
Amazon Mom
Part Two


Art by jackofbullets
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Special thanks to MoreFriction


Becky crawled out through the front door of the police station. "Why do they make these places so small?" Becky whined.
"Look on the bright side. You're a free woman again, Rebecca!" Margot announced cheerfully. "Breathe in that fresh air!" But while Margot was celebrating Becky's newfound freedom, a nearby police officer was silently scowling.
METROPOLITAN
POLICE
DEPARTMENT
POLICE
POLICE


POLICE
"You're putting a very dangerous woman back on the streets!" The officer shouted. "She already put two people in the morgue, and three more in critical condition. How many more do you think she'll put away if she decides to go on another little rampage?!"


"I'll make sure she doesn't get in any more trouble, officer," Margot said with a smug smile. "Not that you cops exactly have much standing to criticize others for accidentally killing someone!"
The officer shook his head. "You won't be smiling when Becky here is found guilty. I'll see to it that she spends the rest of her life in prison!"
APARTMENTS


Margot could barely hide her amusement. "I assure you officer, she's going to walk away scot-free. My client isn't going to be spending another minute behind bars over some careless mistake. You won't get your grubby little hands on her ever again!"
THE LAVA PLANET
A FILM BY STEFAN MORRELL


"Whatever," the officer muttered. He shook his head and sulked back into the police station.
Margot turned back towards Becky and smiled. "That's how you handle men," Margot said. "You have to remind them of their place... below us. And speaking of height, you're quite the specimen, aren't you? I know a lot of HERS women, but it's been a while since I had to crane my neck up quite so much to look at someone! Tell me, how long has it been since your first growth spurt?"
"Only a few days now," Becky said.
"'A few days?' That's remarkable! I started growing years ago, and as you can plainly see, my own growth has been... less generous, shall we say. You're truly blessed!"
Becky shrugged. "I don't know if I'd put it quite like that, Margot."
POLICE



"And why not?" Margot asked. "Because you had one little accident?"

"An accident that killed two people," Becky pointed out.

"Well yes, I suppose," Margot admitted, "but don't beat yourself up over that, it's not your fault! It's the fault of a world that's not built with us in mind. How can they expect you to walk on the sidewalk, with people half your size, who you probably can't even see half the time with that magnificent chest of yours? There are more HERS women every day. We need to have entire lanes of traffic exclusively for HERS women! That would certainly cut down on such unfortunate accidents."



Becky nodded. "That's actually a good point," she said.

"Thank you," Margot said. "My foundation is working to better the lives of HERS women, in a variety of ways... But we'll have plenty of time to discuss that over dinner at my place."

"You're inviting me to dinner?!" Becky asked. "Thanks for the offer, but I should really get in contact with my family. They're probably worried sick about me..."

Margot smiled slyly. "I already had my people contact your husband and daughter to let you know you're okay. I can invite them to dinner too, if you like. I can arrange transportation..."

"Well shoot," Becky said, "If you're offering, I won't turn you down! I imagine that we need to walk, though?"


"On the contrary!" Margot said, as she leaned up against the side of a dump truck. "This is our transportation! It's not the most comfortable, I admit, but when I heard the news reports talking about your size, I figured something especially large was in order!"
"That should certainly do the trick!" Becky said. "My only question, is... Isn't it illegal to ride in the back of a truck like that?"



"Not for us!" Margot exclaimed. She climbed into the back of the truck bed, and Becky followed.

Becky sat down and did her best to get comfortable on the hard metal truck bed. "So what, it's just legal for HERS women or something?" Becky asked.

"That's right!" Margot said excitedly. "There are special exemptions for HERS women now, thanks to a bill that my foundation helped to pass recently. And that's just the tip of the iceberg! My foundation is working on a wide range of local legislation, all aimed at making New York City a testing ground for HERS rights. We're pushing for some radical changes to make life better for HERS women, and you're a part of that plan!"

"Me?!" Becky said. "But what can I do?"

"We'll have plenty of time to talk about that later," Margot said. "I'm afraid it will be too loud to talk during the ride!"



The truck finally stopped outside of an upscale apartment building, and Becky stepped off. Everyone nearby suddenly stopped in their tracks and stared. "Oh my god, it's her!" someone shouted. "That's the bitch who trampled a bunch of people yesterday!"

"Don't listen to them," Margot urged. "They don't understand what it's like for us. Come inside, they can't bother us there.."



Margot lead Becky down a long, narrow hallway. Margot only had to bend her head down a bit to fit through the hallway, but Becky was forced to crawl down on her hands and knees.

"I apologize for the building," Margot said. "It's near impossible to find a building that's truly accommodating for women like us in Manhattan. I'm having a specially-built home constructed, but until that's finished I'm afraid we're stuck with this claustrophobic little hallway. But things will be much nicer in the penthouse, I promise you!"

Becky crawled into the elevator, which creaked and bounced under her weight. "You're sure this elevator is strong enough to support us?" Becky asked.

"It can hold two tons, and you probably don't even weight a ton...We'll be fine!"

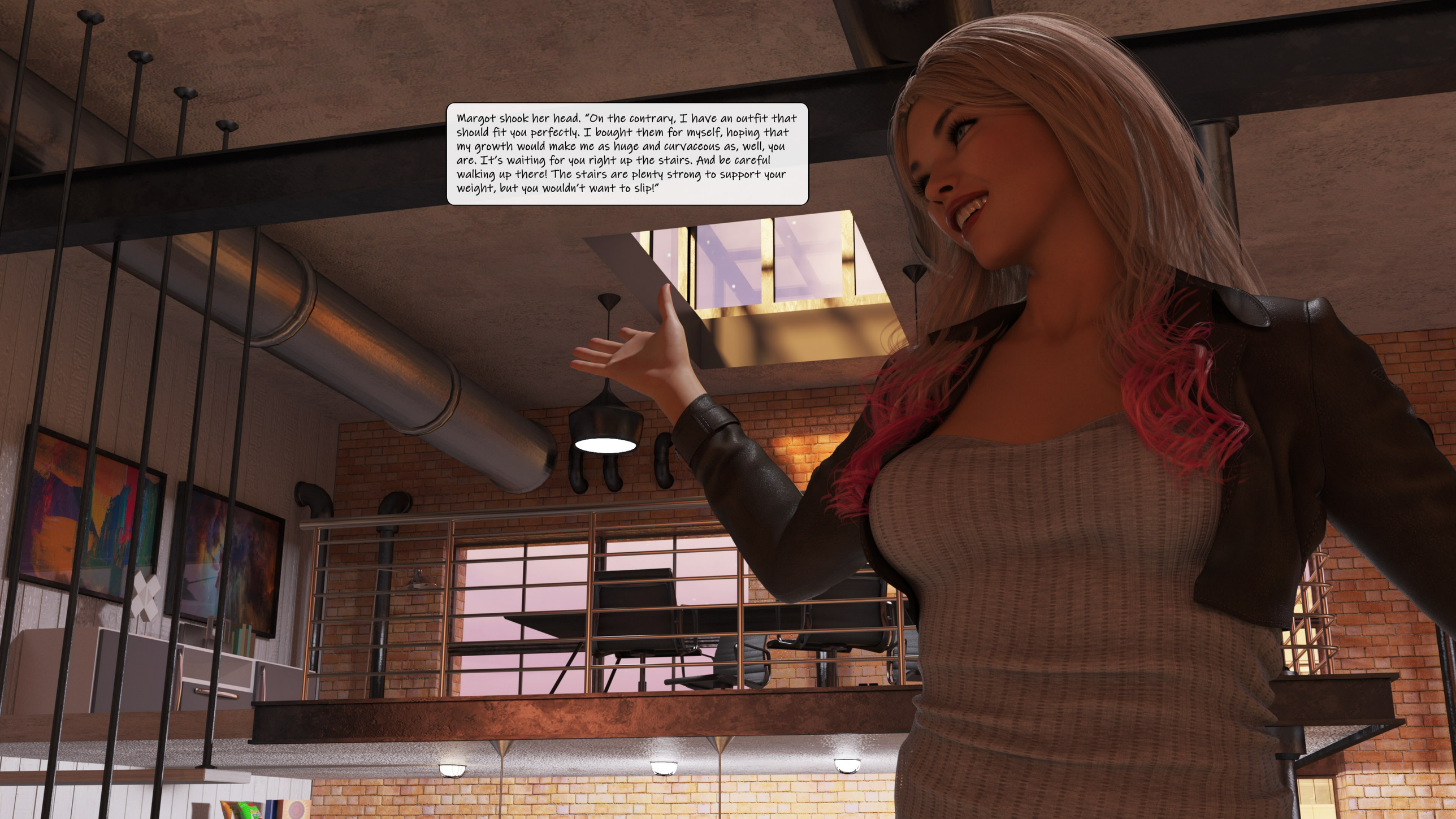

Becky crawled out of the elevator, only to find herself in another small room. The penthouse had one last hurdle, a narrow doorway that Becky soon found her hips wedged in. She pushed forward, and stumbled into the main room.


