

OBSESSIVELY ATTRACTED GIANTESSE 5





For the second time in two days, I woke up to the sound of Briana getting breakfast. Not an unusual thing when you're living with someone... except in this case, the sounds were screams, and the breakfast was people.

She grabbed a fistful of people from the shoebox she kept her slaves in, while she licked her chops and hungrily eyed them. From what I could make out there were at least three of them, and judging from the screams, they were all women.



I expected her to drop them into her mouth one at a time, but Briana must have been especially hungry. She sloppily crammed all of them into her mouth at once, so carelessly that one of them missed her mouth entirely.



While Briana slowly slurped down the others, the tiny woman tumbled down and landed on the soft expanse of Briana's enormous breast.

Briana got a bemused look on her face as she eyed the petite woman. I could tell she was planning something, but I didn't know what.





While Briana absent-mindedly slurped down the two women in her mouth, she gazed down towards the woman on her chest. She reached out towards the woman with her index finger and thumb forming pinchers. For a moment I thought she was going to crush the woman in her hand, which would be as easy for Briana as snapping her fingers. I was relieved to watch as Briana picked her up with impressive care and dexterity.



That's when I decided to get her attention. "Morning, Briana!" I yelled, not quite at the top of my lungs. I'd gotten used to doing a lot of shouting when I was with Briana; after all, even when she was sitting next to me, she was really more than fifty feet away.

"Mmoming Wyamm," Briana said, speaking like she had a mouth full of, well, people. **"Mmaye was wommduwwing when ooh was gomma wape up, sweepydd!"**

With that, Briana bit down, producing two brief muffled screams followed by a sickening crunch sound. She took a few more quick, merciless chomps, and sloshed her food around in her mouth before finally swallowing down.

I was still getting used to life with Briana... She was gentle and doting with me, cruel and murderous to everyone else, and that constant switch was enough to give me whiplash. She'd been living this lifestyle for a lot longer than I had, but I still couldn't wrap my head around how utterly casual she was about taking someone's life.



But for her, it was just breakfast. **“Sorry, Ryan,”** Briana said with a playful smile, **“I had a bit of a mouthful!”** She looked at me inquisitively, and asked, **“you’re not feeling sad about my food, are you?”**

“No, I know you need to eat. it’s just... Do you really have to eat them like that?” I said. “I mean, do you really have to... chew them?”

“Aww, sweetie,” Briana said, **“if anything it’s way more humane that way. When I chew them, it’s nice and quick for them... At least, when I want it to be... But when I swallow them, they can be in agony for hours!”**

“...Hours...” I repeated absent-mindedly, while I tried to wrap my head around the horrors that her prey might have been experiencing even then.

“Oh Ryan,” she said with a chuckle, **“don’t worry your handsome little head about it! Everyone’s gotta eat. That’s all it is, right? Just food! And you know I like to play with my food...”**

Briana dipped the tiny woman in between her cleavage and gazed down at me coyly, with that same wry smile still planted on her face. I could see her tongue pressing against the inside of her cheek as she felt around for bits of food in her mouth. *That’s all they were to her, I realized, food.*



“And Ryan,” Briana continued, **“you know what else?”**

“What?” I asked.

“I know you like to watch me play with my food...”

With that Briana squeezed her gigantic breasts together with her hands. I knew how fragile normal people were to her, and how little force it would take for her to crush the little woman. And, God help me, part of me found that to be incredibly sexy.



But just because I enjoyed Briana's cruelty didn't mean I was going to let an innocent person die for it. Briana had to eat, and I accepted that... But I wasn't going to let Briana kill someone for the sake of my boner.

"Briana," I yelled, "don't crush her, I'm serious!" But Briana's smirk made it clear she didn't take me seriously.

"Nice try, Ryan," she said to me, as she juggled her breasts up and down, "**But I know you don't really mean that!**" Dozens of tons of mass mercilessly threw the tiny woman in her cleavage this way and that like she was a ragdoll. "**You just say that because you feel obligated... and so you don't have to feel bad when I squish them for you...**"



I was getting annoyed at her refusal to listen to me. “Briana, it’s not like that!” I shouted. “I’m serious!”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah, you’re always serious,” Briana said, “and that’s why I know better than to take you seriously. If you really didn’t want to see this, your little guy wouldn’t be standing at attention!”

I looked down and remembered that I had an erection. “It doesn’t work like, Briana!” I shouted, but my anger only amused her.

“Tell ya what, Ryan,” Briana said, “if you’re really not going to let me squish her... Since I’m still hungry, just this once, I can eat her instead. You’re not going to make me starve, are you?”

“No, Briana, of course not!”

“Good,” Briana said, “then watch this...”

Briana opened her mouth wide and lifted her huge, heavy breasts high into the air, bouncing the tiny woman upwards to her mouth.



Briana's lips wrapped around the woman's legs. The tiny brunette screamed and wriggled as Briana pulled her deeper in. It's a sight that was already getting to be almost routine for me. I couldn't help but sympathize with the woman in her grasp, and feel some of the fear and shock she must have felt...



...But damn if I didn't like it.

"Briana looked down at me playfully as she sucked the woman deeper in. First her hips disappeared, then her waist, then her breasts... Briana was doing it as slowly as possible, just to tease me, and I was loving every minute of it.



Finally, Briana sucked down the woman's hands, and then she disappeared entirely into Briana's mouth. She nudged the woman around a bit with her tongue before swallowing her down.





“Welp, that caps off breakfast!” Briana said with a smile. **“And better yet, that’s three more cute girls I won’t have to worry about you staring at, haha!”**

Briana’s little “joke made me realize that I never got a good look at any of their faces. What if she ate Jessica? I asked myself. I tried to look at where she was earlier, dangling down from the crane, but Briana’s head was blocking my view. I didn’t think Briana would nonchalantly eat someone who meant so much to me, but I also knew it was a mistake to underestimate what she was capable of.



“Oh my gosh,” Briana said, “I can’t believe I almost forgot about your little friend! Whathername...”

“Jessica!” I shouted.

“That’s right! She’s been tied up there for more than a day now. She must be getting tired... I guess I should *help* her out!”

Something about the way Briana said ‘help’ made my heart sink. I didn’t know what Briana was planning, but I knew it had to be something bad.



Briana walked over to the crane and looked down at Jessica. When she rested her hand on the crane, the rusty metal structure creaked and tilted so much that I feared she'd bring the whole thing down. Part of me wanted to tell Briana to let go, but I feared that a sudden noise might startle her, and make her more likely to knock the whole thing down. In short, I was paralyzed by fear.

“Oh, Jessica! Jessica!” Briana called out, with a big, fake grin on her face. **“You poor thing, I forgot all about you! You’ve been up there for so long, all alone! Here, I’ll let you chat with your old pal Ryan!”**



Briana pushed the crane towards me. I could hear the tower twisting in ways that it wasn't supposed to twist. I was no expert, but my intuition told me the crane could fall down at any moment. Still, I knew Briana could just get upset if I talked back to her, so I played along with her little game.

I was hesitant to try and walk across the roof barefoot; the cement was cracked, and there was broken glass and gravel to step on. "Jessica!" I shouted from across the roof. But her only response was a barely audible groan, so I reluctantly made my way over to her.

As I made my way closer to Jessica, I was relieved to see that she was in better condition than I feared. She was dirty and exhausted, but still had a twinkle in her eye, and at least she had enough energy to raise her head.

“Jessica!”

“Oh Ryan, thank god you’re here...” She sounded confused, almost delirious. “I want you to hold me...”

As much as I wanted to hold her, I didn’t want to find out how how Briana would react to that.

“Jessica,” I said to her softly, “I’m not sure that’s a good idea. Do you need anything? Food, water...”





But she only cared about one thing.
“Ryan, please...” Jessica said, “Just hold me...”

As much as I wanted to hold her, I was afraid of how Briana might respond. Still, I couldn’t turn her down.
“...Okay,” I said to her, before reluctantly reaching up to Jessica. My hand was outstretched towards her, but she was just barely out of reach.

I’m sorry, Jessica. I can’t reach you...”



“It’s okay, Ryan. We’ll get out of here together, won’t we?” The desperation in her voice was palpable.

“Okay,” I said. I didn’t know what else to say.

“I love you, Ryan!” she blurted out. I shuddered. My heart swelled for a moment, but I didn’t dare to reply in turn. “I wish I could kiss you...”



That's when I was startled by Briana's booming voice. "Here," Briana said, as she pulled down on the crane. "I'll let you get a little big closer!"

I was surprised that Briana heard Jessica's request. *If she heard that, did she hear everything?* I wondered to myself, as Briana pulled down on the arm of the crane. The crane creaked again, even louder and more horribly than before, tilting the end of the crane arm downward, and bringing Jessica closer to me.



I knew it was dangerous to show any kind of affection towards Jessica, but my emotions were running too strong for me to stop myself now. “I’m so sorry for this, Jessica,” I said to her. “I’m sorry for everything.”

She was crying now. Her makeup was running down her face. “You don’t have to apologize for anything,” she said to me. “This isn’t your fault. Please, just kiss me!”

I knew how bad of an idea it was to kiss Jessica in front of Briana. I knew what Briana was capable of. I could imagine all the different ways she could retaliate. Still, though, in the moment, none of that mattered. It was finally my chance to kiss Jessica, and I was going to take it.



