

New Amazonia

By Zantar

'Women rule the world...'

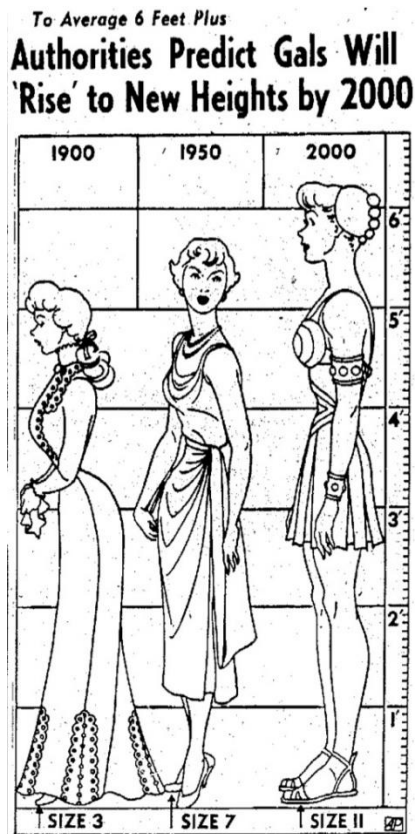
You wrote with the pen found last week. Seemingly just a fairly nice brass biro but since you found it whatever you wrote has - eerily - come true. A couple of round bouncy experiments on your girlfriend ensued.

Holly: A bold, funny, strong farm girl with a zest for life. Tall and beautifully buxom. In the last 3 months she'd suffered a curious growth spurt, her chest, already supported by a serious E cup had blossomed into a pair of dominating Gs. They were hard to hide, and extremely sensitive. They had caused her to become shy and withdrawn. Last night an uber driver had made some very creepy remarks. You felt terrible, respectfully agreeing with her that the patriarchy had to go while trying not to drool over her.

So here you were, wondering how this wrinkle in time would change things, thinking idly of a female president. Holly's chest had flourished almost naturally. Doctors assured her it was likely a result of her birth control.

You were distracted by a shadow, plants creeping rapidly outside the window, dappling the light. All around the room you now saw objects flowing, shrinking, growing, transforming fractals like an AI dream. Your pen becomes a peacock feather quill, News articles flash past on the walls: "don't let them call YOU

skinny!" Time to enjoy life!", "Authorities predict gals will 'rise' to new heights by 2000!"



The door heightens a few feet then widens dramatically bowing, the corners of the room smooth and round out, the window grows, its straight lines flowing into natural curves, you glimpse a forest outside.

Your stomach drops as the room lurches around you, your vision distorts, colours pop and motion blurs at the edges as everything suddenly moves away, the room breathes with you, each exhalation stretching the walls further. You feel your body compress as you realise you are shrinking, losing a foot or more, slimming and tightening all over with each pulse of vertigo. Your clothes tighten, revealing your midriff, clinging to your chest and arms.

You feel something suddenly strangling your genitals, the one part not shrinking is instead bulging obscenely through now pocketless booty shorts, tight buttons replace your zipper as you reach down, attempting to relieve the pressure. You swell again, painful against the inadequate confines. Finally, with a headrush you tear the button fly to free a steaming, foot-long monster rearing above you, a pillar of pink marble. Constricting straps wrap down to pulsating, veiny, grapefruit struggling and overflowing soft fabric cups, supported by an underwire designed to show them off. The bra-like contraption was elasticated to the base of your shaft, cinching your dorsal vein, cutting off circulation! Your entire package throbbing red and shiny at its imprisonment!

You carefully place a hand on your shaft and let out an involuntary moan. Your voice is different, melodious. You follow the straps of the embarrassing yet somehow erotic G-string bra-thing around your legs and butt to just above your ass and let out a pained cry fidgeting with the unfamiliar clasps.

Your cock is in the way, insistent, nerves on fire, it fills your brain, your world. Your thoughts becoming fuzzy, sluggish, the blood draining from your brain... making you lightheaded. You reach out gingerly to the trapped magnificence, demanding relief. You pant, your eyes roll back, your tongue goes slack, the sensation is incredible! the blood thundering in your ears seems to shake the floor...

"Ahem"

A booming voice behind you. Holly had entered.

