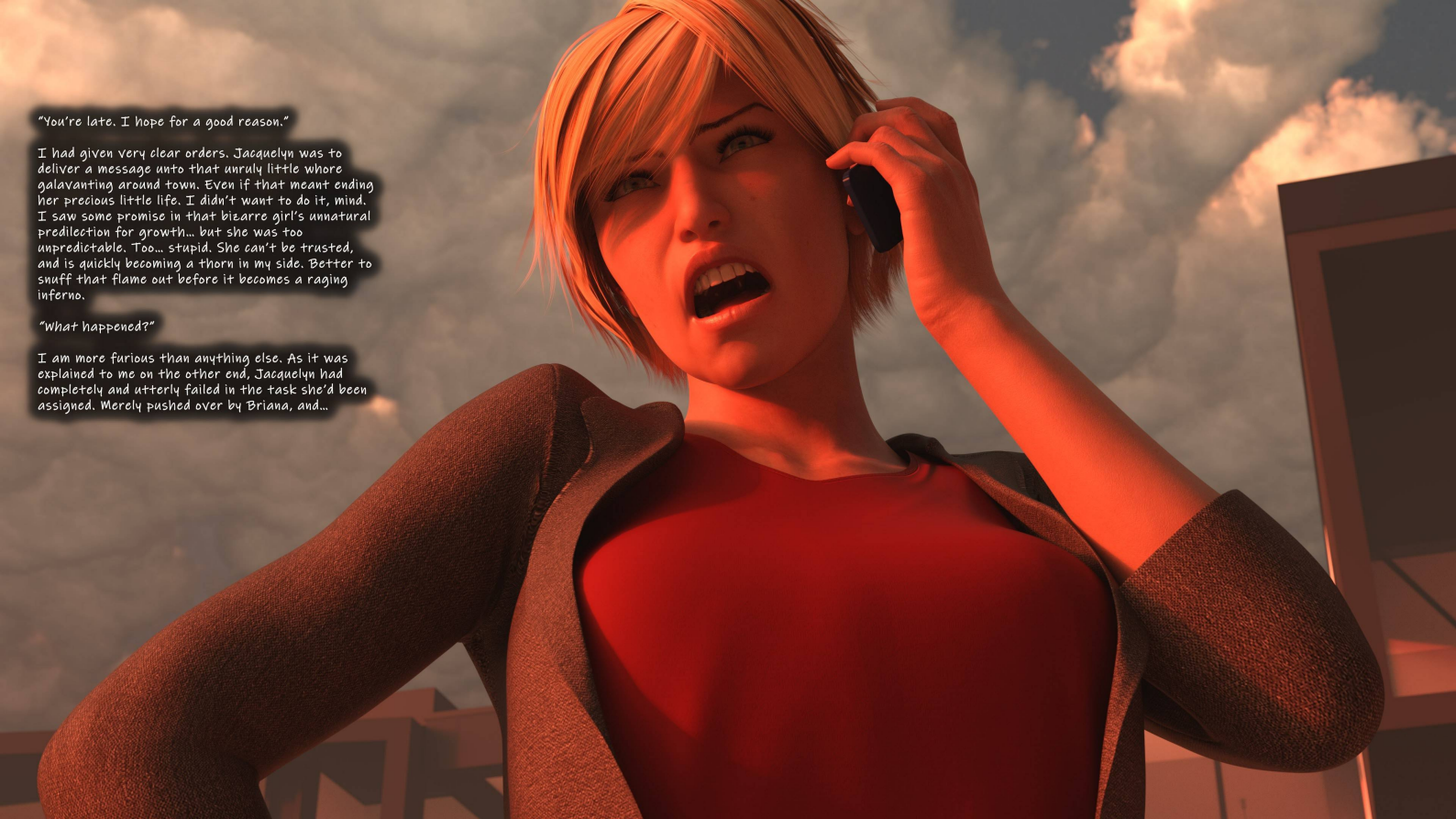
OBSESSIVELY
ATTRACTED
GIANTESS 8

ART BY REDFIREDOG
STORY BY EMMAGEAR

This was supposed to be a calm, relaxing evening. Standing out here in the crisp air, admiring the sunset, getting my pumps detailed, and waiting for good news...
But the good news isn't coming.
The sun is quickly setting, and beyond that, my servants aren't moving with any sense of urgency. I'm about to lose my patience when I finally get a call.


"You're late. I hope for a good reason."
I had given very clear orders. Jacquelyn was to deliver a message unto that unruly little whore galavanting around town. Even if that meant ending her precious little life. I didn't want to do it, mind. I saw some promise in that bizarre girl's unnatural predilection for growth... but she was too unpredictable. Too... stupid. She can't be trusted, and is quickly becoming a thorn in my side. Better to snuff that flame out before it becomes a raging inferno.
"What happened?"
I am more furious than anything else. As it was explained to me on the other end, Jacquelyn had completely and utterly failed in the task she'd been assigned. Merely pushed over by Briana, and...

"She's... she's dead?!"
I thought I would feel some sense of anguish over what I'd just been told. The news that such a loyal lieutenant was no longer with me should have instilled shock. Surprise. Sadness... but all I can feel is a burning sense of fury over this. I tried to focus, collect my thoughts, and speak slowly.
"YOU CAN'T BE FUCKING SERIOUS!" I screamed, completely failing in that regard. "That stupid fucking bitch ruins everything! I'm going to tear her apart! I'm going to-"

Okay.
No.
Take a deep breath.
Calm down, Marie-Claire. You're better than this. You are... You're an elite. You take your anger out on those who deserve it. Those who can actually fall victim to it. You do not scream impotently over the phone like a brat!

Think. What do I do now? Pay a visit to her myself? Strangle her with my bare hands? Break her neck? Kill her boyfriend? Tear her in two? Throw her-
No...
Calm down.
I close my eyes, exhale, and count down from ten. No good decisions are made when this emotionally charged. If I charge into this without thinking things may go overboard. I just need to-
A sudden squeaking from my feet breaks me out of my concentration.

What?
Why are there...?
I asked for a dozen servants on each foot to clean my shoes. Shine them. Make it so I can see my reflection in them. They told me that was enough and asked for more... but this many?! Did they really need that many? Am I surrounded by clear incompetency everywhere?!

"IDIOTS!" I screamed, letting them know how displeased I am. Have they even made any progress? No. Of course not. They were just milling around aimlessly as if there wasn't a clear goal being presented to them. As if they were too frightened to do their job while I'm still wearing them. Well, for that, I'm just going to make them dirtier!
I raise my right foot, and the mass of servants below wastes no time spreading out in every direction. All except for a small group in front of me. One bunch of mouthbreathing fools that carelessly stumbled over one another, leaving themselves trapped in a convenient clump. Ripe for the crushing.

Men. Women. Young. Old. I have all manner of tiny humans serving under me, but there is one that I wish was standing below me right now above all others.
Briana.
I wish it were her I was looking down at. That... big-titted bimbo trapped in the writhing pile of bodies. Looking up at the bottom of my sole, waiting for me to bring it down like a hammer. A surge of hate runs through me as I imagine the shrill scream she'd make when she realizes that there is no way out. By positioning herself against me she has signed her own death warrant.

CRRRRUNCH.
Hmph.
A dozen bodies all at once fall under my heel. Their bones crack like dry sticks. Their bodies burst like tiny balloons. The floor turns slick with what's left behind. It should do a bit to calm me down, but it doesn't do much. It's a hollow sense of accomplishment. It's not the real deal. Only a facsimile.

I twisted my heel on their remains, wishing once more it was Briana before bringing the phone back up. I raise my other foot at the same time. If the first step wasn't enough, maybe a dozen or so more will make me feel better.

It doesn't.
"I needed to take care of something. I'm back."
I can't simply lay back and do nothing. I have to act now. Tempting as it may be to march straight into her domain and start exchanging blows... I am not entirely confident that such a plan is the wisest. I hold the height advantage, but she is considerably more stout than myself. It may be enough to outmuscle me. I need to act with a bit more... cunning.
"A strike team? No. There is no need. I will handle this myself. What? Yes. I'm well aware of how much... bigger... she's gotten over time. Her size doesn't matter. She is still dependent on me for sustenance, and her next delivery will have a little something... extra.

The voice on the other end of the phone is incredulous, and I can't help but smirk. They are fools. They think all that Briana's been able to accomplish thus far is thanks to a brilliant mind. An incredible survival instinct. Something that would have directly helped her best Jacquelyn.
No.
I've dealt with her plenty up until now. She is, in short, an idiot. An oaf who got a bit too big. A buffoon. I could hand her a ticking time bomb in a box and tell her it's a clock and she'd be none the wiser. It's hardly even worth calling it a trap when any sane individual would see straight through it.
"That will be all." I say, hanging up the phone. There's a lot of extra mess on the floor that's going to have to be cleaned up now, but all I can do is look forward. Think of what I'm going to do when I get to Briana. And how it will feel to watch the life drain from her eyes right in front of me.

I can hardly believe what just happened. Briana just... I mean, she was being threatened! It felt like the only thing she could do... but was it? We could have tried to talk things out more a bit... right? It was all so...
It felt almost strange for this to be affecting either of us so much. How many lives had Briana taken already? Her casual walk through the city must have ended with dozens splattered under her feet. Her primary form of sustenance these days was fully-grown people. By the truckload! She had no moral high ground when it came to taking lives.

That was no ordinary person, though. It's easy for Briana to... well, let's be real here, *kill* people my size. We're much smaller than her. Not on her level. A hundred of me stacked on top of each other would still stand in her shadow. If she wants to live her life with any semblance of normalcy there's going to be a death toll. There just is.
"Ryan... do you think I'm in trouble?"
And it was an accident on top of that! Surely they would... they would understand! And...

I can't really look at this in any way that doesn't end in disaster. I've seen what that overgrown blonde bitch is capable of. Last I saw she was still bigger than Briana, and I get the distinct feeling she would stop caring about collateral damage real quick if she were mad enough to come after her.
"Ryan...?"
"Oh!" I shouted up, heart racing as I tried to calm myself down. "It's... um... It'll be fine. I'm sure she'll... she'll understand."

"Yeah... Yeah..." Briana whispers as she turns away from Jessica and myself and back to her makeshift home. "Just... stay calm. Marie-Claire wouldn't just come at me out of nowhere. She'd make a big show of it. An announcement. That kinda thing. And until that happens... it's best I try to rest."
Saying this she scoops up her massive tits with one hand, keeping Jessica and myself secure while she turns around to sit down.

I had been so lost in my own thoughts that the screams of surprise shocked me. I looked around for a moment, fearing a surprise visit by Marie-Claire or a subordinate of hers, but it came from somewhere much lower.
Briana's seat.
She likes to leave playthings here when she steps away for her convenience. Or to snack on a couple. Or... anyway. They were still there, and must have been trapped since she'd left earlier.

"BRIANA! LOOK OUT!" I shouted up from between her tits, but she didn't even turn to look at me. I wanted to tell her to put them elsewhere before she sat down. There's no good reason to just waste a few people that could still be useful! Especially since... Briana depends on Marie-Claire for food.
Dammit!
Either her mind is somewhere else at the moment, or she needs this. Something to take her mind off what happened. I want to warn the girls down there to get out of the way...

But then one of the women screamed. Loud enough that I could hear her... which means Briana could probably hear her too.
Of course Briana knew they were under her. She was counting on it. Knowing her, she was probably aiming to trap them between her butt cheeks. Where they wouldn't be crushed... Not at first, anyway. They'd press against her most sensitive places and wriggle around under there, just the way she liked.

And sure enough, Briana sat down extra-gently. I could feel her shifting her butt in place, like she was trying to get them into juuust the right spot. The movement was just enough to send her breasts bounching around. It was like riding in a bounce-house on top of stormy ocean waves.

But it's not going to work.
With a thunderous BOOM Briana sits down onto the ruined building, crushing the three scared girls beneath her in the blink of an eye. Normally she makes a grand show of this, enjoying what she did and relishing in the fact that the mere act of sitting down was a perfect example of her power over others... but nothing.
She merely sat there. Silently thinking, before gradually looking down into her cleavage again.
"You're okay... right Ryan?"

"Yeah! I'm fine!" I shouted up, clinging tightly to Jessica. If not for her I might not have been. The difference in size between the two of us obviously wasn't nearly as drastic as Briana and myself, but she was big enough for me to feel some sense of safety clinging to her regardless. Briana's a big girl. A careless movement could easily throw me out from between her tits, and anything that prevents that is appreciated.

"WE'RE OKAY, BRIANA!" Jessica shouts up, making my ears ring slightly as she does.

Briana hadn't done anything after I told her that I was safe, but no sooner does Jessica speak that I feel the massive tits around us jostle, and I can see Briana looking down at the two of us as best she can. She studies my face, while I can feel Jessica's arms tighten around me as she's aware of the huge scowl gradually forming on Briana's face.
"Oh. You're both okay." She finally says flatly. "I'm... glad. Glad to hear that you're both safe."