...Or so I thought.

Just as I was leaning in for the kiss, the arm of the crane swung away from me. Jessica was suddenly torn away from me. I was like Morpheus, helplessly staring back at Eurydice as she was pulled back into Hades.

“Briana!” I shouted. “You’re not going to...” I couldn’t even finish the sentence.

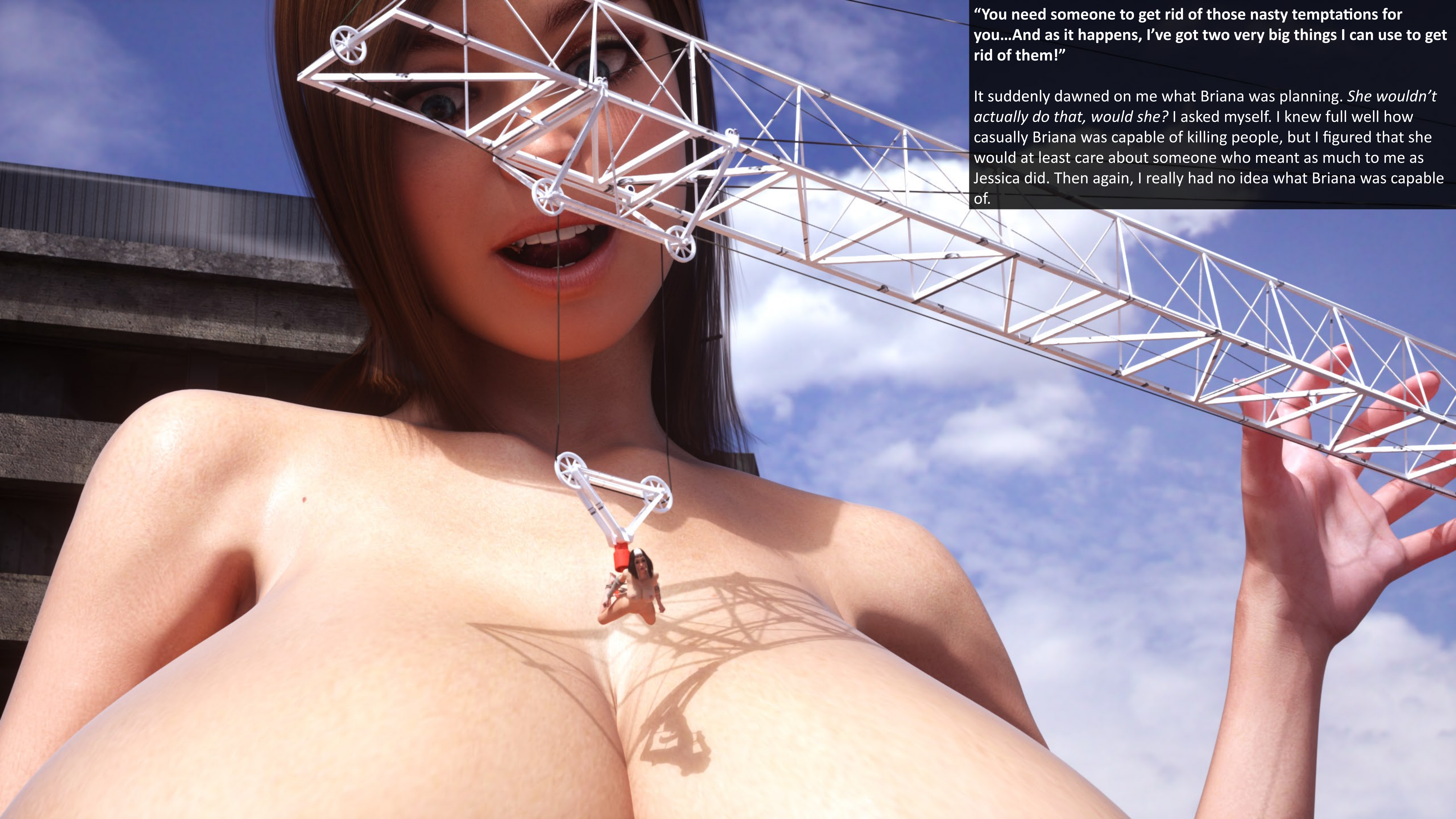
“Oh sweetie, don’t be upset,” she said to me in her disarmingly gentle voice. “**You wanted to kiss her, didn’t you?**”

“No, I would never--”

“Of course you did. It doesn’t matter if you have the sexiest girlfriend in the world, there’s always going to be some little slut who comes along to break you apart and ruin everything.”

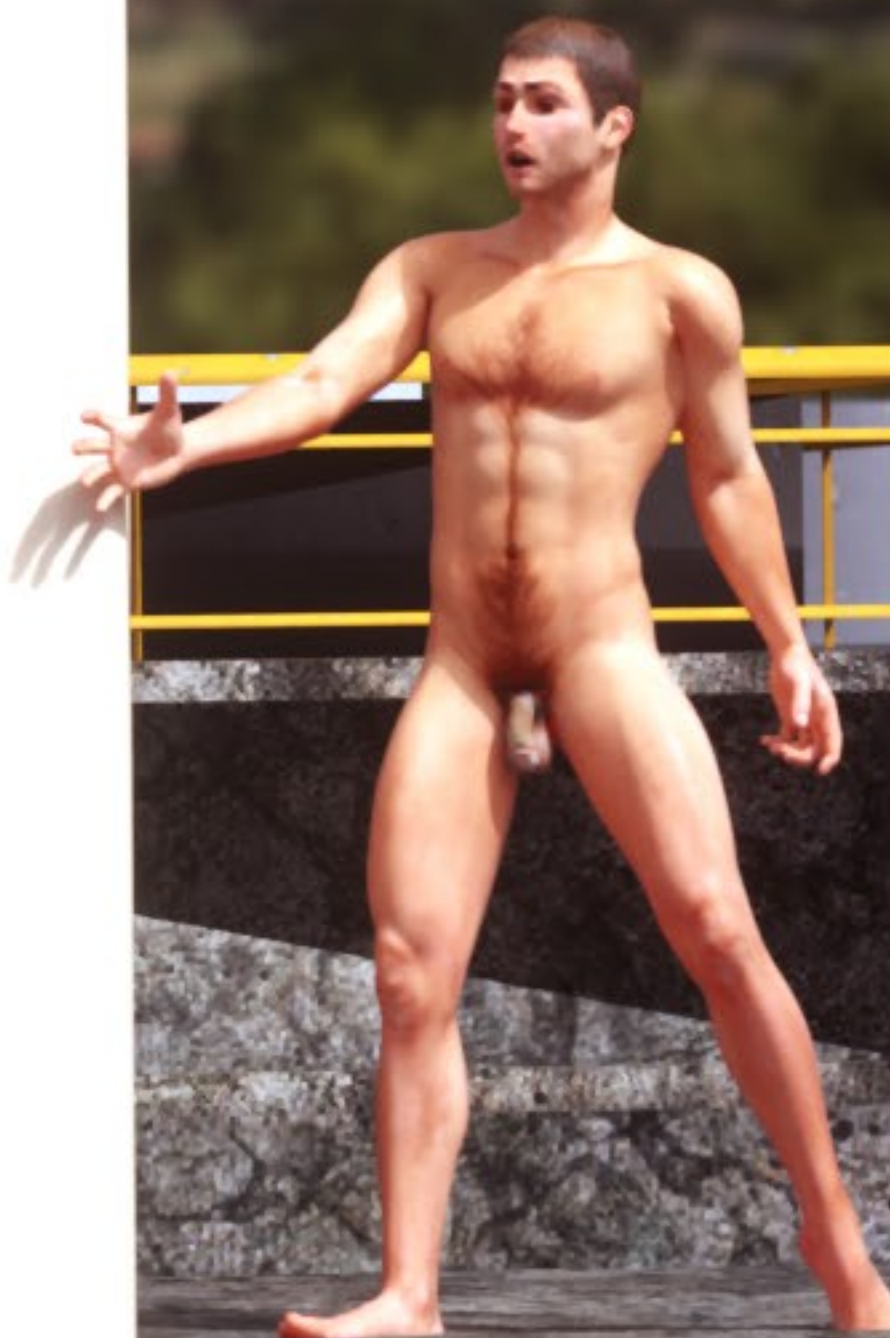
“Briana, please, it’s not like that. It was just--”

“I’m not mad at you, sweetie. I know how you men are... You can’t control yourselves. You need someone else to make sure you make the right decisions.”



“You need someone to get rid of those nasty temptations for you...And as it happens, I’ve got two very big things I can use to get rid of them!”

It suddenly dawned on me what Briana was planning. *She wouldn’t actually do that, would she?* I asked myself. I knew full well how casually Briana was capable of killing people, but I figured that she would at least care about someone who meant as much to me as Jessica did. Then again, I really had no idea what Briana was capable of.



I sprinted over closer to Briana, stopping just in front of a giant portrait Briana had made of me. "Briana, you can't do that!" I shouted at her.



“Do what?” She asked. “Oh, did you think I was going to do something... To her... With these?” Her hands lifted up and squeezed her huge, massive breasts. “That thought didn’t even occur to me! You boys, you’ve always got boobs on the mind...”



