

Briana pored over the pictures on her wall, gently stroking print-outs of her ex's face. She hadn't washed her shirt since the last night she spent with him; it still smelled faintly of his cologne. Her nails were painted a deep burgundy, just like they were the day that they met.

Briana last a full year at Summerland University before she dropped out because of poor grades. How could she concentrate on her studies, with true love on the line? But love hadn't worked out either. Here she was, back at her childhood home, that isolated farmhouse, in the same bedroom she slept as a girl. She was alone now, save for her parents, who never really understood her anyway. Here it was cold, even now, in the Spring. She was so far away from California, far away from that sunny college where she met Ryan. Now he wouldn't even return her calls, but in her mind, they were still close.

"Oh, Ryan," she said to the pictures, "you were so perfect... If only there was a way I could make you mine again. I know that if I could just spend a few more days with you, you'd see how much you really want to spend the rest of your life with me. The life we would have together, the beautiful children..."





She looked at the pictures one last time. Almost unconsciously, Briana undid the buttons on her jeans. "If only I could... I'd give anything to feel those big strong arms again, to hold you in my arms one more time. To... to..." she trailed off, as her hand slowly slipped between her legs.

"Oh Ryan," she moaned, "I need you..." Her fingers slipped into her wet pussy and gently opened her lips. She slowly, sensually pleased herself, rubbing her fingertips against the walls of her pussy.

Briana was soon filled with uncontrollable desire. She pleased herself, grabbing her labia and fingering herself wildly. She was so absorbed with thoughts of Ryan, and with her own pleasure, that she didn't even notice her body was changing. She didn't notice that with each passing second, her clothes were getting just a bit tighter, and the ceiling was getting ever-nearer to her head.





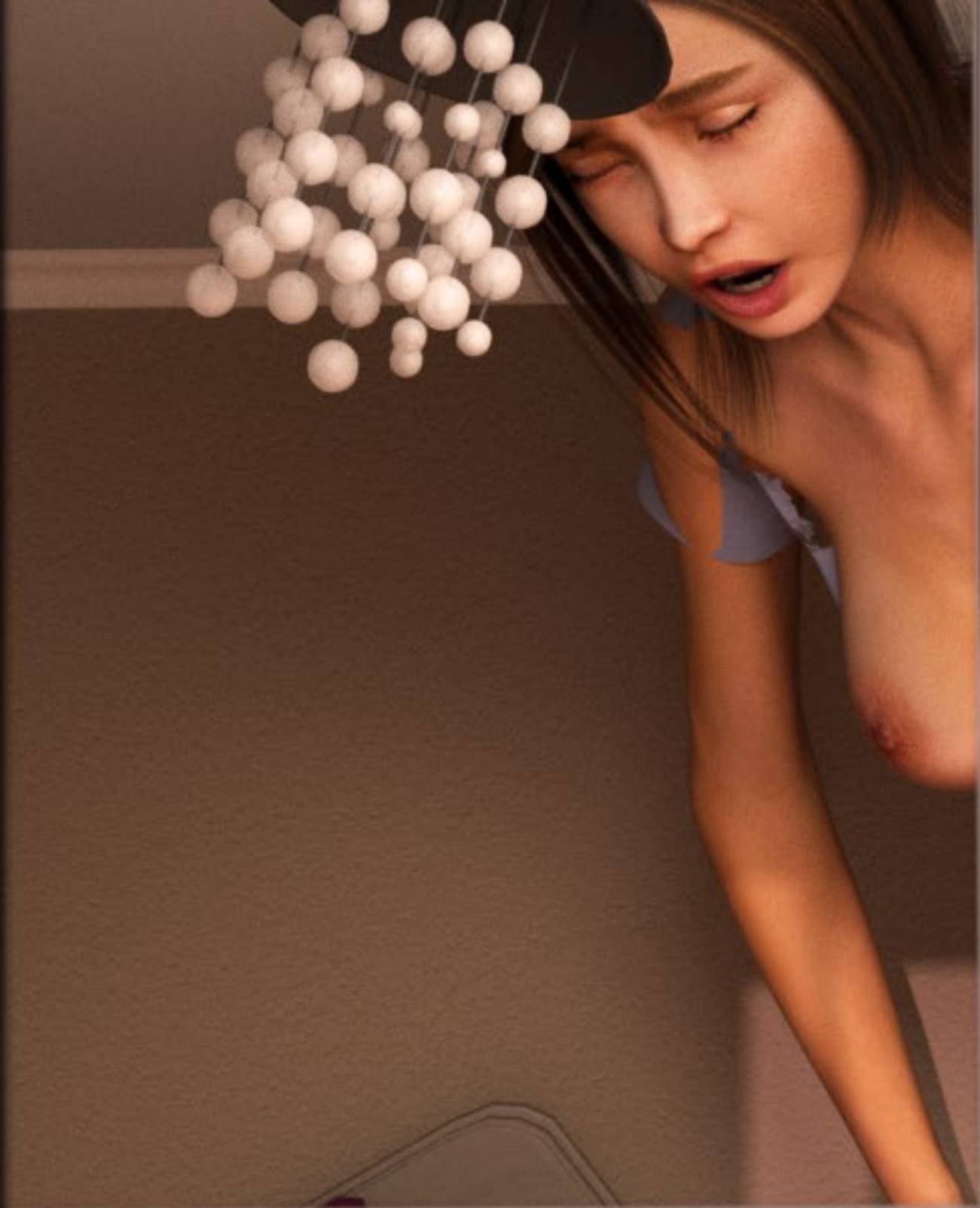
"Ooh, oh god yes!" She screamed, as she finger-fucked herself desperately. Normally Briana was careful not to make too much noise when her parents were home. But tonight, it didn't even cross her mind that they were probably sleeping in the room below. Tonight, something was different. She screamed in pleasure again, and furiously fingered herself. She didn't slow down, even as her growing legs overturned her bed and her desk, sending her laptop and speakers cascading to the floor. The denim of her jeans tore open, and her shirt ripped in half, revealing her bare chest and waist.

“Oh Ryan, I need you!” She yelled out again, as her head hit the ceiling. Barely noticing, she simply bent her head down, not caring when her head sent the chandelier swinging wildly. Her growing legs knocked her childhood bed clean over, showing aside her nightstand and sending a lamp shattering to the floor. Her behind knocked aside the pictures of Ryan, which fell slowly to the ground.

“Ryan, yes...”

The fabric of her shirt, unable to accommodate her growing body, continued to tear until her naked chest was fully exposed. Rips tore through her jeans like spiderwebs, until they were little more than rags. The stretchy elastic of her white panties finally gave, and the satin fabric fell onto the ground below, soaked with Briana’s juices.

The growing only fueled Briana’s lust. She was faintly aware of her growing size, but still her pleasure clouded out all other concerns. She let out moans of pleasure that were loud enough to wake up distant neighbors, let alone her parents downstairs.





Briana let herself fall back onto the floor as she fingered herself madly. The flailing of her legs flipped the bed completely on its side. Her legs slammed against the desk, sending another cascade of things clattering onto the ground.

“Oh, harder! Harder!”

Even as she rapidly outgrew her room, she was intensely focused on pleasuring herself. She grew more as she fingered her pussy, thinking of Ryan’s touch and his manly, musky cologne. Her head slammed against her old reading bench, which sent several pillows, and her childhood teddy bear, falling to the ground. Briana’s body contorted wildly, in agony and ecstasy.



Briana's shirt was little more than tatters now, and her jeans were torn and tattered at the seams. She flipped onto her back as she finger-fucked herself, thrusting her fingers into her pussy as deep and as hard as she could.

“Oh God, oh God, fuck yes!”

Her voice was growing along with her body. It was still her voice, but louder, and it reverberated through the walls of the farmhouse. She was growing even faster than before now. Her head was pushed against the back wall, and even with her legs bent her feet were pressed against the window. She grabbed her bed with her off hand, easily pushing it around like it was dollhouse furniture.

Her growth had been gradual, but now a sudden growth spurt caught her off guard. She leaned upward, only to have her head shoot through the ceiling, cracking the white plaster. Her leg shot through the window, shattering the glass and breaking the window frame. The broken glass didn't break her skin, and the ripples of pain that shot through her were drained out by the all-consuming pleasure.

“Fuck yes! Oh yes, yes, yes!”