She was immense.

A bare-chested, 8-foot giantess. She was not just taller but physically larger. Broad, childbearing hips support a dump truck ass and overindulgent belly. Wide shoulders supported- Well, she had always had the fattest pair of bazongas wherever she went, now they were milk trucks. Perfect, full, heaving teardrops with perky, jutting nipples, thrust out proud. You couldn't fathom the cup size. She was topped off with thick, red hair cascading down her back. You took in her huge soft face, the same as you remember down to the freckles, but blown up like a movie star on screen.



She'd become a behemoth bimbo!

Smiling predatory at you and your feeble attempts to hide your crotch, she prowled heavily across the room.

"Mmm Whatcha doin baybe~" she sings. Her voice is similar but hugely deeper, breathy and sonorous.

"Uh no- ju-just writing"

you stammered, panicking as she prowled over, easily twice your size. She put a huge hand on your slim shoulder and peered over, her size causing you to involuntary tremble.

"Haha me see!" She snatched the pen, dangling it playfully above you as she struggled to read: "Holly's tittiez will grow... Fatter...and Heavier, in 6 months their size will... tr- TRIPPLE!?"

Surprise came over her face, a familiar cute expression, now magnified.

"Me thought you scared of my size...?"

She bit her lip, drooling a bit as she took in your cock.

"*That* made you this hard? The thought of my moo cows even BIGGER?" She bounced, her body rippled, the room shook.

Timidly she reached down, lightly brushing her nails on your engorged shaft. She was gentle for her size, scared to hurt you or break the spell.

She slowly brought her mammoths down, hovering above you, eclipsing the light, you shuddered at the unsaid, unquestionable dominance. There was a breathless moment before she spoke.

"Oh. my. Goddess! You such a cutie!!! Me already fucking ENORMOUS!" She grabbed a wobbling milk-mountain for emphasis "Any bigger and me CRUSH you!" She laughed, deep, echoing.

You twitched in your restraints, looking up at this towering titan slack jawed.

Her surprise was replaced by deep arousal, the look on her face mirroring your own, blushing trepidation, disbelief and elation at her fantasies becoming real.

"You wan momma smother you? Are my gwowing jugs transforming you into a helpless-" her voice caught "T-titty-slave?"

Your cock painfully tightened, head huge and shiny, a pearl of pre building at the tip.

"Ah! So tight!!" You gestured.

"Oooh shhh Good boy, goood horny baby" she coo'd, fully letting herself go in her exciting new roll.

"I love this training-bro, makes you look so slutty..." she lightly drew her nails down your hardness cupping your churning ball cleavage.

"Me try respec your boundaries but you make me so. fuckin. HORNY! Me love see you struggle, thinking of me and these HUGE. HEAVING. TITS. While you trapped by your own stoopid yummy bimbo dick..."

She'd never talked like this, so dominant, self-assured, powerful.

"Please! H-help!"

She smiles, reaches to the clasps, you pant, vibrating with anticipation... *zip* suddenly you gasp as your restraints are tightened!

The cock, almost a 3rd of your body, now an inch from your face.

"Ooooh thats more like it..." she giggled. "Now... suck."

She gently but firmly guides you closer to yourself...

"pweeeese baby, suck yourself for momma? I promise I'll reward you"

She laughs, drunk on power.

You have no choice, you closed the distance and pressed your lips to your own fist-sized cock head.

Immediately you were surprised at the overwhelming sweetness and an electric rush down from the tip to your poor bloated balls.

"Oh yeaaaaaa..." Holly moans, slowly fingering herself with one hand, pressing you deeply against yourself.

"Mmf! Mf mmf mmf!"

You grunt in pleasure and pain. The giant sadist dropped to her knees and brought her meteor-tits down and softy oozed them around your length and upper thighs. She paused, holding you still, breathing heavily, edging you deliriously, your whole body shook, you felt deep yawning thunder down your shaft, painfully convulsions in your churning testicles. She locked eyes with you; "You dumb little slut? Only good for fuck, yes?"

You helplessly nodded in submission; your eyes rolled back deliriously.