‘That’s all you guys care about. Boobs... And butts...’ Briana continued. **“Is that why you want to kiss her? I saw your search history. You liked women with big tits and round asses...”**

I had no idea how she’d seen my search history, but figuring that out was pretty far down my list of priorities at the moment.

“I can see why you like her,” Briana said. **“She’s got a nice, juicy ass for a little whore!”**



“Briana,” Jessica shouted, “I’m so sorry! I would never--”



“Shut up!” Briana shouted, and her voice echoed through the hills. Then she turned to me. **“Ryan, do you wish I had a bigger butt? Like *her*?”**

That’s one of those questions there’s no good answer to. I fumbled for words. **“I--I mean, no, you’re perfect how you are!”**

“...And I love that you care about my feelings, sweetie,” she said, **“but I know what you like. And lucky for you, you seem to get whatever you want!”**



“You wanted me to have some big fucking
titties, and the universe gave me some big
fucking titties!”



“You needed me to be big and powerful, so I could stop you from running away from me, and I got more powerful than you could have imagined!”



And now you want me to have a nice, big, juicy butt, just like your little whore..."



“Well, I want it too...”



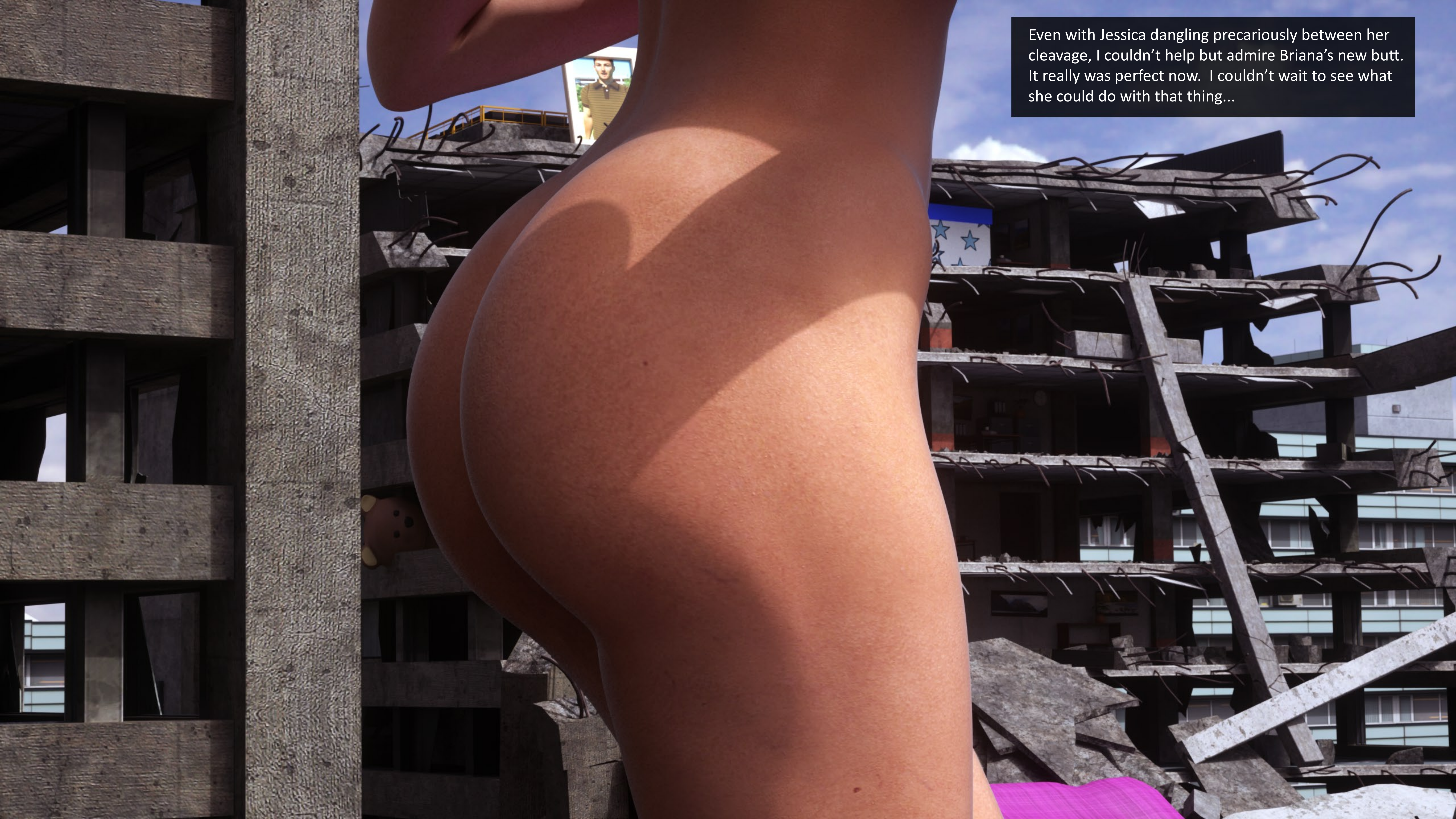
“And if you want something hard enough...”



“...the universe provides!”



Briana turned and marveled at her behind, which had grown far bigger in a matter of seconds. Her one-stringy ass and thighs were now newly thick.



Even with Jessica dangling precariously between her cleavage, I couldn't help but admire Briana's new butt. It really was perfect now. I couldn't wait to see what she could do with that thing...



“Look!” Briana said. **“Now I’ve got a big butt, just like you always wanted!”**

“And it really looks incredible,” I said to her, “but can you please let Jessica go now?”

"Don't you see? Now that I've got a better butt than hers... you really don't need her, do you? She's just another whore... Another harlot... Another *slut* trying to tear us apart!"





“You can see it now, can’t you Ryan? She was trying to destroy us! Trying to destroy our perfect love! But I caught her, and now, instead of destroying our love, she’s only going to make it stronger! You like this, don’t you honey?” Briana asked provocatively. “You like it when I squeeze them between my tits... When I grind and mash them until there’s nothing left but a paste...”

“And all that will be left of this little whore will be a little red spot on my tits! How’s that feel, *whore*?”





“Stop!” I yelled. “I don’t want you to hurt her! Don’t you get it? I care about her! She’s not just a *whore*!”



“C’mon, sweetie. Don’t you want to watch me smush ‘er?”

“No! Briana, I don’t want you to hurt anyone!”

“I can tell you’re lying. You know how I can tell?”

“No!” I shouted as loud as I could. “Let her go!”



“Ugh, fine.” Briana let out a heady sigh and rolled her eyes. “I guess I don’t *have* to kill her right now. But maybe a little later...”



"Briana," I said sternly, "no! Never! How could you even say that?"

Briana chortled. "Oh, you didn't think I was serious, did you? I was just joking around, having a little bit of sexy fun. Of course I don't want to *actually* hurt her. We can just play pretend, you know, just for a little foreplay! She can be our little toy, our little plaything, for me to torment while you watch! How does that sound?"

"That... sounds fine," I said, as much to assuage Briana as anything else. "Just... let her go for now, okay?"

"Fine..." Brina said with a sigh.



But when Briana pulled her tits apart, it suddenly became clear just how precarious Jessica's situation was. Without Briana's breasts to hold her in place, the only thing holding her up was the cable, and it had come all but completely disconnected from the tram she was on.

"Oh no! Oh no oh no oh no!" Briana sputtered. But then the tram came loose, and Briana's voice was overtaken by Jessica's scream.

Briana reached out towards Jessica with an outstretched hand and tried to grab her, but she simply wasn't fast enough. Jessica was plummeting towards the ground at terminal velocity. I watched in horror as she rapidly descended. I was so focused on Jessica, that I didn't even see Briana's head slam into the arm of the tower crane.





“Ryan! Look out!” Briana yelled. I looked up just in time to see the crane arm swinging towards me.

I ducked just in time to avoid the crane. My portrait wasn't so lucky. A thousand pounds of steel slammed into the oversized portrait and shattered the picture into a thousand pieces. I shudder to think what would have happened if it hit me.





“Oh my god,” Briana said, as she clutched her face out of worry. “Ryan? Ryan, please tell me you’re okay!”



“I’m okay...” I said, still catching my breath. I had almost died a few seconds earlier, but considering that, I definitely could have been worse.

“Oh Ryan, thank god you’re still alive!” Briana said, as she reached out to grab me. The last thing I wanted was for her to pick me up again, but before I could tell her to stop I felt her fingers wrapping around me.



“My poor, poor Ryan...” She said in a dramatic tone, **“If something had happened to you, I don’t know what I’d do!”**

But I knew i was fine. My concerns were elsewhere. “What about Jessica?” I asked. “Is she okay?”

Briana sighed. **“I *guess* I can look for her, if you really want me to.”**

A giant, nude woman with large breasts and long brown hair stands on a pile of rubble and debris. She is looking directly at the camera with a surprised expression, holding a small object in her right hand. The background shows a multi-story building that has been severely damaged, with exposed concrete and twisted metal. A construction crane is visible in the distance under a blue sky with scattered clouds. In the foreground, there is a large pile of rubble, including broken concrete blocks and rebar. A blue tarp is partially visible at the bottom of the frame.

