

LUCIFER AND LILITH SYND
PRESENT:



*Giantess
Spa*
Light Issue



"Here he is..." said Sadira, while pointing at the passed out man that was chained and suspended above the floor.

"I know this guy. His name is John, me and Sylvia tortured him for days in the old times... He thought he was a facesitting fetishist but ended up being a disappointment. I guess he didn't learn his lesson since he ended up here..." replied Morgana, stepping inside of the shrinking chamber that the CEO of the Spa had assigned her.

"Well then, Teach him anew and make sure he learns his lesson this time.." added Sadira, chuckling "Anything you need before I leave you to your business?"

"Well, now that you ask... There's one thing."

"What would that be, my dear?" asked Sadira, hands on her hips and looking into Morgana's eyes.

"You asked us to bring Corey, remember? Well... He's infact here.." the blonde CEO used her left hand to pull her panties in the front "Hiding' in there."

"Oooo... Must have been a wonderful rollercoaster ride for him." the silver haired woman chuckled mischeviously "But perhaps it was even better for you?"

"You bet... But one problem: I want to enjoy myself properly with John, without getting Corey killed in the process. Do you mind taking him to your office while we finish here?" Morgana giggled and shook her hips side to side to let the shrunken boy drop from her labias.





Corey was utterly stuck to Morgana's velvet lips and as she shook her hips he managed to drop away from them, slowly and with a string of her juices attached to him.

He gasped out, hoping to breathe some oxygen that was not entirely filled with her vaginal smell but her panties worked as some sort of a tent. Even without being attached to her intimate flesh, there was still no way to get any air inside of his lungs that was clean of feminine scent.

"I don't mind at all, really. I am going to take very good care of him while you have your fun." Corey heard Sadira's voice and his blood froze in his veins at the realization: he was back in the Spa! While he was still trying to recover, Morgana's slender fingers grasped him from her panties.



She placed him in the palm of her right hand and brought him up, so that Sadira could see him properly.

"Oh, he's much smaller than how he was before..." commented the owner of the Spa, hint of surprise in her voice.

"Courtesy of Trish. Sylvia asked her to make him this small, so he could suffer like he's in Hell or something like that." chuckled Morgana.

"Interesting... Seems like you girls have no interest on using them as toys, just in for the torture... I like that. Now, let me get out of your way, lovely." concluded Sadira, grabbing Corey with her gloved fingers and leaving the room after smiling once again to the blonde Woman.



Once alone, Morgana made her way to the hanging guy, that was unconscious and hovering above the ground, held up by the chains. She took very great care about not making any noise with her footsteps, the blonde Mistress wanted to give him one hell of a painful startle...

"Now... On to you, John..." she whispered.

Morgana turned around, her ass barely inches from the man's face and backed herself properly. She skillfully planned it: the distance was correct, his body was not too high up. Yes, thought the CEO in her head, this would have worked.

Her slender hands ran along the thick chains, once satisfied that they were in the right position she gripped them tightly and with a nimble maneuver pulled herself up. Her legs were straight in the air as she tensed all of her muscles to hold herself up. This was going to be so fucking good, she thought.



"SURPRISE, SLAVE!" yelled Morgana from the top of her lungs as she slammed her butt on top of the man's chest, using her full weight to make the impact as hefty as possible.

He was woken up with excruciating pain on his arms and legs, that were already so sore after being hung for a while, now strained under the weight of the woman. John screamed, the chains rattling furiously as he squirmed to no avail.

"Thought you could escape us, uh?!" Morgana bounced on him and slammed her ass down at each word she pronounced **"YOU!"** Bash **THOUGHT!"** Pound **"WRONG!"** Smash.

She laughed historically as the man just screamed even more.



"PLEASE!!! PLEASE!!!" he yelled out in pain, his voice a grunt.

"Please what, Johnny-boy? Are you already begging me to end you right away? Is that really what you want? Oh wait, maybe I'm too heavy.. Is that it?" Morgana laughed out loudly and bounced her ass some more on top of his chest, making him squint his eyes and clench them as his body kept being struck with thunderous pain.

"Oh, man up already, will you?" said the cruel Mistress, rubbing her ass-cheeks against the man's pectorals, already sore from the abuse they were receiving "Jeez... You're such a fucking wimp. I know how to shut you up..."

With those words, Morgana wrapped her legs tightly around his head...

...and squeezed. As hard as she could, feeling her thighs pressing heavily on John's cheekbones, his face deforming while she held the strength and kept crushing him heavily.

