



OBSESSIVELY ATTRACTED GIANTESS 4

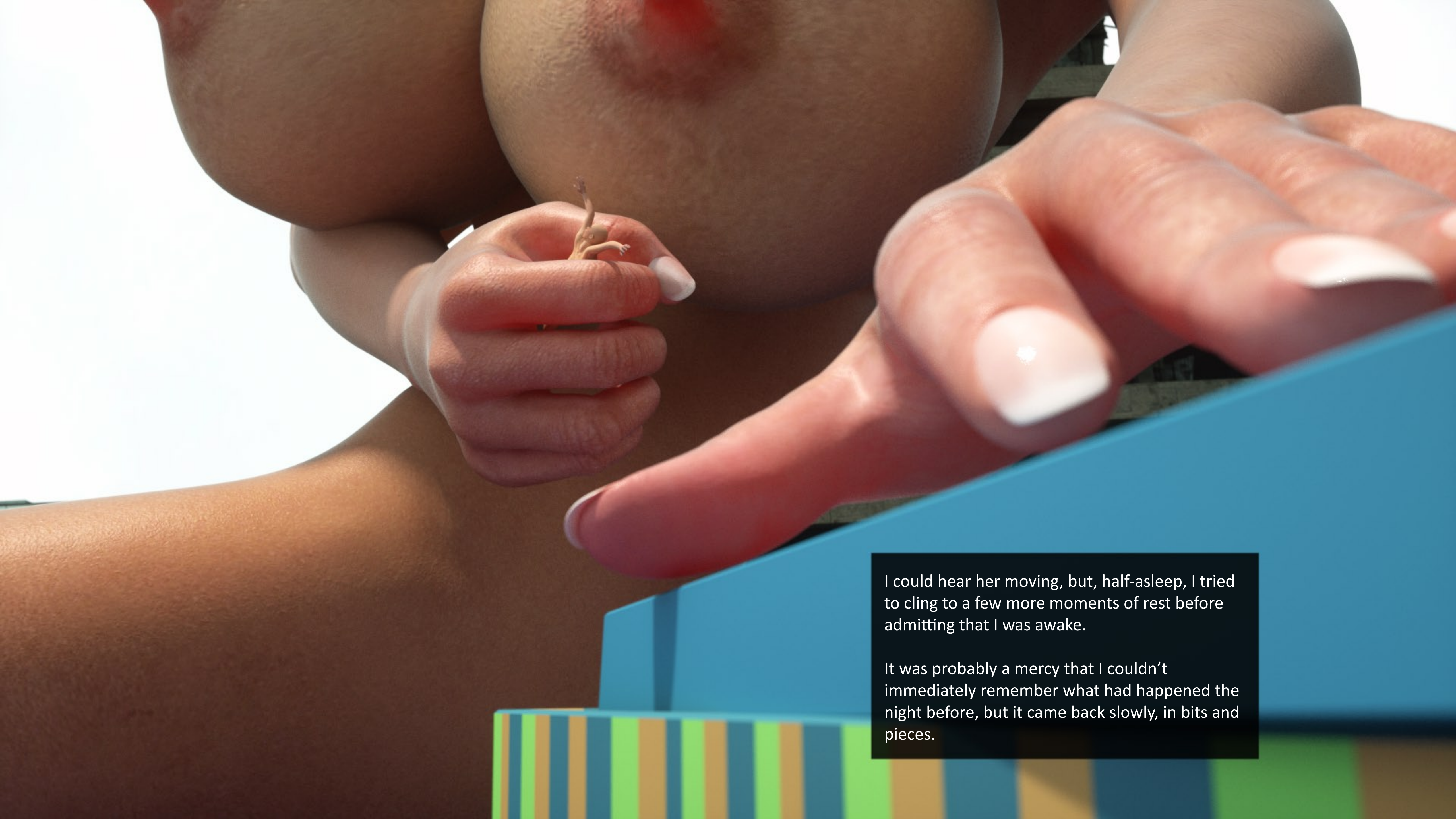
REDFIREDOG + FEELSKIN



I woke up slowly, with a massive pain all over my body and a case of morning amnesia.

Brianna was humming. I couldn't place the song, but I found myself humming along with her anyway, following the melody, quietly, before I even opened my eyes. I caught myself humming and stopped. What is that song? That's the same song she was humming last night. But what is it? And why is it so familiar?





I could hear her moving, but, half-asleep, I tried to cling to a few more moments of rest before admitting that I was awake.

It was probably a mercy that I couldn't immediately remember what had happened the night before, but it came back slowly, in bits and pieces.



The first thing I remembered was the sex Briana and I had had. Oh, god, the sex. My dick twitched at the memory of it. I hadn't even gotten off myself – Briana was the only one who'd come – but my god, that was the most incredible thing I could imagine.

I heard a small voice – it sounded like it was in distress, but I couldn't be sure, it was only a fragment – and my eyes opened.



My eyes naturally, irresistibly drifted over to Briana's towering enormous form. She was larger than anything else around, and it would have been impossible not to look at her. Her very presence demanded attention. She seemed not to know that I was awake.

It was then that I remembered that she'd grown. She'd grown while I'd been partially inside her. Looking up at her now was a surreal experience. She's grown even more. How? Why? She filled nearly my entire field of vision, and occupied all of my attention. She was like a building, or a mountain, more like a feature of the landscape than a person.

Briana seemed to be holding something in her hand, and that tiny voice came back to me. I was able to focus more on it, and it was clearly a person shouting about something, though the words were still indistinct. My vision was still blurry from my sleep – I rubbed my eyes to clear them, and looked again.

She was holding a person in her hand.





I didn't know who she was, or where she'd come from, or why, but Briana was holding her over her mouth, dangling her playfully while the woman screamed and clutched desperately to her enormous fingers.

Briana no longer seemed like part of the landscape, but like something out of a wet dream, or a nightmare, or one of those bizarre dreams that are somehow both at once.

My eyes shot open. I was awake.
And so was my cock; it hardened quickly, almost
painfully at the sight of it.

I couldn't tear my eyes away from the spectacle. I knew –
I knew exactly what was about to happen, and I cursed
myself for watching; it was almost enough to make me
shout out for her to stop.

Almost.



A close-up, high-angle shot of a giantess woman's face. She has long, dark brown hair, blue eyes, and vibrant rainbow-colored eye makeup. Her mouth is open, revealing a pink tongue and white teeth. A tiny, nude woman is lying on her back on the tongue, with her arms raised. The giantess's hand, with white-painted fingernails, is visible near her mouth. The background is a dark, textured surface, possibly a building or a wall.

“Down you go,” she said finally, and let go of the woman, who, after one final flailing attempt to grab on to her fingers, tumbled through the air and landed on Briana’s tongue. Briana didn’t close her mouth immediately, allowing the woman a few seconds to try and orient herself and clamber out of the giantess’ mouth.



Briana seemed to enjoy it; she didn't speak, simply enjoying the feeling of a person trying desperately to escape her fate, slipping on Briana's tongue, trying to use her teeth to lift herself out.

My dick throbbed, pressing against my underwear. It was like a diamond.

Her lips closed and she swallowed. My blood ran cold. I didn't know if Briana had killed the woman in her mouth, or if she had swallowed her alive, leaving her to be digested, but either way, the woman was gone.





Briana turned and looked at me.

For a moment, I was terrified that she was going to do the same thing to me. Then I reminded myself of what had happened last night, of how she spoke to me, of how she adored me.

Briana wouldn't hurt me... right?

As her eyes focused on me, I gulped, not as confident as I'd have liked about the answer to that question.

She smiled brightly. I managed to relax, just a little bit. "Good morning, sleepyhead. How are you feeling?" Her voice boomed all around me, echoing off the buildings. Even when she spoke at a low tone, it made the earth rumble. Weirdly enough, though, I was almost starting to get used to it.

"Uh..." I started to sit up. Do I... do I mention the fact that she ate a person? I winced in pain. "I kinda hurt." Coward.



“Aww.” She reached down slowly, gently, and started to pick me up in between her massive thumb and index. Last time she’d picked me up, she’s used her whole hand. Now, she was far too large for that. I’d be lost inside her fist. Two fingers were all she used.





She held me up in front of her face. I couldn't see anything but her.

"Oh Ryan, I'm happy you're awake. You took a bit of a tumble, but everything's okay. I've been taking very good care of you. I mean..." she licked her lips and smiled with one corner of her mouth. "...it was the least I could do after you took such good care of me last night." Her eyes lost focus for a moment as she recalled the sex of the previous night. "But anyway, I've been waiting for you to wake! How are you feeling?"



“I’m alright, I think.” I managed to answer. “My arm hurts, kinda, but...” I moved my arms and legs experimentally. “I don’t think anything’s sprained. Just a little bruised.”

“Oh, that’s good.” She smiled, showing me all of her teeth. She must have chewed on the woman, because there was a bit of red visible on her teeth when she smiled. I knew it had to be part of the remains of the poor woman she’d just eaten.

She dropped me onto the blanket, in between her legs. I braced myself for a rough fall, and sure enough, I was slightly winded when I struck the bed. But she had been careful enough that I wasn't seriously hurt, just a little roughed up.





Sitting there, between her thighs, with her enormous pussy before me, was surreal. The smell of her sex wafted through the air and I stared up at it. Her clitoris was too high for me to reach. It was surreal.



“Did you like that?”

“Uh... did I like what?”

My dick throbbed. I kept absolutely still, hoping she wouldn't notice. I couldn't even have told you why I didn't want her to see it. It would have been perfectly believable just to say that she was so hot she was giving me morning wood. It was even true! But my mind rejected the arousal was feeling at her cruelty, at her violence, at her *consumption* of people.



“Come on. I know you saw.”

I wanted to know that I had made a mistake. I wanted to know that she hadn't really done what I'd just seen her do, I wanted it not to be true. I couldn't bear the thought of Briana hurting any more people, and I definitely couldn't handle the idea that I was getting turned on by it. At the same time, I wanted desperately to see her do it again. It was an awful feeling, like being pulled in opposite directions at once. I didn't know what to say.



Luckily (or unluckily, depending on your point of view), it wasn't actually my decision to make. As much as I didn't want to admit it, I actually had almost no control over the situation, and certainly none over Briana.

I swallowed. *God dammit.* "Yeah. I did."

She smiled, her eyes flickering down to the tent in my pants. "Yeah, you sure did. Well, I have good news for you. I'm going to put on a bit of... a show for you."

She reached over and removed the lid of the brightly coloured box I'd noticed earlier, and from inside, I could hear cries of surprise and fear. My cock responded immediately and strongly – I could feel the blood pulsing through it, making it quiver against my underwear.

“Oh god,” I whispered to myself, both out of horror at what was about to happen, and also in anticipation of seeing Briana put on a show for me. A violent, frightening, but very exciting show.