As Becky got back onto her feet, she looked around the apartment, and her eyes opened wide. "Holy shit," Becky exclaimed, "this is the nicest apartment I've ever seen!"


"Why thank you!" Margot said, swinging her arms wide. "This is my humble abode! Make yourself at home. Like the Spainards say, Mi Casa Es Su Casa!"
"Thank you!" Becky said excitedly. "I just can't believe how huge it is!"
"Margot laughed. "Yes, it's not bad for Manhattan. I bought the penthouse before I got HERS, but as you can see I had some modifications made to suit my new size... and yours. Parts of it can be a bit cramped for us amazons, I'm afraid, but I think you'll find it's far more comfortable than the hovel that pathetic husband of yours had you crammed into."


Margot turned towards her kitchen, where a man in a traditional chef's outfit hurriedly toiled away. "My chef there, Pierre, is one of the best private chefs in the city. He can make five-star cuisine from every corner of the world, he works tirelessly... and he's also extremely discreet. He's working on a veritable feast right now... aren't you, Pierre?"
"Yes Ma'am, it is nearly ready!" Pierre said, not ever looking up from his food.
Margot smiled. "That gives us just enough time to get changed into something more... comfortable. I have just a dress in mind. Would you like to get changed as well, Rebecca?"


"Me?" Becky asked. "I didn't bring anything... And I doubt any of your clothes will fit me much better than these jean shorts do!"


Margot shook her head. "On the contrary, I have an outfit that should fit you perfectly. I bought them for myself, hoping that my growth would make me as huge and curvaceous as, well, you are. It's waiting for you right up the stairs. And be careful walking up there! The stairs are plenty strong to support your weight, but you wouldn't want to slip!"


Margot quickly slipped into a sequinned red dress. Becky was still getting ready, so Margot sat on her couch and looked at her phone while she waited, resisting the urge to glance up at Becky while the older woman got changed.


"I'm ready!" Becky announced. She slowly strolled down the stairs in a pair of black platform heels.


Margot looked up, and saw Becky saunter over. Her elegant black dress perfectly accented her thick, womanly curves. "Is this good?" Becky asked. "Do I look okay?"


Margot couldn't help but bite her lip with anticipation. "Oh, you look far more than okay," Margot said. "You look... ravishing. I was a fool to think I could ever wear a dress that big, but you... You fill it out perfectly."


"Thanks, I'm glad you like it!" Becky said with a shrug. "I'm not used to dressing up fancy. I just hope I don't tear the fabric. It's a little tight, and I bet this thing costs more than my husband makes in a month!"


Margot smiled coyly. "Oh, I'm certain that it cost considerably more than that a man makes in an entire year. But don't worry about tearing it. If I got to see that voluptuous, powerful body of yours break something, it would be worth any price.


Message
17:30
"Ha-ha!" Becky laughed awkwardly. "Well as long as you're happy. So, any word from my family?"
Margot sighed. "Yes, I just got a reply from your daughter Hazel. It sounds like they won't be able to make it. I'm terribly sorry, but I suppose just the two of us could enjoy a meal?"
"Yeah, uhh, that sounds nice! And I don't mean to be rude, but my stomach is growlin' somethin' fierce. Is the food ready?"


Margot motioned towards the table. "Indeed it is!" she exclaimed. "I hope you like Mexican food. It's enough food to feed fifteen normal people... but you're far more than normal, aren't you? Something tells me you've got an appetite to match that figure.I was planning to share the meal, but now I can see that you're hungry enough to eat the whole enchilada, so to speak!"


Becky looked at the meal, a veritable cornucopia of tacos, burritos and enchiladas, and her stomach growled once again. It was an astounding amount of food... and yet, she wanted to eat every last bite.


"You really want me to have all of it?" Becky asked. "Don't get me wrong, it looks delicious, and I'm more than hungry enough... but I don't want to leave you hungry, either!"


"Nonsense!" Margot exclaimed. "The feasting that I do with my eyes will be enough, I promise you!"


Becky rushed over to the table, shaking the ground with every step. She plopped her wide behind into an oversized chair and pulled the plates closer to her. "It all looks so good!" Becky said. "I guess I'll start with... you!"


Becky grabbed two tacos, and stuffed them into her mouth. She chewed once, and swallowed, then slammed a burrito into her mouth with another hand. One after another, the hungry amazon stuffed the carefully-prepared entrees down her mouth at a dizzying pace, until soon only a pile of empty plates was before her.


Becky smiled with satisfaction. "Ooh, mama that was good!" Becky exclaimed. "For the first time since I grew, I think I actually feel full! I haven't had a meal that good since... Well, ever!"
Margot smiled, and sauntered her way over to Becky. "I'm glad you enjoyed it," the blonde debutante said. "You know, I had been planning to tell you all about my foundation, and how you fit into my plans, but that could hardly be further from my mind right now. There's only one thing on my mind at the moment. Tell me, Rebecca, now that I've satisfied one of your senses... perhaps I can satisfy another?"


"Mmm, what do you have in mind?" Becky asked. "Do you have a masseuse, or something? I could really use a back massage!"
"That's... not quite what I had in mind," Margot said. "I was thinking of something more... intimate."


Becky's eyes shot wide open. "Oh my! You're not, uhh, coming onto me, are you? 'Cause don't get me wrong, you're a very beautiful woman and everything, and there's nothing wrong with that... but honey, I just don't swing that way!"
Margot put her hand on Becky's shoulder. "I suspected as much," Marot said. "And while I admit that my interests in you are not exactly platonic, I respect your choices. Still, you would not begrudge me for taking some pleasure in watching you enjoy yourself, would you?"
"I don't know," Becky replied. "This all feels a little weird..."


Margot glided her hand along Becky's back as she sauntered around behind the older woman. "Rebecca, believe me when I say that I am a professional. You may feel free to reject my offer without negative repercussions. Even if you say no, I will still be your lawyer, and you will still be my client, and I will represent you to the best of my abilities. You are entirely within your rights to decline me. I only ask that before you turn me down, you see what I have prepared for you."
"Enough with the lawyer talk! Just tell me, what do you have for me?" Becky asked.


Margot ran her hand along Becky's arm, and tapped her fingers on the back of the older woman's hand. "Patience, Rebecca. I don't want to spoil the surprise... but I suppose I can give you a hint. I brought something that should help you relax. Something that I think will suit your tastes quite nicely."
"'My tastes?' What do you mean? Something tells me that you don't mean a nice bottle of red wine!"


Margot leaned in close next to Becky. "I'm talking about something that I think you'll enjoy considerably more than any vintage merlot, Rebecca. I know what it's like to have HERS. How insatiable your appetites can get. That old, decrepit husband of yours could hardly keep up with all of your needs, could he? I bet you crave someone younger and stronger."
BAKERY
TAKE-OUT


Becky's breathing grew heavier. "So you're telling me that you've got some handsome hunk of a man for me to have my way with?"


Margot smiled coyly. "You seem like a woman whose needs could hardly be satisfied by a single man, no matter how virile. A man needs a break after orgasm. It's one of their many weaknesses. But you, I bet you can fuck all night long, without a single break, and not get tired... so it's good to have a spare."


Margot snapped her fingers. The sound echoed through the high ceilings of her penthouse apartment, followed by the sound of footsteps.


Two handsome young men walked out. Their scant clothing revealed their impeccably sculped physiques. The first was svelte and wiry, and the second had huge, muscular arms and a stocky chest.
"So what do you think, Rebecca?" Margot asked. "Would you like to partake? They're all coked-up and ready to go..."
"Oh yeah," Becky moaned. "I need them bad, and I need them now!"


"We are to your liking, yes?" The shaggy-haired one asked in an Eastern-European accent.


"Yes, very much so," Becky replied. "Say, Margot, did you bring these guys all the way over from Russia or something?"
"Georgia, actually," Margot replied.
"Really? 'Cause he don't sound like he's from Atlanta."
"The other Georgia," Margot whispered. "Eastern Europe. The gigolos from there are willing to do anything... And if something goes wrong, it's easier to keep things hush-hush, if you know what I mean."
"Well I'll try to control myself," Becky said, "but with guys this hot, I can't promise anything..."


"You want make sex now?" the muscular gigolo asked. "I can pretend like I am firefighter."


"That won't be necessary," Becky said. "I want to get right to the action." Instinct took over, and she quickly walked over to the man and grabbed ahold of him. Before either of them was fully aware of what was happening, Becky was carrying him back to the table.


Becky threw him onto the table, clattering the plates that were still piled up. "Alright, mister firefighter, let's see what you've got on under those pants of yours!" Becky said. She charged towards the nervous gigolo and grabbed ahold of his legs.
"You American women are very forward!" the gigolo exclaimed.


"You have no idea," Becky said. She eagerly yanked his pants off and tossed them aside. "Now it's my turn!" Becky said.


Becky ripped her dress off just as hastily, and stared hungrily down at the muscular man on the table. "Damn thing was too tight anyway!"