Nothing could have stopped Briana now. She didn't stop when the floorboards creaked below her, threatening to break at any second. Nor did she stop when her head tore upward through the ceiling, breaking through the frame of the house. Her legs shot out through the walls, which caved in around her massive frame. With a moan that could wake the dead, she finally came in a huge, squirting orgasm. Gallons of her juice squirted out, dripping through the floorboards as she grew through her house. Ceiling tiles rained down on top of her, and she felt the cool air of the night sky.



The creaking below her intensified. The floorboards gave out below her. In an instant, she smashed through her floor. Her body cascaded down, flattening everything below her. Wood splintered below her. Bricks and mortar collapsed around her thighs. Anything below her was nothing but ruins now.

“Mom? Dad?” she said, finally aware of the damage her growth spurt had wrought. She felt something soft and wet behind her. Reluctantly, she turned back and looked at her behind. She couldn’t quite see far back enough, past the rest of the dust and debris that clung to her. But she ran her finger along her backside, and saw that it was wet and red.



Briana laid back, resting her head on the remains on what had once been her bedroom floor and staring up at the night sky.

“Oh god, they’re gone... Mom and Dad, the house... Everything... I’m a giantess now...” she said, finally realizing the repercussions of what had happened. My life will never be the same. And Ryan, what would he think of me? Ryan... Ryan... Ryan...”

“Ryan...” she repeated one last time, as a smile slowly came across her face.

A close-up, low-angle shot of a woman with long brown hair and large, light-colored eyes. She has a wide-eyed, open-mouthed expression, looking directly at the camera. Her skin is fair, and her large breasts are prominent in the foreground. The background is dark and out of focus, showing some wooden structures on the left and a textured surface below. A black text box is overlaid in the top right corner.

“Ryan... It doesn’t matter what he thinks of me. I’m going to get him back! Because at this size, it doesn’t matter if he says no. It doesn’t matter if he runs. It doesn’t matter if he gets a restraining order. Whatever it takes I’m going to make him realize he loves me. I can get whatever I want now... and I need Ryan!”



OVERLY ATTACHED GIANTESS

STORY AND ART BY REDFIREDOG

WIP version: final version will be released soon!

Several months later...

I woke up to the sound of a familiar voice: my own.

"Hi, I'm Ryan, and I'm a student at Summerland University. Here at Summerland, we cater to students from all walks of life. We have a beautiful campus, a diverse student body, and student programs that will suit your needs. Because at Summerland, we don't want to just be your new school; we want to be your new home!"



HAMELEON TV



That's the first time I've ever woken up to see myself on TV. It was the first day of a new term, and I forgot to set my alarm. Now *that* wasn't a first for me. I would say that I've never been a model student, but in the most literal sense that's not strictly true anymore. Over the summer I was in some ads for the university; a few hours of filming and photoshoots, and I got a few hundred in extra spending money. It wasn't a bad deal, all things considered. Supposedly they're running the ads nationwide.

Of course I overslept by an hour, and had to rush out the door without my backpack. I usually wasn't much for punctuality, but on the first day I wanted to set a good first impression. My apartment is just off campus, so I sprayed on some deodorant, grabbed my bag and ran out as fast as I could.

I was going on my fifth year in college. I know, I know, it's supposed to be a four-year bachelor's program, but things don't always go that way. Luckily, I wasn't hurting for money. A wealthy aunt had died a few years back, and left my parents with a surprisingly generous inheritance. They dole out my share in a trust fund; it's not enough to make me rich, but it's enough to pay for the bulk of college, plus the nicest penthouse apartment on the block.





My first class was history. I hurried in shortly before class started. To my pleasant surprise, I recognized a friend there: Jessica.

“Hey,” she said to me, “I didn’t expect to have a celebrity in my class!”

I smiled. “So you saw the ad?”

“Of course, it’s been playing non-stop for the last month! You’re a celebrity! I’m glad you’re still humble enough to consort with the likes of us nobodies.”



"Good morning. I'm professor Helmsman, and I trust you're all here to learn about the History of the High Council?"

The classroom nodded.

Jessica turned to me.
"Lemme guess, the first week is going to be the same crap I learned in high school. As for stuff I actually care about: you stopped responding to my texts last summer. And what happened to your facebook?"

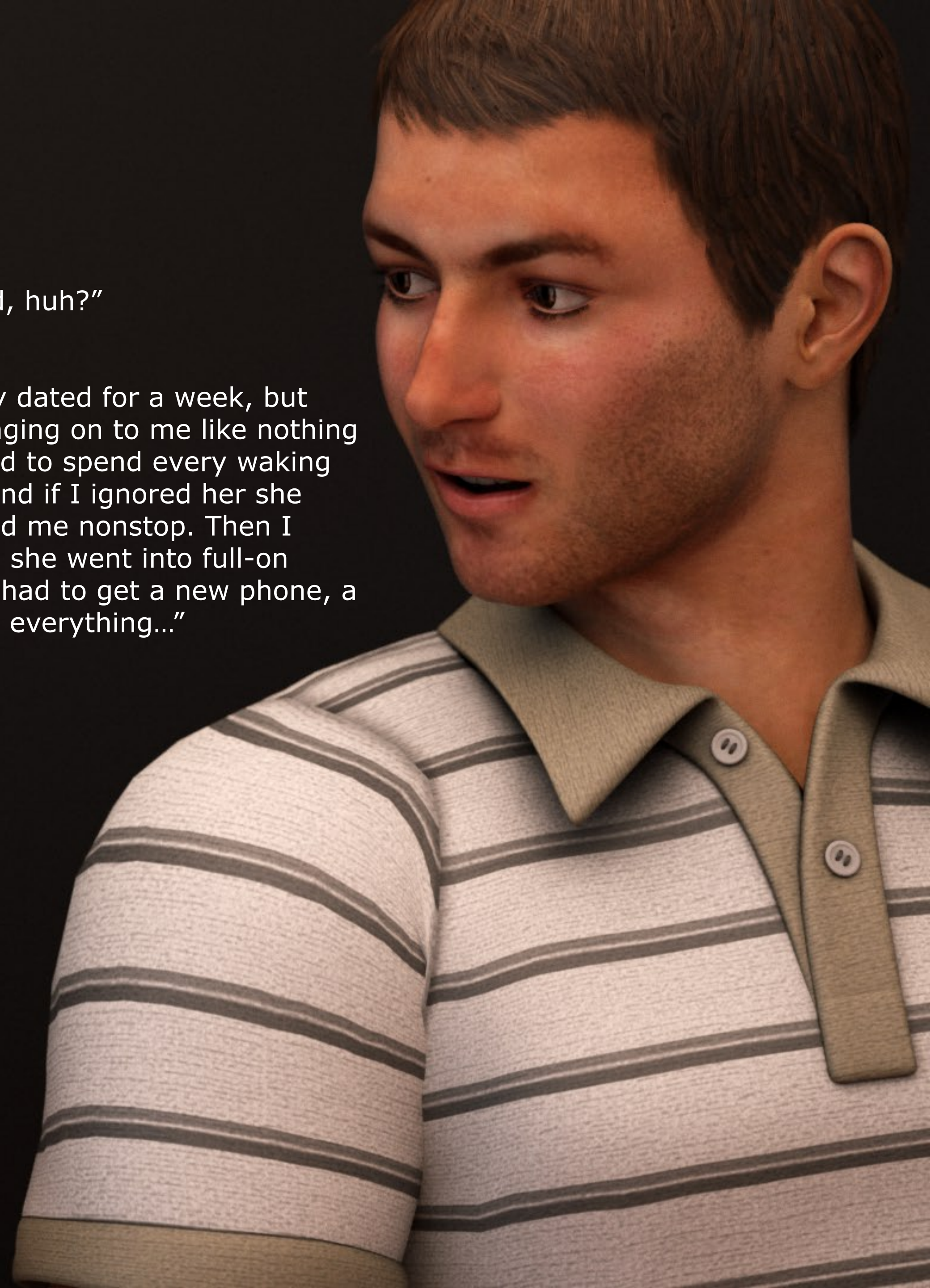
I tried to play it off like it wasn't something that had been running through my head non-stop. "Oh, that. Yeah, let's just say I had a relationship go south. She seemed normal at first, but then she got really weird and obsessive... And that's the story of why I don't date Freshmen anymore."





"Ouch. That bad, huh?"

"Worse. We only dated for a week, but this girl was clinging on to me like nothing else. She wanted to spend every waking hour with me, and if I ignored her she called and texted me nonstop. Then I broke it off, and she went into full-on stalker mode. I had to get a new phone, a new apartment, everything..."





