



OVERLY ATTACHED GIANTESS 3

ART BY REDFIREDOG

WRITTEN IN COLLABORATION WITH FEELSKIN

<https://youtu.be/Y4KrdjAPohc>

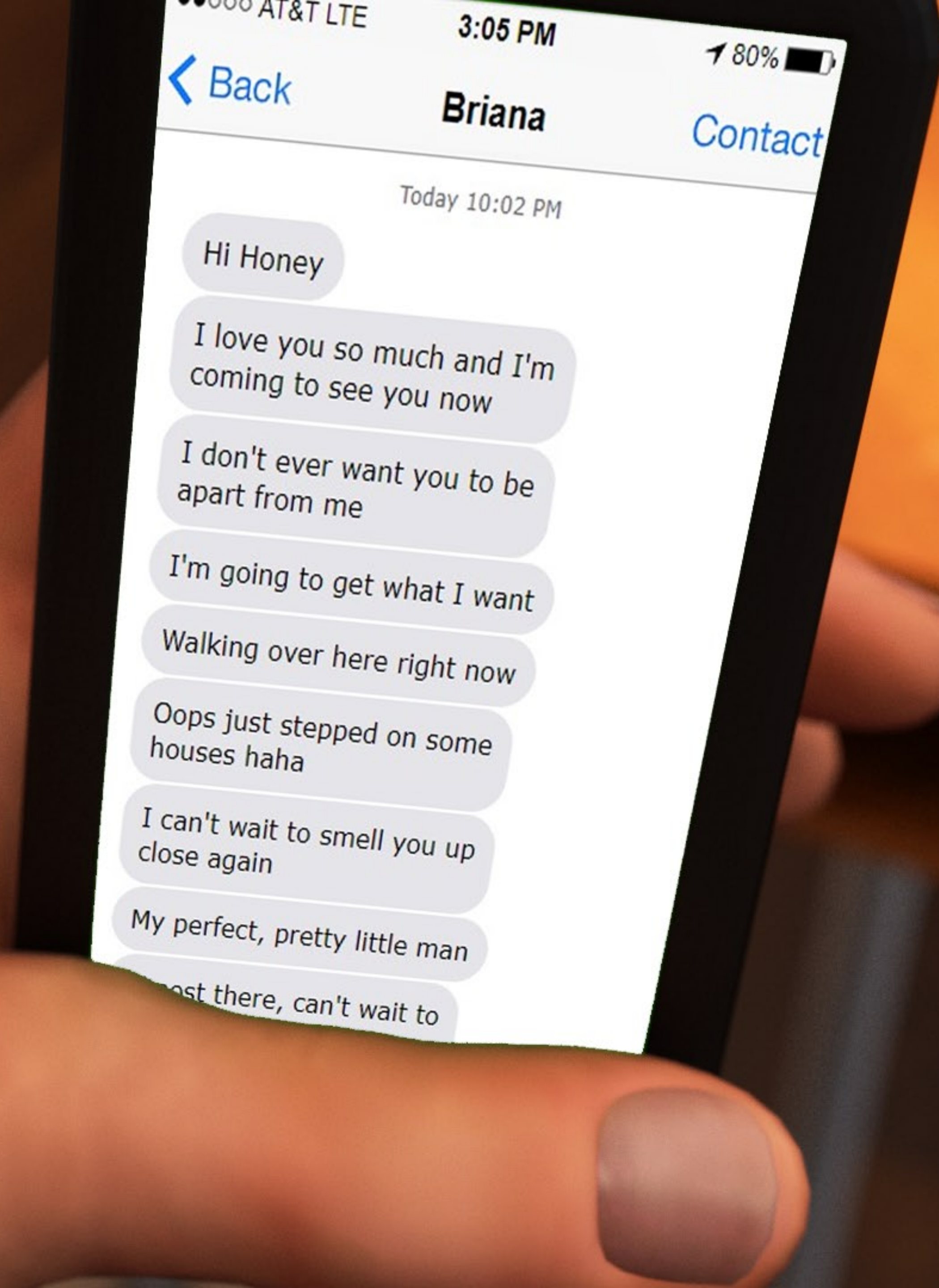


I was in class. The teacher was lecturing, but I couldn't concentrate. My thoughts were chaotic, and jumped from one subject to another seemingly at random. I had the nagging thought that I should have been taking notes, but the idea of searching for a pencil and paper just seemed overwhelming.

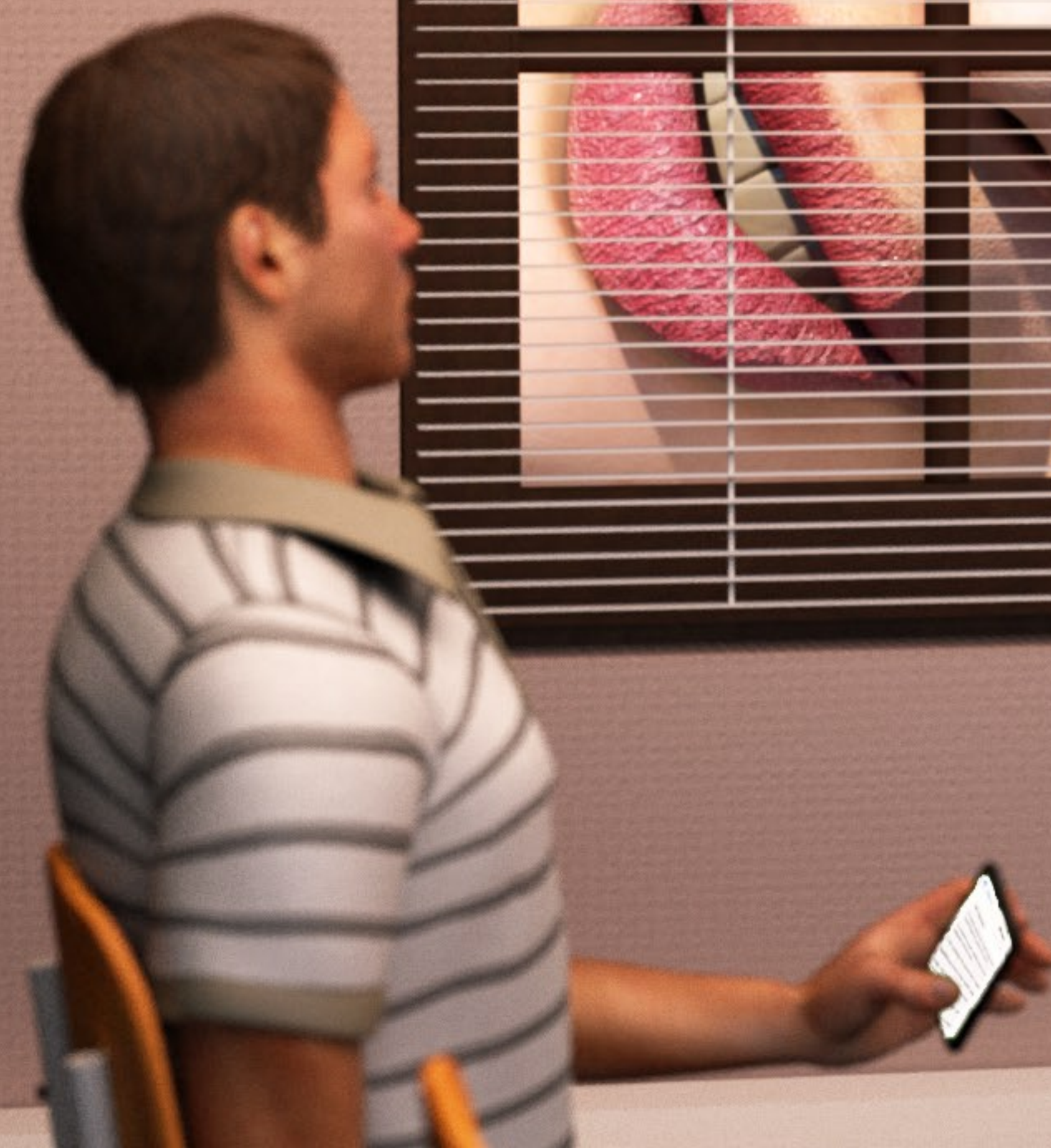


The lecturer stood at the front of the class, but I couldn't have told you what he was talking about. I wasn't even sure which class I was in. There was too much going through my head. I couldn't concentrate, I couldn't maintain a coherent train of thought or focus on anything for more than a few seconds. This kind of anxiety had never been a problem for me, so I didn't know what to make of it.

My phone buzzed, and I looked at it. A chill went down my spine. I didn't know what to do, though, because my thoughts were still jumbled and frantic. I put the phone back down and put my head into my hands.



“Hi honey!” I heard the words being spoken aloud, and looked up, and there she was! She was right outside the window! Her face filled the entire frame, and she smiled in at me, with a gaze that on anyone else would have been loving and gentle, but on her seemed terrifying and dominating. She locked eyes with me. I couldn’t look away. I couldn’t speak. I sat, rooted to the spot.





I suddenly, without even consciously making a decision, stood up and closed the blinds so that I couldn't see her anymore. I looked around at the rest of the class. No one seemed to have noticed anything. No one showed any kind of reaction.



Until, that is, Briana's giant hand came crashing through the window. The glass shattered and the frame broke off the wall, tumbling to the floor. She grabbed someone in the class – I didn't know her name, I had the nagging thought that I should know her name, but I didn't – right out of her seat, and pulled her through the newly-formed hole in the wall.



I looked through to see my classmate disappearing into Briana's mouth. Briana smiled at me sweetly, as though she were munching on popcorn on a date. The woman's legs kicked wildly for a split second, and then they were gone.



Briana chewed slowly, deliberately, the way someone might chew an expertly-cooked piece of steak, savoring the flavors, the texture, the substance of the food. She never looked away; her eyes were locked on mine. There was nothing in the expression of her face that suggested a threat, as though she didn't even realize that eating a human being directly in front of me might be terrifying.