Becky bent down in front of him, thrusting her heavy ass out towards him. "Looks like you've got a nice, big package ready for me," Becky said. "Well, what are you waiting for? Use that big hose of yours and fill me up!"
"I will fuck you hard!" the gigolo exclaimed.


The gigolo grabbed Becky's ass cheeks and pounded away. Her ass was firm, but it still jiggled with every thrust. Her ass cheeks were so big that only the tip of his shaft was able to slip between her pussy lips, but the friction between her ass cheeks was more than enough for him.


For Becky, every thrust was a tantalizing tease. She desperate wanted to have every crevice filled, but all she got was a little taste, and it left her wanting more. So much more.
I need it so bad!" Becky moaned. "Deeper! Deeper!"
"I am as deep as I can go now! Maybe we try sex in not dog style?"


"I think you're right," Becky said. She pulled away and turned back, staring down at the gigolo. "What do you say I go on top now?" Becky asked.


The gigolo's eyes shot open. "You? On top?" He exclaimed. "But you are huge! You must weigh as much as car!"


"Your mouth says no, but your cock says yes," Becky said with a smirk. She spun around and stuck her ass out as she leaned back towards him.
"Bad idea! Bad idea!" the gigolo exclaimed, but Becky's ass slowly descended towards him.
"Well you know what they say in America," Becky said. "The customer is always right!"


Becky slammed her ass down on the table, effortlessly slipping his cock into her in a single, fluid motion. "Now I can really feel you in there..." She grinded on top of him, slamming her ass down onto him. "Fuck that feels good!" Becky moaned.

But below her, the gigolo was slowly being crushed under her weight. "Can't... breathe..." he grunted, in between pained breaths. "Too... heavy..."


After continuing to grind on him for a moment, Becky regretfully got up off of him. She didn't want to take his cock out of her, not even for a moment. Becky grabbed him by his arm and leg, and lifted him up into the air. Then, with one leg on the table, Becky spread her legs wide.
Becky pulled up on the man's arms and legs, pulling his cock deeper into her. With her incredible strength, it was easy for Becky to lift the man's entire body into the air. Every time, she pulled a little harder, and a little faster, until she'd almost forgotten he was a man and not a sex toy. "Ooh, yeah," Becky grunted, "you're my little boy toy..." She tightened her grip as she let out another long moan.

"My arm! My arm! And my leg!" The gigolo screamed. "You are going too hard!"


But Becky was too close to stop now. "I'll try to go easy on you, but I've got to finish...I'm getting close..." Becky moaned as she slowly thrust her hips against the gigalo's cock. But as much as she tried to go easy on him, Becky's ravenous lust was growing by the moment.


Finally, as she neared orgasm, Becky's wild side came out. She let out an almost bestial scream of pleasure, as she frantically fucked herself with the gigolo. "Yes! Yes! YEEEEES!" Becky screamed, as she finally came with a shuddering orgasm. She let her hands go limp, and the gigolo fell to the floor.


Becky fell back onto the couch, a sigh of satisfaction on her face. "Was it as good for you as it was for me?" Becky asked. But the gigolo only responded with a groan of pain.


The clicking of heels announced Margot's arrival. She stomped hard on her last step to get the gigolo's attention. "Looks like you broke a couple of bones," Margot said.
"Oh shoot," Becky said, "really?"
"No need to worry, Rebecca. This happens all the time at my parties. I'll handle it."


"Take me... to... hospital..." the gigolo groaned. He tried to move, but that only caused him more pain.


Margot stared down at him. "You're handling things like a champ. I'm afraid that I cannot send you to an American hospital, but I can get you shipped back to Georgia right away. I'm sure the doctors there can take care of things. You can keep your mouth shut until then, right? Or will I have to shut it for you?"

"I must wait to go back to Georgia? But that may take long time..."
"Well, I'm afraid that's the deal," Margot said. "Do you want to take it, or leave it?"


Panic overtook the gigolo. "Help! Help Please!!" the man shouted. "Anyone, help me! Giant women take me prisoner!"


Margot's face was flush with anger. "Why you ungrateful, weak little coward! If that's how you want it, I'll put you out of your misery!" She raised her heel above the man's face, and slammed it down.

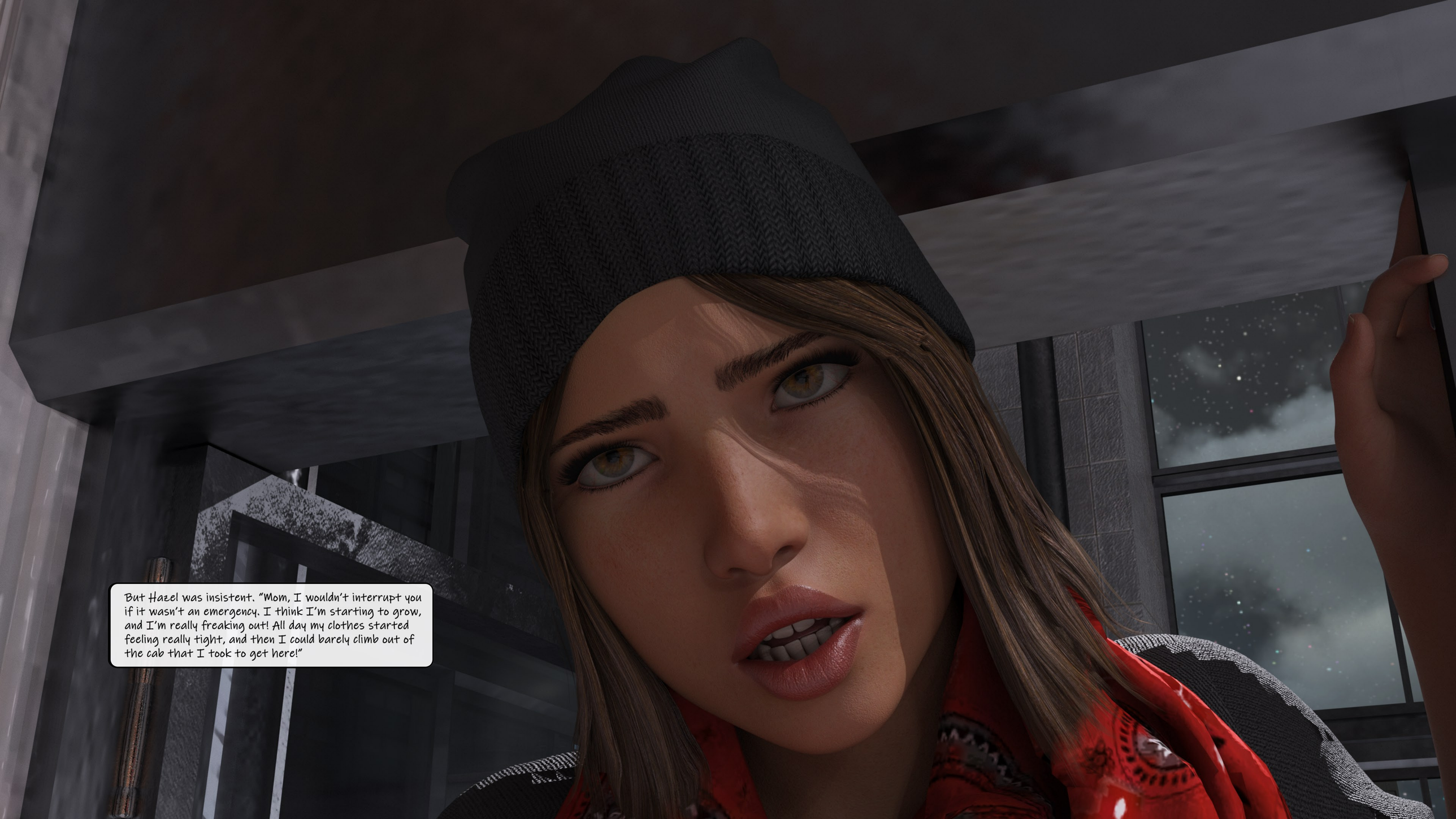

Becky's eyes opened wide. "Oh my god, Margot! What are you doing?!"