“I’ve got a surprise for you. Something I think you’re going to enjoy.”

I could hear screams coming from inside the box.

Oh god, what is she going to do? I thought with apprehension. At the same time, something in her voice told me that she was probably absolutely correct. I was going to enjoy this.



Briana brought her giant hand down into the box, and the cries intensified. *How many people does she have in there?* I thought. *Where did they come from?* I tried to keep my mind focused on the horror of what was happening, but it was so hard when the sexuality of it was so overwhelming.

She brought her fist up to her face and smiled at it. A tangle of limbs and skin stuck out from between her fingers. I couldn't tell whether the people inside were screaming from fear or pain, or both.

"Good morning, little ones," she leered at them. "It's breakfast time."

A fresh round of cries reached my ears.
What am I doing? I thought.





She held them up above her face and opened her mouth slowly, teasingly, with great pleasure, savoring their terror. “Stop wriggling,” she said sternly. “I want to get this right.”

This had no effect that I could hear. The women seemed to continue to scream and fight, only for Briana to shrug and open her mouth again.

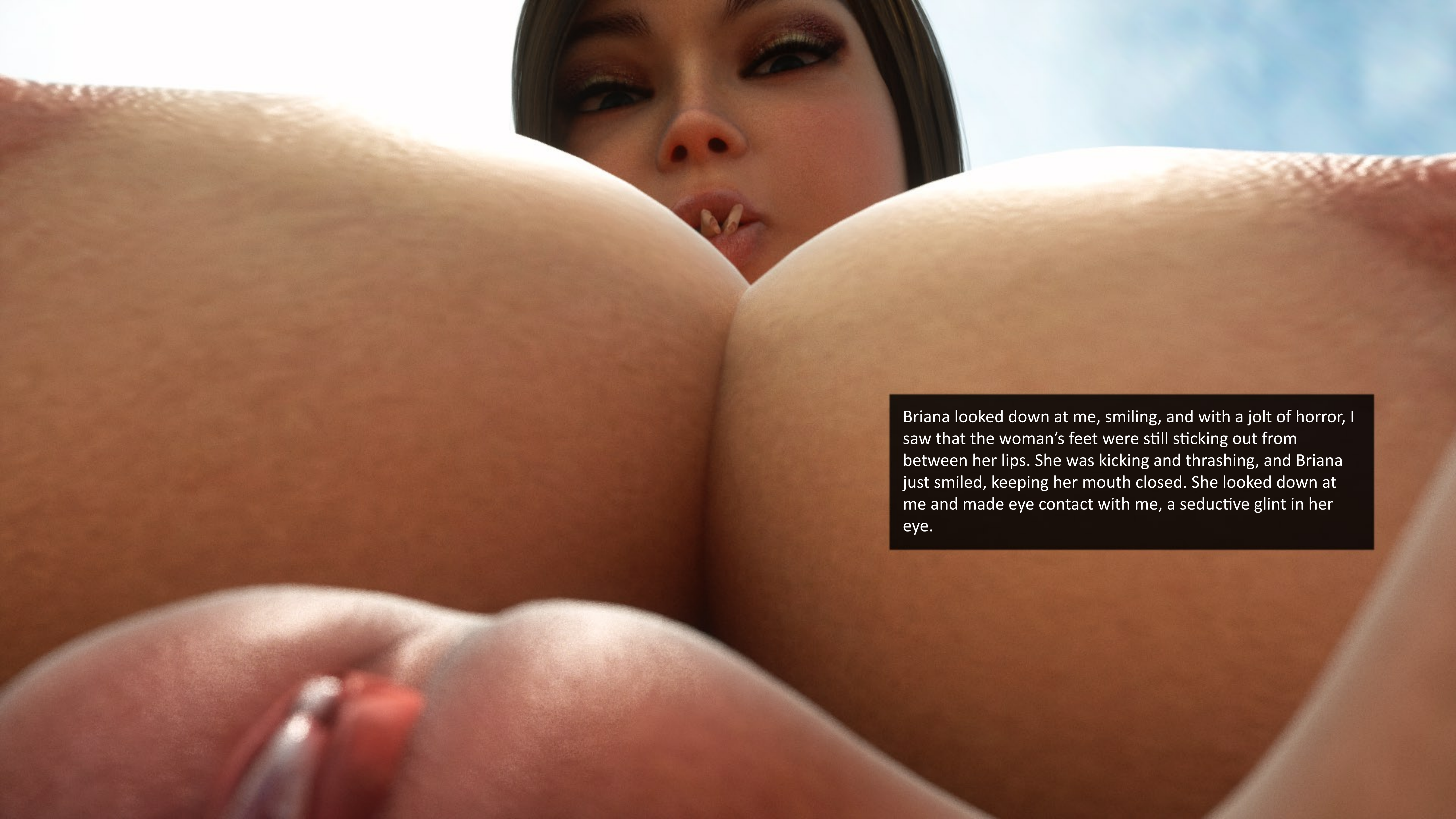


With a light shake, one of the women tumbled out of her hand and fell toward her mouth, spinning head over feet as she fell.

I almost couldn't watch. I brought my hands up to my face to cover my eyes, but didn't quite cover them completely. I still wanted to see.

I saw a flash of kicking legs, and the woman disappeared into Briana's mouth. Suddenly, there were two voices shouting instead of three. Briana's enormous breasts almost blocked my view, but the sight of that woman disappearing in between her jaws was seared into my brain. I knew that was something I would never forget.





Briana looked down at me, smiling, and with a jolt of horror, I saw that the woman's feet were still sticking out from between her lips. She was kicking and thrashing, and Briana just smiled, keeping her mouth closed. She looked down at me and made eye contact with me, a seductive glint in her eye.

Suddenly, the smell of Briana's pussy grew stronger. She wasn't touching herself, but she was obviously getting off by having that woman in her mouth. My gaze moved down to her crotch, then back up to her face. She raised an eyebrow suggestively, that pair of feet still sticking out of her mouth.





She held that position for at least half a minute, making it clear how much she enjoyed playing with her food. I was mesmerized. I couldn't speak, I couldn't move, I could barely breathe. The sight of my giantess girlfriend holding that woman in her mouth was something I had never imagined, had never conceived of. *What is happening to me?* I thought.



Briana started gyrating her hips, ever so slightly, ever so slowly, just enough to let me know that she was getting aroused. She loomed above me, my gorgeous, violent, horny, destructive girlfriend. The two women still in her hand were still crying for mercy, but Briana ignored them completely. If anything, she enjoyed hearing them.



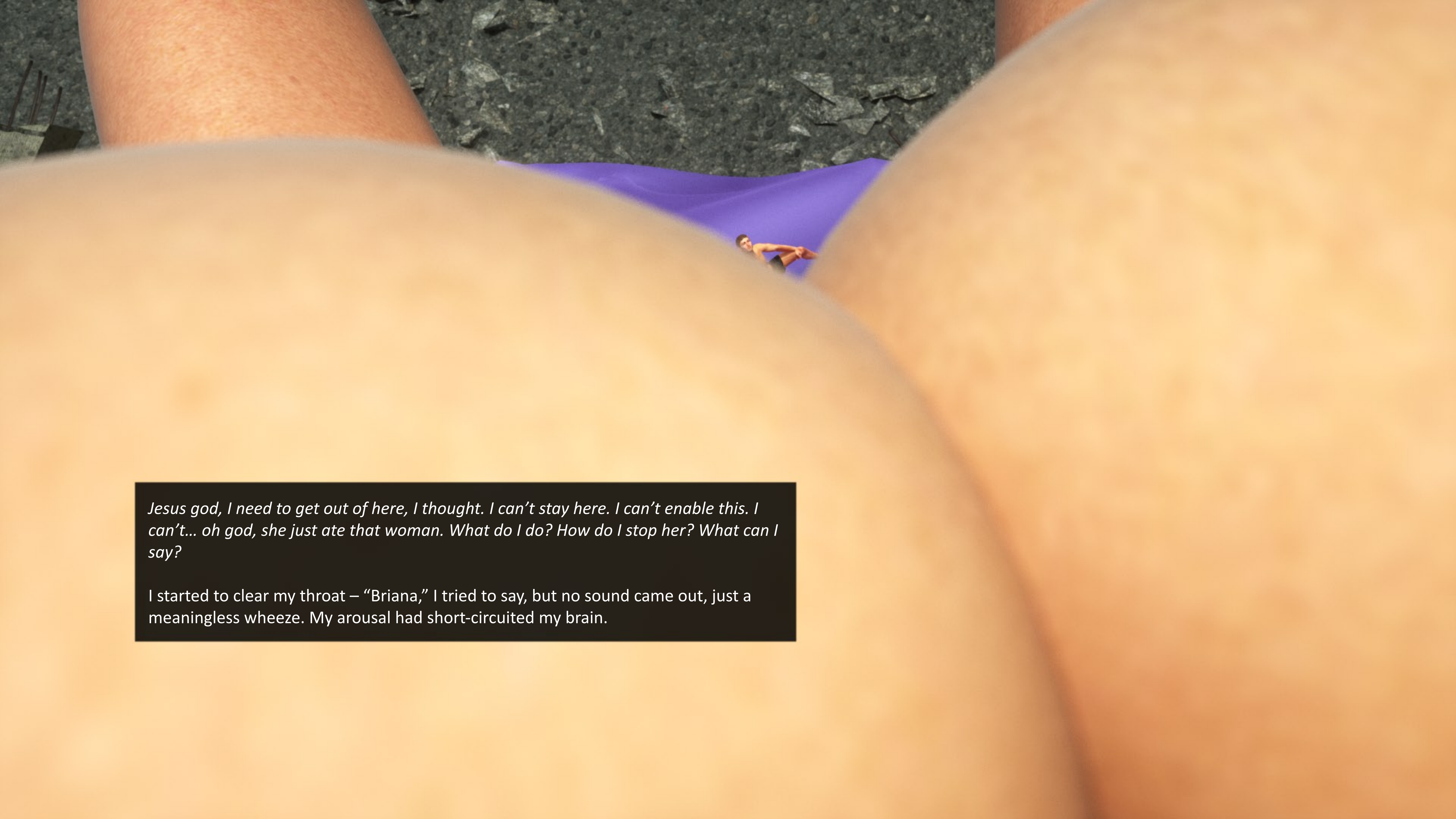
With a loud slurp, she sucked the woman into her mouth, making her disappear, and I knew that she was gone. She smiled down at me again.

“Sorry for the pause in conversation,” she said with a smirk,
“but I was always taught not to talk with my mouth full.”



A woman with long dark hair and large breasts is shown from the chest up. She is holding a red apple in her right hand. The background features a blue sky with a construction crane. A black text box is overlaid on the left side of the image.