She pounced, slurping and making out with you and your cock, simultaneously releasing your bonds, you shrieked as your monster plumped larger, electric feelings course through you, your muscles tightened, and your stomach dropped as you felt the yawning depth rushing from churning balls up your entire length. Sudden fear overtakes as your body involuntarily tries to escape its own cock!

Your cum roared out, longer and harder than any orgasm you'd ever experienced, mind-breakingly awesome, an endless moment. You came spastically, thick, ropery loads lurched out of you at each tight convulsion,

covering the both of you, Holly held you tightly to her through some final spasming aftershocks.

...

Cleaning yourself you finally get a good look in the mirror, your body was thin but toned, your features elven. Your face the same but your eyes larger, lips fuller, hair longer. Your wardrobe had shrunk too: tank tops, too-tight shorts and... God damn... mini-skirts and more of the hateful underwear she'd called 'bros'. Huge, tit-exposing togas and flowing, colourful kaftans made up hers.

The world outside was a wild viriditas. A lush, panting, hyper fecund, overgrown, megazoic garden. People lived in farming villages of large, round, communal buildings sculpted in art nouveau and powered by solar, wind and water. You learned from a strange, crystalline array that had replaced your PC that this country was New Amazonia. From ancient Minoa a fetish had swept the world. Women had insidiously and subtly enacted a program of selective breeding and powerful drugs to systematically grow themselves into the hulking behemoths you had just experienced while simultaneously shrinking men bodily while transmogrifying their junk into giantess-satisfying proportions. Men for their part had accidentally and enthusiastically cooperated in their subjugation and so were too far gone to resist once the scheme had been revealed.

Women had become biological shepherds guided by a pagan philosophy involving dreaming, witchcraft, and of course, steamy, hedonistic, insatiable, orgiastic lust. They grew into fat, decadent monsters in their victory, and their IQ had plummeted, devoured by greed and lust.

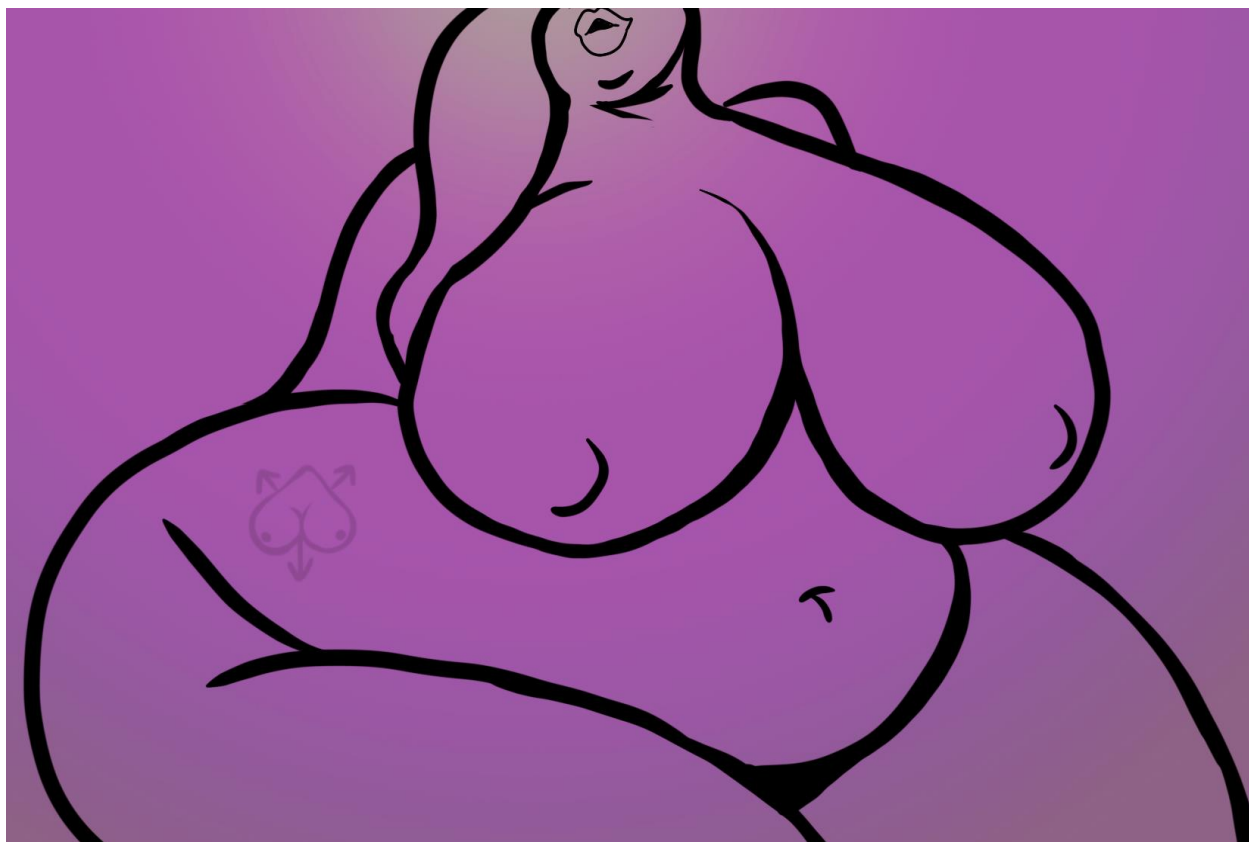
A booming yawn startled your reverie, a nearby mud-hole erupted as a ponderous, obese milf woke up and lumbered hungrily off. Returning to your notebook you saw a heavy hand had appended new entry:

"Her ass is grow too ;)"

Oh no...

The pen was gone.

Fuck.



At night the jungle had come alive with glowing bioluminescence. You ride on Holly's shoulder, breathing deeply in the alternate botanical evolution past giant flowers and jutting, lurid neon mushrooms. You glimpse other megafauna besides the women, beasts and reptiles several times your size and see why men didn't escape.

Holly wore a skimpy ceremonial leopard print bikini, you're naked save for a kilt that does nothing to hide your prodigious might. You hiked to a clearing where a heard of pulchritudinous, prehistoric Jotun dance around roaring bonfires, a syzygy of celestial bodies in a bacchanalian celebration of Matriarchy.

In the middle of the glade was a 20-foot stone bust of a Goddess. Bust was right as the woman's torso was hidden by a multitude of gigantic breasts.

She smiled beatifically down at the ride of Valkyries, many with small men on leashes, several even wearing bound men lashed to their bodies as ornaments!

Your first look at other men saw over-long phalli hung half-limp, displayed in over-tight bros. Body modification was evident, many cocks were tattooed, pierced and bound. Some men were chubby and decadently overfed, some rail thin, many with brightly dyed hair and jewellery. You double take at several... men? People, who seemed to have been force-feminised to the point of sprouting heaving breasts and swollen, bee-stung lips. One white haired pixie was blindfolded, gagged, bound, and forced to frantically fuck their freakish, 3-foot cock using only their own jiggling J-cups.

Their owner was an enormously muscular ogress in tiger skin, grinning and touching herself at the poor predicament.

Every body type was represented but softness was the main theme. One obese land whale had a dozen tiny men chained to her jumbo pierced nipples. A couple were massively pregnant brood mothers, the weight of their gravid bellies and sloshing zeppelins had devolved them into quadrupeds, they grunted and moaned bestially in apparent ecstasy. One's torso was no larger than you but rode high atop a mountain of ass, slaves and handmaids buzzed around her.

You were proud to see Holly still larger and stronger on average as she carried you up to the altar.

"Goddess bless us!" Holly yelled joyously. "Me grow! and man LOOOOOVE!" She crushed you against her then held you high above her head, your cyclopean erection undeniable.

The savage cave women gave a terrifying ululating howl that shook the earth.

You felt betrayed glances from the men. A gong rang, drums were beat.

A priestess was carried out. She had to be carried: she was immobilized by three immense, wobbling tits. Each easily double the size of the poor girl. A sling supported by 9 muscular women held them above the ground. Glowing tattoos of blue, green, and purple swirl over the planets, glowing her spastic spray of milk prismatic as she jiggles to a stop. The triple-breasted cleric was high as fuck, babbling delirious on whatever drugs and super hormones these ladies had used to feed and encourage her mutation. The women cried out to their tit-goddess, the trapped, erotically tortured short stack mere life-support to her monstrosities.

She slurred and moaned:

"Y-YES! GODDESS APPROVE!