"So a full-on, proper stalker. Aren't you worried she'll find you around campus or something?"

"I hope not. She dropped out, thank God. And she's from out-of state, so with a little luck, she's gone for good..."



After class Jessica and I headed our separate ways. A few more uneventful periods went by, before I put in my earbuds and headed back home. As I crossed the street, though, I was nearly hit by a police car as it sped past. I turned and watched as a line of police cars and fire trucks followed.



I noticed some smoke in the distance, near downtown. Quite a bit of it, actually. I thought I could heard screams over the sirens, and wondered if there might be something more serious going on. Of course, the cops and firefighters are better-equipped to take care of these things than I am, so I continued home.

The elevator wasn't working, so I had to climb all fifteen flights of stairs to my apartment. What felt like an hour later, I stumbled into my apartment. Exhausted, I flipped the TV on and tossed my backpack aside. I checked the news to see if there was anything about the fire. Instead, there was a story about New Jersey.





"We have breaking news about last week's incident in Hoboken. We have confirmation from the high council that the destruction of three uninhabited apartment blocks in Hoboken, New Jersey were actually part of a planned demolition, and not an act of drunken vandalism as previously reported. 21-year old Giantess Lindsay Taylor has been retroactively classified as a Demolition Officer by the High Council, and all charges have been dropped."

"Now, Diane, what about the videos that showed people fleeing from the apartments shortly before they were brought down?"

"Diane, obviously those were fake. Again, the high council has said--"



LIVE
OCN

HAPPENING NOW

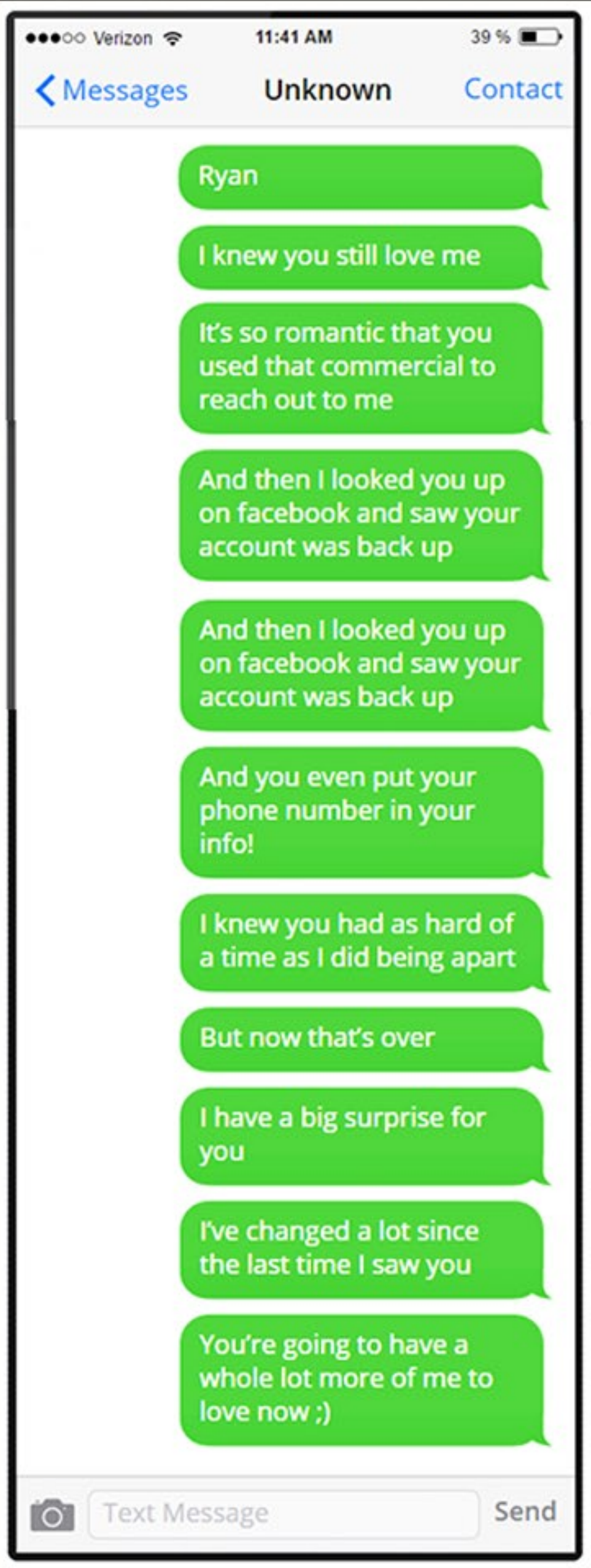
**NO DEATHS IN NEWARK
INCIDENT WAS A CONTROLLED DEMOLITION**

LIVE
OCN

That's when I turned on my phone on and checked my notifications.. Right away I got a sinking feeling in my gut. I had fifty three messages from an unknown number. I knew who it had to be: Briana.



The texts only confirmed what I suspected. They poured in, one appearing only seconds after the last. I took a few screenshots, figuring they would come in handy if I ever needed a restraining order.



So I'd have to delete my facebook and change my phone number again. Great. And now to top it all off, she'd gotten fat, as if being crazy wasn't enough. I was about to block her number, but before I could I got another batch of rapid-fire texts:

< Messages Unknown Contact

because it reminds me of you

Your perfect hair, your perfect smell

I could just hold you in my arms and smell you forever

You've been playing hard to get for too long

I can't live without you any longer

I'm going to find you

I already looked for you downtown

I know you're living near campus

I'm there right now

So where are you?

