Hazel sat by the phone, her heart racing as she waited for emergency services to answer. She had only been on the line for a few seconds, but when tensions were running this high every second felt like an eon. Her heart thumped so loudly her chest was beginning to hurt, and her breaths caught in her throat. Every few seconds she glanced back at her boyfriend, hoping against hope that this was all a mistake. That he would suddenly gasp for air, making it clear he was only unconscious.

But every time she looked back there was nothing. Silence. His chest lay still. He made no sounds. His body never moved.




"9-1-1, what is your emergency?"
"HE'S NOT MOVING!" Hazel shouted, hurriedly rushing to the phone and failing to keep her cool. "He's... oh my- he's not moving!"
"Alright, ma'am, I'm going to need some information. Who's not moving? Slow down and tell me what happened."
Hazel took a deep breath that seemed to make her a dozen times more anxious, but tried her best to collect her thoughts. "It's... It's my boyfriend! He's not moving! We were being intimate, and there was an accident, and-"



"Alright, an accident. Can you explain what you mean by that?" The man on the other end asked calmly.

"I'm..." Hazel began, wondering how up front she should be with all this. Finally, with a heavy sigh, she decided that honesty would be the most helpful. "I'm an amazon, and we were... we were having sex. I got a little carried away! It was an accident, and he was into it, and didn't tell me to stop or anything! So I got a little carried away and... I thought he'd be okay! But I must have suffocated him or something, and now he's not breathing!"

"Alright ma'am thanks for your help, there's already someone on the way. Keep a look out for a squad car. Would you like me to stay on the line with you until then?"

"N-No, that's okay."


Seconds later, flashing red and blue lights filled the room. Hazel jumped to her feet and looked to the window, wondering what was going to happen now. Her heart raced as she watched a police car pull up in front of the apartment building. It was all suddenly becoming a dozen times more real to her.
"Oh god... this is really happening!" Hazel exclaimed.


"If you're still there Mason, now would be a good time to wake up!" Hazel pleaded, kneeling down next to him and placing a hand on his chest. "Mason? Mason! Come on, please don't be-" She began, shaking his body vigorously.

No reaction.

"Come on, I know you're okay! You can't be- Mason! Mason?"



Scuffling footsteps could be heard from outside. Hazel's heart seized in her chest a second later when she heard frantic pounding on her door.

"J-JUST A SECOND!" Hazel shouted back, not ready to let go of Mason. "I just... I need to-"

But the officers weren't keen on waiting. The pounding on the door grew louder, and a second later it burst open, freeing two officers to rush inside.

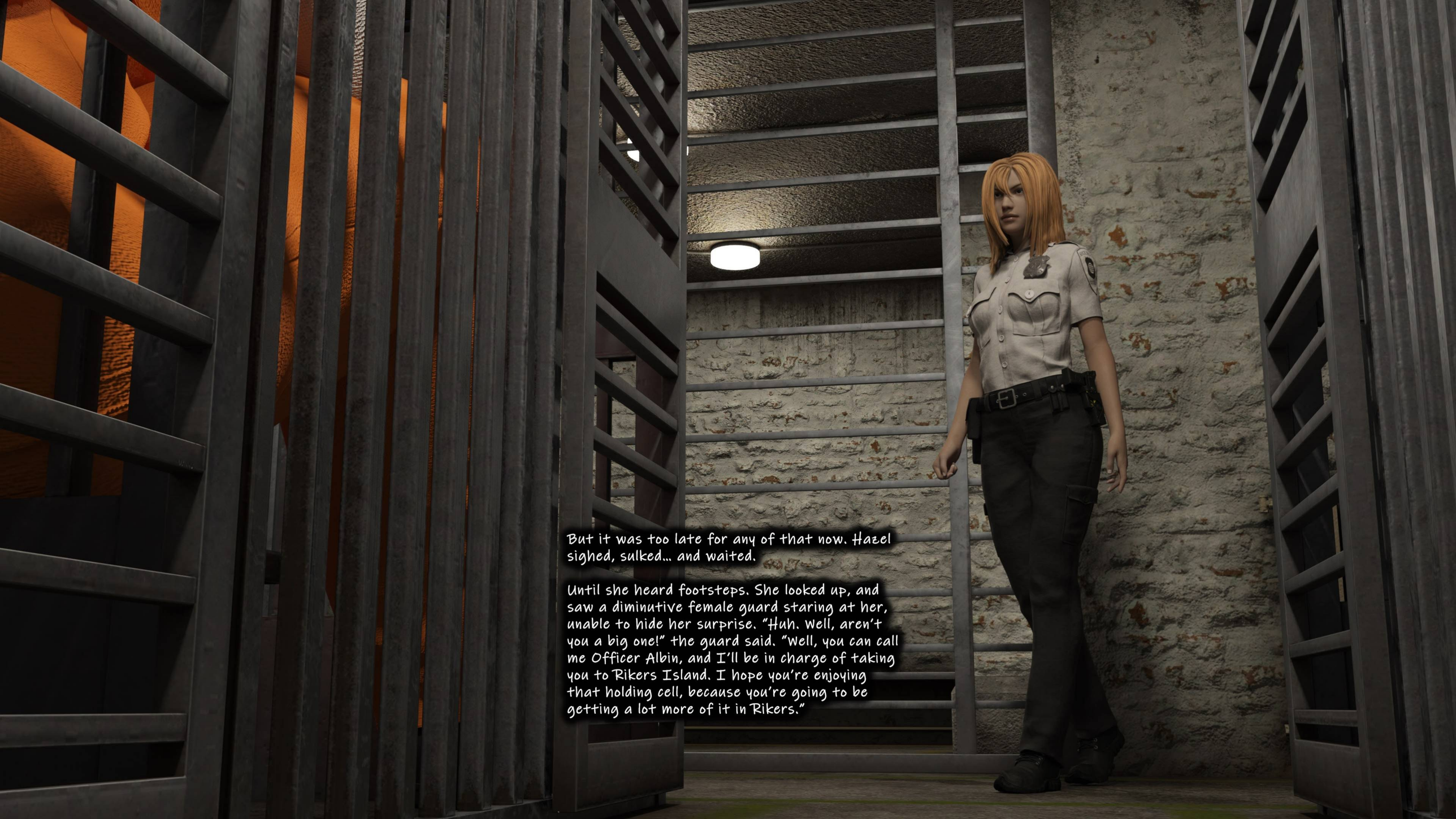

"DON'T MOVE!" the officer in front shouted, rubbing his shoulder after using it to bash open the door. "Freeze! And keep your hands where we can see them!"


A flood of emotions threatened to overwhelm Hazel all at once. This was it. There was nothing else that could be done from here. The fear had all but left her, replaced completely with guilt. Guilt that she was desperate to unload in any way she could.
"I... I did it! I killed him! I killed my..." Hazel began, her voice cracking. "I... I KILLED MY BOYFRIEND! Go ahead, take me in!" She wailed, tears forming in the corners of her eyes.


Amazon Mom 4


47
PARK LANE
Jack Of Bullets
Redfiredog


One day later Hazel was sitting in a cramped cell underneath the precinct. She shifted uncomfortably in the tiny cell she was expected to stay in. One clearly meant for a normal-sized person. The cheap fabric of her prison uniform scratched her soft skin as she moved uncomfortably, contemplating what had brought her to this point..
Her arraignment hadn't exactly gone well. Now, she was stuck in jail until her trial. A trial that could take days. Weeks. Even years, in some cases, to begin.
Hazel replayed the last night over and over again in her mind, thinking about how differently things could have gone. If she had just been a little more gentle with him, if she had listened when he told her to stop... Then none of this would be happening. They would be waking up in bed together, as she held him tightly like a stuffed animal.


But it was too late for any of that now. Hazel sighed, sulked... and waited.
Until she heard footsteps. She looked up, and saw a diminutive female guard staring at her, unable to hide her surprise. "Huh. Well, aren't you a big one!" the guard said. "Well, you can call me Officer Albin, and I'll be in charge of taking you to Rikers Island. I hope you're enjoying that holding cell, because you're going to be getting a lot more of it in Rikers."



Officer Albin took out a jangling ring of keys, and strolled up to the cell door. A door this secure required multiple locks and she worked through the half-dozen keys required quickly, until the door finally swung open.

"Don't even think about trying anything." The officer said, staring up at Hazel. "I'm lettin' you out on your own since we don't have any handcuffs big enough to fit, but if you step out of line I can assure you that my 9mm will hurt like hell."

Hazel nodded, then crawled out of her cramped cell, and slowly stood to her feet. The hallways weren't much bigger than the cell, and she was too tall to stand up. She was forced to move awkwardly, half crouching and keeping her neck down to avoid any retaliation from the guard.


"Come on now. Ain't got all day." The guard said, swinging open a cell door and motioning to it. Hazel's chest grew tight at the suggestion, before she dropped to her hands and knees to fit. The stench of stale sweat and urine filled the air, making it far from comfortable as she squeezed her way through..
"Move faster now!" Albin ordered, stamping a foot onto the ground. Hazel picked up the pace, squeezing her wide posterior through the skinny gate to make it inside.
PRIVATE

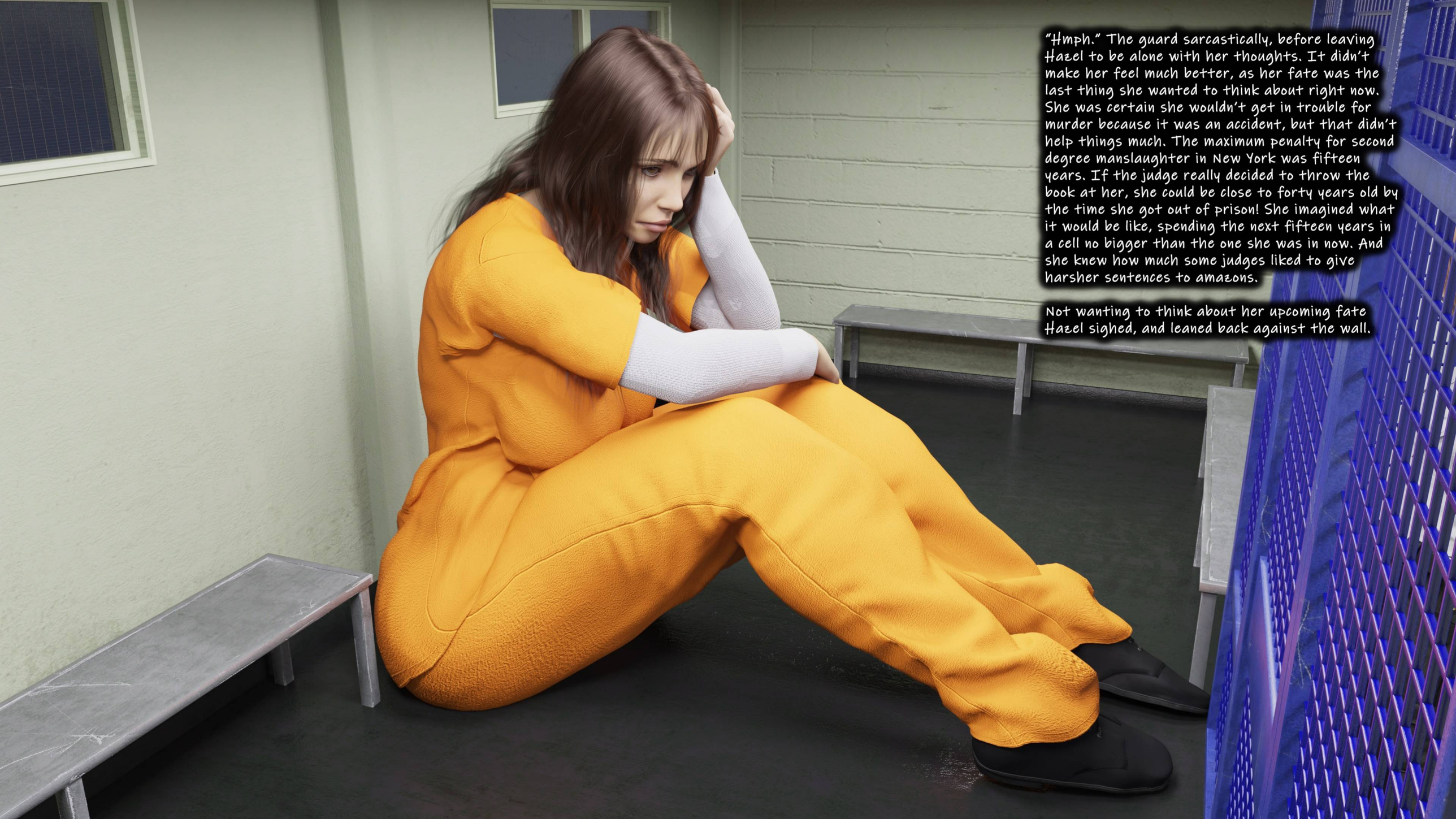


Though it was a bit painful to do so, Hazel managed to squeeze her ample form through the metal grates of the doorway. Albin wasted no time shutting and locking the door behind her, leaving Hazel a moment to survey her environment. Unappealing as it was, she was at the very least thankful for how much more spacious it was than the holding cell. For that she could be thankful.

