tight yet obvious bubble around the two.

Sweat thickened the air. Droplets fell from people’s hair and bodies, and glistened on their skin wherever the lights struck. Amanda had her back pressed into the amazon, whose hands sank deep into her chest. Amy’s fingers slid through the musky beads of perspiration, spreading the sheen across her tits, and savoured the delightful plushness. She crouched low, head coming to rest upon Amanda’s shoulder, while her hands trailed across and under the futa’s dress.

Others followed their example and took it further. Mindless chatter and moans filtered through the pounding music, imploring Amy to glance through her sorority’s living room. Partners ground against one another, some half-naked and others in process of joining them. A few had taken to the corners, their submissive partners’ heads buried deep in their crotches. Buried amongst the stifling dancers, two futanari had their cocks buried in each other’s mouths.

Amy’s own prick awakened at the displays. She stroked Amanda’s stiffening member through her thong, cooing at how it throbbed in response. Her lips tilted up to meet Amanda’s ear, breaths rushing across the sensitive lobe.

“I think we should get some air,” Amy whispered loud as she could.

“Uh huh,” Amanda nodded. Around them, the sexual haze thickened into a fine mist and parted with Amy’s long strides. They slouched into a mirrored set of lawn chairs and sighed. An open door provided fresh air from the garden, in which more partygoers moaned and lost themselves in their revelry. Amy grabbed a pair of cans from a nearby counter and handed one to Amanda.

“How long do think before everyone’s exhausted?” The amazon asked.

“Who knows? Depends on how many late comers we get,” Amanda shrugged.

“We could always give them a little show,” Amy said, reached over and gripped her lover’s thigh.

“Keep it in your pants, amazon,” Amanda chuckled, “We’ll have plenty of fun at the after-party.”

“But I want fun now,” Amy whined.

“Trust me, it’ll be worth it. But…” Amanda moved over and straddled the amazon’s thighs, digging her knees into the strong limbs, “No harm in making out.”

“That’s my girl,” Amy giggled and clapped her hands onto Amanda’s ass. She leaned down and caught her lips, while massaging the tender fat of her girlfriend’s rear. Their breasts squished together once more, squeezed out between their bodies as the two shared spit, fenced tongues and moaned. All else melted into an inconsequential mess. Whoever passed through went unnoticed, regardless of how long they stared.

Time continued its unceasing march. Visceral moans saturated the sorority house. Music died down in the face of the three unbridled orgies taking place. They soon unfolded into a cacophony of heavy splashes, ecstatic cries and voracious smacks of flesh on flesh. Amy and Amanda relented in their make out session to cuddle and talk, waiting for the party to come an end.

“Wow, looks like another successful party,” Jade said, stepping into the kitchen.

“You only just arrived?” Amy asked.

“You only told me to come, not that I had to be here for the whole thing,” Jade grinned.

“Whatever,” the amazon pouted.

“She got here in time for the real party, so no harm,” Amanda said.

“Are you ever gonna explain that?” Amy inquired.

“Hmm, yeah. I think I might as well,” the shorter futa stood and stretched, “You’re gonna shrink down, and we’re gonna play around with you. Sound good?”

“Should’ve said so earlier,” Amy beamed, hopped to her feet and rushed upstairs, “We’ll be in Clary’s room, right?”

“Yeah,” Amanda called and followed, Jade close behind.

“Alright!” Clary clapped her hands, face alight with her smirk as she surveyed the sorority sisters gathered in her room. An acoustic guitar stood in a corner, an electric counterpart and amp in another, while her bed rested at the centre. Sheets of paper laid scattered on the blue sheets. Several lounge chairs assembled around her. Amanda and Jade sat side-by-side, while several of their ‘sisters’ occupied the others. None wore anything besides underwear.

Amy hadn’t shown herself. Yet. She stood outside the door, cracked ajar, bottle in hand and waiting for Amanda to give her the signal. Few people knew of Eliza’s Shrinkage, hence the need for a stronger reveal. She stifled a laugh at the thought of how Gretta or Danielle might react.

“Time for the sorority afterparty!” Clary announced.

“In other words, time to fuck our brains out,” Gretta said. She ranked low in the sorority far as her upper curves were concerned, sporting petite B cups on her pudgy frame, but her lower-half decimated everyone’s. Entire inches squished out from her seat. For most, she stood out with her near-cartoonish lips and submissive tendencies.

