

There I stood before the noble counsel and before my love. So beautiful, the thought of her got me through that hellish encounter on the wall, not that she would see it that way from her tower. Not that I blame her, if you're powerless to stop them, but safe, why not enjoy it? I knew even then she must have had such pleasure watching the woman who came from the woods.

I'm glad I got the honor of surviving to report. I might be afraid when they attack, but hearing Alexandria's descriptions of them after in our secret meetings always makes the hell worth it. Their height is so easy to judge from afar, compared to the known height of the wall, how Alexandria imagines herself as them. The thought makes me squirm even in this setting.

Suddenly, I'm snapped from my fantasy by a shout from the table's head, "Guard Report," the chairwoman orders me like the nameless grunt I am to most of the inner wall's denizens. And so I start from the events on the wall.

I was deep in the wall that night. I considered myself lucky then; I'd call myself blessed now. Giants don't usually go for the lower levels of the walls, too close to the ground, too many chances to tie them down and blast them to bits. My job was simple: watch through the windows and aim the bolts at anything that emerged from the woods.

Not that I could tell with no moonlight, this is always the worst type of night; the smart giants strike on nights like this because we can only act once it's too late. Sadly, I was not alone; you're never alone on duty, three jackasses who were my superiors in rank only, jackasses who knew they were going to die, and so decided to make every normal person miserable until they did.

I was assigned under Captain Crimson that night, she was a good heart, a true warrior of the people, with fiery red hair that stood out in this dull town of misery, her uniform was always pressed and flawlessly fitted, showing her biceps and thighs in detail, never enough to scare a real threat, but enough to keep Jacks one though three in line. She stood at 6'00", about average for a woman. She was only 4 inches taller than me, but I'm tall for a man at 5'8". She was too good, but I'll get there.

When the bells started, we got into position. When they ended, we stood ready. It could be bandits or a troll; we could handle a troll. But I knew I was lying to myself; those bells only went off for threats that could kill us all, and a soulbound giant was the only likely answer.

It was those resounding thuds that truly sealed this night, just one sound, shaking the walls and the conviction of the ranks. I could hear them, orders being shouted, feet running for their posts even after the bells.

We had been trained to be quiet, but these idiots ignored it when their desire to survive overcame their logic, not realizing that our training was our best chance at survival, given the false chambers in the wall. They were just making sure the coming disaster knew precisely where they were.

At least my love will get a good show tonight, probably already set up with the best view of the upcoming slaughter. All these scramblers will draw them away from me, and their screams will be heard from far away. She always enjoys the sound to add to the visuals.

I was happy to be with the captain, not just because she was a good apple in a barrel of bad ones, but she had the uncanny ability to keep the jacks in line, even now, even as the sounds grew unbearable.

A blinding light filled my vision. When my sight recovered, I saw it, out my window, a foot, large for sure, but I had seen bigger; it was perfect, smooth, with nails trimmed. Despite their wild nature, these outcasts were always beautiful on the outside.

I could envision Alexandria right now, she was getting off to this, most would call it immoral, our religion would say a sin, but her vibrant stories always made me cum when she described herself doing what these women could. But I had to refocus; if I drifted off, I would make a fatal mistake.

I didn't bother to question how the giantess appeared, a dash spell or a teleportation ritual, maybe something else. The soulbound could have done this in plenty of ways, and trying to figure it out would just be wasting my time before the slaughter.

I would pray, but the gods had never answered me before; the only gods left on this world provided for their worshipers alone, and unfortunately, the goddess before us was not ours. The sound of shifting muscles let me know a surge was cast. The wall would hold if the idiots calmed down, but it seemed increasingly unlikely.

Then Silence, why did they shut up, the giant hasn't done anything -

A message hit my mind, "Stand your ground, Aim the bolts." Magic, I know of it, but wasn't a practitioner myself; most people aren't. I would have been of a higher status if I were a mage, but magic scares every ass in this wall to shut up, so we aimed, and the collective bolts flying were my world for a few seconds.

I aimed low, splinter in the foot, I wouldn't kill her, not even scratch her while her muscles were boosted, but if it annoyed her, then the bigger defenses might stick. We just had to wait out the surge. Seeing the bolts fall on the ground around her was an expected, if not demoralizing sight, although her hisses of pain for the ones that stuck gave me something, regardless of the giggle she gave with their simple removal.

She must be new; some giantesses would just shrug it off, not letting the weak villagers truly see them in either pain or relief. That giggle was the giggle of someone truly understanding, for the first time, that we can't touch her with our weapons. An expression of superiority cemented.

Alexandria's laugh would be amazing at that size, her laugh so gentle on my ears, broadcast for all the monsters on the wall to fear as they dangled right above her open mouth - NO, focus, if you die today that reality will never be yours, if I die it'll ruin this for her. Reload and fire again, that's all you can do.

CREAK

The sections above me are failing, being ripped from the support of the lower levels. The true fun had begun for the goddess at our wall. I could hear her moans, amplified by size but unabashedly feminine, sharp, and passionate. She was in her own world, and we were just the foreplay she needed to let loose. This sound, I could die happy hearing it if it came from Alexandria.

