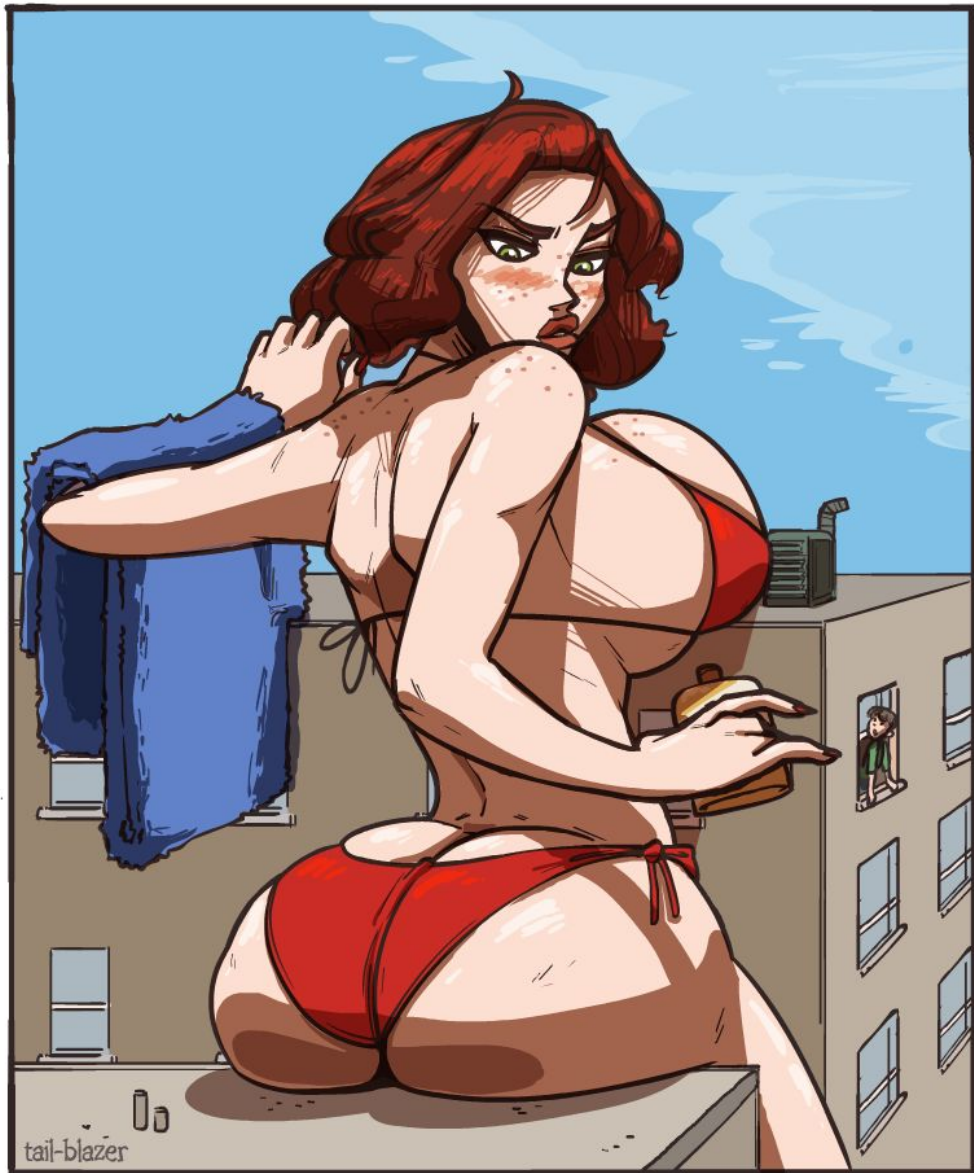


*Case No.
#128-Gts*

“Jess’ Big Day at the Beach”

Written by Jessie Star
Illustrated by Tail-Blazer

PART 3 - THE FINALE



"A Walk to the Beach"

III.

Captain Fleagan, of the 500-passenger Valkyrie Cruise Line ship, was having a very bad day at sea. He had weathered many bad storms and rough waters in his time, but the dark clouds were still a ways off, small and not even causing a gust of wind. For the most part, the sea itself was normal as ever too, as the ship glided parallel to the coast. No, today was the most unexpected and unpredictable of sea hazards, an 80-foot, bikini-clad redhead out for a swim. Come to think of it, it wasn't until seeing her cannonball into the water that he even remembered he had practiced such situations in the Maritime Academy. Funny how such an important thing could slip from one's mind, like a slithering eel in the depths, as if he had never known it at all! Nothing like a giantess' cannonball dive to almost capsize the boat and jog one's memory pronto. Even now, the "Zeon's Favor," who had never had a malfunction, leak, or run of rampant gastrointestinal plague, might have found the day her perfect record was upended. The poor girl rocked and creaked as the bombshell leviathan lurked below, a good ship she was, but giant-proof, hardly.

"CAPTAIN! Tit! Incoming on the port side!" A crew member pointed.

"Language, Seaman Filbert! Remain professional!" Captain Fleagan chastised. The man was as seasoned as he was a stereotype. His blonde beard, ravished with white hairs on his weather-worn face, would have fit on any wooden-carved captain at a local seafood eatery on the coast.