“Damn right,” Danielle agreed. The two shared a room and made for an intriguing pair. Where Gretta lacked a bust and was female, Danielle more than compensated. Her bust came third against Amy and Clary, suitable to her tall – compared to most – body. She sported a distinct bulge in her panties, more from her balls than anything. She claimed to cum more than even Amy, though neither had tried to measure. Those aside, most recognised her for her white pixy-cut and competitivity.

“Where’s Dana?” Amanda asked.

“Getting her stomach pumped,” Jade answered.

“In what way?” Amanda arched her brow. Jade thinned her eyes, “Nice.” The busty futa grinned and gave a thumbs up. The signal.

An intimate warmth flowed as Amy glugged the formula. She shuddered as it drifted through her veins, seeped into her muscles and bones, and reached the stage it needed. Pinpricks sizzled across her skin and bristled with her steps.

“Hey everyone!” Amy announced. Her perspective had shrunk to her previous height. She noticed her view lowering if she focused, millimetre by millimetre.

“Oh, yeah!” Gretta beamed at the amazon, unaware of the near-impossible science taking place within Amy, “The resident giant comes to party. This just got interesting.”

“You’ve no idea,” Amanda giggled. Her keen eyes tracked Amy, watchful for the constant loss of height. *Those enormous breasts, once comparable to ripe watermelons made from jelly, now sat on par to firm soccer balls. The amazon’s panties hung loose around her hips, still broad and enticing, while her bulge diminished.*

“Finally,” Danielle groaned, “Now we get to see who cums more.”

“Maybe another time,” Amy grinned and walked to Amanda, strides shortening. Pinpricks turned to tingles, spread far across her skin. The feeling condensed, pulling her body… tighter? Was that the word? Amy wondered. Eliza would have to explain the specifics to her sometime.

She laid herself across Amanda’s body. A few inches divided them now, and shrank with each passing second. The former amazon did her best to appear large as ever, an effort she couldn’t maintain when her head fell below Amanda’s resting chin. They shared a grin and surveyed their companions, specifically Danielle and Gretta.

Both mimed the other’s expression of disbelief. Jaws agape, eyes bugged out, and panties wet. Neither moved or made a sound, captivated by the fantastical vision of their once seven-foot sorority sister shrinking to below a third of her height. Yet, for all that was lost, her breasts sat huge and defiant and her ass swelled from her tiny waist. Betwixt her thighs, still equivocal to a young oak tree, her panties nevertheless bulged.

Amy’s brow wrinkled into a frustrated scowl. Any sensation of shrinking had faded, leaving her steeped in a familiar lust and sensitivity, “This is way bigger than normal,” she pouted, *studying what had become of her this time. Two-foot-six-inches, she thought. About half a foot taller than at first. Her cock retained much of its former size, hanging down to her knees.*

“Nothing about this is normal,” Amanda reminded her. Amy’s pout remained, “Don’t worry. You’re still adorable like this.” *The now giant, by comparison, futa reached into Amy’s worthless underwear and groped at her endowment. Her new, high-pitched voice moaned at the touch and, as a wave of desire flooded her, pre-cum spat from her dick.*

“Um… anyone wanna explain what the fuck just happened?” Gretta demanded.

“I’ve got a shrinking potion. Used it a few times. Makes me really horny as well. So no more questions, and get to fucking!” Amy answered. Every word stiffened her cock, as if it understood the cue, until the turgid shaft burst free of her panties and smacked against her stomach. Pre-cum oozed in seconds, forced out by her excitement.

“Actually,” Amanda said, grinning coyly at her shrunken girlfriend, “I wanted to play a game.”

“Aw,” Amy groaned and went to stand, but Amanda held her down such that her strength meant little.

“You’ll like this. We’re each gonna take turns trying to make Amy cum, only with our mouths and hands. Then, whoever swallows her load, gets to keep her for the night.”

“And if we don’t swallow it?” Jade asked.

“Then the round begins again. Until someone can keep it down,” Amanda explained and grinned, “By the way, I don’t mean most of her load. I’m talking all of it. Every drop.”

Danielle spoke next, “What do we get out of this?”

“Hmm…”

“Who cares? Someone suck my dick,” Amy groaned and sprung free of Amanda’s arms, cock flopping with her spry move.