The stone fragments hitting the ground outside my window and the screams were all I needed to know the wall was an all-you-can-grab buffet by this point. "Private, watch out." "HA, served him right." "OH FUCK, NOT ME TOO." It sounds like the new recruit was saved, but that captain and a completely different jack than the three that were with me weren't lucky.

Wait, never mind, there's the recruit, dropped too soon, his body splatting on the ground from his fall out of a goddess's hand. The captain, defying the goddess, got him killed; no one else died of falling, don't know if the recruit got off easy?

I heard the sounds of people falling, their screams growing louder, but their bodies never hit the ground, unlike the recruit. The goddess must have a bag; it's harvest season on the insects, both a great source of protein and of ingredients for magic.

Their screams grew louder and louder. Some were cut short, maybe scared to death, but this volume, she is getting further and further down the wall. SHIT, she is new, stooping down is one of the worst moves, but that doesn't mean I won't die before they get her for this mistake. Would another bolt just make her come for me faster? Would it be worth it as a last show of my existence?

The screaming was becoming shorter, not less quiet, just there then seemingly gone. It must be feasting time for those poor souls on the upper floors. Though even as the feasting began, I saw guards making their way down her legs, those at the top of her bag, who could get hold of its rim, I assume.

GULP,

She swallowed them down so quickly, it felt like a blur of screams for mercy at various pitches. I can't recall them all; they mixed together at the speed the goddess could eat them. So much fuel for her, would I be fuel soon? No, I had decided long ago I would only be fuel to Alexandria, I would kill anyone else who tried, a lie to myself, but one that made me happy.

I still have some time; she's still high up the wall, so I should check with the captain. As I turned my attention away from the outside, I realized the door was open; it was just me and Crimson. The jacks ran, deserters too afraid to die, just meant they'd die for certain, if not as part of something greater than themselves, then as traitors.

"Captain, what are your orders? What should we do?" I asked, drawing close to her to prevent revealing ourselves if possible

"We do what we can, we stay quiet and hope the mages do their job before that thing can kill us, too," said Crimson with the wisdom of someone who had survived by the skin of her teeth one too many times.

And so we moved away from the windows; the sounds were still clear, even without the view of the goddess's feet, the rhythmic sounds of her throat muscles pushing her prey down.

SLAM

Right below the windows, I heard it, a door? Jacks? What idiots would use the outer doors right now? I have to see this.

I made my way back to my window, disregarding Crimson's concerned look. I was right; The Jacks, not just my own section but at least four others, walked outside the wall. The doors only lead outside the wall. "To allow men to file out to take down threats like bandits, we can't waste bolts on," a commanding officer had said during training.

Alexandria and I also joked that it was there to keep cowards from running into the city to escape death. Most nobles seem unaffected when it comes to the treatment of the common folk. I wouldn't be surprised if, among those who financed the walls, they put in a demand that no one could escape, and the guards simply came to accept it because that's all we're suitable for, fodder to save the nobles.

"Come on, step on at least a group of them," I thought intensely as the jacks realized they had made a mistake they couldn't come back from. They had just entered a game to see if she would be taken down or they would be crushed. If they won that bet, they'd be heroes, brave souls who left the wall early to slay the monster; if not, the karma they all had coming would make this unpleasant for them.

I had tuned it out while watching, cowering. But bolts and other armaments had been firing this whole time, ineffectively and wastefully. If they were going to continue anyway, why not nets, let a mage get into position while she's fighting to detangle herself? I should've made a higher rank already, given orders like that, but a blacksmith's son doesn't get promotions.

But at least blunt force seemed to tip her off balance. There was a rumbling, movement, a great moan. She fell like a meteor into the ground, knocking us from our spots, but not before I could see the Jacks' mortified expressions.

CRUNCH

As I got up, what I saw outside was a field painted in blood, and the underside of a goddess, her slit like a portal to an increasingly wet world, her fingers entering and exiting from that realm of lust. Flinging juices on and past the already broken wall, my luck tonight was immersible, not only getting the bottom floor but not getting kicked through when she fell.

She was just lounging there, bolts raining still, one hand pleasuring herself, another continuing to scoop out all those on the higher floors. Her breath caught as she worked on her cunt.

There was a sudden loud popping noise. I couldn't see her face, but I had to assume it must have come from there, cemented in my mind by the gulping.

RUMBLE

She was growing, something that the soulbound could do, absorb the mana and mass from people to get larger—her first of many that night. I would have to hope my family forge survived. I only had a year or so left of service; I would be back there soon.

As I watched, listened, I really started coming to terms that I could likely die, isn't that why Alexandria loved this, because she felt powerless, but she was safe, she could project. And I wouldn't wish it any other way. But I couldn't debase myself in front of the Captain; if I did, I'd be dead by daybreak for blasphemy. I could only sit, starting to imagine Alexandria's details over what I was seeing.