“Mmmmm...” She moaned and licked her lips. **“She was good. I think I’ll have another.”** She reached in through the hole, grasping for another person. I turned to look at the other students in the class, and suddenly they erupted into panic. Screaming, stumbling over their desks and each other, they began to flail and try to get away.

“Why are you running, Brian? Don’t you love me, Brian?”

I ran to the front of the class, trying, along with everyone else to escape Briana's violent hunger. The lecturer stood at the head of the class, wringing his hands uselessly. He looked at me, and asked, "What are you going to do?"

"What?" I shouted back at him. "What am I supposed to do?"

"You're her boyfriend, aren't you?"

"I..." I stopped. I didn't know how to answer him.



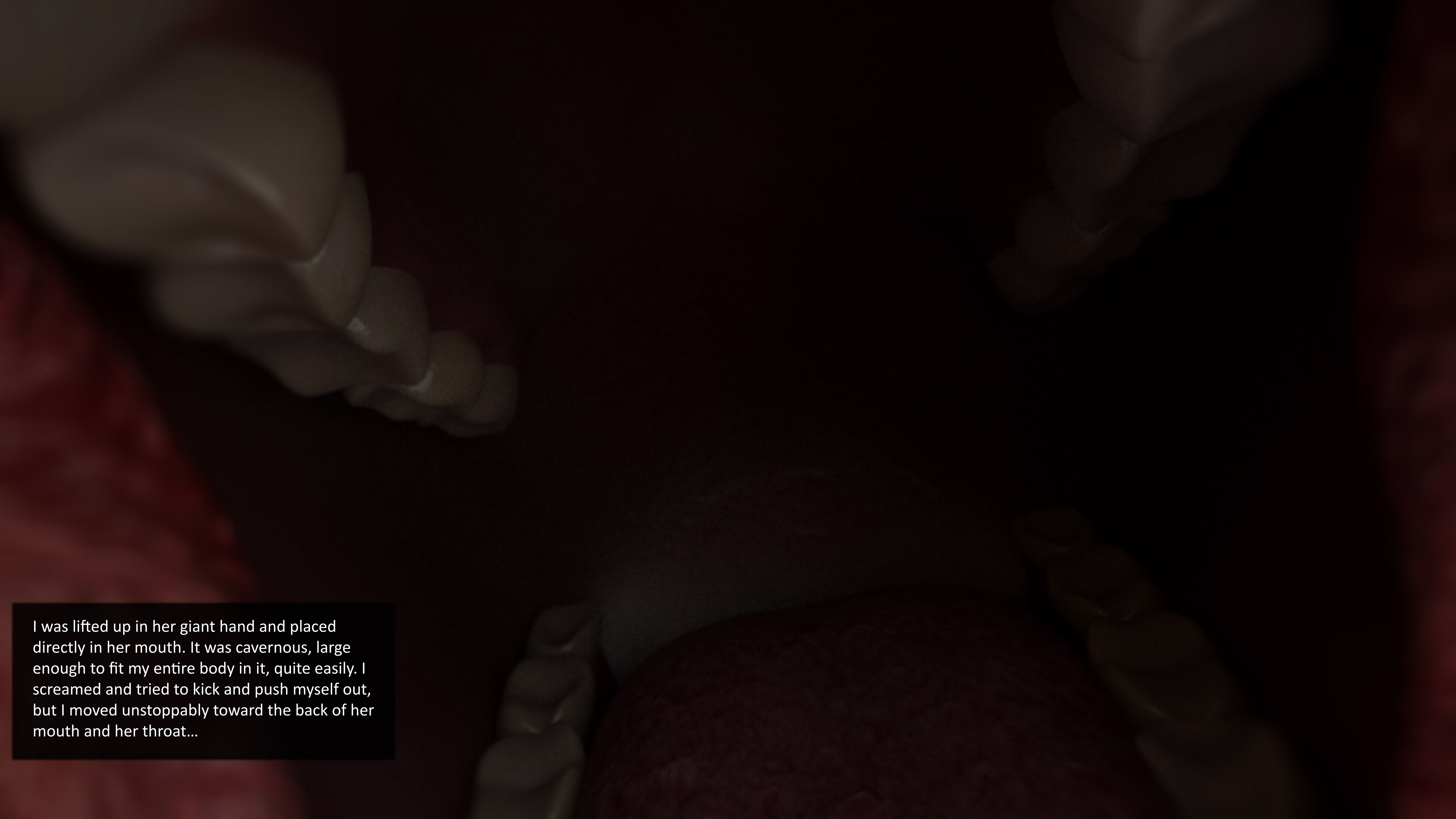
The roof cracked and groaned as Briana lifted the entire roof off of the building. I had the vague, fleeting feeling that that's not right, that there should have been another floor above us, but that thought lasted only a moment as she looked at me, no longer with affection, but with hunger. She licked her lips.

"You look tasty," she said.

"Briana, it's me! It's Ryan!" I shouted. I wasn't sure whether she heard me. I wasn't even sure whether I'd made any noise.

"Of course I know you, sweetie! But you keep running away from me! I'm going to swallow you, so you can be a part of me forever!"



The background image is very dark and blurry. It appears to show a person's legs and feet, possibly in a state of distress or being held. The lighting is low, and the focus is out of focus, creating a sense of mystery and unease.

I was lifted up in her giant hand and placed directly in her mouth. It was cavernous, large enough to fit my entire body in it, quite easily. I screamed and tried to kick and push myself out, but I moved unstoppably toward the back of her mouth and her throat...



And I woke.

It took me a moment to realise where I was, but when I did, I put my head in my hands. “Jesus Christ, that was a little... on-the-nose.” I said to myself.

Oddly enough, the part of the dream that I remembered most clearly wasn’t being eaten. It was the lecturer asking me what I was going to do. What was I going to do?



Well, for starters, I could get take a shower, put on some clean clothes and head outside. Generally the best way to start your day, not that I was especially great about those things.

I had to try. I didn't have high hopes, but I saw a police officer in the street, and thought, I have to try. I walked up to him.

"Officer," I started, "I need to report a kidnapping."

"A kidnapping?" He turned to face me. "What happened? Who's missing?"

"A friend." I described Jessica.



“And where did you last see her?”

“Uh... well, she was taken by a giantess. She’s... her name is Briana. She’s, uh, maybe 100 feet tall, with brown hair and...” I trailed off. The officer was looking at me with sympathy, but looked from the look on his face, he knew I wasn’t going to like what he was about to say.

“Look, man, we don’t... have any jurisdiction over giantesses. I mean... you knew that, though, right? You knew that we weren’t going to be able to do anything.”

“But nothing?” I almost begged.

“Look, you could... you could make an appeal to the High Council. But, uh, there isn’t a great history of them taking our concerns seriously.”

I stared at him.

“I’m sorry about your friend.”





I surveyed the rubble around me. I knew that it was Briana's doing. I guess, deep down, I had known that the cops wouldn't be able to do anything. Looking at the devastation Briana was capable of causing without even putting in a real effort into it, it was obvious.

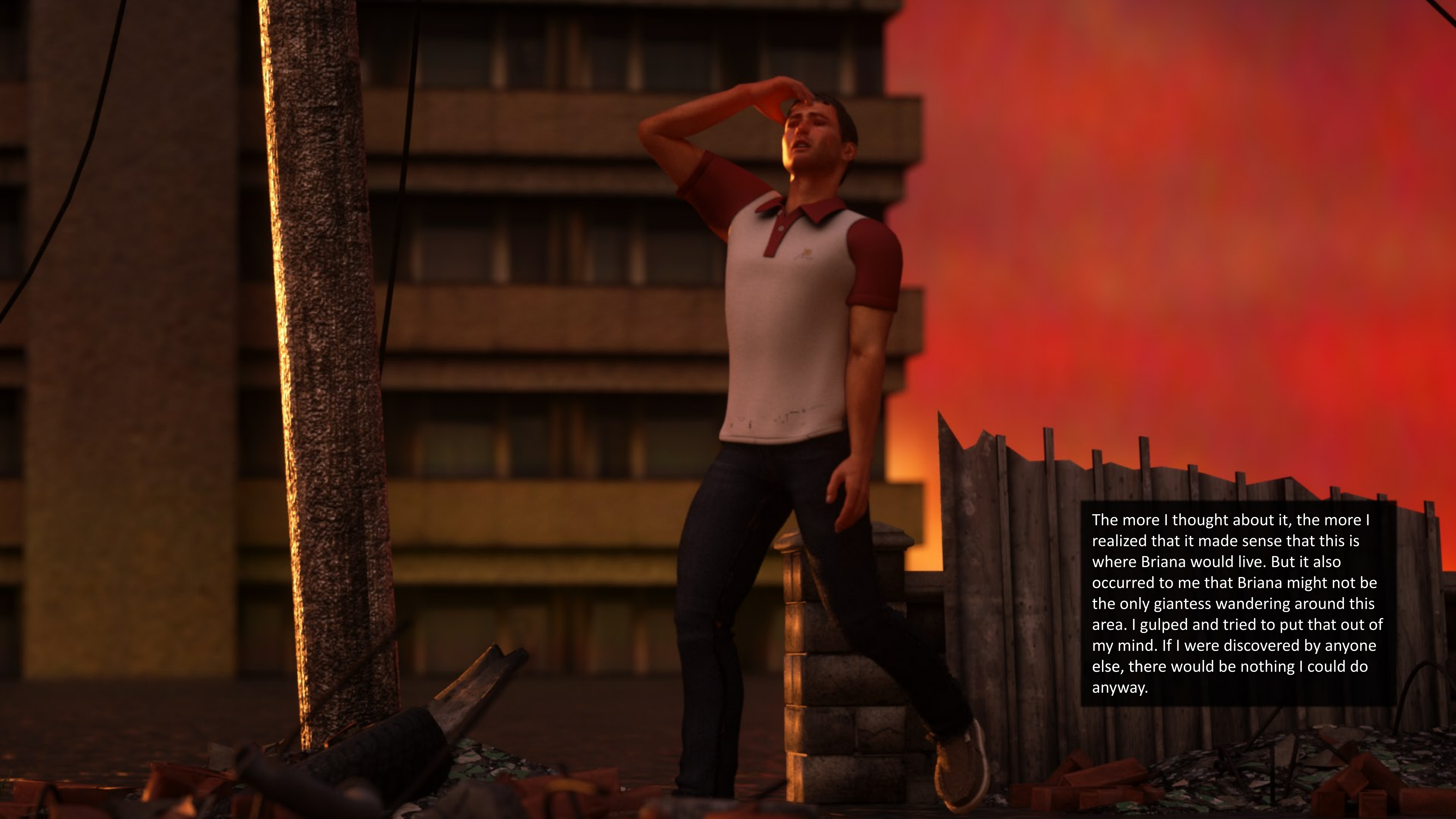
What could anyone do?