"What's wrong? Is it lonely, having the cell all to yourself?" Albin asked with a smug grin.

Hazel looked around the room, noting the lack of accommodations for anyone else. "Well don't you worry that pretty head of yours." The guard said, looking Hazel up and down. "You'll have plenty of time to get to know the other inmates. Might even make some friends! We've got a woman locked up here, Big Brig. Facin' triple homicide charges! She's a few feet taller 'n you, built like a brick shithouse, and, well, why spoil the surprise? I bet she'll be excited to meet a pretty little amazon like you!"

"I can't wait to meet her either." Hazel said, rolling her eyes.


"Hmph." The guard sarcastically, before leaving Hazel to be alone with her thoughts. It didn't make her feel much better, as her fate was the last thing she wanted to think about right now. She was certain she wouldn't get in trouble for murder because it was an accident, but that didn't help things much. The maximum penalty for second degree manslaughter in New York was fifteen years. If the judge really decided to throw the book at her, she could be close to forty years old by the time she got out of prison! She imagined what it would be like, spending the next fifteen years in a cell no bigger than the one she was in now. And she knew how much some judges liked to give harsher sentences to amazons.
Not wanting to think about her upcoming fate Hazel sighed, and leaned back against the wall.


She didn't have much time to think. Only a moment later the sound of plodding footsteps echoed down the quiet halls. She opened an eye to see an amazon fling open the door at the other end of the hallway with so much effort it slammed onto the wall beside it. Hazel could only see the woman from the waist down, but it was obvious that the woman was quite a bit taller than her. Her mind raced, and she wondered if this was the so-called 'Big Brig', coming to put Hazel in her place. She didn't know why the woman was wearing stockings and a skirt, but for all she knew they let the bigger amazons dress however they wanted to keep them in line.
PRIVATE



The older amazon kneeled under the doorway as the damaged door drifted shut behind her, revealing her face. Hazel's eyes widened, as she instantly recalled the blonde woman. Only two nights ago, Hazel had gone to that woman's penthouse apartment, looking for her mom. She found the women in the middle of some kind of orgy... an orgy that had a half-dead man on the floor. Hazel had only seen her for a few brief moments, but that wasn't the kind of image you forget easily.

Officer Albin looked up, and glared at the blonde woman. "You can't just- What the hell are you doing here!?"

The blonde woman scowled right back at the smaller woman, who stood her ground. "I have a right to meet with my clients. Surely even the tiny little brain you've got rattling around in that tiny head of yours knows that much!"

"I know the law!" Albin snapped back, pointing a finger accusingly. "But you ain't her lawyer! She don't even have one!"

"That's where you're wrong!" The blonde woman shouted back. "She does have a lawyer, and you're looking at her. And I can't help but notice as I crawled in here that these ceilings are far too low to be compliant with the Amazonian Accessibility Act. Now are you going to let me speak to my client, or am I going to leave empty-handed so I can get a headstart on a lawsuit for this building's noncompliance?"

Officer Albin growled, before sighing. "Fine!" She said, raising her arms in exasperation. "What do I care! Do what you want, but you've got five minutes before I kick you out!"


The blonde woman did her best to ignore the officer as she crawled over to the cell. Inside, Hazel was confused over what was going on.
"Hello, Hazel." The blonde woman began, giving the distasteful cell a once-over. "My name is Margot Fayte, and I'll be representing you in your legal matters. I know we met once before under, shall we say... unusual conditions. But, let me assure you, I have more experience defending amazons than anyone else in the Tri-State area."
The look of confusion on Hazel's face gradually faded, and was replaced with a smile. "You're... you're the one that bailed out my mom, aren't you? Does this mean you're going to get me out of here?"


Margot's expression was morose. "Well, I'm afraid that might be difficult." Margot told her. "I've already requested a bail hearing, but I'm not going to lie to you, Hazel. I'm not optimistic. Judges around here like to make an example of amazon women who step out of line. They think that we think we're above the law, and don't want us 'getting any bright ideas' if you know what I mean. Me and my people will do everything we can to get you out, but it's a crapshoot. If things don't go your way... Well, it can take up to a year to face trial."

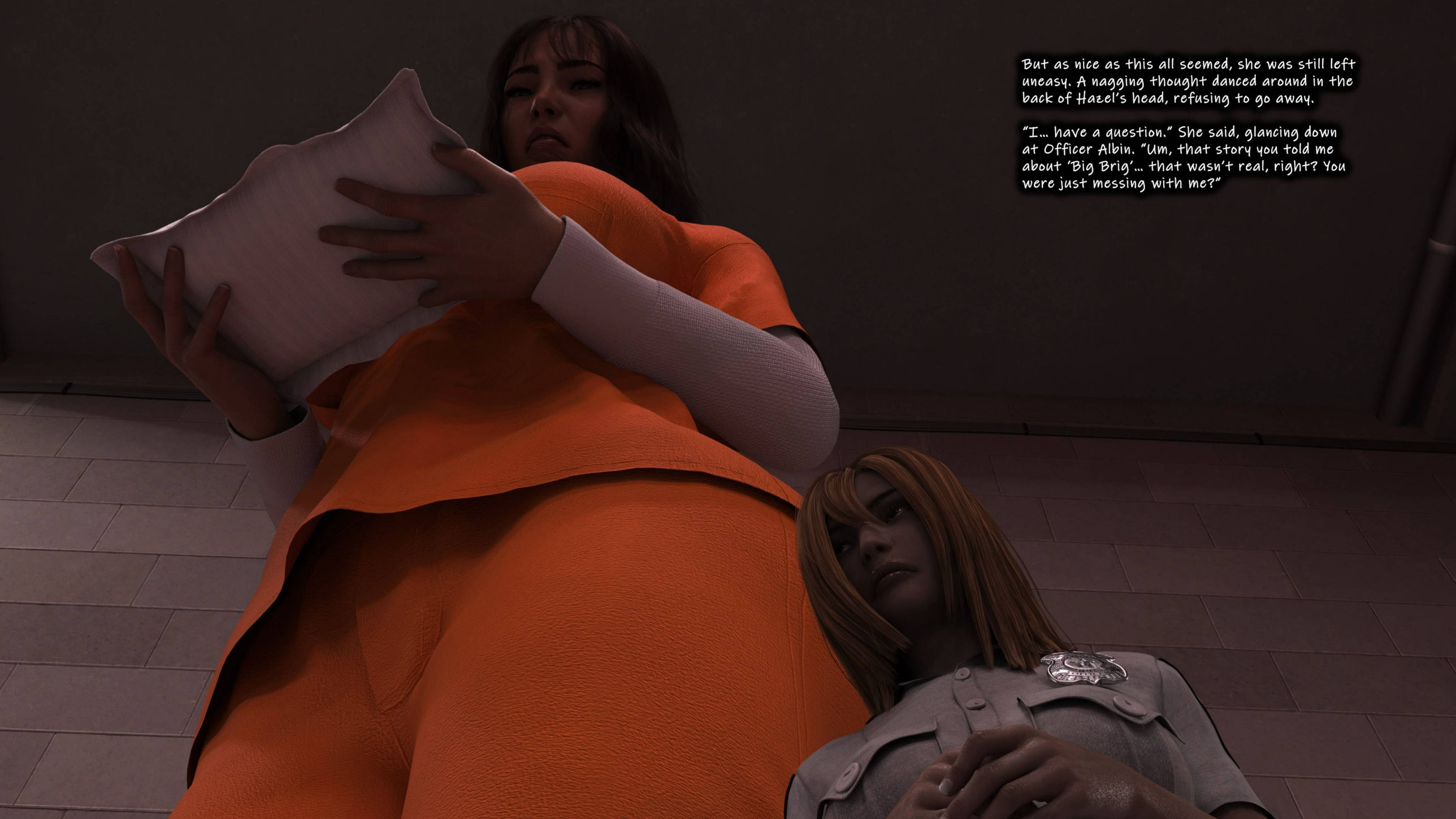

"A whole fucking year?!" Hazel exclaimed, looking crestfallen. "Are you serious!? They didn't even find me guilty, and they're making me spend a whole goddamn year in what might as well be a prison without a trial?!"


EXIT
Margot shrugged. "Justice system's fucked. I know, you know, everyone knows. It probably sounds like hell... but look on the bright side," Margot said, cracking a half-smile. "Prison can be a very... different experience for amazon women. I know this isn't the news you want to hear, but look to the future. You can make this place into your own personal kingdom! You'll have your pick of the cutest ladies in Cell Block C!"


Tears welled up in Hazel's eyes. "I don't care about them!" Hazel cried. "The only thing I want is to have my Mason back! My life is ruined now! And what happens after a year, anyway? What if I lose the trial? Am I really going to have to spend the next fifteen years locked up in prison?"