“How about the one who went before, sucks the current player off?” Amanda ignored her impatient lover.

“Sounds good,” Danielle smirked, “How long we get?”

“Fifteen seconds sucking, fifteen for her to rest,” Amanda said.

“Alright, fine. Rules are set. You go first,” Amy hopped onto Amanda’s chair and brandished her cock like a weapon. The now taller girl shook her head and looked to Clary, while her hand took Amy’s rigid shaft.

“Clary, mind helping me out?”

Falling to the floor, the singer crawled over as Amanda’s maw stretched around Amy’s impressive cock, “Of course,” Clary said and did likewise. Jade pulled out her phone to track the time and settled in to watch the proceedings. All futa unleashed their erections and the girls dropped their panties, revealing their lust engorged pussies.

Amy shoved her cock deep into her girlfriend’s mouth. Spit bathed her shaft as her tip pushed across Amanda’s slick tongue to the top of her throat. She gagged and grabbed Amy’s ass, still full enough to demand a hand per cheek, pulling her in. A tide of filth overflowed her stretched lips and showered the shrunken futa’s heavy balls. Amy grunted as she pushed to the hilt.

Amanda’s throat embraced her cock. Firm as a vice and soft as velvet doused in slime, it rolled against her prick as the girl tried to swallow, pressing on the shaft. They remained glued together. Amanda’s nostrils flared for breath, while her lips, jaw and tongue flexed around Amy’s dick. The two-foot amazon moaned and reared back to thrust hard.

“Time!” Jade announced. Without mercy, Amanda shoved Amy off and onto the floor. Thick, sticky ropes of saliva formed and broke in rapid succession, defiling the seated futa’s chest and matting Clary’s bobbing hair.

“That’s not fair! I was just getting started,” Amy grumbled.

“Hmm, don’t worry. It’ll be our turn again soon,” Amanda cooed from her pedestal. Clary worked her cock deep, wet gags and ounces of spit emanating from her speared gullet.

“I guess,” Amy pouted and hung her head, staring at the dripping length of her unsatisfied prick. With the reveal of Shrinkage’s lessened effects, she didn’t want to wait. What if it wore off soon? Eliza had told her to wait at least a day between doses. Any second wasted standing in a circle of her horny friends could be better spent taking a pair of cocks in her tiny holes and ramming her huge dick into someone else.

“My turn,” Jade said and, before Amy could think, picked the tiny futa up. She opened wide and swallowed Amy’s cock without flaw. Her soft lips coiled around the base as her friend’s feet grounded themselves on the armrests. Amanda forced herself away from Clary to fulfil her end of the rules.

Once Jade’s cock slid into the other futa’s gullet, she moved into action. Her head bobbed to and fro, lips gliding across Amy’s increasingly slimy cock, while her tongue fluttered and twirled and writhed against the hard length. She increased her pace, attaining a rhythm on par with a train piston. Amy’s cock strained her throat, then slid free to a burst of pre-cum tainted spit. Jade controlled the pace, holding the diminutive amazon’s hands at bay. Her Brazilian features became dulled under the thick streams of saliva.

“3… 2… 1. Time!” Gretta announced. She sat next to Jade, an eager grin plastered to her face. The pair separated and, finally, Jade coughed from the abuse to her throat. Amy panted, face painted red as her cock jerked in place. The surprise had pushed out all thought of her disappointment, leaving room for her pleasure to properly situate itself. She’d forgotten how strong her sensations became when she shrank.

Still, she thought and looked to Amanda, who remained latched to Jade’s dark cock. Someone had to be punished later.

Gretta’s turn came. She flipped herself upside down so her head hung off the chair and opened her mouth wide, offering it to the amazon. Amy refused to refuse such an offer. She lunged to the girl, stuffed her maw to its limit and fucked her at full force.

None who were familiar with Amy could mistake how much smaller she’d become. Half a foot of her cock had disappeared, and she stood at eyelevel with Amanda’s navel, yet her balls had arguably lost the least. They swayed, akin to heavy pendulums with her voracious thrusts. Everyone heard it, even Jade through the barrier of Gretta’s thighs around her ears, as they swung into the dickless-girls face.