I headed North, just as Briana had told me to. I had wondered how I was going to find her – even though she was a hundred feet tall, we lived in a big city. I remembered the Councilwoman telling Briana that there were areas of the city zoned for “free demolition” – I hadn’t thought about it very much, but it now occurred to me that she was probably referring to the No-Go zones. Generally, humans who went into these areas didn’t come out; they belonged to the Council and they didn’t answer to anyone for anything that happened within them.

I had wondered what those areas might look like, and I'm not sure what I had pictured, but it certainly wasn't the same as what was waiting for me. It looked like a war zone, or the aftermath of an earthquake. Shattered concrete, crumbling buildings, and absolutely no people. As I walked through the area, I could hear only my own footsteps and the wind. It felt bizarre and unnatural.

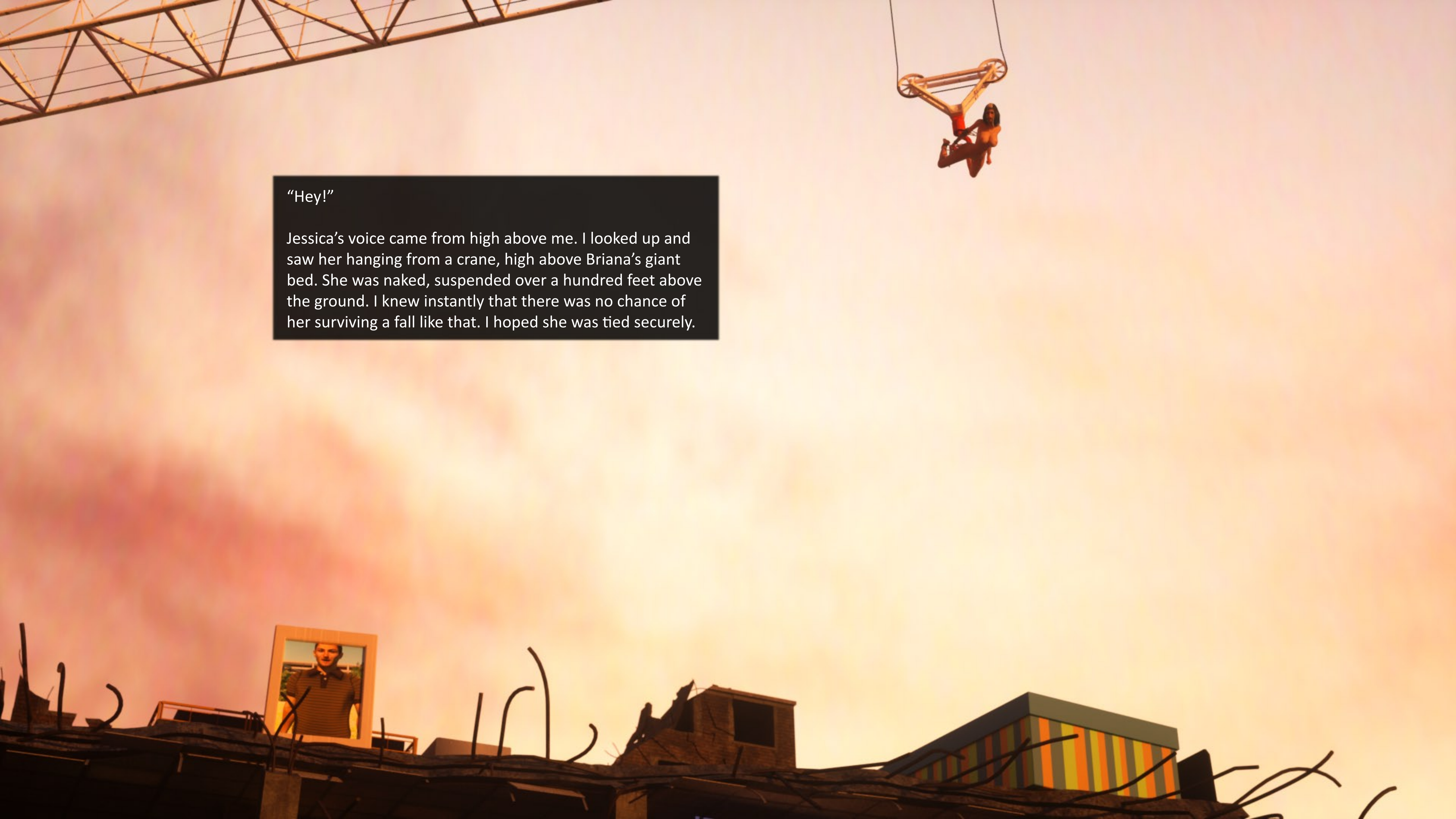




The more I thought about it, the more I realized that it made sense that this is where Briana would live. But it also occurred to me that Briana might not be the only giantess wandering around this area. I gulped and tried to put that out of my mind. If I were discovered by anyone else, there would be nothing I could do anyway.

A splash of purple caught my eye, and I moved toward it. There was a large purple covering, like a tent or an enormous curtain lying over the side of a short building. I didn't realise at first what I was looking at, even when I saw the giant magenta pillow placed at one end. That combination of colours set off alarm bells in my mind, and my heart rate increased before I had even realized why: those were the colours of Briana's bedsheets before she... well, before she became a giantess.



A woman is suspended in the air, hanging from a crane. She is positioned in the upper right quadrant of the frame. The background is a vast, hazy sky with warm, orange, and pink tones, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. In the foreground, the dark, silhouetted roof of a building is visible, featuring a large, rectangular window that shows a person's face. The overall scene conveys a sense of danger and suspense.

“Hey!”

Jessica’s voice came from high above me. I looked up and saw her hanging from a crane, high above Briana’s giant bed. She was naked, suspended over a hundred feet above the ground. I knew instantly that there was no chance of her surviving a fall like that. I hoped she was tied securely.



"She's near!" she called again. *"She's close by!*
She could come back at any time!"

A man with short brown hair, wearing a white t-shirt with red sleeves and dark blue jeans, is running through a dark, debris-strewn urban environment at night. He is moving from the left towards the right side of the frame. The ground is covered in rubble, including broken bricks and twisted metal. In the background, there are large, weathered concrete pillars and a checkered floor pattern near a doorway. The lighting is dim, with a warm, orange glow from an unseen light source, possibly a fire or street light, casting long shadows. A black text box with white text is overlaid on the left side of the image.

I started to run toward her. I looked around at the crumbling buildings, and realised quickly that there was no way I would be able to find a working elevator. I probably wouldn't even find a set of stairs. If I wanted to reach Jessica, I'd just have to climb.



I found a steady platform I could reach, and lifted myself up. I didn't have a plan for what I might do once I reached Jessica, but for the moment, all I could think of was to climb up to get closer to her.

After a few minutes of climbing, though, I realized that it was a bad idea. Even if I were able to find platforms and handholds all the way up, what would I do once I got there? And what if Briana came back as I was climbing up? I stopped climbing and looked up at Jessica.





She hung there, the cables supporting her swaying gently in the breeze. It was eerily quiet again, as Jessica had stopped shouting.



"Oh shit!" she called again. "I can see her! She's coming back!" I stopped and listened. Sure enough, I could hear slow, heavy footfalls. I couldn't tell from what direction they were coming, but they were definitely coming closer. I started to scramble down from where I had climbed.

I frantically started to look for a place to hide. I knew that Briana was expecting me. I knew that I was supposed to be there. But every mental process I had was telling me the same thing: *Run. Hide. Get the fuck out of here.*



I did. I ran as fast as I could. Out of the corner of my eye, Briana came around from behind the building that made up the headboard of her bed. She appeared to be carrying... a tree? What was she doing? I didn't stop to get a better look, or to watch her. I just scrambled behind the corner of a building where she couldn't see me.





Her footfalls were heavy enough to crash the pavement again, especially with the shoes she was wearing... and that thought stuck in my mind. *Those aren't the shoes she was wearing earlier.* Taking a closer look at her, I could see that she was dressed sexy, in lingerie far more revealing than I'd ever seen her wearing before. Her shoes were giant red and black high heels with ankle straps. It was exactly the kind of shoe I loved seeing women wear. They caught and held my attention immediately.



Briana crouched down next to the building I was hiding behind, humming to herself. I could hear her place the tree on the roof and fiddle with it, trying to get it to stand upright. The song she was humming seemed familiar, too, though I couldn't place it exactly. There was too much adrenaline rushing through my system to think about something like that.



After a moment, I slowly, carefully, stuck my head around the corner to get a better look at her. The lingerie she was wearing was incredible. She seemed to know exactly what kind of underwear I found sexy, and had somehow managed to get some made for her. Despite the danger of the situation, I started to grow an erection when I saw it, and I gasped. Briana suddenly looked down in my direction.

I reflexively jerked back, out of sight.

