~~TOP SECRET~~
SECRET

Copy 2 of 2 copies each
of 3 pages series A

S.G.S.
Sudden Growth Syndrome
Part 2

[redacted]

Outbreak Report

Day [redacted]















Photographs by Red Firedog
Documentation by Emma Gear

~~SECRET~~
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I pressed my hand against the cool glass, looking sadly at the woman I once loved. Based off what I'd been told I felt like she wouldn't have thought anything of it... but she responded by raising her own hand and pressing it on the opposite side of the glass. The quiet moment felt like it was building up to something. I looked her in the eyes, waiting for her to show some sign that she recognized me. For her to say something that told me she was still in there, and she was happy to see me again.

...But she didn't.



"It feels like she recognizes me..." I said aloud, before turning to look at the man in the hazmat suit. "You recognize that too, right?"

"That's unclear." He said matter-of-factly. "She had serious damage to the parts of her brain that allow her to access long-term memories. Her behavior is interesting, but I wouldn't read too much into it."

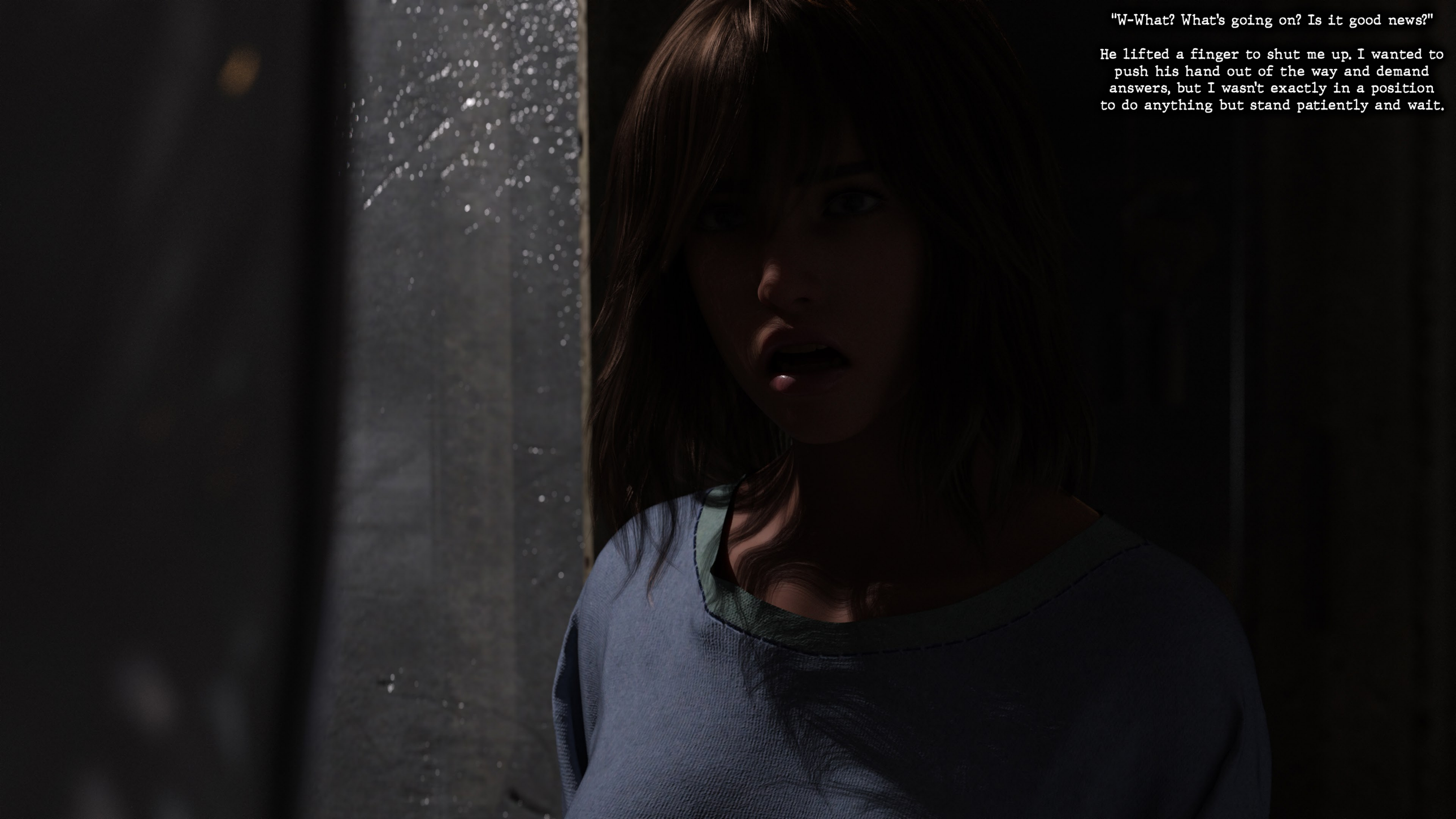
"Okay, sure..." I said, not entirely convinced. "Do you think she might be able to speak again?"


"For now? No." He said with a shake of his head. "But keep in mind, this is all very new. It could be permanent, it could be temporary. She could regain it... or she could do as all the others have done and degrade even further. It's just too early to draw any meaningful conclusions, and we haven't been able to gather enough subjects to study."
"So there's a chance?"
"...I wouldn't get my hopes up." he said solemnly. "All of the others seem to be degrading further with time. The centers of the brain relating to speech and emotional regulation are the first to go. After that, they can get increasingly feral. Claire's holding out far longer than any of the others... but in all likelihood, it's just a matter of time before she meets the same fate."



The revelation hit me like a gut punch. My stomach twisted into knots as I looked back at Claire, then to the man in front of me again. "...How long do you think she has?" I asked, feeling my heart sink into my chest. "Before she, you know..."

"Goes completely feral?" He asked. "Well, it could be... wait, hold on-" He then tapped what must have been an earpiece on the side of his helmet. Someone was definitely speaking to him, but the voice was far too muffled to make anything out before he quickly responded. "What do you mean? Really? Are you serious? If that's correct, that means..."



"W-What? What's going on? Is it good news?"

He lifted a finger to shut me up. I wanted to push his hand out of the way and demand answers, but I wasn't exactly in a position to do anything but stand patiently and wait.


After another minute he lowered his hand, cleared his throat, and straightened up. "I'm afraid I have some urgent business to attend to." He said, before looking over at Claire then back to me. "You could prove useful in all of this, Sofia. If you want what's best for Claire, then please cooperate with us to the best of your ability. Stay put, and don't do anything that could aggravate Claire or the other specimen."
"Y-You're just going to leave me here? But-"



"I'm trusting you on this." He said, before briskly walking away. "Were it up to me I'd take you to a holding cell first, but there's no time. Stay put, and don't make any sudden movements."

"Um, okay but... wait! Other specimen?" I asked. "What does that mean? There's another one here? What's going-"


"The less questions you ask, the safer you'll be." He told me solemnly, before heading up to the massive vault door that separated the cells from the rest of the facility.
I wondered what he could mean by that, before deciding it was too eerie to concern myself with. The last thing I wanted was to make it through all of this alive and in one piece, only to be disappeared by the government for knowing too much.


More than that, I was stunned by how extreme the security measures around here were. The over-the-top door isn't enough, it seems. He had to stand up straight and wait for whoever was on the other end of that camera to acknowledge him before it would even open.


"VJ205 Requesting an exit."
The entire room seemed to shake in response, making my blood run cold. But it wasn't from giant people stomping around this time, it was the sheer magnitude of locks disengaging from the massive door before the entire thing began to slowly roll out of the way.


On the other end was a long, featureless hallway. I tried to see what was on the other end, but with that camera staring straight down I didn't want to make any sudden movements. I almost asked, but the words caught in my throat when he began to walk, never even turning back to acknowledge me.


The door began to move back into place just as slowly as it had opened. I had no doubt they wouldn't bother letting me out. I was stuck until someone else came back for me... assuming they even remembered I was here.
I let out a breath I hadn't even realized I was holding, and relaxed.


"I wonder what that's all about..." I whispered, as the locks re-engaged. I'd been told to stay put... but it's not like there was even anything I could do in the first place. Nothing to pass the time with except for...


A deep sound shook the floor underneath me. A sound I only recognized as a moan because I'd heard it so many times, even if it was heavily distorted. I looked back at Claire, and she was staring intensely at me. It was a look I knew well. She wanted me... and I wished I could do more to comfort her.


"You're horny, right?"
She moaned again. It wasn't exactly the response I was looking for, but it was better than nothing.
"How long have you been kept in there, anyway? Have they even been... you know, helping you with that?"


She shuffled in place, clearly finding it awkward to move around inside of the cell. She looked uncomfortable, and I could only hope her muscles weren't atrophying from being confined like this so long...
Another, louder moan brought me back to reality. She was breathing more heavily now, biting her bottom lip, and gradually lowered a hand between her legs.



Even if she didn't seem to recognize me, this was still Claire. She was still... my girlfriend, right? Every bit as hot as I remember-no, even more so. Her new size was a little scary, but it was also... intriguing.

"They told me not to do anything that might agitate you, even if I wish I could just open the door and let you stretch." I said, eyeing her up and down. "So... maybe we should just take this slowly, okay?"

If there was any doubt in my mind that she still recognized it all but vanished after that. She locked eyes directly, and the wet sound of her fingers working herself echoed through the empty hallway. Her eyes were locked onto me, and another moan shook the floor.

"You're not gone." I said a sigh of relief. "You're... different, sure, but you're still Claire! And I'm still..."





I felt a weight come off my shoulders. Claire was still with me... all three tons of her. I wasn't alone in this world anymore. Her breath was fogging up the glass walls of her cell, and I smiled back at her.

Fuck, this was turning me on as well. She'd always had a thing for giving me a show, and doing so at this size hadn't changed that one bit. It was like she couldn't help herself. The animalistic parts of her had been amplified. She needed me, and I needed her too. I grabbed my tits, squeezing them through the fabric of my scrubs while giving her a look. "You want me, don't you Claire?"


She leaned closer, but her head bounced off the glass wall. For a moment she looked angered, but I shushed her, and gestured for her to keep her eyes on me. In an instant all that rage melted away, and she went back to what she'd been doing.


I didn't even notice the change initially. It started off slow. I thought she'd only adjusted her position while she rubbed her pussy inside of that cell.


But when her shoulders hit the ceiling, I knew something was wrong. I looked all over, and the answer was obvious.
She was growing.


My own heart raced while her rumbling moans grew louder, and more forceful. I could feel arousal building up between my own legs as I watched her, and wondered when this would stop.
Her moans grew louder. Deeper. The walls of the cell seemed to vibrate as she did so.


"Keep going..." I whispered, watching her every movement. Her back arched so she could better please herself, but the back of her head hit the ceiling again. I wished they would just let her out so she could stretch!
Her moans peaked in volume, and her mouth opened wide.


It started off high-pitched, almost squeaky. Completely unbefitting her new size. But it quickly turned into a loud, almost bestial roar. One that shook my very bones as she finished herself off in explosive fashion. The wet sounds of her fingers pistoning between her legs were loud and clear, while it seemed like every movement she made resulted in part of her newly-enlarged body bumping against the walls of the cell itself.


Her moans turned to soft panting, and her breath fogged up the walls again, making it difficult to see her. I raised a hand to place it against the window once more... but the sudden blaring of an alarm made me back off.


Red lights flashed, and fear gripped me. What did that mean? Was it because she grew? What are they going to do to her if they found out she grew in her cell?


She looked back at me. Even in this state she could tell that something was wrong, and she looked to me for comfort.
"It's going to be okay." I said, though I didn't even know if that was true myself. "It's... just a test. Just remain calm, and-


Fans whirred to life, blowing the hair out of Claire's face. She seemed confused for a moment, but the reason revealed itself just a moment later when something green began to seep in from the floor.
I didn't know what that stuff was, but it couldn't be good, right? I looked around the massive vault door to see if there were any further instructions, but no one was coming. I looked back to Claire, who had only grown even more scared, and said the first thing that came to mind.



"HOLD YOUR BREATH!"

It was a crazy idea. Stupid, even. Still, she seemed to understand, and took a deep breath... only to send a ton of that gas straight into her mouth when she did so. She physically recoiled at the sensation.

Whatever this gas was... it wasn't helping her. That I could be sure of. But I couldn't exactly do anything about it, either. She pressed a hand flat against the glass and looked back at me while more of the stuff filled the room. There was a fear there that I hadn't seen in her since she'd grown. Despite her overwhelming size, she seemed helpless.



I couldn't do anything about it though. I was...

No. I couldn't do anything about it... but SHE might be able to.

"Push harder!" I said, pushing my hands forward in case she couldn't hear me. "If... maybe you can break out! It's just glass, and look at you! You're so big it shouldn't be a problem, right?"


She seemed to understand, and nodded. She braced herself as best she could, green smoke pouring out of her nostrils as she focused, and pushed. I could feel the floor shake as she did so...
But the glass didn't break. It didn't even shift.



"Keep going!"

She did exactly that. She looked to be in pain as more of the gas filled the room. But try as she might, the glass didn't bend or break.


"CLAIRE! KEEP PUSHING!" I shouted, no longer concerned over the camera that could clearly see me. "YOU CAN DO IT GIRL, I KNOW YOU CAN!"
Spurred on by my voice, I could see her redouble her efforts. Her huge feet pressed against the opposite wall, and she used her legs as extra leverage. It was getting difficult to see her with all of the gas in the room now!



Tink.

The sound was soft, high-pitched. A small crack had formed in the glass, and the smallest shard had broken off and hit the floor. I took a step back, knowing what was about to come... but that didn't mean it would be easy.

Claire pushed for all she was worth. Pushed longer than I think I'd have been able to. But with every additional burst of effort, more cracks formed in the glass. Until they spread across the entire wall from one end to the other.



"PUSH!"

The sound of my voice brought a final burst of action out of her. She grit her teeth, tensed her muscles, and pushed one more time forcefully enough to shatter the entire wall into thousands of tiny shards of glass that rained onto the floor.


"YOU DID IT!" I shouted, and almost ran straight for her, until I stopped abruptly in my tracks.
The gas that had been trapped in the cell was pouring out into the hallway now. It hung low to the floor, spreading like a dense fog as Claire coughed and crawled her way out of that cell and into the room.



I'd seen and heard fans earlier, but with how fast it was pouring out of those vents I worried it wouldn't be enough. While backing away slowly I kept looking over to Claire to make sure she was okay, and she seemed to be recovering now that she was no longer suffocating on the stuff.



Claire didn't need to be told what to do. She crawled her way out of that cell and out into the hallway, and I ran ahead of her to make sure we both stayed out of that gas. It was working, but it didn't look like it would for very long.



And before either of us knew it we were standing back in front of that ominous vault door. It was massive and heavy, and I had doubts that even Claire could do anything about it. They'd let the guy in the hazmat suit out... What are the odds they'd do the same for me?

"HEY!" I shouted, waving up to the camera.


To my relief, the camera slowly rotated, and seemed to focus on me.
"YOU'VE GOTTA LET US OUT OF HERE!" I shouted. "THERE'S SOME GAS FILLING UP THE ROOM AND IT'S GOING TO KILL US!"


The camera didn't move. With every second that passed I could feel my anxiety slowly begin to grow. The gnawing feeling that they were going to just let us both die really began to settle in, and I did the only thing that came to mind.



"OPEN THE FUCKING DOOR!" I screamed, raising a fist at the camera. "OR YOU'RE ALL GOING TO FUCKING REGRET THIS!"

No response. I could actually hear the gas being pumped in through the vents from Claire's cell. This room was filling enough that I could actually taste it on my tongue, and was beginning to feel lightheaded. I didn't know how much more I had in me if this door didn't open soon.

Something pressed into the side of my body and I looked up to see Claire pushing me out of the way with one hand. I watched as she lined herself up with the vault door, wondering what she was planning. Surely she couldn't break that, right? It had to weigh a dozen tons and be made of all kinds of reinforced steel! It was nothing like the glass walls of her cell!




But whether or not she recognized that didn't seem to matter. Claire pulled an arm back, and I dove out of the way to make sure I didn't get turned into a pancake. Her arm swung forward with so much force my ears popped, and I actually saw the door start to open.


Claire had far more space to gather momentum in the hallway than she did inside of her cell. It also looked like she wasn't trying to destroy the door, but simply force it out of its place and knock it down. It was crazy, and it wasn't elegant... but I wasn't going to complain. Her strength was awe-inspiring, and even if she wasn't all there mentally...

I felt safer around her.

"Thanks, Claire." I said.