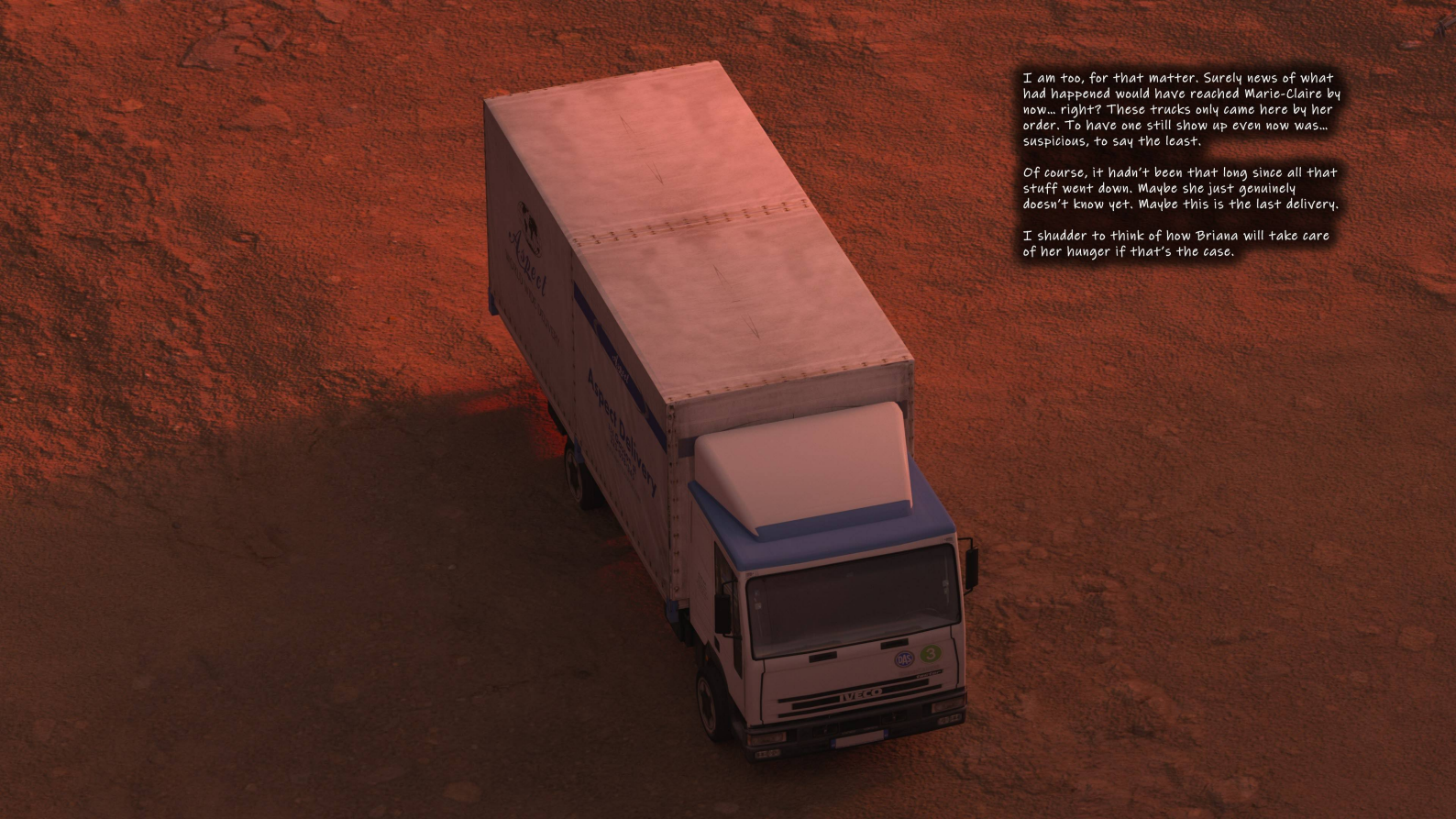
I recognize that tone.
"YES, BRIANA! I'M OKAY! AND IT'S THANKS TO YOU! YOU'RE SO KIND, AND-"
She doesn't seem interested in listening to me. She stops supporting her breasts with her arm, and moves a hand over her cleavage. It slowly passes over the two of us, and I hope that maybe I got through to her. That maybe she's going to take us out and place us on firm ground.

No such luck. Her big fingers close around Jessica, and begin pulling her up. I do my best to try and hold tight so we'll both come up, but a slight shift from Briana's middle finger presses the top of my head down, preventing me from escaping.
"Briana! You forgot about me!" I shouted up, hoping that it'll make a difference, but I wouldn't be so lucky. It's obvious that she only wanted Jessica, and my heart races as I watch her get dragged out of the cleavage and higher into the sky.

"Do you have no shame?!" Briana shouted with such volume Jessica had to cover her ears. "I have had the worst day of my life today! I'm probably wanted for murder, I haven't had anything to eat, I'm tired, and now, after all of that, you're using this opportunity to try and take Ryan for yourself?!"
"I wasn't!" Jessica protested, wincing as she tried to endure the presence of Briana shouting at her so closely. "I-"
"I saw you hugging him! After all I've been through today, why would you do that if you weren't trying to-"

"NO!" Jessica shouts up, actually startling Briana enough to stop momentarily. "It's your fault you're in this situation! You weren't even supposed to be in the city in the first place! If you hadn't been there, you would've never run into that other woman, and-"
Briana squeezes her fingers together, prompting a cry of pain from Jessica. I shout up to try and get her to stop, but before Briana can do anything else there's a new sound in the empty cityscape.

It's a food delivery truck. Well, food for someone like Briana, anyway. Given that this section of the city is abandoned, any noise that doesn't come from myself, Jessica, or Briana sticks out like a sore thumb. The rumbling of an engine carrying Briana's next meal is one of the few that we hear on a daily basis. We rarely get anyone else out here, aside from the odd person who gets lost every now and again. But regardless of why people end up here... Briana has no qualms about turning them into a snack.
The fingers holding onto Jessica loosen. Briana's expression softens as she leans forward, surprised at the delivery.




I am too, for that matter. Surely news of what had happened would have reached Marie-Claire by now... right? These trucks only came here by her order. To have one still show up even now was... suspicious, to say the least.

Of course, it hadn't been that long since all that stuff went down. Maybe she just genuinely doesn't know yet. Maybe this is the last delivery.

I shudder to think of how Briana will take care of her hunger if that's the case.

"We'll finish this later." Briana says, turning back and moving her hand over the ruined building she'd turned into a seat. Her fingers separate, and Jessica yelps as she falls.
"BRIANA!" I shouted, trying to climb my way out from between her tits to no avail.

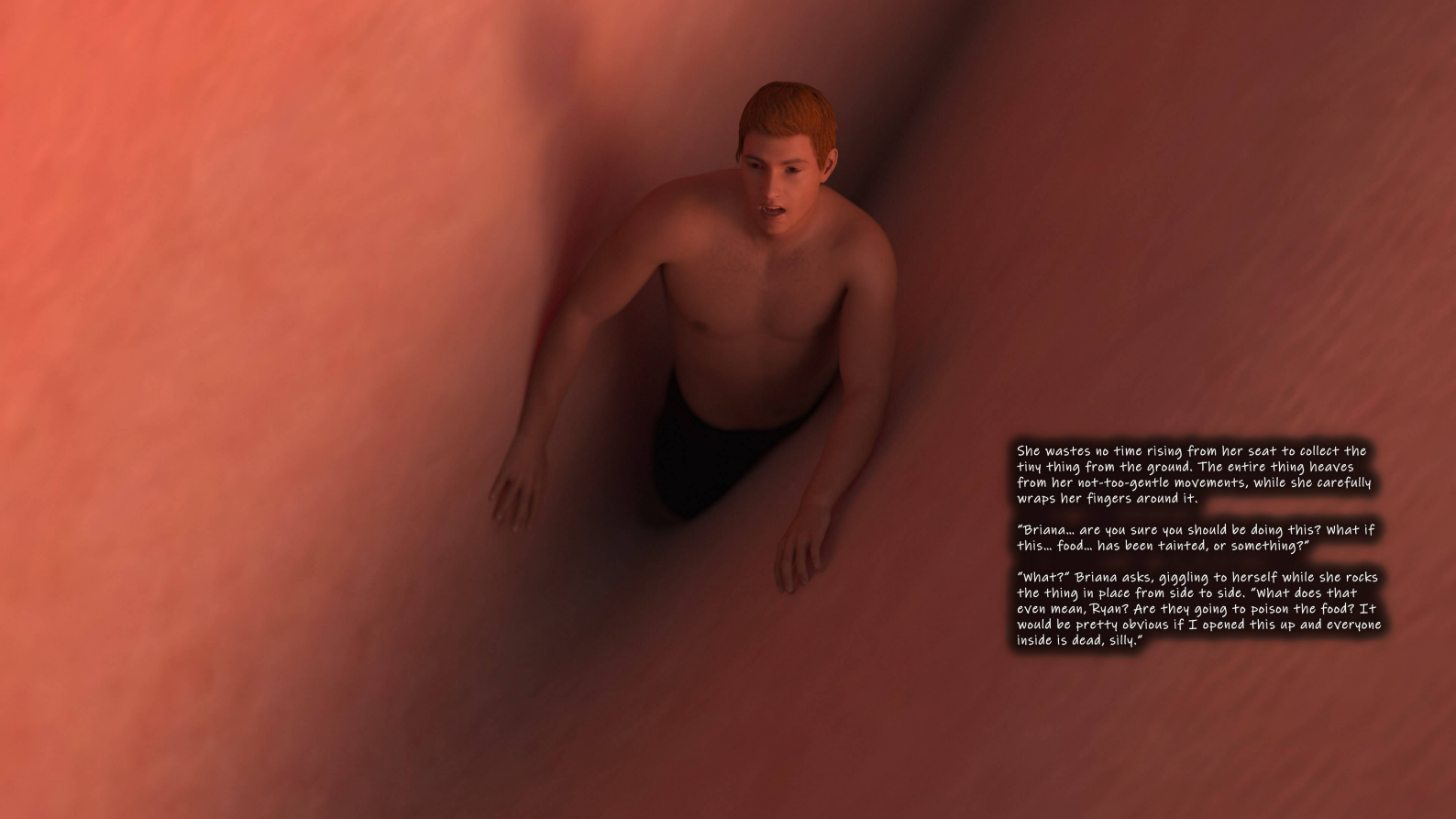
Thankfully, the fall is short. Or at least it looks that way from where I'm standing. Jessica seems to scream in genuine terror for at least a moment, but a loud thud tells me that she didn't fall for long at all.
Briana doesn't even give her a second thought before turning back to welcome the delivery truck.

But my attention remains on Jessica. Or at least as much as it can from where I'm seated. For a moment I'm afraid she may have seriously injured herself. Perhaps even broken something... but it's not long before she starts pulling herself back to her feet. She groans in discomfort, but is able to sit, and begins dusting herself off.

She doesn't even seem particularly perturbed by what just happened... Maybe I'm the one who's worrying too much about things? She's a grown woman. She can take care of-

Oh who am I kidding. No she can't. At least, not when Briana's in the picture.

"Another delivery? This late?"
Wait... I hadn't considered that either. It's not just the fact that we're getting another one that's strange, it's also just how late it is. The sun is setting! This is normally when Briana would be settling down for sleep. Or pleasuring herself. Anything but eating another meal.
"And a new truck, too! Nice!"



She wastes no time rising from her seat to collect the tiny thing from the ground. The entire thing heaves from her not-too-gentle movements, while she carefully wraps her fingers around it.

"Briana... are you sure you should be doing this? What if this... food... has been tainted, or something?"

"What?" Briana asks, giggling to herself while she rocks the thing in place from side to side. "What does that even mean, Ryan? Are they going to poison the food? It would be pretty obvious if I opened this up and everyone inside is dead, silly."

I... I guess she has a point? They've always arrived naked too, so the likelihood of any of them stashing a weapon or something is pretty low...
"Just be careful, okay?"
"Aww... it's so cute that you're worrying about me Ryan. But I'm really fucking hungry so it'll be fine!" She says, lifting the entire truck with one hand. I still can't help but feel a sense of apprehension as she doesn't seem to seriously be considering that something may be off, no matter how slight it may be.

"See? Nothing wrong." Briana says, giving the truck a firm shake as she carries it up. I can hear the thumping of bodies inside being tossed around and the muted sounds of screams, so at the very least whatever's inside is still alive.
After a moment of this she even brings her other hand up to the side of the truck and gives it a flick. That side is instantly dented as she does so, and she shrugs her shoulders before turning it around to open it up.

"Sounds like there's a lot of them!" She says, digging a fingernail into the back to tear it open. I have to wonder what the sight is like for the people inside. Feeling the entire truck get carried high up into the sky. That flick denting the side and undoubtedly throwing them around. The huge fingernail trying to tear the doors right open.
I guess I don't have to think too hard about it. I can hear them a lot more clearly now that the truck is right over me, and they are not too pleased.

"Listen to that, Ryan! They sound pretty lively." She says, finally managing to hook a fingernail into the back. The tortured sound of metal twisting and a door being ripped open echo above me before she casually tosses the door aside, letting it fall to the ground with CLANG that echoes through the streets.
"Wow... they look so..." Briana begins, before her stomach rumbles beneath me. I don't know what she looks for in people she eats, but it's clear that she's very satisfied with what she's seeing.

"Bon appetit!"

Saying this, she raises the truck higher, and begins tilting it. The bodies inside roll head over heels over one another, trying to prevent themselves from falling out. But with no door left at all, there's simply nothing left to grab onto but each other. That does nothing to save themselves and the mass of comparatively tiny, screaming women pour from the back of the truck like an oversized salt shaker.

As usual, even when Briana's impressed with the look of her meal, she's not too focused on making sure she gets *all* of it into her mouth.

I can't do much more than watch from my location as a mess of naked, screaming women fall straight between Briana's lips. Most splat onto her tongue, then cry for help as they try to crawl through the wet mire out to safety.

I can do even less when I see almost as many just... miss entirely. Some bounce off the sides of her lips, but most simply fall around her face and down the length of her body. I suppose if there's one thing to be thankful for, it's the size of Briana's tits. Long ago these girls would have just fallen straight to their deaths if they missed her mouth. Now? Almost all of them are caught by the huge pillowy breasts, clinging to them tightly to stop from falling the rest of the way.

Well, good because it prevents one way of dying. They still have only a trip down Briana's throat waiting for them by being spared that fate, they just have to wait until Briana finishes with the ones that actually did hit her mouth. The naked, squirming bodies wrestling with each other to stop from sliding down the back of her throat. The hell that she had created by simply tilting the vehicle upside-down over her mouth.

In no time at all Briana's mouth is full.

So she swallows. Even through her neck I can see signs of people moving down. The slight bulge traveling slowly down her throat. The muted screams behind it. The obvious sighs of pleasure. Much as I hate to say it I can tell... she needed this.
After sending the first mouthful down she gets a bit more eager, and gives the truck another firm shake. This sends a fresh wave of naked bodies tumbling out more violently, and a lot more of them don't even come close to hitting her mouth.

It feels so fucking wasteful.
Sure, a lot of them get caught between Briana's tits. A lot fell straight into her mouth. She's not wasting all of them... but she's not not wasting any. A good number bounce off her tits too far down to save themselves and roll off, or just miss every part of Briana's body completely.
I'm glad I can't see, but I can still hear it. The screams fading into the distance, before a series of quiet thuds silences them for good. I guess if this meal was tainted in some way, there's something to be said about Briana not eating the whole thing.

I try to turn my head up and better focus on what's going on up top. Not that it's a lot better, but at least Briana herself masks a lot of it. The bodies that fell straight into her mouth can't be seen, and the wet slurping sounds of her tongue moving them around makes it obvious that a lot of them are only barely hanging on. Even from here I can see a pair of legs flailing over the edge of Briana's tongue, as the unfortunate woman is likely torn between freeing herself with a deadly fall, or letting herself take the slow slide down Briana's throat. Just like the ones before her.

Briana makes the choice for her.
Sensing that some of the girls already inside her mouth are on the verge of spilling out, she quickly gives her head a few shakes. The bodies inside are thrown around, and sent deeper into her mouth where her throat waits to accept them.

Through it all, I can hear her sighing in satisfaction. Savoring her meal. The texture of naked bodies. The way they move around in her mouth. I remember what I thought just a minute ago.