"OOORGGSSSHH!!! UNNNPHHHH!!!" he grunted under her even louder, feeling as if his skull was about to explode.

"You can still talk even like this? Jesus Christ, you're a fucking annoyance! When me and Sylvia smothered the fuck out of you, all you could do was to whine like a little bitch... Well... Whine for me now then."

Morgana suddenly released the hold of her thighs on his skull and lifted herself up, scooting forward... the eyes of the man widening in horror.





"OH GOD... OH GOD NOOHMMPHH!!!" Morgana literally dropped at fullweight on top of the man's face, sealing his airways with her private parts.

Her pussy lips wrapped tightly around his nose and the impact was so forceful that her labia majora deformed at the point they contributed to form a perfect air-tight seal on John's features.

"There is no fucking God to help you, you're in here alone with me, my pussy and my ass... Scream all you want, the building is full of Women that would love to hear you cry out in pain!" she pressed herself down furthermore, loving the grunts and yells that John kept releasing, muffled under her pussy "In other words... You're fucked, Johnny-boy... You're mine and mine alone!" a glacial laughter followed those words.



"What's that? Are you attempting to say something?" Morgana kept taunting and teasing him, while John kept crying out in pain "I don't think I can hear you, you'll have to speak up if you want me to let you breathe!"

The cruel Mistress rocked her hips on top of his face but never did she allowed him to breathe.

"When we were smothering you, Sylvia kept telling me to go easy on you, that I would have broken you too soon... Well, she's not here now... I think I'm gonna fucking kill you, you useless excuse of a man!" yet another laugh from the blonde Mistress, that kept staring into his eyes until she saw them beginning to close "Already passing out, are you? You men are all retarded! Can't use your brains and think that maybe you shouldn't scream so much when every ounce of air is important to survive!!"

And just as he was about to lose consciousness, Morgana placed the sole of her heels against his neck and used the grip as a base to lift herself up while still giving him pain.

"There, fuck-face... Breathe now!" she yelled at him.

John wheezed and gasped, trying to recover as much air as he could, as quickly as possible. Strings of the blonde woman's juices were attached his face from her privates, while his cheeks were just smeared with plenty of them. A loud rumble was heard from Morgana's intestines...

"Ooooh... Seems like the 'upgrades' are starting to work... Or maybe it's the chilli I had for lunch? Shall we investigate?"





Morgana pushed on her bowels... Her anus opened up and a flow of wet misty flatulence escaped at high pressure, shooting right inside of John's open mouth...

"OOOORGL!!!" he gurgled in disgust, feeling his stomach turning upside down because of the horrendous stench of rotten eggs mixed with digested beans and meat... But although he felt himself about to puke, he couldn't... It was like the gas was clenching his aesophagus to not allow him any relief.

The fart kept coming for six long seconds, coating the insides of his mouth with its wetness, making him taste it almost as if she had shat in his mouth...

"Oh... FUCK..." exclaimed the blonde Mistress...

She stopped the flow of gas at that moment, having realized just how much she was enjoying it.. Just farting, a simple thing like that, had filled up her body with an insane amount of pleasure, to the point she felt a coil of pleasure tightening in her womb...

"Oh... Fuck me... This is... Incredible..." she said to herself, every word being interrupted by a deep breath.

Her mouth was wide open in surprise, she was breathing so loudly and her ample breasts jiggling from the movement of her chest... And as well, she realized one thing: the need to fart didn't stop. She could keep going as much as she wanted....

"I am... Going to..." she started saying, before dropping herself again...



"FUCKING FART YOU TO DEATH!!!" she exclaimed as her privates smashed against John's face, this time aiming her asshole to his nose...

Morgana farted, letting her anus open just as she landed on John's face, his nose getting trapped inside. He shouted and screamed horribly as the cruel Mistress just let lose of her endless amount of gas, that came out at such pressure that it still escaped from the seal she created. Her legs clamped heavily around her victim's head, squishing his skull and cheeks, her tongue licking her lips in absolute pleasure...

"BREATHE!!! BREATHE!!! SUCK IN MY FARTS!!!" she yelled at him, her rumble being so loud it was echoing in the room and making the walls tremble... And then, finally, she felt the man's body change...





A strong tingle went through him.. John's body began to shrink slowly. It was not a fast process, in which he felt his arms almost being ripped out of their sockets as Morgana just kept farting right in his nose and sitting as heavily as she could on him.