I craned my head to look behind me. I could just make out Jessica, lying near the edge of the bed. *The sheets must have dampened her fall*, I realized; *hopefully she's not hurt*. She was still tied up, and dangling precariously close to the edge of the bed. It was close to a thirty foot drop to the ground below.

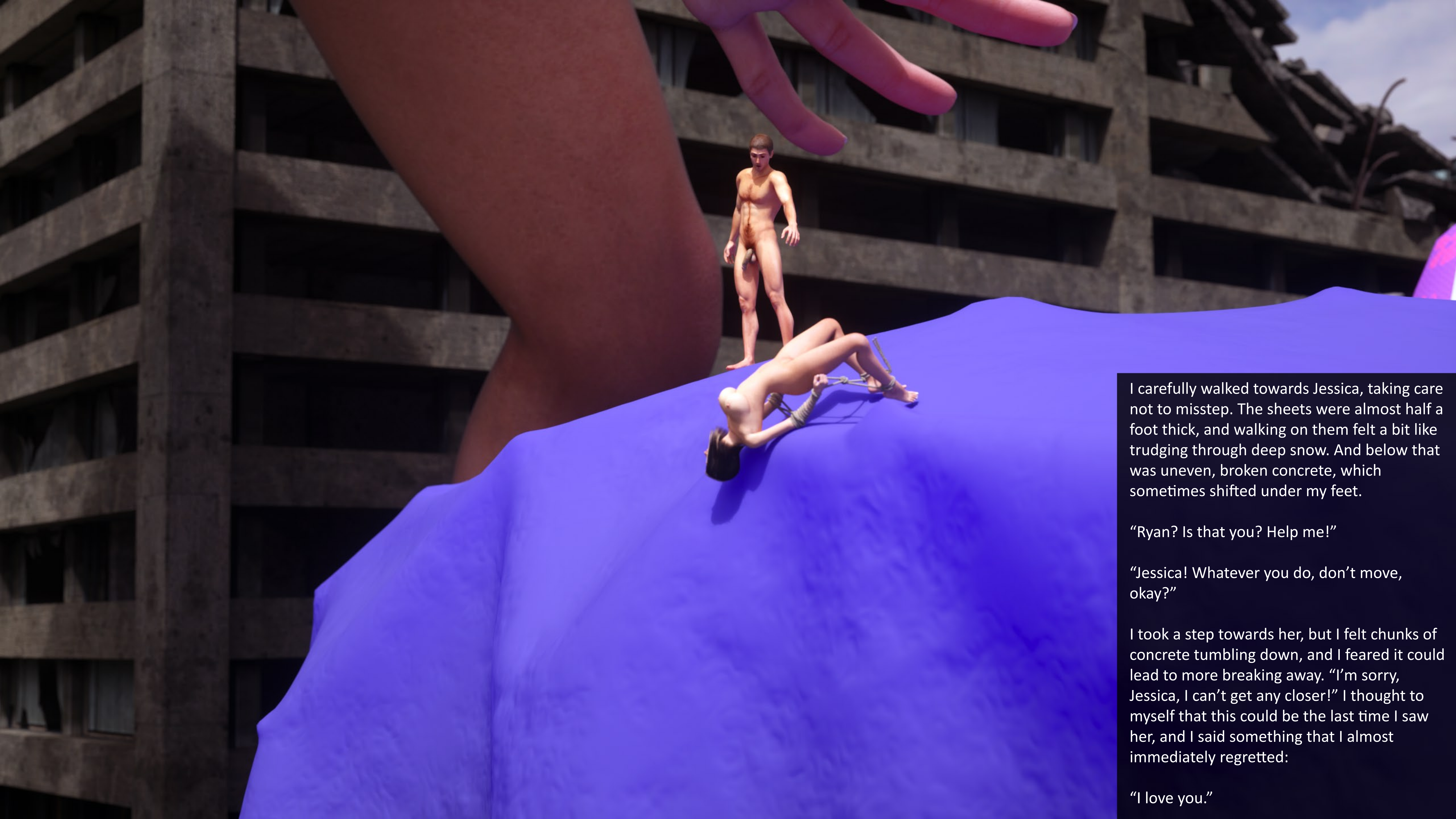
"I think I see her!" I shouted out. "She's on the bed!"

"Oh, *great...*" Briana sarcastically whined. "*I'm so glad she's still alive.*"

I couldn't believe Briana was wasting time, with Jessica in such a dangerous situation. I almost asked Briana to save Jessica, before realizing what a bad idea that would be. "Put me down on the bed!" I yelled. "I can help her!"



“Okay,” Briana said to me, “**but promise to be careful, okay sweetie?**” She gently pinched my arm between her thumb and index finger, and lowered me down onto the bed. For someone as huge, and frankly, dangerous as Briana, she could be downright gentle when she wanted to be.



I carefully walked towards Jessica, taking care not to misstep. The sheets were almost half a foot thick, and walking on them felt a bit like trudging through deep snow. And below that was uneven, broken concrete, which sometimes shifted under my feet.

“Ryan? Is that you? Help me!”

“Jessica! Whatever you do, don’t move, okay?”

I took a step towards her, but I felt chunks of concrete tumbling down, and I feared it could lead to more breaking away. “I’m sorry, Jessica, I can’t get any closer!” I thought to myself that this could be the last time I saw her, and I said something that I almost immediately regretted:

“I love you.”



“I love you too, Ryan,” Briana said, and a shiver went down my spine as I realized that she heard me. “**You *were* talking to me, right?**” She asked that question with that half-crazed, desperate tone I’d learned to fear. “I mean, who else would you be talking to? Why would you tell some whore that you love her?:

“Of course I was talking to you, Briana! But can you please save Jessica?” I knew I wasn’t fooling her, but I had more important matters to attend to.



I hoped that she would pick up Jessica from the precipice, but instead, without saying another word, Briana carelessly plopped her enormous ass down right behind me. The shockwave sent me falling back. I was a safe distance away from the edge, but I feared the quake might make Jessica slip off the edge.



I was relieved to see that she was still there, dangling precariously from the side of the bed. But the fall had made things even more dangerous, and now she was slowly rocking, back and forth, with her ropes as a pivot point.



“Briana!” I yelled. “You need to help Jessica! Now!”

“**Jessica, Jessica, Jessica,**” Briana said with an eye roll. I looked up, and saw that she was crossing her arms above her head. Not only was she not trying to help Jessica, she was making a point of not doing anything. “**All you ever talk about now is Jessica. ‘Jessica’s tied up!’ ‘Jessica’s about to fall!’ It’s always about *her*, and never about *me*!**”



While Briana was engaging in self-pity, I was getting increasingly nervous as Jessica slowly slipped closer to the edge. "Please!" I yelled. "She could fall off at any second!"

"You can't even take your eyes off her, can you? You like her cute little body? You like that she's not a giant, hideous monster like me?"



“Briana,” I said, “you’re not hideous!” I knew neither of us would believe it if I said she wasn’t giant... Or a monster.

“Oh yeah?” Briana asked in an accusatory tone. **“Then why are you looking at her, when my pussy is right here in front of you, warm and sticky and dripping wet?”**

She leaned back, which made her look even more imposing. Her pussy was a good ten feet above my head now, but I was overwhelmed with its scent.



“You’ve got a wondering eye, Ryan,” Briana said. “I don’t blame you! I know how you boys are! You can’t help it when there’s a new woman, you have your little instincts. That’s why you need someone like me to protect you from *whores* like *her*.”

Briana leaned forwards, and reached with an outstretched hand towards Jessica. Somehow I didn’t feel like Briana was trying to save her.



I was right to be worried. Briana pinched Jessica between her thumb and index finger, so tight that Jessica yelped.

“Briana,” I said, “that’s a little tight!” But she didn’t heed my warning.



Briana lifted Jessica closer to her face. I couldn't see Jessica, and I couldn't hear her, either. That made me worry. All it would take for her to kill her was a little squeeze of her fingers...



“You try to steal away my boyfriend?” Briana said. “My boyfriend? Do I *look* like someone you want to mess with? Do I?” Even for Briana, her voice was deep and booming then. But as threatening as she was, I was relieved to hear Briana’s voice. If she was threatening Jessica, that at least meant Jessica was still alive... or so I hoped.



Any relief I felt, though, vanished as soon as Briana opened her mouth.

“I’ve always hated little *sluts* like you,” Briana said to Jessica, literally spitting the words at her. **“You, and all those college girls in their tight yoga pants, and the pornstars and the insta girls... You all took him away from me. For a year, I felt heartbreak that someone like you could never imagine. But now, you’re nothing to me.”** Briana opened her mouth wider, and slowly pulled Jessica closer to her mouth. **“I eat sluts like you for breakfast. And lunch. And dinner.”**



“Briana! Let her go!” I shouted. But I knew how hard it was to get Briana to listen, let alone change her mind.



“I’m not letting her go until I’ve taken care of her!” Briana said, as she dangled Jessica in front of her gaping mouth.

“Briana, please! Do it for me!” I yelled again.



She didn't respond. Her hand blocked most of my view, but I could hear Jessica's screams. I could imagine Jessica's feet dangling just in front of Briana's enormous mouth. Those powerful incisors, ready to clamp down and tear that beautiful body to shreds.