She needed this. Not just for the sake of her own hunger, but because this kind of thing puts her at ease. Relaxes her. She moans with satisfaction...

Then closes her lips.

The limbs sticking out of her mouth flail around, kick, and in general make a ruckus, but none of that seems to bother her. She swishes them around with her tongue, bobs her head from side to side, then sucks the stray limbs back into her mouth. The casual movement seems to put her at ease. That she needs to consume so many people at once to feel this sense of relief is, in its own way, eerie, but if it keeps her stable after what just happened then it's a worthwhile tradeoff.

Finally, Briana exhales, and moans. Then her head tilts up. The small bulges of moving bodies poking the insides of her cheeks are obvious to see, but she only purses her lips tighter together... and swallows.

A new bulge travels down her neck. A much bigger one, not just to get rid of some strays but to actually get something worthwhile out of it. Her body even shivers out of excitement as she does so, a fact I only notice because it makes her massive tits batter me as well. Her free hand comes up to her neck, caressing the bulge as it slides down before vanishing entirely behind her chest.

I think of what this would look like from their perspective. Especially compared to the stray people who'd been swallowed earlier. When it's just one or two going down it's got to be a terrifying affair. No one around you. Unable to hear anything but the sounds that Briana's body makes. The rushing of wind as she breathes. The rhythmic thumping of her heart in the distance.

But this was a lot more deliberate. A full mouthful of them, all at once. A jumbled mess of limbs and bodies fighting to try and prevent themselves from going all the way down. Their combined might still not be able to overpower Briana's neck muscles alone. Something she does passively.

The trip doesn't take long. From the outside I can see the prominent bulge slide down Briana's throat fairly quickly, and only a moment later it's gone from view entirely. Vanished behind her chest. That's gotta mean inside that they've just about reached their destination. Tossed from the bottom of her esophagus down into her stomach. Hot. Dark. And only a bath of acid waiting for them.

I shivered at the thought of having to go through something like that. I can only be grateful that Briana thinks of me specifically as something special.

"Something wrong?"
She must've noticed my apprehension, and turns her head down to look at me. For a moment she seems concerned, but upon realizing that I'm okay, her eyes move over the rest of her chest. At the bodies that had collected around it. She gasps in surprise, the edges of her lips turning up into a smile.
"Oh! I get it. Are all these ladies distracting you, Ryan? I can't believe I missed so many!"

I can't even argue against it. They are a distraction. As much as it can be argued anyway, given that I'm nestled deep into the cleavage of the second biggest woman I've seen in my life. And even then, Briana's chest is way fucking bigger than the comparatively modest hills Marie-Claire has.

A part of me wants to try and save these women somehow. Offer some words of encouragement to Briana but... why bother? I'm only setting myself up for disappointment if I try to get invested in stopping Briana from doing as she pleases. I've had enough of trying to be the good guy. Let me just be a passive observer for once.

"I'll get rid of these nasty little ones for you." She says, her voice chipper as she begins to glide her fingers along the top of her left tit and scoop people up into her hand. The unfortunate souls lying atop her chest cry for help, begging one another to stop what was happening, but Briana's putting no effort into what she's doing at all.

Before scooping them up she slides them around, making sure she can get as many in place as possible. I can only see her hand move around overhead from my shielded position, hoping that there wouldn't be some catastrophic accident that ends in me getting pooled up with them.

In less than a minute she has collected enough for a small handful in one place, and moves her hand over them. The women's arms and legs move up to try and fight the invading fingers away, but it doesn't look like their efforts even register as Briana closes her hand around them.
"Mm... on second thought..."

Before I can ask what Briana has planned, she closes her fingers tight around her prey. I expect them to move overhead while Briana opens her mouth, but she instead moves her hand down. I can't see much from my perspective, but I can feel her entire body moving. The sound of her skin sliding across her bed. She's spreading her legs.

Her entire body jumps a second later when her hand slaps between them, undoubtedly working the collected tiny women into her pussy.

There must have been more people inside of that van than I thought. I assumed Briana was going to eat them all, but for all her complaining about being hungry she seems satisfied with what she did get into her. The rest are going to serve as playthings, and I can hear some of the women fall from her fingers and down further between Briana's legs.
I don't know what they think getting out from her fingers at this point is going to accomplish. Not like they can climb down from this building all their own. They've got a front row view to Briana pleasuring herself, and they can't do much more than wait for her to finish. At best they'll wind up like the ones Briana sat on just a few minutes ago. At worst? Her movements will pulverize them right here.

I may not even be able to see it from where I'm standing, but I don't even need to at this point. Briana lives her entire life in the nude. I've become more intimately aware with her body than anyone else has with their significant other in the history of mankind. I know what sounds she makes when she spreads her legs. The way she gasps when the cool air caresses her hot pussy. And the sound of her fingers rubbing circles around the outside.

"Mmm... Ryan?"
And I know when she wants something else before she even starts. That wet squishing sound of fingers pumping in and out of her hasn't started yet, but she's looking right at me. I'm almost scared to meet her gaze, but I can't exactly say no to her.
"Y-Yeah...?"
"I want..." She says, stopping for a moment to bite her bottom lip. "I want... to taste you..."
"Uh, I don't know if that's such a-"

She interrupts with a loud exhale. The hot wind blows over me, forcing me to shield my face. I try to protest again, but she saueeezes the tit I'm resting on with one of her huge hands, making the entire thing jiggle and throw me from my feet.
"I... need you..." She adds, speaking in quiet, breathy gasps."Please...

It's hard to focus when she takes that tone. For all the issues I may take with Briana and her lifestyle... it's hard not to get aroused when she's in this mood. Maybe her size just makes her pheromones more potent. An invisible aura that passes over me, clouding my own vision and making me view her needy eyes differently. As if I maybe don't need to be concerned with the inherent danger involved.

"RUN!"

I'm shocked out of my haze by a sudden voice. I look around for a moment, realizing that some of the women still lying on top of Briana's tit didn't like the focus she was giving it. It must have felt like she was entirely focused on all of us, and not just me specifically.

But as soon as that voice called out, Briana's focus shifted. Her eyes lazily looked away from me, and onto the small crowd of women sharing the boob with me. She seemed to study them for a second, trying to think of what to do... before the obvious happened.
Her lips parted.
Her tongue snaked out from that opening.
And she ran it across her skin, scooping the girls up in no time at all.

"Mmm..." She moaned, almost sleepily as she savored them. The tit she was groping was lifted higher, turning into a slide that pulled all of us closer to her parted lips. Though I could see her aroused, half-lidded eyes keeping a close watch on me I couldn't help but feel a bit concerned watching other women the exact same size as me get dragged into that open mouth one at a time.
Briana's breathing slowed. Her gasps grew deeper. She was really into this, and she opened her mouth even wider, almost as if she was yawning, in order to get as many of them into her mouth as possible.

It worked.
The women couldn't do a thing to stop Briana. No normal-sized person ever could. But at least they felt like they could try. Not so when gravity joined forces with her, and all it took was leaning back a bit for Briana to effortlessly funnel them into her open mouth.
I wasn't just an impartial observer. I was very much part of this, trying and failing to cling to her boob as I slid down to Briana's open mouth. I've been through situations like this with her before, but it never got any easier. It always felt like this was going to be the time she went overboard.

"BRIANA?!"
In the back of my mind I knew she wasn't really going to hurt me. But, by that same token, did I really know she wouldn't do it? She could be a bit obsessive at the best of times. I wouldn't be surprised if she viewed getting eaten by her as the ultimate form of love. Becoming one with her forever.
"YOU'RE GOING TO HURT ME!" I shouted up as I fell onto her tongue, straddling it between my legs. crotch-first.

She doesn't say anything. She just carefully moves her tongue, making sure I'm balanced on it. Making sure that I have a clear view of all the women screaming for help inside of her mouth.

Then, she swallows.

It's an awkward one, given that her mouth is open and her tongue is out, but it does the job. It doesn't take a lot for her to swallow multiple people at once anymore. I watch the back of her throat move, and a lot of the women vanish at the same time. She swallows again, and in no time at all there's only a few stray limbs sticking out from the very back. The only sign that anyone had been there at all.

It's...
It's something else seeing Briana do something like that so casually. I can only tense up from seeing it happen right in front of me. Almost within arm's reach... and Briana responds by wiggling her tongue. Teasing me. Letting me know that I'm still safe with her.

Her hot breath washes over me. Her tongue is between my legs. She bobs me up and down, and begins to close her lips so I fall onto them...
And that gives me an up-close view up her nose.
It's a bit of a mood killer, if I'm being honest. The strange part is that this view is what's ruining it for me, and not the handful of women I just saw get sentenced to death in her stomach. The irony isn't lost on me, but you have to adjust your expectations when it comes to Briana.

"Briana? Maybe we could..."

She only purses her lips a bit, letting her tongue dance between my legs. It doesn't really help, and I turn away to try and focus on something else. For a moment I'm looking over the empty buildings around us, before I spot... Jessica! What a fucking sight for sore eyes.

It's a somewhat compromising position for me, but I'm sure Jessica understands. She's been around Briana almost as long as I have. She knows I can't exactly do much about her when she's in a mood.
I smile weakly at her, and feel a sense of relief wash over me when she smiles back. She's also a much better view than looking straight up Briana's nostrils right now, if I'm being honest.

It's enough to...
"Hold on, Briana." I say, trying to wriggle my way out of my shorts. "Let me just..."
She exhales on me again, blasting me with her breath. Her breathing is slowing down, letting me know just how fucking excited she is. And I'd be lying if I said I wasn't too. Even if I had to get my visual stimulation elsewhere at the moment.

After a minute I've fished my cock out of my shorts, and Briana seems pleased. Her eyes close as she tilts her head further back, giving me an even greater view of just how fucking big she is. When she fills my entire vision it's obvious she's huge, but when I can really, really get a sense of how much space she takes up it's something else. When she's a living landscape, and not just a room threatening to smother me.

Briana's tongue flicks between my legs, and refocuses my entire attention back onto her .

Impressive, huge, and otherworldly as she may seem, she's still very much a person. One who has a strange obsession with me. Someone who swallows people whole for every meal, and is now sucking my cock.
How the fuck did my life turn into this?

And do I think it's better this way?
I can't speak for myself, but it sure seems like Briana feels that way. She seems ecstatic every moment she's around me. I would've thought the obsession would have petered off at some point. Toned down when she realized that her new size would let her have... anyone. At all. On the planet!
But here she is. Lying back, legs spread, fingering herself while sucking me off.

"Ryan..." She whispers dreamily, the movement of her lips threatening to throw me about if not for the slight moisture keeping me adhered to them. She seemed fairly confident in that fact when she opened her mouth again, letting me lie down onto her tongue entirely.
I can only squint when buffeted with her hot breath directly like this, but I keep my eyes focused entirely on Jessica as I do. Briana can be a bit... much if I'm trying to get off like she clearly wants. I can't do much more than hump Briana's tongue anyway-

While Jessica watches the show, I watch her back.

I don't think it's possible to have a more dysfunctional relationship than the one we've got... but it works. She seems to be fine with the fact that I'm literally fucking another girl's tongue while she moans my name. All the while I'm watching her as she enjoys the show and masturbates.

I wonder what it would be like if Jessica ever reached the same size as Briana? Her chest has already ballooned in size much like Briana's after a bit of growth, and she's... well, she's more stable, than her, if nothing else.

I sometimes wonder if she feels envious of Briana. She doesn't seem particularly bothered by the fact that Briana regularly eats people. She took it all in stride from her nearby perch, and is even masturbating without being... well, let's be real, forced into it like I am.

I think it would have been pretty interesting if the situation had turned out differently, and she was the bigger one. If I was on her chest now while she masturbated. If she was the one eating people, and Briana was... would Briana even have a place in my life in that scenario?

Not that speculating about such things matters. This is the reality I live in. Regardless, when she's not being directly threatened she seems to find plenty to love about her new lot in life, as evidenced by the vigorous masturbating session.

Briana doesn't seem to even be aware of anything else happening around her right now, but looks to be in much the same boat. I can hear the sound of those colossal tits of hers getting squeezed with the only pair of hands big enough to do so. The distant sound of fingers wetly pistoning in and out of her pussy. Even directly below me there's the low, rhythmic beating of her heart rate speeding up.
Surprised I can't hear the sounds of the ladies inside of her though. They might already be soup. Just more fuel for Briana's monstrous physique. Before long they'll probably be more fat on her huge, fat tits....
Shit. Why does that turn me on so much?

Everything about this situation is the definition of over the top. Briana's size, the effort that Jessica's putting forth into her own masturbating, as well as the fact that the thing I'm literally lying on top of and fucking is a tongue.

But despite it all, Jessica is where my attention remains. Her legs are quivering she's fucking herself so deep. The emptiness of our surroundings means I can hear her moans even from inside of Briana's mouth. I wish she was here with me, so we could share this moment together. Then-

Suddenly, I lost sight of her.
But only for a moment. Briana's lips close, while she continues fucking herself. I'm not cut off from the outside world entirely, but it's clear that Briana's approaching climax. Her movements intensify, her lips close, and her breathing quickens. And I've got a front row view of the entire thing from inside of her mouth.

It's not all bad though.

She makes sure that I'm nowhere near the back of her mouth when she closes it. So it's less a moment of imminent death and more being sandwiched between the tongue I'd just been fucking, and the roof of her mouth. All while I'm given the sounds of her breathing to listen to. My vision may be mostly obscured by the lips at this point, but I can still see out from them.

I can still see Jessica.

Weird as this situation is, she locks eyes with me. She smiles, arches her back, rubs her pussy a little more excitedly, and silently mouths something at me.
"Cum."

I don't need to be told twice. I don't think I could have stopped myself even if I wanted to. My fingers grabbed hold of Briana's tongue tightly as my hips shook, and I released straight onto her taste buds. A load that was almost instantly washed away by the sheer amount of saliva clinging to her tongue, but I can tell from the moan echoing around me that she was nearing her own climax..
I wondered for a moment if she was going to keep me here. Thoughts of her inadvertently swallowing made me fearful for a moment, but her tongue poked out of her mouth, as if she wanted me to fall onto her tits for safekeeping.

Only problem is her tongue was a bit too sticky.
I didn't want to fall down... so I didn't. I simply lay there. Enjoying Briana's presence all over me. Smiling at Jessica nearby, on top of the building, who was beginning to moan just as much.

With a sharp, sudden, gasp, she falls over. Her head rises from the concrete, and she gasps for air, fingers fucking herself with reckless abandon as she grinds her entire torso across the rooftop.

She cums a lot more quietly than I did, and keeps her eyes on mine the entire time. I almost consider asking Briana to pick her up and bring her closer so we can share in the afterglow with one another.

Almost. I'm not crazy.

