

# Happy Hormones Crip Walking

Artwork by legendary artist Jupiter 1



Elizabeth Hardstone's black BMW sped down the interstate. Her super muscular body filled up the front driver seat, as she effortlessly shifted between gears and whizzed around traffic. She looked across at her equally super muscular daughter, Amy, who was likewise filling up the passenger seat. Wearing a red t-shirt, the letters USC were stretched tight across the 18-year old's DD breasts. Amy had the window open and her blonde pigtails were flapping in the breeze.

Elizabeth looking at Amy's face with concern. She didn't look too happy. "Is there something wrong, honey? I thought you were looking forward to freshman orientation."

Amy's face shifted. "Oh, I am mom." She looked out the window. "I'm just going to miss Jessica."

Elizabeth switched lanes. "I know you're going to miss your best friend, honey. It's a shame you two couldn't go to the same school. But I'm sure you'll meet all kinds of new friends at college. Besides," she smiled, "can't you keep up with her on that site you two use? What's it called... OurSpace?"

Amy's eyes perked up a little and she smiled. "Yeah, that's true. Jessica's always updating her page. She has a pretty big following." She paused and giggled, "I do too."

Elizabeth sighed softly. "Wish that site was around when I was your age. I think I would have used it a lot." Her thoughts wandered, remembering her own past "conquests".

"Oh, I'm sure you would have, mom."

Elizabeth's thoughts drifted back to the present. "By the way, the first thing we need to do when we get there is work out this financial aid thing. I thought you were getting full compensation."

"I was supposed to. Full sports scholarship," Amy said.

"For what sport? You play so many."

"Wrestling. Originally, when I got the grant letter it seemed ok. Now they're denying it. I don't know why."

"Well, we'll visit the financial aid office first thing." The car sped around more traffic.

"You know," Elizabeth said, "it doesn't look like you are expecting to get homesick. Did you have to pack everything in your room? We could barely fit all the suitcases in the car!"

Amy laughed. "Sorry mom. Just wanted to make sure I brought all my outfits."

"Don't tell me you brought that... schoolgirl outfit?" Amy looked at her mother and smiled sheepishly. Her mother groaned. "Amy Ann Hardstone, when are you going to get rid of that thing? It's high time you grew up."

Amy laughed. "Sorry, mom."

"Well, just be sure to wear the other clothes we bought you. You're almost 19. Time to start dressing less like a little girl and more like a college freshman," she said authoritatively to her daughter, patting her pigtails and smiling.

"I will, mom."

Elizabeth exited the interstate. Signs started passing by with the letters "USC" and soon they pulled up to the guard station. The guard walked over to the driver side window and looked down at the two beautiful women in the front seats, both smiling up at him. His eyes then stared down at Elizabeth's incredible cleavage, all the more evident in a tight blouse that had more than its fair share of buttons undone.

Elizabeth looked up at him with her beautiful eyes. "Hey there, handsome. I need an all-day parking pass..."

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Amy and Elizabeth carried Amy's suitcases as the two made their way across campus. Their beautiful faces and statuesque, 6-foot figures drew plenty of attention from the male (and some female) freshmen and faculty they passed. The women would occasionally whisper to one another.

"They have a nice variety here," Elizabeth said quietly, licking her lips. "Average-sized guys, little guys... even the occasional musclehead."

"Yeah," Amy whispered back, "but I haven't seen anyone bigger than me here," she smiled.

Her mom smiled back. "Well, I don't think you're going to find too many guys bigger than you, honey. But I'm sure you'll find a couple your size eventually," she laughed.

They walked through the door of the financial aid office and talked briefly with the receptionist. "The Hardstones are here to see you, Mr. Stark," she said. "Send them in," they heard over the speakerphone.

The two walked down the hall with Amy's suitcases and into a large office. Beautiful mahogany furniture and exquisite paintings adorned the walls. There was even a private bathroom off to one side.

Mr. Stark barely looked up from his paper at the two walked in. "Please come in and close the door," he said.

As he heard the door click, he looked up and saw the two tall, beautiful women. His heart fluttered briefly. He put his paper down and stood up to shake each of their hands. The two women scanned his body up and down. The man looked to be about 5'10" and had an average build. He seemed to be in his late 30s and was quite attractive in his own way.

"Hello," he said, reaching out his hand.

"Pleased to meet you," Amy said, closing her hand hard around his.

"My, you have a strong grip," Mr. Stark said. "You must be Amy. And you must be..."

"Elizabeth," Amy's mom answered. She shook his hand hard as she looked into his eyes.

"Please, have a seat." The women put Amy's suitcases to the side and wedged their huge bodies into the plush seats. "Now, I was told by my secretary that Amy had a financial aid problem. What seems to be the issue?"

Elizabeth dug into her pocketbook and pulled out the letter. "My daughter was originally granted a sports scholarship back in June. However, we just got this saying that 'under further consideration' she is now denied. We want to know why."

Mr. Stark took the letter from Elizabeth's hand and looked it over. "Ah," he said. "I know why that is. See this code 6872 on the corner of the page? She was denied because of an administrative error on the original scholarship. What sport did Amy apply under?"

"Wrestling," Amy said. Mr. Stark's eyes widened. Amy turned her head and smiled quietly.

"Well..." he stuttered. "I can see why that is. We don't actually have a women's wrestling program."

"I could wrestle guys," Amy said. "I used to do it all the time in high school."

He gulped. "We don't allow that either. No male sports program at USC allows women. I'm sorry."

Elizabeth spoke up. "My daughter is very good at wrestling, Mr. Stark. She won many state championships in high school."

"I'm sorry, Ms. Hardstone, but rules are rules. I'm sure Amy can find an alternative means to pay for college. Does she have a job? Maybe she can join our work study program."

Elizabeth paused for a moment, put her finger on her lip and then smiled. "You know, Amy did have a part-time job this summer. In fact," she turned to her daughter, "Didn't you bring your work uniform to college, dear?" She gave her a wink.

Amy smiled devilishly. "You know, I think I did mom."

"Why don't you show Mr. Stark what your job was?"

Amy got up and reached for one of her suitcases. "Sure thing. Mr. Stark, can I use your bathroom for a moment?" Amy asked.

Mr. Stark stammered. "O-of course. But is it really necessary to..."

"Oh, but it is," Elizabeth interrupted. "I think once you see Amy's work you'll know why. Maybe it will even clear the air about her scholarship."

Amy stepped into Mr. Stark's bathroom with her suitcase and closed the door. Elizabeth looked across the desk at the man and leaned forward slightly, giving him a full view of her cleavage. "So, what is there to do at this college, anyway?"

A bead of sweat appeared on Mr. Stark's brow. "Well, of course, USC provides a first-rate education. Sports. Extracurricular activities..."

“Hmm. What I meant was, what’s the male population like? I want my daughter to meet a nice man.” She inhaled and exhaled deeply, causing her massive chest to heave.

“Well,” Mr. Stark gulped, “there are a lot of nice students on campus...”

“And faculty? Are there a lot of nice male faculty as well?” She pressed her finger into her cleavage, pulling down her blouse, showcasing her huge globes.

Mr. Stark spoke nervously. “Yes, there’s a lot of nice guys in the faculty as well.”

“Mmm.” She turned and called out, “Amy, are you ready?”

“Almost ready, mom. One more second,” Amy answered.

Elizabeth turned back to the man, looking into his eyes. “I really care for my daughter, Mr. Stark. She may be heading off to college, but she’s still my little girl.” She turned to look at the door. “Isn’t that right, honey?”

Mr. Stark looked up as the door slowly opened. His eyes bulged out.

Amy stepped out of the doorway, her massive, half-naked, golden tan body rippling with muscles. She was dressed in her favorite “little schoolgirl” uniform – an outfit that left little to the imagination. Small black schoolgirl shoes adorned her feet, as white socks wrapped their way up her huge calves (barely able to cover their diamond hard shape). A way too-tight schoolgirl blouse was tied just below her chest, almost unable to contain her breasts. Her visible washboard abs, rippling with muscle, flexed as she softly breathed in and out. Around her waist was a tiny skirt that barely covered her massive tree trunk thighs. Teddy bear panties were visible underneath the skirt, starting to get slightly damp with arousal. Her face was made up to look young: rosy cheeks and a brilliant white smile. Her always-present pigtails hung from either side of her head, and bounced as she strode over to the man behind the desk.

Amy smiled, leaned down and grasped the man by his collar, pulling him out of his chair. She slowly raised him up off the ground with one arm, his feet kicking for support below. She looked deeply into his eyes with her beautiful deep green ones. She cocked her head to one side and played with a pigtail.