“How does it feel, Ryan? All this is for you. If this is what you like, then this is what you’ll get. Just imagine waking up every morning and watching me eat my breakfast. Just like this. You’ll have breakfast prepared for you, too. We’ll have humans working for us. We won’t have to pay them, either. Because,” she giggled, “I’ll just fucking kill them if they don’t.”



Jesus god, I need to get out of here, I thought. I can't stay here. I can't enable this. I can't... oh god, she just ate that woman. What do I do? How do I stop her? What can I say?

I started to clear my throat – “Briana,” I tried to say, but no sound came out, just a meaningless wheeze. My arousal had short-circuited my brain.

What was wrong with me? Here I was, surrounded by the ruins of a city that I was almost certain Briana single-handedly destroyed. I was sitting in the shadow of a murderous giant who could crush me like a bug. And yet, not only was I not scared, I was turned on.

My mind kept going back to the image of her chewing on that girl. I had to say something to break the tension, but I couldn't think straight. *What should I say? What can I say?*

"Do you always chew them up like that?" I blurted out.



It suddenly occurred to me that the girls in Briana's hand almost certainly heard me say that, but they were apparently too terrified to respond.

"Heh, umm... no, not always," Briana said with an awkward chuckle. "Sometimes it's fun to just swallow them whole, like I used to do with goldfish sometimes. But it's the same thing as when anyone eats. It feels good to chew it, and also, when you're eating something good, you usually want to... taste your food. Right?"

I didn't know what to say, and I could tell my silence was making her a little bit self-conscious.

"But," she continued, "I mean, I don't usually chew them up all the way or anything. Just enough to get a little bit of... flavor. That... sounds messed up, I know. I'm sorry, I'm not used to talking about this kind of thing, at least not except for when I'm fucking with someone who I'm about to... eat."





She was getting noticeably embarrassed. In spite of the circumstances, I couldn't help but find her awkward expression cute.

"I... is that gross?" She asked me. "I can just swallow them next time if you like that better."

"No, not at all! I mean, it's not that, it's just..."

"Oh crap, did the last one make a mess? Do I have some of her on my teeth? I can try to get her off with my tongue really quick... Is that better?"

"Yeah," I said, trying to change the subject, even though I could still see some subtle bloodstains on her teeth. "The main thing I was wondering is... you, like, have to eat them, right?"

"I mean, yeah! Well, not like, people, specifically. I guess I could eat something else. But there are a lot of people all around, and when you're my size, they're easy to take. And I've gotten a bit of a taste for them... girls in particular!"

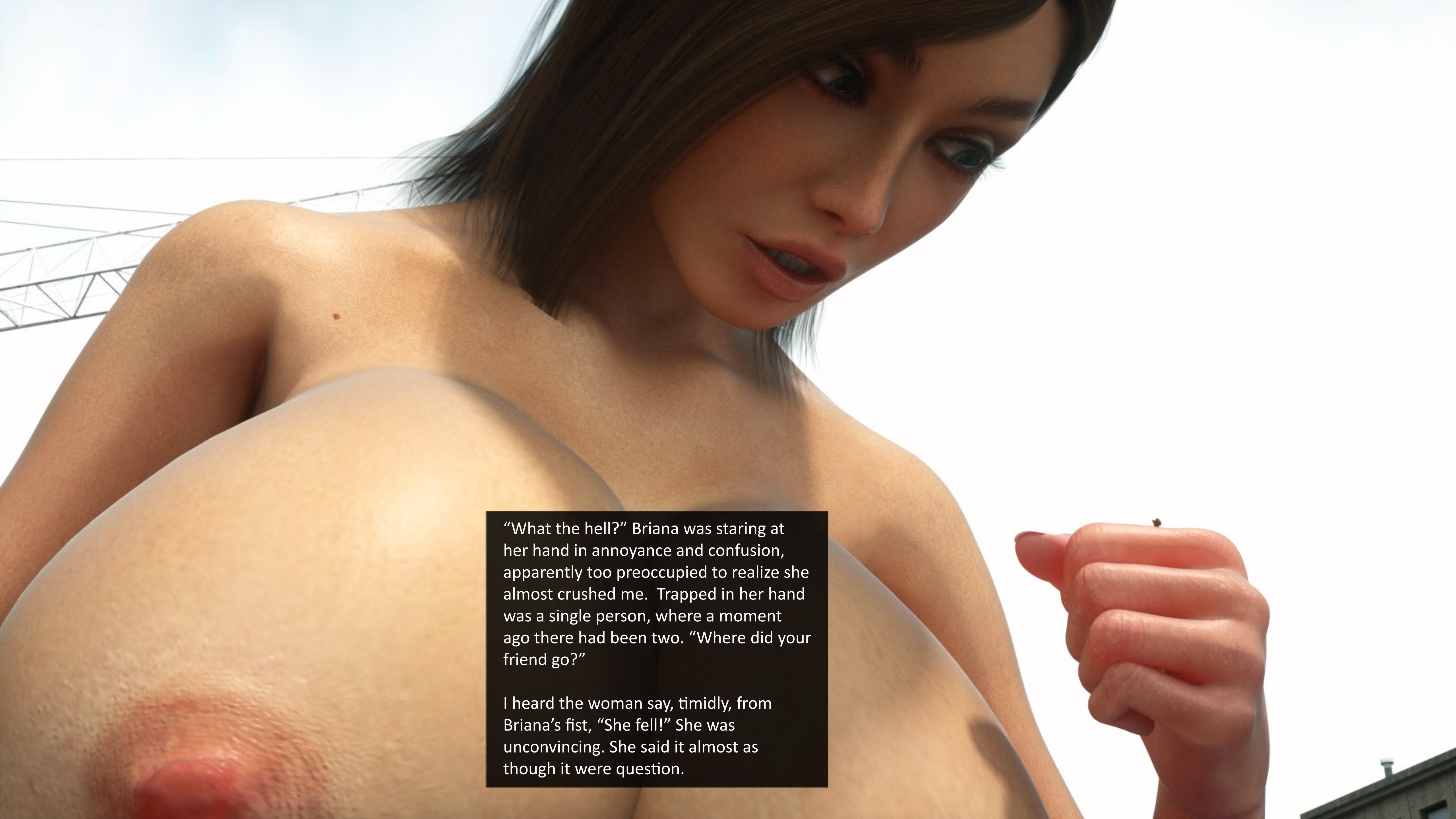
I get it. You're worried about them, aren't you? That's what I like about you, Brian, you're so sweet. But you don't need to feel bad. I need to eat, and I know you like watching me eat them. So just enjoy it, okay?

'Anyway, I'm still hungry. Ready for another show?' she grinned. "A big girl like me needs lots of food, you know. Got to keep my strength up. Besides, I'm not just a big girl," she laughed and ran her free hand over her breasts, "I'm also a growing girl. And I don't need to worry about getting fat, since apparently these bitches all just go straight to my fucking titties!"





She suddenly leaned forward. I jumped back, worried that I was going to get crushed by her pussy, and narrowly avoided hitting my head on the ground in the process. *Worried about getting smushed by my girlfriend's vagina...* What a thing to worry about, I thought to myself.



“What the hell?” Briana was staring at her hand in annoyance and confusion, apparently too preoccupied to realize she almost crushed me. Trapped in her hand was a single person, where a moment ago there had been two. “Where did your friend go?”

I heard the woman say, timidly, from Briana’s fist, “She fell!” She was unconvincing. She said it almost as though it were question.



“What? She fell? How the fuck did that happen?”

“Uh...”

“Did that bitch climb out of my hand when I wasn’t paying attention?”

“I... I tried to stop her... I told her not to...”

Briana scoffed. “No, you didn’t. Don’t fucking lie to me.”

“I’m sorry! I...”

“Shut up, I don’t care. Right now I just want to know where she went.”

Briana leaned over to her left, scanning the ground for signs of her escaped snack. “Where the hell...” She was silent for a few moments, as she examined closely her bed, the ground, covered in rubble and debris, and the nearby buildings. “There’s no way she could have gotten over there... I saw her just a moment ago. And anyway, she shouldn’t even be able to walk if she fell from that height.”





There was no concern in her voice – just confusion. The well-being of this woman was a moot point; it was clear as day that Briana was going to kill her anyway. But she seemed not to be able to let it go. It bothered her to lose one of her toys.

I struggled to get air into my lungs, and looked up at the woman still being clutched in Briana's fist. She was looking at me with a strange expression on her face. Fear, anger, concern – I didn't know what she was feeling when she looked at me. I'm not sure she herself knew what she was feeling when she looked at me. She started to open her mouth to say something to me, then closed it.





Not wanting to draw Briana's attention, the woman pointed at me, then raised her arms in a shrug, as if to ask what I was doing here. I just started at her in response. I wasn't sure what I would even have wanted to communicate to her, other than "It's complicated." And I didn't know how to sign that.