But I don't get to admire Jessica as long as I'd have liked. Briana continues to masturbate vigorously, shaking the entire building all the while. Her movements turn erratic, and it's enough to actually shake me loose from her tongue. Enough to actually instill a sense of panic as I turn from lounging around on the tongue, to clinging to it for my life.
I opened my mouth to shout for Briana to notice, but she can't hear me. Because at that exact moment she moans from what she's doing. A loud, reverberating, booming noise that shakes my entire body and echoes around the empty city blocks.

I try to cover my ears from being this close to Briana moaning so loudly, but there's no use. I can only cover one ear, and doing so drastically lessens my ability to hold on. I can just cling as tightly as I can, hoping that this will come to an end soon.
Briana's frantic finger movements grow even louder. Her pussy is completely soaked as her fingers sound more like they're moving through a puddle of water than rubbing against skin. Her entire, huge body bounces in place once more as she suddenly gasps sharply, blowing my hair into the direction of her mouth-

Before she screams.
An epic climax strikes Briana like a lightning bolt. I can only be grateful that she opens her mouth so wide at the moment it hits that I'm knocked free, because I'm not sure my hearing would have survived taking that one head-on. The fall to her huge tits is a short one, but the explosive sound of Briana finally achieving orgasm shakes the entire world around us.

If there were any windows still intact I'm sure they would have shattered. I can't see her right now, but I'm sure even Jessica's shielding her ears. Chunks of building debris and concrete around both her feet and her makeshift seat vibrate in place. It's the kind of sound you'd expect to come before a nuclear explosion.
All because she orgasmed.

Thankfully, it's all focused between her lips. Loud as it is, the full brunt of it is shot harmlessly straight into the air as she leans back to get those extra few inches of finger into her pussy. It makes her chest feel like a less-than-safe resting place, but it's still the safest place nearby.
Clinging tightly to Briana's chest, I turned my head up, wondering if Jessica was okay.

She was covering her ears for but a moment, before Briana's scream of pleasure subsided, and she relaxed. Jessica still panted heavily from her own orgasm a moment prior, and she stared back at me, chest rising and falling with her deep breaths.

I want to say something to her. Ask how she's doing. But yet again, she takes the initiative, and smiles at me.

No words necessary.

Briana leans back, moaning softly for what feels like a minute. Squeezing and massaging her huge tits, rubbing her pussy, and relaxing. It almost felt like she was going for a nap when she sighed and nestled her back more against the building she was leaning against.
She stopped squeezing her chest, and let her arms flop to the sides while her breathing slowed.

That must've been one fucking hell of an orgasm. No cuddling afterwards? No appreciation? Just straight into a nap...?
My blood turned to ice.
"Briana...?"

She responds not with words, but with a snort. Her head shakes for a moment before she exhales again, and yawns. Drool begins to form in the corner of her mouth as she leans back.
"BRIANA!"

No response.
For a moment panic fills me, but she suddenly shifts again, before a soft, gentle snore fills the air. Or at least soft and gentle for her, as it makes her entire chest vibrate and things more difficult for me as I try to climb up it. Her head falls back further, and it looks like she's going to try and use the roof of the building as a pillow.
The same roof that...
"BRIANA! YOU'RE NOT ASLEEP ARE YOU? WAKE UP!" I shouted through cupped hands while my worst fears seemed to be coming true. "JESSICA! LOOK OUT!"

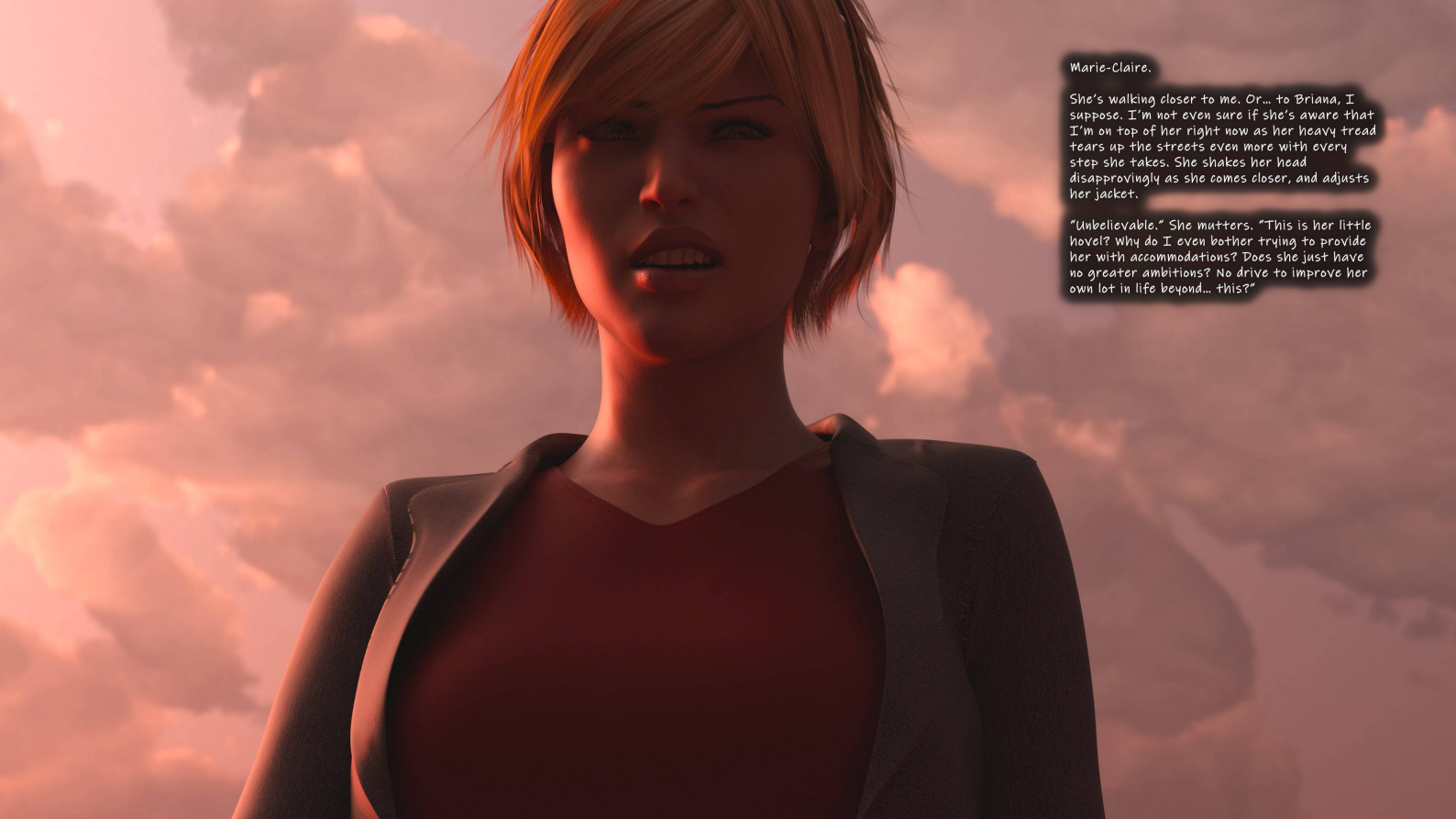
Briana says nothing. She's out like a light. Gravity takes over and her big head flops behind her, headed straight for the roof. The sudden panic in my voice spurs Jessica into action, and she scrambles across the ground as Briana's head slams down next to her, sparkly drool beginning to drip down from her parted lips.
"JESSICA! ARE YOU ALRIGHT?"
"Holy shit!" She answers, seeing just how big and close Briana's head is now. "Yeah... Yeah I'm alright." Briana's head shifts slightly as she seems to be trying to make herself more comfortable, and Jessica takes the opportunity to crawl a few more feet away to safety.

I try to make a move towards Jessica to see if I can reunite with her, but my position is too precarious. Walking on Briana's body when she's conscious and intentionally staying still is hard enough, but when she's asleep and moving subconsciously? It's like trying to sprint through quicksand. I only manage to take a few steps before her tits wobble from her breathing, and I collapse onto them again.

"COME ON! BRIANA! WAKE UP!!"
She snorts.
Then snores.
Then moans pleasantly as she makes herself comfortable. She's out like a light. What the fuck happened? She couldn't have been drugged, could she? That's certainly what it looks like, but...

"BRIANA!!!" I screamed with such volume and ferocity I swear I could feel my vocal chords shred apart. I coughed after, hardly able to believe I was putting that much into it. I waited for a response. Something. Anything.
But she stayed fast asleep.
I suppose that's a good sign if nothing else. Being knocked out is a lot better than being dead. Of course, there's always the question of...

The answer hits me.
I only let my guard down because I assumed that any attempts to poison Briana would have been noticed. If her food had been tainted with a poison of some kind it'd be easy to notice a shambling near-corpse writhing around inside of the van. If one or more of the girls had been loaded up with tranquilizers though...
The ground shakes. A sound I'm used to, but one that fills me with dread. I'm used to it because of Briana. I expect her when I feel the earth shake. But here she is, asleep. Unconscious. That means it's...

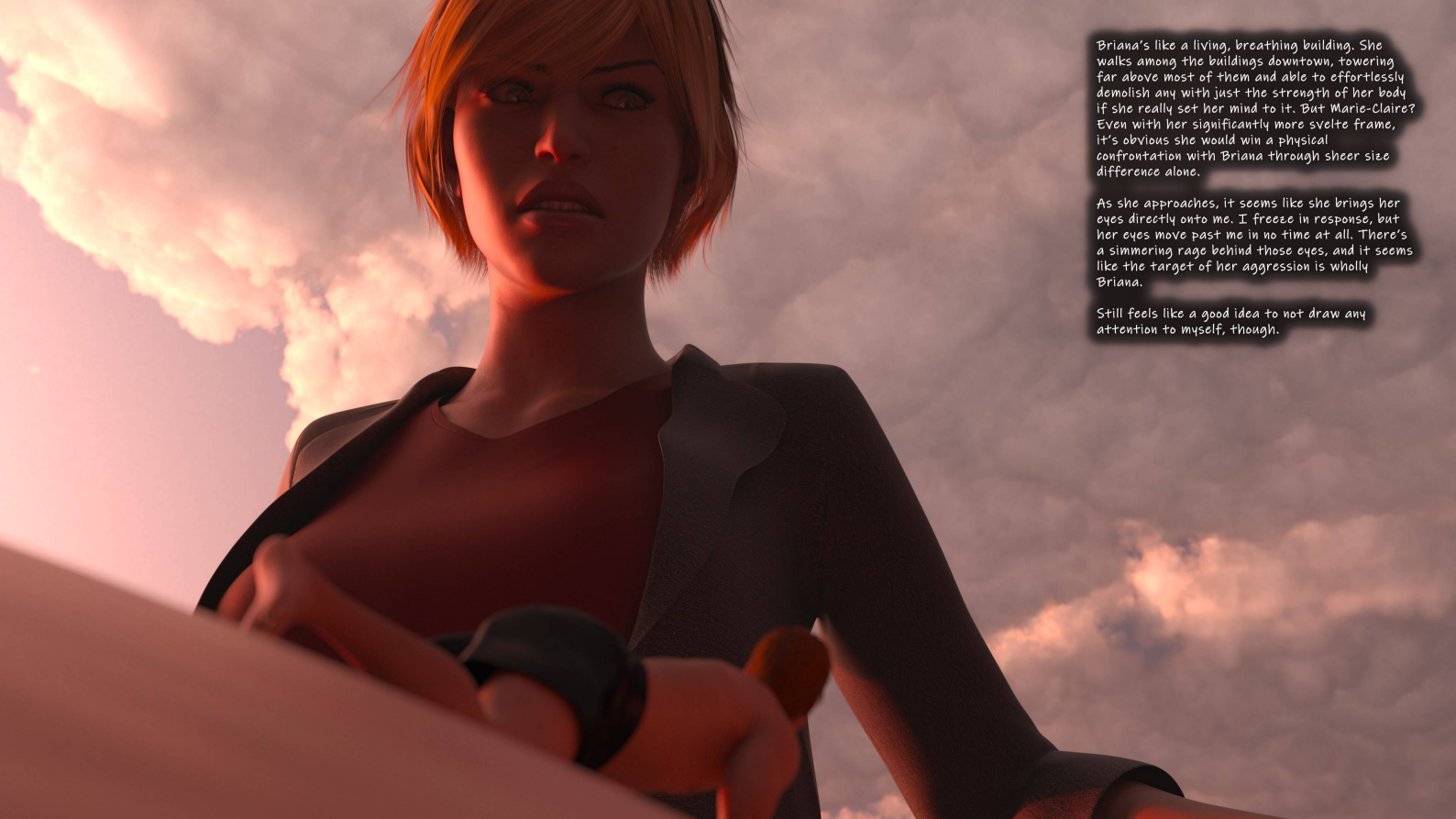

Marie-Claire.
She's walking closer to me. Or... to Briana, I suppose. I'm not even sure if she's aware that I'm on top of her right now as her heavy tread tears up the streets even more with every step she takes. She shakes her head disapprovingly as she comes closer, and adjusts her jacket.
"Unbelievable." She mutters. "This is her little hovel? Why do I even bother trying to provide her with accommodations? Does she just have no greater ambitions? No drive to improve her own lot in life beyond... this?"

She kept herself quiet as she did so, raking her eyes over Briana's naked body. They seem to linger on Briana's chest for a moment, and I can take two guesses as to why. No telling why Briana's curvature exploded the way that they did, but I can sense a pang of jealousy in the taller blonde's expression as she comes closer.
I cup both my hands over my mouth to warn Briana of what's coming, before stopping in place.

I'm not sure I've been noticed yet, but if I start screaming there's no way things will stay that way. At the same time, I'm kind of out in the open right here. A literal sitting duck if she takes a more focused look at Briana's chest.
"Briana!" I whisper as loud as I can manage while still feeling safe. I keep low to the ground as I do so, and give her tit a couple firm slaps. It would have certainly woken up a normal-sized person, but Briana doesn't even flinch.

While I'm doing that I catch a slight bit of movement up above me. Jessica's reverie has faded, and I can see her drop to the ground, keeping herself as low and flat as possible. There's a look of terror in her eyes, and I'm just glad that she also recognizes the danger we're now in. Briana can be a bit unreasonable, but Marie-Claire is the definition of psychotic. She'd pop both mine and Jessica's heads like a grape and wouldn't even think twice about it.

The ground rumbles again, and the sound of twisting steel fills the air. It's enough to make me cover my ears, but keep my head raised just enough to see what the hell is going on.
Marie-Claire has to be really confident in just how unconscious Briana is, because she doesn't seem to care about the amount of noise she's making. That busted crane that's always been next to Briana's place squeals in protest as she casually pushes it aside, stepping closer to Briana... and reminding me of just how much bigger she is.