"No, sir! I mean literally!" As Seaman Filbert pointed back along the side of the ship, something was cresting the water and breaking through to the surface. Bigger than a whale, bigger than a submarine that had to emergency surface. No, it was two of the biggest breasts the captain had ever seen, attached to a body that was coming up alongside doing the backstroke!

"All hands! Get all passengers away from the rails!" He wailed into the intercom, face so red his bulbous nose looked like a tomato, ripe and ready for picking. The captain saw her ginger locks attached to a head with a mouth that could swallow a man whole, as if the Kraken and the mermaid had been merged into one gorgeous destructive force. He flinched as her paddling arm came down just shy of the ship's bow, rocking the vessel harder and sending a deluge onto

the deck. Above, passengers scrambled: some contemplating their future emails demanding a refund on their vacation at sea, others trying to get the island of cleavage in a selfie behind them for their social media, even as the wake of the giant's form pounded the side of the ship, sending it rocking.

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The tiny fishing boat of Captain Turney chugged along over the choppy giantess-infested depths. "Cap'n!" cried the scruffy and portly plug of a first mate. "We're just a tiny tub! We can't be out here, we're not built for giant women!" First Mate Petey tripped on his own feet, falling against the railing until his view was nothing but gray angry waves. A hand gripped his yellow raincoat by the collar and yanked him backwards, his Captain's fiery red beard and strong nose invading his space.

"Don't you think I know that, Petey?! But the passenger paid their gold. Gold, man! And all we have to do is get them to the destination and we can get right back out." They both turned to the mysterious stranger at the front of their small vessel, the S. S. Bucket. Wearing a rain jacket of their own, hooded against the sea mist, was the stranger. Who pays for things in gold? To track down a giantess! And who in the world carries that bag of gold in their cleavage? Neither dared to ask, for though she was diminutive, there was fire in her eyes: a determination to get to the giantess or die. That, and she only paid half upfront. The woman marched over to a crate and pulled out a six-foot-long harpoon and thumped its base on the deck by her feet. She turned back towards them; for a second it looked like there was a violet-tipped black cat ear poking out from her hood, forgotten by how harsh her pretty face contorted, ready to scream. The blonde patron of the Bucket pointed further out to sea with her hooked harpoon, growling.

"Thar she blows! Batten down the deckhands. Swab the hatches! And get me next to that cruise ship!" Only about half of what Sey had said made sense, but as she had spoken with such conviction, plus a scary face, the two men ran about trying to make sure they got the list done and then some.

Between the trio on the boat, the panicked and pleased mixed of people on the cruise ship, and the behemoth ginger beauty backstroking, the ocean was chaos. But none had it worse than Steve Telson. Who is Steve Telson, one might ask? Well... let's back up a bit, shall we?

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The view looking down thirty or so feet at the beach (and wobbling giantess thighs and muscular calves) while pinched in the cleft of the full ass cheeks of the giant ginger was by far the oddest situation Steve had ever found himself in. Today was going to be his first time scuba diving on his own, class after class of pool diving and certifications behind him, but plans had been waylaid by him finding himself just short of being squashed by the world's biggest bottom, only to be wedged firmly between its cheeks. Now he wasn't quite sure was to do, as the fall would certainly kill him, not that he was safe (or even comfortable) in the crack of the titanic tushy as his fleshy confines jiggled with each beach-pounding step. Scuba diver Telson was only shaken from his reverie when a manicured hand that could squash him like a sand flea loomed into view and picked at the bathing suit bottom that had slid enough to the side to get him caught between her cheeks. With a tug and a *snap!* he now found himself separated from the outside world by a red tarp of stretchy material. The woman's bathing suit! He was one wedgie away from being pulled from a fate where he could not be saved. "When I posted on my FaceSpace I wanted to explore new frontiers, *this* is not what I meant!" Steve wriggled out of the ass' grasp, the tank on his back heavy and slowing his progress. Steve pushed against the fabric even as the world began to quake and wobble from the giantess' sprint to the sea. Just as he became free, he also became weightless. The ginger giantess had leapt into the air, the g-force of the cannonball dive pressing his tank-laden back between her cheeks once more. His arms and legs feebly attempted to get any kind of traction with the fleshy surface of her bottom, but it was to no avail, but then-

Sploooooosshhh! A rough impact of cold and salty existence later and Steve found himself underwater. Without delay, the unintentional giantess explorer made sure his mask was set and air supply working. The wave had knocked him loose of the anal canyon, but he appeared to be in a tighter spot now. He surmised... somewhere between her legs, by the movement. After a few vain attempts to get past the seam into the freedom of the ocean, he had but one choice.

Though he had no experience cave diving, or scuba diving anywhere besides a public pool, explorer Telson awkwardly squeezed his way between the red bikini prison and giantess taint.