N-NEW MAGIC CUMS!

MUST. FEAAAAASST!!!"

You are placed before the middle tit, a wall of flesh. A hard nipple the size of your torso pulses toward you, you look to Holly a breast away, her eyes wide as a thick nipple grows, forcing it's way between her tits, Holly moans,

wrapping her arms and lips around it in passionate embrace. You are suddenly deluged, knocked back by a flood of milk.

Over the horizon the priestess screams as gongs vibrate through your body, disintegrating your outlines.

...

Milk-drunk and horny, you enjoyed the night breezes on your naked body, you ride on Holly's shoulder. Your long semi-hard cock softly slaps her cheek. Her milk-fattened tum groans as she begins to softly lick your heavy head.

"Oof you taste goooooood, me so full but still hungry..."

she diverted off the path, lifting you off her shoulders and began kissing you sloppily; hungry and passionate like a giant teenager, holding you above the ground against a tree she forced her huge tongue down your throat before sliding down to take you again. You were thrown by the pleasure, shuddering against her, you grab her and pull roughly "M-MPH!!!" she choked as you rode her, wrapping a leg over her shoulder, fucking her mouth and down her throat. She rolled her eyes back and supported you with one hand while moving the other to her hungry cunt.

Her knees buckled and she slowly lowered you both to the ground, you slid your dick out, she kissed and sucked its length all the way before climbing down her swelling statuesque body. You look up to see her hungry eyes boring back.

You "push her down" and she giggles obeying, rolling back on her yogaball ass, face-size pussy and strawberry clit rising proud and throbbing heat. Delicious pheromones lay heavy in the air, you softly bite her thighs, working kissing around the thick, soft, succulent labia, teasing the thick clit while Holly deeply rumbles above, thrusting her huge snatch into your face, returning your kisses with soft tongues of flesh, making spurting attempts to devour you.

She growled and rolled over, crawling to all fours, her planetary ass swinging like a wrecking ball, fuck was it bigger already? She descended toward you, blocking out the glowing jungle, she gasped as she impaled herself on your overgrown rod and kept going, engulfing your entire length hungrily, bringing her callipygian curves down, down, down smothering you, crushing the air out of your lungs. She ground her hips against you, moaning happily as she let her full weight down. Achingly slow she began sliding up and down again and again, picking up speed, her deep moans echoing through the jungle, globs of cum gushing down between thrusts, she's lost in the heat of the moment, smashing you relentlessly into the soft earth...

...

"Wake up my luv."

You came to. Sun streaming into your room. Holly's bright green eyes inches away, cat like expression dancing in them. You look down and feel vertigo: fathomless cleavage trapping your legs... Their sheer gravity threatening to suck you down. They seem bigger again today, fuller... Fuck.

Your testicles were uncomfortably heavy, like you hadn't already come your brains out twice in the last 12 hours.



"Last night amazing! You usual so shy, Me never felt so much strong behind that big. fat. DICK! Such a goood boy for me, Not even need to drug you!"

The BBW Buddha giggled lustfully - deep, echoing. The vibration of her chest was exceedingly pleasant.

"Sorry me got a bit carry away" she played shy, a ridiculous act.

She nestles forward, you sink deeper into her cleavage, Huge plush lips press into your ear,

"*Me jus wanna fuck you dead.*"

She breathes heavy, a thrilling ASMR down your spine that sends your hair and dick standing on end. A thick red velvet tongue slides around your neck.

You try to casually change the topic

"H-have you seen my pen that was over there...?"

"Oh Ya! Me luv ur horny notes! Me do moar 4 u! Me sayz... juggz gwow 4EVA!

An... uh-hh, ur cock grow! An balls! Huge! always big enuf for me! An... Uhmm O ya! An you like, totally *addicted* to my Titiez!"

Your eyes automatically drew back to them as she giggled and bounced at you, one arm wrapping around to grope a nipple.

Your stomach sank, it was getting harder to think with each wobbling tit-quake of the giantess: must ... find... pen...?

She watched you with predatory eyes, these creatures had lost the need for subtlety. She slowly props herself up, two lush mountains of tit flesh dangled pendulous over you. They hung enormous the way you think of Gods as big. They begged, no... demanded to be sucked. Worshiped. Your mouth felt the need to be filled by full, delicious breasts, to mindlessly suckle.