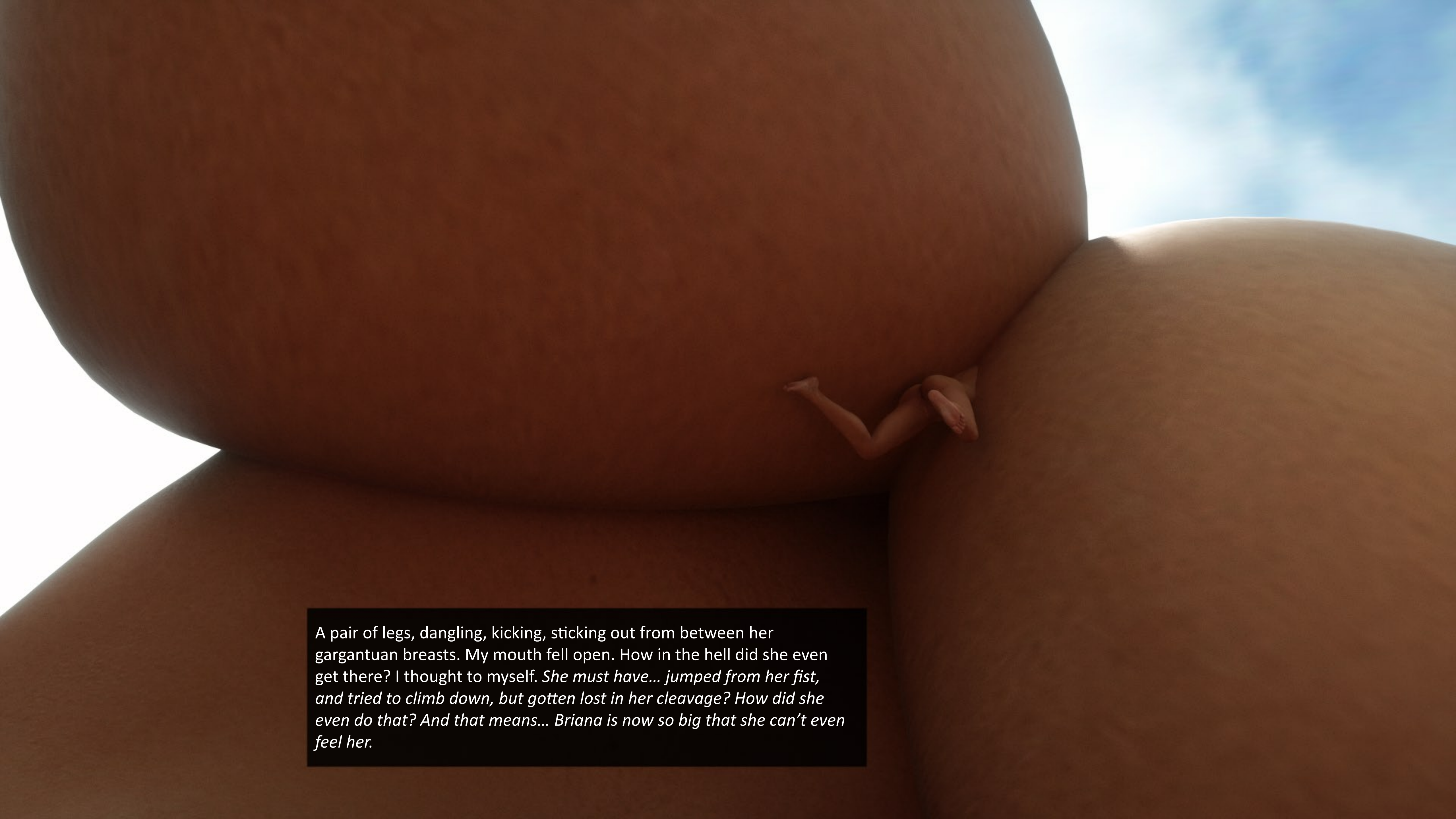




But I could only imagine what this woman must have thought I was doing there. The way Briana was treating me, talking to me, fawning over me, must have been completely confusing to this woman. All she'd ever seen of Briana was a literal monster. A violent, uncaring, beast who ate people and tortured them for fun. And then suddenly I came along, and provoked this sudden polar shift in her behavior – what must she think of me?

She continued to stare at me, narrowing her eyes, trying to figure out whether I was someone she could trust or not. Whether I was someone who might help her, or someone who'd rat her out. I couldn't maintain eye contact – I had to look away. I looked up, at the underside of Briana's breasts, and it took me a moment before I understood what I saw there.





A pair of legs, dangling, kicking, sticking out from between her gargantuan breasts. My mouth fell open. How in the hell did she even get there? I thought to myself. *She must have... jumped from her fist, and tried to climb down, but gotten lost in her cleavage? How did she even do that? And that means... Briana is now so big that she can't even feel her.*

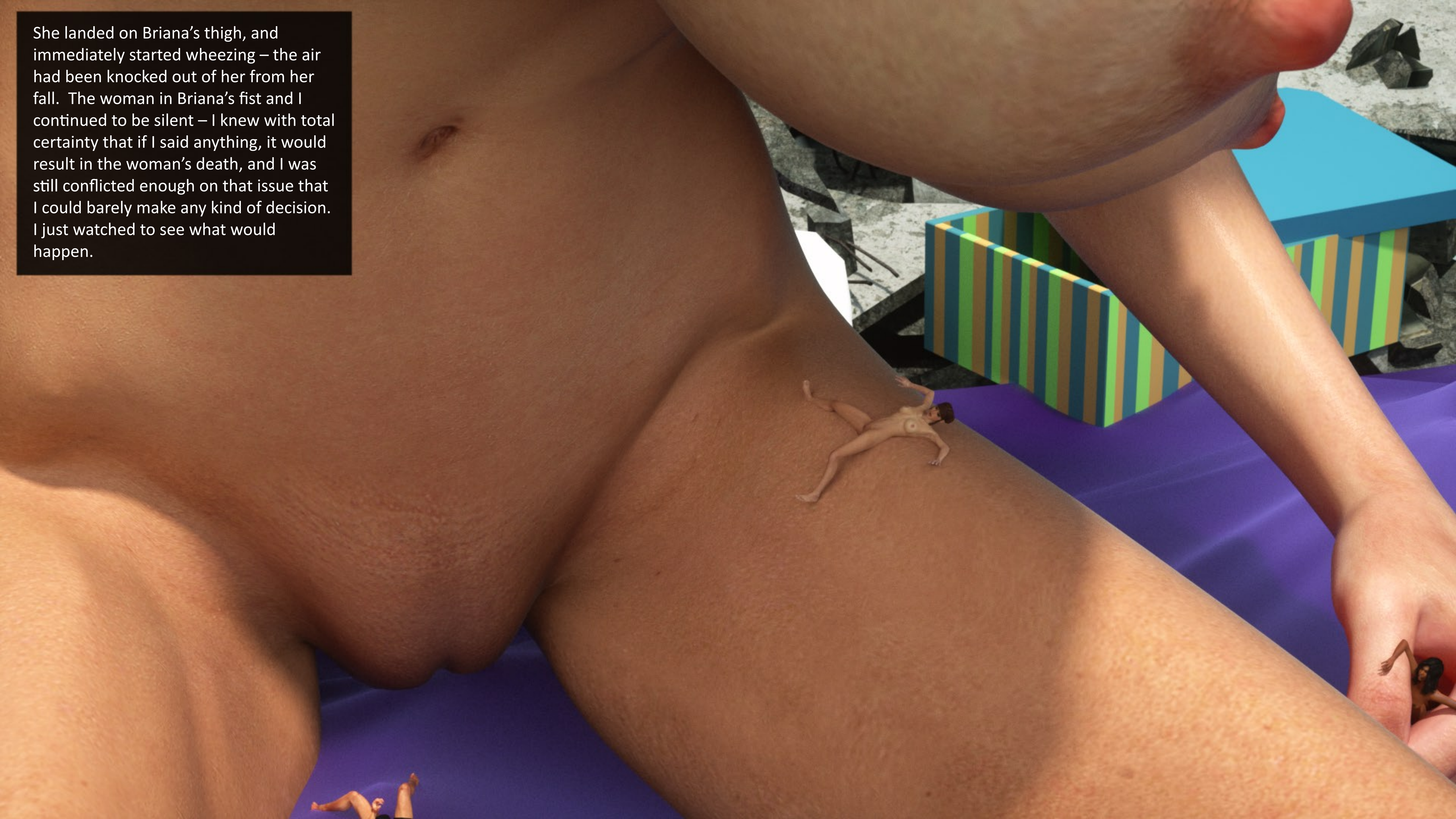
I looked back at the other woman, who Briana was now holding right next to me. She had followed my gaze, and had seen what I'd seen. She looked back down at me, pleading with her eyes. She put her finger to her lips, begging me silently not to tell Briana what I was seeing.



“Where the fuck are you?” Briana was now starting to get annoyed. As she swiveled and turned, the woman slowly became dislodged from between her tits. She flailed her arms and legs, but to her credit, she managed not to scream as she fell.



She landed on Briana's thigh, and immediately started wheezing – the air had been knocked out of her from her fall. The woman in Briana's fist and I continued to be silent – I knew with total certainty that if I said anything, it would result in the woman's death, and I was still conflicted enough on that issue that I could barely make any kind of decision. I just watched to see what would happen.



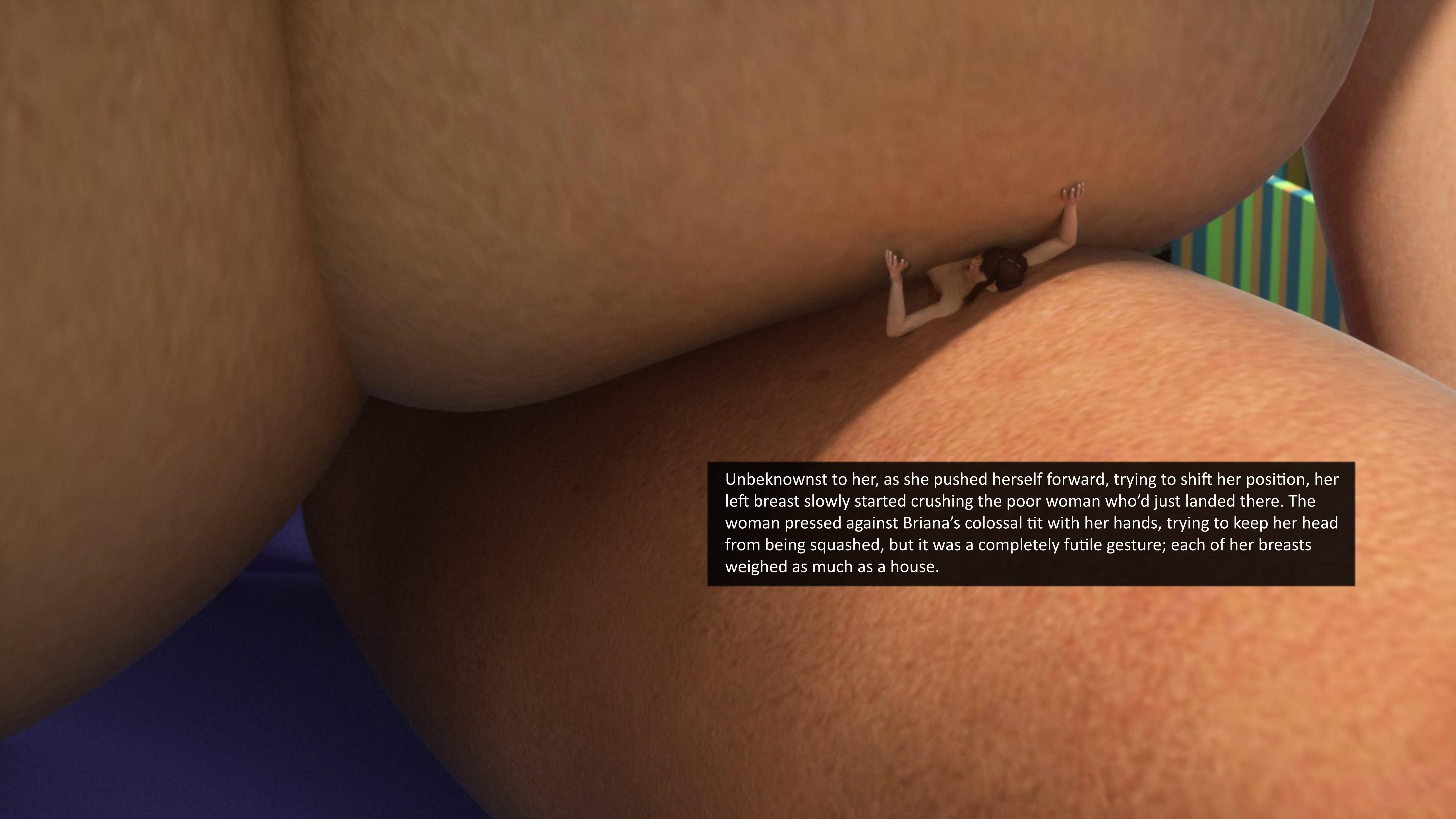
A woman with long brown hair, wearing a purple dress, is sitting on a pile of rubble in a destroyed city. She is looking down at the ground. In the background, there are damaged buildings and a construction crane. The scene is set in a city that has been destroyed, with debris scattered everywhere. The woman's dress is a vibrant purple, contrasting with the grey and brown tones of the rubble and buildings. She is barefoot, and her hair is styled in a long, straight manner. The overall atmosphere is one of desolation and aftermath.