“Mmm,” moaned the supersized spice witch as she surfaced from her salty swim, startled suddenly by the deep belching sound of a boat horn. She squinted, casting an annoyed glare at a cruise ship that was sailing between her breasts and thighs over her submerged abs. The gall of these micro-jerks! That propeller could scratch her tummy up something awful. She took in a mouthful of water to spit a sea spray at the intruders and scare them off, when she felt a pinch between her legs. Letting the ocean out of her mouth with a gargling cough, she spat, “OUCH! What the heck? Did I get a shell in my suit bottom?” She flinched, face contorting, as the ring on her hand continued to work overtime on all the perception filtering. She wouldn’t even feel a shell with how small they were. What an odd thought to have. She adjusted the bottom half of her bikini beneath the waves, contemplating how to shoo off this cruise liner.

Far below the surface, the adjustment was just enough to let Steve flipper-kick free from his tight quarters... only to have the enormous swath of red elastic material reel him back in. Defensively, he went to push against her flesh, when he felt his hand sink down and in. The warmth and heat was a huge change from the cooler ocean water, not to mention the texture change confused him, until he looked closer in the red-tinted darkness. In front of his face were the large ridged folds of a giant female vagina. He was fisting a giantess, and she didn’t even know. “Bbbrrl brrrl bggrrr!” which in shocked-diver-speak-bubbles means, “Holy Christ, save me!” It was totally insane, however, for Steve was not a religious man, nor was it likely Jesus would have much to do with giantess genitalia. It would be more likely that he would say, “You got yourself into this one, Steven, no asking for miracles now!” Just as the diver braced to wiggle his hand free, Jessica re-emerged from the waves, belly up and backstroking. The weight of his gear immediately registered, no longer weightless beneath the surface, plunging his arm and face down against her crotch, his goggles now covered in a film he did not want to dwell on. Sadly, his brain did not register that he was near the top of her cleft, and his flippered foot pushed off her body for leverage, only to sink in as well. If there was a Jesus in the clouds somewhere watching him, he would have totally looked away at this point. Spitting out his air supply, all Steve could say was “Really? Really?!” Not a great choice for last words, though hopefully, they wouldn’t be his. “Really? Really?!” -Steven Telson, 1979-2019, Death by Pussy, is not a tombstone most would aspire to. At this point, Steve was more trapped than ever and

the story is caught back up to where it left off... and Jessica is feeling things she did not expect or prepare for.

“Oh...” Jessie Star’s face went red. One moment she’s taunting and messing with the annoying little cruise ship and the next she- “OH!” She pulled her gigantic thighs under her body until her feet found the sea floor. Something was wiggling around in her- “Gah! What the fuck!?” She stood up completely, the ocean just below her crotch.

For Steve, the new angle was problematic, for though he wanted to be free, he also didn’t want to fall lower and be crushed between the mammoth thighs the giantess was grinding together as she tried to hold in her unexpected arousal. Steve, to his credit, had a very fast reaction time and reached for anything he could to prevent the surely painful and possibly life-threatening tumble down the bikini bottom. Also to his credit, he joined the club of the few men that can find a lady’s clit on the first try, with that very same move.

“nNNNAAAHH!” That was too much for the giantess. Her hand came down, the flat of her palm grinding against her mound in a desperate attempt to stop.... whatever the fuck was going on down there. Luckily for Steve, he was not smooshed, for he had somewhere to go. Unluckily for him, it meant that a giant hand on the other side of the red fabric wall had just shoved him completely, and wholly, inside a giant snatch. Unluckily for Jess, it also didn't put an end to her “problem,” as he was wiggling like hell out of pure terror, as probably any man would when turned into a dildo for a giantess without even a proper invitation. “Oh my god, oh my god!” She tried to reach into her bottoms with her right hand, but the incessant kicks going off on her sensitive inner walls was too much and with a gag-gargle-gasp, she stumbled forward. Her left hand smashing into the pool in the front of the cruise liner, her bosom, threatening to bounce out of her top, came crashing down flattening the railing of the ship with a wobbly crunch. Its loud horn went off in her face, stopping her eyerolls and panting for a moment, when she flicked the horn off the boat and into the sea, only to shudder and lean harder on its deck as Steve had the fight of his life.

On deck, however, Bella Denver (a noted Insta-star) was furious. “Hey everyone, it’s your best girl Bella and, I hate to like, ruin the totally chill cruise streams I’ve been sending, but I just have to say... Look at THIS bitch!” “DenverBabyBella67” turned her selfie angle to show all her

followers the boat-destroying cleavage behind her. It made her furious! Until a few hours ago, she had the best tits on the boat, and now this. “Isn’t she, like, such a total slut? Like, we get it, you can crush cars with your tits, you don’t need to attack my summer with them.” She rolled her eyes and more older couples tried to push past her to get to the back of the boat. A group of fraternity bros peered over her to get a better look at the biggest tits they would ever see. “I hope they die by cleavage, would serve them right. Am I right, besties?! It’s all good, Bella knows.” She gave her fiercest look at her phone. “She may be big but she’s just a blubbery sea monster, you know how I work it at the gym. Your girl don’t qui-” *THWUNG!*

Just short of Bella’s face, a harpoon had flown and stuck into the wall. “Ah.... aaah!” Her face twitched at the idea that her perfect body was almost scratched by a harpoon, her pretty expressions contorting uglier and uglier with each added bout of disgust and disbelief. “They just.. And I .. bega- I f-fffuck, what the hell!” she screeched. If only she was aware of all the screen capture gold she was supplying, the autotune of this panic attack was going to be legendary. She flicked her blonde hair, blue eyes following a rope looped through the end of the spear-like weapon; it was pulled tight and moving like a line with a fish on it. Then- *hwoop!* From over the side of the ship, a fit curvy blonde woman (in workout spandex and a raincoat) flipped onto the deck.