Send

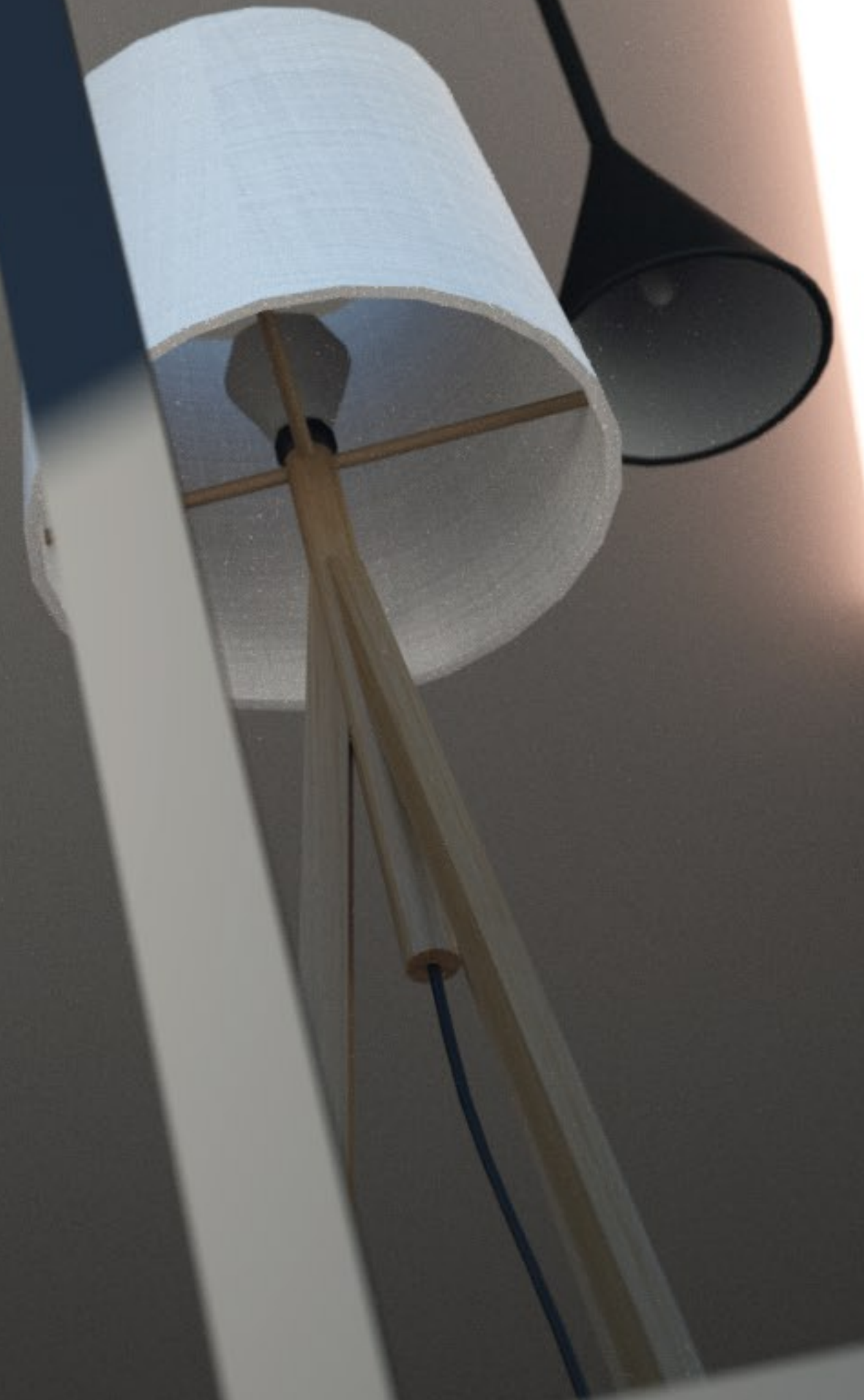


That's when I felt the room shaking. It wasn't like an earthquake, not at first anyway; it was more of a low rumble, like someone was playing rap with a big bass. At first I thought it was just that, but with each thump it got a little louder, and a little closer. That's when I turned, and saw her walking out from behind a skyscraper in the distance.

You can't blame me for not recognizing her at first. Her face had been burnished into my memory, for better and worse. But one of the things you use to remember people is their height. Nobody expects to see their ex as tall as Shaq, let alone the size of a small skyscraper. But it was undeniably Briana. Her face, her hair, even that blue-teal shirt she always wore, all of them were the same as the memories I tried to burn out of my mind. Everything about her was the same, except she now stood at eye-level with my penthouse apartment.

I couldn't believe this was happening. I never thought my city would be visited by a giantess, let alone the idea that giantess could be my ex-girlfriend. It was Attack of the Fifty-foot Briana, only she was a lot more than fifty feet tall.

I could hear screams in the distance. As I neared the window, I saw the destruction happening underneath Briana's foot. She seemed indifferent to everything below her as she walked through the streets. I watched with disbelief as she carelessly trod about my hometown, leaving deep footprints in the cracked pavement and sending cars crashing around her.





Each gargantuan step of hers seemed to narrowly miss cars and people, but I wasn't sure if she was avoiding them on purpose or if it was just luck. The chaos unfolded before me, and I watched slack-jawed.

Just down my street, a gray sedan rounded a corner. The unfortunate driver turned towards her, before screeching to a halt and nearly crashing into her foot.

Briana was absent-mindedly pacing around, her feet tapping the ground here and there as she idled around the street. The driver, a man in a business suit, nearly ran right under her heel, but managed to dive away a split second before her foot hit the ground.



That's when I realized why she wasn't paying attention to where she was going. Again, a realization that would have come to me instantly if not for her size: she was texting. Her thumbs were busily typing away at a what looked like a gigantic smartphone. I heard my phone buzz again, but before I had a chance to check, something happened. She looked back behind her, and she saw me.

She was looking straight at me. I froze still, and time seemed to follow. Her eyes were focused on me like laser beams when she finally opened her mouth.

"Is that... Ryan?"

Her voice shook the air. It was still undeniably her voice, but infinitely louder than before. She was hundreds of feet away, and yet her voice sounded like she was standing right next to me.



She took a step towards me, and the ground shook when her foot landed. Her sneaker-clad foot landed square on a car this time. She barely seemed to notice the car that she flattened beneath her foot, let alone the woman who was nearly crushed along with it. From her gaze, I could tell that the only thing Briana cared about right now was me.

Briana took one last step, and she was standing right in front of me.

“Oh my god, Ryan, it’s you! I’ve finally found you!”

I jumped back, as her face drew even closer in. Her face was all but pressed up against the window now, and her frantic, heavy breaths were fogging it up.

“I knew I’d see that beautiful body of yours again!” Up close, her voice was extremely loud. Every syllable sent trembles through the floorboards, and shivers down my spine.





"That was silly of you," she continued, "running off and changing your number. You said you wanted to break up, and at first I knew you were joking, but then for a while I thought you really didn't love me anymore, and I got really, really mad. But then I saw your perfect face on the TV, and I knew that was your way of letting me know you wanted me back! Guys are so weird like that, they never tell you how they're really feeling! So I grabbed my things and headed back to your college! That is what you were trying to say to me, isn't it? You still love me, don't you? Of course you do?"

I was in disbelief, too shocked to put together a complete sentence. "Umm," I stammered, "I, I..."

"Ryan! Can't you hear me in there, Ryan?" She said, tapping on the glass. "What's wrong, Ryan? Cat got your tongue? Are you so excited to see me that you can't remember what you wanted to say?"

"It's just that, you're... you're a..." I slowly crawled back away.

"I'm a--oh, a giantess? Oh my god, I was so excited to see you that I completely forgot to tell you! It happened a few months ago. I was all alone in my room, thinking about how much I missed you, and I.. yeah, and then I just sort of... grew! After a few minutes I was bigger than my old house, and a few days later I was the size of a skyscraper! Now I'm so big and powerful that I can do whatever I want!"

"But you don't need to worry, I'm still the same easy-going low maintenance girl I've always been, and I love you as much as always! And you... You still love me, right? Ryan?... Ryan? Hey Ryan, can't you hear me? You still love me Ryan, don't you? Ryan, say you love me! Say you love me! Say you love me!"

"I love you--" I blurted out, not realizing what I had said until it was too late. My gut sank even deeper, and I stammered again trying to find my words. "I mean, I--"

"You still love me!" Briana yelled, so loud it seemed like her voice would break the window and split my eardrums. **"I knew it, you still love me! I know you only wanted all this time apart so it would make our love even stronger, but I can't take it any longer! I want to hold you in my arms, now!"**

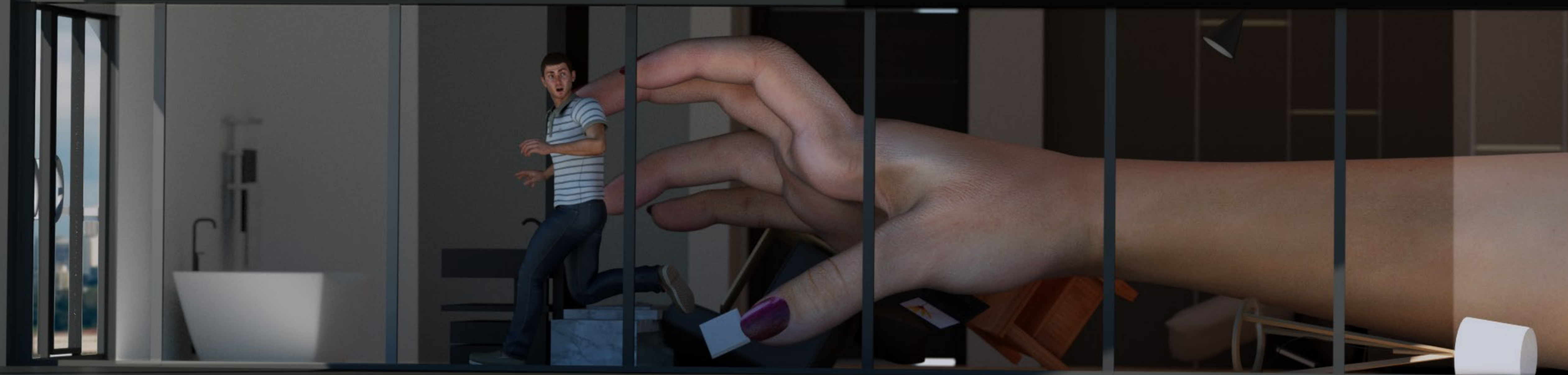




Before I could say anything in protest, an enormous hand reached through the patio door. I stumbled back and scrambled back to my feet as the gigantic hand came towards me.

“Ryan? Why are you running, Ryan? Is this another one of your little games? It’s so cute that you want to play with me, but I’m getting tired of your games Ryan! Just let me hold you!”

With terrifying speed Briana's hand came towards me. I ran as fast as I could towards the far wall. Briana's outstretched hand grasped towards me, plowing through furniture and flipping the sofa on its side. I could feel her fingertips brush against my back as I passed the kitchen wall.