The woman's wheezing and gasping, however, wasn't silent, and Briana heard it immediately.

"Huh? Where are you?" She leaned forward, trying to locate the source of the noise. She scanned the ground in front of her, taking her time, watching for movement – there was so much broken junk and rubble on the ground that she had to take her time, examining the space carefully to make sure she wasn't there. "Are you hiding from me?"

She lowered her upper body even more and grunted in annoyance as her enormous breasts impeded her movement. “What...” she started, then smirked. “I guess my tits grew even more than I’d realized. I’m actually having trouble bending over.” One of them fit between her knees, but the other one was squished against her leg.





Unbeknownst to her, as she pushed herself forward, trying to shift her position, her left breast slowly started crushing the poor woman who'd just landed there. The woman pressed against Briana's colossal tit with her hands, trying to keep her head from being squashed, but it was a completely futile gesture; each of her breasts weighed as much as a house.



I was mesmerized by the sight of this woman slowly having the breath squeezed out of her by Briana's titanic breast flesh, until I was jolted back to my own situation by Briana's other tit descending toward me, nipple-first, quickly. I gasped in surprise, as I realized that exactly the same thing might happen to me.



Her nipple – not even her areola, but just the nipple – was larger than I was. And, of course, it was attached to several tons of weight immediately behind it. I stared at it and felt that it was staring back at me, hanging directly above me pendulously.

A surreal scene where a person is lying on a purple surface, completely covered by a massive, realistic-looking human breast. The person's head and arms are visible, reaching up towards the underside of the breast. In the background, a blue and white striped pool and some dark rocks are visible on a light-colored ground.

Then Briana shifted her weight, ever so slightly, and brought her nipple down onto me. I don't think she did it intentionally, but I suddenly found myself with her giant nipple pinning me to the ground, pressing against my chest. I reflexively pressed against it with my hands, and tried to lift my knees to squirm out from under it, but it was too soft, too malleable for me to be able to make any headway. If I pressed my hand against it, my hand just sank into it. I tried again and again, with both my legs and arms, grunting in effort, until something began to happen.



Her nipple began to stiffen. With horror, I realized that my efforts to free myself were only stimulating and arousing her.

Shit, I thought to myself. *I'm just getting her off!*

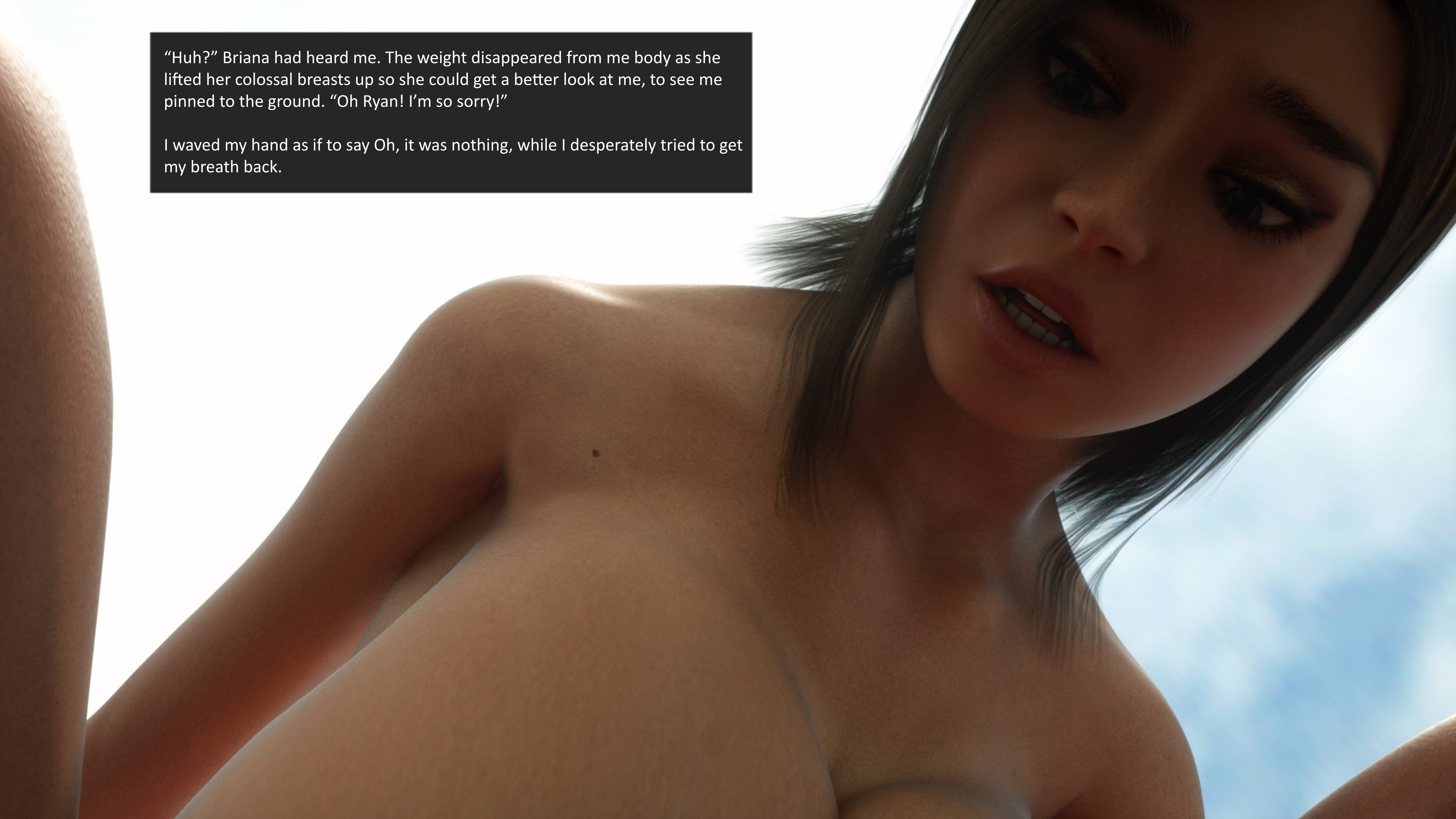
As it stiffened, it swelled and grew larger. I could feel the skin on get growing rougher, bumpier, as the weight continued to press down on me. I continued to try to push it away, knowing that I might only continue to arouse her, but knowing also that if I did nothing, Briana might crush me without even realizing it.



The poor woman on Briana's leg, meanwhile, was having no such success. After trying desperately to keep the flesh away from her face, her hands slipped and the full weight of Briana's tit slipped down onto her, crushing her entire body, leaving only two hands sticking out cartoonishly from underneath it. At the same time, the nipple hanging above me struck my face, disorienting me and causing me to cry out, more in surprise than in pain.

“Huh?” Briana had heard me. The weight disappeared from me body as she lifted her colossal breasts up so she could get a better look at me, to see me pinned to the ground. “Oh Ryan! I’m so sorry!”

I waved my hand as if to say Oh, it was nothing, while I desperately tried to get my breath back.



“Are you okay? I was just...” she laughed to herself. “I guess I need to be careful! Looks like I’ve got some dangerous curves – *literally!*” She laughed out loud, as though she’d just made the funniest joke in the world, and not as though she’d almost accidentally crushed me with her nipple without even noticing.



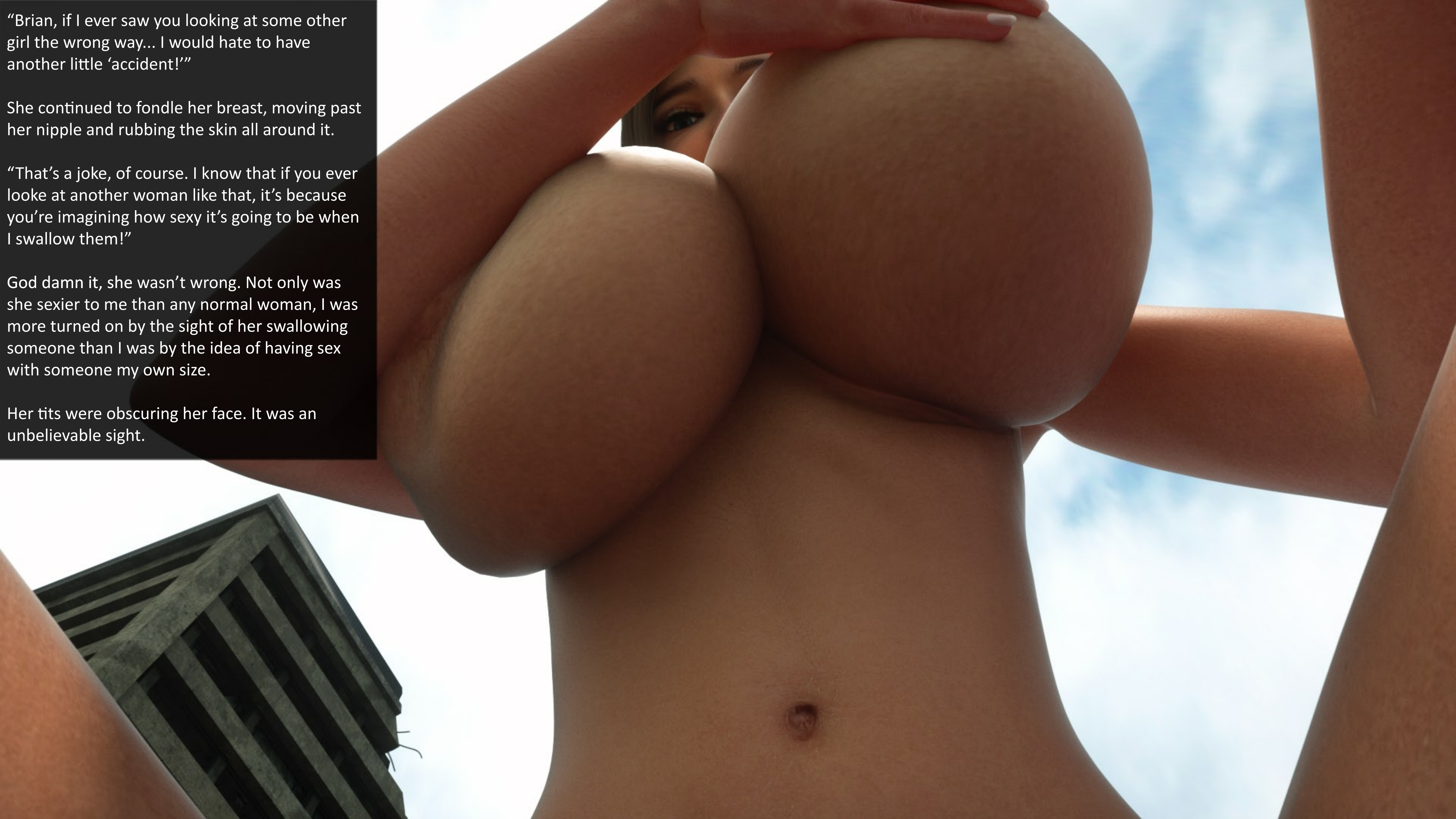


She looked down at her leg to find a red gory mess on her thigh. "Oh!" she said, as she touched it with her finger. She brought the finger up to her mouth and tasted it with her tongue. "Yup, that's her! Well, I guess that mystery is solved!" she laughed again. I looked on in horror as she wiped the bloody remains off of her leg, and licked her fingers clean.