The action-hero-esque woman pulled down her hood and snapped her head to look at the giant. “Lady acquired!” she purred.

“Biaaaaatch!” Bella screamed. “You... eeeeh, you could have ended m-my life... as a social influencer. You fucking c-” A *HISSSSSSS* sprang from Sey’s fanged mouth as she got in this idiot’s face, sending her reeling backward, sputtering and sobbing.

“I’m here to help Lady, you butt-faced slag!” She *hmphed* and went on her way. #ButtFacedSlag trended with the autotune that very night and would lead to the second most views her profile would ever get.

Steven was underwater again. He was underwater, and inside a pussy. Like... a human tampon, or a sex toy. More likely the latter, with how the smooth, velvety walls of his confines quivered and constricted around his body. He had kicked and clawed and fought, hyperventilating until everything was bubbles and darkness. And heat, there was so much heat in here. He felt his breath pressed out of him yet again as her tunnel tightened around him, like he was some phallic thing it wanted to milk the life from.

Jess, on the other hand, was drooling on the boat beneath her, tongue hanging out like a dog left on the front porch in the heat. One hand in the pool that might as well have been a bowl of water, the other snaking under the elastic of her bikini bottoms creeping towards her slit. What was going onnnnnngggg in there. A shiver ran up her spine as she grazed her very sensitive womahood. Something.. or someone w-was in her... in her ooooooh sweet peas and carrots. She had to.. get whatever it was to stop, to get out. Her finger hooked inside her snatch, but it just seemed to make things worse. Below, tiny people were watching her build to a climax. Thank goodness they weren't other giants, that would be embarasssssing- fuck! She worked her finger deeper to try and scoop the spasming wiggler out.

For snatch explorer Telson, this was was becoming insanity! As he pushed towards the slit of light ahead of him, a thick-taloned finger jutted in knocked the diver deeper still. Steve clenched into a ball, doing all he could to not get slit open by a finely-manicured nail with red sparkly polish. So many curses, prayers, expletives, and more came out his mouth in a fury, censored into bubbles that only fish could grasp. Then, with a particularly fast curl of the knuckle, Jess' giant nail swiped up, just barely missing slicing a chunk out of Steve, but instead clipping his tank and cutting his air line. Bubbles burst forth, rocketing out and pounding the giant's velvety inner walls. For Steve- his mind was heavily preoccupied with his possible imminent demise. For Jess- all she could think about was the vibrating insanity that had been unleashed deep in her love canal. "GgggggAAAAAHH!" the giant Jess screamed as she was overwhelmed. In her mind she was reaching up to cover her lewd howl but she had no such control. The poor, penetrated, overly pleased island of woman could only slump forward, eyes rolling back, drool dripping from her plump wet lips. The people on board covered their ears from the high pitched squeaks and squeals of the eclipsing bikini form falling towards them.

Sey's ear twitched to the synchronized screams of the passengers of the "Zeon's Favor," renewed with vigor as the titanic tits came down upon them like a tidal wave. She began to push through the crowd at a fevered pace, only to have that Insta-bitch influencer get in her way again, waving her phone like a sword of justice.

"This bitch thinks she can handle the Bella!? Well you watch, Bella-baes!" the annoying girl smirked into her phone. "Mama is gonna show her who she's ff-" Sey easily swatted the girl out of the way with her well toned arm, looking back over her shoulder as "Lady's" bikini top caught on the side of the ship, freckled cleavage and dark pink nipples springing free and bulldozing people as they surged forward. "Wha- TIIIIIIIIITS!" was all the social influencer could spit out before DenverBabyBella67 was swept away by bosom, a moment that would be her most liked video of all time. Sey's cat reflexes kicked in just in time to scale the side of the ship, flicking her tail safely out of the gap below that was being filled with screaming boat passengers and her lady's behemoth breasts.

"Holy crap!" Sey blurted as Jessica's impact on the boat made her almost lose her grip on the riveted sides of the ship. The dedicated familiar flattened her feline ears to block out the reverberating moans of the ginger giantess, half because they were louder than a roaring train, and half to try and soothe her own arousal. Sey was certain the image and sounds of her giantess Lady masturbating above her would be burned deep into her mind for the rest of her life. Actually, why was she mastur- WOAHH. Jess was pushing up to stand, her canyon of cleavage rising on either side of Sey. The flustered familiar, caught between a waking wet dream and a horrible death by breast, had to shake herself as she climbed, knowing one overly lengthy longing look could be the doom of both her and her precious Lady. "*Hnnng!* Not fair. Why can't Kitten have giant Lady tiddies in a safe scenario where hundreds of people's lives are not in danger!" She huffed while she grabbed onto the lowest railing of the next deck, ears twitching to the muffled cries of the people pinned to the wall by the massive mammaries, and also a THWUNK-BANNG! "What went thwunk-bang?" thought the active-wear-sporting cat woman, only to look down and see that the bikini top had sprung free from being hooked on the crumpled rail below the spice witch. Jessie pulled back; the people that had been pressed into her soft breast flesh started to slide down the slope of her breast, only to fall into the red cups of her bikini. The giantess had just trapped them all with a swift readjustment of her top.