Finally, his size was getting too small for the restraints to hold onto him any longer, he slipped out of them and fell towards the ground. Similarly to what had happened to Sylvia, Morgana kept her intimates right against John's shrunken face, never stopping her endless flow of ungodly flatulence.

"DOWN WE GO!!! GET READY TO BE SQUASHED!" she yelled in maniacal and ecstatic excitement.

The blonde Mistress grinned widely as she braced for impact.

The bash that followed was loud enough that the walls seemed to shake. Morgana had landed with John stuck precisely in her asscrack and a sudden wave of pleasure filled the woman by feeling that his screaming got completely silenced as his head entered inside of her asshole.

"AAAAAAAHHHH!!!" she yelled out in pleasure, her farts never stopping still. She hammered herself down, hopping on her ass, to squish the man that was completely trapped inside of her.

"TAKE IT! TAKE IT! TAKE MY ASS!!!" Morgana was now growling, she was in a state of so much ecstasy that her mind had gone into insanity. John had every muscle in his body stiff: if he was able to understand why, it was because of the farts he had been breathing non-stop for over ten minutes, were filled with some sort of paralyzing agent.

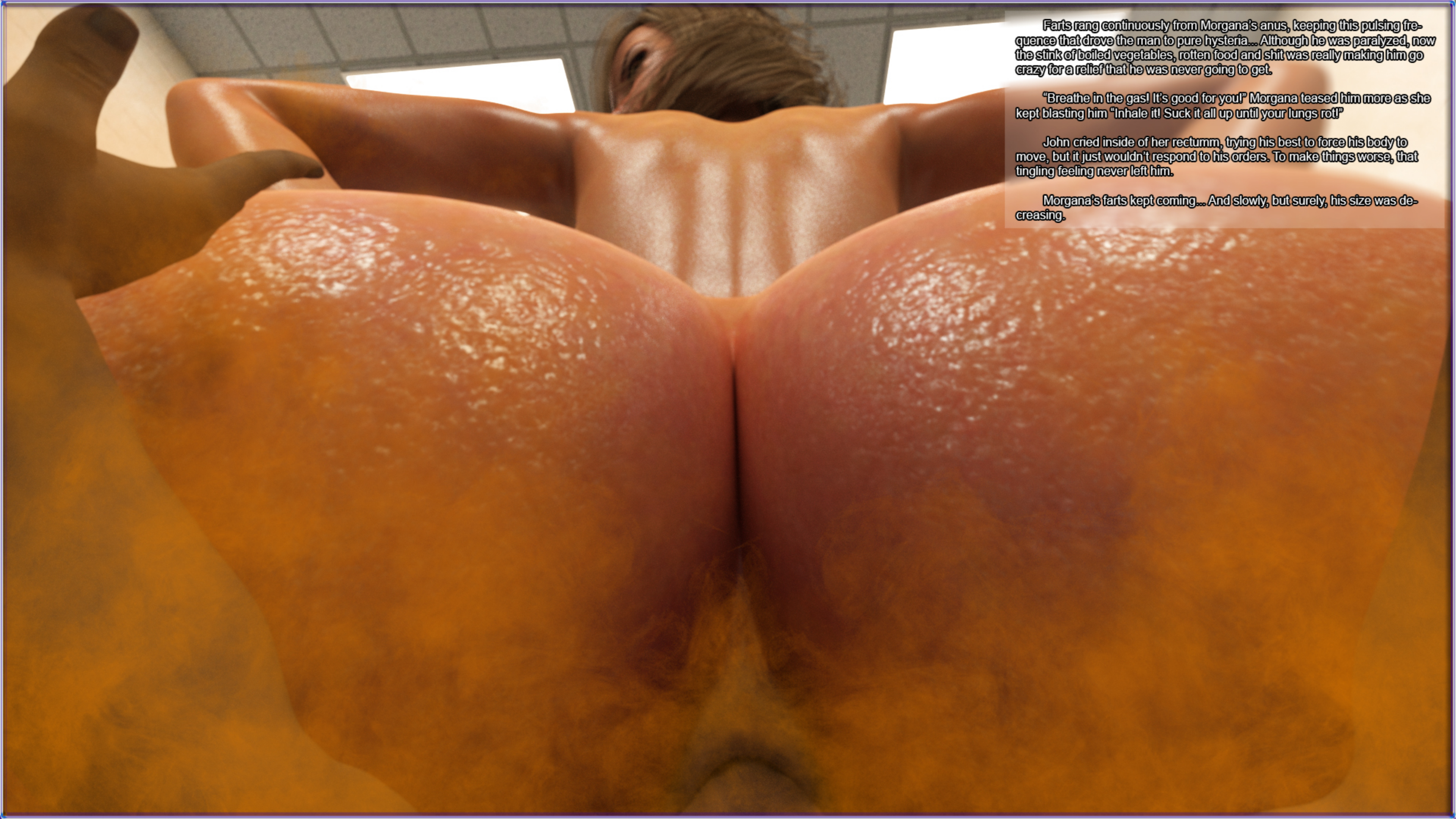




Suddenly, Morgana shifted her position. From sitting, she went onto her knees, dragging the shrunken man painfully along with herself, straining his neck as it was squeezed tightly by her rim.

“Comfy back there, uh?! Enjoying the stench on the inside?” she told him “If not, don’t worry.. It will get even worse!”

And so Morgana began to fart in a different way... it was no more just a flow of the same strength, but a pulse. The stream of her gas was constant, to never allow him any rest, but at rhythmic intervals of three seconds, she would push more on her bowels, making him scream and gurgle horribly inside of her ass... And she didn’t stop doing this, the endless reserve of flatulence that the Gene of the Goddess had awakened in her just kept coming and coming, relentlessly torturing the man.



Farts rang continuously from Morgana's anus, keeping this pulsing frequency that drove the man to pure hysteria... Although he was paralyzed, now the stink of boiled vegetables, rotten food and shit was really making him go crazy for a relief that he was never going to get.

"Breathe in the gas! It's good for you!" Morgana teased him more as she kept blasting him "Inhale it! Suck it all up until your lungs rot!"

John cried inside of her rectum, trying his best to force his body to move, but it just wouldn't respond to his orders. To make things worse, that tingling feeling never left him.


Morgana's farts kept coming... And slowly, but surely, his size was decreasing.

