“Lost. Completely and utterly lost,” Bridget grumbled, trudging aimlessly through the underbrush as she sought a way out of this dense forest. She'd been here with her friends, but one slip down a slope she hadn't seen the edge of and now she was separated from the group, lacking a GPS, and getting pretty cold. “And not one of those bitches is even looking for me, I'll bet!”

The little blonde's only real strategy was to walk in as straight a line as possible. Eventually, she reasoned, she'd hit the river, the mountains, or the road, and then she could find her way back from there. Yes, this meant potential hours of walking in boots, a T-shirt, and jorts as the sun sleepily set in the distance, but Bridget wasn't seriously worried. The biggest natural predators of this particular valley were little lynxes, adorable cats she could pick up and scold as easily as her grumpy fuzzball back home.

Well, unless you believed the rumors. Bridget didn't.

According to stories that hunters were telling, there was a giantess roaming around. Typical hick nonsense- a ten-foot amazon woman wouldn't be able to find enough food to live in a place like this, but if you were willing to believe a guy who made his living selling wooden carvings of lynxes, she roamed around in nothing but a skirt of deer pelts.

“Pure fantasy,” the staunchly cynical young woman murmured to herself, developing a blush as she thought of what she'd do if she found the “American Amazon", as she was called. As ridiculous as she found the idea, the detail in which this huntress had been described was . . . more than enough to fuel a submissive lesbian's sexual fantasies for days on end.

Even if the Amazon *were* gay, though, she wouldn't be easy to please for a scrawny little thing like Bridget; in fact, given her stated height of ten feet tall, and her very leggy proportions, the 4’10" blonde wouldn't be able to eat her out standing, even if she stood on tiptoe. In fact, standing on tiptoe would just barely press the little lesbian's forehead against the crotch of such a woman . . .

However, it was as she lost track of her train of thought that the tiny woman heard a loud snapping sound from behind her, and turned . . .

The storyteller from the knickknack shop had been wrong. The Amazon was *not* ten feet tall.

She was twenty.

A twenty foot tall athletic Goddess of a woman, deeply tanned and clad only in a tattered skirt of pelts. Messy scarlet hair hung to her shoulder blades, icy blue eyes peered about past the invasive little woman, and her serious, severe face remained impassive as she sniffed at the air. Corded muscle hugged long, powerful arms and sensually long legs in such a way that the short lesbian actually trembled with fear as much as desire . . . but she only came up to the knees of this vision of savage sexuality. However, what drew Bridget's eye in a way that *didn't* make her horny was the tattoo on the Amazon's flat stomach.

It was a thing of curiosity, really. Three overlaid regular hexagons, with odd runes spaced between the vertices, and a satisfyingly perfect circle around the runes. It was even centered perfectly, each vertex of the inner shapes equidistant from the Amazon's navel . . . incredibly satisfying, and absolutely inexplicable on a savage huntress.

Bridget was nearly about to question how a colossal, beautiful woman who smelled of sweat had snuck up on her so effectively when those Arctic blue eyes locked onto the blonde with soul-piercing intensity. “Little woman . . . what are you doing in my forest . . . and why do you stink of sex?” The voice was low, resonating; a commanding and sensual contralto that made the lesbian's knees weak, her mouth dry.

“I . . . I don't *stink*,” the blonde replied stupidly, “and the only reason I'm here is that I slid off the trail,” she whimpered indignantly, trying to cover up the fact that this tanned titaness had command of all her fetishes without even trying.

“I can smell your dripping need from up here,” the Amazon replied with that same coarse bluntness, a rumbling chuckle at the back of her throat. “Don't lie to me . . . you're a horny little slut who will breed a brood more of tiny humans who will intrude upon my forest . . .”

“N-no, no, I won't,” Bridget trembled, fidgeting and blushing, “I won't . . . breed . . .” she bit her lower lip as she looked down at the forest floor, at the enormous feet of the Amazon. “I'm interested in . . . women. Strong ones. Girls who take charge, make me feel small, use me to cum.”