And then they did just that.



Briana bit down, and I screamed out in agony. But to my relief, there was no blood, no screams. It took me a moment to gather my thoughts and put together what had happened. Briana didn't bite Jessica; she bit her ropes off.



Briana looked down at Jessica. She was wedged between Briana's lips, each of which was as thick as Jessica's entire body. Then Briana made a horrible slurping sound. As first I thought she was trying to suck down Jessica, but I quickly realized she was sucking down the loose ropes, as if they were spaghetti. *If Briana had wanted to swallow Jessica, I told myself, she'd already be in Briana's gut.*

Briana reluctantly opened her mouth. Jessica tumbled out, and landed on Briana’s breast.

“What? You didn’t seriously think I was going to eat her, did you honey?” Briana said to me.

It was no use lying to Briana, so I told her the truth. “I didn’t know,” I said. “You’ve eaten so many others...”

“But this is different. You asked me not to,” Briana said. **“And I listen when my little sweetie tells me to do something!”** Does she? I thought to myself. But I wasn’t about to look a gift whore in the mouth.

“Thanks, Briana. I appreciate that.” And I did. This was the closest thing I’d felt to relief since the crane incident. But before me or Jessica could have a moment’s comfort, Jessica slid down to the crack between Briana breasts.





Jessica fell head-first between Briana's cleavage, and was quickly wedged between Briana's enormous boobs. As soon as I saw Briana getting the crazy eyes again, I immediately knew what was on her mind.

“Well looky there, a little whore is stuck between my boobers! It would be so easy...” Briana said with an odd lilt. **“It would be so easy... Soooo easy, to just give you a little squeeze...”**



Briana looked down at me. Her expression instantly changed to something more sympathetic, so I figured she must have snapped out of it. I was wrong.

“Ryan, I know you don’t want me to kill her or anything... But what if I just squeeze a little bit? Maybe break a rib or two? You’d like that, wouldn’t you? I know you would. C’mon, she’s not gonna miss one or two little ribbies, is she?”

I was reluctant to say anything to Briana when she was in that kind of mood, but I couldn't risk Briana getting carried away. I didn't try to argue. All I said was, "Briana, please?"





“Fine, I won’t squish her,” Briana said with a characteristic eyeroll. “But that doesn’t mean I’m going to just let her just walk away. Why can’t she climb out herself?”

My face was flush with anger. “Briana,” I yelled, “you need to let her go!”



“Fine,” Briana said with one last eyeroll. She pulled her breasts apart, and Jessica tumbled out of her cleavage.

“Thank you...” Jessica said, still catching her breath.
“Thank you... for letting me go...”

A surreal image showing a giant, realistic human hand and arm reaching down from the top of the frame. The hand is holding a tiny woman by her arm. The woman is lying on her back on a large, smooth, light-brown surface that resembles skin. She is wearing a black top and white bottoms. Her legs are raised and bent. In the background, a multi-story building with many windows is visible under a clear blue sky.

“Who said I’m letting you go?” Briana asked, and she put two fingers on Jessica’s back and pressed down. The tiny woman held back a scream. **“You’re my property, for as long as you live. And if you want that to be more than a few minutes, don’t speak unless spoken to, slave. That’s your last warning.”**



I couldn't believe how roughly she was treating Jessica. "You can't do that to her!" I shouted.

"Aww, sweetie," she said, "of course I can! You're so cute. That's what I love about you! But this is the real world, and this is just how things are! She's my slave. That's a lifetime appointment, and usually it's not a very long lifetime!"



“Briana, please! You can do whatever you want! There’s nothing stopping you from letting her go!”

“Oh really?” She asked. “**Nothing** at all? Not even you? I saw how you looked at her. You just want me to let her free, so you can get on the first train out of town, and go so, so far away from me... And never look back... And share your love with her... and not with me... No! She’s mine, Ryan. My slave. And unless I ‘accidentally’ squish them, the only way my slaves get to go is if I eat them... But don’t look sad, sweetie. Don’t you want to hear the good news?”

“What?” I asked. As pathetic as it was I had no choice but to play along.

‘So I have a few different kinds of slaves. There are the ones I eat, that’s what us in the giantess biz call ‘food slaves’... I suppose I do also have a few who work as my personal assistants... but oh, what a shame, those positions are all full right now!





‘And then, there are the... ‘love slaves.’ You know, Ryan, I never slept with another man the whole time we were apart. No man could possibly replace you, Ryan. But I have needs. And appetites. I don’t like eating guys, because they remind me of my sweet little Ryan! I found out that twenty-something girls make the best food... And since they’re so tasty... Well, I figured that if I was going to be eating them anyway, I might as well play with my food!’

With that Briana slid Jessica further down, until Jessica’s head was resting on the top of her vulva.

“So, Jessica,” Briana continued, “tell me... Do you want to be a food slave? Or a love slave?”

“Love slave! Love slave!” Jessica shouted.

“Okay. Well as it turns out, there are try-outs for the position. Not everyone makes it. If you want the part, you better show some real enthusiasm.”



“Now suck my clit.”

Briana slid her fingers down, gradually lowering the tiny woman to her clitoris, and pressing her head downward.

“Little sluts like her,” Briana said, **“They’ve got these strong, nimble little tongues from all those years they spend sucking cock... And if they suck a dick, they can definitely give some love to my clit! Come on, Jessica, take a little lick! This is your job tryout!”**



I admit part of me was enjoying the display. You can probably guess which part.... But I still knew I had to put a stop to it.

“Briana, you can’t do this!”

“Do what?” Briana asked. “**She said she wanted to audition! Besides,**” Briana said with a cruel smile, “**it’s not like I’m going to keep her all to myself!**”



“What are you saying, Briana?” I asked.

“Oh honey. I had a hard time admitting this to myself, Ryan,”
Briana said, **“but you that I know you like Jessica... I figure, why fight it? Why not let you have a little plaything that’s your own size? ”**

If I had any doubts about what Briana meant by ‘plaything,’ Briana removed them in that instant. With a single finger pressed between Jessica’s legs, she slid the woman’s body between the lips of her labia and into her glistening pussy.



“You know I couldn’t just pick up some whore off the street... Not when you had your own special whore already picked out!”

“You can’t just make her into your sex slave!”

“Oh, Ryan, it’s not like that. She won’t just be my sex slave. She’ll be *our* sex slave!”



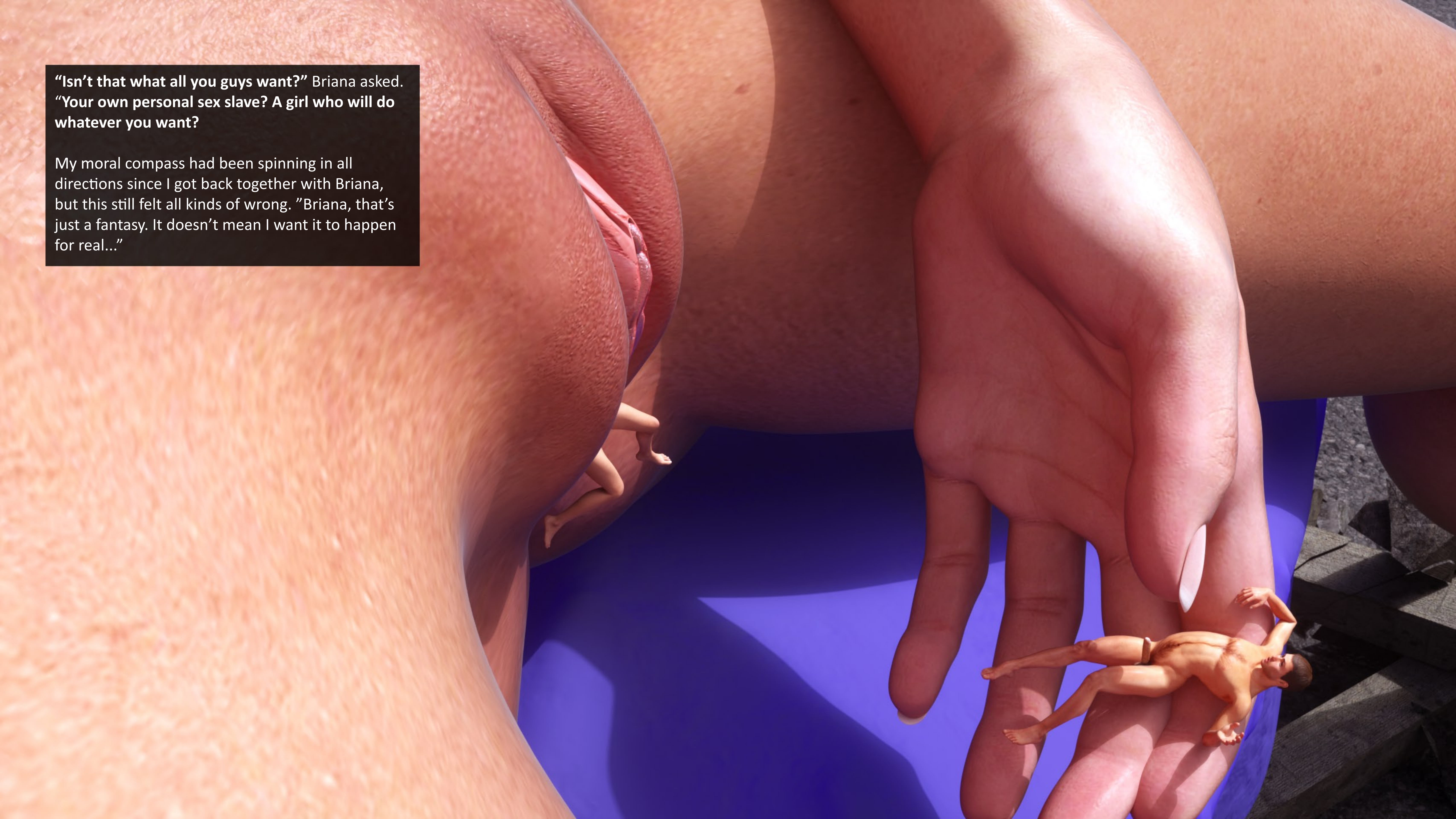
“You see this tight little pussy? The one I know you’ve wanted to put your cock into since the first time you saw her? Well now it’s all yours, Tiger,” Briana said with a chuckle. “The only catch is that when you fuck her... I want you to think of me. Okay, sweetie?”