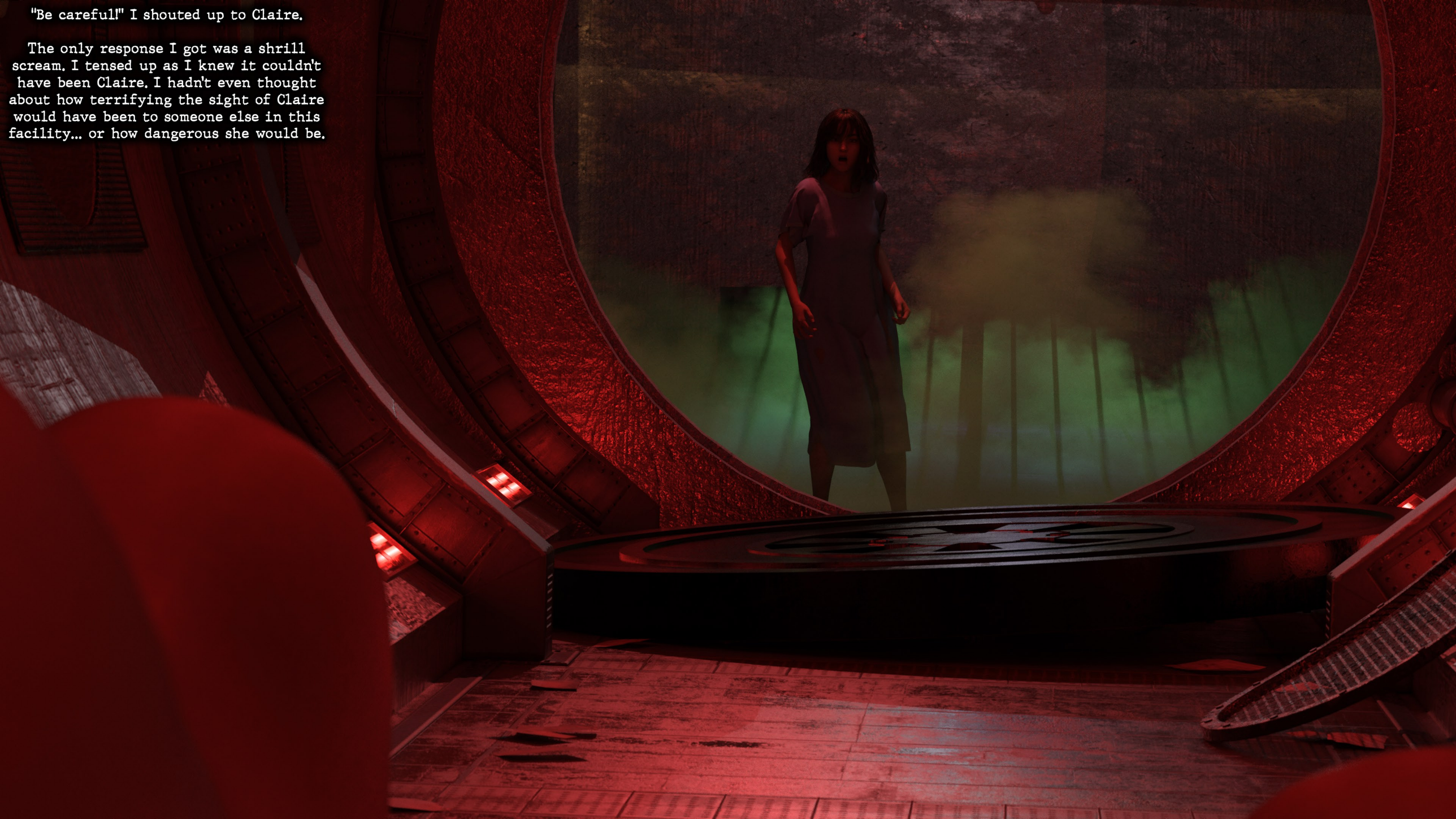



She looked down at me. A flash of recognition formed on her face for an instant, before she turned away and looked ahead again. I wanted to say more... but it wasn't the time.


I stepped forward to try and get ahead of her and into the hallway, but was stopped abruptly. Seemed like she wanted to go first when she squeezed her shoulders through the vault door's opening, and shimmied her way into the hall. She did breathe in a lot more of the gas than I did, she must have been really eager to get out first.


That was fine. I agreed with her... even if the room was still filling with gas even now. I looked back at the cloud beginning to rise around me, then back to Claire who was still shimmying her way into the hallway.
"MOVE FASTER!" I shouted.


Whether or not that made the difference I can't be sure, but she finally managed to squeeze through that doorway and into the hallway itself. And not a moment too soon, as I could already smell the sharp scent of that gas in the air coming dangerously close to enveloping me.



"Be careful!" I shouted up to Claire.

The only response I got was a shrill scream. I tensed up as I knew it couldn't have been Claire. I hadn't even thought about how terrifying the sight of Claire would have been to someone else in this facility... or how dangerous she would be.


I tried thinking of how to explain this to anyone we ran into when I saw movement out of the corner of my eye. I hadn't even stopped to think about how one of the other cells in here could be occupied!
I thought about what I should even do. I couldn't do anything to save her, and if I drew her attention I'd just be giving her false hope. She looked normal, too. She was wearing the same kind of gown I was, save for how much more ragged it looked. How long had she been here?
She just stood there, staring at the wall.


I knew I couldn't just leave her here. I would have to come back... but I needed her to know that! "Are you okay?" I asked. "Sorry about all of this, but I'll come back for you, I promise! Just try to hold out!"
She didn't say a word. She only slowly turned to look back at me...


That look.

Her eyes were unfocused. Her lips were parted, but she wasn't breathing heavily and she wasn't speaking. I instantly realized what a mistake it was to alert her of my presence. I'd seen this look before.

I'd seen it on them.


She stopped being silent just a second later. An ear-piercing unearthly scream that the glass wall did nothing to mute came erupted all around me. I took a step back, but it was already too late.


The red lights flashing all around me made the scene utterly surreal. Her growing body quickly ripped the fabric of her clothing to shreds. All the while I could see saliva dripping from the sides of her mouth as she snarled at me from the other side of the glass.

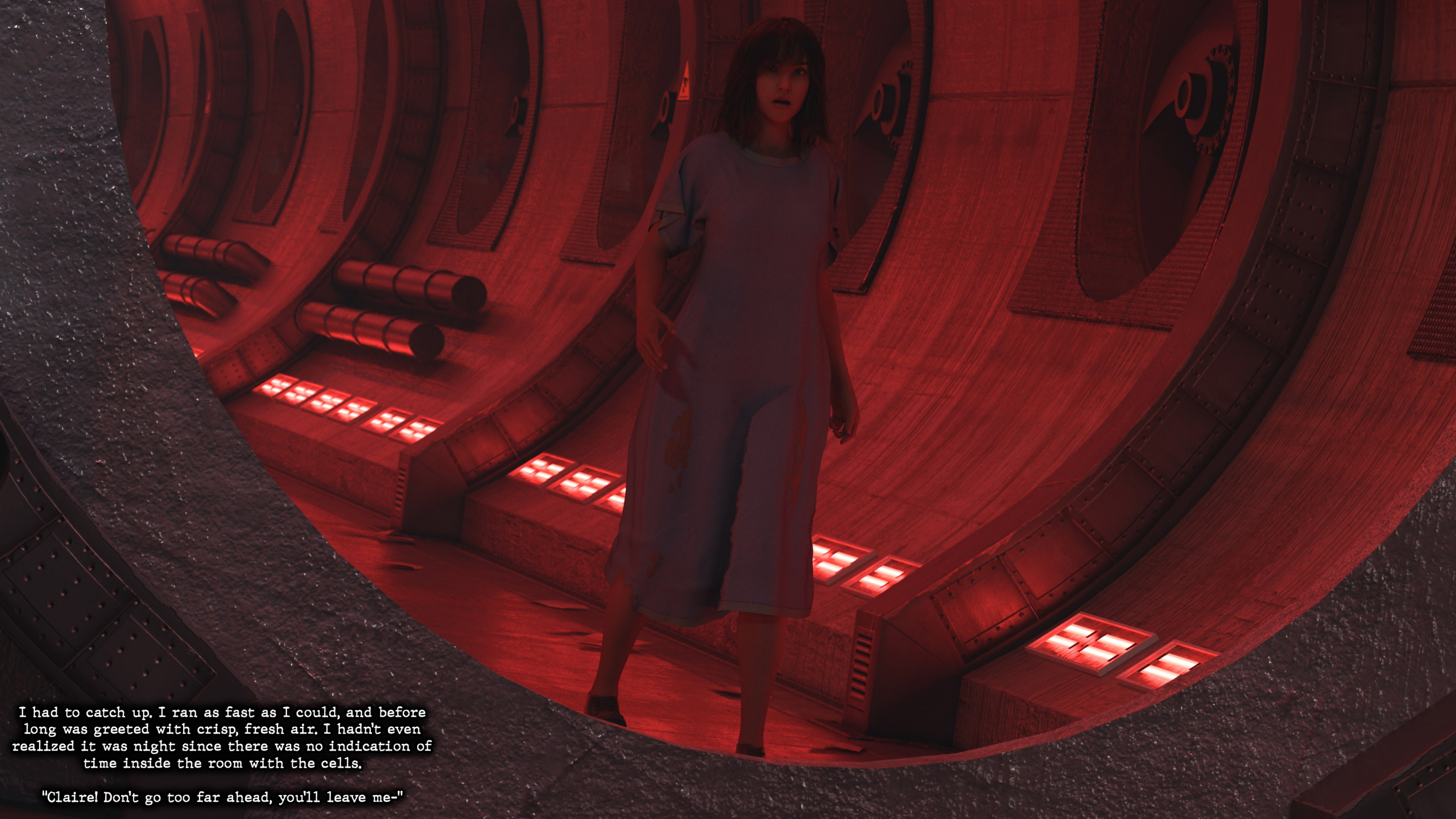

In no time at all she was almost as big as Claire, and she lunged towards me, only to bounce harmlessly off the glass wall. That only seemed to make her angrier, and she roared at me like I was her next meal.
And if I stayed put, I had a feeling I would be.


I turned tail and ran out of there as quickly as I could manage. Surely the glass would hold long enough... right?


I ran down the hallway, leaving the dull thuds of the woman bashing her body against the glass wall to fade away. But as I got closer to Claire I could hear something entirely new. Something that sounded like... chewing. Eating?


I shuddered. I didn't want to think about what that was. But... by that same point, I had to be sure.
"Claire? Are you okay? What are you doing?"


The only response I got was the sound stopping abruptly and Claire resuming her movements down the hallway. The tunnel wasn't as well-lit as the cells were, so it wasn't long at all before she'd vanished into the darkness ahead of me.



I had to catch up. I ran as fast as I could, and before long was greeted with crisp, fresh air. I hadn't even realized it was night since there was no indication of time inside the room with the cells.

"Claire! Don't go too far ahead, you'll leave me-"


"...Behind..."
Claire wasn't alone. She was staring down a number of armed men who had their weapons trained on her. They wouldn't just kill her, right? She could understand them, I'm sure of it! They just needed to be gentle with her!


"YOU!"
In the blink of an eye the weapons turned away from Claire and were pointed straight at me. My hands shot up instinctively, not wanting to give them a reason to fire.


"I'm unarmed!" I told them. They didn't lower their weapons. "I SAID I'M UNARMED!" I repeated. "I'M A CIVILIAN! DON'T SHOOT!"
"THAT DOESN'T FUCKING MATTER!" One of the men shouted. "There was a containment breach! Everyone exposed has to be dealt with!"
"Y-You're gonna- But I'm not infected! I-"


The ground shook. Before I even realized what was happening my view of the men was blocked by Claire's sudden appearance. Even if they were ordered to kill me, it was obvious she was the much bigger threat to deal with.

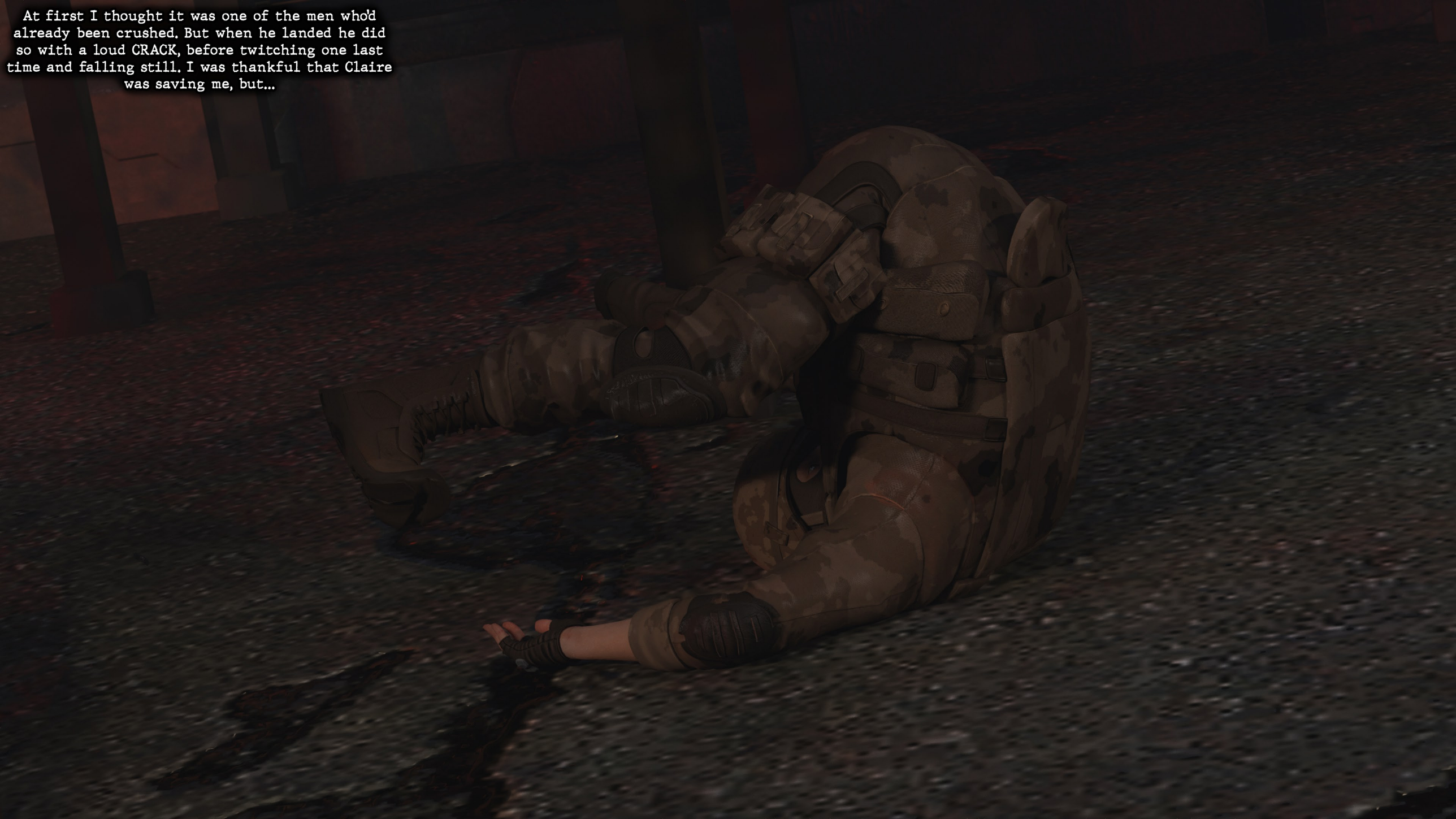

"TAKE HER OUT!"
The air was filled with cracks as the men unloaded their fully automatic weapons straight into Claire's body. I turned away, not wanting to witness the aftermath of my girlfriend's senseless murder.


But she didn't die. She shrugged the bullets off and roared angrily at the men while reaching for them. Faster than either could react she'd ripped one up from the floor and held him in her fingers.


"LET HIM GO YOU GIANT-"
The other soldier was snatched just as quickly, and his weapon clattered to the floor uselessly. Claire eyed the two soldiers seriously for a moment, before I saw her fingers tighten around them. All the bravado they'd shown a moment prior vanished in the blink of an eye as they screamed in agony.
And it was obvious why. Even through the sounds of their torment I could hear the effect Claire was having on their bodies. Blood seeped through their clothing as bones crunched beneath her impossible strength. In a matter of seconds her fists had closed completely, and the two men fell limp in her grasp.


CRACK
More bullets. My heart raced as I didn't see where they were coming from, but it seemed like Claire had. The walkway above had a couple more men dumping everything they had into her, who still remained utterly unperturbed by their efforts.
She took the time to look over the crushed men in her grasp, then at the men shooting her.


With a casual flick of her wrists, she turned the corpses into projectiles that slammed into the new men shooting at her effortlessly. From what I could hear it sounded like she'd scored a direct hit as well, and a second later I saw one of the bodies tumble over the edge of the railing.


At first I thought it was one of the men who'd already been crushed. But when he landed he did so with a loud CRACK, before twitching one last time and falling still. I was thankful that Claire was saving me, but...


I was also scared of her.
More screams that were silenced quickly as they melded with the crunching of flesh and bone. More bodies fell to the ground with dull thuds, and didn't move. In no time at all the shots had stopped entirely. The soldiers must have realized this wasn't a fight that could be won through firepower.