Briana's like a living, breathing building. She walks among the buildings downtown, towering far above most of them and able to effortlessly demolish any with just the strength of her body if she really set her mind to it. But Marie-Claire? Even with her significantly more svelte frame, it's obvious she would win a physical confrontation with Briana through sheer size difference alone.
As she approaches, it seems like she brings her eyes directly onto me. I freeze in response, but her eyes move past me in no time at all. There's a simmering rage behind those eyes, and it seems like the target of her aggression is wholly Briana.
Still feels like a good idea to not draw any attention to myself, though.

"You could've been something." She says, her disapproving tone reverberating around here as she cracks her knuckles. "But I will not stand idly by as you continue to do as you please."
Taking a deep breath, she raises both her hands over Briana's prone form. Her fingers wiggle for a moment and it becomes abundantly clear what she's going to do to the unconscious giant. And I can't do anything but watch, as even one of her fingers is more than capable of crushing my entire body into paste.

Like a bolt of lightning, both of Marie-Claire's hands shoot forward, and wrap around Briana's neck. For a second it seems like she's just holding her, before her face twists into a mask of rage and her fingers sink into Briana's flesh. Her entire body starts shaking as she bites her bottom lip, really getting into what she's doing.
I keep waiting, hoping that Briana's going to wake up. That the feeling of someone literally choking her is going to do something... but nothing happens.

"Won't have to deal with you ever again..." Marie-Claire mutters, fingers completely wrapping around Briana's throat. She's so furious now that her movements are making Briana's entire body shake, and I can feel my body begin to slide down into her cleavage. Worse yet, I still can't do anything, right?
I can't just...
Dammit. Dammit! Dammit!! DAMMIT!!!

"BRIANA!" I screamed so loudly that for the first time ever I heard my own voice echo around the empty buildings. "WAKE THE FUCK UP! DID I TELL YOU I LOVE YOU YET TODAY?!"
It was a stupid idea. It felt stupid. I felt like an idiot after saying it.

But it fucking worked. I will never understand how she can be that obsessed with me, but here we are. A massive steel crane twisting and bending? Being literally strangled? She sleeps.

A promise of a declaration of love?

She's alive. Awake. And surprised beyond belief to see Marie-Claire standing over her with hands wrapped around her neck.

The blonde bitch notices just as quickly and leans forward, pressing Briana further into the building behind her, but it's not quite so easy once her opponent is awake. She may still have the size advantage, but Briana wastes no time wrapping her hands around Marie-Claire's wrists and beginning to push them away.

"STAY... DOWN!" The giant woman screams, eyes almost turning bloodshot she's so furious.

Waking up may have helped give Briana a bit more time, but I fear it won't be enough. She's still at a disadvantage in terms of size, and she simply doesn't have the leverage to do anything. Her muscles are shaking as she tries to pry the hands away from her throat, but her progress is slow. She's likely to run out of air and lose consciousness before she can finish this.
Well... if it worked once.
"DON'T LET HER WIN, BRIANA!" I shouted while keeping my body lying flat from how much her tits were jostling. "SHE'S GOING TO-"

"SHUT UP!" Marie-Claire shouted down to me, and for a second I was glad that she was more focused on strangling Briana than she was on taking her anger out on me.
Briana, though...
She didn't appreciate that.
Her own face turned angry. Her teeth clenched tightly. She found strength she didn't know she had, and effortlessly began to pull apart Marie-Claire's hands... while she started to grow once again.

Marie-Claire's eyes grow wide as she feels her grip loosen. She tries to reapply it, but it's already hopeless. Briana's grown big enough to be on equal footing, and she's running on such an adrenaline high that Marie-Claire starts to reconsider her options.
"STAY DOWN!" She screams, pulling her arms away from Briana's neck.

In the blink of an eye Briana's entire body slams onto the building behind her, shaking it violently and spreading more cracks through the roof. Through the cacophony of noise I can hear Jessica yelp in surprise... but I'm more concerned with my own safety.

Stuck on Briana's tit the whole time I was completely helpless to free myself or move anywhere safer. Once she was forced back I found myself launched into the air, watching as Marie-Claire's open hands soared past me. It looked as if I were going to head straight for the roof next to Jessica, but the speed and length I would fall in order to do that meant it would not be a gentle landing.

I braced for the worst. I don't see how I was going to take this fall without breaking something. If I was lucky, maybe just an ankle or a broken rib. If I was unlucky... this may be the end for me.

Then, as if she were doing it intentionally to save me, Briana grew just a bit more. It was enough for me to crash into her body once again, and roll to a stop above her cleavage. It was still a rough landing, since there isn't nearly as much padding here as there is a few dozen feet below... but at least I was in one piece and don't seem to have broken anything.

"Imbecile!" Marie-Claire spat, looking furiously at Briana.
Briana doesn't respond. She just lays there, massaging her neck while she catches her breath. Marie-Claire raises both her arms in frustration before stamping onto the ground and stepping away, obviously having given up but no less angry.

"Ryan?" Briana whispers, before her hands tap along her upper body to find me. "Are you-"
"I'm fine!" I answer, before her fingers quickly pinpoint and collect me. She brings me up to her face, the worry gradually melting away as she turns me around in her fingers to confirm that I am in one piece. A bit shaken, but nothing broken, and nothing out of the ordinary.
"Oh thank goodness!" She says, eyes beginning to sparkle as it looks like she's about to be driven to tears. "I was so- I thought that she was going to-"
"Relax, Briana!" I interrupted. "I should be worried about you! Are you okay? She was squeezing pretty hard there, and-"

"I'm fine." She says, rubbing a hand along her throat one last time. "But you're the tiny one! I know how easy it is for you little ones to just pop and go away forever. Are you sure you're okay? Do you need me to get you anything? I can take you to a hospital. Or to-"
As Briana rambles on and on about how concerned she is for me I see Marie-Claire beginning to move back around behind her. There doesn't seem to be another attempt to attack Briana though. What is she-
My own eyes go wide as a thought hits me.
"BRIANA! DON'T TRUST HER!"

Briana's head whips around in the blink of an eye as Marie-Claire swiftly turns in place and begins to hurry away. She may be a bit dim, but even Briana knows something that suspicious when she sees it.

"Hey! What are you doing? Where do you think you're going!"

"Home." The blonde spits, making no attempt to hide the contempt in her voice. "Any agreements we've had up until now are null and void. You are being put on house arrest effective immediately pending a trial. And you should consider yourself lucky. I had every right to kill you for what you did."

Briana stepped forward threateningly, the scowl on her face quickly returning. Even she knew what was wrong with what Marie-Claire was saying, and I could feel my own heart swell with pride as she was sticking up for herself.

"Seriously?!" She shouts at the retreating woman. "You decided to spare me? Are you sure it wasn't because I'm bigger than you now? What's stopping me from chasing you down now?!"

"Oh, I've got quite the trump card," Marie-Claire says, holding a hand up. "I know you can't be reasoned with. You've got a big, oafish body, and a tiny little peabrain. The only thing you'll listen to is a show of power."
A sudden scream echoes through the surrounding area. My heart drops into my stomach and I try to peek through Marie-Claire's fingers to confirm my fears.
"Now, you listen to me." She continues, staring smugly down at Briana. "She will serve as my collateral. If you come after me, hell, if you so much as take one step closer, then she's dead. I'll close my fist, break every bone in her body, and make you lick the remains from my palm. Understand?"

"HELP!" Jessica screams from her precarious position, trying in vain to fight off the huge fingers holding onto her.
"Oh, she's so scared." Marie-Claire coos, giving Jessica a violent shake to scare her more. "I know how much your so-called 'boyfriend' cares for this little... thing. She's his favorite pet, isn't she? If you won't do what's expected for your own good, then I think she will do nicely to make you listen."

"Oh no, it would be such a shame if you hurt her!" Briana begins, voice trailing off.
No... don't fuck this up Briana. You have an edge here! She's made a mistake! You can do this! You can press an advantage! Just... put two and two together! Seriously!
I can only watch in silence as the gears in Briana's head begin to turn, before her eyes go even wider and her mouth opens in shock. I'm sure on some level it's genuine, but she's definitely playing things up a bit. I know that she's never fully gotten along with Jessica, but it seems Marie-Claire got her little people mixed up.
"NO WAY!" Briana said, her voice cracking from the strength of her performance. "Don't hurt hi-her! Don't hurt her!"

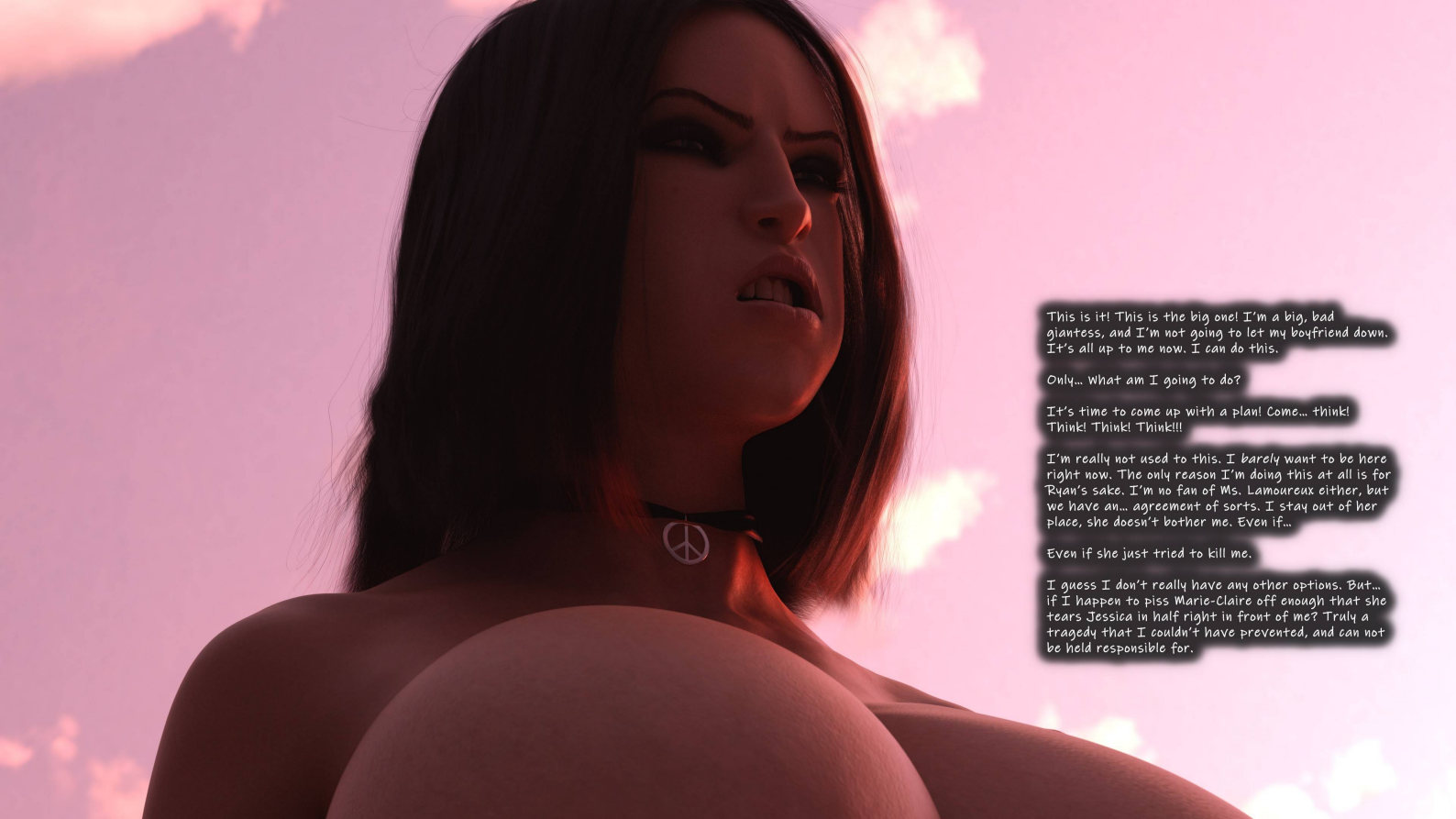
She wasn't a particularly good actor, but it seems to have done the job. Or maybe Marie-Claire's just shaken from their encounter, and will take a win wherever she can get it.
"Don't hurt her? I don't intend to." The blonde says, walking away slowly as Jessica's screams fade into the distance. "Provided you stay put, of course. If you're willing to forfeit her life though, then go ahead. Come closer."
Briana's fingers tighten into a fist around me. Not enough to hurt, but enough to know that she's seriously considering it.
"Hmph." Marie-Claire smirks. "In fact, I hope you do come after me. All I need is an excuse, and we can forgo the trial entirely."

Briana is tempted. I can tell. I want to yell at her not to move, but I trust her to make the right move here.
Her leg twitches, and I cup my hands over my mouth... but she never takes that step. What a relief. Marie-Claire continues to walk away, leaving the both of us behind. I'm not sure she even noticed I was here. Otherwise she almost certainly would have taken both Jessica and myself.

Once there's a bit of distance Briana finally sighs, and brings me closer to her face.
"I'm sorry, Ryan. I know... I know that she means a lot to you. One time I had a pet run away too, and I didn't get over it for like a week."
"Yeah... a pet."
"So!" Briana says, exhaling loudly. "I guess that's that, huh? She's got us beat! There's nothing I can do."

"Briana..."
She groans. Rolls her eyes. Sulks. Then looks down at me.
"Are you sure?" She says, her voice barely above a groan.
"I'm sure." I told her. "We can't trust Marie-Claire to follow her end of the deal. If we don't go after her now then she could be in for something a lot worse than the quick death she already threatened. It's not a great plan, but it's all we've got."
"But I'm still tired..."
"Briana!"

"God. Fine." She finally relents, sighing as she stretches her arms over her head. "I'll do it just because she means a lot to you... and because I want to get my hands on blondie myself."
"Thank you."
"But you owe me for this!"
JUNCTION
HOTEL
NOW OPEN
LIVE MUSIC
HOTEL


This is it! This is the big one! I'm a big, bad giantess, and I'm not going to let my boyfriend down. It's all up to me now. I can do this.
Only... What am I going to do?
It's time to come up with a plan! Come... think! Think! Think! Think!!!
I'm really not used to this. I barely want to be here right now. The only reason I'm doing this at all is for Ryan's sake. I'm no fan of Ms. Lamoureux either, but we have an... agreement of sorts. I stay out of her place, she doesn't bother me. Even if...
Even if she just tried to kill me.
I guess I don't really have any other options. But... if I happen to piss Marie-Claire off enough that she tears Jessica in half right in front of me? Truly a tragedy that I couldn't have prevented, and can not be held responsible for.