Sey watched Jessica take a few deep breaths, like she was steeling herself for something. The giantess' hands pressed down on the boat; both she and the crumpling deck floor groaned from the exertion. If Sey didn't make her move now, she may not get a second chance. The familiar faced the ship, both hands on the top railing, her sneakered feet on the bottom one. She took a deep squat, her muscular thighs and glutes flexing in her spandex shorts, sweat trickling down her washboard six pack. She looked back one last time as the rising bosoms of the gigantified version of the woman she cared about so deeply and sprung away from the ship. Much like her feline form, her body twisted around mid air like she was pouncing from a bookshelf to bed, but this time from cruise ship to a monument of cleavage. With an "oof" she landed and slightly bounced off the boob - not wanting to claw into the flesh of her witch and "Lady," she struggled with the less effective alternative: human fingers. Her grip caught on an unexpected bulge in the bikini fabric, screaming its displeasure at being squeezed.

"HEY! MY ASS! I'm Bella Denver! You can't treat me like this!" screamed the muffled lump. Not that Sey payed attention or cared; she was too busy looking back and forth between her next move and her dangling feet that were rocketing into the air above the ship as Jess stood up. The athletic blonde wasted no time side scaling the lump that was Bella the social influencer, ignoring the bitching and complaining at being used as a climbing wall so that Sey could reach the giant nipples pressing erect against the red material. From this new vantage point, Sey pulled the magic wrench out from the pocket dimension storage space in her sports bra and aimed it at her lady's left hand.

"Sorry Sempai! That's too far! How embarrassing!" wailed the voice of an anime girl.

"Oh yeah, forgot I changed the voice option." Sey winced at the preprogrammed spell interface voice she had recently switched on the wrench.

"Please don't drop me Sempai, we are so high!" the wrench sputtered. Meanwhile, Jess was having a very uncomfortable pinching sensation on her right nipple. "Seylene-chan, look out!" Sey looked to see Jess' right hand flying to swat her. Sey shoved the wrench back into her cleavage (to the sounds of an embarrassed muffled anime girl about to pass out from a nosebleed) as the hands shadow fell on her. She swung her leg up, planting a foot on the red cloth lump that was Bella's face (with a bit of a scream from it), and pushed herself as high as

she could to avoid the slap. At the very last second, when it was obvious she would not get her whole body clear in time- WABOOSH! Sey disappeared in a cloud of smoke, replaced by her black cat form, with purple tips on her ears and tail. Her feline body was able to scramble up to the lip of the bikini just in time, as the hand swatted the people to a collective mix of “oomphs,” “heys!” and assorted expletives. Wasting no time, cat Sey jumped onto the back of her Lady’s hand and darted up the pale forearm to her elbow. Sey grumbled internally about how slick it was, how short her legs were, and most of all- when Jessie started to raise her hand to adjust her hair. The spot she had just left was now where she needed to be, how rude! Even worse, the angle sent Sey sliding down her Lady’s bicep towards her giant freckled shoulder at an alarming speed. This was so unfair. Playing on Lady’s giant body, sticking her tongue out at the gawkers as she possessively declared this was her territory. But no... she had to be on a lovely freckled slipping slide of insanity, flying towards her doom, very uncool fate, the nerve of losing another of her nine lives trying to.. Wait. She could just jump into those lovely red locks that always smelled like apple cinnamon! *Yes!* thought Sey, *much better! Screw you, fate!* And she did, with a tiny bit of squeal but still, landing in the red forest of that smelled like baked pies and riding a lock down like a vine to Jessie’s ear. Feeling a bit like Tarzan, she reached out to the earlobe that looked more like it belonged on Mount Rushmore and cleared her throat. “Lady! Lady, can you hear me?!”

“Sey?” The giantess’ breath was a little raspy and forced, her cheeks red and sweaty. Whatever was going on down below had her really worked up. “Seylene, where are you?”

“Right here!” *Trying to cover my damn ears because because you’re so loud like this*, she added internally. “I need to get to your hand, the ring is malfunctioning!” she yelled, but her voice was already being drowned out by the hum of military helicopters. The Air Force had arrived.