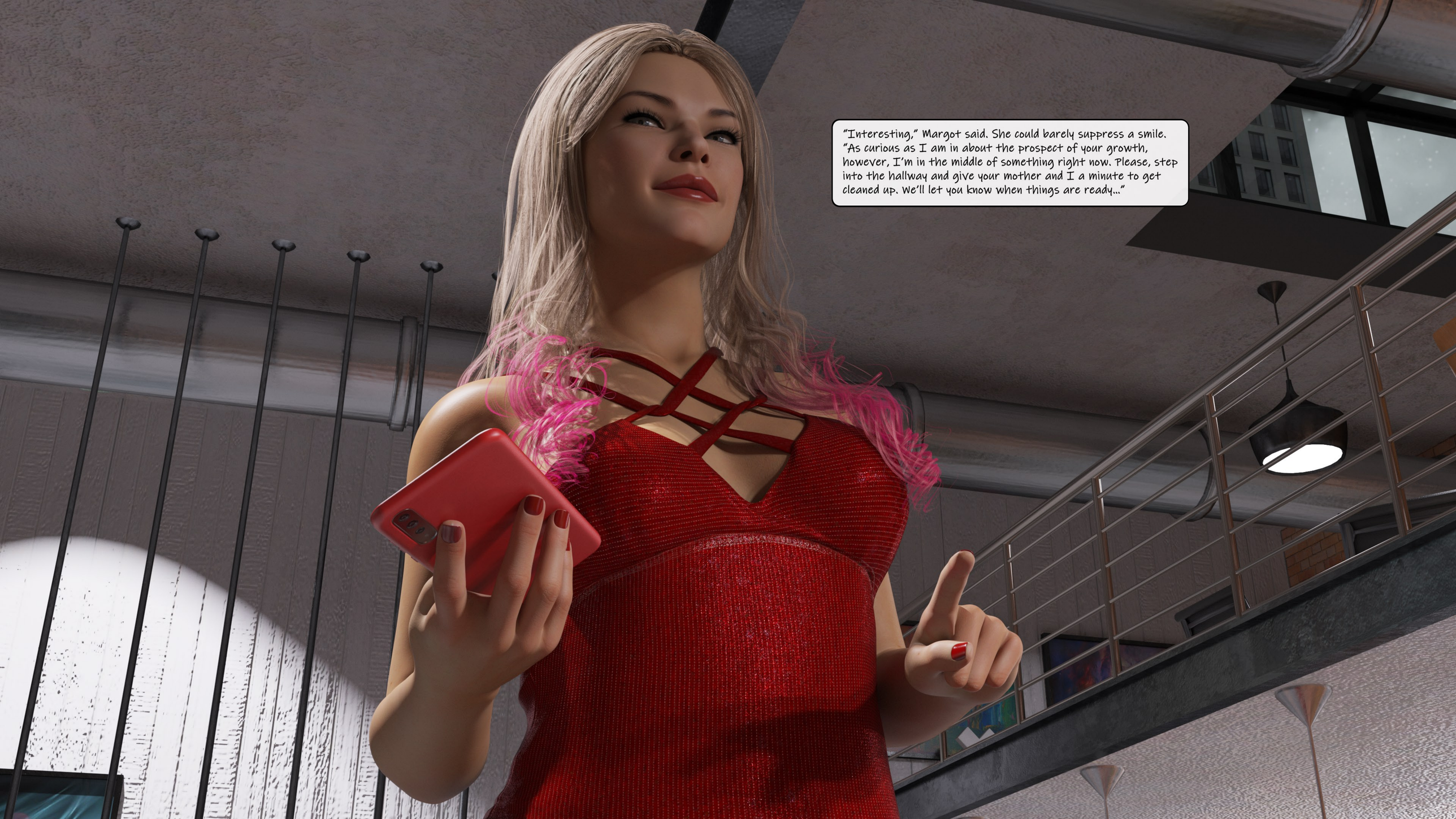

Margot stared spitefully down at the gigolo. "I'm just finishing what you started," she said. "They say men are only good for one thing. Well you took him for all he's good for, and now I'm taking out the trash!"


"Margot, stop! You're going to kill him!" Becky shouted.
"Quiet!" Margot chastened. "I'm cleaning up your mess, and don't you forget it!"


While the amazons were distracted, the other gigolo tried to quietly slip out. But before he could make it out of the apartment, someone else walked out. A woman who was nearly two feet taller than him.


Hazel ducked under the entryway and surveyed the scene. "What's going on?" Hazel asked. "Oh god, did I walk in on some kind of weird sex party?"
"This really isn't the best time!" Becky shouted.


But Hazel was insistent. "Mom, I wouldn't interrupt you if it wasn't an emergency. I think I'm starting to grow, and I'm really freaking out! All day my clothes started feeling really tight, and then I could barely climb out of the cab that I took to get here!"

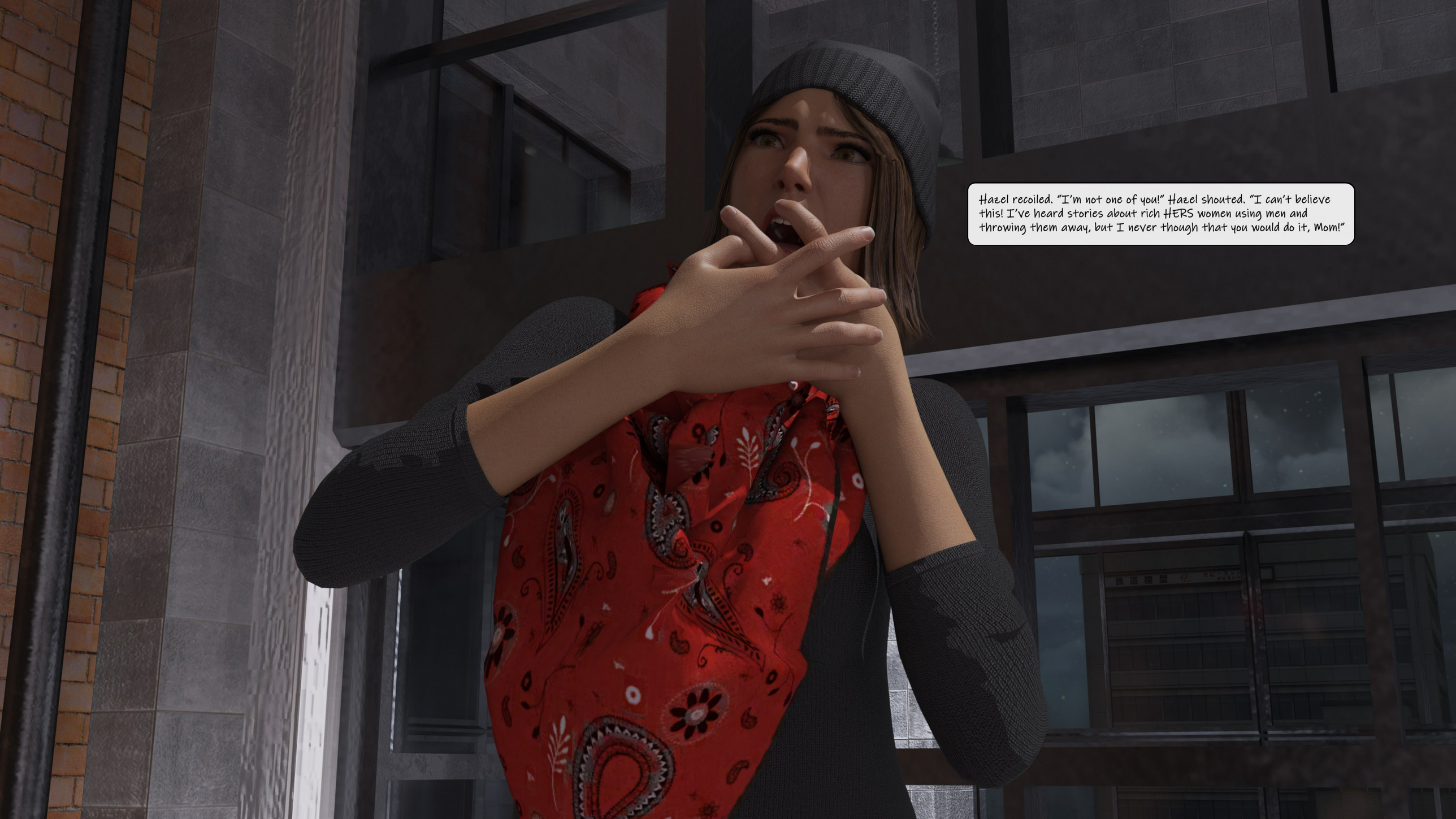

"Interesting," Margot said. She could barely suppress a smile. "As curious as I am in about the prospect of your growth, however, I'm in the middle of something right now. Please, step into the hallway and give your mother and I a minute to get cleaned up. We'll let you know when things are ready..."


Hazel shrugged. "Okay, I guess I can wait outside for a minute... This all feels really weird, though..."
"No! Don't go!" the long-haired gigolo said. "Do not leave me alone with these women!"