"Claire! You need to stop!"
If she heard me, she wasn't interested in listening. I tried convincing myself that it was because she wanted to be sure that I was safe. If she got rid of everyone who could hurt me, then I'd have nothing to worry about... right?


I had no idea what was going through her mind. Well, outside of the obvious.
A man screamed at the top of his lungs, clearly terrified out of his wits. The walkway above was narrow, and he didn't have anywhere to run while Claire was focused entirely on him.


Just like all the others, she grabbed hold of him with just one hand. A fully-grown man was completely incapacitated while in her grasp, and she snarled while closing her fingers tightly around him.
His gun fell to the floor, while he was effortlessly lifted up.


Claire growled and applied more pressure onto the man's body. He tried to say something in return and beat his tiny fists against her fingers, but it obviously wasn't going to do any good. I tried to close my eyes and tune out what was to come... but it didn't work.


This man was treated no differently than any of the others. Claire's fingers tightened around the man's body as he writhed in agony, before that familiar ominous crunch ran through the area. She kept going until blood began to seep through her fingers and splashed onto the walkway before dripping to the floor below.


My heart raced when she stood up, holding the dangling body in her fingers. His limbs hung limply down, and it was obvious he was gone. Even for Claire, who seemed to grunt in satisfaction.
A moment later her fingers opened up, and the body fell to the ground in a tangle of limbs. She didn't even bother watching to see where he'd landed.


"SHE'S COMING THIS WAY!"
Claire wasn't finished yet. She looked ahead and saw a number of men on the ground level scattering in every direction. Fresh shots rang out, and it was clear that some more men had stationed themselves on the walkway even though this had been long-proven to be ineffective.


"STAND DOWN! YOU'RE SURROUNDED!"
"SHE CAN'T UNDERSTAND US! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? SHOOT THE FUCKING BITCH!"
Even if she couldn't understand them I have no doubt she'd have understood the tone they were yelling at her with. Her hands balled up into fists again, and they were raised high into the air.


She selected her first target quickly. The man didn't even seem to realize what was coming, and kept shooting up at her body, likely in the hopes that one of his shots would be the one to bring her down.


That obviously wasn't going to work.
With an ear-ringing THUD Claire's fist slammed onto the walkway itself, not even bothering to hit the soldiers directly. The comparatively thin metal bent instantly, throwing both of the men stationed up there straight to the floor. They tumbled head over heels, screaming for someone to help them.


But it did them little good when they landed square on their heads.
Their bodies crumpled on impact, accordioning in on themselves before falling into a limp pile. If they were alive, there was no way they were walking again. Not after that.


The men on the ground had realized what a wasted effort this was. Claire was loose, and she was unstoppable. Their weapons weren't going to change that, and their best hopes for survival was to run full-tilt away from the giant woman.

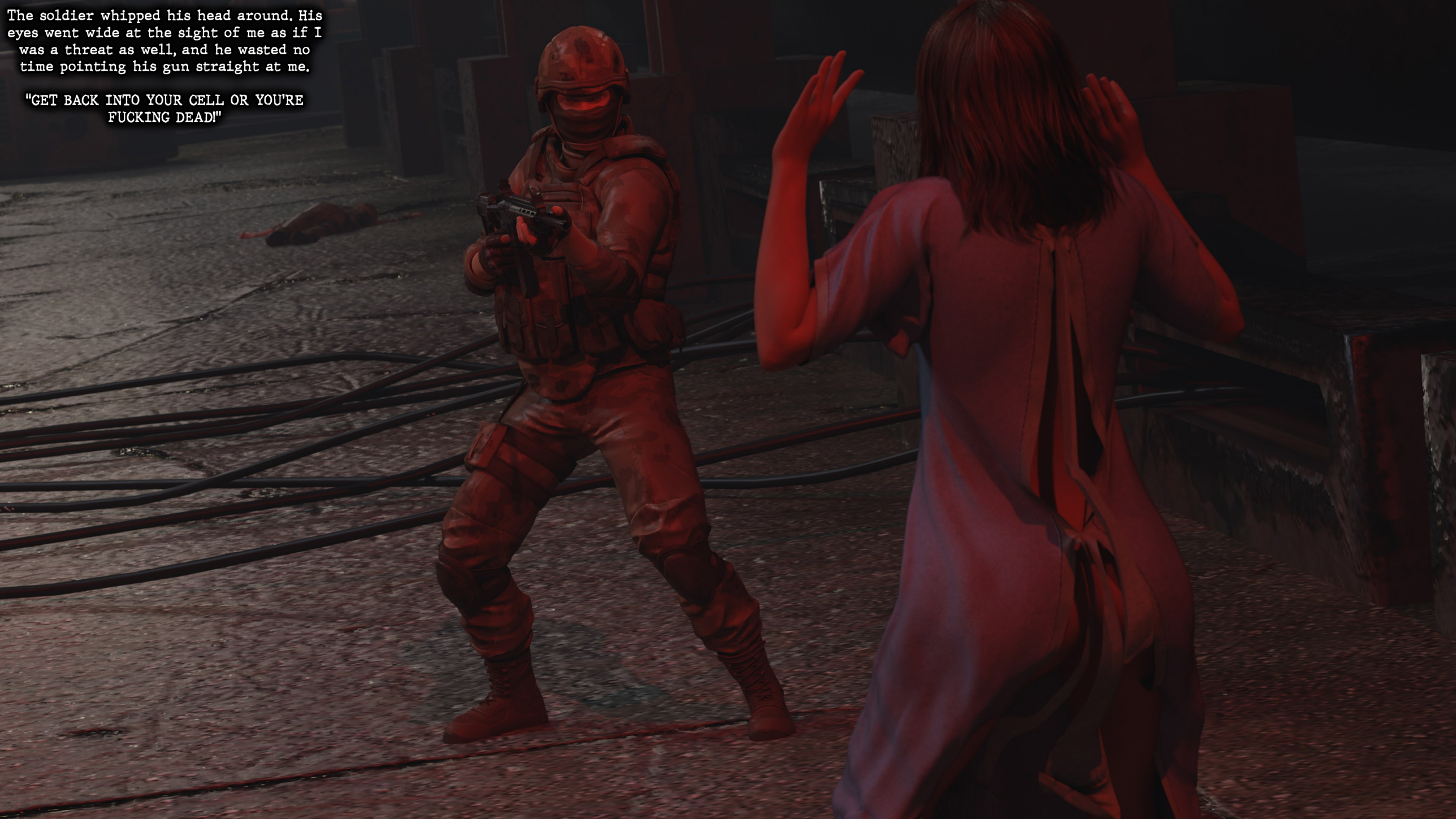

This wasn't the case for the other men on the walkway, though. Whether because they felt they had no easy way out, or they thought their elevated position offered them some kind of a tactical advantage I can't say. But they seemed to care little for how effortlessly she'd just dispatched the other men, and kept their weapons trained right on her.


Claire didn't care. I'm sure from her point of view they all looked the same, and their weapons were equally noisy. One step was all it took to close the distance between her and the others, and the soldiers were instantly forced against the wall.



The crack of fresh gunfire shocked me out of watching Claire. A soldier near unloaded everything he had at her, but it looked like she didn't even notice.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!" I screamed over the sound of the weapon. "YOU'RE JUST GOING TO MAKE HER MAD!"


The soldier whipped his head around. His eyes went wide at the sight of me as if I was a threat as well, and he wasted no time pointing his gun straight at me.
"GET BACK INTO YOUR CELL OR YOU'RE FUCKING DEAD!"


"I wasn't in a- Put the gun down!" I shouted.
"What are you fucking doing?! If Claire sees you pointing that thing at me, then-"
"Claire?" He said, before narrowing his eyes and raising his weapon.


"CLAIRE!" I screamed at the top of my lungs, but I didn't even need to do that much. She had already noticed, and her entire attention was focused on the man who was moments away from gunning me down.
The soldier seemed torn between finishing me off before Claire could intervene, or trying to save his own skin by shooting at her instead.


That moment of indecision sealed his fate. Claire stomped towards him, shaking the ground beneath us. She loomed ever larger over him while he spun around and pointed his weapon straight at her, and unleashed a hailstorm of bullets.


It looked as if every single one of them hit.
But that didn't matter. The bullets pinged off of Claire's body harmlessly, and she raised her foot over his body, undeterred by his antics. He tried to point the barrel of his gun into her sole, but before he could even finish that his face was pinned into it.



He kept pulling the trigger as Claire's foot came down on him. Maybe he hoped he'd get a lucky shot off, maybe it was involuntary. I don't know.

But what followed was obvious. He was pinned against the hard ground. He cried out in pain, but his efforts were smothered under Claire's big toe. He tried to toss his weapon away so he could push her foot away, but he was too slow. With slow, audible crunches Claire crushed the man beneath her foot, breaking every bone beneath her weight and leading to an ominous red pool to spread out beneath him.


Then, just to be sure, she twisted her heel.
In the blink of an eye his entire skeleton collapsed and mixed with what remained of his body. Claire twisted her toes out on the man like she was putting out a cigarette, making sure there wouldn't even be enough left to identify him.


I felt... relieved. I don't know why the guys seemed just as intent on killing me as Claire, but they were gone now. I looked up to thank my girlfriend, only to see her reaching down for me. My first instinct was to run in the opposite direction... but I didn't see the anger in her look anymore. She seemed calm. Almost... serene, even.


"Claire?" I said, as her fingers wrapped around me and easily lifted me. "I... You saved me, but you didn't have to go that far. Those were real people, you know. They were..."
Her expression gradually turned to worry.


"Thank you."
She lightened up, and even began to smile. Even if the eyes are a little more vacant than I'm accustomed to, I'd know that smile anywhere. She may have just brutally killed a bunch of men... but she'd done it for me. There must be some sense of pride in doing that.


"C-Claire?"
As she casually lifted me higher I felt her other hand approach, and pinch the gown I was wearing. She ran the rag between two fingers, and gave it a tug, before letting go.
"W-Wait, Claire! Slow down!"


But she was persistent. She placed two fingers into the back of the gown, and pulled the knots keeping it in place apart. Then with a casual movement she slid the entire thing down the length of my body, leaving me naked in her grasp. The gown didn't offer much protection, but without it I became more acutely aware of how cool the air out here was.


"Claire...? What are you...?"
She raised me higher. Closer to her face.
The same face I'd fallen in love with.
The one that I'd seen pressed against
mine more times than I could count.


And... she smiled.
Sort of. I could tell there was something else mixed in with it. Her eyes raked my body up and down, before she bit her bottom lip and looked directly at me.


Then her lips parted.
"WAIT! CLAIRE! DON'T-"
She drew me closer to her lips, and brought me closer to her lips without a word. I could feel her hot breath wash over me, and it was a nice contrast to the chilly air outside.



I braced myself as I came closer to her lips. I wanted to have faith in her, but it wasn't like she could say something to calm me down. She just kept raising my body up higher until I was right at the edge of her lips. I could see the low lights of the facility illuminating her wet, glistening tongue. See the strings of saliva that connected her tongue to her palate, making it seem as if she was hungry.

"You're not going to eat me, right?"


I just had to be sure. I didn't scream, I didn't demand an answer... I just asked.
And she answered by closing her lips, and pressing them directly onto mine. Or as best she could manage, anyway. They covered my entire face from top to bottom. They were as soft and warm as I remembered them.

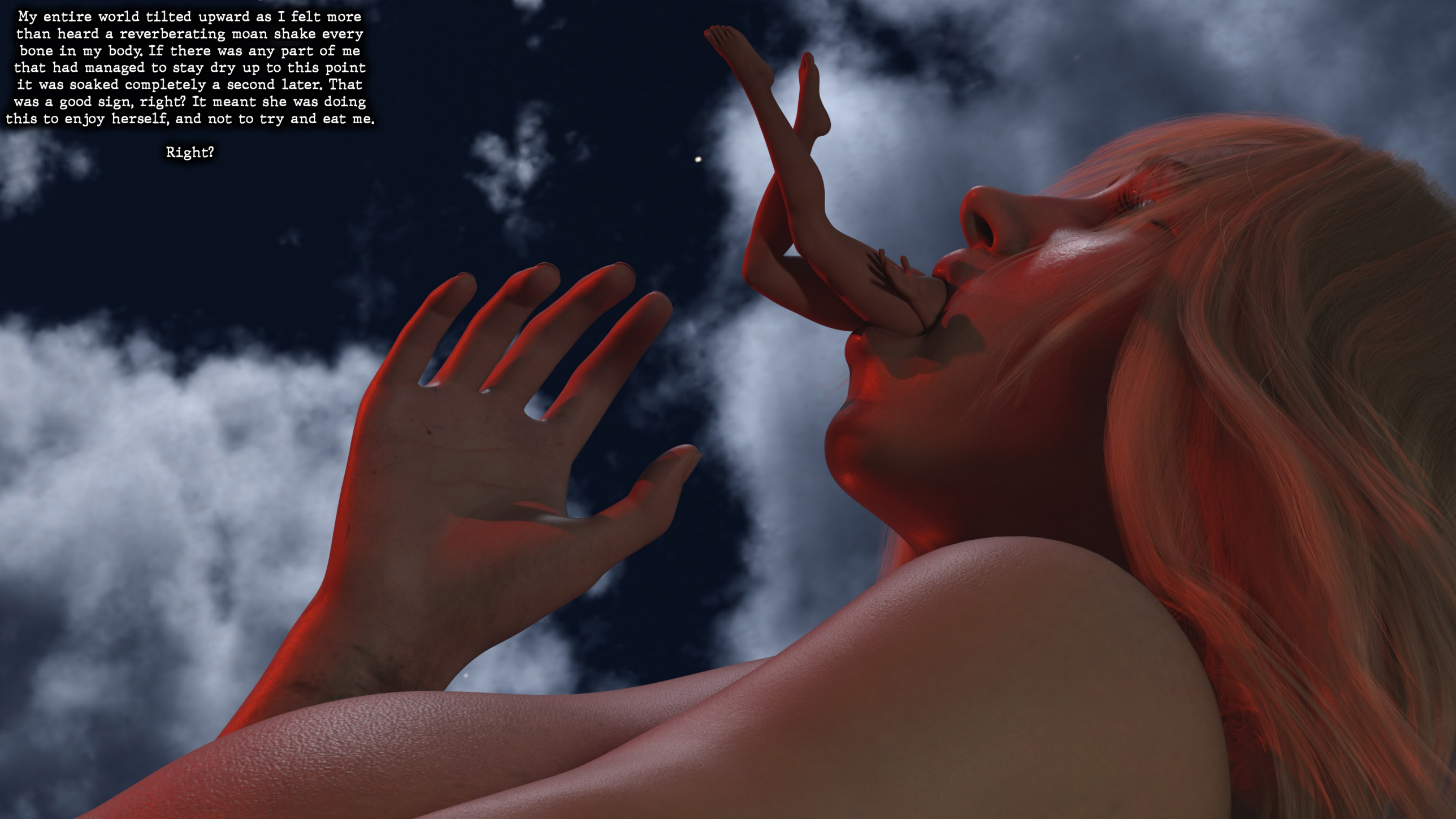

So I returned the favor. Reaching forward and grabbing not the back of her head but instead the sides of her lips was surreal, but I was able to get over it quickly. I was happy to return the favor, even if we were still standing around the remains of the men who'd just tried to kill me.


I pulled away from her face after a few moments to look back into her eyes, but my view didn't change. For an instant I wondered why, before Claire's lips parted, and I realized I was being pushed forward again. Once again I was assaulted with a hot blast of her breath, and I pushed against her face with both my arms, but it was no use.


"Claire! Wait-"
She wasn't up for being patient though. Her mouth opened just enough for my head to slip in, and she pushed me right onto her tongue. I tried to tell her to stop again, but that only ended with a flood of her own saliva making its way down my throat against my will.


A second later my shoulders passed her open lips, and I could feel her tongue lapping at my tits. She was enjoying this, and I couldn't do much more than have faith that she wasn't going to turn me into a meal. Naturally, that wasn't easy to do and I kept trying to pull myself back, even though it had pretty definitively proven itself as useless up to this point.


Then her fingers let go of me.
"CLAIRE! BE CAREFUL! YOU'RE GOING TO-"
I slid deeper inside of her mouth, and my pleading was cut off when my face was pressed deep into her tongue. I tried to use my feet to pull myself out, but it was even more pointless than using my arms.


My entire world tilted upward as I felt more than heard a reverberating moan shake every bone in my body. If there was any part of me that had managed to stay dry up to this point it was soaked completely a second later. That was a good sign, right? It meant she was doing this to enjoy herself, and not to try and eat me.
Right?


I couldn't know for sure, because she couldn't fucking tell me!
"Claire! It's me! You need to stop!" I shouted. I screamed. I begged. In return, I only slid further down to the back of her mouth, and wondered if maybe this had all been a coincidence so far. Maybe she actually didn't understand me and now that her attackers were gone she would be enjoying me as a snack!


"CLAAAIRE!"
A thunderous moan shook my entire body, and two sets of teeth clamped down around my knees. I was terrified for a moment she was going to snap her jaws shut and cut my legs clean off... but she didn't. She only held me in place... and moaned again.
Was she getting off on this?!