Captain Avery Malcom had been awaiting his day of glory for years. Stationed stateside, he had long felt like a bit of a security guard rather than the ideal he had signed up to be, but he always kept his zeal close to the chest. Best not to ruffle feathers with his opinions, it would slow his climb. Today, his heart was pumping as hard as the rotor of his helicopter. Strange reports from the city and a cruise ship being under attack by a giantess, he could only assume something big was going down, possibly some nerve agent sending everyone loco. But there was smoke and

debris, so whatever was going on, it was worth the military support. He knew at their altitude they would easily get a better handle on what was going on visually, and he was the officer that would have first say on what best to “recommend” for the situation. And then Captain Malcom’s brain went blank. For a second, the view of a 75-foot redheaded woman in a bikini just couldn’t click. There she was, standing in water deep enough for ships, like she was wading into the shallows, and then? His brain switched gears nearing her. *Try to remember your giantess training. Can we shoot her down for engaging the cruise ship? Do we assess if this is an incidental and subdue her? Why don’t our helicopters have the giant prevention kits?* As similar questions with different takes sounded from the radios of the other choppers, he realized everyone in the other helicopters of his squadron seemed to be thinking about giant procedure, but everyone’s procedures were... different. What in the sam-hell was going on? He switched his radio to the intercom attached to his helicopter. “Giant. This is Captain Avery Malcom of the United States Air Force. Step away from the cruise liner and put your hands on your head.” Was that the protocol? It felt like maybe the protocol. Why was he so off today?

Jess was yelling back at the helicopters, something about taking an *expletive* swim when the *expletive expletive* cruise ship wasn’t watching where it was going... or something to that effect, but Sey wasn’t listening. Normally her Lady cursing at dummies was funny, but they had missiles, and Jess thought she was a justified giant witch defending herself. Swinging from curl to curl was all Seylene Nightsong Everfurry could do to block out that argument and get closer to fixing this whole debacle. “Mother fuckin military stooges!” blurted out from Jess as Sey finally made it to her left shoulder. With an *oof!* the acrobatic woman fondly referred to as Kitten by her roommate and witch, showed always landing on their feet to be true even when the cat was turned human. Sey reached down into her cleavage, looking for some help to get her out to the hand with the ring that was warping everyone’s perception. Her breasts wobbled around as she tugged out an umbrella that looked more fit for a British nanny, with its bird-carved handle. “And another thing!” Jess went on waving her finger, “If you think you can- ooooooh...” The giantess wavered and Sey had to fight to stop from falling down her lovely giant milky back. Something was wrong.

And that’s because something was finally right for the forgotten scuba diver Steve, who had been stuck in Snatchville for who knows how long. His air tank depleted, his saving grace was when Jess stood up straight above the waterline and the cavern of flesh no longer squeezed

down on him. THIS was his last chance to get free. His hands each gripping the lips of labia, he tried to pull himself out, even against the pressure of the wet bathing suit bottom trying to hold him in. When his arm strength wasn't enough, he began to push like mad with his feet against the soft fleshy walls of the tunnel that wanted to take him deeper and deeper. The rapid kicking inside Jess' hoo-ha was like an extra strength vibrator, worse than the bubbles, and the problem she had thought stopped was now more intense than ever. Her legs almost crumpled, but Steve did not let up.

High above on a shoulder, Sey had just pulled her wrench free from her cleavage once more, but the rocking of her skyscraper-sized significant other caused her to stumble and lose her grip on the one tool that could fix this. "Shit!" she said, as it bounced out of her hand. "Shit, shit!" she responded again with each failed juggler attempt to regasp the wrench until...

"SEEEEEEMPAAAAI SAVE MEEEEeeee!" screamed the voice of an anime girl, blasting from the wrench with realism-driven wailing. But Sey was already diving after it. It bounced off Jess' tit. Sey bounced off Jess' tit. After a few more rolls, Sey was sliding down the cliff face of cleavage, reaching desperately for the wrench still bouncing end over end. To her credit, even with all the stress of the day, the military threatening missiles, the possibility Lady could crush her with one wrong move, the fact she had bent her umbrella on the first bounce, Seyline was humming an intense espionage thriller theme as she slid down the breast after her anime screaming work tool. Even under pressure, this was just who she was. The wrench hit the edge of the bikini top's lining and went spinning into the air. Sey launched herself after it, and with the agility of a spy and the flair of a circus act, she caught the wrench and opened her umbrella seconds apart. With the FWUMP! of the umbrella opening, Sey swung like a child on a rope swing, above her a red-faced panting moaning Lady, below the crashing waves around Jess' knees and the slightly crumpled "Zeon's Favor". "Thank you so much for saving me, Sempai! I-"

"Shut up and get a lock on that ring!" Sey squealed as she glided towards Lady's hand with reckless abandon. She pointed her handy magical wrench at the malfunctioning reality ring that had caused all these shenanigans. "Almost there! Almost there!"

"Lock acquire- oops- wait-" the wrench backpedaled on it's declaration as the umbrella spun slowly to face the other direction. A screech and zoom went off as a small missile was let loose

by one of the military aircraft, demanding Jess take her giant wobbly body to a safe distance from the dilapidated cruiseliner. The missile landed in water with an explosion, the giantess cursed between her moans and pants, and all Sey could do was pump her legs back and forth like a gymnast as she tried to accelerate the spin of her umbrella glider. Helicopters were firing missiles at a 75-foot woman who could summon storms and fire... she was out of time.

"Come on!" Sey swung harder and harder as the material and bent spokes creaked and cried in protest. *Almost*, she thought, gritting her teeth as a mixture of sweat and sea spray rolled down her body.