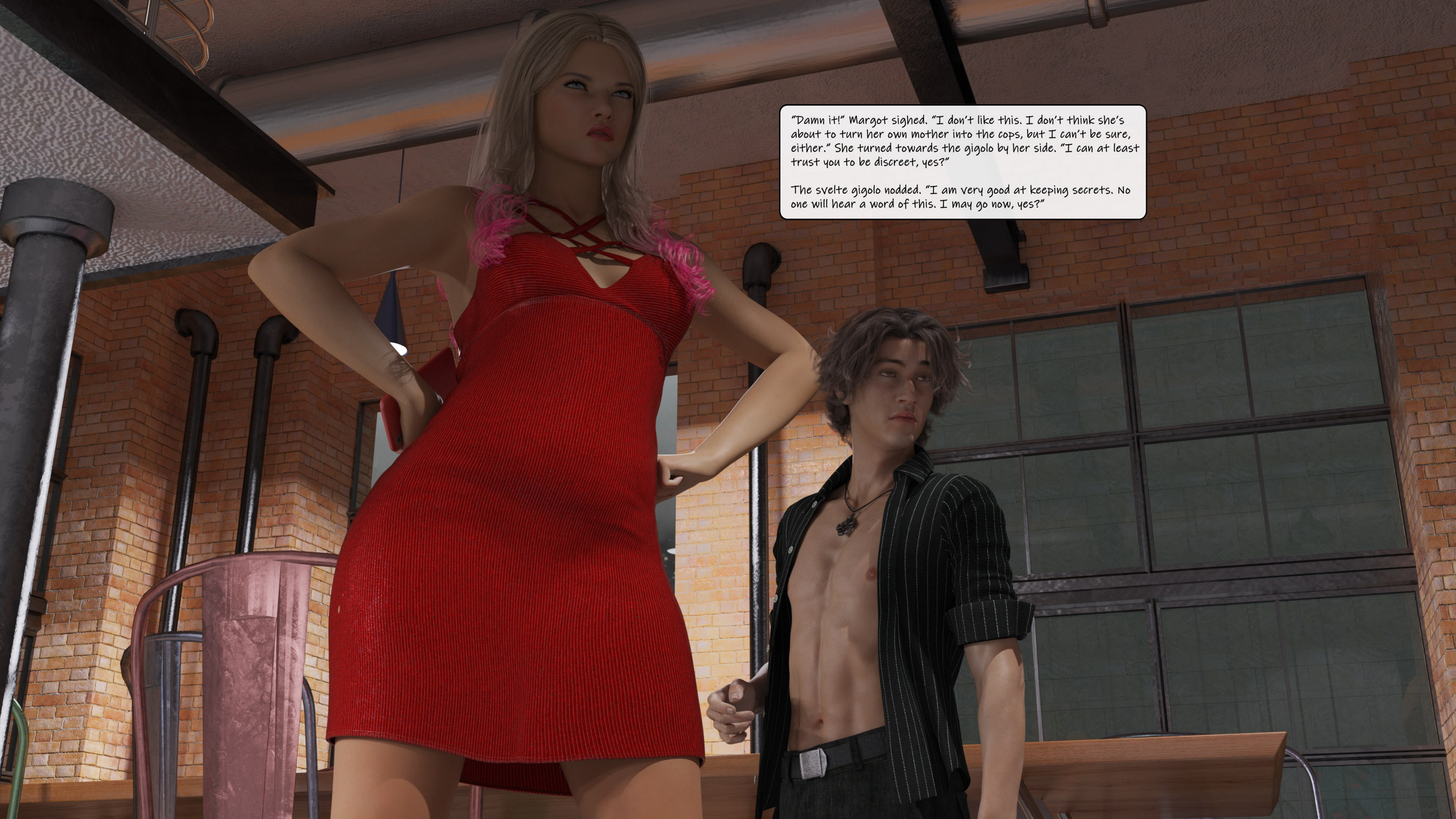

Hazel glanced once again at the man who was sprawled across the floor. "Oh my god... That naked guy... He's not sleeping, is he? Is he... dead? Oh my god, mom... Did you kill him during sex? And the same day you got out of jail for trampling those people? What were you thinking!!"


Becky jumped to her feet, shaking the floor. "I didn't kill him, I swear!" Becky insisted. "I mean, I got a little carried away during sex and broke his leg, and maybe a few other bones, but he could have survived it all! She was the one who finished him off!"
"Wait a second... Yeah!" Hazel pointed at the body, then looked up at Margot. "I saw her foot on his neck..."


Margot shook her head. "What you saw me do was a mercy killing. That poor man was already on the verge of death. The only thing I did was help end his life quickly and painlessly. He tragically died from having sex with your mother, I'm afraid. Not that it's her fault, of course. He chose to have sex with her, knowing full well the risks that were involved."
"So what?" Hazel asked. "You think that makes it okay? You think he would have had sex with her if he knew it would kill him?"
Margot smiled. "Lots of men fantasize about making love to a woman as massive and ravenous as your mother, knowing full well that it could be their end. What happened is just another tragic accident... but the common people still have a regretfully hard time accepting this. I trust that you can help keep this quiet, yes? As a fellow amazon?"


Hazel recoiled. "I'm not one of you!" Hazel shouted. "I can't believe this! I've heard stories about rich HERS women using men and throwing them away, but I never though that you would do it, Mom!"


Hazel hurried out, and Becky followed after her. "Hazel, wait!" Becky shouted. "Let me talk to you. I can explain! It was an accident! I just got a little carried away, that's all! It's not my fault that I'm giant!"
"That's what they all say," Hazel said with a roll of her eyes as she stomped out of Margot's apartment. "It's not your fault that you're giant, but you can't blame HERS for turning you into a man-killing sex monster!"


"Damn it!" Margot sighed. "I don't like this. I don't think she's about to turn her own mother into the cops, but I can't be sure, either." She turned towards the gigolo by her side. "I can at least trust you to be discreet, yes?"
The svelte gigolo nodded. "I am very good at keeping secrets. No one will hear a word of this. I may go now, yes?"


"No!" Margot shouted, stomping her foot for emphasis. "I paid you to do a job, and you're going to do that job. Becky needs someone to help her with her needs. And I need someone who can help her grow. Are you going to help her get off? Or would you rather that I finish you off?"
"Alright, alright, I will sex her!" the gigolo replied.


He turned and looked over at Becky, who was squeezing through the narrow doorway. "Oh dammit, I'm stuck!" Becky whined, as she tried to slip her ass out of the doorway. "Stupid... narrow... doors!"
"Oh my!" the gigolo said, "She is stuck in door like incestuous stepsister in pornographic video!" With each shake of her ass, he could feel his cock slowly getting hard.


Becky finally squeezed out just in time to see her daughter close the freight elevator. "Hazel, wait!" Becky shouted.
"You can't stop me! I'm leaving!" Hazel yelled back.


"Hold on!" Becky said. "I just want to talk!"
Hazel slammed the door shut and turned on the elevator. "Bye, Rebecca!" Hazel said pointedly. "I need some time alone to process all of this..."


Becky watched as the elevator slowly descended, and her daughter disappeared from view. "So that's that," Becky said. "She's gone..."


Becky was struggling to hold back tears. "Damn it!" she cursed. "My own daughter thinks I'm some kind of sex monster... And she's probably right! I need to control these urges! I'm too goddamn strong! It's not right to sleep around with a bunch of handsome young hunks if it means risking their lives!"


Just then, the svelte gigolo walked out, his enormous cock on full display. "Hello there, Rebecca," he said."
Becky saw his cock, and her mouth immediately began to water. It was the biggest cock she'd ever seen in her life, and she wanted it in her mouth more than anything. "All this time, that skinny little guy was packing that? Well shoot, maybe I can just have one more man," Becky said. "I'll try to be gentle this time..."


Becky laid onto her back, showing off her voluptuous thighs. "Well, what are you waiting for?" Becky asked. "I won't bite. Come over here, let me get a closer look at that monster hog..."


He walked over to her. His semi-hard cock dangled down, rubbing against her breast as he made his way over to her. Becky shuddered, and looked up into his eyes. "I never thought to ask the other guy's name," Becky said. "He was nothing special, but you... you're one of a kind. What's your name, big guy?"
"I am called Stephan," he said.


"Very good to meet you, Stephan," Becky said, putting a hand on his chest and slowly running it down along his stomach. "Now usually I like to chat a little before sex, but right now all I want is to feel that big, fat cock get hard inside of my mouth..."


Becky grabbed ahold of Stephan's throbbing cock and raised it up to her face. "Ooh, Stephan," Becky moaned. "I bet I'm the only woman in town who can fit this monster in her mouth..." Becky stuck her tongue out, and ran the tip of her tongue along the bottom of his shaft.


Becky popped the tip of his cock into her mouth, and bobbed her head along it, going a little deeper each time. She was amazed that, even now, he could truly fill her up. She wanted to find out if he'd fill her other holes as tightly... But first, she wanted to go deeper.


Becky slowly pushed Stephan's cock deeper in, until she'd swallowed nearly the entire shaft. It filled her entire mouth, and the tip touched her throat, and still she wanted more. Before she got HERS, Becky had never been especially cared for giving blowjobs. Now, though, she was positively insatiable.


As Becky sucked on his cock, she realized to her amazement that it still hadn't been fully hard. As massive as it had been before, he hadn't gotten fully erect yet. It continued to expand inside her mouth, pushing against the edges of her throat, until it was fully engorged. Now that he was fully hard, his cock hardly even fit in her mouth.


Becky slipped Stephan's cock out of her mouth, and looked up into his eyes. "That was some fun foreplay," Becky said, "but now I'm ready for the real deal. Are you ready for me to ride you like a cowgirl rides a bull?"


Stephan looked down at her nervously. "Cow-girl means you on top, yes?" Stephan asked. "Maybe I will go on top, since I am the man?"
Becky laughed. "And maybe I'll go on top, since I'm the woman. You know what, I know how to decide. We'll wrestle for it. Whoever's strongest wins!"