"DON'T EAT ME CLAIRE! IT'S ME, YOUR GIRLFRIEND! SOFIA! REMEMBER?"
Another moan. She took a deep breath while holding me in place and I could feel cold wind rush past me as I was held over the depths of her throat.


"CLAIRE! DON'T DO THIS! I LOVE YOU!"
I was stopped again. Now with only a single foot still feeling the cool air outside and my heart racing I waited. She had to remember me. She had to!


Then Claire closed her lips around my foot and I knew it was over. Terror gripped me as I punched and kicked at her cheeks, tongue, and teeth with absolutely everything I had. Anything that would stop me from sliding down her throat and into that deadly stomach.


I stopped abruptly when I was greeted with... light.
My eyes went wide as I could see Claire's lips open slightly, and caught a glimpse of the moon. A moment later I was sliding down... but towards the light, rather than away from it. Claire's tongue worked like a slide and deposited me upside down right on top of her tits, where I could only hyperventilate to catch my breath after what I'd just been through.


"Claire..." I said, my heart still racing a thousand miles an hour. "You... You remembered me! You saved-"
My gratitude was cut off abruptly when my slick body managed to slip between Claire's tits, and I was left to plummet straight to the ground. Having seen what happened to the soldiers earlier I screamed and tried to brace myself for a potentially lethal landing-


Only for five big fingers to grab me out of the air.
Hanging upside down I could only stop to catch my breath, thankful at least to still be alive as I looked back at Claire.


"Thank you."
She looked back at me, and even while upside-down I could tell that it was a mixture of two things. Confusion... and arousal. Though it was only half-there, the longing in her eyes was obvious. It was a look I'd seen before.
She wanted to fuck.


"Claire?" I asked, waving a hand in front of her. "I... I know that look, but we can't do that! I don't think I'd be able to survive, because you're so... big now!"
Her expression soured ever so slightly, and I was almost tempted to go for it anyway. I didn't like seeing her like this. I wanted to give her everything she wanted, but it wouldn't do much good if I died in the process.


"We'll find a cure though!" I told her. "And then... all day long, girl. Sunrise to sunset. It'll make last Valentine's Day look like a joke, I promise."
The only response I got was for her lips to part again. Her breath was still heavy, but I could see the saliva pooling around her tongue again. I'd stopped her from eating me... but that didn't magically erase her hunger. I should find something to do about that before she gives into temptation. Maybe I could-


Then, an explosion.
Claire jolted up, and I saw her eyes go wide for a split-second before she lowered me. I didn't know what it meant either, but there wasn't much I could make out from my vantage point. Were they trying to destroy the facility? Explosives, maybe?


No.
It was something much, much worse.
A second crashing echoed around the area, and the roof of the holding cells suddenly bulged outward. I racked my brain about what that could mean, but I got the answer plain as day a second later when a fist crashed through the ceiling and out into the open air.


"CLAIRE! WE HAVE TO RUN!"
I thought we'd have time. It had taken her a couple hits to break through the roof, so we could come up with a plan...!
A second later that too went out the window when the entire roof was ripped apart and the giant woman I'd seen inside of the cell erupted out from it. It couldn't have been more than a few minutes since I'd last seen her, but she'd grown far larger than I expected her to in that time.


It took the giant woman only a second to blow any of the debris in the area away from her, and straighten up. There was nowhere to hide, and nothing else to distract her from us.
And worst of all... she was bigger than Claire.


I could take a small amount of solace in the fact that she had a look on her face completely different from Claire. She didn't have any hint of kindness, understanding, or curiosity. She was a ball of rage and instincts made incarnate, and she ripped her feet from the building before stomping straight for Claire.


Though the size difference didn't seem impossible to win against, I wasn't the one making decisions here. And Claire...? She seemed completely terrified of the bigger woman. Her eyes were wide, and I could feel myself being rocked back and forth from her hands shaking as the bigger woman drew closer.



I held my breath, wondering what was going to happen. Were they going to fight?

The ground shook as the bigger woman's massive feet closed the gap between herself and Claire. She stopped when she was so close I could smell the sweat on her skin, and the two sized each other up.


The woman suddenly snarled in rage, and her left hand shot forward like a bullet. I only caught a glimpse of it before her fingers were closing around my body, and I screamed for Claire to save me.
She seemed to recognize the danger as well, and took a step back-


But it did little good. They weren't in an open area where they could move freely. Claire only took a half-step before she met resistance, and fell on her ass. The bigger woman took another step forward, and it was obvious she was going to try again.
"RUN, CLAIRE! DON'T FIGHT! JUST FUCKING RUN!"


The sheer volume of my voice seemed to reinvigorate Claire, and she jumped to her feet in the blink of an eye, turning and moving away from the bigger woman who only growled in rage and gave chase. I had hoped to come up with a plan in the meantime, but it was hopeless.


The only ways in and out of the facility were made for people my size. Claire was only able to make it a few steps before she'd run into the wall, and could only watch in terror as the other giantess drew closer.

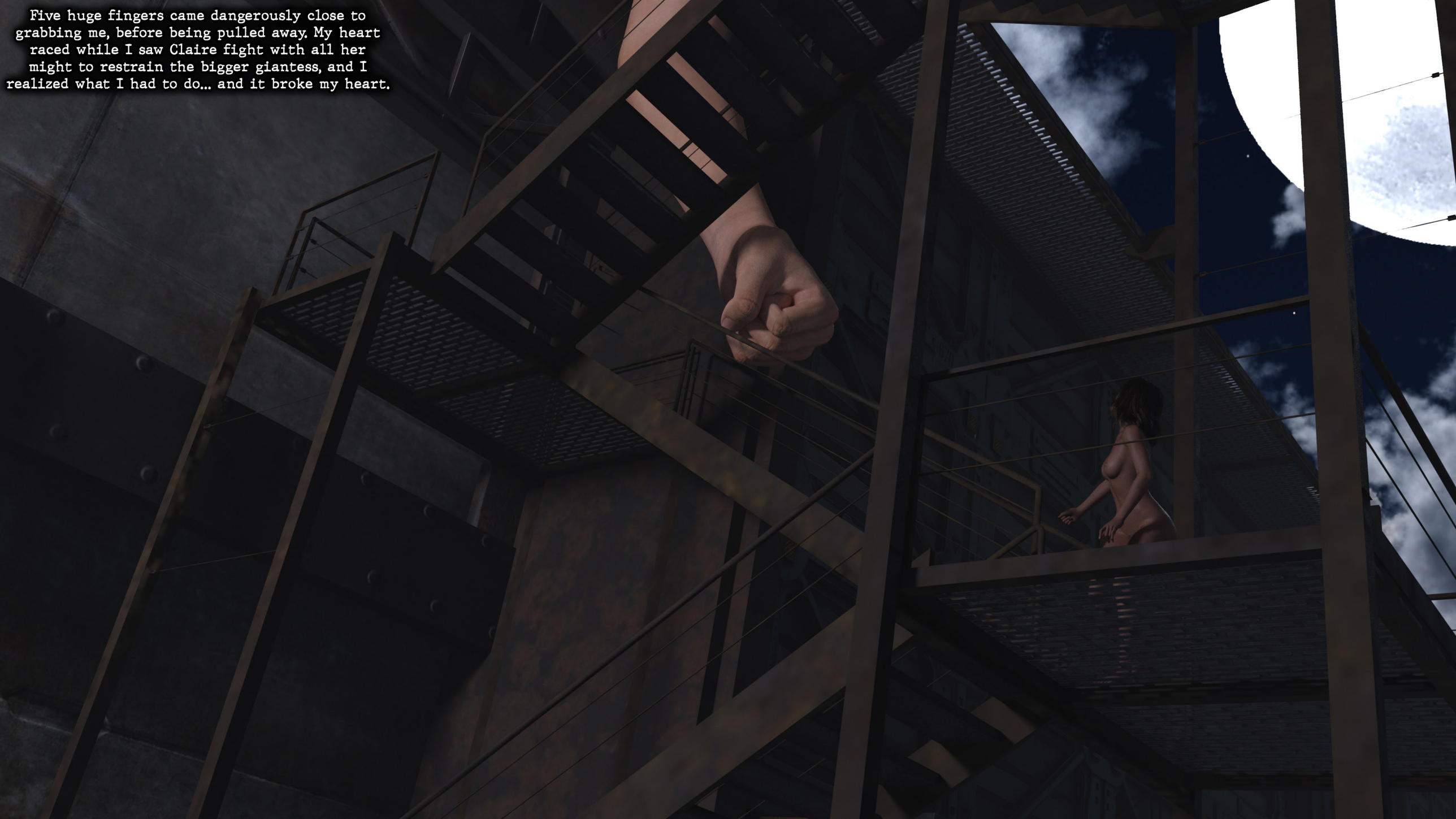

But the roof wasn't so high she couldn't reach over it. She seemed just as clueless for a way out of this as I was, and reached forward to drop me on one of the elevated walkways outside of the facility.
As she did I could see the other woman wrap her arms around Claire, and try to force her backwards.


In a last-ditch effort, Claire let go.
Though all of the movement had disoriented me, I could recognize when I was in danger, and raised my arms to brace myself from the painful landing that was sure to follow. Far above I could hear the grunts of the two giantesses fighting, before I hit solid ground with a dull thud.


It wasn't a pleasant landing... but I wasn't dead either. I gasped in pain while trying to scramble to my feet, knowing that I was still in danger so long as the other giant woman could still see me.
My legs were shaky, and my vision was blurry, but it was either run now or meet an early end.


The stairs seemed to swirl around me, and I tried to clear my vision by looking around me... only to see a massive hand reaching for me. Beyond that I could see Claire, eyes wide with terror as she wasn't able to stop the other giantess.
Stumbling ahead, I tried to move down the stairs, doing what I could to ignore the hand.


The giant woman had more reach than I thought, but she wasn't particularly dexterous. Her fingers crashed into the stairs above me as well as the railings, before she grunted in frustration and slammed her fist into the platform I'd just been standing on.
More importantly, Claire seemed to gain some small bit of control over the situation, and she wrenched the other giantess's shoulder back.


Five huge fingers came dangerously close to grabbing me, before being pulled away. My heart raced while I saw Claire fight with all her might to restrain the bigger giantess, and I realized what I had to do... and it broke my heart.


I had to abandon Claire.
It didn't feel good to run down those stairs. It should have been a moment of triumph as I narrowly evaded death yet again... but I didn't want to leave her. I didn't want things to end this way!



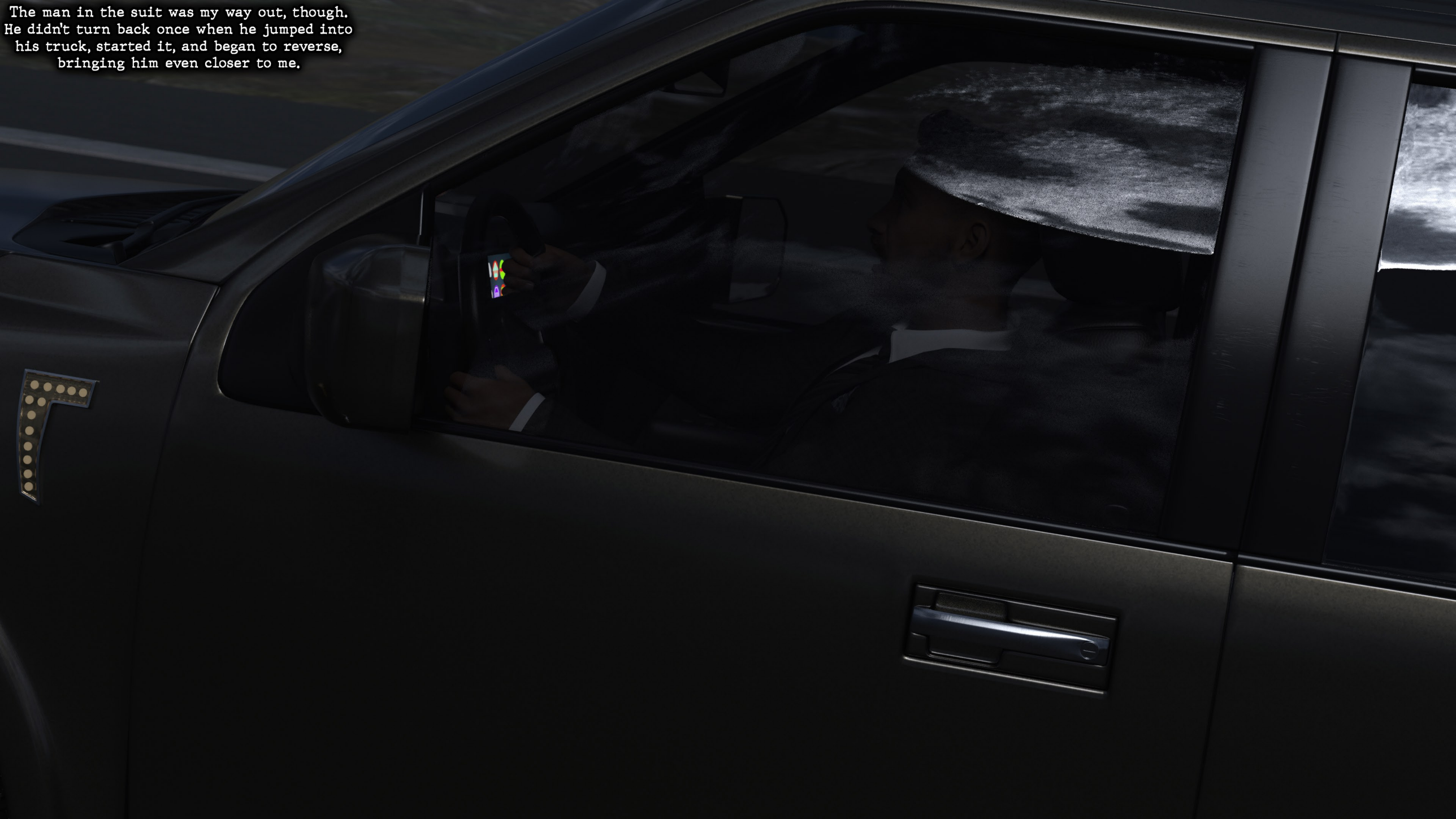
But I did exactly that.

There were others ahead of me. I didn't ask for help. If they'd tried to kill me earlier, I had no doubts they would do the same if they saw me escaping the facility. I would just have to find someplace to hide. Someplace far away from here...



And the answer came in the form of a man in a suit. He was sprinting full tilt towards a pickup truck, but most importantly... he was unarmed. If I tagged along, I could at least be sure I wouldn't be eating a bullet when I was inevitably discovered.

I took one last look back behind me, feeling my heart sink as I could see the obvious distress in Claire's face. I wanted to tell her I'd be back for her as soon as possible... but I couldn't even do that much.


The man in the suit was my way out, though.
He didn't turn back once when he jumped into
his truck, started it, and began to reverse,
bringing him even closer to me.


The truck stopped, and the tires started peeling out to make his escape. This would be my only chance at escape. Otherwise I'd be hoofing it... and I didn't have the stamina or speed to get away on foot.



The truck lurched forward at the exact same time I grabbed onto the back and leapt straight into the bed. The entire thing shook when I landed, but he didn't bother looking back. The fight behind us did a great job of masking my infiltration.


The tires peeled out, filling the air with the acrid smell of burning rubber. I was beginning to feel a bit of relief, knowing that I'd managed to make it out of here alive... when a fresh explosion rocked the surrounding area.
The outer wall had been destroyed, and the mindless giantess could still clearly see me.


The back of the truck fishtailed as the giantess drew closer. I hoped that the man wouldn't realize that she was specifically targeting the truck because of his passenger in the back, but I couldn't do anything but hope he was a competent enough driver to escape.


Luckily, he seemed to be exactly that.
Unluckily, that didn't matter much when his pursuer could move almost as fast and could move far more efficiently with no regard for changes in terrain.


And if that wasn't bad enough, the rain that had only been a slight trickle up until now had fully transitioned into a heavy shower. The cool night air only grew colder, and I curled up into a ball, hoping that we'd make it out of here.


I could hear the truck's engine roar to life as it gained more and more speed, but the giant woman kept pace. I felt like it had to be over at this point. The road would eventually lead into a turn, and the truck would be forced to slow down and let her catch up.
I closed my eyes and braced for the inevitable... when the rain stopped abruptly.


I cracked my eyes open to find out why, half-expecting to see the giant woman directly above us... only to see a ceiling. And lights that were speeding by.
A tunnel!


The ground shook one last time and I sat up to look behind us. I saw the giant woman's feet for a moment and felt relief wash over me, before she suddenly dropped to her hands and knees and crawled into the tunnel!
...But she couldn't make it.
She made it only partway inside before she was stuck, and lunged forward in a last-ditch effort to catch the truck.