“Oh, oh... who’s there?” Briana asked in a sing-song voice. She lowered her face down to street level to look into the building. **“Who’s creeping around my house? Don’t you know it’s rude to come into someone’s bedroom unannounced?”**

A cinematic scene from the movie 'War of the Worlds'. In the foreground, a giant, close-up profile of an alien head with large, blue, multi-iris eyes and red lips is visible. The alien is looking towards the right. In the background, a soldier in a white shirt and dark pants is running away from the viewer towards a bright, hazy horizon. The scene is set in a dark, industrial environment with debris on the floor. A poster on the wall in the background reads 'Finish the Job' and 'VICTORY LIBERTY LOAN'.

“Why don’t you come out and show yourself?”

I held my breath. I could hear her breathing, a rhythmic gust of wind that stirred up the dust around my feet every few seconds. I could almost feel her eyes scanning the interior of the building. I knew I couldn’t hide here for very long, but I had nowhere else to go.



I heard Briana shifting her body, pushing debris and concrete out of her way, and she extended her arm into the building to feel around for me. Her gigantic fingers grabbed a broken door and threw it across the room with no effort whatsoever, as though it weighed nothing. A few pieces of furniture and broken wall were upended in her search.



As she rooted around in front of me, she started to hum again. Again, the song tugged at my memories with a nagging familiarity. “Don’t be afraid, whoever you are. Come on out, let me see you,” she said. I told myself, again, that she was waiting for me, that she wanted me to be there- but I somehow couldn’t force myself to step out from my cover. Her gigantic body was crouched down before me, and I couldn’t help but marvel at how smooth and inviting her skin was – and at how much of it there was. My erection grew harder, and memories or the previous day began to flash through my mind. She was the sexiest, most terrifying person I could imagine, and I began to ask myself, **how bad would it really be?** *To just... go along with her?*

A giant anime-style woman with long brown hair, wearing a black bikini, is leaning over a city street at sunset. She is looking down at a small figure of a person on the ground. The scene is set in a city with buildings and a large billboard in the background. The billboard has the text "APRICOTS" and "THE UNION FRUIT CO. PAGONIA, COLORADO". The woman is holding a blue and white checkered box. The scene is lit with warm orange and yellow light from the setting sun.

I realized that I'd been holding my breath for a long time, and my lungs were crying out for release. I tried to force myself to breathe slowly, but my body's need for oxygen made that impossible. I exhaled and inhaled sharply, deeply, and (it seemed to me) loudly. Briana stopped fumbling inside the building with her giant hand, backed up out of the building and got up on her knees to look around the side. I froze.

"Got you, little one. You smell... delicious..."

She saw me, finally, and it took her a moment to react. Her eyes lit up with intense joy and her entire body language changed dramatically.

“Ryan!” she cried. **“Is it 6:00 already? Oh my god, I’m so happy you came! I was...”** she stopped and bit her lip. **“I was worried you might not come. Silly me, I know, I just...”**

She lay her chest down on the ground so that her face was directly in front of me. She smiled, coyly.

“It’s not very nice of you, you know, to play tricks on me like that. Hiding from me, you naughty boy.”



A giant woman with long dark hair, wearing a black lace bikini, is crouching over a city in ruins. She is looking down at the viewer with a slight smile. The city is filled with rubble and debris, and a small figure of a person is visible in the distance. The scene is set at sunset, with a warm orange glow. In the background, there are several multi-story buildings, some of which appear to be damaged or under construction. A large, colorful flag is visible in the background, partially obscured by the woman's body. The overall atmosphere is one of awe and wonder.

She raised herself up onto all fours, and I, once again, lost my breath at the majesty of her enormous body. Her arms, each several stories tall, extended high above me. Her taut belly, exposed by the sexy underwear she was wearing, seemed to beckon to me. Her breasts, which seemed somehow to be even larger than I remembered them – but I was sure that was my imagination – hung above me, promising me something beyond my wildest dreams, if only I'd accept it...



Briana reached down and, very gently, wrapped her fingers around me to lift me up closer to her face. She lifted me slowly, but I still got a rush of vertigo. Even so, and despite how alien it was to be held in her hand, I found it surprisingly comforting, which caught me completely off-guard. I realized I had actually missed it. As terrifying as the situation was, it was also strangely wonderful.



“But you did come! And I’m so, so glad. I know that this is probably going to take a little while to get used to, and I wouldn’t blame you for being nervous. I mean,” and she laughed, “if you were the one who was a giant, and you came back to me, I’d be kind of weirded out, too! For a bit, anyway. But we have such a strong bond, such a connection, that we wouldn’t be able to stay apart for too long. Sometimes we just need a little... push... but soon everything falls back into place. And here we are.” She giggled, a gentle laugh that echoed off the abandoned and crumbling buildings.

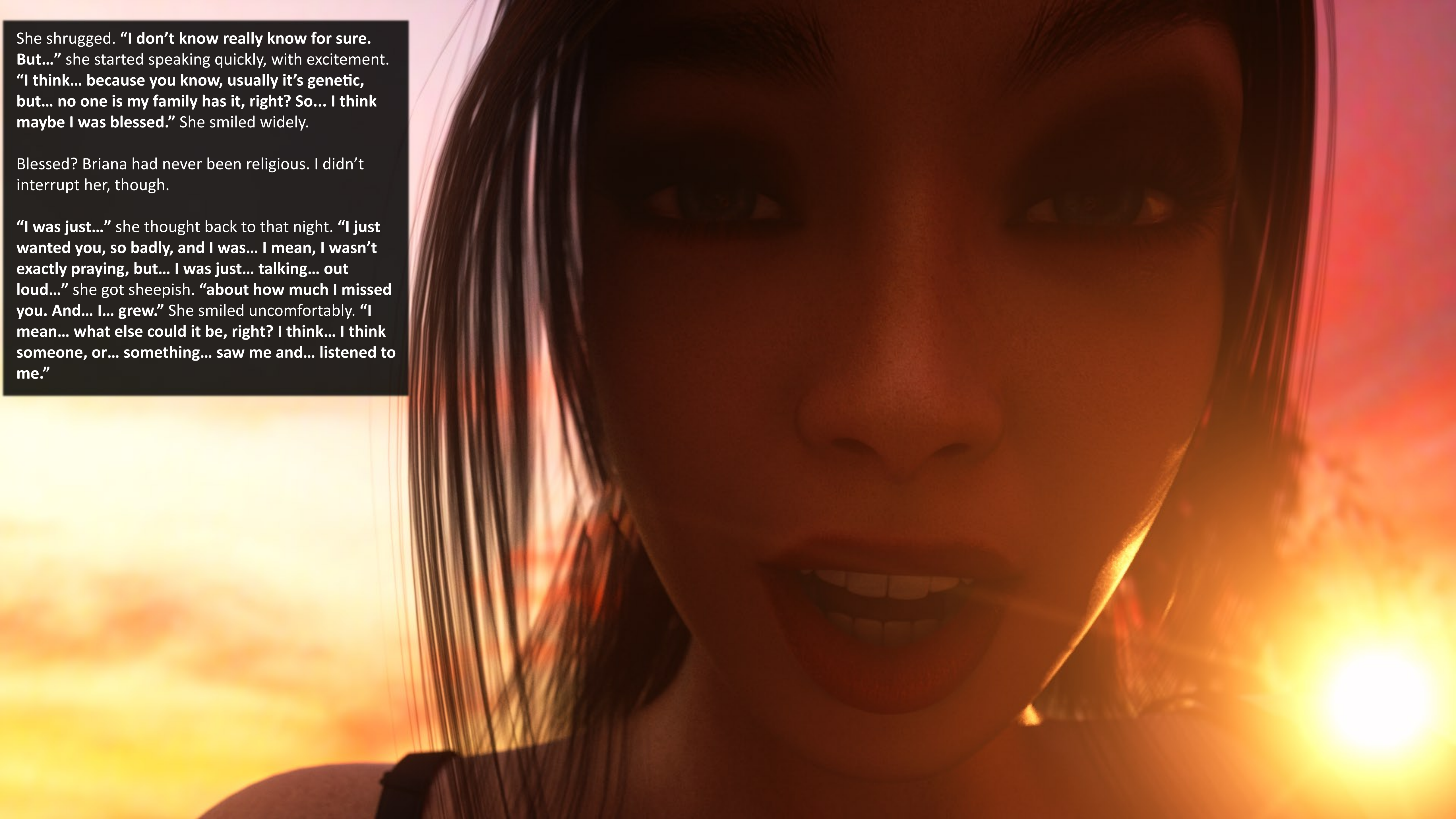


Well, I thought. Here goes.

“Of course I came!” I shouted back up at her. “Why wouldn’t I?”

“**I know, I was just...**” she pushed her hair back behind her ear, modestly, and looked down at the ground. “**I was just being silly.**”

“Briana, I need to ask... how... how did this happen? How did you become a giantess?”



She shrugged. **“I don’t know really know for sure. But...”** she started speaking quickly, with excitement. **“I think... because you know, usually it’s genetic, but... no one in my family has it, right? So... I think maybe I was blessed.”** She smiled widely.

Blessed? Briana had never been religious. I didn’t interrupt her, though.