“Oops, got some of her on my boobs too! Guess I better clean them off! Then she set about wiping off the blood that was smeared across her left breast.

“Man, my tits are *huge*,” she observed as she rubbed her nipple gently. “I’m going to need to learn to manage these puppies so I don’t lose all kinds of shit! Today it’s breakfast, tomorrow, who knows? I guess that’s what happens when people get growth spurts. Not *quite* growing pains... well, not painful for me, anyway!”



“Brian, if I ever saw you looking at some other girl the wrong way... I would hate to have another little ‘accident!’”

She continued to fondle her breast, moving past her nipple and rubbing the skin all around it.

“That’s a joke, of course. I know that if you ever looke at another woman like that, it’s because you’re imagining how sexy it’s going to be when I swallow them!”

God damn it, she wasn’t wrong. Not only was she sexier to me than any normal woman, I was more turned on by the sight of her swallowing someone than I was by the idea of having sex with someone my own size.

Her tits were obscuring her face. It was an unbelievable sight.

She looked down at me. Something about the expression on her face was so sweet and innocent, it was hard to reconcile what she'd done just moments earlier.

“Mmmm... I'm starting to get hungry for something other than food. I haven't really had a chance to explore my new body yet... how about you, Ryan? Are you feeling... *hungry* at all?”

That damn smile, combined with what she was saying, all I could do was call up, “Yes!”



“Come on up, Ryan. I want you to get up close and personal for the final act.”

Her gigantic fingers, each one far longer than my entire body, extended toward me and scooped me up. I had no say in the matter, but once again, I was surprised at how gentle she was. It occurred to me that it just took her an incredible amount of effort to not hurt me. Or maybe when she was rough with the women in her other hand, it was intentional.

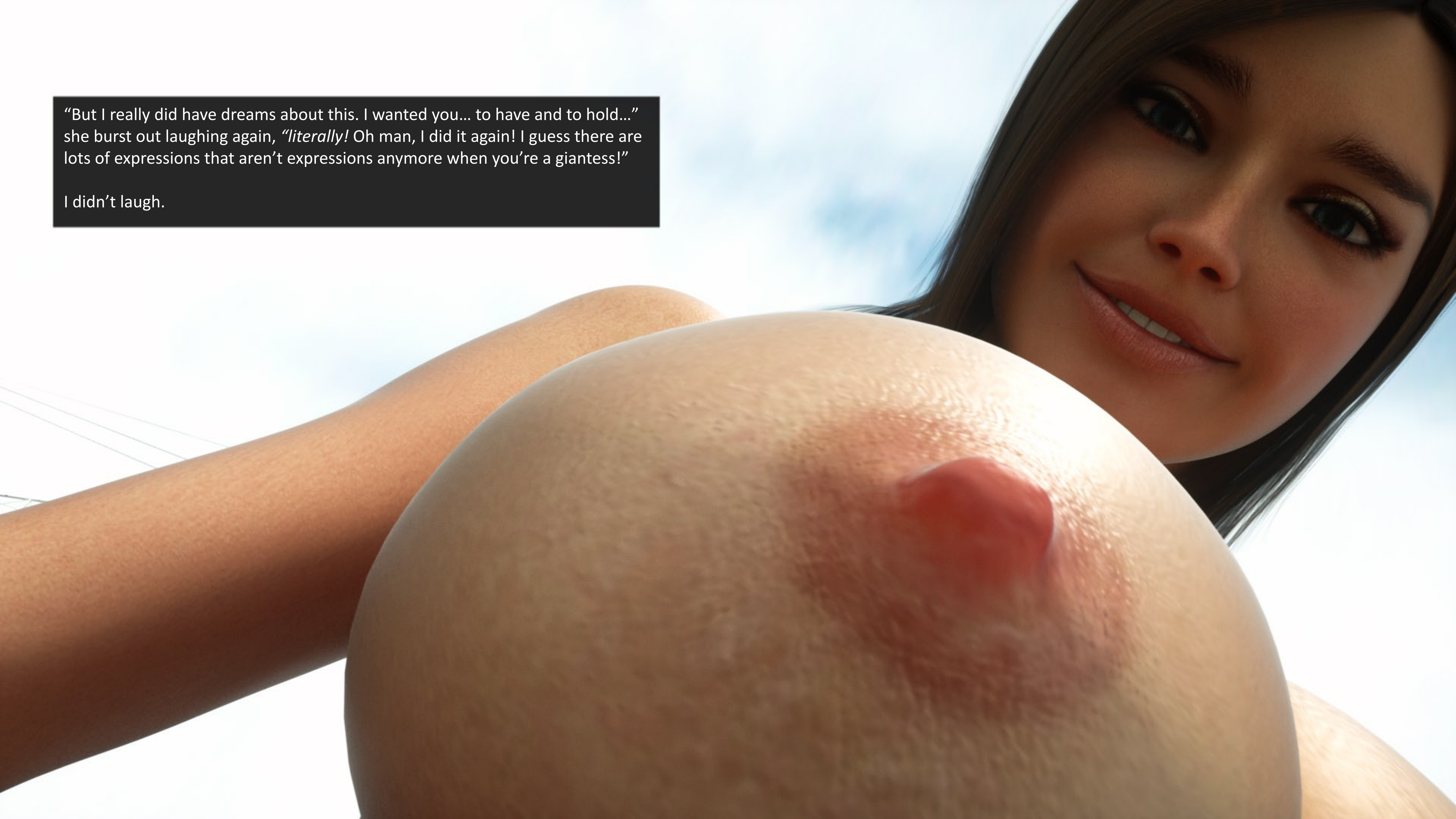


“You are just so *cute*, Ryan. You know... I used to have dreams about this!” Her face brightened. “I always wanted to hold you in the palm of my hand. I think I didn’t mean it literally, but...” Her face broke into a wide, terrifying grin. “But I’ll take it!”



“But I really did have dreams about this. I wanted you... to have and to hold...”
she burst out laughing again, “*literally!* Oh man, I did it again! I guess there are
lots of expressions that aren’t expressions anymore when you’re a giantess!”

I didn’t laugh.





She eventually stopped giggling at her own joke and sighed. “Okay, okay. That’s enough. Back to breakfast.” She gazed down at me. “Are you ready, Ryan? I want you to enjoy this. So keep your eyes open, because I’m going to try something very special right now. This is going to make your day.”

She lifted me, slowly, up above her breasts. I watched them pass below me as though I were riding an elevator up to Heaven. In a few moments, I was level with the poor doomed woman in her other hand. Briana looked from me to her, from one hand to the other, and back to me.





“And now... what about you? Are you ready?”

“No, please!” the woman cried. “I did everything you asked! I rubbed your feet, I swept your bed! I... I cleaned your teeth! It was awful, but I did it! I cleaned blood off of your fucking teeth, because you told me that if I didn’t, someone else would just have to clean pieces of me off of them later! I spent ten hours shaving your fucking pussy! I... I even... was inside your... oh god, I couldn’t get rid of that smell for days...! I’m having nightmares about it, but you told me that I could go after!”

“Yeah, well, that was a lie.”



The woman lapsed into a stunned silence – the shock of someone who has just realized that they have absolutely no options. Briana stared at her for a few seconds longer to see if she had any more reaction, but she seemed to just collapse. Briana shrugged and brought her up to her mouth, holding her by her waist and letting her upper body dangle. She stuck out her tongue and licked the woman's entire upper body once, twice, then again, before placing her gently on her tongue. The woman, completely hopeless, continued not to resist.



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I could have said something. In that moment, I could have asked her to stop, and maybe she would have listened. But I didn't. Instead, Briana tilted her head back with a smile.

And with that, she withdrew her tongue into her mouth, carrying the woman with it. In a moment, she was gone. Briana closed her eyes, savoring not only the taste of the woman, but also the absolute power she held over her.

I was ready to explode.

Briana held me in her hand, looking down on me lovingly, tenderly, sexually. She smiled at me, her lips closed, and I couldn't help but think about what had just happened behind them. Without speaking, she started humming that song – that same song again. *What is that goddamn song?* I thought.



I started humming along with her, trying to jog my memory, and had a sudden mental image of Briana and me in a bar, a year ago, with her pointing to the ceiling and shouting to be heard over the din, “I love this song!”

With a shock, I realized that that was a song that we had heard on our first date together.