The redheaded colossus leaned over, bending at the hip and using a single broad finger carefully applied under a narrow chin to make the tiny woman face her. “Me? Little woman, if you truly wish all that from me . . . you shall never again see the civilization you came from. Are you sure I'm all you want?” Icy blues smugly stared down into green, claiming the soul they found there effortlessly.

“*A-all* I want?” Bridget whimpered incredulously. “You're acting like there's any woman alive who could possibly compare to you . . . I've spoiled myself just by looking upon your beauty, your power, your perfection,” the nerdlet babbled, her mind reduced to mush in unadulterated lust. “My mind couldn't even come up with something that would even be half as sexy as you!”

The Amazon chuckled, tossing her bloodred locks back in a rippling wave that seemed to come straight out of a Hollywood movie. “Hmmm . . . in that case,” she smirked, tensing one sinewy thigh to lift above Bridget's head and knock the much smaller woman over with a calf as tall as she was, “I caught you staring at my feet,” the tanned giantess laughed, placing a single two-and-two-thirds-foot-long sole on the chest, stomach, and face of the comparatively quite small web designer. “Lick, you submissive whore. Show me if you've any worth whatsoever!”

Bridget didn't lose a moment to things like propriety, hesitation, or even self-respect. A single filthy toe the Amazon brought to bear immediately caught every bit of affection that the squirming, submissive little woman could show. Licking, kissing, nibbling the calloused toe that was nearly as big as her head, Bridget proved beyond shadow of a doubt that she was willing to do anything for this Goddess in human form.

“Good, little girl . . .” the Amazon purred as the runes tattooed on her stomach began to glow, the magic infused into her being activating from the little blonde's absolutely pathetic display of helpless lust. “Serve me. Service me. Give me all of your being . . . and you'll get your just reward,” the tanned titaness smirked, running long fingers over her firm breasts at this warm, explosive feeling. Once it ran out, she let little Bridget up, removing the sole of her foot from the little lesbian's body . . .

Bridget gasped for clean breath, dizzy with lust as she looked up the impossible distance to the Amazon's face. For some reason, that distance seemed so much further than it had before . . . but the puny, geeky young woman chalked that up to intense submissive desire and quite a long dry spell. “Th-there. I've proven myself, yeah? A little knee-high girl perfectly desperate and lustful . . .”

The Amazon merely scooped Bridget up like a doll, her huge hand controlling the squirming blonde entirely effortlessly. “Oh, I'll agree that you are quite desperate,” she snorted in derision, placing her thighs around the blonde carefully, “but are you a slutty little masochist?” The arrogant power in the scarlet-haired titaness’s tone was unmatched, seductive and addictive to those who crumbled before power. It was then that, ever so gently, she began to clench those Goddess-tier thighs, rippling tan sequoias forcing the blonde between them to submit.

“Y-yes,” Bridget trembled, pinned entirely by nothing more than the Amazon linking her ankles, and her air restricted by the power of even the slightest effort from the owner of those thick, powerful, sexy thighs. “Hurt me, squeeze me, crush me . . . I'm your little toy, to be broken at your whim . . .”

Laughing arrogantly, the Amazon squeezed the tiniest bit harder, and Bridget let out a powerless squeak of arousal. However, the sheer masochistic sexual thrill the tiny blonde felt was dampened as she watched that rune tattoo on the toned stomach of the colossal beauty begin to glow with crimson light . . . and the muscular thighs squeezing her began to grow yet larger, and the web designer was far smaller than when she'd started. Specifically, she was now 2’10", and the Amazon had grown to 22 feet tall . . . but this seemed impossible. The blonde masochist was speechless, even considering the fact that her breath was robbed from her lungs.