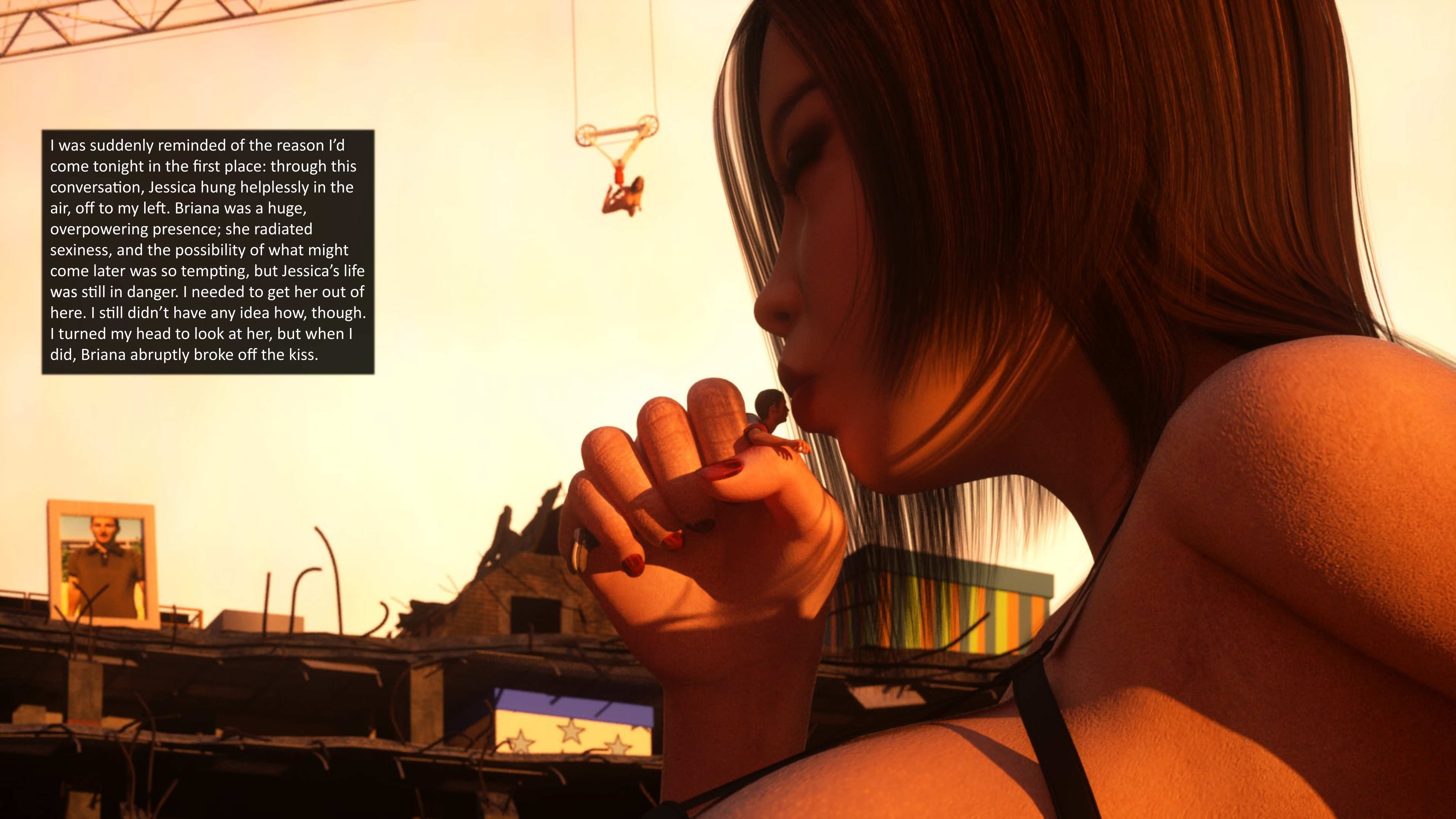
“I was just...” she thought back to that night. **“I just wanted you, so badly, and I was... I mean, I wasn’t exactly praying, but... I was just... talking... out loud...”** she got sheepish. **“about how much I missed you. And... I... grew.”** She smiled uncomfortably. **“I mean... what else could it be, right? I think... I think someone, or... something... saw me and... listened to me.”**



“And now, here we are! Now I’m big enough to create a life for us that we wouldn’t have been able to have before!”

I thought about what she’d just said. I filed it away under shit to make sense of later.
“And I’m just... so... happy that you came.”
And kissed me. Her lips pressed gently against my face, and I could taste her breath, which was warm, and almost... inviting. The softness of her lips felt wonderful, and I couldn’t help but think back to how soft her body had been last night.

I was suddenly reminded of the reason I'd come tonight in the first place: through this conversation, Jessica hung helplessly in the air, off to my left. Briana was a huge, overpowering presence; she radiated sexiness, and the possibility of what might come later was so tempting, but Jessica's life was still in danger. I needed to get her out of here. I still didn't have any idea how, though. I turned my head to look at her, but when I did, Briana abruptly broke off the kiss.





“What are you-” she started, but stopped herself from finishing the question. The hurt in her eyes showed me that she already knew the answer. I started to panic.

“Briana, listen, I-”

“You came here for her, didn’t you?”

“No, I-”

“Didn’t you!”

I stopped protesting.



“Oh, Ryan...” she looked as though she might cry. She sniffled. “I thought- I really thought you came here because you wanted to be with me. I feel so stupid!” she cried.

“I do, Briana! Listen, I- I came here tonight because I wanted to see you. I want to be with you. I do!”

“Then why can’t you just kiss me without thinking of her?”



“I... look, she’s hanging naked in the air! That’s not right! I want to be with you, I really do, but don’t you think it’s weird for us to kiss while she’s just hanging naked over there?”

My mind raced as I tried, quickly, to think of something that would pacify Briana. And if I could somehow convince her to let Jessica go, so much the better.

“Don’t you find it distracting? She’s just hanging there, watching us! Why do you need to keep her here? I’m here, now with you! Can’t you let her go?”



“You seem... awfully concerned for her.”

“I would feel awful if anyone was hurt because of a misunderstanding! Briana, listen: I’m here because I want to be with you. Please believe me. But I also think you should let her go.” I wasn’t even sure anymore how much of what I said was true.



Briana took a deep breath. She seemed to be considering what I had said. Then, without warning, she opened her hand and I tumbled out.

“Briana, careful! Hey!” I shouted in surprise as I desperately tried to grab onto her finger, but I was tumbling backwards, falling out of her grip. I was several dozen feet up; a fall like that might kill me. I flailed my arms as I plunged towards the ground. The wind was knocked from my lungs as I struck her skin; she had dropped me onto her leg, just above her knee.

A woman with long brown hair, wearing a black lace bikini, is sitting on a rooftop. She is looking down at her hands, which are resting on her knees. The rooftop is covered in rubble and debris, including a large pile of broken concrete blocks and a purple tarp. In the background, there are city buildings and a utility pole. The scene is lit with warm, golden light, suggesting sunset or sunrise. A small figure of a person is visible in the distance on the rooftop.

Her leg was at an angle, though, and it didn't stop me from falling; I continued to roll and tumble downward, falling past her knee and onto the ground. I lay there for a moment, dazed; I didn't think anything was broken, but I was sure I was going to be bruised the next day. I lifted myself up on my hands and knees and wheezed for a moment, until I was able to take deep breaths again, then grunted and slowly rolled over.



The sole of Briana's enormous shoe was hovering over me.

"Briana- what- what are you-"

"I think we need to try something new. I don't like how much she's on your mind. I don't like that you think about her even when you and I are supposed to be having a romantic evening together."

A cinematic scene set at sunset. A giant woman's leg, wearing a black high-heeled shoe with red accents and black ankle straps, is positioned as if about to step on a tiny man. The man, wearing a white tank top and red shorts, is lying on the ground amidst rubble in a destroyed city. The background shows damaged buildings and a warm, orange-hued sky.

She lowered her shoe, just a little bit. I stared up at it.

“So, obviously, what this means is that I need to keep your attention on me. I need to keep you focused. I want you to forget about everything else.”

A dramatic scene from an animated film. A massive, fair-skinned woman's leg, wearing a black and red high-heeled shoe with silver studs, dominates the right side of the frame. Her foot is positioned just inches above a tiny man lying on his back on a dark, cobblestone ground. The man is wearing a white shirt and red pants. The background is a dark, debris-strewn area with some wooden planks and scattered orange leaves. The lighting is warm and low, creating a sense of tension and scale.

She then slammed her shoe down into the ground right in front of me. I reacted just quickly enough to spread my legs so that she didn't crush my bones. The toe of her gigantic shoe was now just inches from my crotch, with my legs splayed out to either side. I tried to shout, but no sound came out of my mouth. I couldn't believe how close I had just come to being crushed. Each shoe must have weighed thousands of pounds, never mind the incredible weight of the woman wearing them.

“Are you focused now?” came Briana’s voice from high above me. It took me a moment to register the meaning of her words.

“Are you paying attention to me?” My mouth hung open. I couldn’t help but stare at the enormous shoe in front of me.



A woman with dark hair, wearing a black lace bikini, stands on a rooftop at sunset. She is looking down. The background shows a cityscape with a damaged building in the foreground and a modern building in the distance. A teddy bear and a framed photo are visible on the rooftop debris.

“I think it’s only fair, Ryan,” she said. “I would never, ever, in a million years, think about anyone else when I’m with you. Why would I? You’re all I want. You’re all I need. You’re all I think about. When you’re here with me, why would I want anything else?” She shifted her weight from one foot to the other, and swayed slowly from side to side, high above me. “All I want is the same thing from you. I’d never ask anything of you that I wasn’t willing to give myself.”

I'd been right up close to Briana before. I thought about that morning, when she had rubbed me against her pussy. The helplessness I'd felt in that situation was extreme; I had been unable to resist in even the smallest way, and I wasn't even sure that she had been completely awake at the time. I had even been partly inside of her. It made me understand her size in a totally new way.





I felt something very similar now. Even though I was on the ground, seeing her body stretch up – her long, smooth legs, reaching dozens of feet high, her enormous breasts even partially obscuring her face, and the top of her head taller than many of the nearby buildings – it gave me a whole new sense of the idea of *big*.

My dick stiffened at the sight of her. She towered above me like something all-powerful, like something that shouldn't even notice me, let alone want anything from me. But there she was. The longer I looked at her, the more blood pumped into my erection, which was pushing uncomfortably against my pants.