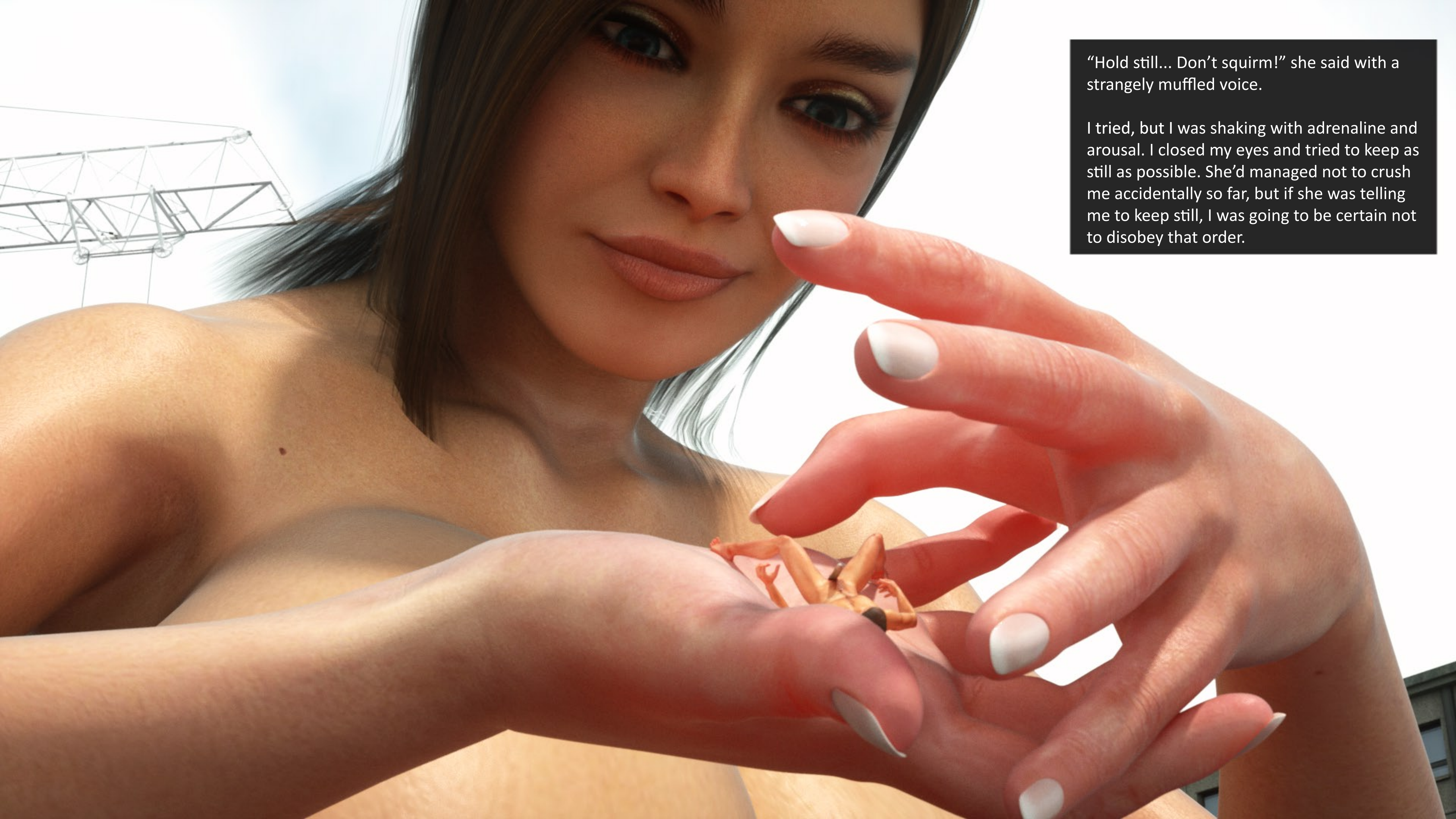


Briana reached down with her giant fingers toward me. My reflexes all screamed for me to curl up into a ball, to kick out, to try to get away, but I knew that despite the violence she'd shown to almost everyone else in the past couple of days, she had no intention of hurting me. My arousal was obvious, and hers was too. I lay back and let her remove my clothes.





Nimbly, she grabbed my shorts between her fingernails and pulled them down off of my legs. I couldn't believe how precise her movements were – if she had been just a bit clumsier, she might have crushed my pelvis without meaning to. I didn't want to even think about what just one of her fingernails could have done to me. But in half a second, my shorts were ripped off my body – they were destroyed by her fingernails, but I was fine.



“Hold still... Don’t squirm!” she said with a strangely muffled voice.

I tried, but I was shaking with adrenaline and arousal. I closed my eyes and tried to keep as still as possible. She’d managed not to crush me accidentally so far, but if she was telling me to keep still, I was going to be certain not to disobey that order.



She pinched me gently between her thumb and her index and lifted me up in front of her face. This was the first time I'd been so close to her face since her growth spurt of the previous night, and it was a surreal experience. Her face was as large as a room. I felt like she was just inches from my face; my brain kept trying to correct my perspective.

That didn't last very long; she brought me closer to her face and extended her tongue, licking my dick. That is – licking my entire lower body. As nimble as she was, with a tongue bigger than my entire body, it would have been impossible to be any more precise than that. Softly, gently, she ran her tongue from my legs up to my chest...



And then again, and again. Then she brought her tongue deftly between my legs, forcing them apart, and wagged it back and forth, stroking not just my dick but my balls as well, and the inside of my thighs, covering them in her saliva.





I touched her upper lip; I ran my hands along her skin, feeling how soft it was, how inviting; she continued to flick her tongue on my manhood, and rubbing her lip against me. Every time she exhaled, my entire body was enveloped in her hot breath.

I thought, despite myself, of the woman who'd just disappeared into Briana's mouth. As I did, I nearly came; the thought of my giantess girlfriend eating these people was so hot I could barely stand it. I admonished myself internally for thinking of it, but couldn't help myself. I even thought, for a moment, that I could hear her muffled voice.



And then when she opened her mouth, the woman was still there, reaching out. She squinted at the sudden bright light, scrabbled with her hands to try to get a grip on something, anything, and shouted at me in a panic.

“Please help me! Please get me out of here! Oh my god, she’s going to eat me!”



I was stunned. I just stared at her, not knowing what to do, or whether there was even anything I could do. Briana moved me up and down gently, softly, licking me carefully, sensuously, every time. Each time she brought me down so that I was looking up into her mouth, I caught another glimpse of the woman behind her lips.





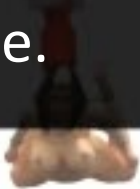
And then she closed her lips on the woman, cutting off her air and light. She brought them down on my dick, and started sucking on me gently but irresistibly. I couldn't see or hear the woman anymore, but the knowledge that she was there was like magic. Each moment I knew she was inside her mouth heightened the erotic experience.

Briana began to suck harder. I ran my hands across her upper lip, feeling the expanse of skin before me, and I knew that I was close to coming. I started to gibber, and Briana smiled more widely as she sped up her rhythm.





Time seemed to slow down. This horrible, awful, sexual situation I found myself in was impossible to process. All I knew was that I had never wanted to come so desperately in all of my life. I closed my eyes, and I could hear the woman in Briana's mouth calling me.



Briana opened her mouth ever so slightly and suddenly the shouts of the woman inside were audible. Her hands scrabbled on Briana's tongue, and grabbed at anything they could; her fingers brushed against my dick – just barely, not enough to actually grab on, not enough to hurt me, but certainly enough to remind me of what was happening to her.





I came. It was so intense it was almost painful. I had been in a near-constant state of arousal for days now, and this was the first time I had come. It was glorious, and powerful, and shameful, and it might have been the best orgasm I'd ever had in my life.

Briana gently pulled me away from her face and smiled down at me proudly, benevolently.

“Was it good for you, Ryan?” she asked, teasingly. It was clear from her slurred speech that the woman was still in her mouth.

I couldn't speak. I tried; the words wouldn't come out. All I could do was moan and hang limply from her fingers.





There was some movement from her lips; the young woman's hands came out from between her lips and she started trying to pull herself out. She didn't seem to care that she had nowhere to go; she was just shouting wordlessly and trying to get out of Briana's mouth. She saw me and stopped.



“You...” she shouted out at me. “Did you just come?” she started at me, not quite knowing what to think. “Did you just come in her mouth?”

I also didn’t know what to think. When I saw this woman trying to escape my giantess girlfriend’s mouth, a small part of my brain shut down.

Briana closed her mouth slowly, tortuously. The woman started to panic again: "No, no! I'm sorry, please help me!" She reached her hands out for as long as she could before Briana sucked her slowly back inside. I reached out toward her reflexively, not really knowing what I expected to be able to do. Briana smiled at me sweetly.





And with that, she was gone. Briana rolled her around inside of her mouth, playing with her, savoring the feeling of this woman squirming and trying to escape, before closing her eyes and swallowing her. I followed the bulge in her throat as the woman was brought down into Briana's body. I didn't know whether she was still alive. I didn't want to know, either.



“Mmm... consider that to be a “thank you” from me, Ryan. I love you so much, I just want you to be happy, and... I want to give you things that no one else can give. I want you to be so satisfied, sexually, that you won’t ever even have to fantasize.

“I want to be your fantasy, come to life.”

Groggy, sweaty, disoriented, disgusted, aroused, excited, terrified – I had never been so confused in all of my life. I hung hundreds of feet up in the air, pinched between her massive fingers, yet somehow completely safe.

“Briana-” I started, before realizing I didn’t actually have any idea what I wanted to say.





She looked at me expectantly, though. Whatever I was going to say, I had her complete and total attention. Without really knowing what I was saying, without thinking, I blurted out the first thing that popped into my mind:

“Briana, this is... fucked up. I don’t... I don’t think I can do this.”



Briana looked as though I'd slapped her. Shock, anger, sadness all crossed her face in the span of a few seconds.

"But... why?" she whispered.
"Aren't I... aren't I giving you everything you want? Aren't I making you happy? I'm... doing things for you that no one else can do, Ryan. Isn't that enough for you?"

I was suddenly reminded of the immense stupidity of not telling Briana what she wanted to hear.

"No, that's – that's not it! That was amazing, Briana, I just... uh, I... I meant..."

Briana's gaze moved over to Jessica, still hanging suspended above us. "Are you still... thinking about her?"

"No! I swear, I wasn't!" *That's true, at least.*

"Then **WHAT!**"

My mind went blank at the volume of her voice.



As I hung there stunned, Briana took a deep breath and composed herself. "I know that this is a lot for you to take in. Look at you! You're practically shaking! Oh Ryan, I'm so sorry. I've overwhelmed you! This is too much, too fast. I'm being so stupid! Stupid! You just need some time to relax, and to adjust to our new life together! We should just relax for a while. Things'll get easier, I promise."



“There’s just... *one* thing we need to do first. I made an appointment that we need to go to.”

Weakly, I squeaked out, “What kind of appointment?”

She smiled, her previous anger totally forgotten. “It’s a surprise! But I think it’s going to make you feel a lot better. It’s going to bring some, uh, stability to our lives!”





She stood up, making the buildings around us shake slightly.

"I just need to get dressed. Hrm... I'm not sure how well I'll fit in the clothes I wore yesterday. We're going off road, so hopefully I can at least get my sneakers to fit..."



She couldn't.

“So where are we going? Can you tell me please?”

“Don't you worry about that,” she answered, with a hint of music in her voice. I couldn't see her face, but I could hear her smile through her speech. “Let's just say we're going to take our relationship to the next level.”

What does that mean? I wondered. But if I knew Briana at all, I knew that she wasn't going to tell me. I'd just have to wait and see.

"Do my clothes look okay?" She asked.