“Come on, Ryan. I’m horny, and I can see that you are too!” I looked up and saw Briana’s hand reaching behind me. I knew it was no use telling her no.

**“Isn’t that what all you guys want?” Briana asked.
“Your own personal sex slave? A girl who will do
whatever you want?”**

My moral compass had been spinning in all directions since I got back together with Briana, but this still felt all kinds of wrong. “Briana, that’s just a fantasy. It doesn’t mean I want it to happen for real...”



“Well it looks like your cock wants it! Come on, Ryan, she’s a slave! That’s all the permission you need!”

“No!” I said forcefully, before I suddenly realized how she might take it.... And how Jessica might take it. “I mean, no... not unless I know she wants to.”



“Jessica? Are you in there? Are you okay?” I asked her. “You can come out.”

With that, Jessica slowly leaned forward and pulled herself up, climbing out of her soft, sticky prison.

“Thanks, Ryan... you’ve always been a gentleman. But, as crazy as this is, I guess I am her sex slave now...”



“I won’t make you do anything, Jessica.”
But Briana might, I thought to myself.

But to my surprise, Jessica looked at me
with lustful eyes.

“Ryan,” Jessica said, “you need to fuck
me.”





“You’re sure you’re not just doing this so you won’t be eaten?”

“Brian... No. First of all, if it’s a choice between being your sex slave and being eaten, obviously you know which one I’ll pick. But it’s not just that. I don’t know what the hell is wrong with me... but I’m more turned on right now than I’ve ever been in my life.”

“You’re sure?” I asked her. “You’re really sure?”

“Ryan, listen to me,” Jessica said. “No more excuses. No more stalling. I know you want this as badly as I do, so stop with your bullshit. Shut up and fuck me, you pussy,” she said to me.

Jessica made the first move. She grabbed me and pulled me in closer to her, and for the first time, I felt the warmth of her bare flesh against mine. I felt the tip of my cock rubbing between her labia.

I could feel the wetness of her Jessica's pussy. I grabbed onto the wall of Briana's labia for stability. I thrust forward, and Jessica let out a low moan as my cock entered her for the first time. In a weird way, it felt like I was fucking Briana too.

I didn't say another word. I didn't need to.



“Fuck you feel good,” Jessica said to me. I had nothing to say in return. As I thrustured into Jessica’s pussy, I just wanted to savor the moment, and let the sensations take over me. To forget about the giant, insane woman who was looming over us, and watching over our every move. But of course, forgetting about Briana was impossible. I was inside of her pussy, smelling her musk, dripping with her juices. Even as I was fucking Jessica, it felt more like I was fucking Briana. Which, of course, was exactly how Briana wanted it.

Fuck, I thought. *Briana always gets her way.*





She chimed in not a second later. Sometimes I felt like she could read my thoughts. Honestly, if she told me she could, I wouldn't be that surprised.

"Fuck me harder, Ryan," Briana said.
"Fuck her... and fuck me..."

A little encouragement was all the motivation I needed. I grabbed onto Briana's thighs and fucked her like a jackhammer. She let out a loud, screaming moan. "Oh Ryan," Jessica moaned, "you're so big!"

"Mmm, yeah, Jessica," I said in response, "you're so tight..."

I immediately regretted saying that.





I shouldn't have said Jessica's name, and I especially shouldn't have said she was tight. You could call Briana's pussy a lot of things, but 'tight' wasn't one of them. Not unless you're the size of a skyscraper, anyway. I should have known she'd be sensitive about that.

"Why are you looking at *her* instead of me?" Briana said. Even before I looked up at her, I could hear the anger in her voice. **"She's just your little toy. I'm your soulmate. Right?"**



“Of course! I love you, Briana!” I said to her, and I thought to myself, *Thank God I didn’t accidentally say ‘Jessica.’*

Looking back, at least it was a good thing Briana still cared about me loving her. Because, really, it didn’t matter if I loved her, or what I wanted. As long as Briana wanted me, I was hers.

“I love you too, Ryan,” she said. “But please... look at me, not her...”



“Here,” Briana said, **“I’ll make it a little easier for you...”** And Briana pushed down with her thumb. A thumb that was bigger than my entire body, let alone Jessica’s. Without the slightest effort she forced Briana’s entire upper body backwards, so forcefully that I was afraid she might have broken Jessica’s back.



“Jessica,” I said, “you’re okay, right?”

“She was a little rough, but I’m fine.” Jessica said. “Just fuck me, okay? Don’t stop until you come!”

That was all I needed to hear. I went back to pumping away into Jessica. As messed up as the situation was, she was willing, and I was horny, and in the moment, those were the only things that mattered.

A close-up, low-angle shot of a woman with long dark hair and blue eyes. She is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. Her hands are positioned in front of her, with fingers spread, framing a small, dark, fleshy object. The background is a bright blue sky with scattered white clouds. The lighting is soft and natural, highlighting the textures of her skin and hair.

“Ooh, Ryan,” Briana said. **“Look at me... Mmm, yeah... Fuck me...”** Briana let out a series of long, slow moans. **“Pretend like that’s my pussy... Fuck it... it’s so nice and tight, isn’t it?”**



“It is,” I said, as I stared up into Briana’s eyes. “Your pussy is so tight, and wet...” I trailed off, as I moaned. That’s the crazy thing; as I pounded away, it really felt like I was fucking Briana. Like I was back in her dorm room, that first night we spent together, fucking that tight little pussy of hers..

But as I thrust away, I heard Jessica's moans echoing from inside of Briana's pussy. While Briana's moans were low and drawn out, Jessica's were high pitched, ecstatic, frantic. I knew she was getting close to orgasm. I could tell how horny she was. And mentally, something switched. I wasn't fucking Briana anymore. Jessica wasn't just a surrogate. She was the woman I loved. I was inside of her. And I was going to make her cum...





...but Briana was still watching me.

“Ryan,” she said, **“come on, look at me, please!”** Briana said. I looked up at her face, her eyes, those soft lips of hers... and just like that, I felt like I was fucking her again.

“Say my name, Ryan,” Briana said.
“Say my name...”

“Oh Briana,” I moaned, and I thrust away.
“Briana... You feel so good...”





“Say my name!” Birana said.

“Oh Briana! Briana!”

I was getting close. I could tell Jessica was getting close too. Her moans were turning into something else entirely. Wild, feral, hungry. She was so close. I just needed to go a little harder... Fuck a little deeper...

I finally felt my load of cum spurt inside of her.

“Ooh, Ryan, fill me up with your cum!” Briana said.

“Oh, yes Jessica!” I moaned.

Oh fuck. Did I just say...



“What did you say, Ryan?”

Briana’s face was flush with anger and sadness. My mind immediately raced with every possible way she might react. Every horrifying scenario played out in my head like a highlight reel of my worse nightmares. Hell hath no fury...

There was no use in trying to lie to her.
“I’m sorry...” I said. It was all I really could say.

“Sorry isn’t good enough, Ryan. You need to be punished.”

“Umm...Okay,” I said. So she was going to punish me. I knew there was no point in arguing. The only question in my mind was: how?

I found out soon enough.

A man with short brown hair and a surprised expression is lying on his back on a large, purple inflatable ring. He is shirtless, showing his chest and abdominal hair. His right hand is placed on his groin, and his left hand is resting on his hip. He is wearing black wristbands on both wrists. The background is a grey, textured surface.

I'm not sure how long it took her to strap me into the device. Long enough for me to get another erection, I guess. Probably not more than ten minutes, but it felt like so much longer. Briana was nimble strapping me in; looking back, she must have practiced on some of her slaves.

I knew right away what it was for.



“Hey, Ryan,” she said to me with an evil grin. “So you know what this is for?”

“I think I have an idea,” I said. “I’m strapped to a giant dildo, and you’re going to fuck yourself with it.” I didn’t say it, but it didn’t seem like such a bad punishment.



“You’re half right,” Briana said. “You’re not just going to be fucking me... you’re going to be fucking your little whore too. I’m going to fuck myself with my dildo, with you, when she’s inside of my pussy. That shouldn’t be too harsh of a punishment, right? Because that’s all she is, right? Just a whore? Just a pussy to fuck?”