Briana's expression changed. "Ahh," she said, with some relief, I thought. "Are you enjoying this? Is this what you like? Oh, that's good, Ryan. That's so good." She laughed. "I guess we just need to keep trying things out until we find out what works. But I see now. You like it..." slowly, deliberately, she crouched down, moving her face closer to me. "...when things are... dangerous."



A dramatic scene from a video game showing a giant woman's legs, clad in red high-heeled sandals with black straps, descending from the top of the frame. The woman's legs are massive, filling most of the upper half of the image. She is standing on a dark, cobblestone street that is littered with debris, including broken bricks and wooden planks. In the lower-left corner, a small man in a white shirt and red pants is lying face down on the ground, looking up at the giant legs. The background shows a dilapidated building with a patterned curtain and a wooden fence. The lighting is warm and orange, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. A black text box with white text is overlaid on the left side of the image.

My heart rate sped up at those words. No, no, no, I thought, but my erection was struggling to get free even as I thought about what a terrible situation this had become.

“Well, in that case, Ryan,” she smiled, her legs blotting out the sky, “I’m going to give you what you want.”



Her shoe, still right in front of me, began to move as she pivoted on the ball of her foot and gently turned her shoe back and forth, grinding the ground between my legs. My mind went blank. I thought quickly about all of the close calls I'd experienced, when Briana had nearly hurt me, or even come close to killing me. What was she going to start doing now?

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a black lace bikini top and high heels, is crouching on a rooftop. She is holding a lighter and lighting a small tree on fire. The background shows a cityscape with a large building and a construction site. The scene is lit with a warm, orange glow.

Briana looked up at the sky. **“It’s starting to get dark,”** she commented. With a small, almost shy smile, she picked something up from next to the building. **“I think it’s time for me to set the mood.”**

I looked up and saw that she was carrying a huge lighter, and was lighting the tree on fire. What the hell... I thought. Why did she bring the tree here, and why was she burning it down?

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a black lace bikini top and orange shorts, is sitting on a rooftop. She is holding a small fire in her right hand, which is lit from a small white box. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The background shows a city skyline at sunset, with buildings and trees visible. A large tree is on the left, and a building is on the right. A purple cloth is draped over a railing behind her. A small blue and white box is on the ground in front of her.

She looked back down at me and smiled again, with a little bit of pride. “I thought that it would be nice if we could have a little candlelight for our date,” she explained as the tree ignited. “I couldn’t find a decent-sized candle at such short notice, but... I guess we sometimes just have to make do with what we have. Do you like it?”



I looked up at the tree that had started to burn. I wondered whether the fire might spread to some of the surrounding buildings, but then I realized that Briana probably didn't care. The yellow-orange glow of the fire started to illuminate her bedroom, and she started to rise up, slowly, to admire the ambiance she'd created.

"So, Ryan," she walked back toward her bed. **"Now that we have the right mood, and now that I know what you want..."** she trailed off and grinned. **"Oh, this is so exciting! There are so many fun things we can do now! I wouldn't have thought you'd be into... fear... but it works out pretty well for us that you are, doesn't it?"**



She sat down on her bed, facing me.
“**Anyway, now that we have the right mood... we should get started.**”
Get started? I thought. I gulped. With what? I’m sure I don’t like the sound of that.

She placed her gigantic foot on the ground, extending her long luscious leg before me. She raised her chin and nodded at her foot. “**Come over here, Ryan, and kiss my foot.**” I hesitated. “**Now,**” she thundered, when I didn’t immediately move. I started moving toward her. It took me a minute to get all the way to her foot – a distance she’d crossed in just a couple of seconds. She was tapping her foot impatiently on the ground, and when I got there, she held it right at my face level.

“**Go on. Kiss it.**”

I kissed her toe. I started with her big toe, rubbing along the sides of it with my hands, and kissing the front of it. I moved slowly over to her next toe, and repeated the same treatment. Despite my fears, my reservations, and my concern for Jessica, I found myself enjoying it. Her foot was so sexy. I wanted her to take her shoe off so that I could get to the rest of it. I wanted to climb up it, I wanted to get between her toes and under her sole. I tried to reach my arm between her second and third toes, and her shoe abruptly slammed down on the ground, nearly crushing my own foot.

“Oops,” she giggled. **“Careful. Don’t tickle me.”**





Did she do that on purpose? I thought. I couldn't be sure either way. But, as much as I hated to admit it, Briana was right. I took a deep breath, and felt my cock, which was as hard as a diamond, rubbing against the inside of my pants. This situation... Briana's complete power over me had turned me on something intense. And as much as I didn't want to admit it at that moment, I knew that Jessica would never be able to have this same effect on me.



The sun was setting and the sky was getting darker. The burning tree was casting everything around us in an eerie red glow. Thinking about Jessica, suddenly reminded me that she was still suspended high above me. I shook my head to clear it. *Remember why you're here, I thought to myself. Jessica could die if you don't do something to get her out of here. Think.* I realized I had stopped rubbing Briana's toe. I looked back up at her face to see her frowning down at me.



“What are you thinking about, Ryan?”

God damn it, how does she do that? I wondered.

“I’m just thinking about how incredibly sexy your foot is. I can’t believe how lucky I am to have a giantess girlfriend! This is absolutely incredible! I just want to explore your whole body!”

Well, I thought. Most of that was true.



Briana smiled down at me. **“That’s good, lover. That’s good. That’s what I want to hear. But I can’t help but think that you might still be a little... distracted.”**

“No way, I’m focused!” I called back up, pathetically.

She shook her head. **“No, I think we need to switch things up a little bit. I want you to feel... the urgency of the situation. That’s what you want, right?”**

“No, I’m... I’m really enjoying what we’ve got going on right now!”



Briana ignored my last comment and turned around, lying on her belly on her giant-sized bed. She started to crawl away from me. **“Uh, Briana?”** I called back. I had a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach, and I didn’t think I was going to like what she was about to do. **“I... I can’t reach you when you climb up on your bed like that! Are you... are you going to lift me up?”**



Briana crawled until she was directly under where Jessica was suspended, then turned around and crouched down, positioning herself so that her face was in front of Jessica.

“**Hello,**” she said. She spoke softly, but with a kick of sadistic glee.

Jessica, at this point, also must have realized that she wasn’t going to enjoy what Briana was about to do, and started screaming.



“Ryan! Ryan, oh god, help me please! Do something! Ryan! This crazy bitch is going to fucking eat me!”

Briana held her arms out to balance herself and rose up slightly, to position her mouth directly underneath Jessica’s kicking legs. She opened wide.



Jessica started to shift her weight around so that she swung back and forth. Briana didn't seem to care. She knew that Jessica wasn't going to be able to go anywhere. The firelight shone on her, turning her skin a reddish hue. I stood in place, rooted to the spot, in shock and horror. *Oh god, I thought, is she actually going to do it? She wouldn't...*

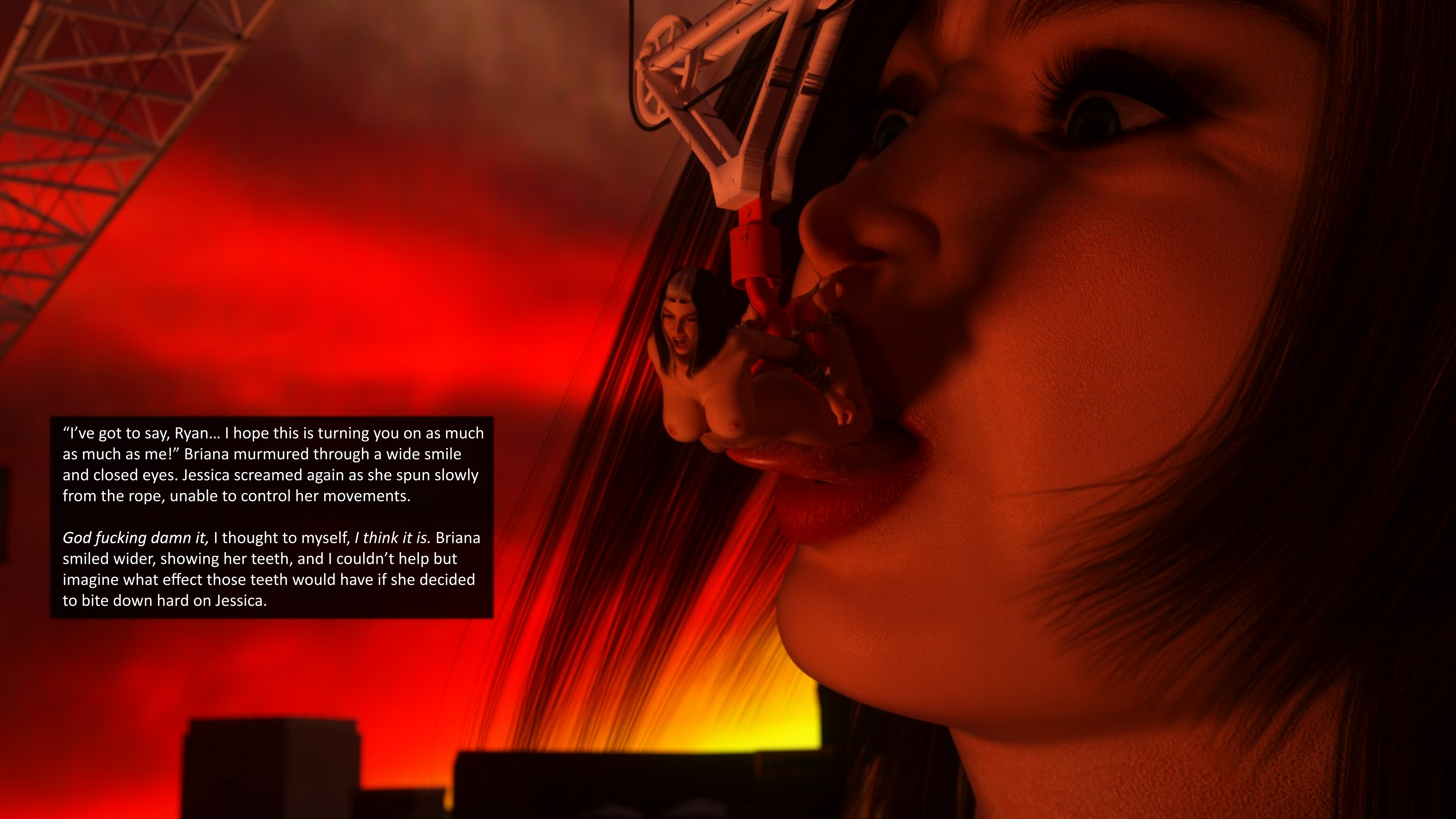
...would she?