But... it's also really not something I can let happen. Not intentionally, anyway. For once I'm not going to be a fuckup and do this right! I've been trying to think about what to say, but nothing's really coming to me. All I can focus on is the idea that I need to make a statement. Something that can't be misunderstood! Something that tells blondie here that I mean business. Something that...
Oh fuck it.

"HEY!"
Saying this, I stomp forward, not really having paid much attention to where I was at this exact moment. The sound of honking horns reaches my ears as I can feel at least one car get turned into a pancake under my foot. I flexed my toes where I stood to rip up more of the street which sends more cars careening off course, and it's an awful lot of noise for what was just supposed to be getting Marie-Claire's attention.

It does the job, though. She turns around slowly, hardly believing what she sees. I wait to see if she crushes Jessica, but... she doesn't. Maybe she was bluffing?...
I mean, I guess that's good. Ugh. Why do I have to be such a perfect example of kindness, warmth, and-
"Really?" Marie-Claire says, interrupting my very important train of thought.
"You know why I'm here, Miss Lamoureux. Give her back."
"I thought I made myself very clear, but if you didn't understand I will repeat myself only one more time. Take another step, and there won't be anything to give back."

"I heard you the first time," I said. "And I've taken more than a few steps since then."

Her eyes narrowed into a scowl as she looked back down at Jessica in her hand.

"I take it you think I'm bluffing? Do you not know how many servants I've crushed over minor sleights? She wouldn't be the first, and I won't think twice about it. I think you'll find I don't show mercy very often, young lady. Leave. Go back home, and-"

"Give her back. Or else." I interrupted her for a change, speaking more firmly as I raised my foot above an overpass. Horns start frantically honking underneath me while the people in-between us suddenly erupt into panic over my shadow directly above them.

She only smirks, scoffs, and shakes her head in disappointment. "Or else what?"

"Or else... I break you. Like I'm going to break this." I say, slamming my foot down. The cars directly underneath stand no chance, and are pressed flat into the ground, before the entire section directly below is cracked. Massive chunks of stone rain onto the street below, making for a spectacular show...
Though it doesn't exactly break like I intended.
Naturally, this does little to intimidate Marie-Claire at all. I guess it shouldn't. I'm sure she could do the same. Maybe a little less easily cause of how skinny she is, but she could probably do it.

"Um... hold on."
I push down with all my weight, and finally feel the rest of the overpass give way, carving a huge hole in the bridge. My forward momentum actually makes me stumble in place for a moment, but I'm able to keep myself from falling.

Not that it makes the people under me feel any better. Catching myself slams my foot onto the already-tortured street below, and turns another car or two into thin slivers of metal. Glass shatters, screams erupt, and huge clouds of smoke rise from the point of impact, while the aftershock alone is enough to flip some of the vehicles nearby that narrowly avoided me directly.

It actually felt kinda good... reminds me of why I went out into the city in the first place! Being big is fun! And only having Ryan and Jessica to do this kinda stuff with feels limiting at times. If I had free access to everything I wanted, none of this would have ever happened in the first place! It reminds me of how fucking restricted I am having to obey Marie-Claire for my own supposed "safety." I could be doing this every day! I could be-

"Do you really intend to escalate this into a physical confrontation over a lowly human?" Marie-Claire says, watching the destruction of the overpass and the chaos I unleashed using just my feet. "Because I see you're still approaching me, despite my warnings."
"I can't kick your ass from all the way over here."
"Oh poor, little Briana. I see all your recent growth spurts have gone to your head." She tsk tsks. "You may be having fun with your new size, but not all power is physical. If you so much as fray a thread on my jacket I will make sure you and your little... pets, meet slow, torturous ends."
"And what if I grow big enough that nobody, and I mean nobody can stop me? We're pretty much the same size now, aren't we? It won't take much to get big enough that I can crush you like I did these dinky little cars!"

Her eyes narrow. She doesn't seem amused by that comparison, and she raises the hand that's holding Jessica to make sure I can see her. Those tiny little limbs flail around between fingers as she's still trying to pull herself free, but can't do much moving at all.

"Really? You expect me to believe you can just grow on command? If you could do that I don't see why you wouldn't have done so already. I think you have no control over when it happens. That you are a slave to whatever whims your body desires, and nothing more."

I tighten my grip on Ryan. She's more right than I care to admit. I don't have complete control over it, but... I can definitely still do it. I'm just afraid of what might happen if I grow too much? What do I do if Ryan becomes too small to play with? No. I can't go overboard... but there's still plenty of wiggle room before I reach that part.

"And if you weren't afraid of me you would have crushed Jessica already." I say, hoping that she takes the bait.
She doesn't. Dammit.
"Talk all you want. I don't see you taking another step."
"And I don't see you crushing her. And I think I know I know why. I think you know what would happen if I actually got my hands on you, and you're not willing to risk it. Even if you managed to overpower me, what if you didn't get through a fight unscathed? Imagine addressing your servants with missing teeth? A black eye? A swollen jaw? A broken nose? How are you gonna keep your fancy schmancy appearances up if every time you speak you whistle through chipped teeth?"

"Blah blah blah." Marie-Claire responds, wiggling Jessica in her fingers. "Go ahead. Hit me. I'm still bigger, and I still hold all the cards. But if you raise your hand against me you'd better be prepared to kill me. Otherwise you will never know a peaceful moment for the rest of your short, little life."
Me and Marie-Claire Lamoureux? We have history. And right now it's all coming back to me. It's not just about Jessica anymore. I want to wipe that smug grin off her face. I can do it. I'm sure of it. Sure, a little more size would help, but do I really need it? I'm a lot heavier than she is, I'm sure. She's such a skinny little petite thing! How did she wind up this big anyway?

"I don't see you turning back."
Saying this she squeezed Jessica, who cried out in pain. Clearly audible, thanks to the honking horns and chaos around my feet being so far down below. I may not be too keen to admit it, but... I do feel a little surge of anger when she does that. I thought I was just doing this for Ryan... but maybe I care about her more than I thought. No, of course I care. Ryan will miss her if she dies, and he will always compare me to her if he doesn't come to realize how much better I am on his own.
"By the way, Briana. Don't think she'll be the only one. If you make me crush her, then she will only be the first of many. My people won't stop until you and everyone you love have their own lives ended under their feet."

"You'd better stop this right now!" I screamed at her.
"Or else what? Are you going to keep looking at me like that? Keep behaving like a petulant little idiot who isn't getting what she wants? Or are you going to act like an adult, and step in line."
She's... she's doing a really good job of making me want to punch her. At least once. Just to see her suffer! I'm sure Ryan will get over Jessica's death! And he'll probably be cheering me on if I-
"Smile, sweetie." She says, her tone dripping with condescension. "You're so ugly when you make that face."

Without even thinking about it I raise my foot to take another step forward. It feels like the entire world around me fades away. Everything except for me, and Marie-Claire.
My foot slams onto the ground again. The aftermath doesn't even register.

"I will never, and I mean never let you lay a hand on me, or anyone I care about." I tell her, finishing that step. The familiar warmth runs through my veins as I do so, and the moment I move forward I can see the difference.
We are no longer eye to eye.

Marie-Claire notices almost as quickly. I take another step forward, and we're not even close to the same size anymore. After that first step she may have had a chance in some way. After the second? She's not even reaching my shoulders anymore.
And I still haven't reached her yet.

I take another step.
And now she's eye level with my tits. Her eyes grow wide, her jaw drops, and I can see regret beginning to form on her face. She didn't expect this. Hell, I didn't expect this, but she just kept pushing. Kept prodding me. Kept trying to get me to break.
Well she got what she wanted, and it's clear she had no idea what that would look like.

"Briana?"
Saying this, she shuffles back slightly, but it's too late. I'm right next to her now. My own feet tearing up the street just in front of where she'd planted her heels. She audibly gasps when she sees how close and how much bigger I am than her now.
For several long seconds she stands there silently... and her shock begins to fade.

"Give her to me." I say, pushing my face so close our noses nearly touch. "Now!"
By this point all the shock and awe from my latest growth spurt has faded. She now has to look up at me, but it's not fear on her face anymore. It's rage.

"Go ahead, try to take her!" Marie-Claire shouted. "Find out what will fucking happen!"
This feels like a trap, right?
Like, she wouldn't just be standing there asking me to do something to her unless she had something up her sleeve, would she? She's gotta have people on standby ready to intervene. Cameras recording this to use against me. Maybe even a knife for someone as her size stashed in her coat!
Think.
What would Ryan want me to do?

When I think about it that way? It's not even a question anymore.
"I SAID GIVE HER TO ME!" I screamed with so much rage I see Marie-Claire actually flinch from the droplets of spit hitting her face. She's so surprised she steps backwards, stumbling while doing her best to keep her arm raised and quickly whips her head back and forth. She didn't think I would do it! I'm totally on top of this! I've got the upper hand, now I just need to-

"You want her so bad?! THEN FUCKING CATCH!"
She wouldn't.

Marie-Claire's arm swings forward, and I can't believe she would just throw Jessica like that! I raise my arms to try and catch her... but I don't even see her! No sound of her screaming, nothing! I mean, the sun is setting, but I would assume I'd still be able to notice...
How fucking hard can she throw a person?! Did she have a history in baseball or something?
EUROCAR

I frantically look over the streets. Over the buildings. If I didn't see her body flying through the air, then what would I see? Think, Briana...
Blood!
Yeah! If she was thrown that fast then she'd definitely have exploded into a red splatter on contact with something! A building, the highway, something! Unless she threw Jessica so hard that she just got set on fire and burned up in mid-air? Can that happen? Can I do that? I'm pretty sure I'm stronger than Marie-Claire! Maybe I should test that out and...

Wait.
It doesn't seem very Marie-Claire to not gloat about what she just did. To not laugh at me for what she just put me through That, combined with the sounds of her moving away makes me think...
My eyes darted down to her hand. It's still in a fist. I can not believe I just- Ryan is going to kill me!
"HEY!" I shouted, and she looked back in surprise while walking away quickly. "Even dogs don't fall for that stupid trick! Why did you think that would work?!"
"Because it did!"

My cheeks flush red with embarrassment.
Just... get past it. You're not dumber than a dog, Briana. You had every reason to believe she would throw Jessica. It's...
No.
It's not working.
I'm angrier than ever now and smashing my way through the streets after her. I can't believe she would do this! Why me? Why now? Why can't she just accept her loss graciously!?

She keeps moving forward, her big shoes clacking through the streets and crushing anything in her path. Her fault for continuing to wear heels though since it's clear she can't exactly run like this. The weight and force of her shoes piercing the ground take a split-second to unstick with every movement. The road cracking under her weight makes it clear that these aren't the reinforced floors of her custom mansion. This is the real world, and nothing here is prepared for either of us.
Me? I can just walk at a brisk pace and watch as the gap is quickly closed between the two of us. Also helps that my walking speed is a lot faster than hers. She really didn't think this through, did she?

But now that we're out of the open road and back into an actual city meant for, well, normal people, there's a problem. These streets aren't wide enough for people our size. Even someone as skinny as Marie-Claire has to turn sideways to squeeze between two buildings. She slows down to do so even, which is great for the people inside of the buildings. They get an up-close look at her, and she probably even wipes a couple of the windows down in the process.
Not quite so lucky for the people at her feet. The quick shuffling back and forth to squeeze through slowly is chaotic down there. The entire street is ripped apart, cars are thrown around, and a few of them swerve off the street and into the buildings themselves to avoid being crushed.
MIDCITY

Not that it bothers Marie-Claire any. She doesn't care about any of the damage she's doing all the way down there. It seems like her only interest is in keeping the actual buildings intact. Why? I don't know. People can just rebuild, right? After she squeeees through, she looks back at me with a smug grin.

"Good luck fitting through that!" She says, planting a hand on top of the roof she's standing next to. "And let me tell you right now, if you damage any of these buildings you're going to be in trouble with more than just me."

"With who?"

"The IRS, for starters! Even we have to obey certain laws!"

I don't... I don't know what they do. So I'm not going to let that stop me!

Besides, it doesn't seem like I have much of an option. All the streets around me are this thin, and squeezing between any of them is going to be a problem. The chaos Marie-Claire unleashed has also turned the street into a living carpet as every single person nearby has decided they don't want to be here.

And they only panic more when I stand in front of that same gap. I'm sure they can't decide if they want to try and run towards Marie-Claire's scuffed shoes, or my feet.

I think the answer should be pretty obvious, but I can't exactly wait for them to realize that themselves. I look down at them running around, some actually brushing against my toes as they make their way out of the street, before moving forward again.
I'm not going to let her stupid little threats intimidate me!

I take one step into the alleyway, turning myself sideways to fit more easily.

And things immediately go south. The already-tortured street collapses entirely under my weight. Water starts pooling under my feet instantly, and I know at least a dozen people had to be squished under my feet when I take that first step. Not that any of that can be seen, since the moment I try to shimmy down the street huge clouds of dust get kicked up when... Well, I'm kinda not able to fit.

My ass cracks chunks of a nearby rooftop off to slam into the ground around my toes. It's like a warzone with how much damage I'm causing just trying to slip between these two buildings. I feel bad for a moment, but I've gone too far. I can't turn back now!

But I probably should have.
"WHY ARE THESE STREETS SO SMALL!?" I screamed, quickly realizing I was stuck.
Things were getting mighty uncomfortable, slipping between two buildings I couldn't possibly fit between. Getting pinched on both sides while the person I hate more than anyone else right now is laughing at me. But... it only hurt for a moment. Because as soon as I started moving, the buildings started falling apart. Both of them.

"Come on...!" I muttered, trying to squeeze my way through. It's a lot harder than even I expected. My boobs have just gotten way too big lately, and I can't exactly bend back far enough to avoid them smashing into the building in front of me like wrecking balls!
Not that I didn't try. It's just... when I leaned back just a little bit to do so my ass plopped onto the one directly behind me, caving in the roof. The slight movement of my legs also sent them driving straight into the building in front, and I can only watch as the entire thing starts to lean ominously from my presence.
MIDCITY

It doesn't seem like it would be hard, but it's too much. After only a few seconds of trying to squeeze through there's just too much resistance. My tits have carved a huge hole into the building and are now stuck. Inside I can feel tiny bits of movement of what I'm sure were regular office workers with a rudely-interrupted work day after a giant pair of naked tits burst into their floor and crushed a few of their coworkers.
I almost feel bad for them, but I want to get my hands on Marie-Claire a lot more than I care about their well-being. I start to push the building aside with my arms, but actually find that it's heavier than I expected.
I can't believe it. I'm actually... not big enough. Too big to fit between them, and too small to destroy them effortlessly. What am I supposed to do at a time like this?