Sloppy described her technique best. Gretta made no effort to suck Amy, instead she kept her mouth open, offering as if it were another pussy. Heaving gouts of spit and pre-cum poured across her face, squeezed out by Amy’s persistent thrusts. She grunted and moaned and yelled throughout, providing minimal stimulation through her own efforts.

“Time!” Danielle called. Amy tugged herself free with a loud gasp, while Gretta gurgled and spilled extra doses of throat-slime to the carpet below. A sheet of gunk coated her face and slid down her neck as she sat up, releasing Jade from the grip of her thighs. The exotic futa’s face lacked its usual refinement, caked in spit, pre-cum and a plethora of pussy juice.

Amanda came up behind Amy, capturing her in a bear hug, “I know this has been a bit frustrating for you, but hold out until my turn. You can relieve *everything* on me tonight.”

“No complaining?” Amy asked.

“I’ll be playing the perfect sub,” Amanda promised.

“My turn! My turn!” Danielle bounced to her feet and grabbed Amy, forcing her to sit. The full-sized futa squatted low and claimed Amy’s dick. Unlike those prior, her gag reflex remained in full force, untamed and over-sensitive. She made it down halfway before she retched and pulled back, before diving back in. Her feet bounced her back and forth while her hand stroked the inches beyond her mouth’s reach.

She cupped Amy’s balls in her free hand, rolling the potent contents, while her eyes fixed themselves to the shrunken amazon’s. *I can cum more than you,* they said. Though Amy could’ve misunderstood. Perhaps she was thinking, *hurry up and cum so I can take this up my ass.* Neither mattered to the resolute futa. Amanda’s promise held strong in her mind.

Danielle pumped hard and fast, hands and mouth synchronous. She focused on Amy with a predator’s intent, heedless to Gretta’s own oral attentions. Regardless, Amy’s moans remained fixed until the timer ran out.

“Time!” Clary announced with glee. As would be expected of the singer, who worked her throat muscles day after day for hours on end, few claimed to outmatch her in oral. Jade, whose reputation claimed her as an ‘ice queen’, failed against such prowess. And Clary knew it. Her full lips beamed at Amy, her chest quivered with excited giggles and her oceanic eyes glistened as if in sunlight.

“My turn,” the singer decreed and brought Amy to her, “Hmm… I’m looking forward to this.” Clary knelt before Amy and rested her heaving breasts in the diminutive futa’s lap, swallowing it whole, while she swallowed her cock with practised ease. Unlike those before her, she applied a suction as she withdrew, tightening her lips and throat around the shaft. The slurry of her sisters filled her mouth and joined the fresh slime brewed there.

It poured down Amy’s cock and pooled in her crotch. Clary tightened her arms, squishing her now unmatched tits against the prick, while she slurped at it. Her hands dove under her boobs to find Amy’s balls. One lifted the plush orbs as the other pressed onward to stroke the futa’s underappreciated snatch. Amy moaned deep in her throat, caught unawares by the sudden sensation.

Her stomach clenched and her dick throbbed. Clary sped up, spurred on by the signals. Pre-cum poured faster, grew murky and thicker by the second. A pair of fingers parted her pussy lips. Amy’s jaw went rigid. She focused on what was to come with Amanda, of what she’d do to her, of how she’d punish her. Clary read her thoughts it seemed, as her tempo went into overdrive.

“Fuck…” Amy gasped. Her hands found Clary’s hair, eager to hold her tight for the ensuing orgasm.

“Time!” Amanda called.

“Thank god!” Amy pulled back, breaths slow and heavy. Her cock twitched and flung a mix of slop and pre-cum across Clary’s face, leaving streaks of lewd filth on her beaming face. Everyone else, sans Amanda, groaned in realisation. Of the five players, Amanda swallowed Amy’s loads in full, time and again, with room for more afterwards. The pair smirked at one another, before Amy leapt onto and impaled Amanda once more.

Amy released a shrill burst of ecstasy. A heavy spurt roared beneath it, as her balls clenched tight, cum roiling for escape. Her cock distended with the rush. Her veins swelled thicker than fingers and pounded stronger, they pulsated against Amanda’s strained throat, stark against her skin. Every gush stretched her neck, her oesophagus until they flooded the futa’s stomach.