“Won’t you play with me, mister?” she said in her sweetest little girl voice.

“You see, Mr. Stark,” Elizabeth said, as she stood up out of her chair. “My daughter is very good at what she does.” She picked up each chair and put it to the side, then pushed his heavy desk back towards the wall, making space at the center of the room. “Amy, honey,” she said, “why don’t you show the nice man what you can do?”

“Sure thing, mommy,” Amy giggled in her little girl’s voice. She then changed back to her sexy, normal (yet still high pitched) voice. “This’ll be fun,” she said as she looked into his fearful eyes and licked her lips.

“First thing, mister,” she said in her little girl voice again. “How about a hug?” She wrapped her huge arms around his back, slowly enclosing his chest in their grasp. She smiled at him as she squeezed out his warm breath, feeling it stream across her rosy cheeks. She pressed her huge breasts into his chest, pushing hard so that he could not breathe back in again. Her biceps bulged as she compacted around him. He started to struggle, kicking his feet into her rock-hard calves and banging on her wide back with his fists.

“That tickles,” she giggled in her little girl voice. Changing back to her regular voice, “But we can’t have that.” She reached down and grabbed his feet, wedging his legs between hers. Now, when she pulled up on the hug, he was not only crushed but stretched painfully up against her tall body. She pulled up higher, giggling as he groaned in pain and his hands fell to his sides while she stretched him out.

She felt his penis start to get hard under his pants. It pressed in tightly against her teddy bear panties, making her wetter as she rubbed his body hard against her own. “Ooh, you like my hugs you, don’t you? You’ll love this, then.”

She reached her right hand down between his legs, grabbing his dick and balls through his pants. She placed her other hand on his neck and lifted him up while turning him sideways, so he was looking directly at her breasts.

Amy took a deep breath and started flexing her chest. Her blouse began to slowly unravel. Threads started to pop. With a hard arching motion of her back, it shredded apart, leaving her chest naked. She then placed her hands on his butt and back and crushed his body sideways across her chest as if it was a bra. She felt his penis throbbing up against her sensitive right nipple. She rubbed his entire body sideways against her breasts, sighing delicately as she pressed him across her chest. “Ooh, Amy likes her toy,” she whispered.



"Amy," her mother smiled, "why not show Mr. Stark what you can do with your legs?"

"Sure thing, mom," Amy sultrily said, slipping off her shoes and socks. She turned his body upside down and held him out in front of her. He was now staring directly at her rippling muscular thighs, pussy juice now drenching her teddy bear panties. She held his body up with one hand around both of his ankles. She brought a single finger to her lips and spread her legs out slowly in front of his face. The threads in her skirt and panties began to stretch and pop. Suddenly, she snapped her legs out to the sides, shredding the skirt and panties completely, leaving her shaved snatch dripping juice inches away from his face. She mouthed the word "Oops."

Elizabeth got down on her knees behind Amy's naked butt and dripping pussy, looking through her daughter's legs. She smiled at the man's trembling face. "Gee, Mr. Stark, my little girl sure does have big thighs. I wouldn't want to be in your position," she laughed at him.

She stood up behind her daughter, who was continuing to hold the man up with one arm around his ankles in anticipation. Elizabeth reached around and grasped her daughter's DD breasts in her hands. Amy moaned in arousal.

Elizabeth leaned her head in to Amy's ear. "What are going to do to the nice man, honey?" she whispered.

Amy's eyes fluttered in arousal. "I'm going to feed his screaming little head to my thighs, mom," she whispered softly.

"Mmm, mother would love to see that," she whispered erotically. Elizabeth started tweaking her daughter's nipples. Amy moaned. She licked Amy's ear as she whispered, "And why are you going to do that, dear?"

"Because mom..." Amy whispered as she grasped the back of the man's head with her hand. "Your daughter loves to play rough!" she growled. She bit her lower lip and crashed his face upward into her crotch. She felt his lips slip across her wet pussy. She crushed her thighs hard around his head, closing their muscular mass around it until it almost completely disappeared.

Amy started bucking her crotch against his trapped face as her mom continued to caress her nipples and lick her ear. Amy could hear muffled screams emanating from her thighs, making her shiver in delight. She twisted her waist back and forth, determined to grind out an orgasm against the poor man's face.

Elizabeth reached around and unzipped the man's fly. She pulled out his sizable penis. Both women sighed in satisfaction.

"Amy, honey, I think we forgot to buy you something for college," she said.

"What's that mom?" Amy moaned, eyes fluttering, continuing to buck her crotch against his head.

"Jewelry," she smiled. She leaned down behind her daughter's legs and looked into the man's bloodshot eyes. "Mr. Stark, time to give my daughter a nice pearl necklace." Both women laughed.

She stood behind her daughter, reached around, and grabbed Mr. Stark's butt with her hands. Biting her daughter's ear, she rammed him towards them, crushing his dick into her daughter's cleavage. Amy moaned. As her powerful biceps flexed, Elizabeth pressed the man's butt in and out, sliding his penis in-between Amy's sweaty breasts. She was giving him a titfuck with her daughter's massive tits.

Amy moaned and let go of the man's legs, as her mother continued to thrust his butt in and out with her arms. Amy raised her hands up and put them on the back of her head. She leaned back and closed her eyes, breathing hard, reveling in the feeling of the hard dick crashing between her breasts, the little mouth sucking desperately on her pussy lips, and the warm, wet tongue of her mother licking her ear.

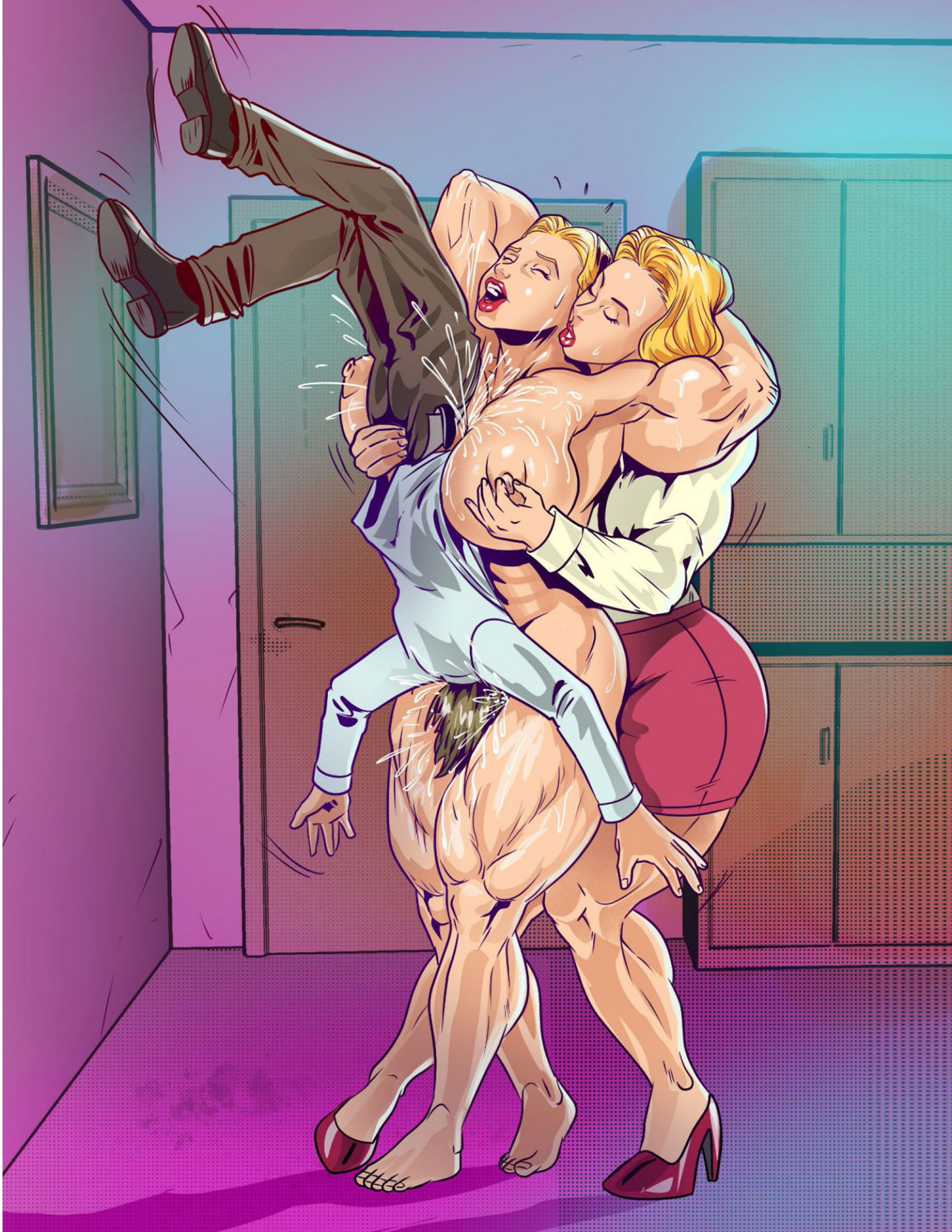
Elizabeth took the head of his dick and rubbed it against her daughter's sensitive, erect nipple. Amy cried out in ecstasy. Drops of precum began to mix with the sweat on Amy's breasts as her mother flipped the dick faster across Amy's nipple.