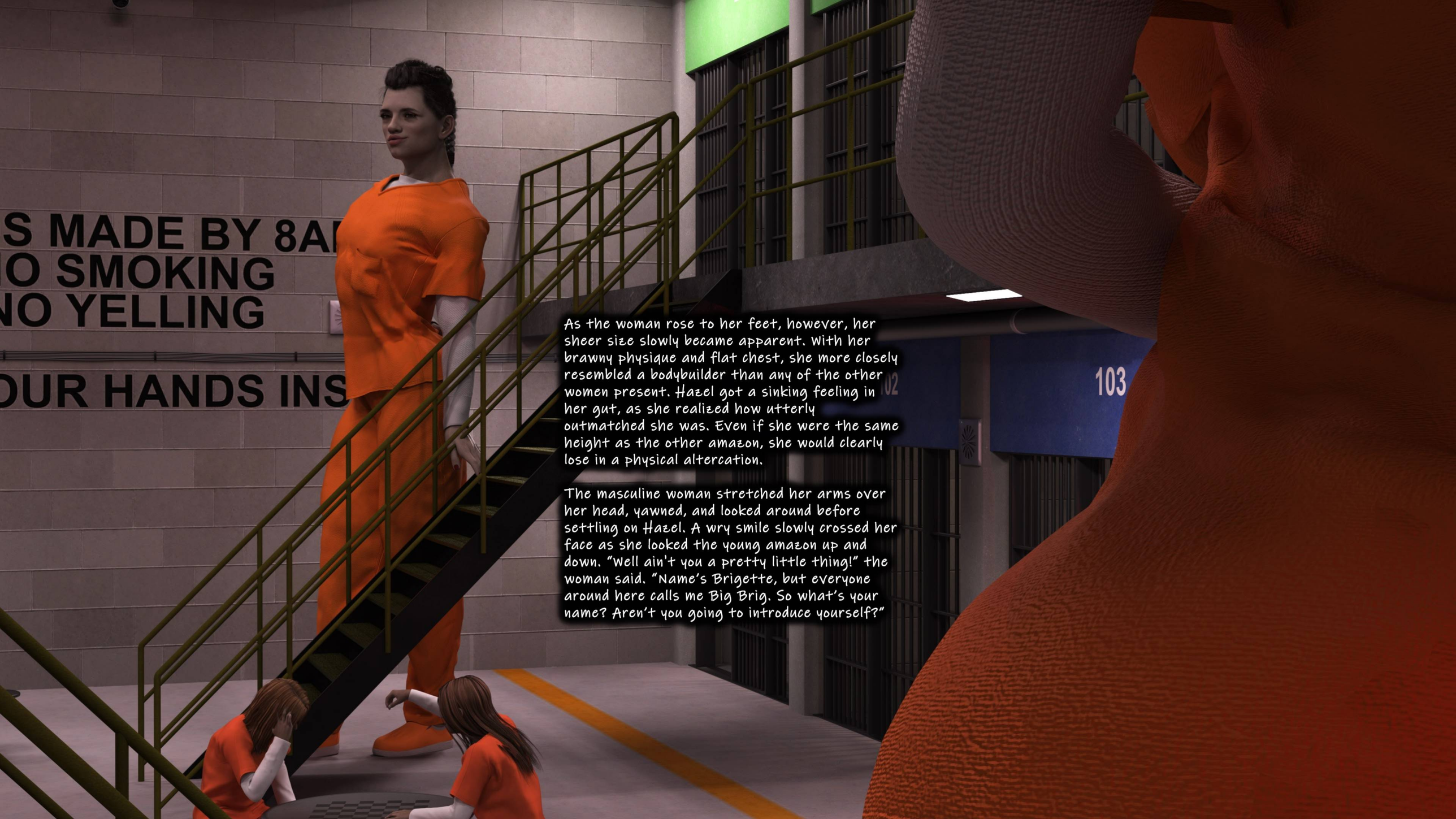

"You won't spend fifteen years here." Margot said, her face hardening into a look of determination. "Not if I have anything to say about it. I'll go through hell and high water to get you out of here. I'll devote every resource I have to your case. With a little luck, we'll have you out on bail within a week. And if not..."
She trailed off, sighed, and looked down.
"Look, like I said Hazel, it can be an interesting experience for an amazon. If it takes a year, then I hope you can find some enjoyment from life on the inside until then."


Margot left, leaving a scowling Officer Albin to lead her to the cell block. After Hazel crawled through the door, she carefully stood up and took in her surroundings. To her pleasant surprise, the ceiling here was more than tall enough that she could stand without hitting her head.
She also couldn't help but note what Margot had said, considering every other woman she could see was positively tiny next to her. Most of the women were too engrossed in their conversations or board games to even give her a second glance.


But as nice as this all seemed, she was still left uneasy. A nagging thought danced around in the back of Hazel's head, refusing to go away.
"I... have a question." She said, glancing down at Officer Albin. "Um, that story you told me about 'Big Brig'... that wasn't real, right? You were just messing with me?"


"Big Brig? No, of course not." She said slyly. "Us guards call her Brigette, actually. 'Big Brig' is only what the rest of you call her, and she's real alright. In fact, she should be gettin' out of bed any minute now..."
Then, as if on cue, a loud clanging sound echoed around the room, and a huge pair of legs emerged from a cell near the entrance.
YELLING
R HANDS INSIDE
101
102
104


Hazel's heart beat a hundred miles an hour as she watched an amazon crawl out from the prison cell. She tried to gauge whether the other woman was bigger than her. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad if she weren't. Crouching down, she didn't look especially big to Hazel.
EDS MADE BY 8AM
NO SMOKING
NO YELLING
YOUR HANDS INSIDE
201
202
203
102
103

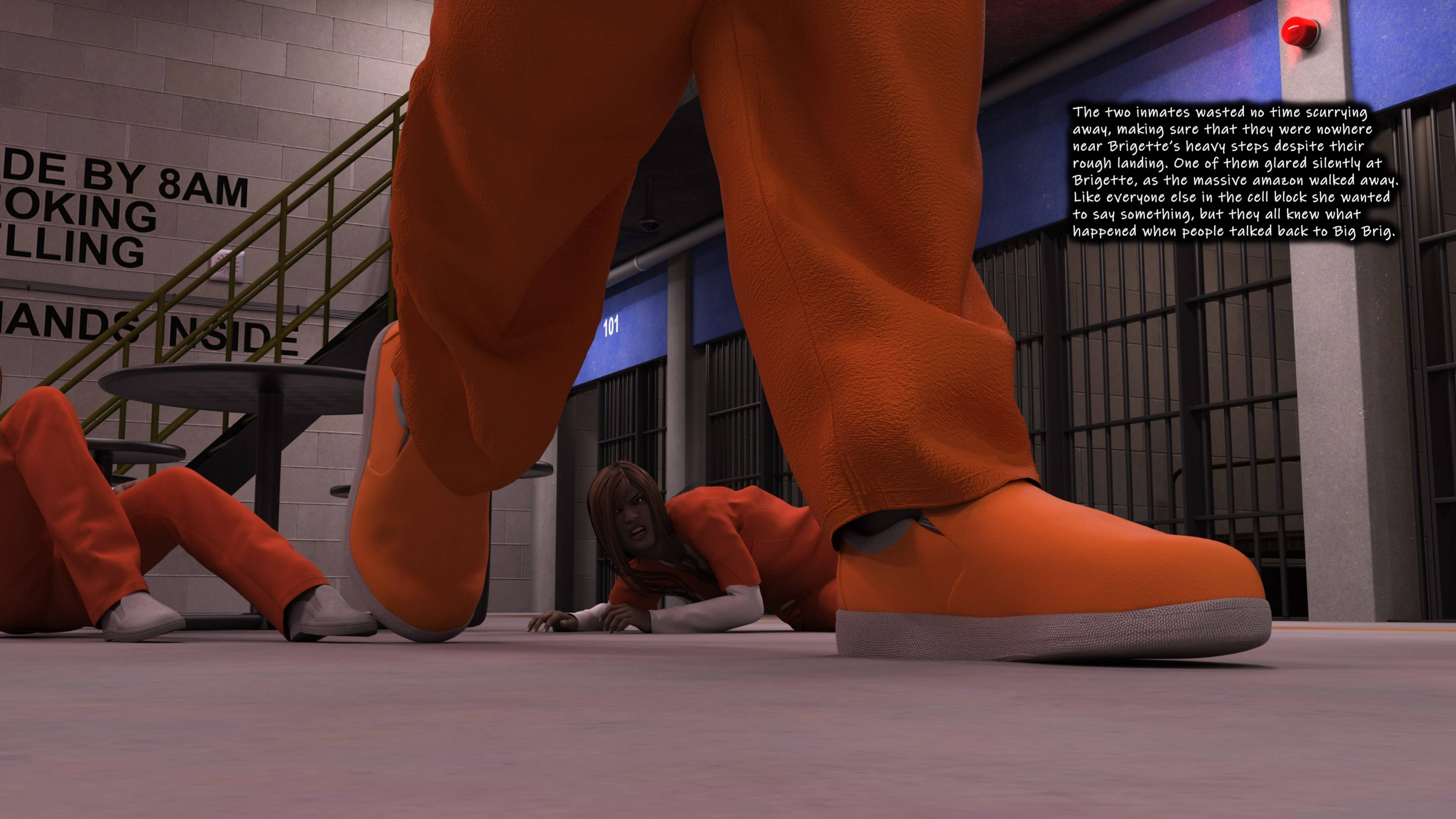


As the woman rose to her feet, however, her sheer size slowly became apparent. With her brawny physique and flat chest, she more closely resembled a bodybuilder than any of the other women present. Hazel got a sinking feeling in her gut, as she realized how utterly outmatched she was. Even if she were the same height as the other amazon, she would clearly lose in a physical altercation.

The masculine woman stretched her arms over her head, yawned, and looked around before settling on Hazel. A wry smile slowly crossed her face as she looked the young amazon up and down. "Well ain't you a pretty little thing!" the woman said. "Name's Brigette, but everyone around here calls me Big Brig. So what's your name? Aren't you going to introduce yourself?"


Hazel's eyes went wide while her heart raced in her chest. "M-My name is Hazel." she stuttered. "Now if you don't mind, I usually like to keep to myself..."

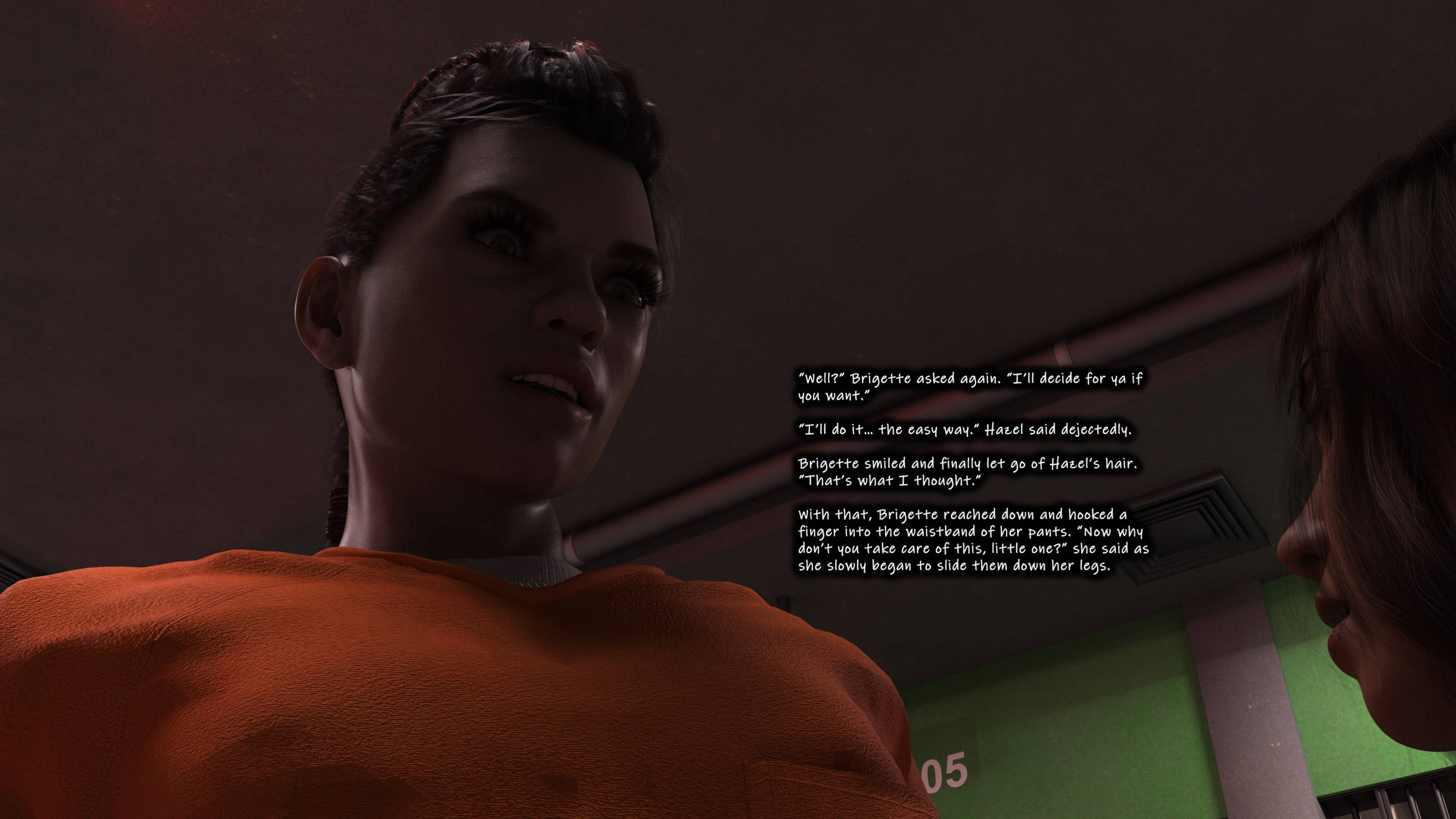

"You're right." Brigette bellowed, stretching her arms out to the side. "I don't mind what any of you think about it! No one in this cell block gets to keep to themselves! Every last one of ya is my property!"
Without even glancing down at the women below Brigette stepped right on top of the table they were playing checkers on, knocking the two down and ruining their game.
BEDS MADE BY 8
NO SMOKING
NO YELLING
101
102



The two inmates wasted no time scurrying away, making sure that they were nowhere near Brigette's heavy steps despite their rough landing. One of them glared silently at Brigette, as the massive amazon walked away. Like everyone else in the cell block she wanted to say something, but they all knew what happened when people talked back to Big Brig.