I turned back to see that her hand had stopped; her shoulder was stuck in the doorway, which was now twisted around her oversized arm.

"Briana," I pleaded, "let's talk this over, okay?"

"Let's talk this over?" That's what you said before you left me to die! You're not going to do that again, are you?"

"N-no, of course not--"

"Then come here!"



Her hand snapped forward a few more feet, as I stumbled frantically backwards through the door. I escaped just in time. No sooner did I hop back onto the balcony than did Briana's enormous fingers reach through the doorway. Her shoulder was nearly all the way through the apartment wall now. She couldn't reach any further, at least not unless she smashed through the wall. At this point, I didn't know if I could rule that out.

I saw her hand recede through the doorframe, as she pulled her arm out of my apartment. I had escaped, but It took only a moment for it to become apparent how short-lived my victory would be. I looked over the ledge, and remembered that it was fifteen stories down to the street below. My only chance to escape would be to run back inside and get to the elevator. Before I had a chance to run, though, I found myself looking up at a familiar face.

“Haha, good one Ryan! That was a funny little game you played where you pretended to run from me. Just like the game you played when you pretended to break up with me six months ago. Or the other game where you pretended to ask that judge for a restraining order. Ha ha, very funny! I love your sense of humor so much!”

“Briana,” I said, backing up against the railing, “I’m a little bit worried right now. I feel like I need to re-establish some boundaries with you. Now the fact that you’re taller than my apartment building might change a few things, but I need to remind you that I did break up with you. And if I decide to end the relationship, that’s my choice and you need to abide by it.”

Okay, so that’s what I was trying to say. What actually came out of my mouth was more along these lines...

“Br-Briana, you--I--we--we’re not--we broke-broke up!”

She looked at me with a glance that could melt steel. Not literally, I hoped.

“Haha, another funny joke! And if you were serious, I wouldn’t get so mad that I brought this entire building to the ground. There, I made a joke too! Now what were you saying about the break up? You didn’t actually mean to break up with me, did you?”



A man in a striped shirt and jeans stands on a balcony, looking up at a giant woman whose face and shoulder are visible on the right side of the frame. The scene is set against a modern building and a clear blue sky.

Briana didn't take 'no' well when she was 5'8". I didn't want to see her throwing a tantrum at her current size.

"Briana," I said, "I didn't--that was just--I don't know. I just need to think, okay, I just need to--"



“A promise is forever,” she said dreamily. “So you’ll never leave me?”

“Briana, I--”

“You’ll never leave me?”

“Briana, this is all just--this is all insane right now, okay? I don’t know what to say. I think I just need to take some time to think about what’s going on--”

“Okay, okay. I think I see how this is going. You found some floozy and you want to ditch me so you can go spend your life with her? Well all this talk is making me sick. I think I feel a sneeze coming on...”

I thought I knew what she was getting at. When someone is her size, even sneezing can be dangerous.

“Aaaah... Aaaah...” she said, sucking in huge amounts of air.

“Briana, please, we just need to talk about a few-- aaugh!”



That's when Briana "sneezed" at me. It was clear that the "sneeze" was just a cover for her to blow on me as hard as she could, but it didn't matter. When she blew, it was like gale-force winds pressing against me. The first blast caught me off guard, and sent me plummeting backwards over the guardrail.





Time seemed to slow as I fell downward. I've never had the best reflexes, but I was able to grab onto the side of the deck, stopping my fall. I only wish I had put in more hours at the gym; pull-ups were never my strong suit. And so I was left dangling off the side of a fifteenth-story balcony, utterly at the mercy of my giant "girlfriend."

"Oops. Did I do all that with one little sneeze? Sometimes I forget that my new size gives me such godlike power that even my most inconsequential bodily functions can cause massive death and destruction. Funny how that works huh?"

"Briana, please," I said, trying desperately to hold onto the ledge. You have to help me..."

"Uh-huh, I'll have to think about that. But on a completely unrelated note, I had a little question for you. Will you promise to stay with me forever?"

"Sure! I mean yes, yes of course!"

"And will you love me until the day you die!"

"Yes, please, just save me! I can't hold on any-"



Just then, my hand slipped. I reached up for the ledge, but it may as well have been in Timbuktu.

There was nothing to stop me from splatting like an egg fifteen stories below. I thought my life would flash before my eyes, but the only thing I could think of was Briana. Fuck my life.





Then I landed. Hard. It hurt like hell, but I could at least feel pain, which meant I was still alive. It took me a minute to realize where I was--in Briana's palm. I looked up and saw that I was "only" about fifteen feet from the deck, but falling fifteen feet onto your back feels pretty damn far.

"Ryan, I caught you. I saved your life!" She said, beaming down at me.

"I don't think it counts as saving my life if you're the one who almost k--"



"But you're hurt, and I need to make sure you're okay! I'll keep an eye on you until I'm sure you'll be alright!"

"I-I think I might be safer on my--"

"Ryan, I just want you to know that you made the right decision choosing me, and not just because I'm big enough to knock your apartment building over."

"Wait, what--"



“I can tell that we’re at the start of a beautiful lifetime together. We’re soulmates, Ryan, and we have been since the day I first stalked you around campus, learning your routine so I could bump into you on ‘accident.’”

“That was on--”



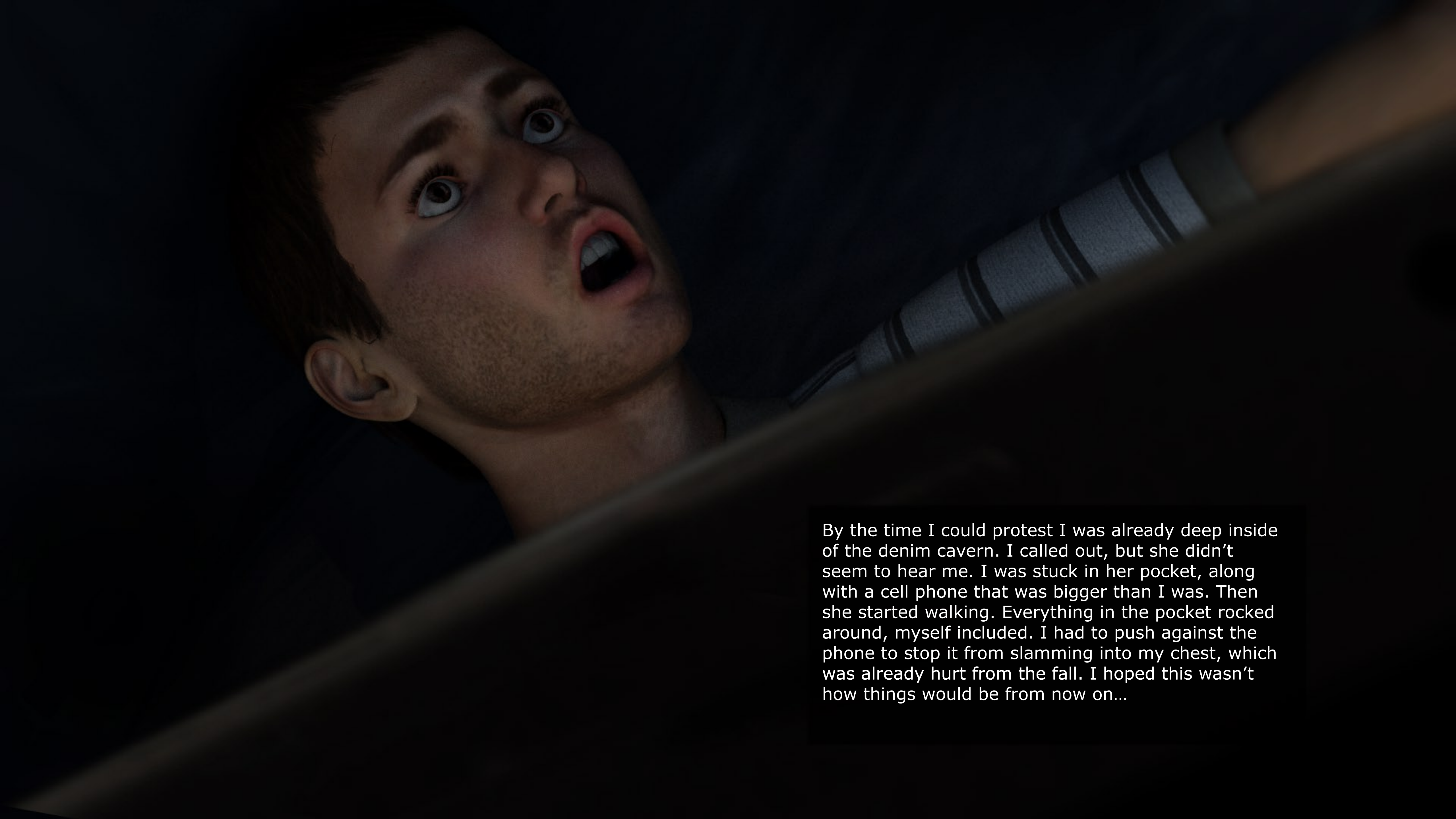
“My size is only going to make our relationship even better. I can take care of all of your needs, and you’ll get to be my cute little plaything. Nobody will ever get between us ever again! Briana and Ryan, together forever...”