Amy panted in arousal and started humping his head harder. She could feel his little mouth against across her pussy lips. She could feel his hot moans of desperation in her pussy. She squealed and started grinding harder and harder.

Finally, the two women started to feel the man shake. Elizabeth crushed his butt into her daughter's chest, burying his dick in Amy's cleavage. Amy crushed her thighs in around his head, making it completely disappear against her pussy. The women heard a loud muffled scream. Cum splashed up from his penis onto Amy's chest. Elizabeth massaged his dick all along her daughter's nipples, causing more and more to spurt out.

Elizabeth leaned forward and bit Amy's ear. "Cum for mother," she whispered erotically.

Amy moaned loudly. Her crotch became a blur as she humped Mr. Stark's face ferociously. She growled out, grinding her pussy down. Her pigtailed flopped up and down and then came undone as animalistic teenage grunts filled the room. She raised her arms into an awesome double-biceps pose, crushed in with her thighs and screamed as she orgasmed on his face. Torrents of pussy juice dribbled out of her crotch and down, drenching his head. She continued to grind out her orgasm, flexing her thighs and calves as the juice streamed down their chiseled hardness, making them glisten.





Elizabeth let go of the man's butt as Amy spread her legs, his body crashing to the floor. Amy continued to flex her arms, reveling in the afterglow as she smiled and her juice dripped down onto his face.

Elizabeth got down on her knees. "So, Mr. Stark, about that wrestling scholarship..." she said to his cum-stained face.

"She'll... get it..." he said, then passed out.

Elizabeth stood up, delicately caressing her daughter's body, licking a few drops of cum from her daughter's chest. "Well, that was easy," she said.



Amy slowly came down from her orgasmic high. "Yeah mom." She then looked down at the floor. "Oh no." Among Mr. Stark's passed out body and their juices was her shredded schoolgirl uniform. She got down on her knees and picked up the pieces. "Oh pooh," she said, "there's no way to fix this."

"Aww honey," Elizabeth said as she got down on her knees with her daughter. "I think it's time you retired that thing. It's time to grow up," she smiled.

Amy's glowing green eyes looked into her mom's. "Ok mom," she smiled as she gave her mother a hug.

"That's my girl," Elizabeth said. "By the way, about those pigtails..." she laughed.

Amy reached up and felt her blonde hair, which was now splashed across her back like her mom's.

Elizabeth reached around her daughter's head. "I think I have something better," she said, as she softly maneuvered her fingers. She then put her finger under her daughter's chin, raised it up to look at her face and smiled.

She reached into her pocketbook and pulled out a compact. She opened it up and showed Amy. In the mirror, Amy looked at her beautiful face. She then turned to see a long blonde ponytail. Her eyes opened wide and she smiled. "Oh mom, that looks so good. I love it!"

"I thought you would. I remember when I was your age I switched to a ponytail. Trust me, the boys will love it too." She gave her daughter another hug. "And by the way," she reached into her daughter's pocketbook and took out Amy's cell phone, "how about a picture?"

Amy smiled. She straddled Mr. Stark with her huge, naked, sweaty body, pressing her pussy down hard onto his unconscious face. She flexed a massive bicep and brought one finger to her lips. She turned to show off her new ponytail, mouthed her lips and cooed. Elizabeth snapped the shot.

"I'm sure they'll love that on OurSpace. And I'm sure Jessica will be jealous," she laughed. She put the camera away as Amy went into the bathroom for a change of clothes.

A few minutes later, Amy came out in a stylish college ensemble: a fresh grey USC t-shirt and tight short-shorts showing off her immense cut legs. Her ponytail bounced across her broad beautiful back as she flexed her chest out, once again making the letters USC stretch across her massive breasts.

"C'mon mom," she chirped, "we still have the rest of the campus to tour!"

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"And on your left, you'll see Ames Library, built in 1903," the tour guide said, "a place your sons and daughters will no doubt spend their time diligently for the next 4 years." A few muted chuckles rose up from the parents in the group. "And on your right..."

Amy and Elizabeth let the campus orientation tour proceed ahead of them. They stared up at the massive library covered with ivy. Still carrying Amy's suitcases, they walked up a short sidewalk adorned by grass on either side.

Amy bent down to look into the library window. "Oh my god!" she gasped.

"What is it, honey?" Elizabeth asked as she walked up behind her daughter and looked in the window herself. "Oh my lord..."

Inside, a male librarian was putting books away on a shelf. He appeared to be in his late 20s – quite possibly a former graduate student. What astounded the women, however, was his height and build. The wisp of a man couldn't have been much taller than 5' and couldn't have weighed more than 100 lbs. And he was alone.

Elizabeth stepped away from the window as Amy went back to it. "I don't think I've seen a man that small before," she laughed. "If I ever caught a guy that size in college, I would have broken him like a toothpick!"

She looked at her daughter, who was still peering attentively through the window. "Amy? Honey?" Amy's forehead was glued to the glass. "Dear, I think you're salivating," she laughed.

Amy turned to face her mom. A wide smile was on her face.

"Ah. I see," she smiled at her daughter. "Let's go meet and greet the faculty." The two women smiled and walked towards the door.

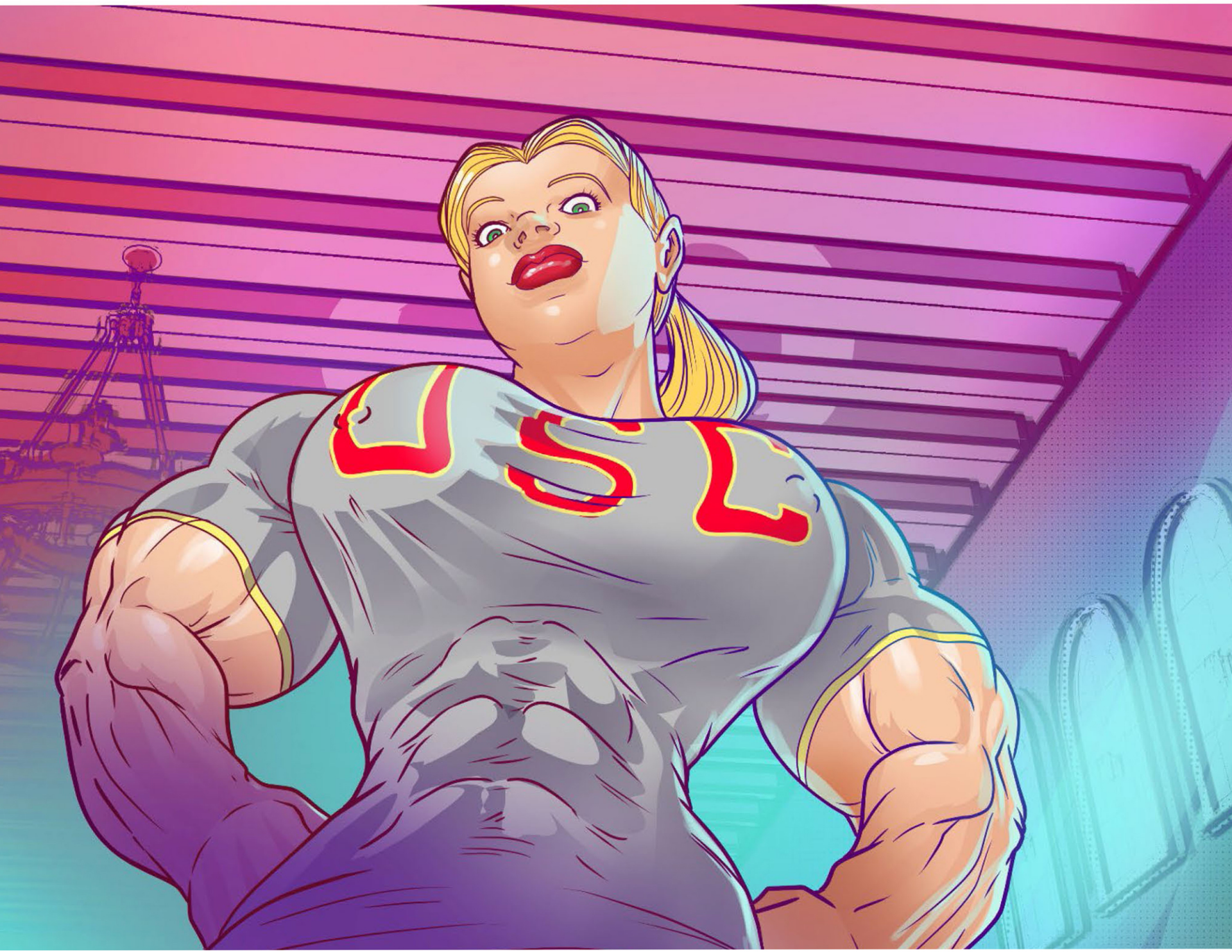
Near the back of the building, the librarian moved between bookshelves. It took him some time to complete each shelf, as he was unable to reach the highest sections without a stepladder. Some of the larger books were also exceptionally heavy for him. Not to mention, the full weight of the book cart was demanding. When it was full (as it was now) he was often forced to push or pull it with all his strength.