"Me LOVE me so big for you. Fucking huge, good? Me grow an grow!"

Her lap-filling planets descended, eclipsing the sun, your overproductive balls churned for release! excited and terrified.

"So full, pwease suuuck..."

A large, soft hand grasps your waist, reaching for your aching hardness

Her other gently pulls you into nursing position, cradling you on her lap, you are bodily cuddling them. Your cock is swallowed, spearing the behemoths.

She firmly holds the back of your head, guiding you against a too big nipple, growing into your face and begins mercilessly to nurse you as she milks you.

Her milk gushes, much too much, thick and sweet and addictive.

"Oooh ya cum for mamma" she coos.

She rolls her body against you and your trapped cock, coaxing another quick orgasm from deep within. It pulses through you both, she squeals with delight above as your cum spurts between her tits.

You're allowed no refractory period; you feel them growing on top of and around you. Enveloping, smothering, sliding over your body in a crushing embrace, your cock is worked slowly by the growth, itself trying to keep pace between the swelling monsters, you feel the brief freedom of cool air on its tip before wet, hungry lips wrap around your steel-hardness, drawing you into her mouth. Orgasmic moans vibrate down your shaft as she sucks deeply, the walls of flesh work you faster, you rut desperately even as they grow to consume you. A deep, roaring surge and you're coming properly, her animalistically, cumhungrily guzzling it down.

...

You spent the days like this now, half the time slung comfy in the sweet-smelling leopard skin hammock she used as bra, your mind drifting in a haze. The other half a living fuck toy. She loved crushing you beneath her mighty cunt, sliding your whole body wetly against her before finally working herself up to taking your monstrosity.

Some days she tortured and tempted you. Bound by your monstrous balls and ever tightening broziere, she edged you mercilessly. Straining and leaking against bounds, you could feel your balls swelling, excited for an emptying that would not come.

"U want more mommy? Grow ur slutty ballz for me!!!" She coaxed, eyes wild, manic, and hungry, giggling mad with power.

You had to reclaim the pen.

Struggling to sneak, walking bandy legged, knees bent to accommodate ridiculous weighty watermelons and thick, twitching python cock with a mind of its own. You climbed valiantly, dangerously above the snoring goddess and ocean of tempting tits, only to find at the summit of her shelf: "Majik pEn werk onlY 4 me <3" scrawled in her heavy hand.

Why didn't you think of that? Her sloppy, horny alterations of you both covered pages. Your body had been sculpted, illustrated with muscle,

necessary to remain mobile against your straining tree-trunk girth. Holly now serves as a Sha-woman of the tribe, keeping her magical edits discrete.

Each day her valley of cleavage deepened, her body inched larger and larger as your poor glans were embiggened.

Testicles forced to grow beyond their limits, becoming heavier and heavier, your arms chained, knees buckling. You groan as your hungry cock takes over, feeling your mind go while dumb balls greedily devoured your size, constantly grown to meet her needs.

One day, with a final merciful SNAP! The ball-bra pops and your heavy rocks fall free on the ground. To your horror, they now reach easily pooling on the cool floor, even as you scramble to full diminutive height, you are anchored. Your head spinning, you were more junk than man!

Darkness above made you glance up before you were violently engulfed by ten-ton tits.

The bimbo babbled above: Mmmm me fuckah enormous for you... no worry keep u safe between tittiez!"

"Omgodess! Like, help n stuff!" she played sluttily, "Ur makin me toooooo BIG"

She loved to "wrestle" pouncing like a giant tiger, pinning you down easily, forcing her monstrous tongue down your throat, Growling, grunting scaring you.

The more submissive you were forced, the more pleasure you felt, the more you needed them. you became helpless, addicted, obsessed. So horny you can't think of anything else but sucking on them.

"Looky big... soft... jiggly breasts bounce. U obey Mistress!

dumber! Get so silly for me.

good titslave now me bury you!"

Only when your size queen was finally satiated and slumbering were you able to sneak out into the night for a cathartic drink with the other menfolk. Hiding in small caves or climbing vines to tiny tree huts where your queens could not yet reach...

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END