She lowered me down near her waist. “Where are you taking me?” I asked.

"It's a secret! You'll find out when we get there, but first, I'm gonna put you in my pocket... This might be a little bumpy, so hold on tight, okay?"

I was helpless as she slipped my legs into her pocket, and slid me down inside.





By the time I could protest I was already deep inside of the denim cavern. I called out, but she didn't seem to hear me. I was stuck in her pocket, along with a cell phone that was bigger than I was. Then she started walking. Everything in the pocket rocked around, myself included. I had to push against the phone to stop it from slamming into my chest, which was already hurt from the fall. I hoped this wasn't how things would be from now on...

The next hour or so was like riding a rollercoaster they forgot to strap you into. I was using all my strength just to avoid getting clobbered by a three-hundred pound slab of plastic and silicon, not that I had many other options. I thought for a moment about climbing up to stick my head out of her pocket, but as soon as I started to get a grip on the denim, that concrete slab of a phone slammed back into me.

Beyond the sound of countless yards of denim rubbing against itself, I could just make out something else; the sounds of destruction. Footfalls, pavement crunching. Cars honking, screeches and occasional screams. I could infer two things; that Briana was taking the highway, and that it wouldn't be much of a highway after she was done with it.

After a while, the sounds of the highway faded, and gave way to something else. There were loud, sporadic cracking noises. My feverish mind imagined what kind of chaos she could be creating now, before I realized what the sound was: trees being felled, and split in half. She was walking through a forest now, though the closest real forest was almost an hour's drive from my apartment. Where was she taking me?



Then she stopped. I could feel her fingers slipping into her pocket, and suddenly there was light. She was peering down at me now, a twinkle in her eye.

“Where are we?” I asked, still dazed from the ride.

“You’ll see! Now let’s get you out of my little pocket...”

I didn’t protest, not that it would have done any good. Wherever she was about to put me, it couldn’t be any worse than the inside of her pocket. At least, that’s what I assumed.





Never assume.

She grabbed my torso and picked me up between her thumb and her index finger. A second later she was lifting me into the air. I I looked down and saw my legs dangling above the tops of fir trees, fifty feet up in a pine forest. None of this should have been a surprise, but when you're being dangled in the air by a giant, sometimes logic doesn't enter into the equation. The next thing I knew I was being slammed into the top of a fir tree.

“There you go. Go ahead, grab onto the tree! Unless you’d rather fall, ha ha!”

She didn’t have to tell me twice. I grabbed onto the two nearest branches and held on for dear life. But as soon as I had a firm grip, I wondered why the hell she had put me up there. Without another word, Briana turned and walked away.





"Is this the big surprise?" I yelled, as she walked off into the distance. I had a decent grip, but I didn't know how long I could hold on, and the tree was swaying a lot in the wind. "Hey!" I yelled, "You're not just going to leave me hanging at the top of a tree?"



“Leave you hanging? Like you left me hanging for six months? No silly,” she said without bothering to turn back to look at me. **“I’m just getting changed! No peeking!”**

Of course, I didn’t abide by that order. I didn’t even blink as Briana lifted up her purple top, revealing her white bra. As crazy as Briana could be, I had to admit that she always had one hell of a body. Now here she was, showing off her bra to anyone in a five-mile radius. I’m not ashamed to say that, even now, in a life-or-death situation, my body saw fit to give me an erection.



She tossed her shirt aside. It drifted into the forest, and draped across the tops of several trees. She kicked her shoes off, knocking down a couple of small trees in the process. Then she casually slipped off her jeans, the same ones I'd been imprisoned in only moments earlier, and set those down in a grassy field. Was she going to get completely naked now? Or was this as far as it went?

My last question was answered when she turned back and walked towards me. With a series of loud crackling noises, several trees were felled by her legs, as she strode towards me. She stood before me now, her form stretching far into the sky. She wasn't naked, but her underwear didn't leave much to the imagination either. Her breasts were practically popping out of her top, and her areolas were on full display. It had been months since I'd seen her, but I didn't remember her breasts being this large. Had some of her grown more than the rest?

"Hey handsome," she said, looking down at me. **"How's my little man? I thought I'd take you to one of our favorite places together. Well-- to a place I always pictured us together, anyway. Do you know where we are?"**

I hadn't thought about it until now, but now that I considered it there was a certain saltiness to the air, and a coolness to the wind. "The beach?"

"That's right! I'm only about a five-minute walk from the beach right now. You can't see over the hill from down there, but up here I can see the coast. They never gave me a real bikini, so my underwear will have to do for now."

She leaned over to pick me up, shaking the tree as she wrapped her fingers around my torso.

"Here," she said as she lifted me into the air, **"I'll take you the rest of the way! But one question first: top, or bottom?"**





“Top?” I said, not yet realizing what she meant.

“**Fine,**” she said, with a hint of annoyance in her voice, “**suit yourself...**”

I immediately felt like an idiot. Top and bottom meant her bra and her panties. I was about to be sandwiched between two breasts that were bigger than my car, and probably heavier.

“Hey Briana,” I said, “I’m not sure if that’s such a good idea...”

Now you’re probably thinking to yourself how incredibly lame it was for me to say that. What man doesn’t want to be put between a giant pairs of tits? But I was already panicking, and my mind raced with a multitude of different ways this could go horribly wrong. For starters, if I sank down into her cleavage, I could be smothered between them. If I sank down further, I could drop through the bottom of her cleavage and fall to my death. Or, if they rocked around too much, I could even be smashed between them. If you think I’m being a pussy by worrying about those things, well, you’re in good company.

“**Not a good idea? What’s wrong, do you not like my breasts?**”

“No, of course I do, it’s just that--”

“**Do you not like my body? Do you not find me attractive?**”

“Of course not, it’s just--”