No one made an attempt to stop Brigette as she sauntered over to Hazel with a wicked smile on her face. The sheer size difference was more obvious than ever now, and Hazel barely even came up to Brigette's wide, barrel-like chest. Hazel winced as Brigette ran her fingers through the smaller amazon's hair, before giving it a firm tug.
"Yeah... I'm gonna have some fun with you," Brigette teased, giving Hazel a soft pat on the cheek. "Now are ya stupid, or do you know what happens now? You can be a good bitch while we take it easy... or we can do things the hard way. Either way you'll be my bitch. So which is it?"


As if in a trance, Hazel watched in silence as Brigette's fingers slid through her hair again. Her entire body was tense, thinking that Brigette was going to do something else... but she simply waited.


"Well?" Brigette asked again. "I'll decide for ya if you want."
"I'll do it... the easy way." Hazel said dejectedly.
Brigette smiled and finally let go of Hazel's hair. "That's what I thought."
With that, Brigette reached down and hooked a finger into the waistband of her pants. "Now why don't you take care of this, little one?" she said as she slowly began to slide them down her legs.
05


Hazel could feel herself blushing at the sight of Brigette's freshly exposed pussy.
"Let this be a lesson," Brigette said as she leaned in close. "When Big Brig wants something, you don't argue. You just give it to me... Understand?"
"I understand." Hazel told her.
"Don't look so glum," Brigette told her. "I think you're going to enjoy this almost as much as I am..."
Hazel tried to stay optimistic. Tried to remember what Margot told her. No matter how bad this all seemed, she wasn't going to be here forever. With someone like that as her lawyer, she'd be going home any day now...

ONE YEAR LATER


Officer Albin was on visitation duty today. She hated visitation duty. Every damn time it was the same: a bunch of horny boyfriends and husbands, eagerly piling in to talk dirty with their exes. Maybe one of them would go overboard and she'd get to crack some skulls when someone goes overboard and starts whackin' it in public.


It was Albin's job to stand there while they talked over the phone. Listening in on their conversations wasn't part of her job, but it wasn't like she had anything else to stimulate her out here. She couldn't help but listen and wince as they described every act they had planned for when they finally got out of here. She hated listening to it, and she'd come to loathe the boyfriends just as much as she hated the prisoners. "Bunch of creeps," Albin muttered, watching the excited men shuffle by.
POLICE
OFFICER


"Last call for visitation!" Albin called out. Before she could close the gate, however, a towering amazon ducked under the doorway. It was clearly Margot, but she had grown considerably larger since the last time Albin had seen her. A change that was unexpected enough for her to take a step back in surprise.
"Oh my! Looks like I just made it." the towering blonde woman said with a smirk.


SECURITY
GUARD
The prison guard stared up in disbelief.
"M-Margot? What the hell are you doing here? I thought you were disbarred!"


Margot stepped up to the prison guard, heels clacking against the ground loudly before staring down coldly at her. "So you heard the news, did you? Yes, that situation is... regrettable, but I'm not here as a lawyer. I'm here as Hazel's friend." Margot said. "Now are you going to let me see her, or not?"


“I will... but don't try anything funny.” Albin warned. "I keep myself well-informed, lady. I've heard the rumors about what you did. Mark my words, you're going to be locked up here sooner than you think, and if you try anything I’ll make sure it happens today."


Margot scowled down at the diminutive prison guard. "Hmph. Right. We'll see about that. Now stop wasting my time. Where's this visitation area?"
"Right this way," Albin told her.


Margot followed Albin over to a nearby building, and crawled through yet another tiny doorway. The men inside sat in their separated booths in silence, tapping their toes impatiently as they waited for their visitation period to start.
NOTICE!
DO NOT TOUCH THE GLASS!
EXIT



Margot crawled forward, trying unsuccessfully to squeeze through the narrow doorway. "I see you still haven't gotten this place up to code with the Amazon Accessibility Act." Margot grumbled. "You're lucky I was disbarred, or else I'd sue this prison into the ground!"

"And you're lucky I'm lettin' you in here in the first place." Albin teased. "You might want to hurry up, though. The visitation period starts soon, and it only lasts for-"


"Yes, yes, fifteen minutes. I know! Now if you'll excuse me, I was trying to squeeze through this absurdly narrow doorway!" She tried once more to squeeze through, without success. Then placed both her hands onto the floor and used both hands and feet for leverage before finally managing to fling herself forward into the doorway, much to the amusement of Albin.
NOTICE!
DO NOT TOUCH THE GLASS!


EXIT
NOTICE!
Margot dusted herself off, ignoring the rude snickering before crouch-walking over to the row of phones, and peeked through the metal grating above. There was no sign of Hazel, or any other amazons, for that matter. Margot's patience was beginning to wear thin with all this. "Why the hell is Hazel not here?" Margot asked. "You know, maybe I will have to file that lawsuit after all..."
"Alright! Alright! Fine." Albin said, begrudgingly giving into Margot's threat. I'll go look for her personally. Okay?"


Having someone else take over for a moment, Margot grumbled the entire way back to Cell Block C. The heavy iron grates slid open and the officer cupped both hands over her mouth.
"Hazel! You've got a visitor! You don't have to come see 'em, but somethin' tells me you'll want to hear her out!" Albin shouted at the top of her lungs.



Hazel had grown quite a bit larger since the last time Albin had seen her. The prison had a number of jumpsuits made for amazons, but even the largest sizes failed to adequately cover her now. So she'd simply made do, and converted the biggest one they had into a makeshift bikini.

"A visitor?" Hazel scoffed, not bothering to turn around. "Let me guess. Another admirer? Yeah, no thanks. I'm not wasting my time on any more of those creeps!"

"Well... it's not exactly an admirer." Albin grumbled. "It's... Margot." She finished, practically spitting the name.


"Margot?" Hazel said, perking up at the name. "Well, in that case... I think I can make an exception for her..." Hazel trailed off as she walked across the cell block. Her footsteps shook the enormous room as she made her way to a door significantly smaller than her.
106


Another prisoner followed closely Hazel, tugging the hem of her makeshift bikini bottom. "Mind tellin' me who Margot is?" the smaller amazon asked. "You never told me you had a girl on the outside. I'm still your main squeeze, right?"


"It's none of your fucking business, bitch." Hazel spat. "I've told you this already. I fuck who I want, when I want. In here you're mine, but you're not the only one. Got it?"
"Yeah... I've got it," Brigette said with a dejected sigh.
"That's what I thought, bitch."


"Well if you two are done." Albin said, clearing her throat. "The visitation center is this way."
"Yeah, I fucking know that," Hazel said dismissively, as she dropped to her knees and crawled through the hallway.
"Wait!" Brigette called out. "You ain't leavin' me for this Margot chick, are ya? You know that no one else can eat you out like I can!"
"Yeah, that's the only reason I keep you around, bitch," Hazel said. "But if you must know, Margot isn't my girlfriend, she's my fucking lawyer! Or at least she was, anyway..."


Margot glanced back at the clock while she waited impatiently. The visitation period was already halfway over with no sign of Hazel. She was already coming up with legal arguments to employ if they had the gall to let the entire period pass without letting her see Hazel. But until then she sighed, stretched her legs, and continued to wait. Crawling through tiny doorways was murder on her knees.
EXIT
NOTICE!
DO NOT TOUCH THE GLASS!
NOTICE!
DO NOT TOUCH THE GLASS!


Suddenly there were audible footsteps. Loud, heavy ones. Much deeper than those any normal-sized person was capable of. She looked behind her and watched a towering amazon crawl down the hallway. It was hard to make out her face through the grates, but if it was Hazel she had grown considerably since the last time Margot had seen her.


As the amazon crawled through the doorway, Margot got a better look at her face. It was indeed Hazel, but she looked rather... different, somehow. Gone was the meek, sensitive girl that Margot had once met. She had the tough demeanor of someone who had been hardened by her time in jail, and managed to come out on top. Probably thanks in no small amount to the astounding growth she'd obviously experienced.


"Hazel! Hello!" Margot said excitedly. "I've been looking forward to seeing you again for quite a while now!" She smiled, looking at the sheer size of the woman crawling behind the glass.


"I'll get to you in a second." Hazel said dismissively. She crawled down the narrow hallways of the visitation center, paying little attention to the other women her giant form pushed aside as she crawled.
NOTICE!
DO NOT TOUCH THE GLASS!


NOTICE!
NOTICE
PUT PHONE BACK ON HOOK AFTER USE.
THANK YOU.
NOTICE!
DO NOT TOUCH
NOTICE!
DO NOT TOUCH THE GLASS
After nearly a minute to reorient herself Hazel managed to crouch and lock eyes with Margot. There was no warmth and familiarity behind those eyes. That much was obvious even through the steel grate that separated them. "Do you think I'm supposed to be happy to see you? What the hell are you doing here?" Hazel asked. "You said you were going to get me out of here, and then you just disappeared for months! What the hell happened?"


"Closer to a year, actually." Margot said apologetically. "But I wasn't lying! I really did set to work immediately after leaving that day! It's just I ran into a few... well, let's say legal difficulties after that. But we can discuss that later. What matters is this: my old firm got your case dismissed earlier today! It can take a few hours for things to go through the system, but once all the paperwork is filed, you're free to go!"


"Wait, seriously?" Hazel asked, her demeanor changing instantly. "That's amazing! It will be nice finally getting out of this dump, and getting to see Mom again! Her last letter said that you two have been spending a lot of time together!"


"O-Oh, did she now?" Margot asked, smiling uneasily. " She didn't mention anything- you know what. We'll talk about it later. It looks like my time is just about up! I'll be waiting for you outside!"


"Sounds good to-oww!" Hazel exclaimed. Once again, she tried to stand up, and hit her head on the concrete. "Fuck, I'm really not going to miss this place when I'm out of here!"
"Don't you worry one bit." Margot told her as she moved to leave herself. "You won't ever be setting foot in here again after today."


Only a few minutes later Hazel was cleared, and the two of them were strolling outside towards the prison's gates. They wasted no time resuming the conversation as a bit of the old Hazel was beginning to shine through now that she had her freedom again.
"I can't wait to see mom and Dad!" Hazel said. "Do you know if they're back together now? Mom was really vague in all of her letters..."
"Ah, about that." Margot sighed. "I'm afraid they're not. I heard that your father is currently away on a business trip, but I'd be absolutely delighted to take you to visit your mother... That is, if you don't mind going on a little vacation to see her!"
"A vacation?" Hazel asked. "She never mentioned anything about moving in her letters. What, did she move upstate or something?"
"Oh you're going to love this." Margot laughed. "No, not somewhere so plain as upstate. She went somewhere a bit more... exotic, let's say. Tell me Hazel, you don't get seasick, do you?"
Hazel could only respond with a confused look.


One week later both Hazel and Margot were riding on Margot's mega-yacht. The huge, luxurious boat was cruising East through the Mediterranean Sea, towards the shores of Sicily.


Margot smiled as she crawled out of the cabin. Her loose-fitting dress left little to the imagination, but she wasn't self-conscious in the least. Out here, in the open ocean, she could dress as she pleased, far away from the prying eyes of small-minded plebes.
"Less than an hour until we land!" She announced. "So, Hazel! Did you enjoy the boat ride?"


"Enjoy is a bit of an understatement!" Hazel exclaimed. "The water is warm, no one is trying to shiv me to prove 'amazons aren't actually tough', and I'm getting a foot massage and a back massage at the same time! Is this what it's like being an amazon on the outside?"


"All this?" Margot chuckled. "Oh, this is just a small taste of what's in store. Once we get to Italy, you'll *really* see what it's like to live in the lap of luxury! And no one knows how to enjoy the good life quite like your mother."


"Yeah, that's something I've been meaning to ask you about." Hazel said, raising a finger. "What's going on with Mom, anyway? Why'd she pack up all her things and move to Italy out of the blue?"