"Target Acquired! Huhuhuh!" squealed the pleased wrench.

"Wrenchie, fix that-" PERCLINK SHHHHRRIP The umbrella had ripped. "Riiiiiiiiing!"

It was too late, Sey was falling. A wrench in one hand, an inside out umbrella in the other. Her view was all sky, so no movement was visually noticeable, but the wind whipping around her hair and flopping her now-exposed tail about, the gusts intensifying on the familiar skin as her momentum grew. She was falling, in the middle of the ocean, in the middle of a war zone; it was gonna cost her one of her lives *at least!* But that was not the thing making Kitten frown as she fell. She had let down her Lady. What kind of feline familiar was she, anyhow? I mean sure, she had battled waves, scaled ships, parkoured off tits and more... but here they were. Problem not fixed and Sey falling to the depths, unable to do anything but- OOMPH. She had landed in the giant cupped hand of... well, it could only be one person, because she was the only giantess in town. "Lady?!" From the platform of giant palm and fingers on which Sey's rear sat, she found herself lifted to Lady's flushes and sweaty face. Sey snapped her head from the reality-altering ring (that seemed to have been fixed) to the attacking helicopters that were spinning in place mid-air. Jessica's other hand was twirling its index finger, matching the motion of the helicopters. "Oh thank goodness sweetie pie, y-you know you're not supposed to be a giant, r-right?"

"Yes, Kitten... you wouldn't happen to know why Lady's ring seems to have inverted its perception effect so that I thought I was a big-ass giant with tiny people in my bra, missiles flying over my head.. and... ngg ...it was just a normal day at the beach?"

Sey avoided eye contact with her monolithic-sized, “more than friends” roommate.

“Maaaaaaaybe...”

“And does my oh so.... so ah... damn it!” Jess was having trouble forming sentences as her eyes rolled back a little. She gritted her teeth and tried again with rushed words. “Does-my-oh so-trusted-familiar-know-what-the-hell-is-going-on-in-my-panties!!?”

“No Lady,” Sey said as she hopped over to Jess’s giant freckled shoulder, finally fixing her umbrella with some patching spellwork and shoving her wrench back into her cleavage with a “weeeeeee” from the tool. “Though maybe we should get you out of the water and back to normal size before... well..” She pointed to the crippled cruise liner that had finally gotten to a semi-safe distance.

“Yeah... yeah, let’s do that!”

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Captain Avery Malcom was about to puke in his helicopter. All those years practicing in the air, and the intense spinning from some random wind gust was going to do him in. Yep, here it came. He just hoped nobody heard that on the radio comms (they did), or worse (it was it played over the intercom), and as his mind tried to grasp how and what the giant bikini-clad monster, he knew one thing: he needed to stop it from reaching the cruise ship or the shore.

Meanwhile, Captain Turney- safe on his fishing boat- was counting his gold he had received from Sey with his first mate, praising their good financial luck. “And that’s 700 gold pieces! Yeaaaah!” they cheered... until the wave from a giantess splashing by spun their boat, sending their gold over the rail and into the depths. “Awwwww...”

Meanwhile-meanwhile, Captain Fleegan’s cold sweat was beginning to dissipate. His cruise ship was crumpled and only able to move at half speed, but he was finally able to get free of... of the um. Oof! Such a trying day at sea had worn on his aging mind. For a second he had

flashes of a giantess in a red bathing suit... no, that can't be right. What was going oooooonn- oh god! His ship rocked as a woman's bottom in a thong big enough to capsize his whole vessel wobbled by, and the upper body and arms attached to it grabbed the front of his ship. Everyone lurched forward. His eyes blinked once, then twice, as the seemingly humongous woman grabbed the bottom of her bikini top, pulling it away from her bosom and shook out a dozen or so people into the ship's pool. At the end of this day, three captains would all retire in different states of mental and emotional health.

"Okay, all people deposited!" Jess said, straightening her top.

"Good," Sey nodded, smacking the bottom of her tits and- BOOP! Out popped what looked like a cake icing bag of magical size spice. "And I got it premeasured, so we know we have the right amount. That's why we needed to dump everyone off first..." she said, squeezing the paste version of size spice on Lady's gigantic index finger. "Yeah, cuz with everything that's um... gone unexpectedly, I wouldn't want a tear in the fabric of reality." Sey prepared her umbrella for her dismount. "Just gotta get you to the beach Lady, who knows what everyone's thinking now that the ring isn't working."

"Damn it, I know I sound crazy!" said the less-than-fresh Captain Avery from his helicopter in the sky. "I'm telling you, if it wasn't behind the cruise ship right now I would blow it apart and drag its giant pieces back to base to prove it to you!" "Yes, a giant female in a red bikini!" "No, I am NOT ON DRUGS!" The helicopter pilot's voice rose into a screeching fury. His eyes went wide and he switched from talking to base to the other helicopters in his air squadron. "Men! It's on the move!"

"A tear in reality?!" Jess was moving towards the beach, thighs clasped together, internally screaming for some privacy so she could get whatever was going on in her, going out quickly.