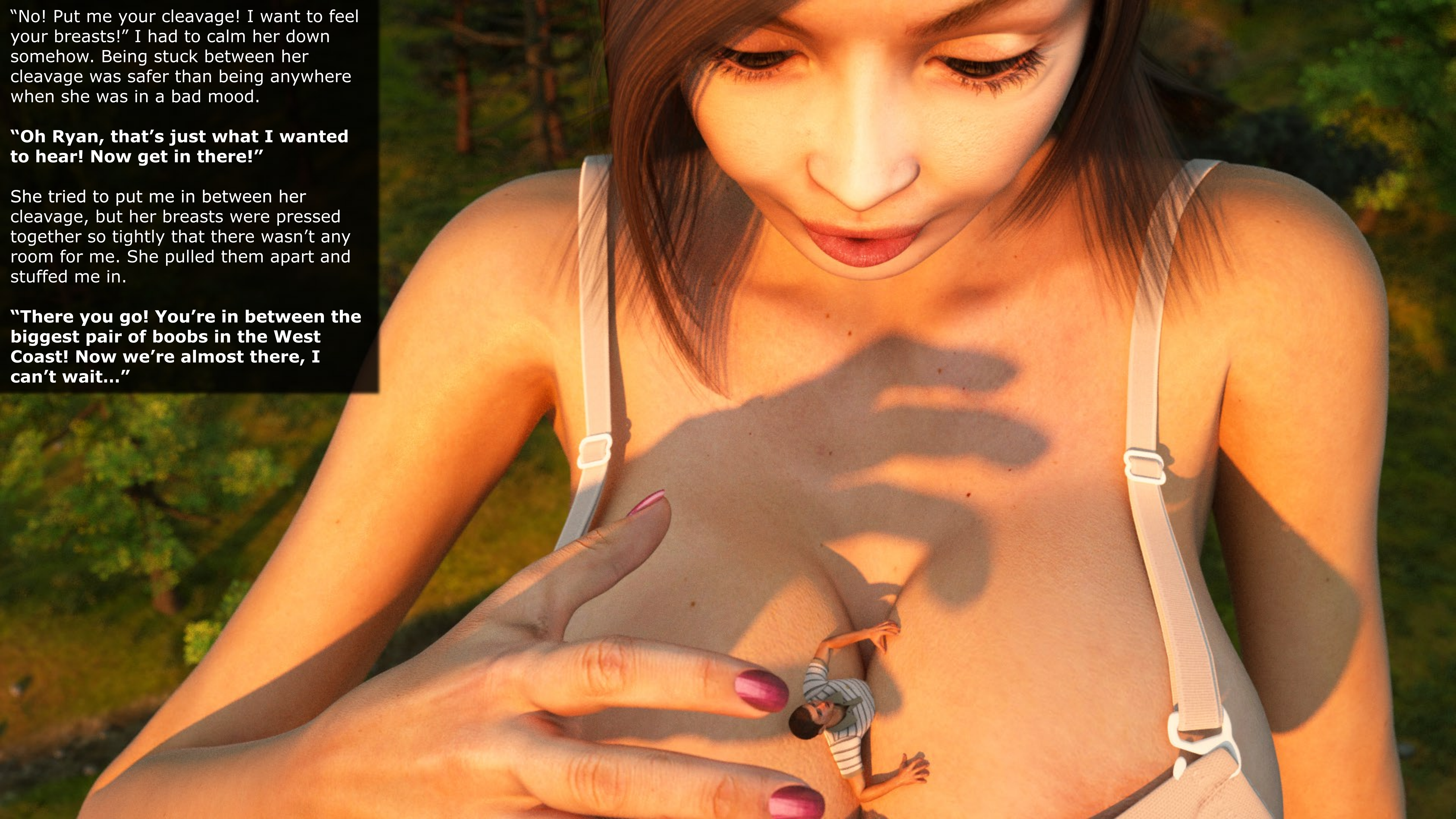
“**You think I’m ugly, don’t you? You’d rather be off with some other girls. You hate me, you just--**”

"No! Put me your cleavage! I want to feel your breasts!" I had to calm her down somehow. Being stuck between her cleavage was safer than being anywhere when she was in a bad mood.

"Oh Ryan, that's just what I wanted to hear! Now get in there!"

She tried to put me in between her cleavage, but her breasts were pressed together so tightly that there wasn't any room for me. She pulled them apart and stuffed me in.

"There you go! You're in between the biggest pair of boobs in the West Coast! Now we're almost there, I can't wait..."





She strode off into the sunset, while I bobbed along helplessly with her. With each of her giant steps, her breasts heaved wildly around, tossing me back and forth with them. They jiggled and bounced all around. Her breasts would pop out of her bra only to be pulled and back down by sheer force of gravity. I was at the mercy of them, bobbing around helplessly like a ship in the high seas.



It didn't take long for me to realize that I was sinking lower. Soon my first fear came true. With each bounce I settled in a little lower than before, and soon I was almost face-deep in tits. Which is usually a good thing, don't get me wrong, but usually they're not the size of a Chevy. My face was nearly engulfed between them. I called out while I still could.

"Briana," I screamed, "I'm sinking in!" But she didn't either didn't hear me or didn't feel like responding. "Briana, you have to---mpphh!"

A photograph showing a person lying between two large, light-skinned breasts. The person's head is at the bottom, and their legs are visible at the bottom right. The person is wearing a white lace-trimmed garment. The background is a solid orange color.

There I was, stuck between a breast and a soft place. I struggled for breath while being slapped back and forth between two tits the size of elephants. The soft, moist walls encroached on me. I waved my arm in the air, first to try and get her attention, which she must not have noticed. My other arm was sandwiched too firmly between her breasts to pull it out. Then I grasped for something to grab hold of--her bra, a strand of hair, anything--but all I could find were more of her breasts, which were too soft and too slippery to get a grip on.

Slowly I sank deeper, like I was falling into quicksand. My world right now consisted entirely of boobs, which would be a lot more fun if they weren't in the process of killing me. While breathing had already been difficult, it soon became impossible. If I opened my mouth I'd get a mouthful of her left tit. I tried to use my free hand to create a pocket of air, but even if I could manage to lift the hundreds of pounds of breast fat off of me, it would come cascading down before I could even take a full breath. I was slowly being suffocated between the mass of Briana's bosoms, but that wasn't even my most urgent concern.

While my upper body was being smothered between two huge, warm breasts, my legs were being cooled by the wind. Briana's bra didn't cover the bottom part of her cleavage, and there was nothing to stop me from falling eighty feet or so to the forest floor. With every step, her breasts shook, and I fell down another inch further. Pretty soon everything below my chest was exposed to the air. I've never been so afraid of a cool breeze in my life.



My only chance now was to grab hold of her bra. I managed to get both of my hands free, and I reached out into the distance. To my amazement, I grabbed a handful of what felt like cloth. I grabbed on with my other hand, and steadied my grip. With both hands on her bra, I was able to pull myself forward, and then upward. For the first time in a few minutes, I took a breath of fresh, cool air. Then I pulled myself up, and clung to the front of her bra for dear life. I couldn't help but peek over cusp of her bra. I could see the beach from here. It was just before sunset. The whole panorama stretched out before me for miles in every direction. For a moment I felt almost relaxed.

That's when her bra came loose.



One of Briana's bra straps had slipped off her shoulder. I suppose that I should count the fact that it didn't break outright as a marvel of modern engineering, but that wasn't how I saw it at the time. Instead, the thick cloth that I held on for dear life was falling down as fast as gravity would take it, and I hoped that my grip was strong enough to hold on regardless.

Then it suddenly stopped. Her bra bounced back like a bungee cord. The sudden change in force made me lose my grip. At the last possible second I grabbed onto one last strap of cloth. Four fingertips were the only thing standing between me and an eighty foot drop. For the second time in one day, I was left hanging for dear life with a single hand. At least this time, she hadn't done it on purpose... I think.

“Oh shoot, my bra! Honey, are you okay?” She said to me. **“I was so caught up thinking about how perfect everything would be, I didn’t even notice...”**

“Help me!” I yelled. “Help me!”

“Oh you poor little thing, I’ll save you!” She said to me, as she picked me up in her left hand... **“Aren’t you glad you have your big, powerful girlfriend to save you?”**

“Of... of course!” I said reflexively. I wasn’t about to tell her no... or tell her that she really wasn’t my girlfriend.

“Wait a minute, you were in my bra, then it just happens to come off... You sly little thing, if you wanted me to take off my bra you should have just asked!”

I could have pointed out that there was no way someone my size could even undo her bra from the back, let alone somehow make it slip off her shoulders when I was trapped between her cleavage. But considering how badly she took it any time I seemed disinterested, I didn’t think it was wise to point that out.



"Yeah," I said, "you caught me red handed..."

"I forgive you," she said.

"You do?"

"Of course! after all, I know it's just an expression of your undying love for me. I know how committed you are to me. Don't worry, I'm just as committed in return! Here, I'll take it off for you..."





She slipped off the rest of her bra, and casually tossed it behind her. It landed across the tops of two fir trees. They were nearly knocked over from its weight.



“Quite a view, isn’t it?”

“They look magnificent,” I said, staring at her chest. They really did. For whatever faults she may have had, Briana had an amazing body. In the orange light of the sunset, she was truly breathtaking.

“Oh, you mean these? Thanks silly, but you’ll have the rest of your life to look at these! I meant that view.”

I turned my head, and saw the sunset behind us. She was right; it was one hell of a view, especially from all the way up here.

“I’ve dreamt about this moment since the day we met. Just the two of us, all alone on the beach in the sunset... All alone...”

“All alone?!”

She said loudly, as she walked onto the beach. I wasn't sure why she said it so pointedly that time. I started to look behind me to see if anything was going on, but she stopped me before I could.



“Hey Ryan,” she said, forcefully “look at me. Your eyes are so beautiful, I want to just stare into your eyes. They’re so beautiful, so deep, I wish I could just dive into them. Now whatever you do, keep looking at me and don’t break eye contact, okay?”

Was she trying to hide something for me? At any rate it was a weird request, but I complied. It was about to get weirder.





“Hey,” she said, “you know, I heard that if you put your ear against a giant’s stomach it sounds like the ocean. Want to try it?!” She didn’t wait for an answer before she thrust me against her torso.