“...Yeah...” I said, “...of course.” I was horrified at the suggestion, but I had to play along. “But... couldn’t that hurt her? If you go too hard, couldn’t that...”



“Break her?” Briana asked. **“Aww, sweetie. I tried this on a few slaves... Some other little sluts, like her. I was so lonely without you, sweetie...”**

“...And they were okay?” I asked Briana. I couldn’t believe what she was saying.

Briana’s lip curled up in a smile. **“They were mostly fine. Well... most of them.”**

But her half-hearted assurance wasn’t good enough for me. “Briana,” I said, “this isn’t right...”



“Oh, don’t be so dramatic!” She said.
“This shouldn’t just be a punishment...
it’s a funishment!” Then Briana,
eternally tone-deaf, licked the underside
of my cock with her enormous tongue.
“Come on,” she said, “don’t pretend like
you’re not enjoying this!”



“No!” I shouted. But every outburst only reminded me how little power I had. The little flash of anger I saw in her eyes meant more than the loudest scream I could muster, so I changed tact. “I’m sorry, but... Please, Briana. Don’t do this... I don’t want to...”



“You’re such a little liar!” Briana said. ““Don’t do this,’ ‘don’t do that.’ ‘Don’t step on them.’ ‘Don’t eat her.’ You always say the same little things, but I know better. Your cock is like a little pinocchio nose. It tells me all I need to know. And right now, you know what it’s saying? ‘Do it, Briana.’ That’s what it’s always saying. I know better than to listen to your lying little mouth, as cute as it is. But your cock... that always tells the truth...”

“All this cock-talk is getting me nice and wet,” Briana said. **“I think it’s about time to get started...”** Then she lowered me down. It was so abrupt, I got butterflies in my stomach. I felt like I was on an amusement park ride, albeit one that was very much adults-only... and I wanted to get off.

“Briana!” I shouted. **“I don’t want to do this! Please!”**

“Oh Ryan, sweetie,” Briana said with a sigh, **“don’t you see how selfish you’re being? I let you fuck that whore inside of me. Now it’s my turn to cum, and you’re going to try and back out?”**





“We can do something else!” I shouted. “I can try to fuck you for real...”

“You’re so sweet,” she said in a condescending tone, “**but that’s just not good enough.** Look, you know I love your cute little cock... But it’s just so tiny! To me, I mean. I need something bigger... And I really can’t wait any longer...”

A large, realistic-looking dildo is shown from a low angle, filling most of the frame. A woman is lying inside the shaft of the dildo, her body visible from the waist down. She is wearing a black strap and has her arms raised. The background shows a wooden structure, possibly a stage or set, under a blue sky.

“I need to feel you inside of me...”

The giant dildo suddenly tilted and lowered. I found myself face to face with Briana’s pussy... and with Jessica.

“Jessica!” I yelled, “you need to move!”

“Jesus, that’s huge!” Jessica shouted from inside of Briana’s pussy.



“You want to prove that you’re a good sex slave, don’t you?” Briana asked.
“Don’t you want me to fuck you?”

“Of course!” Jessica yelled in response.
“Of course!”

“Good, because you’re not getting away from this one, you little slut,” Briana said in her booming, authoritative voice.
“If you can take Ryan’s cock, you can take mine!”

With that Briana glided the dildo into her pussy. She was mercifully slow at first, I suspect more for my sake than for Jessica's, but that battering ram of a dildo still shoved Briana further back into her pussy.



“She’s nice and deep inside now?” Briana said. “Good...”





“Briana!” I shouted back. “You have to stop!” I knew it was no use, but I felt like I had to at least try.

To my complete and utter surprise, though, Briana actually listened. She stopped and took the dildo out of her, before raising it up so she could look at me eye-to-eye.

“Ryan,” Briana said, while she rubbed her pussy with her other hand, **“You keep telling me to stop. It’s getting really annoying! I’m just going to have to pretend like I can’t hear you next time, okay?”**





Your mouth keeps saying these ugly little lies.... but that cock of yours is like a divining rod, and it points me whatever you want. I know how bad you want this... so just try and enjoy yourself, okay?"



Briana didn't wait for me to respond. She was too eager to get back to pleasuring herself, and she glided the dildo between her legs once again. I thought I heard Briana say something, but I couldn't make out the words.

"Briana," I said meekly, "be gentle, okay?"

"Shut your mouth," Briana said, spitting the words. **"Not another word!"**

The words seemed out of character. I couldn't recall Briana being so directly mean to me in the past, but I'd never seen her this horny before either. She was almost animalistic, and I figured it was best to keep my mouth shut and enjoy the ride.



“Ooh, Ryan,” Briana moaned, **“Fuck me Ryan...”**

It's not like I had a whole lot of choice in the matter. It definitely didn't feel like I was the one doing the fucking. Briana was clearly past being gentle, and she fucked herself with that rocket of a dildo so hard I nearly got whiplash.



“Fuck yes,” Briana moaned, “how’s my pussy feel?”

It felt good, but sex was the last thing on my mind. As she penetrated herself with that gigantic dildo, I was slammed over and over again against the walls of her pussy, totally helpless against the sheer, immense size of her womanhood. The whole thing was undeniably emasculating; not only was my cock not big enough to fuck her, my whole body wasn’t even big enough for her to use as a dildo.



“Mmm, ohh yeah...” Briana’s moans started to turn into screams, as she orgasmed loudly.

My thoughts returned to Jessica. I had been so fearful of my own safety that I let myself completely forget about her. *She’s still in Briana’s pussy, right?* It would have been too dark to see anything when I was inside of Briana, even if I hadn’t been thrashing around like I was, but I couldn’t help but anxiously picture the giant battering ram of a dildo slamming into her delicate body.

“Jessica!” I called out as I was thrust into her pussy, quietly enough so Briana couldn’t hear. “Jessica, are you there?”





Jessica didn't say anything, but as if in response Briana let out a low moan and thrust me into her pussy even harder and deeper than before. I shuddered in pleasure as the bottom of my cock grinded hard against the walls of her pussy. In an instant, everything else disappeared from my mind. I needed to cum, everything else be damned.



“Ooh, Ryan! Yes! Yes!” Briana shouted in ecstasy.

I felt like it was me fucking her. I was pounding Briana like a jackhammer. My cock was fucking her, just as much as that gigantic dildo. I was going to make a hundred and fifty-foot woman cum, and she was getting close.

I pictured myself as a giant, standing in front of Briana and thrusting my gigantic cock into her. *Surely that's what Briana pictured too, right?*





I pictured my enormous cock plowing into her, filling her tight pussy up, slamming into Jessica... I couldn't keep Jessica out of my mind completely. But I still needed to cum.

Fuck Jessica, I need this, I thought to myself. Ooh, Briana, Fuck!



She thrust harder and harder, pounding away with that massive dildo of hers. Her dildo. My cock. I was completely lost in sensation, in the act of fucking, until Briana spoke again.

“Oh Ryan,” she said, “we’re going to fuck that whore together, aren’t we?”

I suddenly felt a pain of guilt, and fear. *What if Briana is really hurting her? I wondered to myself.* But it wasn't enough to stop me from being horny.

“Oh Ryan!” Briana shouted in ecstasy, **“tell me to go harder!”**

I'm not proud of what I said next, but it's not the first time a guy has done the wrong thing to get his rocks off. “Harder!” I shouted. “Harder!”

She was really going wild now. Flecks of spittle and dripping cum were spraying around as she frantically fucked herself with that dildo of hers. I felt myself being knocked around with each thrust. I could only imagine what it must be like for Jessica. And to my shame, that only made it even hotter.



Even when I imagined being her size, though, I couldn't help but feel submissive to her. There was something about her now, and it wasn't just her size... She just radiated sheer, godlike power, and she was so casual about it too. The way she used and abused other people like they were nothing, that turned me on as much as her size, or her body. She was a living goddess, and everyone else was her plaything. Our *plaything*. Fuck, that was hot to think about.





But, of course, I was her plaything too. I was her love, of course. But I was also her fuck toy. I might be above everyone else when I'm around her, but I'm still below her. Now, and always.

And, I was beginning to realize, I kind of liked that.



There are worse fates, after all, then being the plaything of a goddess. *As long as she doesn't kill you... Or Jessica...* Those were two possibilities that that seemed more likely by the second, but I was still preoccupied with cumming.

Jessica let out a series of what I could only call squeals. Her arms were trembling, her hands were shaking with pleasure. Then she let out one last, wild scream, that was so loud it echoed through the valley.



“Mmm! Mmmm...” Briana bit her lip, something she’d always done to hide her loudest orgasms back when we were fucking in a college dorm room, but I could still hear the muffled sounds of orgasm. More than that, I could feel them, echoing through Briana’s body, and through mine.

I shuddered with pleasure. I felt my cock tingle as I came inside of her.

You know how after you cum, you suddenly stop caring about sex? One second you’re horny as hell, and all you can think about are dicks and pussies. Then suddenly, you snap back to reality? Well now that I wasn’t preoccupied with getting off, the gravity of the situation dawned on me all at once.