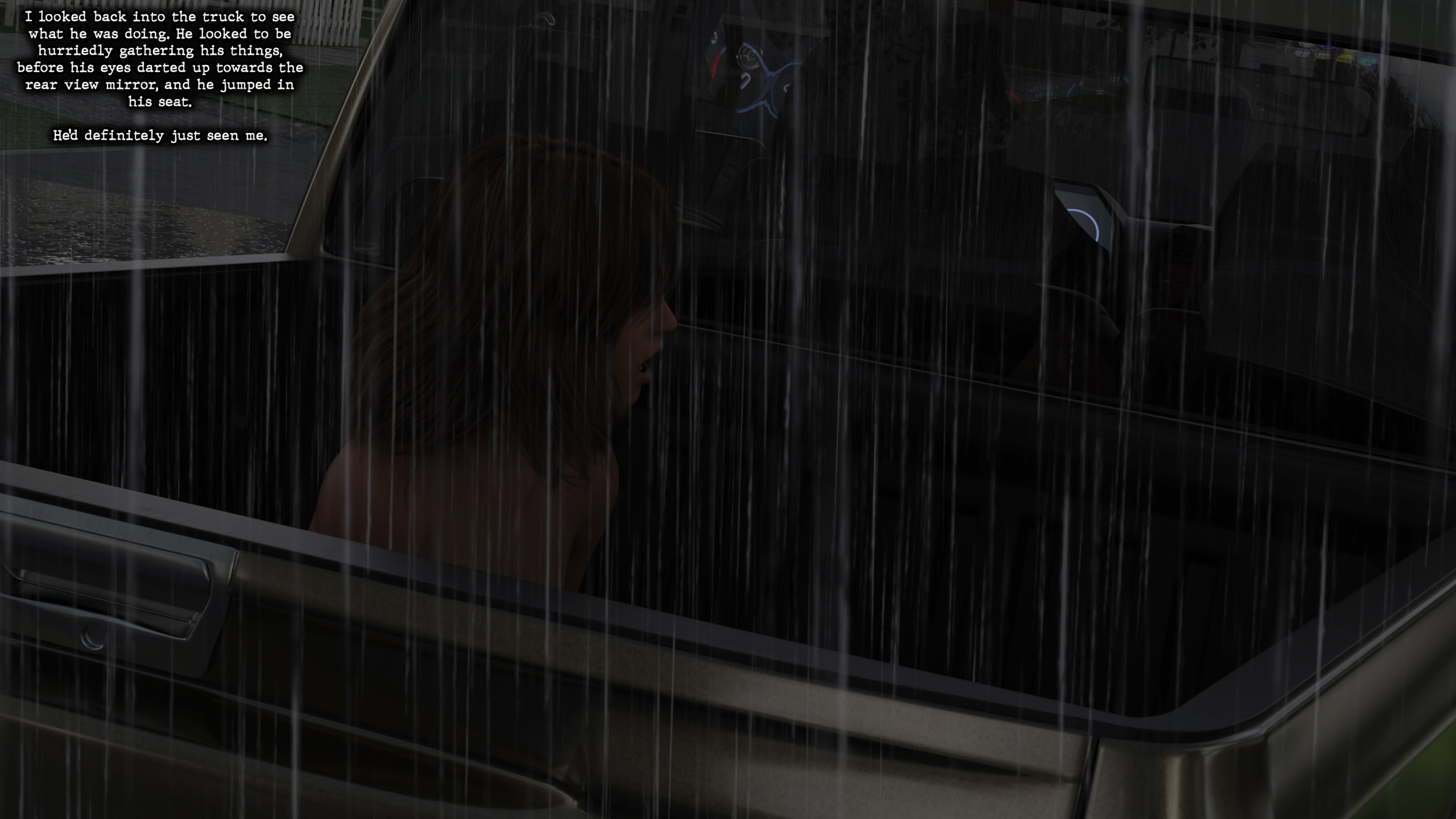

But we'd already made it too far.
Adrenaline coursed through my body as I watched her enraged face grow further and further away. She pushed herself deeper into the tunnel and actually began to destroy the entrance, but it was no use. She wasn't able to destroy fast enough to catch up.


I collapsed into the back of the truck, waiting for my nerves to calm. I'd made it out of there alive. I was okay. I was going to make it.
I could only hope Claire would be okay without me.


I sat up, every muscle in my body aching as I did so, and tried to get a feel for my surroundings. I expected to be inside of a new facility, or at some secret military base... but I wasn't.


I was in the suburbs.
Or at least what looked like them. The rain was pouring heavily now, and I grabbed the edges of the bed to keep myself steady as the truck took turns and moved in what felt strangely normal after everything I'd been through.


This continued for only a few more minutes, before the truck pulled over. I was still trying to catch my breath when I heard the engine shut off. Maybe he'd be understanding. Maybe I could get him to help.


I looked back into the truck to see what he was doing. He looked to be hurriedly gathering his things, before his eyes darted up towards the rear view mirror, and he jumped in his seat.
He'd definitely just seen me.


"STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE!"
"You have to help me!" I told him. "I think I'm hurt, and-"
"I SAID FUCKING STAY PUT! DON'T MOVE A GODDAMN MUSCLE!"


His reaction to my sudden appearance made one thing obvious: I would not be fucking safe with him. While he was still unbuckling his safety belt and scrambling with the door I jumped over the truck's bed, and onto the hard street.


Running barefoot on the tarmac hurt, but I didn't have an option. I made a break on foot, hoping that I could lose him somewhere in the neighborhood. I had to find someone who would take me in, and I had to make sure he wasn't within earshot.


"I SAID FUCKING STOP!" The man screamed, finally stepping out into the rain. "YOU WERE NOT TO LEAVE CONTAINMENT! IT'S NOT FUCKING SAFE! WE HAVE TO TAKE YOU BACK!"
If there's one place I'm definitely not going, it's back there.


I rant through open gates, sidewalks, alleyways, and anything else I could in an effort to lose the man. Thankfully the rain seemed to weigh him down in that heavy suit he was wearing, so after only a couple of minutes I'd managed to lose him entirely.
That didn't mean I was safe though. I needed shelter, and the house right next to me thankfully had lights on.


I rang the doorbell. Knocked. Rang again. Pounded my fist on the door. Rang it a half-dozen more times. My heart raced with anxiety while I waited for a response, fearing the man could show up at any second.


The door swung open.
"What's going on?!" The man who answered said, clearly annoyed by the racket.
"YOU HAVE TO HELP ME!" I said in as loud of a whisper as I could manage. "It's an emergency! There's someone chasing me, please!


He instantly relaxed, and opened the door wider. "Someone's after you? Jesus, why are you naked out in the rain?"


"I can explain if you let me in, but please! Someone's chasing me and I managed to get away!"
It wasn't the whole truth, but I'm not sure he would have been willing to let me in if he knew why I was being chased. And besides, I wasn't exactly lying, either.


"Wait..." he said, suddenly eyeing me up and down. "You're not one of those things... are you?"
My blood ran cold, but I shook my head from side to side. "What things? What are you talking about?"


"One of those giant girls who-"
"Do I look like a giant?! Just let me in and close the door before he finds me!"

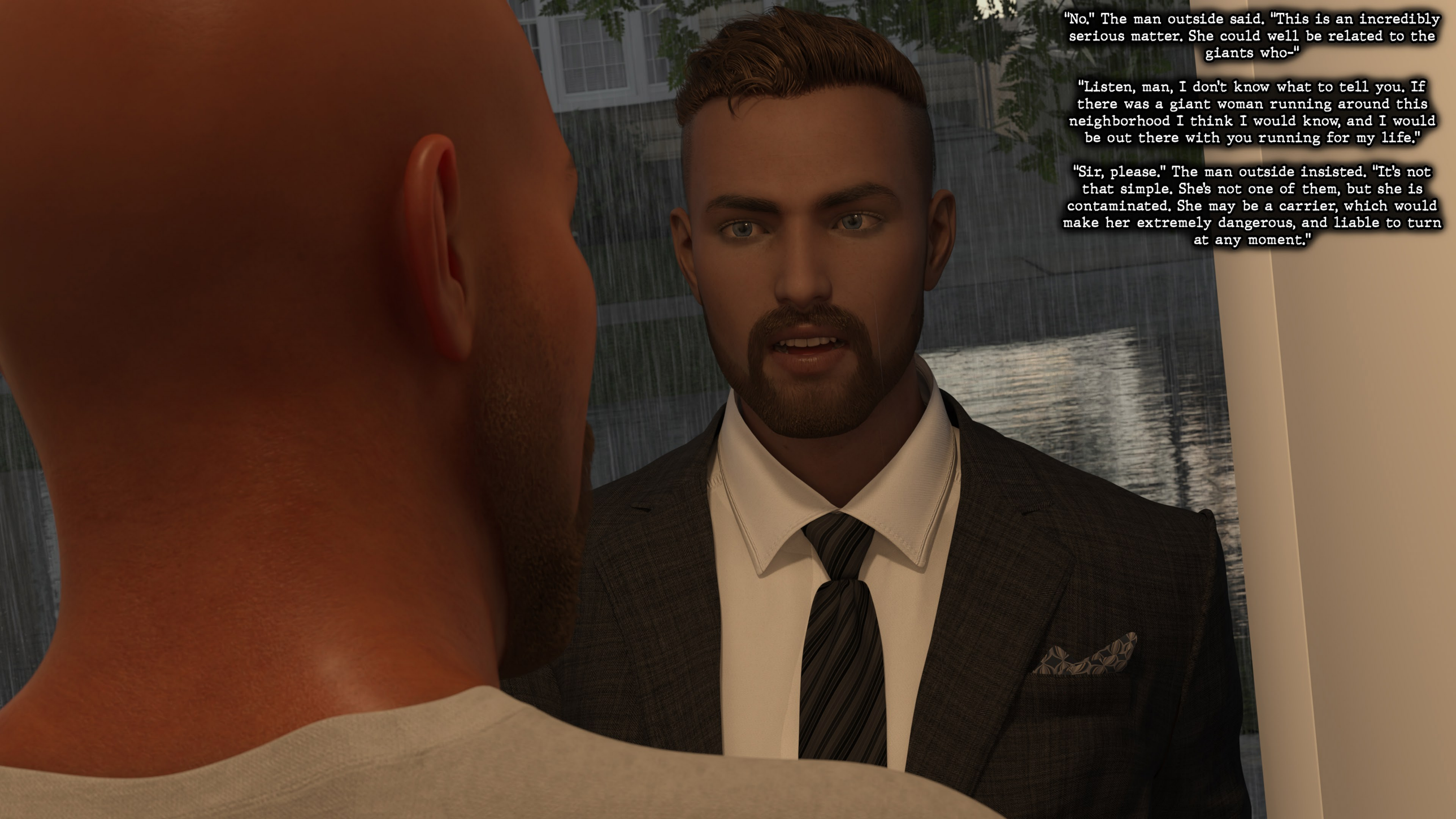

That answer seemed to suffice, and he ushered me in while slamming the door and locking it shut behind me. For the first time since I'd regained consciousness I felt like I was able to relax, at least a little bit. I was still naked inside of a stranger's home and running away from a completely different guy... but I was out of sight, and I had shelter.


"Listen, I'm letting you hide out here or whatever, but we've gotta find something for you to wear. I don't want my wife to get the wrong idea or anything."
"Yeah... Yeah... Don't worry. I can explain-" I began, before the sound of a knock from the door behind me threw me off.


The man seemed to understand the potential danger, and motioned for me to hide. I didn't argue. He seemed to be well adjusted enough to know I couldn't possibly be any danger to him, at least.


"Coming!" He announced, while I turned around a wall and flattened myself against it, waiting to see what would happen. My nerves were so shot I found myself holding my breath, ready to make a run for it if I had to while he unlocked the front door.

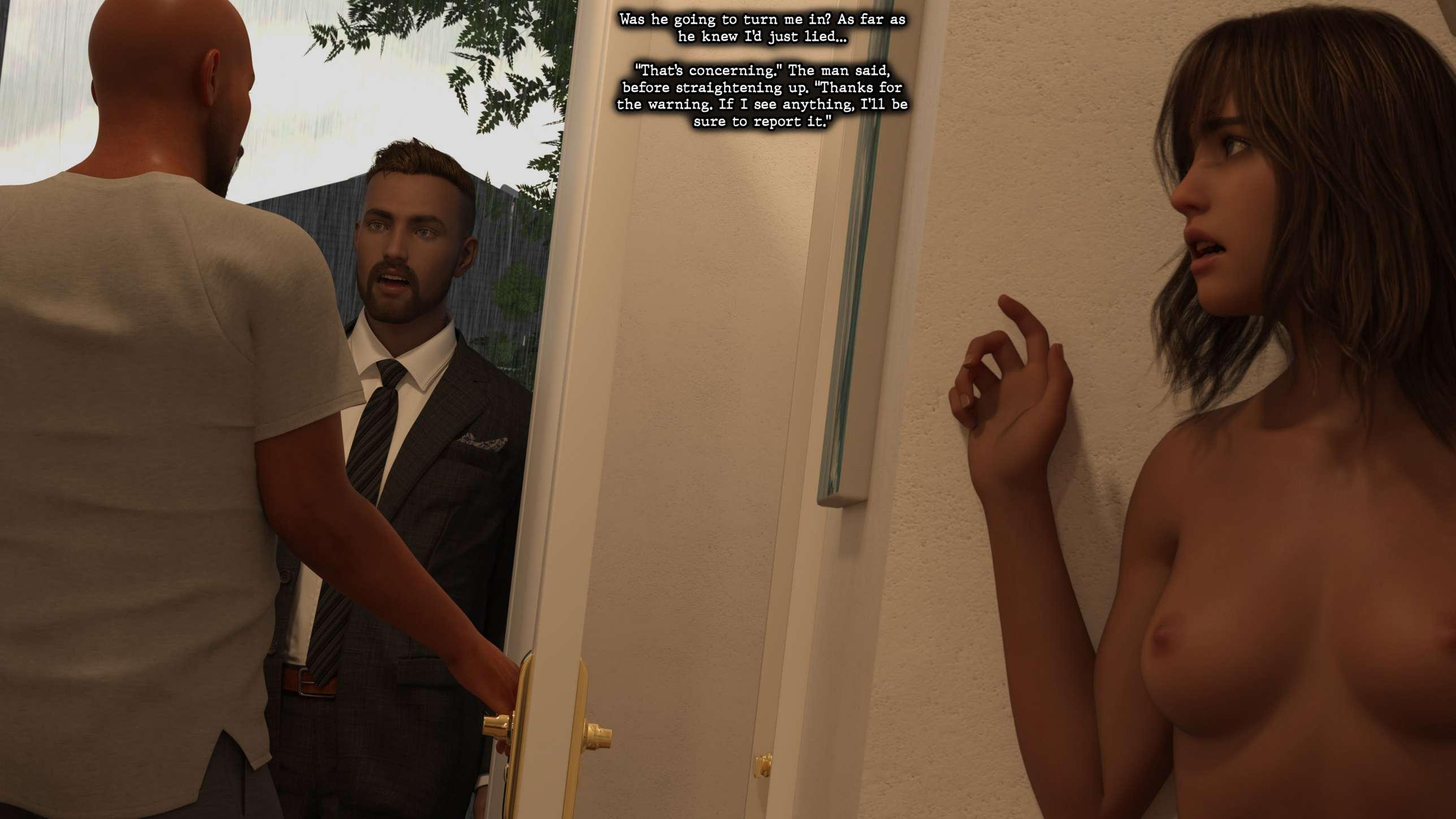

"Can I help you?"
"Ahem." The man at the door said, and I instantly knew he was the one who'd been chasing after me. "Sorry to interrupt, sir, but you haven't seen a naked woman running around, have you?"
"A naked- in this weather?" The homeowner said, putting on a surprisingly good performance. "Is this some kind of a joke?"


"No." The man outside said. "This is an incredibly serious matter. She could well be related to the giants who-"
"Listen, man, I don't know what to tell you. If there was a giant woman running around this neighborhood I think I would know, and I would be out there with you running for my life."
"Sir, please." The man outside insisted. "It's not that simple. She's not one of them, but she is contaminated. She may be a carrier, which would make her extremely dangerous, and liable to turn at any moment."

I... might turn?

My heart sank into my stomach. Was he telling the truth? The silence that hung in the air after was heavy enough to make me shake.




Was he going to turn me in? As far as he knew I'd just lied...
"That's concerning." The man said, before straightening up. "Thanks for the warning. If I see anything, I'll be sure to report it."


"Please do so," The man outside said. "The last thing we want is a repeat of you know what." He said solemnly, before turning and leaving the porch and heading back out into the rain. The door behind him was closed, and I breathed another sigh of relief at the sound of the latch closing and locking once more.



"HEY!"

The homeowner turned the corner and looked at me, and he didn't seem particularly pleased with having stuck his neck out for a complete stranger. "Listen up," He said. "You've got some fucking explaining to do, and you'd better do a good fucking job or I'm stepping back out to turn you in."

"I-I have no idea what he's talking about! He might be lying! He-"

"MIGHT be?" The man said, eyeing me up suspiciously.