Before Stephan could protest, Becky casually shoved him to the ground. "Welp, looks like I win!" Becky exclaimed. "Guess it's cowgirl after all!"
Lying on the ground, Stephan stared up at her nervously. "Please be gentle," he begged. "You did say you would be gentle, right?"


Becky got up onto her knee and leaned up against the wall. She was so tall that she had to bend down just to fit her head under the ceiling. "I said that I would try to be gentle, and I'll certainly try my best," Becky said. "The thing is, though, between your monster cock and that handsome little face of yours, I just don't know if I can control myself. I don't think I've been down this bad my whole life.I hope you can handle a couple thousand pounds of all-American woman, 'cuz I'm hot, heavy and ready to go!"


Becky crawled forward, positioning herself over him. Her huge, pendulous breasts swung with each step. Each of them weighed roughly as much as Stephan's entire body, and he instinctively reached out and tried to protect himself from their looming mass.


Stephan laid on the ground and watched nervously as Becky climbed further over him. But when she crouched down and lowered her ass down, he found himself staring up at Becky's pussy. "Becky," he said, "that is not my--"


His voice was muffled when Becky crouched down, lowering her pussy onto his face. "That's not your cock, is it?" Becky asked. "Well it still feels good... I want to stuff that whole face of yours inside my pussy..."
Becky thrust her hips forward as she slowly grinded on top of Stephan's face. She could feel her clit mashing up against him, sending shivers of pleasure down her spine. "That feels good," Becky said. "Can you work that tongue of yours a bit?"


Stephan was more preoccupied with other things, like trying to breathe. Becky's pussy fit perfectly around his face, and all he could breathe was the warm, pungent air of her pussy. He tried to suck in as much air as he could, but he was still getting lightheaded as the giant woman grinded on top of him. He screamed, but that did little but send pleasant vibrations down Becky's thighs.


"Ooh, yeah, just like that!" Becky moaned. As she neared orgasm, she felt another rush of ecstasy. She looked up, and saw the ceiling getting closer to her. "Oh fuck, I'm growing again!"


A loud grinding noise heralded the freight elevator, as it once again roared back up. "Hazel?" Becky called, but she soon realized the lift was empty.


Finally, Stephan managed to slip his head out from the grip of Becky's pussy. He took a series of long, deep breath, his first breath of fresh air in several minutes. And while he was trying to catch his breath, he saw that the elevator had arrived.


"Trying to slip out before I even finish, are you?" Becky complained. "Well I ought to--" Becky tried to glance down at Stephan, but something was blocking her view. "Well I'll be damned," Becky said. "Did the 'girls' just get bigger?"


Becky grabbed ahold of her tits and lifted them up, feeling their new heft. "Well goddamn, they are bigger!" Becky exclaimed. "Now these are some mommy milkers if I've ever seen 'em! You are me are gonna have some fun with these bad girls, right after we--" but she glanced up, and saw that Stephan was crawling away.


"Where do you think you're going?" Becky teased, as Stephan crawled towards the lift. "You're not gonna try and leave me hanging before I even have an orgasm, are ya? Hey, wait, slow down!"

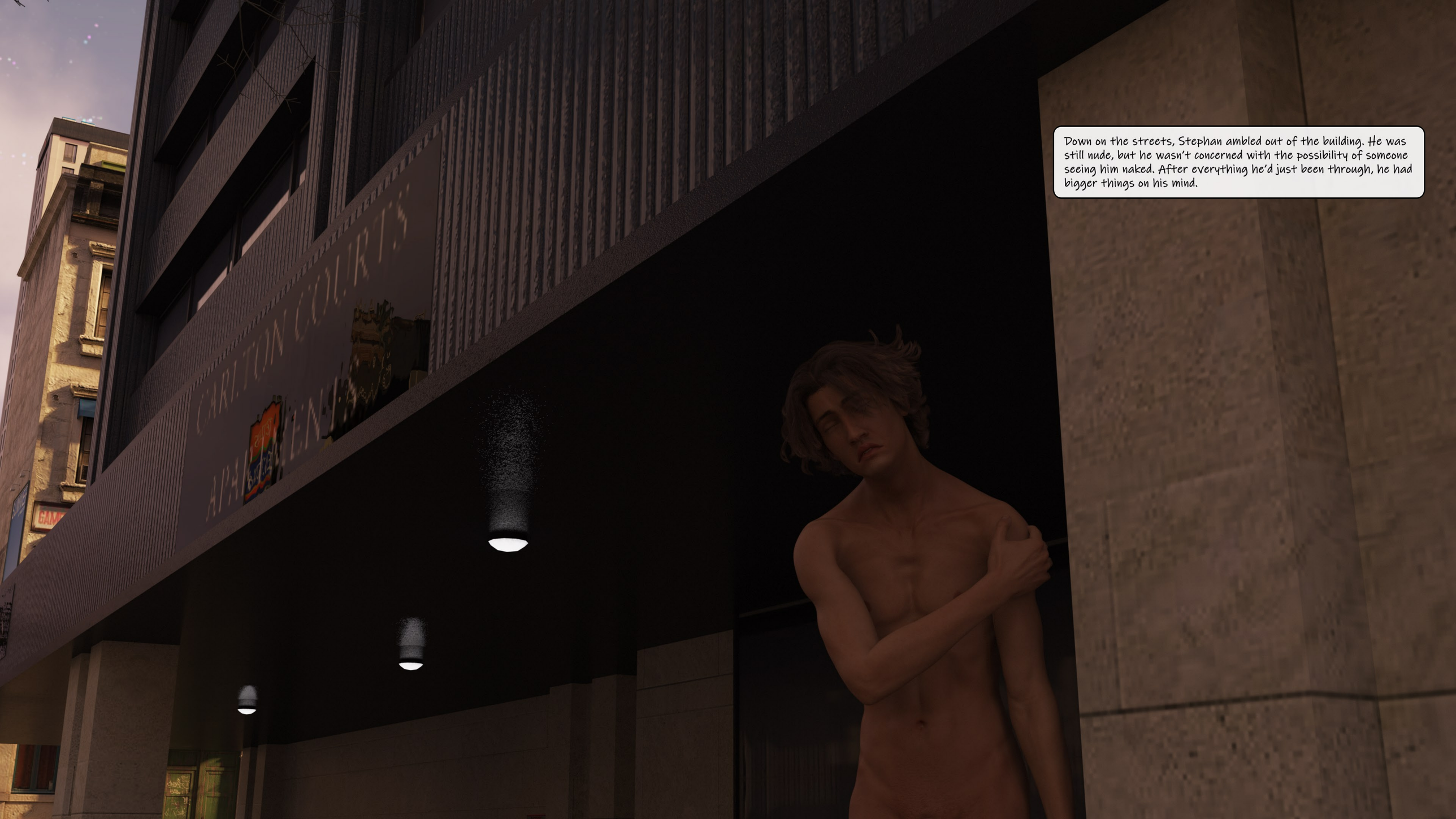

Before Becky could grab ahold of him, Stephan quickly scampered away and rolled under the door of the freight elevator.
"Hey, come back here!" Becky chastened. She hurriedly crawled after him, but the metal door slammed down before she could catch up.


Becky shook her head with disapproval.So you really are just gonna leave things hanging, then?" Becky asked. "I feel like I could bend some of those metal bars if I wanted to... You're lucky that I don't feel like breaking Margot's things."
"I am sorry!" Stephan said, while he frantically tried to activate the elevator controls. "I mean no offense! You are beautiful woman... But I do not want to die making sex to you!" Finally, he pulled on the lever, and the freight lift descended.


"Well ain't that just my luck," Becky said with a sigh. "I find the one man who's big enough to satisfy me, and he runs away before I'm even finished with him! By the time that lift gets back up here, he could be halfway across the city..."


Becky heard a door creak open behind her. She looked back and saw an older woman peering through the doorway. "Is everything okay?" the woman asked. "I heard a lot of yelling... I know Margot and her big lady-friends can get a little rambunctious sometimes, I just wanted to make sure that things are still okay..."


"I'm doing quite alright, thanks," Becky said curtly. "Say, do you have a fire escape?"
"A fire escape?" The woman asked quizzically. "No, not by my window. There's not a fire, is there?"
"Just the one between my legs, and the only thing that can put it out is Stephan," Becky said. "Can I climb through your window? Fire escape or no, I'm gonna get my man!!"



Down on the streets, Stephan ambled out of the building. He was still nude, but he wasn't concerned with the possibility of someone seeing him naked. After everything he'd just been through, he had bigger things on his mind.


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He spotted a sedan nearby. The lights were on, so he assumed someone must be inside. "Help! Help!" Stephan shouted, as he ran over to the car. "A giant woman is trying to sex me... oh."
NEW YORK
TED 8878
THE EMPIRE STATE


Stephan quickly realized that there was no one inside the car. He shook the door handle, but to his dismay, it was locked.