He finished a bookshelf and started moving towards the next. He was fortunate, he thought to himself, to have gotten this job right after graduating. In the summer, the library was a calm and serene place to work.

He pulled on the cart backwards while blindly rounding a corner.

"OOF!"

He turned around slowly to see what he had backed up into, thinking it was a wall or another bookshelf. Instead, it was the largest girl he had ever seen. Directly in front of him, a grey t-shirt covered a brick wall of abdominal muscle. Above that, the letters USC were stretched taut across two huge globes. He looked up through the cleavage to see beautiful green eyes staring down at him, a smile on the girl's face.



"Hello," Amy said. "What's your name?"

"J-Jeff..." he said nervously.

"I'm Amy," she said, playing with the bottom of her t-shirt. "I'm a freshman."

"Fresh-freshman?" he stuttered.

"Yup. Just arrived today. Was on the campus tour but I lost my mom. Have you seen her?"

"I-I didn't... OOF!" The man felt a woman's body slam into his back. The force crashed him head-on into Amy's breasts. As he felt the bodies close in around him, he realized he couldn't move.

"Amy honey," Elizabeth said, looking at her daughter and winking, "where were you? We'll never catch up to the tour now."

"I was talking with a cute guy, mom," Amy said.

"Where? I don't see any guy," she surreptitiously smiled as she felt the tiny man struggling between their bodies.

"Right here," Amy smiled, pointing down at her cleavage. The man's head was truly invisible between their giant globes. Amy could feel his tiny mouth in her cleavage, sucking for air.

"I still don't see him," Elizabeth smiled.

"Here, let me show you," Amy giggled. She slowly raised her massive thigh under the man's crotch, lifting him upwards. Elizabeth stepped back a bit as Amy raised his tiny body out of their breasts to eye level.

"Ah," she said. The tiny man was gasping for breath.

"Isn't he cute?" Amy sighed, gazing at the man longingly as she effortlessly held him high off the ground with her muscular thigh.

Jeff looked at Amy's face. He then turned to see Elizabeth's smiling face. "Are you s-sisters?" he frightfully asked Elizabeth.

"Oh, heavens no," Elizabeth smiled. "But thank you for the compliment, dear. I'm her mother." She turned to Amy. "You're right, he is cute. And even tinier close up."

"Bite size," Amy said, licking her lips.

"Oh oh," Elizabeth said. She leaned over and whispered in the man's ear. "My daughter has a ferocious appetite." The man shook.

"You see, she takes quite good care of herself," Elizabeth said. "Exercises every day, lifts heavy weights, eats well." She paused, pressing a finger to her lip. "But I don't think you've drunk your protein shake today, have you dear?"

Amy's eyes closed. Her hands reached up to caress her nipples, which were growing erect under her t-shirt. "I can think of one protein shake I'd love to have," she whispered lustfully. She felt his penis throb against her muscular thigh.

Elizabeth took the man from Amy's thigh and held him up off the ground with one arm around his wrists. "I see. Well in that case," she said to the man smiling, "I better feed my daughter." She harshly ripped off his shirt. She then tore off his pants and underwear like they were tissue paper. She plucked his shoes and socks off like he was a doll. He was now completely naked.

She placed his tiny butt squarely on the palm of her hand, cupping his balls and penis. With a single flexed arm holding him up, she turned his naked body towards Amy. Amy looked down at his penis. "Mmm, so tasty," she cooed.

Amy stood towering in front of the man. "Like my legs?" She slipped off her sneakers as she stroked her thighs. "Imagine what it would be like to be between them," she whispered as she pressed a single delicate finger against the tip of his penis. He shuddered. She slowly flexed her thighs in front of him – thighs that had held him up so easily before. He watched in astonishment as they rippled muscle. He could hear the threads of her shorts straining and popping. Suddenly Amy growled, giving her thighs a jolting flex, ripping her shorts and panties completely and revealing her dripping snatch. She felt his penis jump and a drop of precum dribbled out across her finger. She brought it to her mouth and slowly pressed it in a circle around her lips before licking it. "Mmm..."

Elizabeth could feel the little man's cock throbbing. She massaged his balls with her fingers as she continued to hold him up with one hand.

"Like my chest?" Amy whispered. "I've got to admit, it was hard for me not to smother you before. You were just so cute with your little body struggling. Your little mouth desperately looking for air." She placed her arms behind her back. "Watch this," she erotically said. She thrust her massive globes inches front of his face. She took a deep breath, growing her chest. She took another deep breath, watching his reaction as the letters USC stretched obscenely in front of his eyes. "Look out lover," she warned. She then arched her back hard and slammed her chest forward, knocking his face back and ripping her shirt down the middle in the process. She giggled as he held his head in pain. She shrugged off the shirt's remains.

As Elizabeth continued to hold him up, Amy smiled down at the little man like a lioness ready to devour her prey. She slowly gyrated her completely naked body in front of his eyes, pressing a fingertip to her tongue and then slowly trailing it down her skin. She flicked over her erect nipple, down her washboard abs, across her navel and into her dripping pussy. She pressed it in and out, moaning and cooing. She then trailed her fingertips back up her body, licking them.

"Mom," Amy whispered.

"Yes dear," Elizabeth said.

"I'm hungry," she erotically whispered.

Elizabeth smiled. She slowly raised Jeff's trembling body, placing his fully-erect dick right in front of her daughter's beautiful face. She turned her palm around so that she was holding his body like a waitress would hold a tray. Amy looked at him with her green eyes, licking her lips.

"Feed me, mom."

Elizabeth thrust the man's body forward into her daughter's open mouth. Amy immediately wrapped her tongue sinuously around his penis. She closed her lips around the base and started nibbling on his shaft with her lips. He groaned in pleasure.

Amy's hands pressed against her own bare breasts, cupping them. As she began to suck harder, her fingers instinctively began to tweak her nipples. Jeff could feel her groan hotly onto his dick.

Elizabeth slowly began moving her palm back and forth, thrusting the man in and out of her daughter's mouth. Each time he was thrust in, Amy's tongue would meet the tip of his dick, flicking over the sensitive head and licking up precum before

wrapping completely around his penis. Each time he was pulled out, Amy's lips would cling hard to his shaft, sucking his body forward, desperately wanting to keep his hard rod and its sweet taste in her mouth.

Elizabeth started to thrust in and out faster. Jeff could feel his body being harshly pushed forward into Amy's beautiful mouth, then pulled back from the only place he wanted to be. Amy closed her eyes, sucking hard on his cock while her fingers danced over her sensitive nipples. She twirled her tongue around its hardness. The feeling was delicious.

Suddenly, Amy felt soft fingers graze her wet pussy. She opened her eyes. While continuing to thrust the man in and out, Elizabeth had reached across and was now pressing her fingertips into her daughter's wet snatch. Elizabeth looked at Amy wantonly and bit her lip as she rubbed her daughter's clit. Amy moaned.

Amy started cupping her breasts harder now, squeezing and kneading her melons as she sucked his dick harder. Elizabeth responded in turn, pushing her fingers harder into her daughter's vagina. She started thrusting her fingers in and out, timing the thrusts to match the man's dick. Amy began to pant and moan.