Briana positioned herself to take Jessica into her mouth. Her hot breath washed over her, and Jessica stopped screaming in words, and more in short gasps, as though she were hyperventilating. She started kicking frantically, connecting a couple of times against Briana's teeth and lips, but Briana seemed hardly even to notice. Once again, I thought about the Councilwoman's admonishment to Briana not to eat people. *It's true*, I thought. *She's going to fucking eat her.*

But no; she didn't bite into her. There was no crunch, no blood; Jessica continued to scream, but they were screams of panic, not of pain. Briana extended her tongue, and licked Jessica's body, her gigantic tongue covering her entire belly, right up to her naked breasts. Jessica closed her eyes and continued to howl.



A close-up, low-angle shot of a woman's face, looking upwards with a wide-eyed, intense expression. Her mouth is slightly open, and a small, nude female figure is hanging from her lower lip. The background is a blurred, red-lit structure, possibly a roller coaster, with a bright yellow light source visible in the distance. The overall mood is surreal and provocative.

“I’ve got to say, Ryan... I hope this is turning you on as much as much as me!” Briana murmured through a wide smile and closed eyes. Jessica screamed again as she spun slowly from the rope, unable to control her movements.

God fucking damn it, I thought to myself, *I think it is*. Briana smiled wider, showing her teeth, and I couldn’t help but imagine what effect those teeth would have if she decided to bite down hard on Jessica.



Briana pulled back and licked her lips, savoring the flavor of Jessica's skin. Jessica stopped screaming, as her life was no longer in imminent danger, but continued to whimper as she dangled in the sky. Briana looked down at me, and saw how I was rooted to the spot. **"Did that do it for you? Did it turn you on to see how easily I could have crushed her? I could have bitten her in half. It wouldn't have been hard. Just..."** she bit the air, grinding her teeth against each other. **"...like that."**



“And now, for you...” she leaned forward and started to crawl along her bed back toward me. I had a moment of panic and had to stop myself from turning around and running away. I had never had so many strong feelings that were so contradictory in my life. I wanted desperately to fuck her... however that would work... but I also wanted desperately to get as far away as possible. At the same time.



“You’re going to show me how a good, little, obedient boyfriend acts. Understand?” she spoke down to me. I had never seen her act like this. I was frightened, but loved it at the same time.

“And if you don’t... well... I can get awfully hungry when I’m angry...” I knew she was putting on an act for me... but I had a bad feeling that it may have been more real than she was letting on.

A woman with long brown hair, wearing a black dress and multiple black bangles on her left wrist, stands on a rooftop. She is holding a black high-heeled shoe over her head with her left hand, while her right hand rests on the edge of the roof. The background features a tall, modern building with a grid-like facade on the left and a hazy, orange-tinted sky on the right. The scene is lit with warm, low-angle light, creating a dramatic and menacing atmosphere.

She swung her body over and brought her foot down toward me. I stepped backward reflexively, even though I knew there was no way I could outrun her. But she didn't stamp her foot down, she didn't even pretend to try and crush me. She just held it over me, menacingly.

“Get a good look at the bottom of my shoe, boy,” she said.

Boy? I thought. I didn't dare speak that thought aloud, however.



“I want you to do exactly what I tell you to. And if you don’t... you’re going to get much more closely acquainted with it. Got it?”

Dumbly, I nodded.

She paused before speaking again. I think she was savoring this moment, just like she had savored taking Jessica into her mouth. The difference was that I didn’t think she was actually going to crush me. A chill went down my spine. *Why exactly do I think that?* I wondered. *And how sure am I of it?*

A person is seen from behind, standing in a dark, industrial environment. They are wearing a white long-sleeved shirt and dark jeans. Their arms are raised, and they appear to be looking at something out of frame. The lighting is dim and warm, creating a moody atmosphere. In the background, there are some mechanical parts and a person's leg in a red sock and sandal.

“Then strip.”

I hesitated just for a second, then quickly began taking off my clothes. The cool air against my skin felt good, and in fact made me even more aroused. The idea of fucking outside had always been something I’d loved, and I’d managed to convince Briana to do it once before, when she...

Well, when she was human. I finished my thought. Memories floated through my head. They were good, fun memories, but the contrast between that day and the reality in front of me was awful.

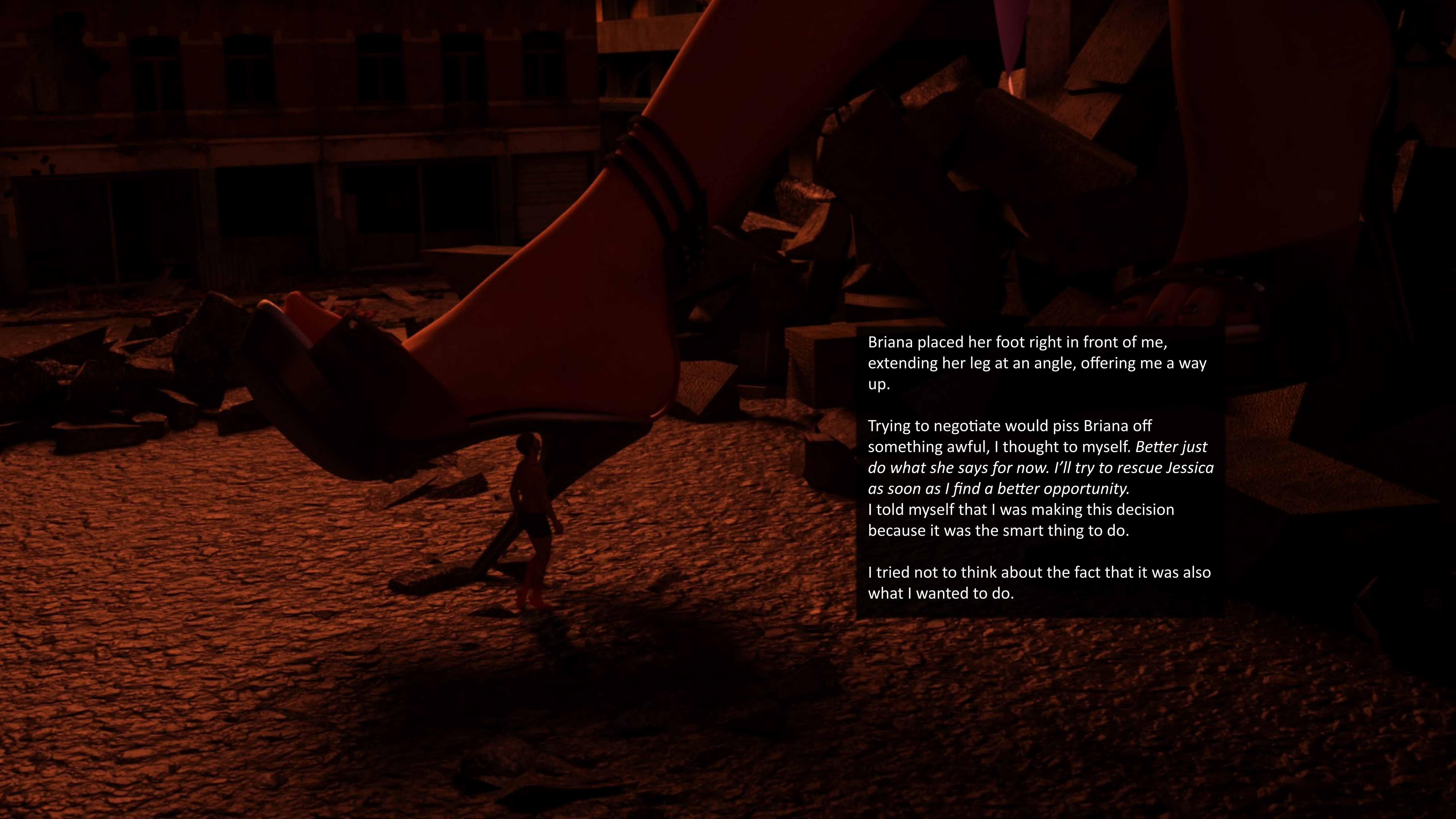
Briana licked her lips as she looked down at me. I'd finished stripping, and stood nearly naked before her. She began to rub her nipples, smirking down at me. **“Good. Good start. Now, boy, I want you to make me cum.”**

This time, I hesitated for longer. Now came time to make a choice. I knew that the main reason I had come was to rescue Jessica. Briana had already threatened her life a couple of times, and I knew that the sooner she could get out of her, the better- for everyone. I could try to negotiate, I thought. *I could try and get her out of here before I continue.*





But my judgment was clouded by the incredible sexuality of the giantess in front of me. I wanted so badly to make her cum, just like she'd told me to. And, though I didn't want to admit it to myself, the sight of her playing with Jessica's life had been the hottest thing I'd ever seen in my life.



Briana placed her foot right in front of me, extending her leg at an angle, offering me a way up.

Trying to negotiate would piss Briana off something awful, I thought to myself. *Better just do what she says for now. I'll try to rescue Jessica as soon as I find a better opportunity.* I told myself that I was making this decision because it was the smart thing to do.

I tried not to think about the fact that it was also what I wanted to do.