"Well, I suppose there's no need to be secretive now that we're out in the open ocean!" Margot began, forcing a smile. "So, remember how I said there were legal issues involved with getting you free? Well, that's because my phone was hacked earlier this year. Among the things that leaked was a short video of your mother. One that was not received well by the normal people. Naturally, the footage was taken completely out of context... But it was all over the local news in a matter of hours. Now, I know a thing or two about jurors, and that's the kind of thing they have a very hard time overlooking. So, given the outlook of her legal prospects, we saw fit to depart to a more amenable destination..."


Hazel pulled down her glasses, furrowed her brows, and eyed Margot suspiciously. "Enough with the secrecy." She said, unamused with Margot's games. "Are you saying Mom skipped bail? Are you saying that she's hiding out in Italy because she's some kind of fugitive now?!"
"We'll have to put this discussion off until we're back on solid ground." Margot told her with a playful wink. "We're about to land, and I know how much you want to reunite with your mother. Put on some sandals, too. We've got quite a walk ahead of us!"


The boat docked, and Margot hastily climbed out of the yacht. She motioned for Hazel to follow her down the dock, as she scanned the horizon for any sign of trouble.
Hazel immediately noted the bizarre action as she carefully set foot onto the pier. "Okay, we're off the boat now. So, is mom a fugitive, or not?!"
"Well, technically... Yes. Yes she is." Margot admitted. "I'm sure that sounds bad, but I wouldn't worry too much. Your mother is very comfortable here, and while Italy does have an extradition treaty with the US, Sicily plays by its own rules. Suffice to say, the Italian government would have a very hard time removing someone of her stature... And I don't just mean her size."
"What do you mean by that?" Hazel asked.
"Let me show you," Margot replied.


They followed a winding path until they came to a small villa on the edge of town, overlooking the Mediterranean Sea.

"Take a look around you," Margot said, inhaling deeply. "Smell that salty air. Look at the buildings all around us. It feels a bit like we've traveled back in time, doesn't it? Here in Sicily, things are simpler. A bit like in Rikers, I would imagine, but without the small rooms. Here the powerful do what they want, and everyone else either gets out of their way, or gets crushed underneath. In a manner of speaking, of course."

"Of course," Hazel scoffed. "So are you saying the two of you are mob bosses or something? Didn't take you for a life of organized crime."

"Well if you want to be dramatic, I suppose you could put it like that." Margot said.

"Are you serious?" Hazel asked, eyes growing wide. "I was just, I didn't think you were serious. What the fuck, Margot? Am I really supposed to believe that my mom is a mafia don?"

"A don? No, of course not. The title is actually Doña when it's a woman!"

"Ugh. Do you have to be so-"

"And yes, of course she is." Margot interrupted. "But there's nothing to worry about. Not everything is as it seems from the movies. A life like this is a rather peaceful one. There aren't daily shootouts, car bombs, or horse heads showing up in your bed in the morning. Being a Doña is more like... running a business. An illegal one sure, but the day to day is typically quite dull."


Hazel adjusted her dress and eyed the giant, gated estate at the end of the street. The lavish structure was surrounded by a tall iron fence topped with spikes. Two guards stood at the gate, eyeing the pair up and down as they approached.
"Mom lives here?!" Hazel asked incredulously. "It looks more like a fortress than a house!"
"That's because it is." Margot said, her lips twitching into a smirk. "Like I said, the life of a Doña is a plain one... provided you have ample security to stop enemies from trying anything. And your mother has made a lot of enemies around here. A few allies as well, to be sure, but on the rare occasion she needs to act on something she can handle herself just fine. Now come on, let's go inside so we can see her in person!"


Margot and Hazel marched up to the gate, and one of the guards stepped forward. He was tall for a man, and wore a stern expression on his face. "The Doña is conducting important business at the moment," he told the pair. "I'm afraid you'll have to wait, she isn't taking any visitors at the moment."


"Are you serious?" Margot asked, raising her voice. "Do you not know who I am? I'm her fucking business partner, and this is her daughter. She wants to see us. Now are you going to let me in, or will I have to turn your heads into bloody stains first?"


The guards looked at one another, and nodded. "Right. Of course." They said, stepping aside to let them pass. He motioned for men on the other side to open the gate, which they hastily followed suit on.
The gates opened, and Margot walked confidently into the courtyard. Hazel followed close behind her, and looked excitedly at the blonde woman. "That was awesome!" Hazel exclaimed. "This place is so nice, too. So is that big house where Mom lives?"


"That?" Margot laughed. "Don't be silly, Hazel. That's where I live. Your mother is living in a converted warehouse building a block away, while construction begins on a more permanent residence for her."
"So where is she, then?" Hazel asked. "Come on! It's been so long, I want to see her!"


"I'm sure you can find her." Margot replied, picking up her pace as she rounded the corner. "Listen, I know it's been a while, but I'd rather not be a third wheel hanging around when you two reunite. I'll be inside if you need me!"


Hazel was about to ask why Margot was being so cagey when she turned a corner and stopped dead in her tracks. If not for the sunglasses she wore it would have been obvious how incredibly wide her eyes grew all of a sudden as she took in the towering amazon who stood before her. "Oh my god... Is that...?"


"Mom?!"
She recognized the woman's face immediately, and yet she still had a hard time believing that the woman standing in front of her could be her mother. The towering woman stood well over forty feet tall! Much bigger than anyone Hazel had ever seen in her entire life! Yet, somehow, that wasn't the part that seemed the strangest. The woman in front of her had an air about her that was unlike anything Hazel had seen from her mother. Her hair, her lingerie, was all like something from a baroness, not the put-upon mother she remembered.


Then, she spoke. "Pathetic little idiot! Did you really think you could disrespect Doña Rebecca and get away with it?" the towering giantess asked. She spoke with a power and refinement that Hazel had never heard from her before. But who was she speaking to?


Suddenly, a man's voice cried out in Italian. "Per favore, non farlo!" he screeched.

Hazel looked down, and realized that there was a man trapped under Rebecca's foot. So small in comparison that her big toe looked about the same size as his head. She had been so distracted by her mother's size that she hadn't even noticed him. His face was beaten and bloodied. From his white tank top and overalls, he looked every bit like a stereotypical low-level mafioso.


Rebecca leaned forward, pressing her toes down on the man's back and bringing a fresh scream of pain from his broken form. "You have the gall to beg me for forgiveness now!?" Rebecca asked. "I offered you forgiveness before, and how did you repay it? By making a mockery of me. You don't deserve forgiveness. What you deserve... nothing."


And with that, Rebecca pressed her foot down harder on the man's back. Crunching, snapping noises could be heard as he screamed for mercy one last time. A scream that caught in his throat as the big toe pressed down onto his back, crushing his spinal cord. His body fell still immediately after and he lay limp under Rebecca's foot.
Hazel could hardly believe what she just saw, and recoiled in horror from the sight.


Rebecca lifted her foot, making it clear the man was truly dead. He lay there, limbs akimbo, contorted painfully on the marble floor as she wiped her foot back to clean the sole off.


The tension slowly built, until Hazel finally broke her silence with a sudden outburst. "You... You killed him!" Hazel screamed. "You fucking killed him!"


"Who the hell..." Rebecca said as she turned towards Hazel. For a moment her face had been flush with rage, but that quickly gave way to a look of embarrassment and confusion. "H-Hazel?! I didn't know that you'd be here so early! I'm afraid that you interrupted me in the middle of some, well, let's say... unpleasant business."


"That's what you're calling it?" Hazel shouted. "Unpleasant business? Mom, you just killed a guy! You just murdered someone in front of me, and you're going to act like it's no big deal?!"


"Listen, Hazel..." Rebecca said, searching for the words to say what she was thinking. "Sometimes... Sometimes good people have to do bad things to bad people.Us amazons have got to look out for each other, right? It's the cost of business in this line of work!" Rebecca smiled and held her arms out, ready to embrace Hazel.


"Come on, give your mom a hug!" Rebecca said, as she dropped to her knees. Even now, she still towered over her daughter. "Come on, Hazel, you can't let yourself feel bad about every guy you crush. We're both amazons! We're literal femme fatales! You're a killer, and so am I!"


"I'm nothing like you!" Hazel screeched. "I loved Mason! It was an accident, and I still feel terrible about it! I'm not just going around and trampling people left and right! You're not my mom, you're a monster!"


Rebecca slowly put her arms back down, as sadness swept across her face. "I'm sorry you feel that way, sweetie," Rebecca sighed as embarrassment swept over her. "I know it's a lot to adjust to, but I hope that you can come to understand me, Hazel. Remember, I did this for us... for you!"


Hazel turned, and walked away. "Whatever, mom."
Hazel said. "I don't want to see you right now!"
She walked through the front door of the
mansion, and slammed the door behind her.


No sooner had Hazel stepped inside did Margot walk over to Rebcca. "That was an awkward introduction." She said, offering a bit of comfort for the bigger woman. "Listen, she's new to this. Most amazons take a while to truly accept their place in the hierarchy of power. Even if her first one was an accident, she'll come to realize that what we do is a necessity. She'll come around."
"Oh yeah?" Rebecca asked. "And how do you know?"
"How do I know?" Margot chuckled. "I have some experience with these matters. After all... you were against it at first too, weren't you?"
Rebecca sighed, but nodded her head. "Yeah, I guess I was..."


"I talked to her about her year in prison, Rebecca. The stuff she did there... Well, let's just say she won't be difficult to convince. No one can say no to this lifestyle." Margot replied, gesturing towards the pool area behind her where a mixture of amazons and normal-sized women were mingling with each other. "So, Doña Rebecca? Are you going to keep sitting around and moping, or are you going to enjoy the party favors?"


Rebecca rose to her feet, and looked out at the numerous people spread before her. The lavish landscape. The beach. The pools. It was enough to lift her spirits, and her lips widened into a smile. "It's good to be the Doña." Rebecca said.
"That's what I thought." Margot replied. "I'll go inside and talk some sense into Hazel. You go ahead and enjoy yourself."


"Oh, I always do." Rebecca said, running her tongue along her lips. She thumped over to the pool, shaking the ground with her enormous footsteps.


Hazel sulked in the kitchen of Margot's mansion, with a half-dozen tacos sitting in the counter in front of her. Upset as she was over what she'd seen, the chef had offered her food and she wasn't about to turn down a meal by a personal chef. Even if he had struggled to make her non-Italian request, and had to occasionally step down and move a step-stool around to prepare it.