As the thrusts sped up, it was all that Jeff could do but hang on for dear life. He looked down at Elizabeth fingering her daughter's dripping pussy, her other arm flexing as she pushed him forward and backward. He looked down at Amy's beautiful mouth engulfing his dick to the hilt and then ferociously sucking as he got pulled out, her ponytail bouncing up and down against her broad back.

Amy closed her eyes and was awash in the sensations around her. She reveled in the feeling of the man's dick in her mouth, her fingertips dancing across her breasts and her mom's fingers thrusting in and out of her vagina.

"Mom," she whispered in between thrusts.

"Yes dear?" she whispered.

"Push him harder."

Elizabeth started pushing the man harder in and out. His dick went well into her mouth before sliding out. His eyes closed. Amy could feel his pubic hair tickling her face on each thrust.

"Harder," she moaned.

His body started crashing in and out of her face. Jeff could feel the tip of his dick pressed against the back of Amy's throat on each thrust. He moaned. Elizabeth rammed her fingers deeper into her daughter's pussy. Amy closed her eyes.

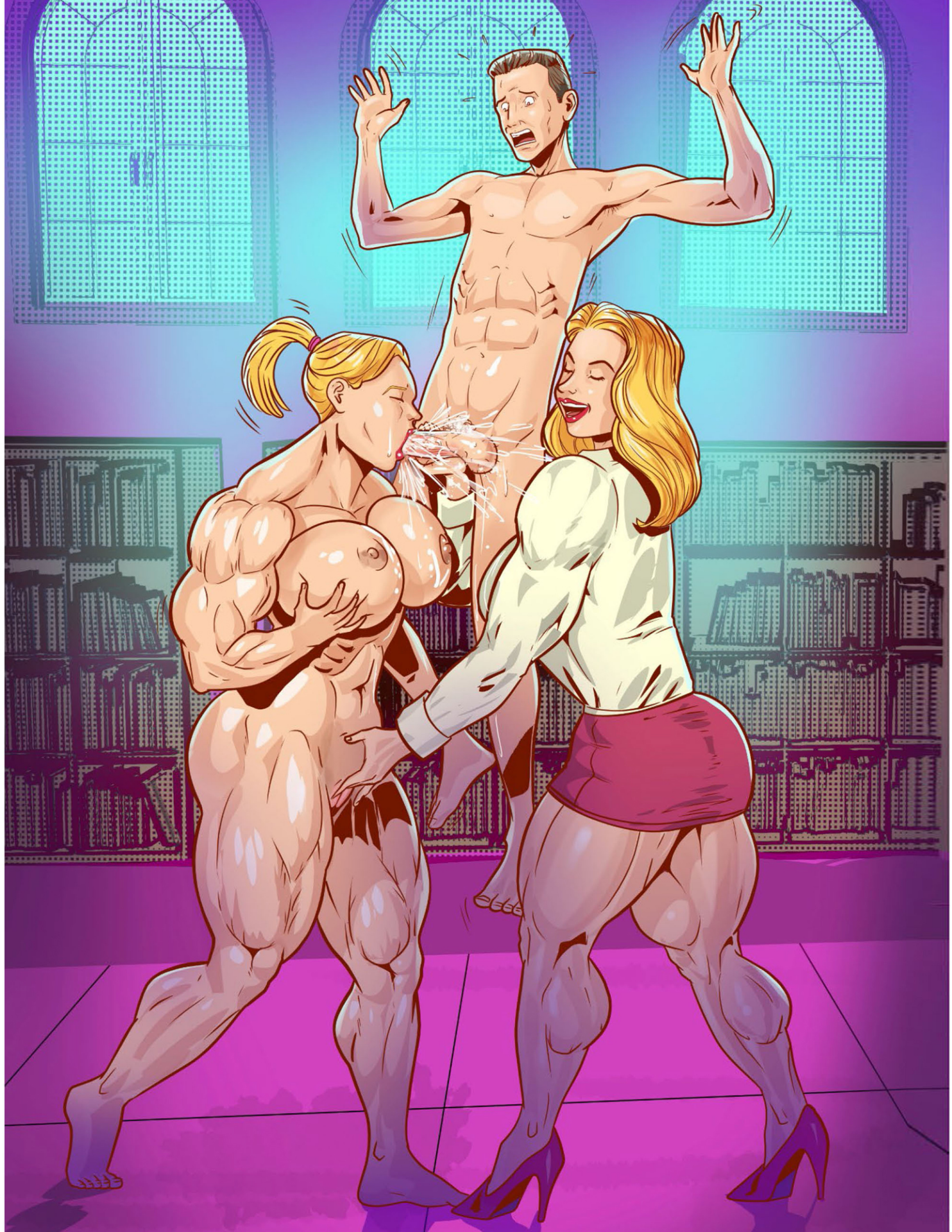
"Mom, harder!" she panted.

Elizabeth slammed him in and out. Amy's ponytail bounced chaotically as her mouth would inhale his dick and suck it hard, wrapping her lips around the shaft and yanking on it as her mom pulled it out. Each thrust Elizabeth would jam her fingers farther up into her daughter's pussy. The man could feel his penis crashing into the back of Amy's throat over and over. He and Amy started moaning louder and louder.

"Drink up, baby," Elizabeth whispered erotically. She crushed the man forward, his dick slamming into the back of Amy's throat and staying there. She jammed her fingers hard up her daughter's pussy. He could do nothing to escape Amy's ferocious blowjob. Amy sucked his balls completely into her mouth, closing her lips around them along with his dick. She juggled his balls around hard with her tongue as her hands squeezed her erect nipples. The man started crying and shaking. She looked up into his face with her beautiful green eyes.

"Give... me... your... cum!" she growled with her mouth full of dick.

The little man arched and screamed. He then filled Amy's mouth with semen, spewing it down her throat. His little body shook violently as he emptied everything he had into the beautiful girl's mouth.



Elizabeth yanked him out of Amy's mouth and threw him to the ground. "Give your mother a taste," she whispered erotically. She jammed her tongue into Amy's mouth, continuing to hold her fingers up Amy's mound.

As their tongues danced, Amy closed her eyes. The two women swapped the man's cum back and forth, twisting their tongues together and delighting in the taste. As Amy continued to tweak her nipples, Elizabeth pressed her finger against her daughter's clit, rubbing it.

Amy opened her eyes and looked down at the man writhing on the ground.

"Mom," she whispered, humping her mother's hand

"Yes, honey?" Elizabeth answered, continuing to rub her daughter's clit.

"I want to feel him between my legs," she panted.

"You want to fuck him?"

"No," she whispered erotically as she looked down at the man. "I want to break him!" Amy growled.

Elizabeth smiled. Jeff started backing away on the floor. Elizabeth grabbed the man by the ankles and dragged his shaking body across the floor, back towards her towering daughter. She lifted his torso up sideways between Amy's huge legs. His chest faced her right leg while his back faced her left. Elizabeth then smiled into his face and slammed him upwards against Amy's pussy. Amy sighed delicately as her massive thighs instinctively clamped around him, crossing her legs and trapping his torso, holding his weak body in their grasp off the ground.

Elizabeth stood up and started fingering her daughter's clit again, leaning in towards her head. "Don't hurt him much, honey," she whispered into her ear. She then gave it a lick, smiling wickedly. "But I love it when you make them beg!"

Amy started flexing her tree trunk thighs. Jeff immediately felt the air get crushed out of his lungs and felt his waist collapsing.

"No, please!" he yelled hoarsely, his hands pushing desperately against Amy's rippling leg muscles. Her thighs were literally covering his entire body from his neck to his waist. "She's going to kill me!"

Amy's eyes fluttered. She started tweaking her nipples. "You're just a toy," she growled down at him. She could feel her pussy starting to dribble onto his collapsing frail form and her mom's fingers.

Elizabeth looked down at the man completely scissored between Amy's thighs as she continued to rub her daughter's clit. "It wasn't a good idea to get between my daughter's legs," she intoned. "When she was younger, she used to break her toys," she smiled devilishly down at him. He whimpered.

"Oh god, mom," Amy whispered, tilting her head back, tweaking her nipples harder. "I can feel his little spine pressed against both of my thighs. I could cut him in half if I wanted." She licked her lips.

"That's it, baby," Elizabeth smiled devilishly. She licked Amy's ear, "Do it. Make him cry for me."

"No, please," he mouthed breathlessly to Elizabeth. "Don't let her... errkk!" he shrieked. Amy rolled her legs in, crushing more into his torso until her thighs practically touched each other. She could feel his spine bend between them. His tongue came out of his mouth as his body compressed, its frail frame now pushing hard up against Amy's now soaked crotch. Tears streamed down his face.