Her fingers, entering her pussy, movements casually crushing on the little town, the gulping and moaning in her tone of voice, I had to bear the fact that it made me leak without even touching. To truly feel no burden for my desires because my death was so close, I was free and at the mercy of this goddess, and whatever other deity must have been on my side this night, regardless of my blasphemies.

When she stopped her hand, I knew what was coming. Alexandria reacted similarly, but at this size, I needed to brace. "Crimson, hold on, a big wave is coming," I shouted, as whatever survival instinct I had to be quiet, continued to leave my increasingly horny body.

What mercy is a stifled moan when it comes from a woman of that size? I'll tell you, being able to hear after that night is another thing I consider lucky. Her thighs came together in a sound I could only describe as thunder from a lightning bolt barely missing you. I was blasted from my

position at the window, knocked prone to the floor. And if her thighs hadn't deafened me, her moan did.

When I could bring myself to raise the window, it was useless, covered in sticky secretion. Information would not come from that distortion before me; at least I could still see the colors through the window.

I saw the fleshy color that could only be her moving again. I heard her place her arm on the wall, then the ceiling above ruptured, a finger that could easily crush the life from me searching. I should have died, but a flash of red saved my life. Crimson pushed me against the wall, and I saw her being snatched up. She didn't scream; she wasn't given the time. Only a snack, regardless of her honor.

It was horrifying, and beautiful. I wanted to look away, but I just couldn't. Everything felt like it was happening in slow motion. Her eyes were all-consuming gold, her hair so large I could tell every brown strand apart. And my captain halfway in her maw.

As she slipped past the lips, I saw the bump form in the goddess's throat. I want to look away, but I need to see her off. The bump starts sliding down. The goddess, I should be horrified, but I only picture Alexandira over her, all the times we talked about her getting big, eating the jacks one by one. The crimson twin braids that usually framed her face replaced the brown I should have seen, as the giant's face was repressed in my mind.

Gulp

It was done. Crimson wasn't a jack. I turned my eyes away and pressed against the wall, ashamed at the effort I had to put in to not cum, imagining my love eating the one who just saved me. That would make a good joke later, I hope Alexandria laughs; it's the only way I can ground myself.

Then another finger jutted into the space. This is it, Alexandria. I hope you find someone who can cherish you, who won't turn you in or be disgusted by your fantasies, who can give you what you want. I was ready to accept my death.

SNAP, THUD

The finger retreated forcefully., I'm alive; the other defenses must have arrived. I could only sit and hope they would drive her back. The heat I felt from the mage's fire spell and the scream of the goddess.

It all felt wrong, it all felt right. I'm alive; I have to see Alexandria. She'll have the most extraordinary story about tonight.

Thud

That one was softer. What was that? I later came to learn the giantess had caught a boulder.

CRASH

And that she threw it at the towers. Alexandria will have a trauma that we'll work through later, maybe we can both laugh just to get through it.

The sounds died down as the goddess retreated. I got out of my segment of the wall. I'm the only soldier left in proximity, so site recovery is now my duty.

I searched the rubble, jackass blood, dead meat, the recruit's broken body, a broken keg, damn, I could use a drink. But then I saw them, a speck at first. It was when they noticed I acknowledged them that they started sprinting away. Too bad they were so small.

A shrunken human, she was barely 3 inches tall, naked as no clothes would be dignified on someone so diminished. Her hair was bright red, and a twinge of guilt ran through me, but I snatched her mid-stride from the ground.

She squirmed in my hand, fear evident in her eyes, if from trauma from being with the giantess, or fear at my uniform (a common enough sentiment until people got to know me), I couldn't tell. She was something that would be illegal and immoral to make in town; the kingdom would never allow it.

They might kill her in fear of being a spy or maybe a bomb. I should just let her go, but she'll never survive out there. It's a good thing I know a certain someone with plenty of resources and a deep desire for a pet just like this to be a goddess for.

As I began to make my way back to the wall, I saw it, leather, old. Not something a soldier would keep. Inside, the answer to all my problems, all her problems. We could die for this, but I'd rather die in ecstasy with her than on the wall.

The goddess must have dropped it when she came on the wall, the formula to make a goddess of my own, soul-binding. Even picking this up marks me for death, so no going back.

I made my way through the streets of my home. I had to know, did they survive, was there something in this world besides her left? I know these streets; deliveries for my family taught them to me well. And at the end, nothing

My laugh started weak but grew more intense; it was the only thing I could do. "That's it, my family, my home, gone. I have nothing; this town took everything. Everything but her. I won't let them take her, too."

This book, and her. It's all that matters, if I can get it to her, even if it's not me, to know my goddess is safe. I just keep laughing on my way to report.

This was my report to the counsel, minus all my fantasizing about my love and the contraband found. Well, one more thing, I didn't share how close to death I came, how everything I had was gone, I couldn't, not in front of the council, if Alexandria knew now she'd react, and they'd all be suspicious why a highborn cared for a wall guard's life.

I just survived hell, I'm not dying tonight by saying too much, not until I give Alexandria her prize. I do our secret nod and wink, then leave for the audience chamber. She'll get her gifts when we meet in that chamber between the tower and the wall.