"Help!" Stephan screamed. "Anyone! Call the police! Crazy amazon woman is after me!"
Little did he know that giant amazon was right behind him, climbing down the side of the building.


Becky had never been much for climbing before, but now it came easy to her... even though she was wearing high heels. She'd grown more massive, but her growing strength had outpaced that, and her instincts were sharper. It was like every animalistic part of her was getting more powerful.
Before she grew, Becky was scared of heights. But now, whatever fear she felt was outweighed by her raging lust. All she could think about was what she wanted to do with Stephan once she caught him, and catch him she would.


Stephan heard the sound of heavy breathing and twisted metal. He turned around and saw nothing, until he looked up. "Der'mo! O, net!" he cursed in a foreign tongue. "Stay away from me, please!"


Becky had already made her decision. She jumped down more than twenty feet, much farther than she had ever jumped before. It was a wild, reckless move, but her instincts told her that she'd be unharmed.


Her instincts were right. Becky's heels slammed down against the pavement, smashing the concrete below her, but her legs didn't hurt in the least. In fact, she felt invigorated.


"What's wrong?" Becky asked. "Am I too much woman for you, little guy?" She began walking towards Stephan, and the gigolo cowered in fear as she approached.
"No! I mean, yes, but I do no want to be crushed like other gigolo! I am smaller than he was!"



"Not where it counts!" Becky retorted. She leaned down and grabbed ahold of Stephan's head, effortlessly lifting him into the air.

Stephan screamed and flailed, but the amazon's grip was strong. "Help! Help! Someone call the police!" Stephan pleaded, but the handful of people around had already fled the scene.

"Shut up, enough with the screaming, you're killing the mood!" Becky ordered. "Now in America, we have a little saying about an eight hundred pound gorilla. Long of the short of it is, the gorilla gets what it wants. Now I'm no gorilla, but I'm a hell of a lot heavier than eight hundred pounds... And I'm gonna make damn sure I get my needs met. Understood?"

"Da! I mean, yes!" Stephan said.


Without another word, Becky tossed Stephan down. He landed on the roof of the car, but Stephan was too light to so much as dent it. "Oww... You hurt me, lady!" Stephan complained. "Please... do not do this to me! Just masturbate or some-such!"


Becky put her hands on her hips and glared down at him. "What, am I not sexy enough for you? Why, because I'm an older woman? Because I've birthed a child? Well let me tell you what, I'm more woman than a dozen little playboy model tramps!"
"That is not the problem!" Stephan pleaded. "You are more than enough woman! You are much, much too much woman for me!"


"Gonna play hard to get, are you?" Becky said. She got down on her knees and grabbed ahold of Stephan's leg. Then, with her other hand, she grabbed his flaccid cock and started playing with it. "Well I'll tell you what. You can pretend all you want to not be interested... And your cock will be the lie detector."


As she ran her hand along the length of Stephan's cock, it began to grow. "See?" Becky said. "You can swear up and down, and up and down, that you don't want it... But your cock tells the truth. It says, 'I'm about to be rock fucking hard, and I'm too big to fit in a normal girl. I need a hot amazon mom to finish me off... But first, I want to feel your mouth again.' Well, if you insist..."


Becky wrapped her lips around his cock, sucking it all in until she was balls-deep. Within seconds, she felt him fully harden, and she knew he was ready.


Becky stared down at Stephan with hunger in her eyes.
"Well I'm sure as hell ready for action, and that cock of yours looks like it is too," Becky said. "Enough with all your screamin' and cryin'. I know you need it as bad as I do... but I'll try to be gentle. And if I get carried away... Well, the car should cushion things a bit!"


Becky wasted no time climbing on top of his cock. She put her arm on the hood of the car, and grinded on top of his dick. For the first time since she grew, Becky had a dick in her pussy that was actually big enough to fully satisfy her, and she wasn't going to waste it. "Oh yeah," Becky moaned, as she thrust her hips madly forward on top of him. "Now this is what I needed!"


79
With each thrust, Becky's hips lifted into the air and then slammed down on Stephan like a hammer. "Lady, you are... Aack! Crushing... Ugh! Me... Aaugh!" Stephan pleaded, but Becky was too horny to slow down now.


Becky let out a moan. A familiar feeling of pleasure washed over her: she was having another growth spurt. Her body was growing bigger by the second, and she was getting hornier to match. She grabbed ahold of her breasts, squeezing them and feeling their weight as they grew more massive by the second. Then, she squeezed her thighs together, and felt the car giving way in face of her incredible strength.


Becky grinded wildly on top of Stephan, sending her breasts flying up and then clapping together with each thrust. As she slammed her hips down ever-harder against the car, the roof of the car started to compress under her weight. Then finally, all at once, the car's windows shattered.


Unfortunately for Stephan, the front windshield didn't break so easily. His hips were still wedged between a hard surface below, and two thousand pounds of amazon woman above... and there was a little more of Becky every second.
79
ASIAN FOOD


As she grinded on top of him, her body stretched up into the air, further dwarfing Stephan and the car he was riding on top of. The weight that pressed down on Stephan grew too. Becky finally slowed down, gyrating her hips on top of Stephan, but the weight of her alone was enough to crush him underneath.
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79
DON SUSHI ASIAN FOOD
ASIAN FOOD

Stephan was screaming for his life, but his voice was drowned out by Becky's moans of pleasure. He could feel himself nearing orgasm, but that did little to make up for the incredible pain he felt, as Becky's enormous body crushed his underneath her curves.


Becky leaned forward, grabbing ahold of the roof of the car to stabilize herself as she grinded on top of Stephan. "I'm gettin' close," Becky moaned. "Oh, I'm gettin' real close alright..."
Juice
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COLT


Becky leaned back and lowered her hips down, crushing the front of the hood, and Stephan's legs along with it. "Oh fuck, yes!" Becky moaned. "Oh yes, yes, yes!"


Margot watched silently from the shadows, and a smile slowly crept across her face. "Oh, yeah, this is good," Margot whispered. Careful not to make too much noise, she slowly took out her phone and turned on the camera.


Margot hit record, and looked at her screen. There Becky was, in crisp 4K video. It was the perfect addition to her private collection. Margot smiled as she watched Becky in action, reveling at the sheer, animalistic drive that Becky had... not to mention Becky's growth.
TETLEYS
EUROCAR


Stephan finally came inside of Becky, spurting what felt like gallons of warm, white cum inside of her. The sensation finally sent Becky over the edge. "Yes! Yes! Yes!" Becky screamed, as she frantically grinded on top of Stephan. She let out one last, bestial scream of pleasure, and then a breathy sigh of relief.


Becky carefully stood up. She walked a few steps away, then smiled and glanced back at the gigolo. "Was it as good for you as it was for me, Stephan?" Becky asked, but she got no response. "Uhh, Stephan? Stephan?"
THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
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JP TECHNOLOGIES
APARTMENTS
TED 8878


Stephan's only reply was a long, pained groan, followed by a low croak. Then, only silence. Becky watched as his hand twitched one last time, then quickly went limp.


Becky recoiled in horror. "Oh shit, not again!" Becky yelled. "I thought I was careful that time! I thought the car would cushion him! Dammit, why do men all have to be so goddamn fragile?"


"It's the way of the world, I'm afraid," a woman's voice said. Becky glanced back and saw Margot there, idling by with her phone out. "Best to get used to it. It's not without its advantages."
Becky turned back, and was surprised to see her lawyer, still clad in that same red dress. "Margot? What are you doing here? Becky asked. "You, uhh... You didn't record any of that, did you?"