I stepped up on the heel of her shoe and used it as support to jump up and grab onto her insole. From there, I swung myself up so I wasn't hanging down. It wasn't easy, but I eventually managed to bring my body up and support my feet on her insole. From there, it was easy to climb up onto the top of her foot.

Well, I'm here, I thought to myself. I'm doing this. May as well enjoy it.



I clamped my knees over the top of her foot and kept my balance that way while I felt her ankle with my hands, trying to find out where I could grab on and lift myself up. I took longer than I needed to, because... well, because I wanted to stay safe, but also because I couldn't stop thinking to myself *I'm climbing up my giantess girlfriend's ankle*. My erection was throbbing in my underwear as I moved slowly upwards.



Briana's leg wasn't perfectly still. She was a living, breathing person, and her leg moved back and forth, swaying gently. She occasionally jerked it slightly and giggled, in response to being tickled by my tiny hands or legs. Her skin was so warm and soft, pressing my body against it was one of the most comfortable, most inviting sensations I'd ever felt.

I made my way, slowly, up her leg. It took me the better part of half an hour to get past her knee, but neither of us was complaining. I'm not even sure which one of us enjoyed it more. As I climbed, she started masturbating gently, waiting patiently for me to get to her crotch. The sky darkened slowly.

When I finally made my way up past her thigh, the sun had set and I could see what I was doing only by the light of the burning tree. Her lace underwear was in front of me. The gaps in the lace were almost big enough for me to put my hand through, and her pussy was completely visible through it. I grabbed onto the elastic and tried to figure out how I could position myself to wriggle my way inside.



I swung my weight over sideways to try and grab a better handhold, but I didn't expect the elastic to move the way it did, and I found myself totally unable to reach the spot I had hoped to grab. I flailed and shouted in surprise. I grabbed on reflexively, as best I could, and luckily I was able to stop myself from falling. I found myself dangling, dozens of feet up in the air, from Briana's lingerie. I wasn't sure I'd be able to lift myself up from there. Her gigantic pussy was just a few feet away from me, taunting, tantalizing.





Briana gasped. “***Ryan!***” she shouted in concern. She reached down to grab me in her enormous fingers. Her entire body jerked with her sudden movement and I actually almost lost my grip on her lingerie. Her hand blocked out the light and the heat from the fire, though the warmth of her hand was just as powerful. Her hands were slippery with her juices; the scent of her vagina was all over the skin of her fingers.

I felt, on one hand, a curious feeling of shame-as though I had somehow failed at something. I was supposed to climb up by myself and make her cum! That was my job! But being wrapped up in her fingers was also strangely comforting, reassuring, knowing that she would be there to take care of me and to protect me from harm.

As she moved me toward her labia, I felt a rush of apprehension mixed with anticipation. My erection craved release.





In I went; Briana pushed me, much more gently than the last time, just above her labia. Having learned from the last time, I held my breath to make sure I wasn't caught off-guard, but Briana didn't shove me in, and my face was never pressed against her. I started to breathe normally and rested my back against her fingers. She started to rub my chest and dick against her clitoris, and she moaned in pleasure.

Almost immediately, there came a flow of her juices, dripping from out of her. The slippery fluid coated my legs, and I started to rub my body against her, taking the initiative. Briana gasped in surprise, then stopped moving her hand, letting me do the work. I held on to her public hairs for support and moved my entire body up and against her.





“Oh God, Ryan, yes, keep doing that!” Her voice boomed down from above me. I felt a surge of pride. *It’s not about how big you are...* I thought to myself. *It’s all about the way you move.*



Briana's giant hand kept me supported in place while I worked on her clitoris with my chest. I lifted myself up by my arms, using her hand as support, and continued to massage her clitoris with my chest.



Briana almost immediately started to shout in pleasure; she was so primed for orgasm that it only took a tiny bit of stimulation on my part to set her off.



Up and down, I rubbed my body against her. I rubbed my dick against her labia at the same time; it was slick and slippery, and the smell coming from inside of her was almost overpowering. It was intoxicating, in the best way. I forgot, for a moment, about everything that existed outside of her underwear.



After a few minutes, my arms began to get tired – it was almost like doing chin-ups. I pulled myself up until I couldn't pull up any more, then allowed myself to fall backwards, resting my back in her hand.



I extended my arm, and reached into her pussy as far as I could. I had my shoulder up against her labia, and I was able to extend my arm completely. I wasn't sure, but I thought I probably could have pushed even further.

The movement of Briana's body changed, in reaction to my own movements changing; she let out a long, low growl, that I felt as much as I heard. It seemed that her whole body was shaking with sexual pleasure.



Briana's crotch throbbed around me; I was so surrounded by her that I could actually feel her pulse. It was fast- in fact I was sure it was actually speeding up. I sped up my own movements.



I thought I could hear a noise that alarmed me, very faintly. The sound of Briana shouting in orgasm was so loud as to drown out everything else around us, but when she gasped for breath, I thought I could hear a high scream, coming from far above us.





Was that Jessica screaming? What must this be like, for her, to watch this? To watch me fucking my giantess ex-girlfriend, who had kidnapped her, threatened and pretended to eat her, and forcing her to watch this?



A thought occurred to me. I looked at her clitoris. I thought it seemed... larger than it had earlier? It was hard to tell. But the thought sent a chill down my spine. *Is Briana growing?* I wondered.



How is that...? Is that even...? I thought back to what she said. I hadn't thought about this before I decided to go along with her, before I decided to fuck her. This was not what I had had in mind.



I put both of my hands on it, on either side, and Briana jumped with the sensation. I held on, as tightly as I could, and sure enough, I thought I could actually feel her flesh expanding. I was just so small and so close that it wasn't easy for me to tell. She was already enormous; what was a few more feet of height?



And the difference in our sizes was only growing.



“Briana!” I shouted, but I don’t think she even heard me. If she did, she didn’t show any reaction at all. She just continued to cry out in pleasure, with her head tilted back toward the sky. After a moment, she brought her hand forward, with me on it, and slammed my face and chest against her pussy.



I groaned as the wind was knocked from my lungs. I took a mouthful of Briana's juices into my mouth, and started choking on them. Briana didn't notice. She just kept rubbing me against her.



Now I was sure she was larger. A lot larger. I actually thought I might be inserted into her vagina. Back on the beach that morning, that was not a question I'd had to ask myself. All she could insert was my head. Now, though – now, my shoulders would easily be able to slip inside.



I started to frantically try to press my hands against her, and push myself away from her – I did not want to be inserted into her vagina.



I shouted her name again, but she was still screaming, drowning out my voice in her own. There was no way she could have heard me. I tried to take a moment to think about how I could attract her attention, when her hand shoved me, hard, against her again.



I shook my head, trying to reorient myself. I was dizzy, and I'm not sure how much of it was from hitting my head, from lack of fresh air, and from my blood all pumping into my erection.



I couldn't get over how quickly this had turned from the most incredible sexual experience of my life to one that made me fear for my life – again. The dissonance was awful. In a panic, I made a fist and punched her crotch as hard as I could. Again, I don't think she even noticed.



“Oh, Ryan!” she called out. “**I’m getting bigger! I’m growing again!**” She started laughing, a terrifying, ominous sound that echoed throughout the abandoned buildings that surrounded us. She was in a state of pure bliss, and I knew, from experience, that that meant danger for me.



“My fucking... oh God... my tits are getting bigger too!”

What the fuck? I thought. That’s just... that’s just cruel. That is so unfair. I tried, again, to push myself from her body, but her hand slammed me, again, against her clitoris.



At least she isn't trying to use me like a dildo, I thought to myself. Yet. I shivered, despite the intense heat, and hoped that she wouldn't think about that. I wondered how long I could hold my breath.



“Oh, Ryan, this is... aaaahhhh... I’m still coming!” As she got bigger, her cries became louder. Even down at her crotch, dozens of feet away from her mouth, I clapped my hands over my ears to try and protect my eardrums.

I was suddenly falling, as she stopped pressing me against her clitoris, and started rubbing herself rapidly, frantically, with her fingers. I landed in the mesh of her underwear, which felt almost like a giant hammock. There was almost no give to it, though; it was stretched taut as a drum.





I turned around so that I was on my back, and looked up at her gigantic hand, stroking and rubbing her pussy. Her middle finger alone was easily twice as long as I was, and it disappeared into her pussy, over and over again. She continued to grow and to stretch her underwear tighter and tighter.



I wasn't sure whether she noticed that I was no longer under her hand, but I was grateful to have been removed from that intense action. Briana inserted her finger faster and faster; it was clear she was about to come again. My attention returned, though, to her underwear, which I was still resting on. It was being pulled far more than it could have been meant to handle. *How much longer...* I wondered.



I didn't need to wonder long; she came again and screamed it out to the world, and at the same time, her underwear burst. I felt a sudden drop as my support disappeared from under me. Frantically, I tried to grab on to one of her fingers, which was now far larger than it had been the last time. My arms couldn't even get halfway around it, and it was slippery from her juices. I started to slip down.

Again, she pressed me hard against her crotch, knocking the wind from my lungs. I was grateful, though; she stopped me from falling.

Above me, Briana started to laugh again, a low, slow chuckle. **“Oh my God, oh my God, that was incredible! Ryan! You are... so fucking good at this! Oh... oh, come here, and let me give you a kiss.”**





I started to protest, but she was already moving her hand away from her body, removing all of the pressure that was keeping me from falling. Desperately, I tried to grab on to one of her pubic hairs, but, like everything else around me, it was too slippery to allow me to get any kind of grip. I caught a glimpse of Jessica, still tied up, hanging well out of my reach.



I continued to grab at the empty air long, out of sheer reflex, after her pubic hair was out of my reach. Briana looked down at my in horror as I fell further and further away from her. I didn't scream; I was too exhausted. I fell for what seemed like a long, long time.

END OF PART 3



DELETED IMAGES





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