“I’m really curious, so listen closely and give me a report, and no matter what keep your eyes closed. Okay?”

Not a second later, she started to walk around. Her hands and abdomen shook with each step, shaking me around and making it near-impossible to hear her stomach. I had no idea what her motivation was, but I didn't want to displease her, so I listened as best as I could.



I heard a whole cacophony of sounds. For a while it did actually sound like a conch shell, which wasn't anything special; you can get the same effect by putting your shoulder up against your ear. But then I heard the growling of the stomach, which was so loud it sounded almost like a grizzly bear's roar. Then there was the sound of her foot hitting the sand, a low sort of boom. And there was something else, something I couldn't put my finger on, something high-pitched and unpleasant. It sounded like... No, that couldn't be right, we were alone out there...



Then, **boom!** Her foot hit the ground, much harder than before. The loudness of the sound caught me off-guard, and the vibration reverberated deep through me. Why was she stomping so hard on the sand?



"All done!" she said, slowly lowering me away from her stomach. **"Did it sound like the sea?"** She asked me a minute later.

"Yeah, I guess it kind of did. But there was also another sound, it sounded kind of like some people screa--."

"Huh, one of those funny things I guess!"

"Heh, yeah. Umm, also, your stomach growled. It was really loud, actually."





Briana casually let herself fall back onto the sand, once again jostling me.

“Yeah,” she continued, **“ever since I got big I get a huge hunger whenever I do any kind of physical activity. I’m starving, I really need a snack! I wish I would have thought about that a second ago...”**

“And speaking of snacks, you look absolutely delicious in that little striped-shirt and jeans ensemble. Of course, you’d look even better out of it...”

Things had already gone far enough; I didn’t want her getting carried away. “Actually,” I said, “it’s getting a little cold out here...”





“Suit yourself,” she said to my surprise. Was she actually respecting my boundaries? **“We can take things slow if you like; after all, we’ve got a whole lifetime ahead of us. But can I at least get one kiss?”**

“Sure,” I said. She gave me a faintly sour look. “I mean, of course!”

She drew me closer to her face, and looked down at me with longing in her eyes. Her fingers tightened around me.

“I remember the first time we kissed. Your lips were so soft. The way you had to bend down to reach my lips, and how it felt when your big, strong arms wrapped around me... I felt like you were my protector. Now I’m yours. Funny how things change.”



“You know, Ryan, that you were the first man I ever kissed? It’s true. And I’ll be the last woman you ever kiss. Now kiss me!”

With those ominous words still ringing through my head, Briana pulled me in closer to her lips. I kissed Briana; well, I kissed her lower lip, really. Her lips were bigger than my head, and I didn’t really know what to do, so I just kissed whatever I could. It was a weird sensation, but actually kind of nice. Her lips were soft, and warm, and just a little bit wet. Her upper lip tickled my forehead. She leaned back, and I pushed against the sides of her face, to stop my head from going into her mouth.

That’s when she tried to swallow me.



At least that's what it felt like. All of a sudden my head was bobbing around in her mouth. Her lips engulfed me, and her tongue licked the side of my head. My whole head was wet with her saliva now. It was like she was sucking on a lollipop. At first I thought that might just be her way of kissing, but pretty soon she was sucking me in. I tried to stop her, but I was no match for the sheer power of her mouth.

"No, Briana! Stop, you're pulling me in! Come on, stop! Stop, please! Briana, stop!"

“Oops!” She said, a genuinely embarrassed look on her face. **“Sorry, Ryan! It’s been awhile since I kissed you, guess I got a little carried away. And your head tasted so nice, I mean... I’m sorry. I, umm, might need to eat something. I get a little weird when I’m hungry...”**





Then her eyes turned to something in the water. I couldn't turn quite far back enough to get a good look at it, but out of the corner of my eye I could tell there was definitely something bobbing around in there.

"Hey Ryan," Briana said. **"look over at my bra. Do you think it's the right size for me?"**

"I-I guess, I really don't know--"

"Go ahead and feel my boob and tell me, okay?"

That's not a request I would normally turn down, not that she gave me an option. The next second, though, I was pressed against the sweaty underside of Briana's boob. My face was engulfed with soft yet heavy boob flesh. But as I gasped for air, I could see out of the corner of my eye that Briana was grabbing something from the water.





Once again, I heard something that, if I didn't know better, I would have taken for a scream. Then the sound of Briana's lips closing around something, and the tssk-slick sound of her swallowing.



Once again I was fighting for air. I don't think Briana was smothering me on purpose. All she had to do was push against her breasts with what, for her, was a tiny amount of force, and I was fighting for my life. Even as I struggled for air, though, I wondered about Briana. What could she be eating? And what was she trying to hide from me? Could it be... No, I couldn't even think that.



Then she loosened her grip. I caught my breath, and I saw a glimpse of the tail-end of something flipping about in her mouth. Briana loudly slurped it up, before gulping one last time.

“So, Ryan,” she said as she licked her chops, **“I think you got a pretty close look. Do you think my bra is the right size?”**



“Yeah, I-I guess it is. Umm, Briana, say... were you eating something just now?”

“**N-no?**” She said with an embarrassed look on her face.

“**Okay... You know, as a giantess I have to eat a lot, okay?**”

“Yeah? It’s just that I think I, umm, saw something...”



“Oh. You did? Okay... I was hoping I wouldn’t have to have this conversation just yet. So Ryan, when you become a giantess, you get new appetites. Sometimes you want to eat things that most people would think you’re not supposed to, but when you’re a giantess, it’s completely normal and healthy. So Brian, umm... how much did you see?”

“Just the tail-end of something going into your mouth. I think I know what it was. Briana, I can’t believe you would eat a--”

“I’m sorry Ryan, I wouldn’t have done it if I wasn’t hungry, and I’d never...”

“That’s not an excuse. You know dolphins are an endangered species, right?”

“Dolphin? What? Oh, that’s right! Ryan, you caught me. I ate a dophin. Guilty! That’s what I ate alright!”



“Briana, how could you! You know that I was almost a marine science major. Not only are dolphins endangered, but they’re smarter than dogs! And they’re such beautiful creatures!”

“Slippery little things, too! And they make the funniest little screaming noises. But they’re supposed to be brain food, right?”

“Briana!”



“I’m sorry Ryan, I was starving! I’ll tell you what, as long as we’re together I’ll never eat another dolphin, okay?”

“...okay,” I said reluctantly, “I guess it’s okay as long as it was only a one-time thing.”

“Of course!” Briana said, slowly reclining on the beach. **“Anything you want, because there’s give-and-take in any healthy relationship, and I respect your opinions. Now Ryan, let’s stop worrying about stupid things that don’t matter and just enjoy the sunset, okay? This was supposed to be our perfect evening together!”**



I actually felt guilty. Maybe it was Stockholm Syndrome setting in, but this date, the one I had been forcibly abducted onto... I was actually kind of enjoying it. The beach was stunning in the sunset, and Briana even moreso. Of course, I knew she was crazy. Not to mention dangerous, especially with her new size. But in that moment, I felt happy, and even safe in her arms.

That wouldn't last for long.

END OF PART 1

A woman with long brown hair, wearing a light blue short-sleeved shirt and blue jeans, stands on a rooftop. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The background features a city skyline with several tall buildings under a blue sky with light clouds. The woman is positioned in the center-left of the frame. To her right, there are two tall buildings: one is a modern glass skyscraper, and the other is a more traditional building with many windows and a water tower on top. The woman's legs are crossed at the ankles, and she is wearing red sneakers. The overall scene is a digital rendering or a heavily edited photograph.

BRIANA

HEIGHT: 99 FEET

WEIGHT: 291 TONS

**NOTE: BUILDINGS
NOT TO SCALE**

DELETED AND ALTERNATE IMAGES









BRIANA AND RYAN FOREVER AND EVER!
HUNDRED YEARS RYAN, BRIANA AND RYAN
BRIANA AND RYAN RUNNIN AROUND ALL
DAY LONG FOREVER! A HUNDRED DAYS,
BRIANA AND RYAN A HUNDRED TIMES
OVER AND OVER BRIANA AND RYAN GO O
ADVENTURES DOT COM WWW DOT
BRIANA AND RYAN ADVENTURES DOT CO
OVER AND OVER A HUNDRED TIMES IT'S
JUST BRIANA AND RYAN FOREVER AND



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