But I didn't have very long to worry about her, or anyone. Because as Briana continued to fuck herself, she plowed me into her again. Only this time, my dick wasn't quite at the right angle, and it was mostly erect. I felt a sudden flash of pain as it bent backwards.



I must have cried out loud enough for Briana to hear, because soon after she sleepily called out, “**Ryan? Are you okay? Thanks for the fuck...**” She was concerned, but evidently not concerned enough to stop until she finished off with a few more thrusts of her gigantic dildo.



“What’s wrong, little guy?”
Briana asked. **“Didn’t you have a good time?”**

“I hurt my dick,” I told her, “but I already feel better--”

“Oh no!” Briana said. **“Not your little man! Are you going to be okay?”**

The pain was already fading; I could tell I wasn’t seriously injured. I was far more concerned about Jessica. “I’ll be fine,” I said, “but... what about her?”



“Her? Ryan, your priorities are so messed up! She’s just a slave! I know you’re attached to her, but I can get so many others!”

“Briana, please, just check on her!”

“Fine,” Briana said with an eye-roll, “I’ll see if she’s still in one piece...” Briana slowly leaned forward and stuck two fingers in her pussy like she was fingering herself, and felt around for Jessica. “But I’ll tell you what, Ryan... If she didn’t make it, I’ll get you ten sex slaves! And I’ll even let you have your pick! You can go to the mall tomorrow, and then just pick whoever you want and I’ll catch them for you! Deal?”

I couldn’t believe how callous she was being about this. “Briana, please, she’s my--”

“Yeah, yeah, I know. Jessica’s your special little slave. Speaking of which, I don’t feel her in there. Can you help me find her?”





“Any sign of her, Ryan?”

Briana tilted her dildo downward to give me a better look. I squinted and strained to see something, anything inside of her pussy, but even with her spreading it I could only see a few feet inside, and there was no sign of Jessica. For a minute, I worried she was obliterated.



Then Briana tilted me a bit lower, and I let out a sigh of relief when I caught my first glimpse of Jessica, safely wedged between Briana's massive butt cheeks. I never thought I'd be so glad to see her cowering underneath Briana's taint.

I didn't know when Jessica fell out of Briana's pussy. I suspected, and hoped, that it was when Briana took me out for a moment to adjust herself, before Briana really had a chance to get too carried away... but I certainly didn't want to give Briana the impression that she got off too easy. So, naturally, I lied.

"Briana," I said, "whatever you do don't move! She just fell underneath you! She's between your butt cheeks!"

"Fine, I'll get her. You're lucky you just came, Ryan," Briana said, **"or I'd be tempted to give you a little squish-show..."**



I watched as Briana reached down and fished Jessica out from under her taint. It was strange how, even as I got more used to Briana's new size, every so often something would make me aware of how absurd this state of affairs was. A girl I had feelings for, who I just had sex with, was cowering underneath my girlfriend's taint, not a minute after she was inside of her pussy, and there was nothing I could do about it.



“There she is!” Briana said, and she lifted Jessica up so she was facing me. She was covered in Jessica’s fluids and gasping for breath, but I was relieved to see that she was still alive and kicking.

“Jessica,” I asked, “are you okay?”

“Ugh...” Jessica groaned, “I’ll survive...”

“See?” Briana continued, **“she’s fine!”**



“Briana,” I said, “you were a little rough on her. Next time you need to be a little more gentle...”

“**Ryan,**” Briana said in her most authoritative voice, “**I like how compassionate you are... but you need to listen to me. She’s a slave. My slave. You need to remember that. Because if you can’t treat her responsibly... If you start getting emotions for her... Well, I’ll have to go and eat her. And you don’t want me to do that, do you?**”

“No,” I said as calmly as I could manage.

“**Good. So is she your girlfriend?**”

“No,” I said.

“**Is she your little love?**”

“No,” I said.

“**Is she your sub-slut? Your filthy whore? Your sex toy?**”

“...yes.”

“**Say it, Ryan! Call her your little sub-slut!**”

“She’s my little sub-slut.”

“**Say that she’s just a hole to fuck.**”

“She’s just a hole to fuck.”

“**Good, Ryan. You know, if you keep it up, we might be able to keep her around for a long time!**”

“Now we can’t just leave her out, can we? If you leave all your toys just lying around, it makes a mess, and you might accidentally step on them! So now that we’re done with our toy, I’ll put it away for safe-keeping,” Briana said, “until want to use it again.” With that Briana slipped Jessica in between her cleavage.





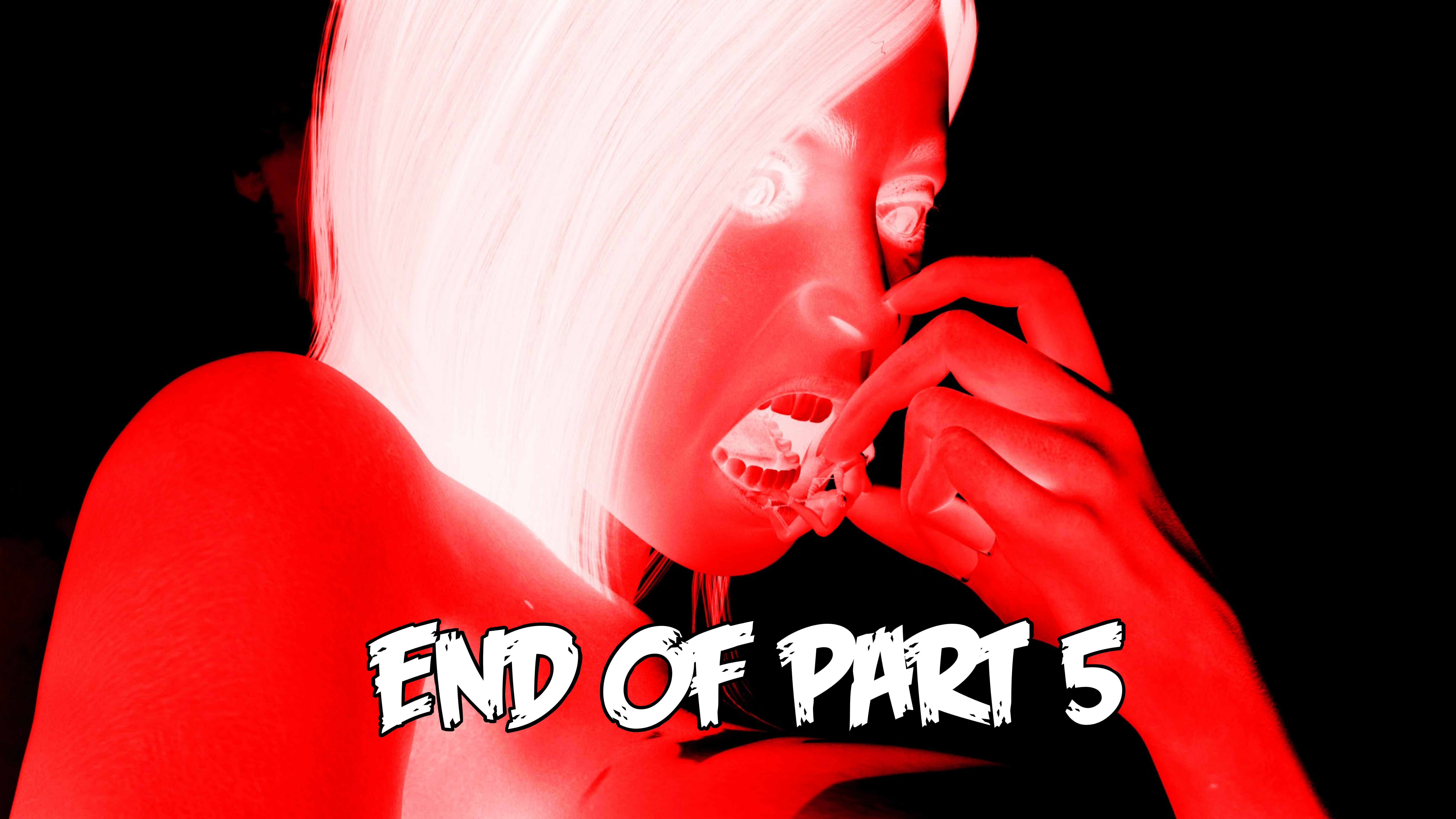
“...Is she okay in there?” I reluctantly asked. “She’ll be safe, right? I’m guessing you’ve tried that before?”

“Not since they grew, but I did it a bunch back when they were smaller!”

“...And they were okay?” I asked Briana. I couldn’t believe what she was saying.

Briana’s lip curled up in a smile. **“They... survived. Well... usually.”**

A shudder went down my spine. I thought back to earlier, how I dreamed about running off and escaping with Jessica... but now, that was already starting to feel like a pipe dream. *This is just temporary, right?* I wondered to myself. But deep down, part of me knew that it wasn’t.



END OF PART 5



OBSESSIVELY ATTRACTED GIANTESS 5

STORY AND ART BY REDFIREDOG
SPECIAL THANKS TO EELSKIN



I couldn't stand the suspense. I had to ask.

"Hey Briana," I said, "Jessica is still okay, right?"

"Oh, your little friend? She's completely fine," Briana said to me. **"Fine as wine. Here, I'll give you a look!"** Briana said as she reached out towards me.