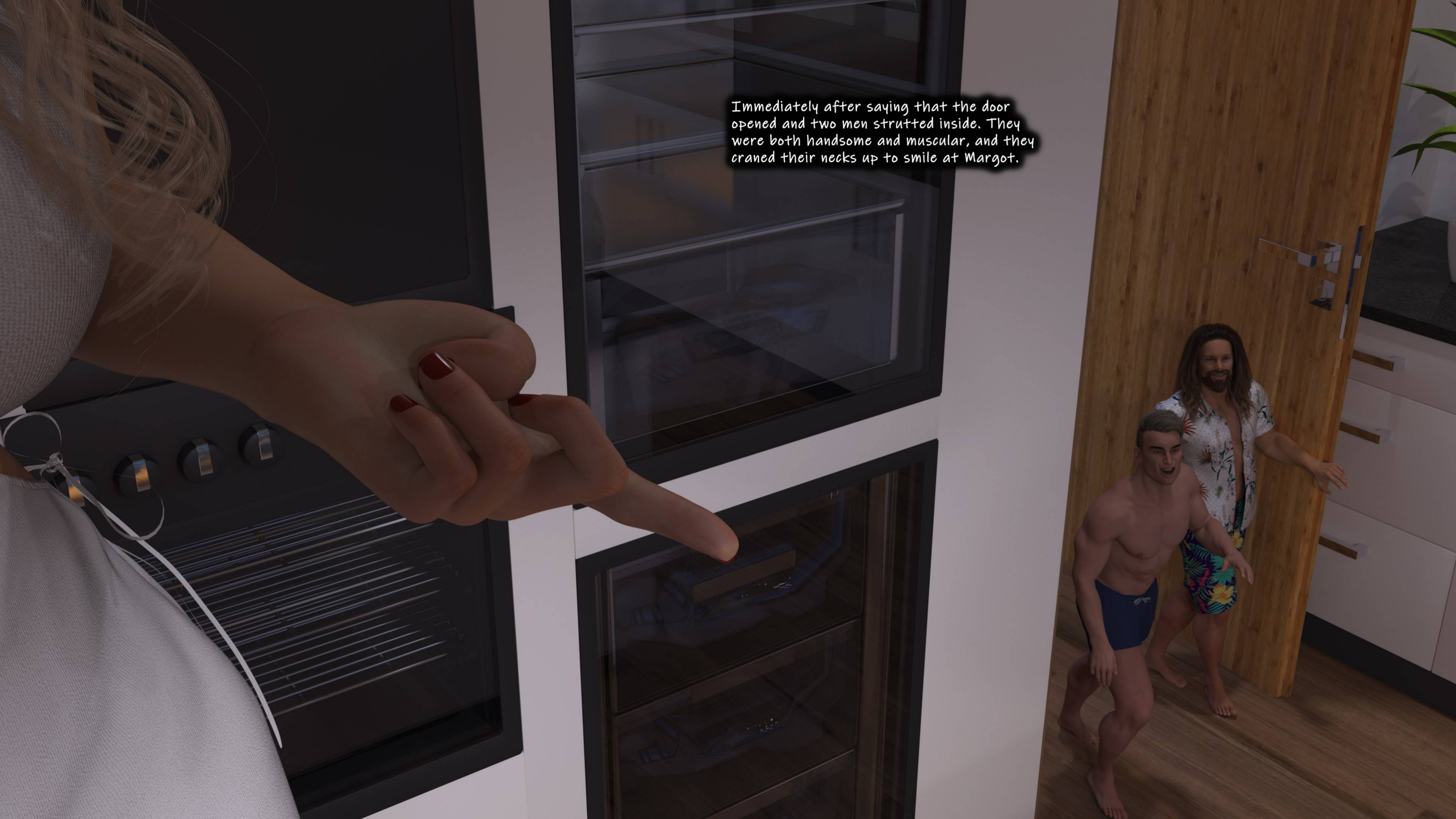

The relative silence was broken when the kitchen's door swung open, and Margot walked in. "There you are, Hazel! I hope you're enjoying my hospitality." Margot said. "Your mother and I want only the best for you!"


"Like I haven't heard that one before." Hazel groaned. "Listen, Margot. When can I go back home? I don't think this life is for me. It's just too-"
"But you just got here, Hazel!"
"I-" Hazel started, before sighing again. "Does Mom really think I'll just forget that she killed a man right in front of me? What, because of some dinky little tacos?"


Margot walked behind Hazel, and put her hand on Hazel's shoulder. "There there, darling, I know that was a bit excessive as an introduction to this lifestyle of ours, but it's nothing out of the ordinary. Listen, your mother was telling the truth when she said she was doing it for you. This world we live in? It's not kind to us amazons. You saw it yourself back home. If I hadn't managed to keep the trial stalled until it could be dismissed there's no way you'd have been given a fair sentence. Normal people... they fear us. Then they use that fear to oppress us in the hopes that we'll accept their dinky little rules. We tried doing this their way back home. We really did. It just doesn't work. We can't coexist with them, not when they're in charge. The only way to stay free is for us to take charge... and sometimes that means reminding the others why we're in charge."


Hazel looked up empathetically at Margot, who offered a warm smile in return.
"Maybe... Maybe you're right." Hazel admitted, remembering her own time back home since becoming an amazon. "It's just... is that really the only way? Did she have to... you know."
"You know how they are." Margot said. "Give them an inch, and they'll take a mile."
"I... guess. It's all a lot to take in, though. I think I need to just sit here and think for a while."


Margot shook her head. "No. No way." She said, stepping around her. "Take it from me, sweetie. I know a bad idea when I hear it. Sitting in a dark room and ruminating over things will just make you feel worse, and it won't show you more of what living here is actually like. What better way to understand it than to experience life here for a bit! I have just the thing! Come on in, boys!"


Immediately after saying that the door opened and two men strutted inside. They were both handsome and muscular, and they craned their necks up to smile at Margot.


"You called, Miss Margot?" the long-haired man said, in a thick Italian accent. "What would be your pleasure?"
"It's not about my pleasure," Margot told them with a wide grin. "It's about my friend here. Hazel has been in jail for over a year... Which means it's been a long, long time since she's been with a man. I trust you two can show her a good time?"


"But of course!" the long-haired gigolo exclaimed. "Good times are our specialty! I am Gardo!"
"And I am Caprice!" the short-haired one replied. "We live to please, and love nothing more than making sexy amazon women feel good!"


Hazel looked the men over, and began to smile as she entertained the possibility. The ride over here had been so very nice with the servants massaging her the whole way, and she was eager to experience a bit more of that if she was being honest with herself.
"You know... I guess if I am on vacation maybe I could stand to relax and enjoy myself a little bit..."


"Of course!" Margot laughed. "That's the spirit! Now go on you two! Go over and show Hazel a good time. But take it slow. She's sensitive. Be gentle... at first, anyway."
"Gentle is my middle name!" Gardo replied with a confident laugh.


The pair made their way over to Hazel, and stood in front of her. Hazel looked down at them eagerly, reminded once again of her size advantage over normal people. Neither of the men came up past her knees, a fact that they seemed very excited about themselves. Hazel looked the men up and down, taking in their masculine bodies, thinking of what was to come.


"I trust you can handle it from here. I'll leave you three alone," Margot told her as she turned to leave. "Indulge yourself a little, Hazel. You're an amazon. You deserve it. Have all the fun you want, and don't worry about making a mess. That's what the maids are for!"
"Are you sure?" Hazel asked.


"Sweetie." Margot said, giving Hazel a playful wink and a wide grin. "I've never been more sure of anything in my life." With that, she walked out of the room, leaving Hazel with her two new playthings.


For a moment Hazel looked the two eager men over, before a surge of confidence moved through her.
"You know that stuff Margot just said? About taking things slow and being gentle?" She asked, spreading her legs wide. "Yeah, nevermind all that shit. I'm fucking horny, and I want you to make me cum right now!"
"It would be our pleasure!" Caprice replied. He jumped up and grabbed the edge of the table, lifting himself up while Gardot moved in-between Hazel's legs.



No more words were exchanged when the small man grabbed hold of Hazel's panties, and pulled them aside. His hand, much smaller by comparison, moved directly between her thighs and gently rubbed her lips.

"Oh GOD, yes," Hazel moaned as he began fingering her pussy. His fingers moved expertly around her clit, sending waves of pleasure rolling through her body as she shuddered in her seat.


"Fuck that feels good," Hazel moaned breathily. "You're doing a great job. Just like that! Deeper... Deeper!"


While Gardo fingered her, Hazel turned her attention to Caprice, who had made his way onto the top of the table. She stared down at the blonde gigolo, breathing warm air on his face.
"What can I do for one so beautiful as yourself?" Caprice asked.
"Kiss me. Now." Hazel ordered.


Without hesitation, Caprice leaned forward and pressed his face against Hazel's huge lips. The amazon moaned as her warm lips engulfed half of his face, while he grabbed double fistfuls of hair in an effort to pull her closer.


The kiss was passionate and intense, and, if only for a moment, it made Hazel forget all her worries. As they broke apart, she lowered her sunglasses and turned her gaze downward. "I hope kissing's not all you're good for." She teased, bringing her hand around his waist to tug his trunks down. "Let's see what we've got here..."
Caprice could only raise his hands over his head, letting her have free reign to do as she wished. Hazel nodded approvingly when she finally got a glimpse of his massive, fully-erect cock bobbing in the air. "Holy shit, you're huge!... For your size, that is!" Hazel exclaimed.


Gardo continued to finger her as Caprice stepped closer to the table's edge. Hazel bent down, licking the tip of his cock hungrily. He tasted salty, and she could feel him pulsing with pleasure beneath her tongue. She licked and sucked it like there was no tomorrow, exploring every inch of his shaft with her eager mouth.
Caprice moaned in delight as he felt Hazel's wet tongue work its magic on him. His hips involuntarily started bucking against her lips, sending waves of pleasure surging through her body.


Hazel grabbed his cock with one hand and started jacking him off. Her hand moved up and down the length of his shaft carefully, allowing her to control the pace of pleasure. Caprice's breathing became more ragged as he felt himself nearing the edge.
Hazel was getting close as well. Though Gardo was on his own between her legs, she greatly appreciated his efforts in her own way. The pleasure was too much to handle, and soon Hazel found herself screaming out in ecstasy as she experienced a powerful orgasm.


Hazel was still finishing Caprice off when Gardo pulled away. Hazel looked down at the man, annoyed that he had stopped after only one orgasm. "Huh? What gives!" she asked, raising her voice aggressively.


Gardo smiled at her. "Come! There is a party outside," Gardo said. "Margot and Doña Rebecca are out there. Why stay cooped up in here when we can celebrate with the others?"


Hazel groaned at the idea. "But Mom is out there!" She whined. "She's the last person I want to see right now, especially when I'm having sex!"
Caprice tried his best to change her mind. "Beautiful, you do not have to talk to her," He reassured her. "Come on, let's go outside, and make love in the sun!"
"Fine. But just for a little while," Hazel said, rolling her eyes.


Though she had resisted it, Hazel's mood improved the second she stepped outside. The combination of the cool air and the bright sun was effective at lifting her spirits. They were some of the things she missed most when she was locked up in Rikers. She was in an excellent mood, up until she noticed a man in a suit mopping up a pool of blood.


Hazel's entire body tensed up, and she quickened her pace through the courtyard. "Whoa, slow down there!" Gardo asked, trying his best to keep up with her. "What is the hurry? Is something wrong?"


"She is." Hazel said, glaring across the courtyard at her mother. "The first thing I saw her do when I got here was kill someone, and now she's throwing a big sex party like nothing ever happened! Is killing people really that normal to her? Is this just an average day for her?!"


Hazel watched the debaucherous display unfolding in front of her. Amazons and normal women were making out with each other, in what was sure to devolve into a raucous orgy. There was seemingly no end to the lusty moans and movements of those around her, and she could only wonder if these people were mere attendees, or people who worked here and served under her mother.


But the centerpiece of it all, clearly, was Rebecca. Two women rolled around on top of her breasts, passionately kissing and groping as they tumbled into her ample cleavage. Their every movement sent jiggles through the enormous woman's soft breasts. A particularly large amazon with blue hair had locked lips with the bigger woman, until Rebecca suddenly pulled away.


"You two!" She ordered the pair making out in her cleavage. "Get to my pussy! I've had a hard day, and I need a harder fucking!"


"Si, Doña Rebecca!" the blonde woman said. Her and the redhead quickly jumped to their hands and knees, not wanting to waste a second. They moved over the top of her chest as quickly as they could, and slid down the other end to get to her pussy.


The redhead was the faster of the two and reached her destination first, climbing over Rebecca's thigh to part the giant woman's pussy lips. She leaned in closer, wrapping her mouth around Rebecca's clit with her eager tongue.


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Rebecca moaned in pleasure, and turned towards the blue-haired woman she'd been kissing only a moment prior. The amazon looked up at Rebecca, and bit her lip with anticipation.
"Something on your mind, Aria?" Rebecca asked between moans.
"Oh... Well, Doña Rebecca I am thinking... that you really only need one of those women to pleasure you."


Rebecca smiled mischievously at Aria. "Oh?" She asks, her full lips curling up into a wry smile. "Well now, whatever could you mean by that?"
"You know exactly what I mean," Aria replied, excitement obvious on her face. "Both of those little women? They are not like us. And to you that means they are, how you say, snack-sized..."


"We may both be amazons, but we are on vastly different levels." Rebecca teased, parting her lips and running her tongue along the smaller Amazon's bare chest. "If I was hungry enough, I could make you into a snack as well."

"Mmm I would love nothing more, Doña. If that is what you wish, then eat me. I am yours," Aria teased.

"Maybe I will someday..." Rebecca moaned, letting her tongue dance upon the blue-haired woman's body again. Aria looked into Rebecca's eyes with a mixture of fear and excitement. With one swift motion, Rebecca leaned forward and pursed her lips around an entire breast, making the smaller woman moan in delight. Rebecca smiled as she continued licking Aria's nipples, coating her entire chest in a layer of glistening saliva.