I didn't have a counterargument, because I didn't know the answer to that myself. If I was capable of spreading it even though I wasn't showing signs... then was it already too late? Was it just incubating inside of me?


Questions swirled around in my head until the door in front of me abruptly swung open.
"What the hell is all that noise you're making- Who the fuck are you?!"


"Wait, hold on a second, I know how this looks Nicole, but-"
"Shut up Seth. I'm not talking to you. I'm asking HER. What's your name and what the fuck do you think you're doing here like that?"
FUGAZI


"I swear, it's not what it looks like!" I tried to tell her. "I'm on the run from someone, and Seth here decided to help me out by letting me hide here!"
She glanced over to Seth, then back to me, before rolling her eyes.


"Really?" She said dismissively. "You expect me to believe that?"
"It's the truth!" Seth interjected. "She was-"
"You think I'm stupid, don't you?" Nicole interrupted. "You think that me being in bed sleeping off a migraine was the perfect chance for you to invite this whore over so you could cheat on me again, didn't you?"


"We're telling the truth!" I said. "I-There's a man outside chasing me! You can just look out the window and see him yourself! He looks like some kind of government-"
She glanced over at me with a look that shut me up in an instant.


Suddenly, I wished Claire was here to help me.

"How much did he fucking pay you?" She said, stepping so close that I could feel her chest press into me. "Tell me you're at least making some money off of this and not just whoring yourself out with a taken man for free."

"She's not a whore!" Seth called out.

"I'M NOT TALKING TO YOU!" Nicole screamed so loud my ears started ringing.


"Ma'am, I promise-"
"You promise? Is that it?" She said, her fury obviously growing with every second... and that wasn't the only thing. She kept ranting after that, but I lost focus of what she was saying because a far more pressing issue was developing right in front of me.
She was growing.


"PAY ATTENTION TO ME!" She screamed, and suddenly grabbed hold of my wrists. I tried pulling back, but it was no use. Droplets of spit were spraying all over my face as she continued screaming, and she didn't even seem to be remotely aware of her clothing falling apart around her.


"DON'T TRY TO GET AWAY!" She screamed, and yanked me closer so I sank into her body. I could feel just how hot she was as the angry woman continued to rise higher and higher. Already I couldn't even reach the height of her tits, which looked to be growing along with the rest of her.


"SETH!" I called out. "SHE'S GROWING!"
"YOU SAID YOU WEREN'T ONE OF THEM!" He protested, and in the blink of an eye Nicole whipped her head back to look at him. He froze up, and I jerked my arm back to force her to focus on me again.


It worked a bit too well. She took my movement as a sign that I was fighting back, and slammed me into the floor so hard my vision went blurry. I blinked several times as she loomed over me, while Seth stood behind her in a clear panic.


"ARE YOU JUST GOING TO LET ME DIE?!" I called out.
Nicole seemed to be mostly, if not entirely gone already. She'd tired herself out from all that screaming, and seemed to look at me differently now. Her breathing grew heavier, and she licked her lips lasciviously, before bending over and pressing her tongue into the side of my face.


I winced at the sensation of the wet muscle pressing into the side of my face. Felt it slather my cheek all the way up to the top of my head, before she was pulled back.
"GET AHOLD OF YOURSELF" Seth screamed, wrapping his arms around the giant woman's shoulders and wrenching her back.

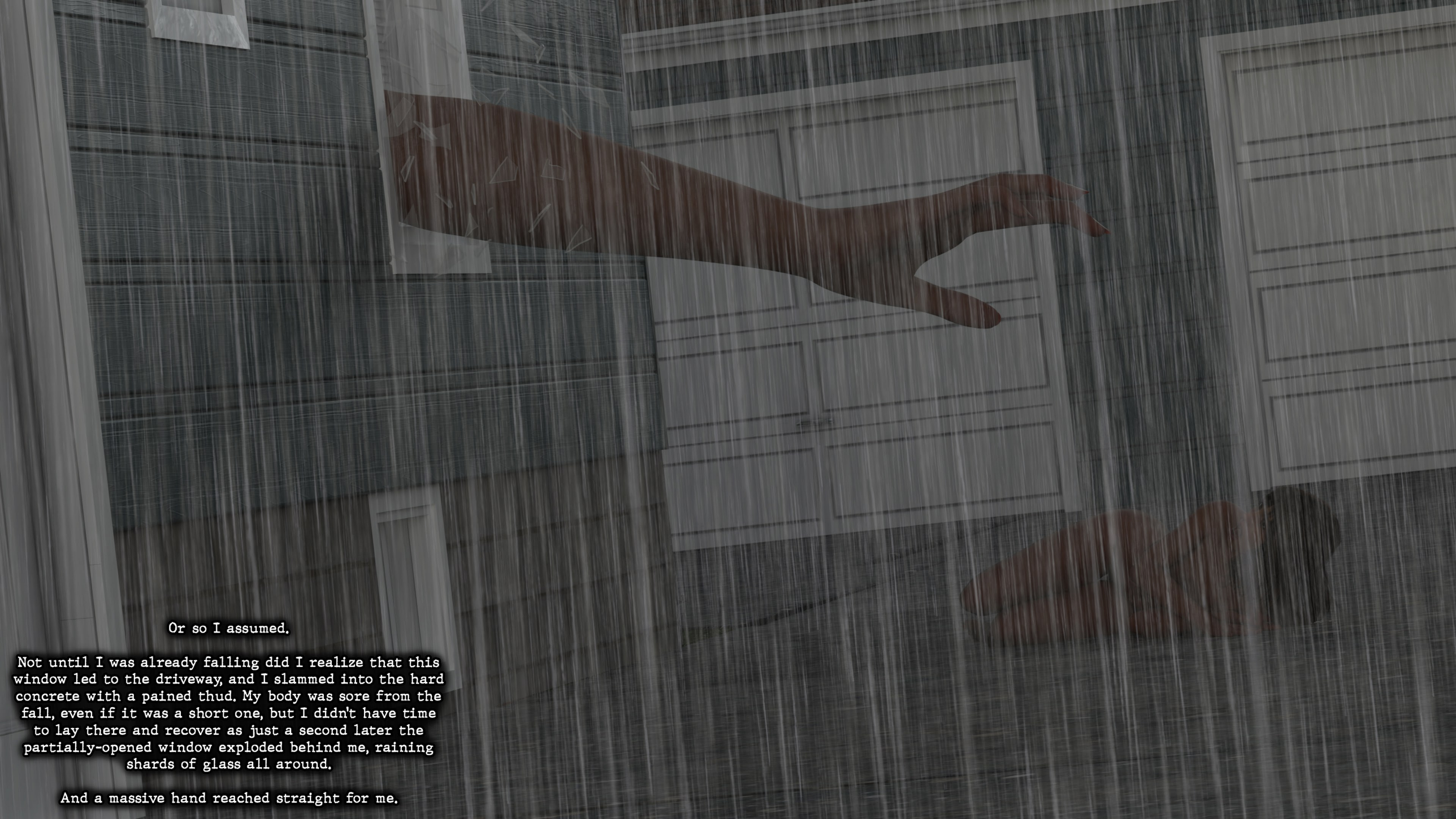

It wasn't a particularly effective move. She was already big enough that he couldn't force her off of me, and with a swift jerking movement she launched him off of her back and into the wall behind her where he knocked over a display with a loud crash.

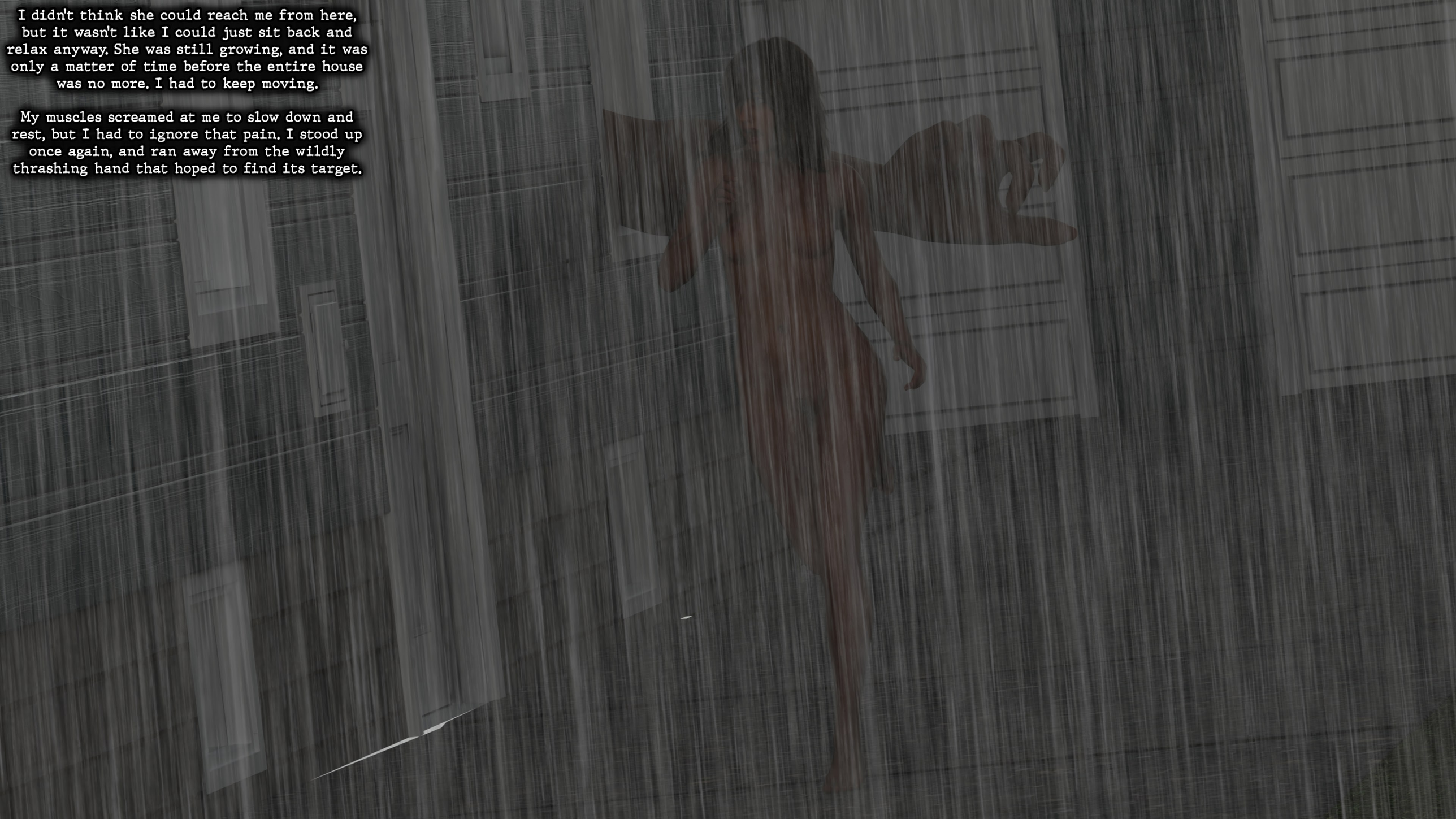

I took the opportunity to slip out from underneath her. Thankfully the floor was hard, and I was still wet so it wasn't too hard, but before I was even back on my feet she noticed I was getting away.

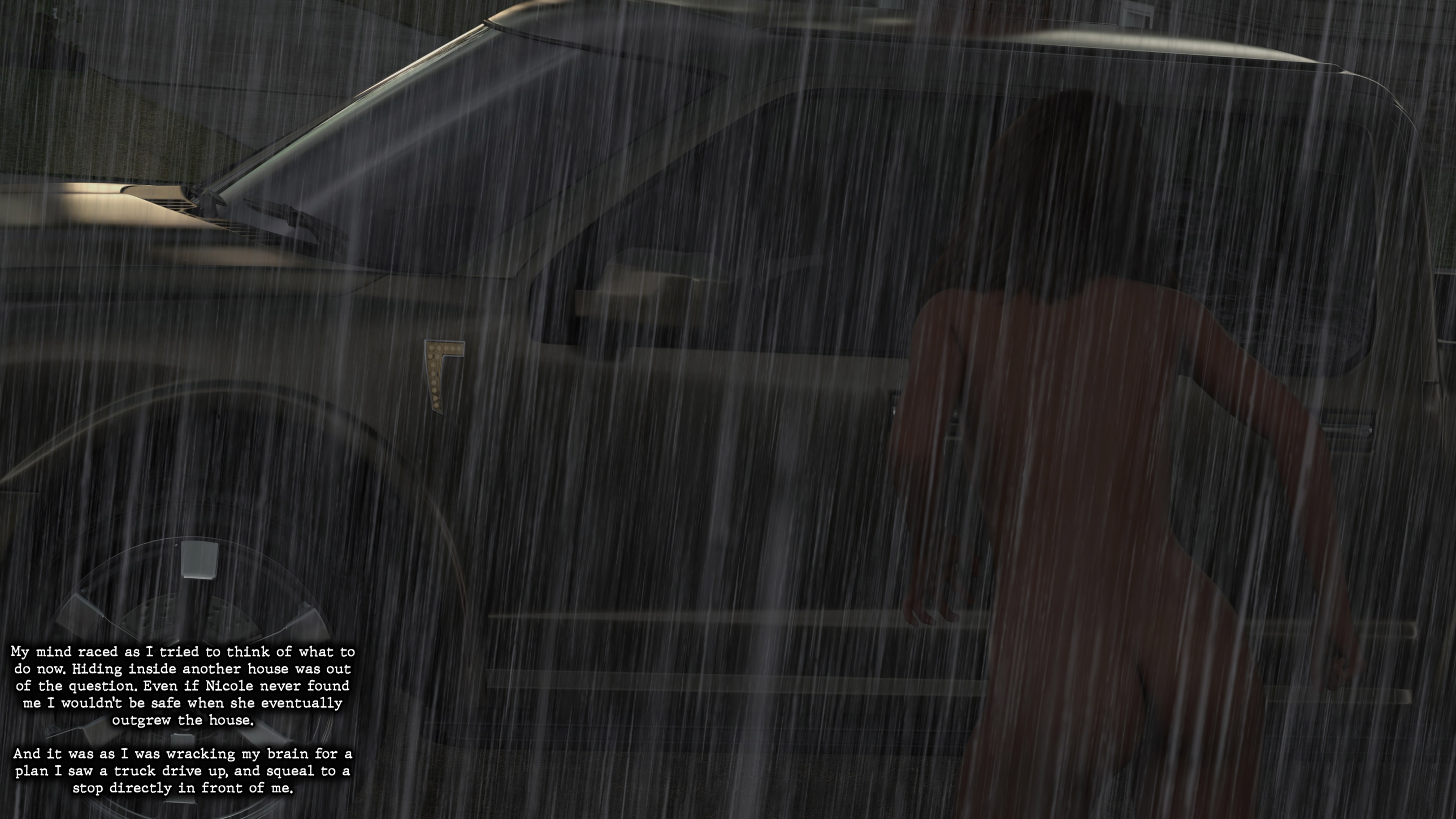

I hadn't realized just how quickly she was growing until this very moment, when she was forced to crawl after me as she was too big to stand. That meant I was forced to run around the couch to get away, while she could simply crawl directly over it.


I could feel the entire house shake with her every movement as I ran as quickly as I could, looking for a way out of here. The door was the obvious pick, but it was locked and the precious seconds it would take to unlock it could cost me everything.