"You never know! It's been a very bad day, Lady. What's important is that-" Sey was cut off by the sound of helicopters whirring up from behind them. "Oops, Lady! We'd better run!" Jess took off for the beach, chanting a spell as she pinched the spice paste between her fingers. Three

steps from the shore (well, three *giant* steps), the helicopter squadron of Captain Avery Malcom had cut her off now with a direct line of fire on the giant with no collateral damage behind her. “Lady! Noooooow!” Sey called out, floating from Jessie’s shoulder with her umbrella.

Magic ran up Jessie’s shoulder and over her whole body. Immediately her suit felt ill-fitting and her footing uneven and unsure. “Please no holes in the universe! Please no holes in the universe!”

“Fire!” roared the squadron Captain, multiple missiles rocketing forward to tag their prey and send her into a billion gnat-sized bits to feed the seagulls for months, only to disappear in a flash of blinding pink. The projectiles went flying through open air- where moments before had stood a giant ginger woman in beach wear- flying far off into the waters on the horizon. Captain Avery could only blink. Down below, a dizzy Jess rushed towards the ground, barely able to see through the pink glow. “Please no holes in the universe...” and everything went dark, and cold... and wet.

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Jess woke up dizzy and naked... and sandy. Her weak, nail-polished fingers reached out to find a red bikini top. “Wha- what in the-?” A bikini top she could fit inside many times over. “Oh crap... I shrunk too far!” Jess stumbled around in a dizzy spell, throwing one arm over her hefty bosom and the other over her crotch as she backed her wide rear against the material big enough to wrap around a bus a few times. “Sey, I’m tiny! It shrunk me! Sey!”

From around the giant red bikini, out popped Sey in her light purple spandex workout gear. “No, no Lady, you’re the right size, your suit just... didn’t shrink.”

Jessie squinted hard. “Measured the spice right, hmmm?”

Sey stomped her foot, sending her cleavage-exposing sports bra swaying, her lip beginning to tremble. “Lady, I did my best! Yes, I’m not the best at measuring, I have been in a car crash, insulted by an internet idiot, spent my special occasion gold and... almost died like seventeen

times! And it's been a very bad day... and I was worried to death over you, and I... and I, I..”

“Shuush,” Jess pulled Sey against her sandy naked form for a big comforting hug, murmuring calming words, stroking her blonde hair and petting her ears as they faded from view of the public. “It's okay baby... you did fine, you did great. You were perfect.”

“But the ring,” Sey huffed.

“Screw the ring, we okay now baby girl, very okay.” She kissed Sey's cheek and smiled.

“Kitten is not okay, Kitten wants to be lazy and pampered and cuddled for the next year with no craziness. Just ... spoiling.”

“No craziness? At all?” Jess raised an eyebrow.

“Okay... Little craziness.” Sey's teary face cracked into a smile. “But more cuddling than crazy, yes?” Neither woman noticed the giant commotion of people forming around the bikini thong and top that looked like it belonged to the Statue of Liberty until they were just feet away. As one man in particular looked around the side, Sey hissed “Keep movin' buddy! This is for Kitten's eyes only!”

Jess blushed. “Yes, well- more cuddles than crazy, but uh.. You got some clothes for me in that magic pocket of yours?”

“Clothes!” Sey groaned. “I knew I forgot something, bleh... I do have your phone though. Cuz... well, this is kinda bad.”

“Yeah,” Jess sighed “I'd better call her... she's not gonna be happy. She said she wanted a few months before she had to lawyer up for me again.”

“It's been three weeks.” Sey's face scrunched.

“I'm aware... Kitten.” The spice witch hit the speed dial in her phone menu under the name

“Meli”. “Helloooo, Meli- it’s Jes- ah... you saw the news.” “NO! I didn’t do it on purpose, that’s just silly.” “Of course I think you deserve vacations, don’t talk like that!” Jess continued to hide in the shelter of her bikini, trying to placate and calm her lawyer, while Sey cuddled to shield her form from onlookers... watching a brewing sunset. Thinking about how this was her favorite Lady size, and wondering if the giant red top could be folded over for some victory canoodling to burn off the stress of the day. And what a day it was.

EPILOGUE

Steve Telson woke up on a rocky beach he didn’t recognize. Instead of sand there were pebbles, and they stuck to his slippery fluid-covered body. The last thing he remembered was the red prison material falling away, and the blast of fresh air, and then a blinding pink light. And then... he was here... on some strange beach, smelling like... well... it had been quite a day. A giant boom happened next to him and he instinctively scrambled away from a giant female foot. Oh god... more giants! A few of them! Steve scrambled in his scuba suit to a cliffside of what appeared to be- packed gravel? Where was he!? Why were there so many... gi..ants. Oh god. He pulled off his slimy goggles and saw a toy bucket and shovel that were two stories high. He crept out from the outcove looking at his shelter, falling to his knees when he saw it at a bigger distance. A sandcastle. Bigger than his house. Bigger than his workplace. For Scuba Steve, the man who had hoped for something adventurous when he packed his gear for the beach today, meeting giants and now... being shrunk to the size of a toy soldier, realized his *biggest* adventure had just begun.

THE END

Look for the Sequel “Going Nuts!” for the continuing adventures of Jessie Star, Spice Witch!

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