While she toyed with Aria, Rebecca reached down and grabbed hold of the blonde woman's waist. She looked around nervously as Rebecca hoisted her up into the air. "Eh? Che cosa sta accadendo?" the woman asked.
The redhead continued with her duties, and didn't so much as glance up at her friend. She knew it was best to keep your head down and do your work when Rebecca was around. She'd seen what happened to people who displeased the Doña.


Rebecca held the feisty strawberry blonde woman in the air, and eyed her up and down. "This one should do nicely, don't you think?" Rebecca asked, giving the dangling woman a firm shake.


"Oh, she's so small and helpless!" Aria replied, practically salivating over the prospect herself. "Now enough teasing, I want to watch you swallow her!"


"With pleasure," Rebecca said. She opened her mouth wide, and then slid the woman's feet between her lips. There was no resistance at all the size difference between the two of them was so great, and Rebecca danced the tip of her tongue along the soles of the woman's feet before pushing the little body further into her mouth.


Rebecca shoved the woman further inside, until her thighs entered Rebecca's oversized mouth. Rebecca stopped for a moment, and ran her tongue along the contours of the woman's curves. She tasted the woman's pussy one last time, almost regretting what she was about to do, but a thousand times more excited for the sensations to come.


Sliding the blonde woman further inside, she began to go hysterical at what was happening to her. She begged, pleaded, and pounded her fists against Rebecca's face while screaming in Italian. But none of her efforts bothered Rebecca in the slightest, who simply shoved the body even further into her mouth with just one finger.


"Mmmm..." Rebecca moaned, closing her lips to mute the horrific screaming of the blonde woman as Rebecca shoved most of her head into her mouth. With only an arm sticking out from between her lips now she savored the feeling one more time, gently pressing her teeth into the little one's body to scare her further.
Aria watched the display with a wicked smile on her face. "Yes Doña! Show her what the little ones mean to you! Swallow her! Suck her down!"


Finally, with a loud gulping noise, Rebecca did exactly that. Her throat bulged, and she swallowed a second time. The woman's hair disappeared between Rebecca's lips. Her hand flailed wildly around before Rebecca finally slurped her down like spaghetti.
"So sexy!" Aria shouted enthusiastically. "I love watching you make a meal out of them!"


While Rebecca tilted her head back to help the huge meal slide down her throat, Aria wasted no time pressing her face against the bigger amazon's neck. She could see and feel the huge lump traveling down her throat. And if she listened closely, though faint, she was sure she could hear the shrieking voice of the woman begging to be let free.
Aria herself shuddered, unbelievably turned on by the entire scenario.


Without another word, Aria climbed up onto Rebecca's breasts. "You just can't keep your hands off me, can you?" Rebecca asked. "What do you want to do next?"
"That is not for me to decide." Aria said. "You are the Doña. I will do whatever you ask of me."


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PARK LANE
Hazel watched the display with a furious look on her face. "Oh my god, did she really just swallow that woman? I thought they were just doing some kind of weird sex thing, but she seriously fucking ate a person who didn't do anything wrong! She really is a monster!"

"The Doña does love to indulge herself from time to time! You know what they say. Big women have big appetites!" Gardo said, winking at Hazel. "What do you say me and my friend take your mind off things... and satisfy your appetites, eh?"


"I don't know," Hazel replied. "Right after seeing someone get eaten? That feels kind of wrong..."
"We live to serve your kind, madam. If you do not want to have sex, we do not have to." Gardo said. "Caprice and I are both excellent masseuses as well. And if that leads us somewhere... well, we can cross that bridge when we get to it, no?"


Despite what she'd just witnessed, Hazel was already beginning to feel a bit apathetic to the woman's plight. Her expression softened at the offer she'd just gotten while running her fingers through her hair. "Well, when you put it that way... that does sound kind of nice," she admitted. "And it's not like worrying is going to bring that woman back... I guess I might as well try and enjoy myself. Actually, you know what? Forget about that massage. Let's fuck!"


Meanwhile, Margot walked around the beach, surveying the scenes all around her. Everywhere she looked there were people having sex in the sand - couples making love, threesomes and even larger groups going at it. She spotted a blonde woman going down on a redheaded amazon, but that didn't hold her interest for long. She was eager to watch the main event unfold.


Margot sat down on top of a nearby Verona. It creaked under her weight, but she paid that little mind. If it breaks, it could simply be replaced. For now she needed a place to sit, so she enjoyed the afternoon. A redhead in white swimwear wasted no time walking over to her and wrapping her arms around Margot's huge leg.


Margot watched the entire party from this perspective, struggling to take it all in there was so much going on. Rebecca was up to her usual antics of being doted upon by an army of gorgeous women. As much as Margot enjoyed watching the towering giantess, though, she had seen this more times than she could count. What intrigued her more was seeing Hazel and her new, far greater size in action.
"Let's see if the apple doesn't fall far from the tree." Margot mused aloud.


On the other side of the courtyard, Hazel and Caprice were getting busy. Caprice had his arms around the amazon woman's thighs, as Gardo admired her body. He slipped his cock in between her pussy lips, and began thrusting his hips against the taller woman.
"Impressive..." Hazel teased, before sighing in disappointment. "But is that really all you've got? Don't hold back! Fuck me as hard as you can!"


Caprice grinned, and obliged. He grabbed onto Hazel's waist with both arms, and pounded into her like a jackhammer. The amazon moaned in pleasure as he increased his pace, surprised at how nice it felt as he thrust his entire body against her own.
"Fuck that feels good!" Hazel said breathlessly. "Don't stop now! Faster, harder!"


Gardo leaned back against the wall, and smiled confidently up at Hazel before giving his own cock an enthusiastic pump. "After he's done, I'll really fuck you hard! All the amazon women in Italy love me. There's a reason they call me 'Il Mostro!'"


"Fuck, you really are big!" Hazel said breathily while spreading her legs even further. "Come over here... I want to get a closer look..."
While Gardo made his way closer to Hazel, Caprice kept driving his hips deeper and faster. Hazel moaned in delight as she neared orgasm, impressed with the man's stamina.


Gardo rested his arm on Hazel's thigh, and spoke gently to her. "Together, we can make something beautiful," he said. "You are the Princess, and I am your consort. Together, we will make sweet love under the stars."


"Enough with the talk," Hazel said, biting her tongue. "Fuck, I'm getting close! Fuck me harder, you little bitch! Harder!"
Caprice growled in pleasure at Hazel's words, and increased his intensity. He let out a guttural roar as he slammed into her with all his might.


Suddenly, Hazel reached out and grabbed Gardo firmly by the waist. He gasped in shock as she lifted him up into the air with a single hand. "Eh? You are... You are squeezing a little hard, princess!"


"Shut the fuck up." Hazel moaned aggressively. "You're not being paid to complain. You're here to be my sex toy. Now shut up and let me suck that cock of yours!"
Gardo gasped in shock, and then nodded. "Yes, Princess! Anything you say!"


With that, Hazel raised Gardo up to her face, pursed her lips, and eagerly sucked his cock. She savored the taste of it, running its very impressive length along the top of her tongue.


Gardo took the reins, grabbing handfuls of Hazel's hair. He knelt down on top of Hazel's breasts, and thrusted into her mouth. With no need to hold him in the air, Hazel grabbed Caprice with both hands, helping him perform his own task even better.


Rebecca watched from across the courtyard, a wide grin forming on her face. "Ha! It looks like Hazel's enjoying life as an amazon!" She mused. "And now that I mention it, so am I..."


Rebecca turned her attention to the women who were making out on her chest. Aria had taken the redhead Rebecca had spared a moment ago as her own, but now the giant amazon was eyeing her down herself. A single person wasn't enough to satisfy someone of Rebecca's size, and though the redhead had done an adequate job of servicing her earlier... she didn't see anything special in her.
Rebecca eyed the woman hungrily up and down, licking her lips with anticipation.


With a single motion, Rebecca grabbed the redhead and lifted her up into the air. "Hey! What are you doing?!" the woman asked, surprised by the sudden betrayal.
"Just showing you how the Doña does things," Rebecca said with a smirk. "I'm a big woman, and you know I have a big appetite..."


Rebecca opened her mouth wide, and brought the redhead to her lips. "No, please, Doña! You don't have to!" the terrified woman pleaded. Her screams echoed in Rebecca's cavernous maw as she drew nearer.


Rebecca ignored the pleas. She'd heard them dozens of times before, and had never paid them any mind. Why would this time be any different? Her lips closed around the redhead's waist, sucking on the upper body trapped in her mouth. The tiny muffled screams were obscured by the tongue licking around her face and occasionally flicking at her nubile breasts.
Aria sulked. "I love you Doña, but there are so many others here for you to indulge yourself with! Did you really have to go for the one I was just starting to have fun with?"


Rebecca's mouth was full, but she didn't need words to let Aria know how she felt. All it took was a touch to remind Aria that she didn't like being talked back to. Even at Aria's great size only one of Rebecca's hands was big enough to wrap completely around her thigh, and grip her tightly.
Aria stared nervously at the huge fingers wrapped around her leg. "I-I'm sorry, Doña, I didn't mean to offend! You can eat whoever you want! But that thing about you eating me, that was just a little joke between us!"


Rebecca had no intention to eat Aria. Not now, anyway. Much as she enjoyed swallowing people whole, she had another hole that was far more voracious than her mouth. She watched the blue-haired woman fidget with amusement as she lowered the smaller amazon between her legs.
"You're not seriously going to shove me in your ass, are you?" Aria asked. "Come on, Rebecca, you know I'm too good to ruin like that!"


Aria gasped as Rebecca's soft, wet lips enveloped her head. She was relieved that she wasn't going to be shoved up Rebecca's ass, but that did little to calm her down. "Please be gentle!" Aria pleaded. "I saw what happened to some of the women you got carried away with! And remember to take me out for air! I know how long it can take you to–"


Rebecca only grunted, and pushed Aria's head between her legs. Her pussy lips parted, and eagerly swallowed the blue-haired woman up to the waist in no time flat. Savoring the sensation of Aria's body sliding into her pussy and the muffling of any complaints she may have made sent a shiver of pleasure through Rebecca's entire body. Knowing she could do this to an amazon as well as a normal human drove her wild, and she took full advantage of this.


Margot slowly took off her sunglasses as she watched the display. "Mmm... It's rather enthralling watching her, isn't it?" Margot mused. "When she gets like this... She's like a lioness in heat. Don't you think so, Sofia?"
"I couldn't agree more." The smaller woman said, hugging the calf tightly. "The way she uses them like sex toys, with no concern for anything except her own pleasure... It's so... primal. So visceral. Being driven by her own enjoyment above all else is deeply erotic."


With a single swift motion, Margot pushed Sofia with her foot. The small woman flailed wildly as she tried to recover her balance, but failed to do anything but crash into the soft sand below.


"W-What was that for?!" Sofia asked, hurt by the sudden attack as she brushed the sand off of her body.
Margot stood over her, dwarfing the smaller woman with her towering form. "I guess you could say that I'm driven by my own enjoyment above anything else." Margot said. She lifted up her dress, revealing her dripping-wet pussy to the woman lying on her back.


Saying nothing else, Margot crouched down, lowering her pussy on top of Sofia's face. Sofia looked up at Margot in fear and awe, unable to take her eyes away from the glistening flesh between her legs. Though she had been scared at first, she quickly enjoyed this turn of events, blushing as she succumbed to the seduction.


Margot moved rhythmically on top of Sofia, grinding her pelvis against the smaller woman's face. Sofia gasped with pleasure as Margot's slick juices coated her entire face. Margot smiled in delight as she rode Sofia hard, pushing deeper and deeper as she lost herself in an orgasmic frenzy.
Margot grinded her hips against Sofia's face, grinding and writhing as the pleasure grew. With each movement of Margot's hips, Sofia felt more and more pleasure. She grabbed onto Margot's legs for support as she did her best to pleasure her mistress with her tongue.
Margot's moans filled the air with an intoxicating symphony of ecstasy, until finally she reached her peak. Margot cried out in bliss as she crashed into a powerful orgasm that shook her body from head to toe.