Elizabeth leaned down and pressed her fingers to his cheeks, collecting some of his tears. She brought them up to her daughter's lips. Amy licked the salty liquid off her mother's fingers erotically. Elizabeth then brought her wet fingers back to her daughter's clit and continued rubbing, making her moan. She leaned down against her daughter's ear.

"Amy, honey," she whispered, "what are you going to do to the nice man?"

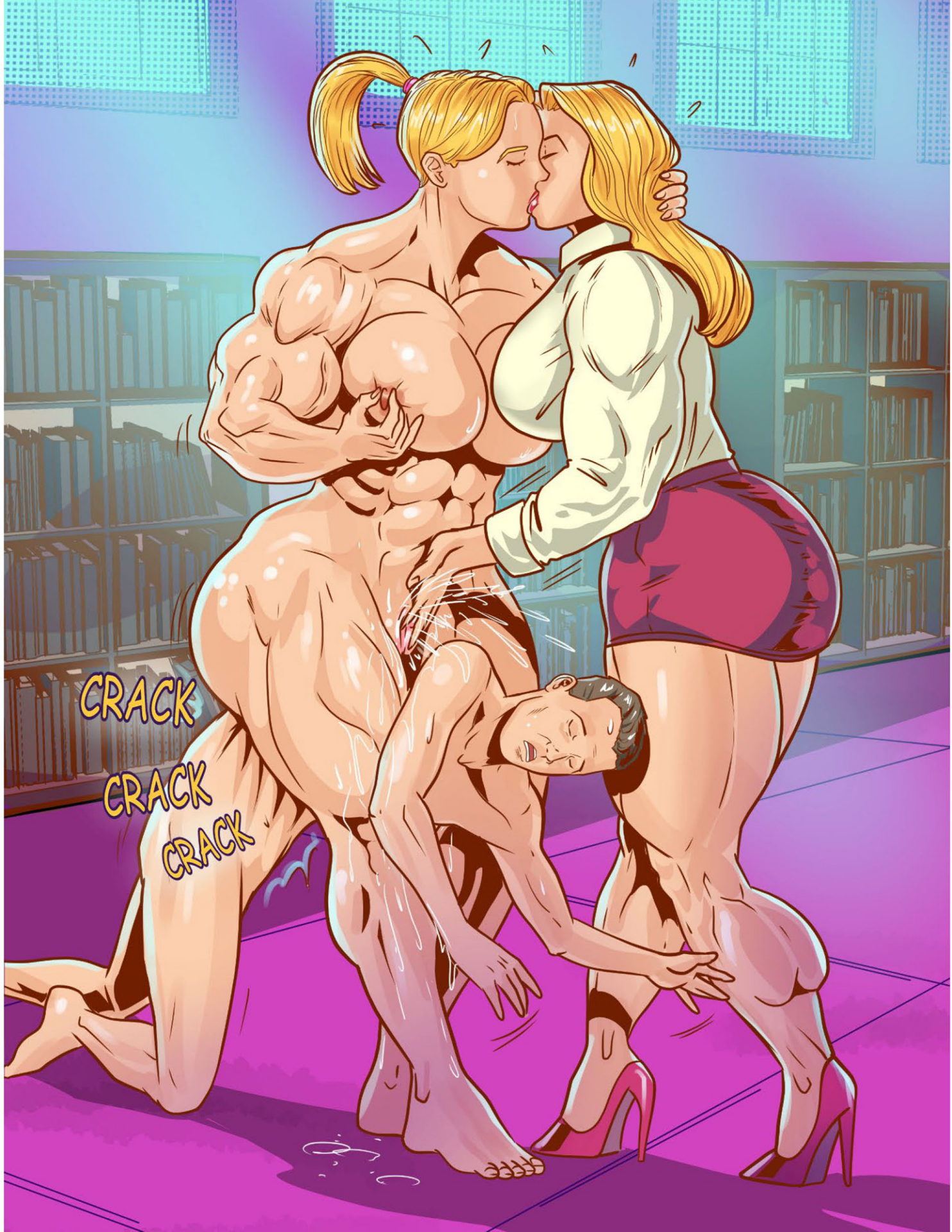
"I'm going to break him, mother," Amy whispered softly as her eyes fluttered in arousal.

"Mmm, that sounds delicious. And why are you going to do that honey?" she whispered erotically as she bit down on Amy's ear and rubbed her clit faster.

"Because mom, even though I'm older..." she whispered, slowly flexing her thighs and feeling his ribs start to bend. "I still break all my toys!" she growled.

\*CRACK\*

"Mmm," Amy breathed out. "That's one rib." Elizabeth rubbed Amy's clit harder.



CRACK

CRACK

CRACK



\*CRACK\*

"That's two," Amy cooed.

Elizabeth bit Amy's ear as she rubbed her clit faster. "Do it baby. One more for mother," Elizabeth said. "We can always get you a new toy."

"Ok, mom," Amy erotically whispered. "Good night, little man."

\*CRACK!\*

Elizabeth thrust her tongue deep into her daughter's mouth. Amy screamed in pleasure and squeezed, shaking the completely compacted man violently. Torrents of juice dribbled down her thighs, onto his frail body and her mother's blurred fingers. Their tongues danced in each other's mouths. She continued to grind against his weak form while she orgasmed.

Amy opened her legs and his body crashed to the floor. Pussy juice continued to dribble onto his collapsed waist. Amy basked in the afterglow, looking down lovingly at her "broken toy."

Elizabeth knelt down beside the man and felt his pulse. He was still alive, still breathing. A little worse for wear with 3 broken ribs but he would be ok.

She stood up and hugged her daughter. "Great job, honey." She took out the cell phone camera. "Picture time."

Amy smiled. She flexed her huge thighs for the camera that had caused so much destruction (and were now dripping with juices). She then picked up the man with a single hand, raising his tiny body to her face. She placed a single palm on his butt, smiled, and then rammed his dick hard into her beautiful mouth. She raised a massive bicep, flexed and threw back her ponytail. She looked directly into the camera and cooed. Elizabeth snapped the shot. "Beautiful," her mother said.

Amy pulled him out of her mouth, licking her lips and throwing him to the floor. "Now what are we going to do with him?" Elizabeth asked.

Amy thought for a second. She then easily picked up the heavy cart and placed it on top of the man's torso. She knocked over the stepping stool nearby. "They'll think he fell over and had a freak library accident," she giggled.

She smiled but looked at her doubtfully "What about your juices all over him? And the fact that he's naked?"

Amy shrugged. "They'll have to figure that part out for themselves." Both women laughed.

Elizabeth gathered Amy's belongings while she went to the library bathroom for a quick change of clothes. When Amy came out, she was dressed in a fetching ensemble including a short miniskirt.

"Let's go, mom. I want to check out the rest of the campus," she chirped.

The tour far ahead of them, Amy and her mother decided to make their own way across the university. Past quiet walkways and well-manicured lawns, the tall women continued to draw attention. Amy, in particular, loved to draw more of it. Whether it was flexing her rock-hard calves walking past a group of guys, or pressing her huge melons together with her arms while she asked someone for directions, she always got her desired reaction (stares of longing for her perfectly-built body). Her favorite activity was bending over at the waist after "accidentally" dropping her handbag, giving an unwitting guy behind her a direct view of her amazing bowling ball glutes. She would then turn her head, give her ass a playful smack and blow a kiss – sure to leave an erection as the two women would continue on and laugh.

As Amy and Elizabeth got towards the end of the campus, they walked past the large football stadium. Despite the fact football season was right around the corner, and the fact the team should have been practicing, it was suspiciously quiet.

"Amy," her mom said, "the stadium seems empty. Why is that?"

"Oh, I don't know, mom," Amy smiled sheepishly.

"It wouldn't have anything to do with that newspaper article tacked to your bedroom bulletin board?" 'USC Football Team In Horrible Bus Accident?' Elizabeth looked at Amy and gave her a smirk. "That 'bus' seemed to drive awfully close to where you wrestled this summer."

Amy giggled, "I wouldn't know anything about it."

"I see," she smiled. "Well, let's go in and look anyway."

The two women made their way into the cavernous stadium. Being almost empty, they were free to walk where they pleased. Along the way they saw trophies and pictures of the team's star quarterback and first-string squad – players that would not be around this season. They made their way downstairs, past empty locker rooms and team offices.

Just as they were about to head back outside, they heard an angry, gruff voice behind them.

"YOU!"

Amy and Elizabeth turned to see a large man walking towards them. He was easily as tall and muscular as the two women and looked to be in his early 40s. He was wearing a faded USC cap.