“Mmm, I see you've realized what I'm doing,” the American Amazon smirked, her icy blue eyes haughty as they glared down at the gasping, squirming, aroused little blonde. “Too bad you have no ability to resist, my helpless little lesbian slut,” she cooed, kneading her own breasts and flicking her nipples hungrily, needily. This sensation of growth was exciting, irresistible, scintillating in its simple satisfaction . . . and, given the runes around her navel, getting it was ungodly easy. “Your lust, your own helpless desire, is what gives me your height. You cannot resist your need . . . I shall have you as a toy before too long.” With that, Bridget was released from the embrace of the Amazon's thighs with casual triviality . . . and dropped to the forest floor.

Even with her breath returned, though . . . nearly nothing in the blonde's mind protested. Yes, her self-preservation urges screamed at her to run away . . . but lust, curiosity, and her inherent submissive nature all begged for this to continue, needed to be yet smaller before the redheaded Amazon . . .

And, even expressed silently, this wish got through to the colossal beauty clearly enough that she dropped the heft of her enormous, toned ass directly onto the dwindling blonde. “Go on,” the Amazon purred, softly swiveling her hips, practically smearing Bridget into the forest floor with her weight, “worship my ass, you worthless worm. Give me all you can . . . and you shall take your rightful place,” she smirked, a lopsided grin that took advantage of her severe face to ooze sadistic power.

Nothing Bridget did had any serious result; she was completely helpless, and that only made her blaze brighter with need. At ten inches tall by comparison, nothing she did would ever aid in escape. After a token attempt to resist, to avoid becoming a plaything, the blonde threw herself wholly into service. Kissing, licking, massaging, squirming . . . anything she could do to appease this colossal ass that controlled her fate, she did. As she began to nibble the firm flesh in excitement, the Amazon ground down slightly lower . . . tipping her to that point of lust once more.

The Amazon was 23 feet tall . . . Bridget was a 1'10” doll, entirely unable to do anything of value. If the immense redhead was at human scale, the puny blonde would be six inches tall . . . calling her a toy would be generous. After a teasing press to rile Bridget back up, a playful expression of just how powerful she was, the tanned, athletic beauty rose to her feet . . . and, this time, picked up the miniscule web designer, smirking arrogantly as she looked out over part of the canopy.

“A-am I yours?” the shrunken woman asked softly, trembling from overwhelming need . . . as that lovely face sneered for a moment before spitting directly on her head.

“Yes, little one,” the Amazon responded as sticky saliva trickled down Bridget's face, “mine and mine alone. And your purpose in life is to satisfy me . . .” she cooed, slowly lowering her fist across her body . . . until tiny Bridget was face-to-lips with the hungry sex of a woman several times her size.

Before she could moan, much less scream, Bridget became a blonde sex toy, fed to the depths of a hot, humid hell of sticky juices, crushing muscular walls, and an inexorable tugging that dragged the little woman in deeper . . . deeper . . . deeper by the second. Squeezing and sucking, overloading the tiny blonde's senses to the point where reaching orgasm was an inevitability. She felt herself shrinking, her feet getting slurped up to join her in the depths of the Amazon, a ten-inch bug thoroughly owned by the woman she was now trapped inside. She felt her consciousness drifting away, her body becoming unresponsive, her very existence becoming hazy . . .

The Amazon casually patted her flat stomach as her latest prey faded away, melting into cum. The poor thing wasn't even sexually satisfying enough to bother masturbating, to finish off the little thing's soul. Finally, she broke, laughing in arrogance; “My fucking God, that was too easy! Little bitch, you're nothing but my cum now . . . waiting for my next orgasm to die, trapped and helpless until then to the whims of my body . . . you'd better hope I get bored soon. From what I understand, your soul is getting tortured with endless pleasure with no release . . . not until I end you.”

Chuckling to herself in her own sensual contralto, the Amazon returned to the darkest part of the forest, smugly putting an ear to the desperate cries of the souls sealed in her womb, permanently a hair's breadth from orgasm. So long as she controlled herself, she'd have this chorus of agony begging to be set free . . . and that aroused her far more than any physical stimulation ever could.