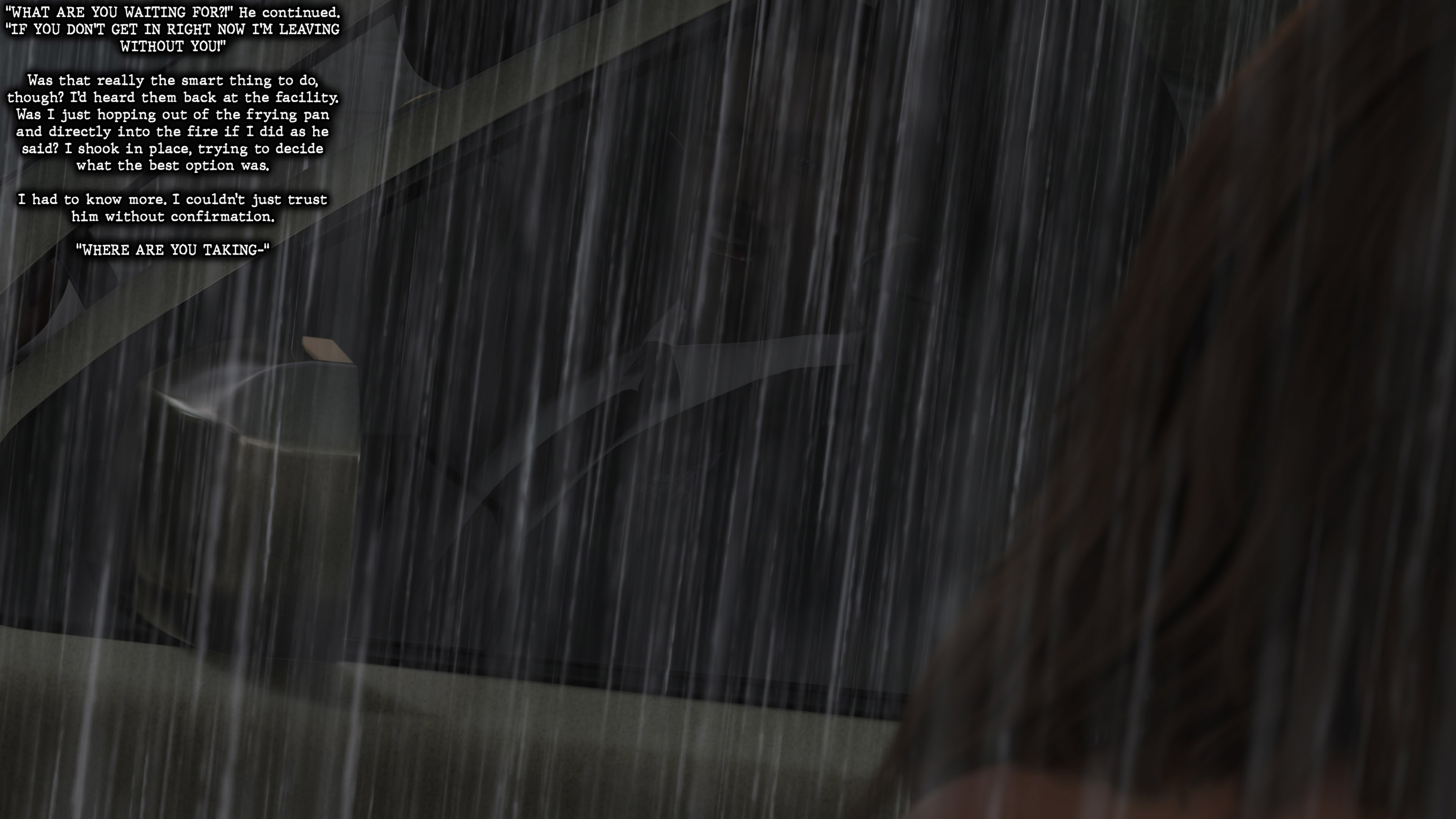

I found salvation in the unlikeliest of places. The door was locked, and it would take precious seconds to unlock it and escape that way. But they had left a window open, presumably to let the cool breeze in.
I wasn't exactly built for parkour, but I crawled straight over the ledge, and rolled out of the frame and onto the lawn once again.


Or so I assumed.
Not until I was already falling did I realize that this window led to the driveway, and I slammed into the hard concrete with a pained thud. My body was sore from the fall, even if it was a short one, but I didn't have time to lay there and recover as just a second later the partially-opened window exploded behind me, raining shards of glass all around.
And a massive hand reached straight for me.


I didn't think she could reach me from here, but it wasn't like I could just sit back and relax anyway. She was still growing, and it was only a matter of time before the entire house was no more. I had to keep moving.
My muscles screamed at me to slow down and rest, but I had to ignore that pain. I stood up once again, and ran away from the wildly thrashing hand that hoped to find its target.


My mind raced as I tried to think of what to do now. Hiding inside another house was out of the question. Even if Nicole never found me I wouldn't be safe when she eventually outgrew the house.
And it was as I was wracking my brain for a plan I saw a truck drive up, and squeal to a stop directly in front of me.


"GET IN THE TRUCK, NOW!" The man screamed, slapping the sides of his truck to get me to start moving. It seemed like the only option, right?
...Right?


"WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?!" He continued. "IF YOU DON'T GET IN RIGHT NOW I'M LEAVING WITHOUT YOU!"
Was that really the smart thing to do, though? I'd heard them back at the facility. Was I just hopping out of the frying pan and directly into the fire if I did as he said? I shook in place, trying to decide what the best option was.
I had to know more. I couldn't just trust him without confirmation.
"WHERE ARE YOU TAKING-"


Just then, the door to the house swung open and bounced off the outside wall. A wild-eyed Seth ran out into the rain, and took one look at me, then looked behind him.
2011


The world seemed to grow quiet for a moment. I knew what was coming. We all did. But even then, actually seeing the roof crack and break open to reveal Nicole, bigger and angrier than ever was another thing entirely.

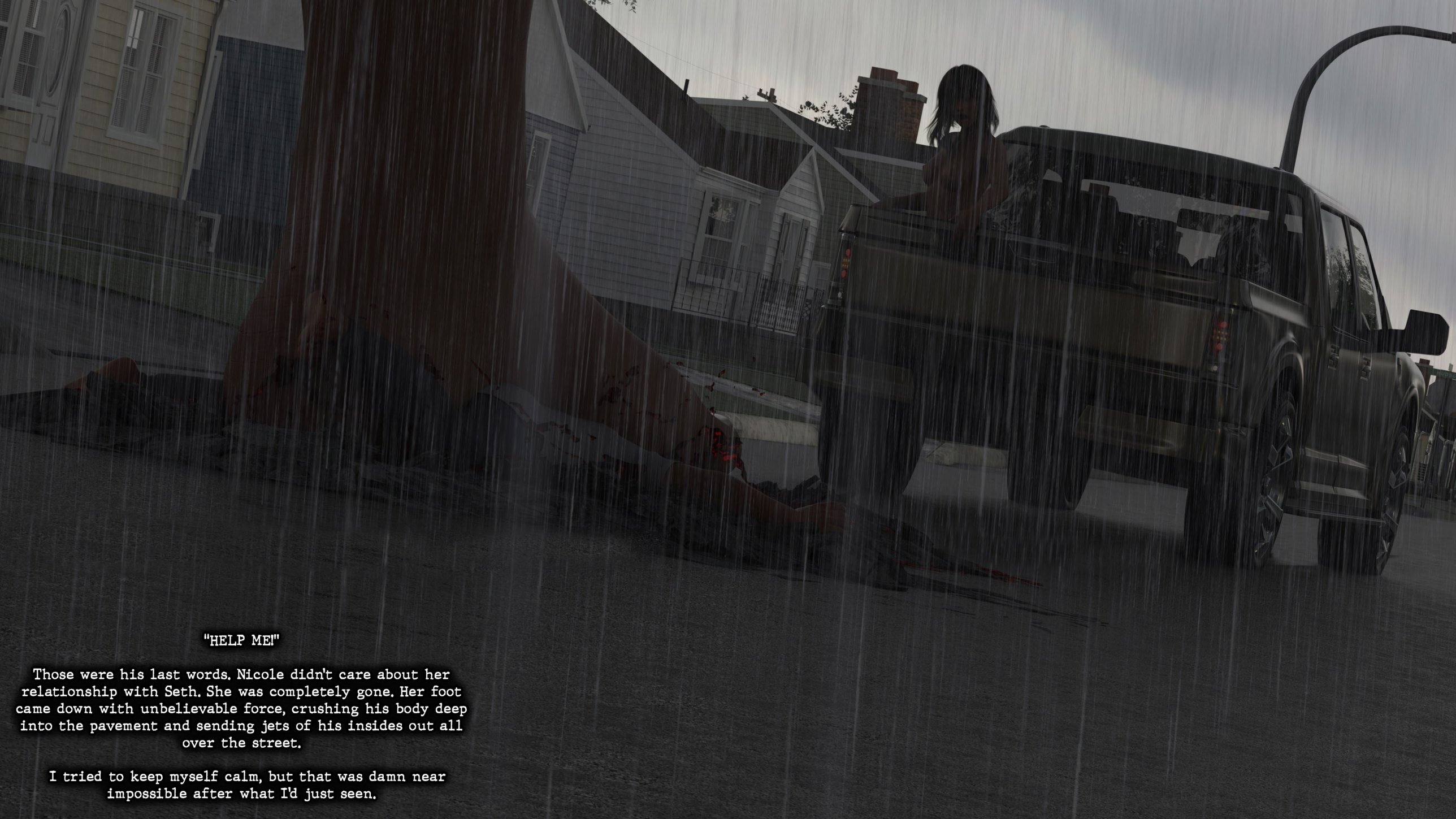

Times change. What once seemed like a death sentence was now my only reasonable salvation out of here. I wanted to tell the man in the truck that I was going along with him, but the wheels were already spinning in place as he prepared to take off.


The entire thing lurched forward as he shifted it into drive at the exact same time I managed to scramble into the bed once again. But I couldn't just lie down and recover, either.
I wouldn't be here if not for Seth. I had to make sure he made it, too.


"SETH! GET IN HERE!"
He noticed me as well as the truck I had hopped into the back of. With some method of escape seemingly available, he redoubled his efforts to catch up.


He ran as fast as he could, but he was barefoot and the rain made the street slick. And that wasn't even going into the massive, angry giantess tearing her legs out of his home and chasing after him.


"JUST A LITTLE MORE!" I screamed, and reached an arm out.
But Nicole was faster. In a single step she'd covered the distance he had with his brief head start, and my heart sank into my stomach when a huge shadow fell directly over him.



"HELP ME!"

Those were his last words. Nicole didn't care about her relationship with Seth. She was completely gone. Her foot came down with unbelievable force, crushing his body deep into the pavement and sending jets of his insides out all over the street.

I tried to keep myself calm, but that was damn near impossible after what I'd just seen.


"DRIVE FASTER!" I called over to the driver, who seemed to already be doing exactly that. Nicole seemed briefly surprised over the fully-grown man she'd just crushed under her foot, but not bothered. It slowed her for only a moment, before she resumed chasing after the truck.


Every one of her massive footsteps left huge craters in the street, and would make it impassable for anyone else who tried to use them to escape. The enraged giantess ran after us as quickly as she could... but one thing thankfully became obvious.
The truck was faster.


Relief washed over me... but I was more tired than anything. How long was I going to have to keep running like this? Was this just going to be what life was like now? Constant anxiety that at any moment a giant bitch could show up to ruin my day? Then I'd have to run away and hope that I got lucky over and over? And that's not even going into me supposedly being infected too! What's that all about?
I sighed, feeling my stomach turn.


I was overcome with nausea... but it wasn't the kind I normally felt when I was anxious. It felt weirdly hot. Almost like butterflies in my stomach? Like...
I tensed up. Was... Was it happening?


I whipped my head around, but even in the darkness of the storm one thing became blatantly obvious.
I was fucking growing. It was happening to me. My time was up.


The truck itself began to slow down as my weight dragged the back wheels down further and further. What sounds like swearing comes from inside of the cab as I'm sure the driver noticed he wasn't moving as fast as he was a minute prior.


The truck's engine roared to life as I'm sure he was smashing the gas pedal as hard as he possibly could, but it wasn't going any faster. I would have to get out of here eventually and run on foot... but how long was I even going to be able to make plans? Was I just going to become mindless like the others?


I needed time to think. I placed my hands onto the cab of the truck to stand up so I could let myself out, only to feel the roof cave in under my weight and the doors be forced open from the action.
"WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?!" The man screamed, his voice clearer without anything to muffle his voice.


I tried to apologize, but it was clear he'd already lost control of the vehicle. It swerved back and forth, and I did what seemed right. Falling out of the truck like this probably wouldn't have hurt, but I wasn't thinking of my new size. I only envisioned a painful end smeared across the tarmac if I fell, so I grabbed hold of the thing as best I could, and only threw the entire vehicle off balance.


The sound of the truck flipping and crumpling in on itself was loud, and the momentum carried me ahead where I hit the ground.
One thing I noticed already... my body didn't feel as sore as it had been up until now. As if whatever was making me grow was also healing me, and the fall out of the speeding vehicle felt more like a minor annoyance than anything seriously dangerous.


"You alright?"
I slowly raised myself onto my hands, and looked over the truck. The wheels were still spinning, but I didn't see any grisly remains in the wreckage. The driver must still be alive! And that means he can give me answers.


At least, that was the plan.
The cacophony of noises the truck made when flipping had made me completely forget we were still being pursued, and my growing body had slowed the truck down enough for Nicole to catch up.
Now she was here, standing in front of us, her toes clenching as she ripped up the street itself.


The driver seemed to be in one piece, though the crash had obviously shaken him. He wasn't even aware of the massive toes directly in front of him, or the danger he was in.

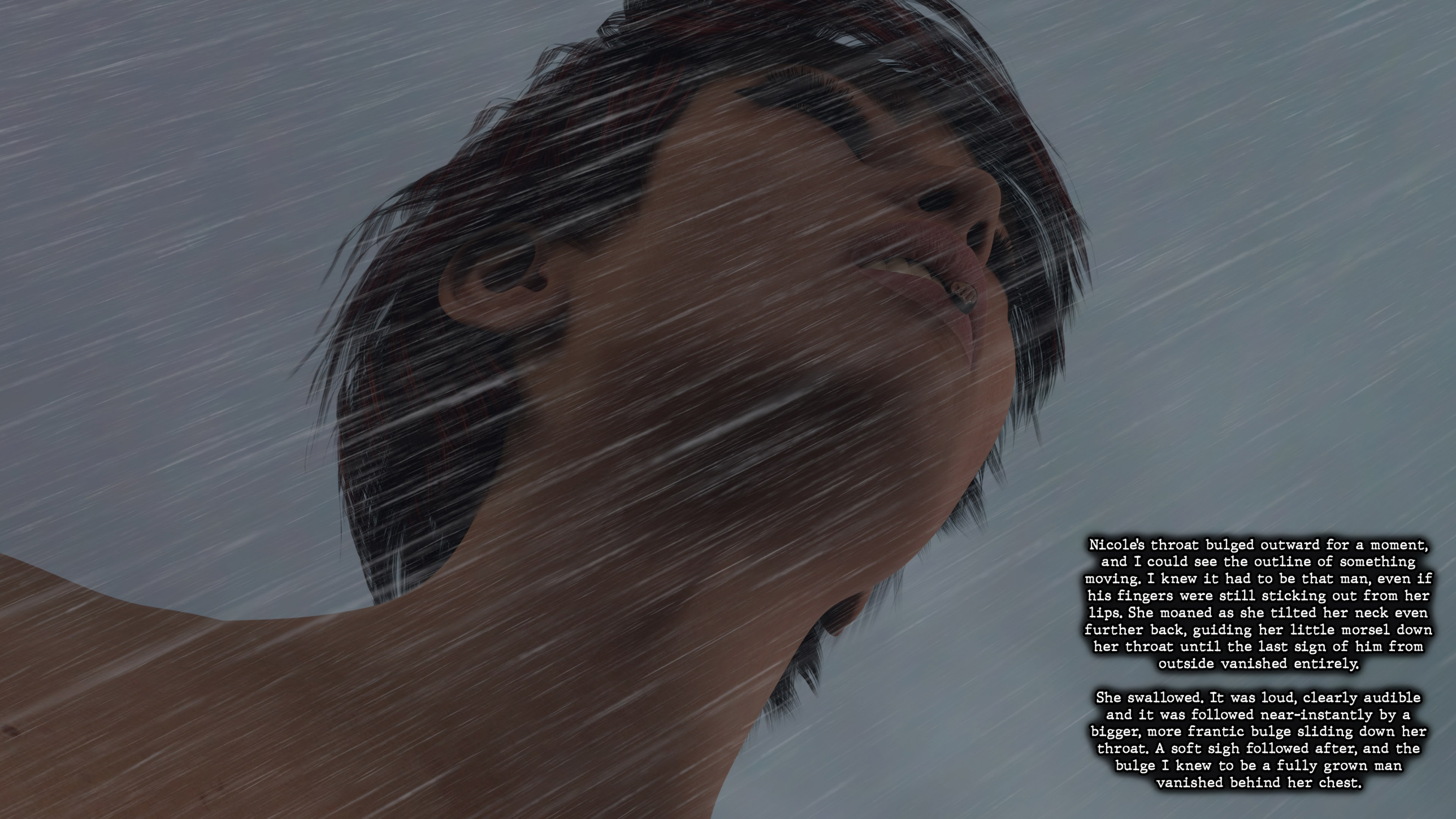

I wished I could do something to help him, but what option did I have? Jump in his place? I'd be swatted aside if I was lucky, or killed on the spot if I wasn't. I couldn't do much but watch as he stumbled to his feet, only to be greeted with the giant woman's hand descending from above.


"PUT ME DOWN! PUT ME THE FUCK DOWN!" He screamed, kicking uselessly at the fingers that held him. "I HAVE EXPLOSIVES ON ME! YOU'LL DIE IF YOU EAT ME! I'LL KILL YOU FROM THE INSIDE, I SWEAR!"
Nicole seemed to hesitate for a moment. It almost seemed like his gambit would work...!


Right up until it didn't.
If she understood his threats, she showed no signs of it. Instead she raised him over her mouth, and opened wide. He redoubled his efforts, screaming of the dangers of eating him and how she was dooming herself if she did so, but it didn't matter.


She gradually lowered him past her lips, seemingly taking great joy in his obvious terror over what was happening to him.


He kept fighting for dear life, hoping that he'd discover the secret trick to getting her to back down and spit him out. He looked down to me, but there wasn't a damn thing I could do to help him either.