He looked directly at Amy. "You! You were the one that hurt my team! The quarterback told me in the hospital."

"Coach Renold," Amy recognized him. She shrugged. "Sorry, coach. They told me they wanted to play. I played with them," she smiled.

"Do you have any idea what you've done?!? I get bonuses for wins. How am I supposed to win with those losers out there?"

"Sorry. You should have told them to stay away from girls like me." Her ponytail whipped around as she turned to walk away.

"Don't you turn your back on me, bitch!" Coach Renold grabbed Amy's shoulder.

Elizabeth immediately grabbed his wrist. "Nobody calls my daughter that!" she growled.

"Get your hands off of me you... ARGGH!" the coach screamed as his arm was quickly twisted behind his back. Elizabeth wrapped a muscular arm around his head and put him into a headlock, crushing his face against her breast. "Let me go!" he yelled, muffled by her right tit.

"Amy, honey, let me show you how to handle big jerks like this," Elizabeth said, crushing her arm in harder. "Open that door for me."

"Sure thing, mom," Amy said. Elizabeth dragged the man into an empty locker room as Amy closed the door behind them.

"Say you're sorry to my daughter!" Elizabeth growled down at the man.

"No!" the man's muffled voice called out.

"Suit yourself," Elizabeth said. She let go of his head and grabbed his wrists. Elizabeth then started spinning the man around. As she sped up, his legs slowly began to rise off the ground. With a toss of her blonde hair, she let go, his body sailing across the room and into a bank of lockers with a loud "Clang!" He dented them as he fell to the floor, rolling around in pain.

Elizabeth sultrily walked towards the man writhing in pain on the ground. As she walked, she took pieces of clothing off. "You could have just apologized," she cooed, unbuttoning her blouse and pulling it off, revealing a lacy, black, see-through bra stretched across a massive chest. "All you had to say was 'sorry'." She stepped out of her heels and pulled her skirt down, leaving a black thong that barely covered her pussy. She bent down and put her fingers under the man's chin, making him look up at her. "Now you're going to get it," she said, licking her lips.

She dragged him to the center of the locker room as Amy watched gleefully. Elizabeth lay on her back and positioned him on top with his face on her breasts, his stomach in between her legs. As she began to flex her massive thighs around his hard abs, she started to hear him beg. "No, please..."

"Too late!" she growled. Her legs shot into the air, bringing his body up with them. She flexed her thighs to their full, frightening mass, carving into his sides. As she felt his hard stomach start to yield, she moaned in arousal and brought her hands to her breasts. She effortlessly twisted his huge body in the air, shaking his massive frame as she cooed up at his screaming face. She then started seeing tears crash to her chest. She tweaked her nipples as her eyes fluttered.

As Amy watched her mother manhandle this big guy, she too was getting aroused. She involuntarily brought one hand to her breast while another went under her skirt to finger her pussy.

"Mom," she whispered, "can I play with him?"

"Of course, dear," Elizabeth said, continuing to squeeze her breasts. "But be sure to leave some for me."

Amy smiled into his pain-wracked face. She slowly took her shirt off, leaving a strapless white bra. She then took off her shoes and shimmied out of her miniskirt, leaving only a white thong. As her mother opened her legs, she grabbed the large man around the chest, picking him up in a bear hug.

"Want to know what I did to your quarterback? Let's just say I'm not afraid of big boys," Amy huskily said. Her arms crushed into his chest as she lifted him higher. She ran her tongue around her lips. "Although maybe they should be afraid of me..."

She dropped him down while slamming into a locker, the coach's face ending up squarely in between Amy's globes. She grabbed his wrists and pressed them up against the metal. As her breasts started grinding against his head, she pushed his face deeper into her cleavage.





She leaned back for a second and sensually peeled down her bra to reveal her fully erect nipples. She pushed a massive breast into his face and growled down at him, "Suck it!" She pressed her nipple hard in between his teeth and felt it against his tongue. She moaned.

Amy pushed her chest in harder, surrounding his face with breast flesh and causing it to almost disappear between her and the locker. As she crushed in more, she felt her hard nipple reach the back of his mouth and tickle his throat. She began to hear him gurgle for breath. She pounded her chest against his face, hearing his head bounce off the locker.

Elizabeth walked up behind Amy, taking off her bra and thong. She then took off Amy's bra and leaned in, her hard nipples grazing her daughter's back. Amy moaned as her mother nibbled on her ear. They watched intently as the man's struggles grew quiet.

"What do you think, mom?" Amy smiled. "Maybe we'll see in tomorrow's paper, 'Coach Chokes on Amazon Freshman's Nipple'."

Elizabeth smiled. "I've got a better idea, honey," she whispered. "Let me show how you to grind a guy like this down to size." She wrapped her arms around Amy and the man and lifted them into the air, before settling them softly on the locker room floor. The motionless coach lay on top of Amy. Elizabeth slinked over to them while pulling her thong down, leaving a dripping shaven snatch. She kneeled down beside her daughter.

Elizabeth placed one leg over her daughter's face and then the other, looking back as she stroked her butt. She then leaned forward on top of the man to her daughter's crotch.

Elizabeth wrapped her huge arms around her daughter with the coach squeezed between them. Amy shuddered as her mom peeled off Amy's thong.

Elizabeth looked back at Amy's beautiful face. "Remember when I said earlier I didn't want to get in between your thighs?" she whispered. "I lied."

Elizabeth mouth slammed into her daughter's pussy, instantly causing Amy to scream in ecstasy. She took Amy's clit between her teeth and started flicking her tongue across it. She then threaded her tongue deep into her daughter's vagina, wiggling and twisting it around.

"Oh god, mom," Amy moaned. She reached her muscular arms up around the man's body and around her mother's butt, pulling her head up to her mother's crotch. Amy started to lick her, teasing her mom's pussy lips with her tongue before burying it deep into her bucking mound. Elizabeth moaned.

The two women slowly closed their legs around each other's heads. As they did, their unyielding hard bodies wrapped tighter around the man. Determined to lick as much sweet juice as they could (and not caring what got in the way) the two women started grinding against one another.

Elizabeth could feel the man's chest start to deflate. She pushed downwards to crush more air out of him, pulling their bodies tighter as her tongue dug deeper into Amy's crotch. Amy, feeling his waist buckle, responded in turn, wrapping her arms tighter around her mother while thrusting her tongue deeper into her pussy.

As they continued, the muscular, tall body of the man slowly began to disappear between these two goddesses. Their lips firmly fastened to each other's waists; they had total disregard for the male toy in between. His occasional moans of pain only made them grind more. The two women entwined themselves even harder, encasing their male in a prison of muscle. They felt him struggle desperately, feeling his body give way to their powerful ones, relishing in his pain.

Suddenly, they felt the man shake. He let out a long, painful cry that sent the women over the edge. They buried their heads in, wiggling their tongues up and down each other's pussies, sucking on each other's clits and lapping up the sweet nectar. They flexed their entire bodies, compacting his down until there were mere inches between them. They felt the man go completely limp between them as they ground out long, loud orgasms.

Amy and Elizabeth uncoiled from each other, leaving a motionless male body. They sat up against one another, licking the juices off each other's faces.

"Amy, dear," Elizabeth whispered in her ear.

"Yes, mom," Amy whispered.

"I want to watch you crush fuck him," she whispered erotically, biting her ear.

"Yes, mom," Amy moaned. She ripped off the coach's clothing, leaving him completely naked. She grabbed the man by the ankles and dragged him towards the showers.

"C'mon mom," she gestured with a shake of her ponytail. "Come see how your daughter has grown up." She grinned devilishly at the man below her.

Elizabeth followed her into the showers as Amy turned on the water. A hot stream poured down onto the man lying on the shower floor and Amy's gorgeous, hard body. Her skin glistened in the light. She pulled out her ponytail, letting her wet blonde hair cascade down her wide back.

His eyes slowly opened to look up at her magnificent, muscular body. Amy started gyrating her hips. She looked down at him from her towering height, pressing one finger between her pussy lips. She began thrusting it in and out, as water dribbled down her body, cooing. She then brought a massive arm up and flexed it into a full, thick bicep. She turned her head and licked it as water dripped down onto the floor. She winked at her mom.







Amy then growled and dove onto his body, grabbing his dick in her talented fingers and stroking it up and down. She grabbed his head with her other hand, licking her lips and crushing her tongue into his mouth. As her tongue ravaged his, her fingers stroked harder. The friction of her hand and the hot water streaming down it caused his dick to grow erect.