Alright, Briana. Be calm. You're stuck. You can just... walk back the direction you came, and then charge through this obstacle. All the buildings in the world probably can't withstand a tackle at full speed when I'm this big, right? I might hurt my shoulders, but it's a tradeoff!
As I'm thinking about what best to do I feel anger at my predicament swell within me. It's just so... embarrassing! How do I keep winding up in these situations around her! More of that fire spreads through my body... and suddenly the building isn't a problem anymore.
Oh... DUH! If I'm too small to get out, then I just have to grow bigger! I knew that!

"GET... OUT OF MY WAY!" I shout, now that I find the strength to get through. The entire building lets out a tortured wail as everything breaks apart from my body growing straight through it. In no time at all it's less a carefully engineered and constructed building, and more of a sandcastle. Just one firm push and it loses its shape, collapsing into grains that rain all over me.
And with everything I have in me I give the building blocking my path another push, and it falls over like a giant domino. Except it kinda just falls apart, crushing things underneath it while not tipping over other buildings in the process. Not very satisfying at all.

Whatever! I dust myself off, and stand back up again, seeing firsthand the new difference between the two of us.
She's smaller than she looked before. Well, I guess that's obvious. Like, I didn't grow for nothing! But the look on her face is completely different too. A second ago she was smug, and confident even though I had outgrown her. All that's gone now. She's stopped moving, and is only staring at me while I bulldoze past these annoying little nuisances and cross that little bit of distance left between the two of us.

Buildings are a lot more sturdy than they look. I may have been bigger than them just a second ago, but they were still strong enough to withstand all my strength trying to force my way past them. Probably the same reason little Marie-Claire here decided to try and sneak between them for her own safety.
But now it's like they're made of dirt! I just push my legs forward and the entire street that she was small enough to squeeze down is ripped to shreds. Chunks of rock big enough to actually make her flinch go flying in her direction and I see her finally relent.
"STOP!" She shouts, stepping back while shielding herself from the chunks of concrete and shattered glass. It's not even that low, angry tone I'm used to either. There's genuine panic there.

Did I... Did I just win?
"PLEASE, STOP!" She starts screaming while I take another step closer for fun. She's practically in the shadow under my boobs now, closing her eyes as she waits for me to do something to her. And the temptation is there! It really is!
But...
"Just stop!" She says again, dusting herself off as the clouds around us begin to dissipate. "What do you even want from me?!"

"Did you forget already?" I asked, placing a hand onto a hip and leaning forward so my tits wobble right in front of her face. "You know what I want! Give her back!"
"Really?!" She shouts up at me in disbelief. "You have me on the ropes! You are bigger! You could have anything! And you want... this?!" She continues, wiggling Jessica in her fingers.
"Umm... yes?"

"And that's it!?"
"Y-Yes...?"
She's behaving really weird. Like, why does she keep asking what I want? It's obvious what I want! She took something from me! Why would she think I wanted more? Does she have anything else I want? I could ask for her outfit or something, but I don't think it'd fit!
"Very well." She says, straightening her jacket. "If that is all you want, then I will have her sent back to you, but only after you let me leave peacefully."

"Oh ok- wait! No! Now! I don't think I can trust you, lady! Give her back right now!"
She mutters something under her breath, then looks back to Jessica in her hands. Her fingers start to close a little tighter, and I raise my own fist in response. I don't know what'll happen to Jessica if I actually hit Marie-Claire, but I have a feeling Ms. Lamoureux isn't willing to let me hit her to find out.

"I don't like how close you're standing to me." She says, staring up from my cleavage as she does so. "Look at things from my perspective for once in your idiotic life!"
"Idiotic?"
"I'm-I'm sorry!" She says nervously. "But, if I give her back... how do I know you will just let me go?"

She's scared.
I wasn't sure before. I thought she may have something up her sleeve. She could suddenly grow bigger than me. Or pull out a gun! But... nothing. She's got nothing. She's nervous, scared, and is more afraid of me than anything right now.
I think I can use that to my advantage. I've seen a couple of movies like this. Give her the ol' good cop bad cop routine. Except there won't be a good cop this time.
"You're right, Marie-Claire. You don't know if I'll just let you go." I say, presenting my hand to her. "But if you don't give me back Jessica right now, then I can promise you'll regret it."

"Regret it how?"
I ball my hand into a fist. One as big as her head. I make sure to squeeze it extra tight just so she can see how serious I am. It gets the message across, and she makes a sharp, quiet gasp in response.
"I... I see..." She says, while I lay my fingers out again. "And that's all you want? Nothing else?"

There she goes again. Asking that weird question.
"Give her back. Then we can talk more about..."
"She's yours!" She interrupts, bringing the hand holding Jessica up to my palm and opening it. The little one falls a short distance onto my palm, and I tilt my hand around to make sure she's still in one piece. It wasn't a long fall, and she thankfully seems to be okay.
"There. You have her now." Marie-Claire says, stepping back.

"You're okay, right?"
Jessica is a little woozy after the brief tumble, but only takes a moment to shake her head clear before nodding. Her tiny little heart is beating at a million miles an hour. I can feel it on my finger. It's... cute in a way.
"Did you get smaller?" I asked her, turning her around in my hands. "I'm glad you're still in one piece. Otherwise I might have had to-"
"I trust our business is done here?"

Jeee. Always interrupting me!
"Business? If you want to call it that, I guess..."
"So that's it then. A deal's a deal, right? The transaction is completed, so I'm free to go?"
Do I let her go? She's being awfully strange. It was only a few minutes ago that she had her hands wrapped around my throat and was literally trying to kill me in my sleep. To have such a quick turnaround and want to leave after giving up her only form of leverage... it's a bit strange, isn't it? There has to be something more here, and I'm going to find out!"
"No. We're not done." I tell her flatly, and she freeees mid-step.
"No?"

"No." I repeat, wracking my mind for what more I could get out of her. In the past I came to her to guarantee meals and a safe place to live, but now? Is there even anything I need? Aside from bigger deliveries, I guess.
"We had a deal, Briana." Marie-Claire says, folding her arms under her chest. "You agreed, and I fulfilled my end of the bargain. Is our business not done-"
"Mistress."
"Excuse me?"

"That's what I want... you to call me now. I'm not Briana to you anymore! I'm the bigger one here, that means I'm in charge. You have to call me Mistress now! Or else."
She looks up at me for a moment before rolling her eyes, and sighing.
"Very well... Mistress. I thought you may be too dim to want to turn the tables on me so completely, but I appear to have underestimated you. Turnabout is fair play, as they so often say."
Turnabout is wha-

At that moment Marie-Claire pulls her jacket off of her body, and lets it fall to the ground. Her shirt is lifted over her head a moment later, leaving her topless in the middle of the city for only a moment, before she steps out of her shoes and pants.
I... wasn't expecting that. I thought I was going to get her to give me something else! Like, a car, or a cool TV! Or something! But...
I mean, I'm not against this.
"Y-Yeah! Take your clothes off!"
"I'm well on my way, Mistress."

I can't believe I didn't realize what she was getting at this whole time! I guess because our sizes are completely reversed it hadn't even crossed my mind. I remember her making demeaning requests of me when I visited her mansion in the past. How she made me take her shoes off, and press my tongue to her feet. Now that I'm the one in charge...
This is better than I could have imagined.
"Well, Mistress?" She says, looking around awkwardly. "How may I pleasure you this evening? Would you like me to rub your feet, or maybe-"
"Not my feet."

I kinda just blurted that out. But why would she offer something so basic, anyway? When our roles were reversed that was something she seemed to favor, but we have very different ideas of pleasure. No. If I wanted something out of her, then she's going to do it the way I like. Except we have a way bigger audience watching us this time, which kinda just makes it all the hotter.
"Very well." She can only say, sighing she turns to lock eyes with my pussy. "I suspected that this may be what you were after given your... lascivious habits."

"Don't just stare at it."
"Of course not, Mistress." She says, bringing her hands up between my legs and rubbing her fingers over my pussy. The sudden sensation sends a jolt through my body I hadn't expected. I've been making use of tiny, normal-sized people for so long... I'd almost forgotten what it was like for someone nearly my size to be doing something for me. "It has been a very long time since I called someone else by that name, you know." She continues, sliding her fingers across my labia as she speaks, her soft breath only making me hotter.

"You've done this before?"

She stops for a moment, looking up at me. Though there's not a lot she can see with my boobs in the way. After a moment of silence she sighs, then continues.

"Yes, Mistress. That is how things work in our world. When I stood above you, you were my subordinate. With things the way they are now, it is only natural that I submit. I have many years of doing exactly this... although never with a woman quite so big as you stand right now."

I think back to my previous encounters with Ms. Lamoureux. She would demand I get to my knees and worship her feet in exchange for favors. The last time she even had me do to her what she's doing for me right now. She didn't even think twice about it. And now she expects the same from me?

Actually, what am I even complaining about? That sounds great!

"You've said enough... slave? Servant? Underling? Minion?-"
"Subordinate will suffice, Mistress."
"Right. You've said enough... you. Just get to work already!"

"Of course, Mistress."
She wastes no time stepping forward after saying this to close the gap between us. For a moment I can feel her warm breath right on my pussy, and I have to actively resist the urge to press her face there right now. Not that I don't think I could get away with it, but if she's going to change her tune just like that and submit to me for her own safety or whatever I shouldn't go out of my way to hurt her. Right?
Before I can reconsider her arms slowly wrap around my thighs, and her face mashes right into my pussy.

I wonder what the people around us are thinking right now? Hell, I wonder what Ryan and Jessica are thinking! I hope they're not too jealous. Sure, I have a new pet, but that doesn't mean I love them any less! In fact, I think Marie-Claire should be at the bottom of the pecking order around here. It'll go Ryan, then me, then a huge gap before Jessica, and another even bigger gap before Marie-Claire.
"Is this to your pleasing Mistress?" She asks, peeling away from my sopping pussy. Her face is glistening in the sunset as she looks up for approval, and I can only shake my head in response.

"No..." I tell her, enjoying the feeling of watching her squirm. Letting her think she's doing a bad job. "Hold on tight, little one. You're going up."

Before she can try and ask what that means I can feel that overly familiar energy course through me again. At this point it almost feels like I can control it? Maybe I can't. I don't know. It's weird like that. I just know that... when I'm turned on like this it almost comes naturally. Normally it takes a couple dozen bodies and Ryan himself to get me turned on enough to grow, but Marie-Claire's able to do it all on her own.

I think I'm gonna like our new arrangement.

"Don't stop worshiping my pussy. Not even for a second."
The grip around my thighs tightens suddenly and I can feel a sharp gasp as the smaller giantess panics. It would be a simple order all its own, but the fact that I'm now actively growing changes things quite a bit. In no time at all her feet start to lift from the ground, while my legs stretch higher above the skyline. My growing feet tear up more things around me, and I can feel small bits of resistance from buildings pressing against my toes for a second before my own growth bulldozes them aside.
All the while Marie-Claire has her mission, and she's doing a bang-up job of fulfilling it. Her legs start kicking as she's trying to maintain her position, but getting me off isn't something she's capable of. She can turn me on, sure-
FAUX NEWS

But if I'm going to actually orgasm there's one man and one man alone that can do that for me. While Marie-Claire was between my legs I slowly brought both of my open palms up to my tits, and let both Jessica and Ryan have their way with my nipples.
As expected, Jessica is completely mediocre at her job. She's stronger than Ryan, but like, that's a bad thing sometimes! Ryan's movements are gentle, and full of love, and... sure I have to squeeze a bit with my fingers to help both of them out, but I don't hear either of them complaining.

This growth spurt isn't anywhere near as explosive as the other ones today. It's a slow crawl up higher and higher, getting closer to the sky. There's genuine panic between my legs as Marie-Claire's toes start to lift from the ground. She's got nothing but the strength in her arms keeping her suspended at this point.

And it's not like growing only makes me taller. It makes every part of me bigger. My chest. My ass. And most importantly in this instance, my thighs. My new little servant hanging on for dear life is steadily losing her grip as she loses the ability to wrap her arms around them. She's going to fail eventually. It's inevitable.
And I'll be happy to punish her when that happens.

Ryan and Jessica, on the other hand, are teaming up to work on my tits. At least that's what it feels like. Their little punches and kicks might just be resisting, but... nah. There's no way! They love this! Ryan's favorite thing in the world is huge boobs, and he's probably in heaven right now!
And Jessica is probably so jealous.

"Keep going!"
And she does exactly that. She's so obedient! I can get used to this! Is this what it's like to live as Marie-Claire Lamoureux? Did she have Jacquelyn do this for her on the regular? Should I have her move in with me as a live-in slave? I don't know if there's enough room at my place. I would need someplace bigger. With a lot more space. Some place like...

An orgasm hits as the realization of my total, complete, and utter domination over the woman between my legs washes over me. She's helpless in front of me. Doing whatever I say for her own safety! I can take anything from her and she'll just give it up! She's nothing without a size advantage!
The gurgles under me just make me hotter. Hot cum blasts all over Marie-Claire's face as she struggles to maintain her hold over my thighs, and I'm content to just let her cling onto me. Struggling to survive. Knowing that she can't do a thing about it. If she so much as raises a finger against me, Ryan, or even Jessica, then that's it for her.

The combination of hanging off my thighs and nearly drowning between my legs is gradually overpowering her all its own. She was at eye-level with my pussy just a minute ago, but now... she's dangling over the buildings below. I can feel her face wriggle around to try and stay dry, but she can't do a thing about it.
"Don't fall." I tell her, wiggling my hips from side to side as her grip on my legs begins to loosen. "Or else."

She wants to follow orders. She needs to follow orders. But she can't win against reality. She can keep trying to hold on, but if I want her to fail, she's going to fail. And there's nothing she can do about it.

I wasn't even wiggling my hips all that much. It doesn't matter. Her legs kicking wildly lead to her foot clipping against a roof, and losing her grip. For a moment everyone on the street below gets a nice view of her firm little butt falling straight for them.

Right before the rest of her body completely crushes a building into a crater.

She groans in pain as she lies there. Unlike Jacquelyn, it seems like Marie-Claire's a bit tougher. She may be lying out in the middle of the street completely naked, but I can see her chest rising and falling. She's breathing, much as she might not wish she was.
I step over her, and she gradually looks up at me.
"Hi." I tell her.

She says nothing in response.
"You doing okay down there?"
She nods, taking a moment to shake her head to clear some of the debris clinging to it away. After a second she begins to sit up onto her elbows, but I step directly over her to make her freeze in place.
"I like you like this. Lying down in front of me. Really emphasizes how far beneath me you are, doesn't it?"