Nicole's throat bulged outward for a moment, and I could see the outline of something moving. I knew it had to be that man, even if his fingers were still sticking out from her lips. She moaned as she tilted her neck even further back, guiding her little morsel down her throat until the last sign of him from outside vanished entirely.

She swallowed. It was loud, clearly audible and it was followed near-instantly by a bigger, more frantic bulge sliding down her throat. A soft sigh followed after, and the bulge I knew to be a fully grown man vanished behind her chest.


That meant there was no one else to distract her. It was just me and her now, and she knew it. She didn't say a word. She didn't need to. I may have grown quite a bit just now, but I was still nothing compared to her. I was thankful that I was probably too big for her to swallow... but if she wanted to beat me into a pulp I knew I wouldn't be able to prove a worthwhile challenge.
"Nicole? If you can understand, I can explain. That guy is who I was running from, and-"


She raised a foot over me, making it blatantly obvious she wasn't interested in listening, if she was even still cognizant enough to recognize me or the brief encounter we'd had before she grew.
I turned and ran, just as her foot slammed into the street beside me, sending a spray of debris over my back.


But I couldn't run as fast as the truck, and in only a couple of steps the gap between us had closed. I could see her legs out of my peripheral vision, and the sky above me suddenly went dark.


I braced myself for her to pick me up, hoping that she would be gentle. Maybe she just wanted to get off! She was hot, and I had filled out a bit from growing. I could handle that!
But nothing happened.


I craned my neck up to see what was going on, but she wasn't even looking at me anymore. My first instinct was to make a run for it while she was distracted, but I had to find out what had captured her attention.


"CLAIRE!"
I shouted almost out of sheer instinct I was so happy to see her. All thoughts of playing it cool had gone away, and I wanted to run up to her, but I wouldn't need to. Her eyes were locked onto me, and she was moving towards me with purpose.


How fucking lucky am I?! That she would just so happen to run into me!
Was it even luck? Or was it something greater? My breath caught in my throat at the possibilities, but I pushed them aside. I was so happy to see her I took a step in her direction, ignoring Nicole who was still within grabbing range.


Claire was... huge. Enormous. She was like a living, breathing mountain of sex appeal as she trampled through driveways and homes to get to me. The houses in this neighborhood didn't even reach her shins and they stood no chance as her bare feet bulldozed through them to reach us.
She was bigger than I remembered her. Much bigger.


Which, thankfully, meant that she utterly dwarfed Nicole.
The earth sank beneath Claire's every step as she walked right up to the short-haired giantess, and loomed directly over her. Nicole's rage and fury melted away in the presence of the bigger woman who could actually threaten her.


"She. Belong. To. Me. You. Touch. You. Die."
Claire... was speaking?
"CLAIRE!" I shouted up, waving at her, but she ignored me for the moment. Her eyes were burning a hole into Nicole, who hadn't moved a muscle since laying eyes on Claire.


Nicole seemed to understand implicitly that she should do as Claire said, and stood still the entire time. Her own chest rose and fell quickly as it was clear there was a bit of fear in the presence of the bigger giantess.
Then Claire raised a hand, and Nicole winced.


But Claire didn't hit her. She didn't need to.
A hand was placed onto Nicole's shoulder,
and the other giantess offered no
resistance whatsoever.


Claire gently pushed down, and Nicole did as told. It was like Claire's overwhelming presence brought out her submissive side. She dropped to her knees in the middle of the street. It was almost... primal? Like something you'd see in a wildlife documentary showing the hierarchy of some species. Claire was the alpha, and Nicole knew better than to go against her.


"Come."
Claire speaking again shocked me back into prescience, and I looked up at her as she reached for me. This wasn't like earlier when I was human-sized, though. She couldn't eat me anymore, and she seemed to have regained some of her personality. Her movements were slow, and gentle. Coaxing me into her grasp.


I didn't resist either, and let her grab hold of me. Despite my new size, she was able to effortlessly hoist me up into the air and bring me closer to her face. That lost and dazed look she'd had last time I saw her seemed to have receded a bit, and more of that familiar warmth I knew was there.
She smiled at me, and I almost burst into tears from sheer joy.



"Claire... Worried." She managed to say, looking solemn. "I... Sorry. Not mean... to hurt. Love Sofia..."

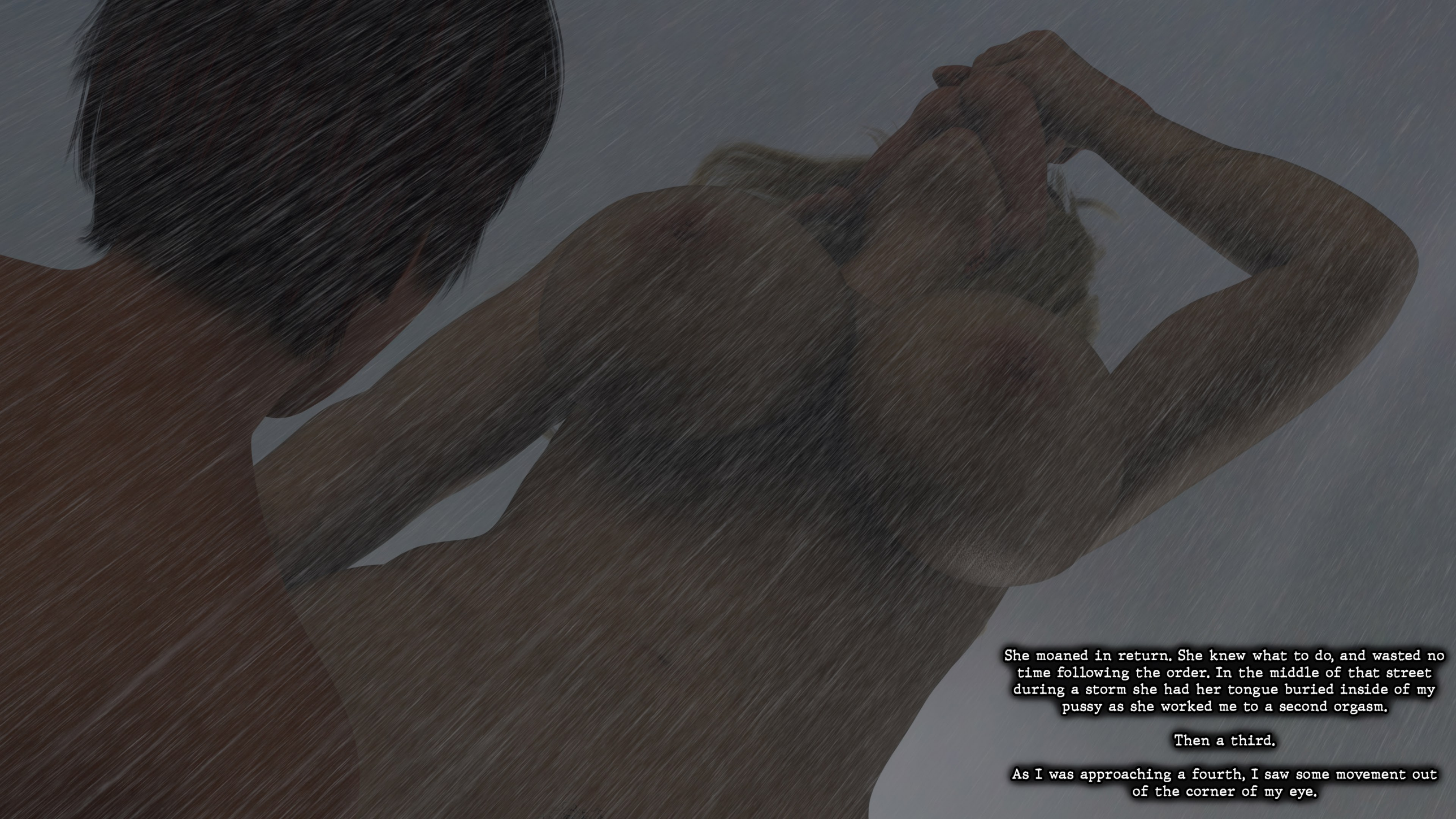
"I love you too." Normally after a fight we'd have argued a bit more, but these were unique circumstances, and there was nothing I wanted more than to reunite with her after being away for so long.

"You... Okay?"

"I'm more than okay." I told her. "I fucking need you, Claire. I want to be with you again."


It must have taken her everything she had to get that apology out because once she understood I was okay she wasted no time raising me over her head and situating her mouth right in between my legs. Her huge tongue lapped at my pussy, and tried to pry itself between my lips in no time at all, and I came on the spot.


But once wasn't going to be enough. I clenched my legs around the side of her face, and grinded myself against her wet tongue as it slid up and down from my thighs to my tits.
"Keep going, Claire." I encouraged her. "I'm bigger now. I can take it. Go harder."


She moaned in return. She knew what to do, and wasted no time following the order. In the middle of that street during a storm she had her tongue buried inside of my pussy as she worked me to a second orgasm.
Then a third.
As I was approaching a fourth, I saw some movement out of the corner of my eye.


I wasn't able to stimulate Claire myself, but I didn't need to. She had a submissive partner right in front of her, and was easily able to palm Nicole's head and guide it between her own legs. The moan that came from her throat shook me, and carried me to a fourth orgasm all over her face.


I didn't know how to explain it. I'd been horny before. Ravenous, even. But... It was nothing like this. I didn't have to think hard about why, either. I'd seen how Claire had been in that cell. Whatever it was that made us grow must have made us horny beyond belief. My libido was overclocked beyond all comprehension and I grabbed the sides of Claire's face to make sure I could better grind on her eager tongue.


Claire wasn't slowing down either. With her own miniature servant worshiping her pussy I could see her begin to thrust and grind more against Nicole's face. The smaller giantess did nothing to resist it, and only seemed to work harder to appease Claire. Anything that would keep her safe, I would assume.


While I was building towards my fifth orgasm, I could feel Claire rapidly approaching her first. Her moans had turned from deep and lusty to gasping and needy. Her teeth were gently pressing into my skin as she clenched... and it hit.


It wasn't just an orgasm, though. It brought with it a little something extra. Though my eyes were only half-open I could see the suburbs for blocks around from this high up... and they began to shrink away.


Claire was growing.
For a second I was worried, but I pushed those thoughts aside. She could talk now. She wouldn't eat me even if she grew big enough to do so. I was safe with her... safer now that she was even bigger. I hugged her face tightly as she grew around me, only for something else to become obvious.


She wasn't the only one.
The two of us grew in sync, and Claire never seemed to feel any bigger underneath me as our combined perspective rose higher and higher into the sky. The rows of identical homes shrank away, and the thought of how much bigger Claire would be now sent shivers through my body.


Claire came first. I could tell because Nicole yelped in surprise when the massive thighs around her snapped shut around her face and buried her in warm flesh. She was held in place for a moment as her entire body shook from the waves of pleasure moving through her, and I felt a small, sixth orgasm course through me.


I could've kept going. I know I could've... but she seemed satisfied, and she was in control. The hand holding me moved aside, and she smiled down at me while holding me high up in the air.



She looked in my eyes, and I matched her gaze. I felt strangely at peace now. All of the turmoil of the day seemed to evaporate now that we were reunited, and... well, though I was afraid of what may happen to me now that I was growing, I couldn't deny that I felt a bit safer at this size.

"What now?" I asked, biting my bottom lip as I admired her perfect form.


"Again?" Claire said, the ends of her mouth curling up into a smile.
"I thought you'd never ask."


Claire released Nicole, who collapsed onto the street, making the earth shake as her enormous form crashed into the ground. It seemed as if she wanted the both of us to get each other off without Nicole's help, and I was more than ready to contribute to that.
Claire would make sure nothing happened to me. I was safe with her. I was sure of that. Nothing could change my mind.


But before we could get started a distant sound reached the neighborhood we were standing in. One that sounded almost bestial. Like some great beast had been awoken and its roars were traveling for miles around.
And if that wasn't bad enough... I recognized the sound.


All three of us stared off into the direction the sound came from, waiting to see what would happen. I tried telling myself that it was something good. Something welcome. Something nice.

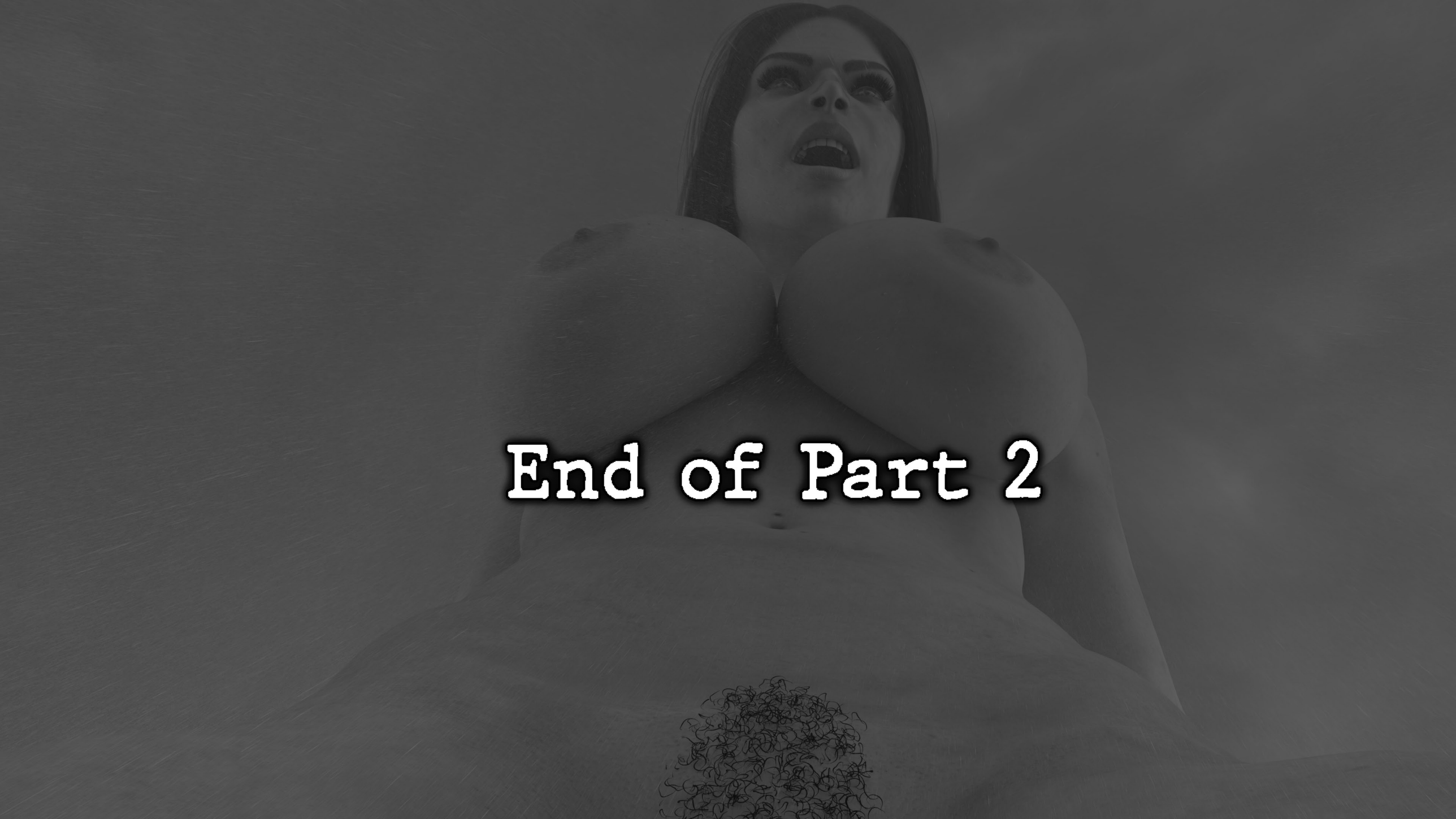

But I was wrong.
Of course I was wrong.
Why the fuck would anything nice ever happen?


The brunette I'd seen so long ago in that facility dressed in the same gown as me. The one who had tried to kill me not too long ago, and had overpowered Claire... was growing, and fast.


Claire utterly towered over the neighborhood, and until just a second ago that felt like a good thing. A safety blanket letting me know that nothing could possibly present a threat to her, meaning we were both safe.
Now it made us sitting ducks without a place to hide, as the brunette in the distance grew bigger and far faster than I thought possible.


In a matter of seconds she'd grown from the size of a small building to a skyscraper. It felt almost as if her head was sinking into the clouds from below. Her echoing roar bellowed through the world around us. I may have grown, but she was definitely big enough to swallow me whole even at this size.
"Claire?" I whispered, but she didn't respond. She was reacting the same way she had back at the facility. She was shivering. Scared out of her wits.


When her growth finally came to an end, the brunette must have been more than a mile tall. She loomed over the city, searching for prey. We could only hope that she wouldn't notice us... But it felt like a matter of time until that happened.
A minute ago I thought that the hell our lives had become was winding down, and we could embrace something resembling peace. But that didn't seem to be the case anymore.
This was only the beginning.


End of Part 2

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