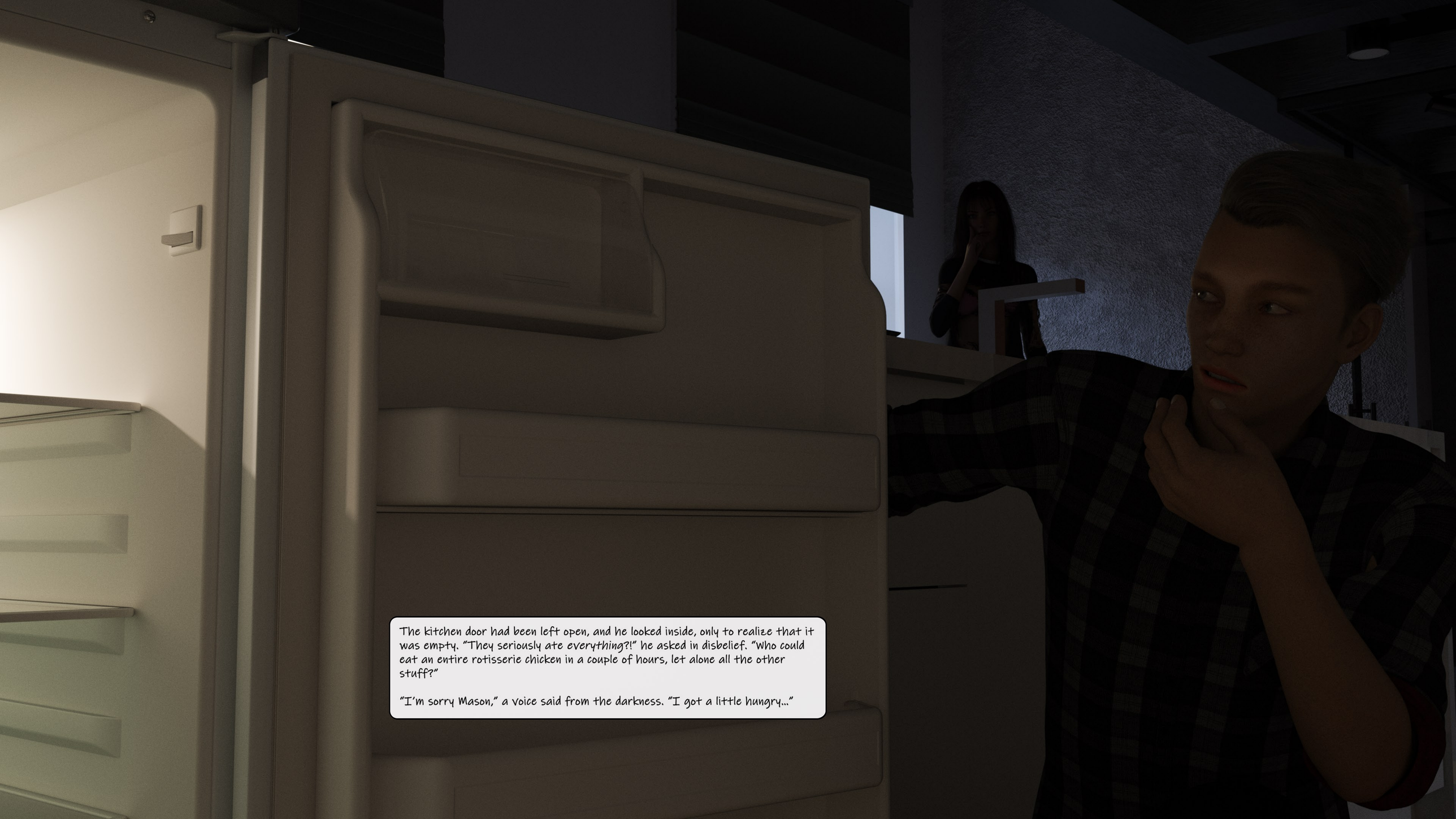

"I only caught the end, unfortunately," Margot said. She tapped the play button and the video played, complete with Becky's moans. "But there are some juicy bits here, aren't there? From his screams, I think you might actually be able to pinpoint the exact moment where you shatter his pelvis..."
"Delete that!" Becky shouted, as she furiously stomped closer to Margot. "Delete it, or I'll..."


"Or you'll what?" Margot asked. "Kill a well-connected lawyer, right after she took a video of you fucking a gigolo to death? It's already on the cloud, by the way. But don't worry, it's just part of my private collection, and I'm known for being discrete. No one else will ever see it... As long as you stay loyal to me, of course. I trust that you'll stay loyal? Right?"
"O-of course!" Becky eagerly replied.


"Good," Margot said. Her lips slowly curled into a smile. "I think you and I are going to make a great team together. Now let's get out of here. I'll take you to my new mansion. The East wing is still under construction, but I think you'll find it far better suited to your size than my apartment was..."


Mason opened the door into his dad's apartment. As the sliver of light slowly widened, he got an uneasy feeling. His dad was out of town on a business trip, and no one else was supposed to be here... And yet he could have sworn he heard footsteps right after he turned the handle. There was only one other person who had the key, and he wasn't expecting her.

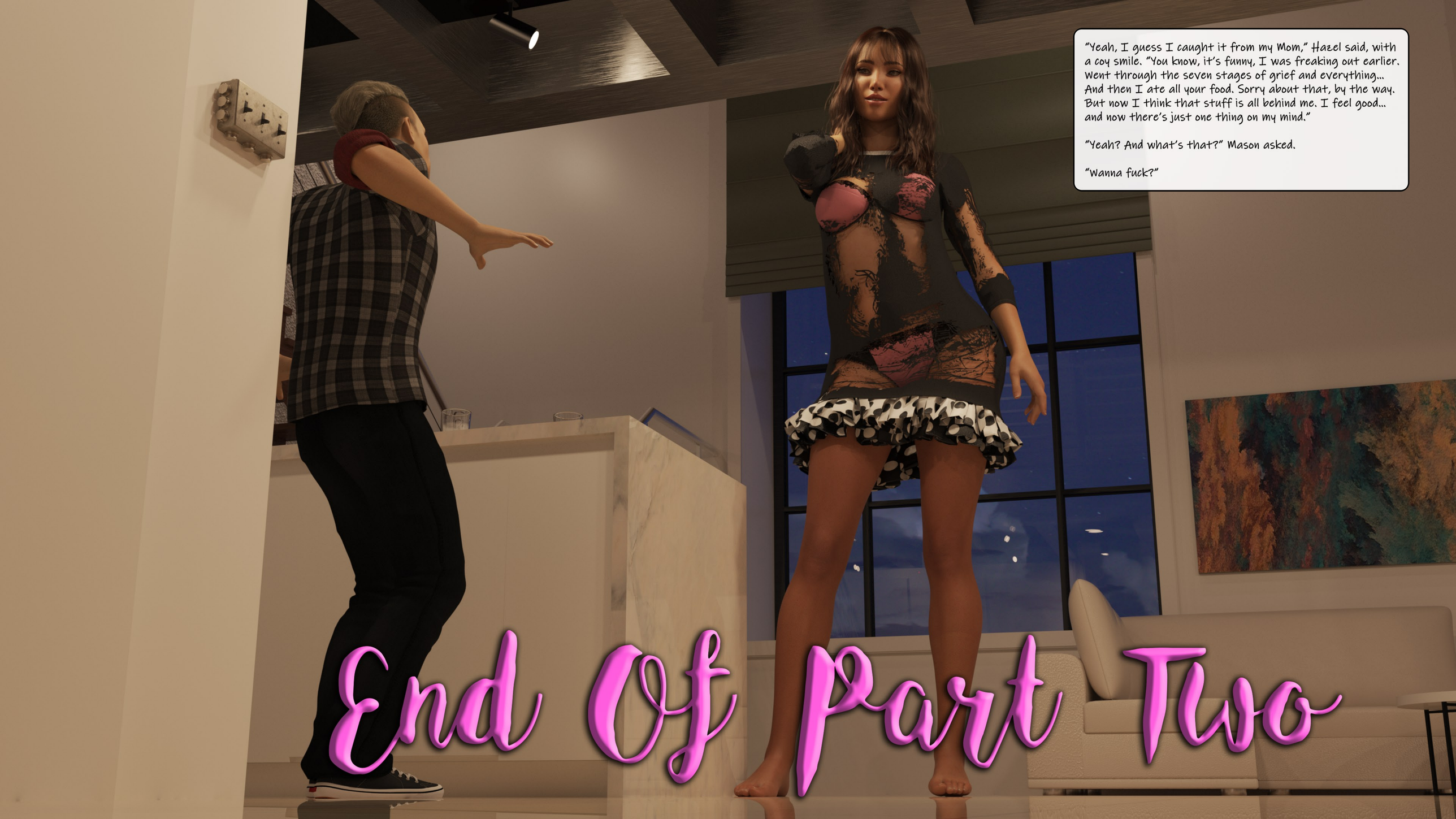

"Hazel?" he called out. "Hazel, babe, are you here?" But no one replied. He walked by the kitchen, and noticed that there were dozens of empty plates scattered around. "What the hell!" Mason said. "It's like someone threw a party here!"


The kitchen door had been left open, and he looked inside, only to realize that it was empty. "They seriously ate *everything*?!" he asked in disbelief. "Who could eat an entire rotisserie chicken in a couple of hours, let alone all the other stuff?"
"I'm sorry Mason," a voice said from the darkness. "I got a little hungry..."


"Hazel?! Mason asked. As the woman neared, he was able to get a better view, but she was far taller than the Hazel he remembered... And her clothes were torn open.


"Oh god, no wonder, you're one of those HERS women!" Mason shouted, as he raced over to the light switch. But then he flicked the light on, and saw her. "Oh my god, Hazel? You're huge!"


"Yeah, I guess I caught it from my Mom," Hazel said, with a coy smile. "You know, it's funny, I was freaking out earlier. Went through the seven stages of grief and everything... And then I ate all your food. Sorry about that, by the way. But now I think that stuff is all behind me. I feel good... and now there's just one thing on my mind."
"Yeah? And what's that?" Mason asked.
"Wanna fuck?"


"Yeah, I guess I caught it from my Mom," Hazel said, with a coy smile. "You know, it's funny, I was freaking out earlier. Went through the seven stages of grief and everything... And then I ate all your food. Sorry about that, by the way. But now I think that stuff is all behind me. I feel good... and now there's just one thing on my mind."
"Yeah? And what's that?" Mason asked.
"Wanna fuck?"
End Of Part Two


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