"They're a little tight, but I think it looks good on you. Kind of a 90's crop top look..."

"This new size is so cool!" she chirped, as lightly as a 200-foot-tall giantess could talk. "I bet if I stepped on someone at this size I wouldn't even notice it!"

"Uh, you're not... going... to..."

"Of course not, we're in a forest, silly! There isn't anyone around! Oh wait, no, there's someone just ahead! Let's see if I can feel it!"

"Hey! Come on, Briana!" I said, finally showing a trace of spine.

"Oh my God," she said with a laugh, "I'm just messing with you, Brian. You're so easy to mess with! Whatever, don't give me a hard time. If I did step on someone I'm sure you'd get a fucking boner!"



I was tucked – comfortably but not entirely willingly – into Briana’s neckline. It was certainly a much more comfortable – and steady – ride than when I had been grasped in her fist. I held on to the cloth of her shirt as tightly as I could, but it was mostly reflexes. I was actually quite secure.



We soon came to a mansion. The scope of it was hard to process – it was like something from another world, out of science fiction. It was a totally modern building; only a couple of stories high, but far taller than any building I'd ever been in in my life. I had trouble imagining how even those few stories were able to stand without collapsing under their massive weight.





She raised her hand up to me.

“Everything is going to be okay,” she reassured me. “I’m just going to put you somewhere you’ll be a little bit better hidden, okay?”

“Are you sure?” I asked. “I mean, no offense, but I almost died when you put me in your bikini top before. Are you sure it’s safe? You could just drop me off somewhere around the forest...”

“NO!” Brenda yelled. “I mean, no, you’re safer if you stay with me, okay?”

She grabbed me in her enormous hand, only this time she was gripping me a bit tighter than usual. “I won’t let anyone hurt you, Ryan. Not ever. You hear me?”





Here!” she called out, as she slipped me into the back of her jeans. “How’s that?”

“Umm, a little tight,” I said. “And a little sweaty... and...”

“So it’s fine? Good, I’ll be on my way!”



Briana stopped walking for just a moment as she approached the building, as she came to the corner of a wall. She took a deep breath and closed her eyes. I knew that expression; she was nervous about something. I wished I'd known where we were, what was happening. If Briana was nervous, how should that make me feel?

After taking a moment, Briana turned the corner.



Sitting on a chair, relaxed, but authoritative, regal, was a woman whose size was nearly impossible for me to comprehend. I had thought that no one could possibly be larger than Briana was, but this woman towered over here, even sitting down. She was easily twice Briana's height, maybe even more. "Briana," came a voice from over to the side. I swiveled my neck and saw the woman who had threatened Briana the other day. I somehow hadn't even noticed her. "You're early."

Pressed against her skin, I could feel Briana's pulse quicken as she felt the giant eyes of the woman – who could only be Marie-Claire Lamoureux – on her. But she held her head high, and spoke loudly. "Better to be early than to be late."

"You'll have to wait. Madame Lamoureux is very busy."

"No." The voice of the titanic blonde rumbled above us like thunder with a heavy French accent. "Thank you, Jacquelyn, but she's here. I may as well hear her." Jacquelyn took a step back, obediently.



With a shock, I realized that Briana was now almost – but not quite – as big as the black-clad secretary was. That fact seemed to make her very uncomfortable as well; she regarded Briana uneasily. It was clear in her voice and in her body language. I remember how imposing, how threatening her very presence had been just the other day. Now she seemed very different.





Briana took a deep breath and took a step forward.

“Madame Lamoureux, I’m here to formally request new living arrangements. Right now I’m sleeping on a ruined building in the North free demolition zone. I’d like to have one an apartment suitable for a giantess, and I’m going to move in with my boyfriend Ryan.”

What the fuck did she just say? I thought.



Suddenly, Briana gasped. It was short and wasn't particularly loud, but a giantess of Briana's size could only be so quiet, and I heard it clearly. Marie-Claire's eyes widened as she looked down at her feet.

"Did you..." she started, quietly, then continued more loudly: "Did you just step on one of my humans?"



I looked down at the ground – I had been trying not to, as the vertigo actually made me a little bit nauseous – but I could see several people scurrying around on the ground, hundreds of feet below me. I had had no idea that they were there, and apparently, neither had Briana. They were almost invisible with the distance, scrambling in panic, running away from Briana.



Briana carefully lifted her foot up off the ground and looked under it; there was an ugly splotch of red underneath which I knew had been a person just a few moments before.

Marie-Claire stood up. Her incredible size made my mind go blank for a moment as she blotted out the sky above me. "Are you so clumsy – have you so little respect for other people's property? That was my favorite secretary!" I could actually feel the air vibrate with the volume of her voice.



“I’m – I’m sorry...” Briana stammered. She was quickly losing her composure. I could feel the temperature of her skin increase, and she started to sweat. My clothes were soaked almost instantly. “Jacquelyn told me about you. She told me that you were disrespectful, ignorant, and thoughtless. A freak accident of luck that you were able to join us.”

Briana cowered, not knowing what to do or to say.



After a moment, however, Marie-Claire sat back down. “But... since you have joined us, I think it’s important to at least give you a proper chance to show us your dedication.” Marie-Claire sat silently, pensive, considering Briana’s request. Briana shifted uneasily, impatiently.

Finally, Marie-Claire spoke. “Fine. I’ll grant your request.” Briana’s face lit up in a wide grin. “If –” she paused, savouring Briana’s nervousness.

“If you’re willing to do something for me.”



“What exactly?” Briana asked nervously.

“Nothing big. Just kiss my foot.”

Jacquelyn, behind her, smirked.

“...what?” Briana asked.

“And make it good.”

“You want me to...”

“This is how it works. If you want to be accepted in our society, you need to show proper deference. I’m the... *la gardienne*? the gatekeeper. You get let in if I want you to. So... crawl.”

Briana took deep breaths, steadying herself. I knew how proud she was. I remembered one time, back when she was human, when she thought one of her teachers, for a required course, wasn't being respectful of her, and she told him in front of the whole class to go fuck himself. She did not tolerate disrespect lightly. So I was stunned when she slowly started getting down on all fours.





My titanic girlfriend, hundreds of feet tall, who no longer had to give a shit about what almost anybody thought, crawled slowly on her hands and knees toward the foot of the giantess matriarch. When she was almost right in front of it, she stopped and her face went red. “I...”

“I don’t like being kept waiting, Briana.”



Briana inched closer to her enormous foot. She took a moment to marvel at the size of it – it had been some time since Briana had been this close to someone this much bigger than she was – and sighed. She whispered, quietly enough that I was sure only I could hear, “I love you Ryan.”



She pressed her lips to the woman's big toe, softly, then slowly, solemnly, backed up and looked upwards at Marie-Claire's face. There was a long pause during which even the wind seemed to die down. I held my breath, waiting expectantly to see what she would say.



“That’s it?”

Briana froze, not sure how to respond.

“I said *make it good*. I want you to *treat* my foot. Make it feel nice. Use your tongue. Show me how much you’re willing to do for this human you say you want to live with. I need to be convinced, and that kiss was not convincing.”

A woman with long brown hair and blue eyes, wearing a light blue short-sleeved dress, is lying on her back on a grey tiled floor. She is looking up with a concerned expression. A giant, realistic-looking foot with a black high-heeled shoe is positioned over her head. The foot is holding the shoe, and the heel is just above her forehead. The background shows a modern building with large windows and a dark blue bench.

She slowly lifted her enormous foot, in front of a stunned Briana. Gently, teasingly, she pressed it against Briana's head. "I've heard about you. You don't seem to have any problems stepping on people. *Despite* Jacquelyn here telling you not to. Well, how does it feel to be under someone else's foot for a change?"



“So just to start, I want you to lick my sole.”

Briana closed her eyes and stuck out her tongue, and touched it to the underside of the gigantic shoe before her.

“Your new size seems to have gone to your head. You seem to think that just because you don’t have answer to humans anymore, that you don’t have to answer to anyone else either.”

As she licked, Marie-Claire continued to taunt her.

“That’s not the kind of attitude I want to see. You answer to me. You respect and obey me. You serve me. You don’t need to answer to the humans anymore because you’re bigger than them. Right? Well. *I’m bigger than you.* And don’t you ever forget that.”





Not looking her in the face, Briana asked, far more timidly than she'd have liked, "How was that, Madame Lamoureux?"

"Not bad, for a start. Take off my shoe now."

Briana was furious, but she kept a lid on it. And she didn't need to remind me, but I knew that the only thing preventing her from exploding... was me.

Marie-Claire's shoe came off her foot and fell to earth with a thud that echoed throughout the villa. She wiggled her toes directly in front of Briana's face, and Briana stared at them, mesmerized by their size, stunned by the humiliation they represented.

"Go on. They aren't going to lick themselves."





Briana lowered her head in supplication, and began to lick Marie-Claire's toes. Putting her lips on each toe individually, running her tongue up her bridge, grasping – with difficulty – her foot with her hands, while Marie-Claire sat upright, smiling down on Briana. Briana had subjugated herself completely to her almost immediately, and she had barely had to do anything.



“See, Jacquelyn?” Marie-Claire laughed as Briana continued her work. “You don’t always have to be so... violent. In fact, your threats were useless. She continued doing exactly what she was doing before.”

“This, though...” she continued, as she watched Briana degrade herself. “This is something she’s going to remember. You just need to know what leverage to use. You just need to give them some *motivation*.”





“Of course, it helps if they come and bring their motivation right to you, and tell you exactly what they want. I guess that was a, uh... *un gratuite*? A freebie.” Briana took one of her toes into her mouth and started sucking on it, trying as hard as she could to pretend that she couldn’t hear them talking about her.



Briana turned her foot upwards so that the underside was exposed, and started running her tongue along her sole and her ball. She breathed through her mouth, trying desperately not to smell the odor that was coming off it, but there was nothing she could do to avoid the taste of the dirt and sweat on her skin.

“That’s enough,” Marie-Claire boomed. “I’ve considered your request, and I’ve decided not to grant it.”

Briana froze, and she started to sweat again. “Wh- why?”

“Because it’s stupid. It’s a stupid request. You can’t live with a human as your roommate because we don’t do that. You could keep him as a pet if you wanted. But he can’t be your roommate.”





Jacquelyn and Marie-Claire began to laugh.

“But also, because you are in no position to ask anything of me. You’ve defied Jacquelyn’s directions – which are also my directions, you know – and if I were to grant your request, even a reasonable one, what kind of foolish behaviour would that encourage in you tomorrow? No. You can continue to sleep on your building, and do whatever you want with your human. Maybe next time, if you’ve behaved well, I’ll grant you a decent living space. But for now, you can go.”

Briana, shaken, turned and ran, and it was all I could do to hang on to the threads in her shorts to keep myself from falling.

END OF PART 4