She turns away.
"Look at me."
She looks back. Her face is fuming, but she says nothing. She doesn't even finish standing, afraid of what may happen if she tries to do so.
"What do you say?"
For several seconds she sits there, and simply looks up at me. Her anger is palpable, but she swallows her pride, and nods her head. "Thank you... Mistress. If you're satisfied, I have much to take care of and should be heading back..."

"Oh? You have work to do?"
"Yes.. Mistress. I apologize for interrupting your day. I know my place, and will not bother you any further. May I take my leave now?"
"Mmm..." I say, enjoying how submissive she's become. I would like to get her out of my hair for good, but I didn't cum over the idea of her leaving Ryan and myself alone together forever. No. For all that she put me through. All the humiliation, and threats towards not just me, but Ryan too! She deserves to be put through the wringer.

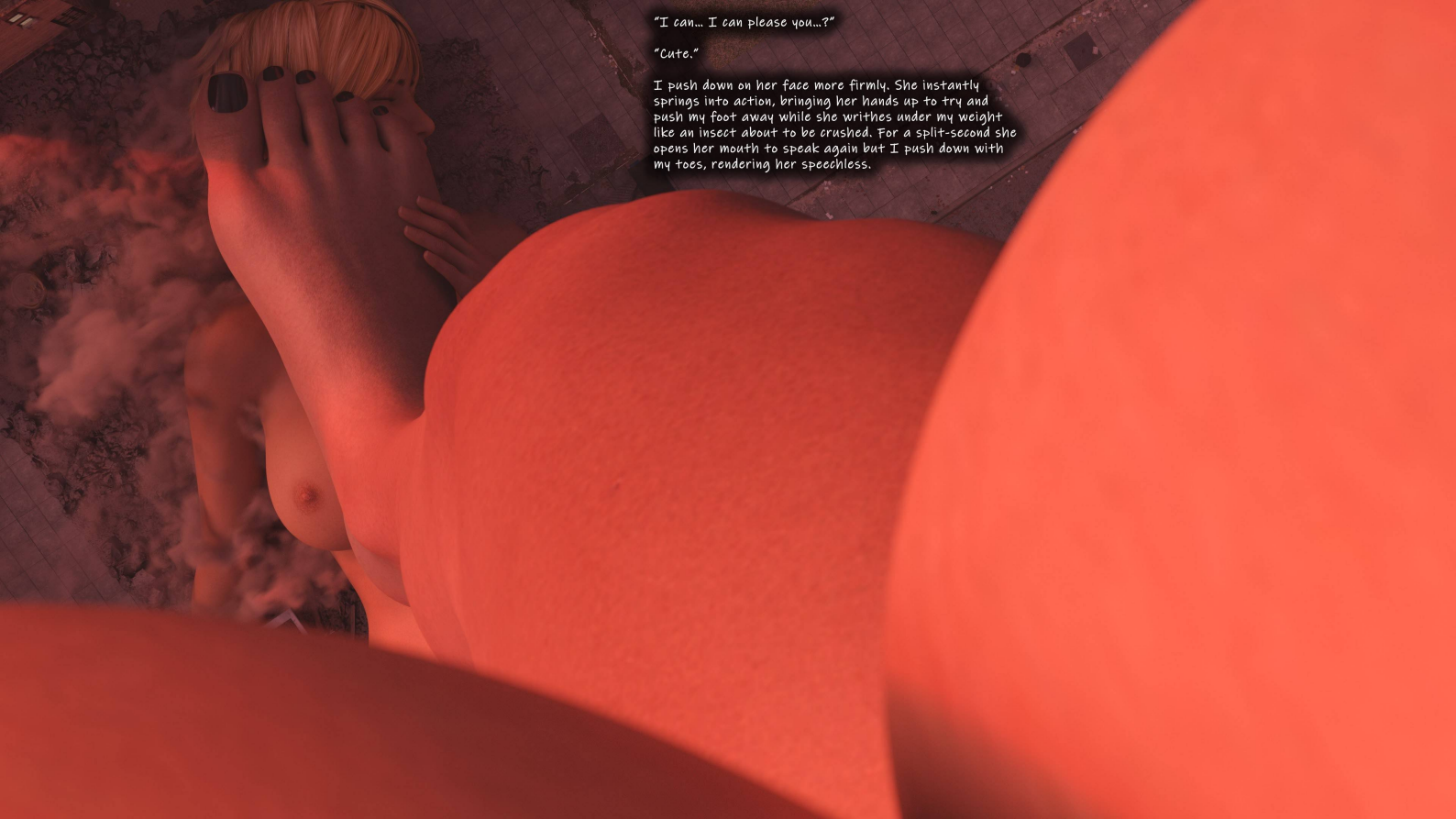
My foot moves directly over Marie-Claire, and she grabs hold of it with both hands, really driving home the new difference in our sizes. My foot is now big enough to cover her head, as well as half of her upper body all at once. If I were to actually stomp on her she'd be toast!
And the temptation really is there...
"Mistress?" She asks, trying to push my foot aside so she can see me from underneath it. "If you would allow me a guess, are you perhaps interested in having your feet worshiped right now? I can take care of that, if you like?"

It's no secret why she keeps assuming this. This was her own preferred method of humiliation. Twice I remembered having to do it for her while Jacquelyn looked on with bemusement. The burning humiliation from both of those incidents still sticks with me... and while it is admittedly rather nice seeing her wish to return the favor, it's not what I'm after.
"Please. Go ahead. But that's not all I want out of you."

"Oh? Then wha-"
She doesn't get to finish the thought before I press down with my foot. The hands holding onto them completely fail to slow me down, while Marie-Claire's head bounces off the ruined street with a loud thud. Clouds of smoke start to rise around her head while she winces in pain... but continues to breathe.
"That was just the strength in my toes, you know." I tell her, drumming them along her temple. While doing so I kept my heel pressed on her sternum, threatening to crack it if she protested too much. "Now, I want you to answer some questions for me."

"A-Anything! Anything you say, Mistress!"
She's almost cute down there. Begging to be let go while my foot keeps her pressed flat to the ground. Emphasis on almost, since I can still mostly see an old, scared crone when I look at my foot. I could do almost anything to her right now, but I'm a better person than she is. I'm not going to hurt her.
But I am going to let her think I'm going to hurt her.

"Answer me this, Marie-Claire, or I will crack every single one of your ribs at the same time. Why should I let you live? What have you done to earn my mercy? You threatened my pet-no. You called him a pet, when he's more than that. He's my boyfriend and you threatened him! And you tried to kill me, too!"
She says nothing in response for several seconds.


"I can... I can please you...?"
"Cute."
I push down on her face more firmly. She instantly springs into action, bringing her hands up to try and push my foot away while she writhes under my weight like an insect about to be crushed. For a split-second she opens her mouth to speak again but I push down with my toes, rendering her speechless.

"Is that it? Is that all you're good for? All that size, and nothing to offer but an eager tongue? I don't need help pleasuring myself! I have Ryan! So you'd better come up with something better real quick or..."
I push down even harder. Her scared movements instantly escalate into full-blown panic as her face is so squished her lips are pressing into the ground. I keep it there for a second, before relenting, and lifting my foot away again.
"Speak!"

"I'll-I'll talk to the others! I'll make sure they recognize you as one of us, along with all the privileges that entails! You'll live a life of luxury in my fiefdom, while-"

I pushed down on her face again, feeling her lips press into the bottom of my foot when I interrupted her. I keep it there for a second while she looks up from between my toes at me, sweat beginning to bead on her forehead.

"Is that the best you can offer?"

A look of defeat forms on her face as she tries, but fails to nod while pinned under my sole. If she's not able to come up with anything else then I guess that really is the best she can do. Kinda underwhelming, not gonna lie.
"Wait. Explain something to me, Ms. Lamoureux. You and the other... people like us in your secret little club. How do you determine who's in charge?"
Her eyes go wide.

"You aren't-"
"Tell me!" I ordered, pressing her face flat into my foot again for a moment.
"Might makes right." She says, with an unusual amount of confidence, the panic in her tone evaporating.
"So the biggest person is in charge?"
"Well, it's a little more complicated than-"
"ANSWER ME!"

STOP
ONLY
"Y-Yes! For the most part!" She squeaks out, while my toes press her forehead back into the ground. "The small are expected to serve the big! That's why we're in charge of these pathetic little human's tiny cities and-"
"And why I'm in charge of you, now."
"Yes... you're in charge of me, now..." She says dejectedly. "And... not just me."

"Go on."
"Everything. I submit everything I have accumulated to you, Briana. Everything I was in charge of. My body and servitude is but one part of that."
"What else is there?"
She doesn't answer for several seconds, before finally speaking. In a tone just above that of a whisper.
"The West Coast. All of it. Every city, every county. Every inch of farmland. It is all under your jurisdiction now."

That's... a lot more responsibility than I expected. I almost want to tell her I don't want this. What if that involves paperwork? I don't even know how to do my taxes, much less run an entire coast! Ryan can help, but what if he gets so busy he can't spend time with me? No, that's too much... right?

But...

I know I've got more in me. I can grow more. Ever since I first grew Marie-Claire's been a thorn in my side. Someone who stands in my way every time I want to do anything fun. If there's people above her, people who are bigger, and in charge of even more? What if I outgrew them, too? Or I can just be happy with what I have. So many options!

"I want to hear you say it." I tell her, finally removing my foot and dropping it onto the street next to her with enough force to kick up clouds of dust. "Say I'm in charge."

"You're in charge!" She says, heart racing while looking at my foot. "Please, Briana. I relinquish my title to you, and allow you free reign of the land I once did!"
My heart flutters hearing her say that.
"Get up." I tell her, watching her with disdain. "Thank you for that, and I guess I'll head back home... to my new home, that is. My nice, big mansion. I hope you made the bed before you left..."

"It... may not be. That was once Jacquelyn's duty, and...
"Oh... right. Jacquelyn. I suppose she's not around anymore, is she? Shame. I could use a giant servant..." I dismissively say, leaving her where she kneels.

"I'm right here, Mistress!" She calls out. "I can- I mean, if it is to your approval, I can take up her former duties! I am big enough to take care of chores, I can order the servants, and-"
"No thanks!"
PAY DAY LOANS
LIQUORS

"E-Excuse me?" She says, standing up to her feet again. I give her a dirty look, and she shrinks back in fear.
"I said no."
"B-But Mistress! I don't... have anywhere else to go. There is a room specifically for servants in the mansion! Jacquelyn used to sleep there, I don't mind that the bed is too small! I can-"
"Are you talking back?"

She stands there silently.
"As I was saying before you so rudely interrupted." I continued, casually resuming my walk. "My mansion, my rules. Besides, if Jessica keeps growing like she has been, she might need that room! I might even put her there right now so she doesn't have to sleep in the same bed as Ryan and myself..."
"But..."
"Or maybe I'll put my clothes in there! I bet I can get lots of new shoes made now that I'm in charge! Either way, you are not welcome in my mansion going forward. You don't have any problems with that, right?"

"No... of course not. As you wish, Mistress..."
"Didn't think so! If you need anything, just contact my secretary... once I get one of those. And a phone. And figure out my address. You know what? I'll call you."
"B-But Mistress! Where will I stay? At my size, there are shockingly few options-"
"Not my problem. Figure it out."
"Yes, Mistress. I suppose I will..."

You know what? That felt good. Lovely as it may be to have someone roughly my own size around helping me out, I don't really need her. Ryan and I have gotten along just fine on our own, and if I really need help then I guess Jessica can start pulling her weight around. I think I'm gonna like this new chapter of my life! I'm a new Briana!

And I live in a freaking mansion now!
...Kinda...
It's big. I'll give it that much. A lot nicer than my old place, too. The floors are clean, the seats look comfy. It's all pretty nice!... even if it seems a bit too... I don't know. Cozy?
Small! That's it. That's the word. Did Marie-Claire just stop growing at some point? Is that why she had this mansion built in the first place? I can't stop outgrowing things! Who knows. Maybe at some point this entire place isn't going to be much of anything to me, either.

"Well? What do you think?" I ask Ryan, finally confident that we had a bit of privacy again. "Really nice, isn't it? It's the perfect place to begin the rest of our lives together!"
"That was... so cool! Ryan says, making me blush instantly. "You just destroyed that giant crone back there! When did you get so good at interrogating? How did you know she was hiding things from you? I thought you would've just taken her at face value but you were really perceptive and clever!"
I did what now?

"And the way you timed that growth just to scare and intimidate her! You had her shaking in her boots, Briana! You didn't have to make her eat you out, but that was the cherry on top! You showed why you really deserve to be in charge and turned her into a submissive puppy! And the way you got her to just hand Jessica over? Inspired! You're the best!"
"I... yeah! That was all part of my plan!" I laughed, while Ryan continued to lavish praise upon me. I could correct him... but why would I ever do that?

Yup. I think I'm gonna like it here! It's been so long since I was even able to go indoors... anywhere! There's so much to look forward to here! An army of servants willing to help me and Ryan out, indoor plumbing, a real bed, the works! Everything's coming up Briana and Ryan!
...And Jessica's here too! I guess.
But that's fine! It's still a perfect, happy ending for me and my perfect little soulmate! Everything is good, and everyone is happy!

This is the worst day of my life. I've lost my title, my land, and my wealth. And to make things even worse, without my mansion, I'm reduced to sleeping in Briana's filthy little hovel. This place has her stench all over it... Literally. I can smell her pussy just walking into here. It's almost overpowering.
Everything is gone now. All because of that bitch Briana.
No. I shouldn't be calling her that. It's not my right to call my superior a bitch, not even in my own, private thoughts. I shouldn't even be calling her Briana anymore. She's 'Mistress' to me now.
I say the word out loud to myself: "Mistress." Then I gulp, trying my best to ignore that my mouth was just watering.

My Ivy League education and decades of accomplishments are all meaningless now. I'm a supplicant to someone half my age. That airheaded state school dropout now owns my kingdom. She owns my mansion. But more importantly... She owns me.
My Mistress can do whatever she wants with me. Have her way with me the moment she feels like it. Command me to please her, or overpower me with that massive body of hers. Slap my around with those absurd tits... Or just sit on my face and ride me until I'm gasping for air. And the moment she's bored with me, she can toss me aside like yesterday's garbage.
It doesn't matter than I'm four hundred feet tall. I'm nothing next to her. I'm not even a person as far as my Mistress is concerned. I'm just her little plaything.
And you know the worst part of it all?
I'm getting turned on just thinking about it.

THE END

O.A.G. 8
SIZE COMPARISON
BRIANA - END OF PART 8
800 FEET TALL
200,000 TONS
MARIE-CLAIRE
390 FEET TALL
15,000 TONS
BRIANA - END OF PART 7
300 FEET TALL
10,000 TONS

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