Amy let go of his head and knelt above his dick. As he looked up fearfully at her powerful body, juices from her pussy mixed with water and dribbled onto his dick. She pressed her fingers in her pussy, collecting some of the juice and bringing it to her mouth. As she licked, she looked directly into the man's eyes. "I'm going to crush you," she mouthed.

Her crotch pounded down. He screamed. Amy threw her head back, lifted her crotch and pounded down again. He writhed in pain. She raised her crotch again, gyrated it and then slammed it down. He cried as she moaned. The feeling of her glorious weight crushing down on his waist was almost as good as the dick going up her pussy.

Amy started twisting her crotch back and forth, squeezing dangerously on his dick with her strong pussy. Her hair whipped around as she brought a full breast to her lips and sucked it.

She then tossed her hair back and slammed her chest down onto his face. She wrapped her arms around the back of his head and squeezed her wet breasts around his head. The man in her embrace wept onto her tits. She squeezed her melons harder around his face and moaned in pleasure.

She started bucking her crotch, thrusting his cock deeper up her pussy and crushing in on it. Amy's mother stood across from her daughter in the shower. She cupped a breast, tweaking a nipple as her fingers pressed against her pussy. She watched with amazement as her daughter so thoroughly destroy a man twice her age with sex.

Amy started pumping harder. The women could hear his muffled cries from between her tits every time her crotch slammed down. Her tits still draped over his face; Amy tilted her head up to look at her mother as her hair spread across her back. The water rained down on her body. "It's so easy, mom." she cooed as she continued to pound his body. Elizabeth moaned.

Amy spun around onto her back. Her arms continued to grind his face into her breasts. She wrapped her legs hard around his waist, trapping it and crushing it in. He could do nothing to escape her sexual onslaught. Elizabeth walked over to her daughter, continuing to finger herself as she lay down beside the two and the hot water rained down upon them.

Amy let go of the man's head and slowly started to lift her legs. Her pussy continued to squeeze in on his cock as his body levitated above her. She began to crush her massive thighs around his waist as she crushed in with her pussy. She tweaked her nipples.

Amy's thigh muscles glistened, water streaming down their rippling expanse. The man's eyes shifted back and forth, unable to escape their etched hardness. Her pussy kneaded his cock hard. Elizabeth rubbed her clit faster. Amy felt his hips start to bend between her thighs. She twisted his body in the air.

"Why... are you... doing this?" the man hoarsely said in pain.

"Because my mom told me to," Amy erotically whispered, eyes fluttering. Elizabeth moaned.

"Why?" he choked out.

"Because..." she looked into the man's eyes. "I love it!" she growled.

Amy compacted her legs around his waist and squeezed his pole with her pussy. She lifted him high in the air with her thighs, shaking his body between their expanse. She growled up at him. His body twitched and convulsed. She squeezed her thighs in harder. He screamed. Amy felt his hips start to bend more until they were on the verge of breaking.

"Wait for it, mom," Amy whispered, eyes fluttering as she slowly squeezed in. "Wait for it..."

\*SNAP!\*

Amy threw her head back, screaming in ecstasy as she squeezed her breasts. She felt his penis violently spurt from within his broken hips, as her pussy eagerly squeezed and kneaded it. Her mom orgasmed, drenching the shower floor with her juices. Amy shook his body back and forth, slamming it between her thighs. "Oh god yes!" she screamed, grinding out an orgasm as she compacted his waist.

Amy's legs threw the broken man onto the ground. She rolled over to meet her mom and their two bodies entangled, kissing each other's wet mouths. Their lips smacked as the hot water rained down onto their bodies.

"That was wonderful, dear," Elizabeth whispered.

"Thank you, mom," Amy smiled.

As the post-orgasmic feelings subsided, Amy stood up and Elizabeth went to get the camera. Amy pulled the man's limp body up by the head. She slammed his face into one of her huge breasts, grinding her nipple into her mouth. As his body hung limply aside her legs dripping pussy juice, she walked underneath one of the warm showers. She put her arm behind her head as her wet hair draped down her back. She looked at the camera with her toy against her chest, her body glistening in the light, and cooed. Elizabeth snapped the shot.

Amy threw her head back, screaming in ecstasy as she squeezed her breasts. She felt his penis violently spurt from within his broken hips, as her pussy eagerly squeezed and kneaded it. Her mom orgasmed, drenching the shower floor with her juices. Amy shook his body back and forth, slamming it between her thighs. "Oh god yes!" she screamed, grinding out an orgasm as she compacted his waist.



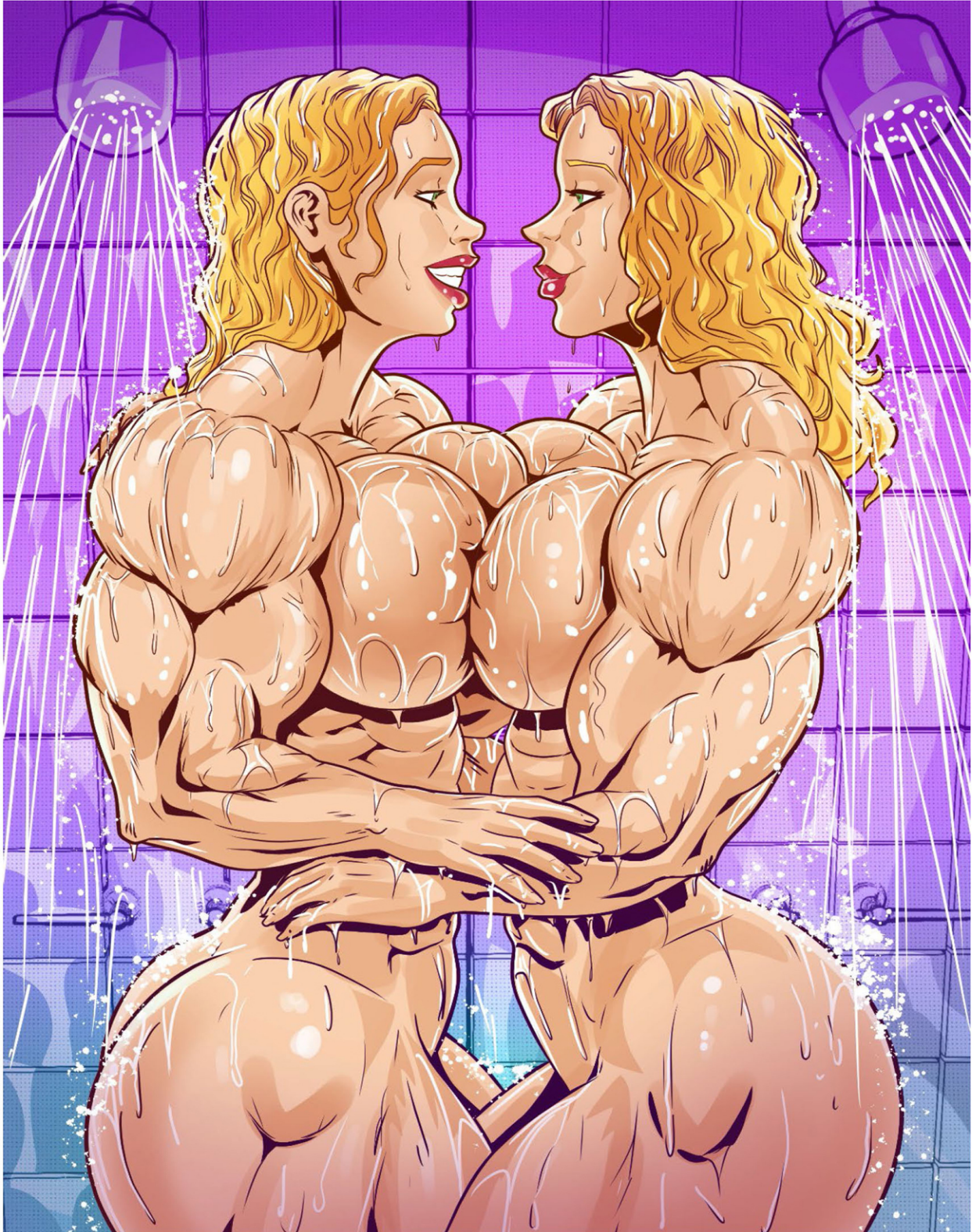


Amy dropped the man and walked over to her mother. The two started to gather their things.

"You know," Elizabeth smiled, "most parents worry when their kids go to college. I have no worries at all."

"Thanks mom," Amy said. "You're the best mother in the world!"

The two hugged. Amy closed her eyes and smiled.



THE END

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PIN-UP!