Beaten, the others dissolved into debauchery. Clary laid beneath Jade, *snatch gaped by the Brazilian’s broad prick. Lewd squelches punctuated their coupling, hips colliding with a wet slap. They moaned together, Clary’s high and airy and contrasted by Jade’s husky breaths. As Clary cried out, Danielle moved behind them with her erection in hand. The exotic futa yelped as her cunt spread wide.*

*In the meantime, Jade’s clit swelled, twitched and burned against the sway of Danielle’s balls. Her thrusts rubbed the nerve-compacted nub, forcing shocks of delight to dart throughout Jade’s body. She bucked against the large-balled futa, moaning in tandem with the heavy smacks of their flesh. Danielle rocked against her, pushing Jade’s cock deep into the singer below.*

*“Oh fuck, fuck, fuck…” Jade panted.*

*“Hmm, this looks good,” Gretta said, appearing beneath the dark-skinned futa’s crotch, “Do you mind, Jade? No? Sound’s good!” She pushed aside Jade’s balls and leaned up, lips puckered to suckle on the engorged button.*

*“Cum inside, Jade,” Clary moaned, hands tight on the Brazilian’s ass, helping the two futanari fuck her better.*

*“Y-yeah,” Jade grunted, “Cum inside… gonna cum inside… hmm, fuck!”*

*Amy grinned at the group and hopped onto Amanda’s back, “I think it’s time we get busy.” They left the orgy to continue, taking a final glance to see Jade’s cum leak from Clary’s pussy lips.*

“So,” Amy said once their door slammed shut. She piggybacked on Amanda, her cock trailing slime over the futa’s back, “I think someone needs to lay down, get their dick up and try not to cum for the next hour or so.”

“Really? Who?” Amanda teased. She set her down and strolled to the bed, where she followed Amy’s instructions.

“Hmm, that’s right,” Amy hummed and crawled atop her lover. Her cock stood proud from her groin, all nine inches of futa-meat primed and ready for the former amazon to ride it, while she slid her hands under the pillows. They had ropes for such an occasion, but neither could bare to wait any longer. Amy straddled her girl’s groin and reached down, angling the turgid shaft against her tiny pussy.

“Whatever I say, goes. Right?” Amy asked.

“Anything,” Amanda’s cock throbbed in confirmation and pulsated as the tightest snatch, in both reality and dream, enveloped inch after inch, each hotter and slicker than the last. She rose and fell, their skin bridged by several ropes of spit and cum. Each descent resounded with a viscous clap. Amy moaned low as her tunnel spread again and again. Her cervix accepted Amanda’s prick, holding it for long as it could.

“Ah, someone’s getting heavy,” Amanda grunted.

“Huh?” Amy rasped and looked down. Sure enough, she’d grown. Her inches returned fast and steady, pushing Amanda further away until the amazon once again towered above her, taller than before.

“Oh shit…”

“Yeah,” Amy climbed off her lover. She’d gained several inches all across her figure, from her height to her bust. To her cock and balls, “Fucking hell.”

“It’s gotta be longer than my arm,” Amanda gawked.

“It’s as big as I was tall,” Amy said. She studied her arms, noting *how the definition stood out greater by the second, until her muscles curved graceful and powerful from her limbs. Likewise, her legs bulged with a sensual strength, familiar and alien at once. The amazon licked her lips and flexed, gazing at how her muscles shifted.*

“Now the big question is,” Amanda smirked and turned around, presenting her curvaceous ass to the amazon, “Will it fit?”

“I don’t know,” Amy picked up her counterpart and pressed her between the valley of her tits. *They swelled from either side of the shorter futa, her heard dwarfed by the globes, while her once satisfying cock hung above its opposite.*

“But I’m sure as hell gonna try.” With that said, she angled her hips. Her two-feet of cock flexed against Amanda’s sopping wet snatch. The lips parted and clung to her peak, drenching it in juices.

“Oh fuck, that’s… that’s huge,” Amanda moaned as the head inched past her opening.

“You ain’t seen nothing yet,” Amy growled and dropped her, driving over a foot of Amazonian-dick into her. She leaned down *far – forced to by her new height; a square eight feet, she assumed –* so her words could caress Amanda’s ear, “And remember; you’re mine all night.”

“Wouldn’t have it any other way,” Amanda chuckled.

“Good,” Amy pulled her head to the side and kissed the short girl, all but swallowing her lips.