The gigolo groaned in pleasure, feeling himself near orgasm as he watched Hazel work her magic on him. Hazel was in a state of ecstasy as she worked her expert mouth around the bulging cock before her. She felt herself becoming more and more aroused with each passing moment, as her tongue skillfully caressed every inch of his enormous member.


"Here it comes princess! Take it...!" He moaned, before suddenly pulling his cock out from between Hazel's face. She had only a moment to realize what had happened before she was blasted with his hot sticky cum all over her face while he moaned loudly, enjoying what he'd just done.
For a moment she sat there in shock. Eyes wide, mouth open, and cum dripping down her face.
"You fucking asshole!" She suddenly shouted. "You almost got that in my eye!"


"Sorry, princess! Gardo's juice has a mind of its own sometimes. It goes wherever it wants!" The man said boisterously. "My cock is like a firehose, it is wild and untamed! I cannot be blamed if it gets all over!"


Hazel glared at him. "Guys like you are all the same!" Hazel argued. "You think just because you've got a huge cock that you can do whatever you want and you don't even have to ask! Well, news flash: I'm twenty feet tall, and you're not!"


With that, Hazel grabbed Gardo by the neck, choking him as she lifted him higher into the air. He winced in pain, gasping for breath as his hands tried in vain to remove the fingers clenched around his throat.


With her other hand, Hazel grabbed Caprice by his leg and picked him up as well. She walked across the courtyard, carelessly carrying the two gigolos around with her. At Hazel's size carrying two fully grown men required remarkably little effort.

Hazel loosened her grip on Gardo's neck just enough for him to breathe. As soon as he had caught his breath, he muttered an apology. "I'm sorry that we upset you! Just give me one more chance, I'll make it up to you!" Gardo pleaded.

"I'm done with you two," Hazel said. "I'll see what the Doña wants to do with you. Something tells me she won't be too gentle with the man who disrespected her daughter..."

"Her WHAT?!" Both men shouted at once, having not been notified of this fact up until now.


Hazel paid them no mind and walked over to Rebecca. The huge older woman who was still sucking on the redhead while she fucked herself with Aria. This exact image would have bothered her an hour ago, but hardly even phased her as she carried the two up to her. The only one she felt any amount of empathy for was the one trapped in her mother's mouth, which was lucky since she was about to save her.
"Hey, mom!" Hazel shouted. "Do you mind spitting her out really quick? I wanted to ask you something!"


Rebecca looked at Hazel, then down to the two men she carried. She contemplated swallowing the redhead... but decided that finding out what her daughter needed was more important. Rebecca's huge lips parted and a shiny, glistening redhead flopped out of her mouth and onto her expansive chest, coughing for air. "What is it, Hazel?" Rebecca asked. "I don't like being interrupted when I'm trying to eat!"


"That's what I wanted to talk about," Hazel told her. "If you're going to eat someone... I'd rather it be this asshole than that poor woman. He'll probably be more filling, too!"
Rebecca eyed the woman in her cleavage over, then scanned the much more muscular man in Hazel's hand. She didn't like letting someone go when she'd already decided to eat them... but she'd be lying if she said Hazel's prospect would be vastly more filling.


"If it's for my daughter... then I suppose I can make an exception. Hand him over." Rebecca said, and Hazel was only too happy to oblige. The amazon tossed Gardo into Rebecca's hand, which accepted him easily.
"Take him. He's yours," Hazel told her. "Eat him, fuck him... whatever you want to do with him, I could care less."
"What's this about..." Rebecca asked, wondering what had caused Hazel to so willingly give someone up for her. "He didn't do anything to you, did he? I swear I'll make him suffer for the rest of his life if he did anything to you. He'll wish he was never born. He will wish I killed him instead, and-"


"Doña, PLEASE! I DIDN'T-"
"Shut up." Hazel interrupted, before turning back to face her mother. "No, he didn't do anything like that. "It's just that... Well, he came on my face without asking, and then he was kind of a dick about it. If there's one thing I learned in Rikers, it's that you don't let people disrespect you and get away with it. So go ahead, slurp him down or fuck him to death, whatever. I don't care. He's your problem now."


"Mmm... don't mind if I do," Rebecca said, licking her chops. "Such a shame to do away with such a strong, fit man. But you know what we do to those who disrespect the Doña and her family, don't you?"
"Please, it was a misunderstanding, I was-"
Rebecca pressed the tip of her middle finger into his ribs, and he stopped protesting in an instant.
"Not that I mind." She continued, looking him over. "Hazel's right, too. You're not just a snack like that pitiful little redhead I was just about to eat. You're a full three-course meal with dessert compared to her..."


Hazel then held Caprice up in the air, letting him dangle upside-down. The blonde gigolo, having seen the fate just ascribed to his friend, was frantically flailing his arms, trying to escape her grip.
"You can take this one, too." Hazel said plainly. "He wasn't quite as rude... but he didn't do a whole lot for me, either. I've got to say, I don't think I like the men around here very much!"


"They do come on a bit strong... but I like that," Rebecca said. "Why don't you set him down, and let him have some fun with the little one between my legs? That's about the closest I can get to a proper fucking these days." She glanced down at Aria, who was still wedged inside of her pussy, tiny legs kicking frantically between Rebecca's own.


Hazel smiled as she walked over to the edge of the pool. She leaned forward and carelessly tossed Caprice over Rebecca's thigh. He let out a yelp as he fell onto the hard ground.


Caprice landed with a thud right between Aria's legs. He looked over at the amazon woman stuck inside of Rebecca's pussy, and then the much-larger one surrounding him on all sides.


"Well, what are you waiting for?" Hazel asked, smiling down to him.
Caprice looked up at the towering giantess, who looked down at him with a smirk on her cum-drenched face. "Go ahead, show both of them a good time! That's your job, isn't it?"


Not wanting to give the giantesses any reason to punish him, Caprice jumped to his feet, and looked at Aria's backside. He put his hands on her juicy ass cheeks, and heard a muffled moan echo from within Rebecca's pussy. Any reluctance he may have had instantly vanished as he grabbed her oversized bikini bottom and tore it off, eager for an entirely new experience.


Repeating what he'd done with Hazel a moment prior, Caprice grabbed Aria from behind and began thrusting into her. She screamed with pleasure as he slammed his hips against her ass, driving himself deeper and deeper inside of her with each stroke. But the difference in size wasn't quite as vast as it was with Hazel, so Aria was enjoying him quite a bit more than she had.


Hazel and Margot leaned over Rebecca's thighs, and watched as Caprice pounded Aria. "Mmm, look at him go!" Hazel exclaimed. "Have you ever seen a guy fuck two amazons at once?"
"Oh, honey." Margot chuckled. "More times than you know."
Hazel was genuinely taken aback by that, wondering what other sorts of things happen here on the regular. All the while she watched Caprice do his thing as best he could, pounding Aria's backside like his life depended on it... which it probably did when Rebecca was involved.


"I've got to say, this one is quite spirited, though." Margot mused, watching him do his thing while Rebecca returned her attentions to Gardo.
"My my, if you aren't a handsome little thing," Rebecca mused. She eyed the long-haired gigolo hungrily, looking his naked body up and down. Already wondering what such a big meal would feel like going down her throat.


She opened her mouth wide, let her tongue loll out from between her lips, and breathed heavily on Gardo. He screamed in terror, fighting increasing a dozen times over as Rebecca began to move him closer to her mouth... and stopped.
She looked back to Hazel, a look of genuine concern on her face. "So... You really don't mind if I eat this one, sweetie?"
"Him? Hazel replied with a smirk. "No. Not one bit."


"That's what I like to hear." Hazel said, dangling the terrified gigolo over her head. "You've made a grave error disrespecting my daughter the way you did. Even if you are a handsome little thing, everyone knows the punishment for disrespecting the Doña"
"Please, allow me to make it up to you! I can-"
"Shh..." Rebecca whispered, pressing a fingertip to his face to shut him up. "The punishment is death... and I'm going to enjoy eating you up."


With that, Rebecca wasted no time shoving Gardo head-first into her mouth. She opened wide, engulfing the screaming gigolo in her saliva-coated maw. Gardo thrashed desperately inside of Rebecca's mouth, but it was no use. Rebecca made no grand show of this one. She was indeed serious about the punishment for disrespecting her own family. Rather than the long drawn out show she'd given Aria a few minutes prior, she simply shoved the man into her mouth in his entirety, closed her lips, and swallowed.
The huge lump traveled down Rebecca's throat, screaming and thrashing all the way. In no time at all he vanished behind her chest, and the enormous amazon sighed in enjoyment, giving her belly a firm pat. She smiled, and looked back to her daughter, who was not at all bothered by what she'd just seen.


As soon as Rebecca finished her meal, Margot turned her attention back to the main event. Caprice was pounding away at Aria. Every thrust shook both of the amazons, sending ripples through their soft flesh. Margot knelt down behind Caprice, and leaned in for a closer look. "You're performing admirably," Margot said, "but perhaps I could lend some assistance..."



Slowly and seductively, Margot ran her hands up Caprice's body, letting her soft palms knead his tense muscles. She pressed herself against his back, and looked down between his legs. Her eyes followed the length of Aria's body, from her wide hips to the gentle curves of her neck. Her gaze traveled even lower towards the huge, wet pussy that engulfed her.

Margot couldn't wait another second. She leaned in closer, sticking her tongue out, and licked Rebecca's clit. It didn't take long for Rebecca to gasp in pleasure at Margot's touch. She moaned loudly as she felt Margot lick up and down her clit before finally settling into a slow circle with her tongue.


The sensations were overwhelming, and it wasn't long before Rebecca found herself on the edge of orgasmic bliss.
"Oh yeah, just like that," Rebecca moaned. "Make me grow! I want to grow huge!"
Then, all at once, a shockwave ripped through Rebecca's body. Hazel jumped back, startled by the sudden movement. "Holy shit, did you just grow?" Hazel asked excitedly.


"Oh fuck, yes! Yes!" Rebecca moaned. Within seconds, she had grown another foot in height. Her body trembled with pleasure as Margot continued to lick her clit. Her breasts grew larger and heavier, and her thighs grew thicker by the second.


Hazel watched in amazement as Rebecca's growth spurt continued. She was completely unbothered watching her own mother orgasm, and she watched in amazement as Rebecca grew even bigger.
"Holy shit Mom, how big are you going to get?" Hazel asked.
"Bigger," Rebecca replied. "So... much... bigger!"


As she neared her climax, Rebecca was overcome with orgasmic pleasure. "Yes! Yes!" Rebecca screamed. "Suck my fucking clit off! I want to be fucking huge!"


Finally, Rebecca exploded in one final orgasm. Rebecca shuddered with each wave of pleasure that raced through her body. The wave of pleasure was enough to make her grow even bigger. In a few short moments, her already gigantic body had grown even bigger.


Rebecca let out a satisfied sigh as her growth finally wound to an end. She was more than fifty feet tall now. Her body was so massive that the slightest errant movement could crush someone underneath her. Her hips rocked back and forth as she flaunted her new size before her daughter, who looked on in amazement.


"Fuck that felt good!" Rebecca exclaimed. She laid back, lying contentedly on the warm sand of the beach. "Back when I was eight feet tall, I was terrified of growing even bigger. Now I'm fifty feet tall, and I want to be a hundred feet tall so fucking bad! How about you, Hazel? Don't tell me you're done growing already!"


Hazel laughed. "Well, I guess I could grow a little bit bigger," Hazel said with a shrug. "And if that's not big enough for me, then I can always have another growth spurt! I could just stay here, have sex with all the hot guys I want, and see how big I grow. This place is just about perfect, I don't know if I ever want to leave!"


Rebecca leaned forward and looked Hazel in the eye, her gaze sharpened with fresh intensity. "I used to feel the same way, but this place is getting to be a little small for me," Rebecca said. "What if I told you that I had something bigger in mind?"
"Bigger?" Hazel asked. "What could be bigger than this?"
Rebecca smiled cryptically. "You'll see," she said, winking at Hazel.


End of Part 4

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