When the cruel blonde Mistress felt no more weight attached to her ass, she smirked widely and stuck her ass up in the air... She moved a hand between her legs to search for her prey and found him, so shrunken that he could perfectly fit inside... And that's exactly what she wanted to do.

"Mmmm we had fun didn't we, Johnny? But all good things must come to an end..." Morgana placed her middle finger against the shrunken man's penis and her index on his right foot. "The gas chamber awaits you, little fart slave! Death by ass!"

With a cruel and extremely amused laugh, still not able to believe that her farts were truly endless and able to shrink and kill a man, Morgana started to slowly push him inside... His torso went up the Giantess' rectum easily and she did not stop there.





"HNNNN... Ahhh, yes... Get all the way in there, fucking microbe!" she yelled, her voice broken by pleasure, feeling her climax reaching closer "Fucking disappear in my stink, drown in my farts!"

With one final push, Morgana sent all of his body up her ass, only his left leg still sticking out. The blonde Mistress was now growling from the bliss, unable to contain herself.

"FUCKING..." she began to say, as John breathed in his final breath of unspeakably stinking farts, his lungs finally collapsing and his entire body shutting down "DISAPPEAR IN MY ASSHOLE!!!" the phrase was finally concluded and she contracted her internal walls, sucking him all the way in, her anus closing behind his now lifeless body, never to be seen or heard from again.



In a room filled up to the brim with nothing but her farts, to which she was immune, at the point that not a single particle of oxygen remained uncontaminated, Morgana reached the most powerful orgasm of her life, her juices squirting out copiously as she moaned out, feeling the shrunken man becoming even smaller inside of her ass.

She fingered herself furiously, increasing the duration of her climax and its strength, her index finger rubbing against her clit in circular motions in such a speed that her hand was a blur in movement.

Only after thirty long seconds in which she kept spraying her pussy liquids all around along with her farts, Morgana finally collapsed out of pure exhaustion and went limp on the floor of the room.



"Well..." started Sadira "Remind me to activate the air vents before we open the door to that room, will you? She really did a number with those farts of hers..."

"How interesting..." said Vanja "I wouldn't mind receiving such a gift myself, considering how much I love torturing men with my bowel movements... But whatever the so called 'Goddess' shall bestow upon me, I will be more than happy."

Her tone was full of sarcasm, she didn't believe in a single word about the women of the past and all of that idiotic things Sadira had lectured them about.. But if this made her shrink men and, even more, make her grow to become a huge Giantess... Then it was all good. Her thoughts were interrupted by her phone ringing in her pocket.



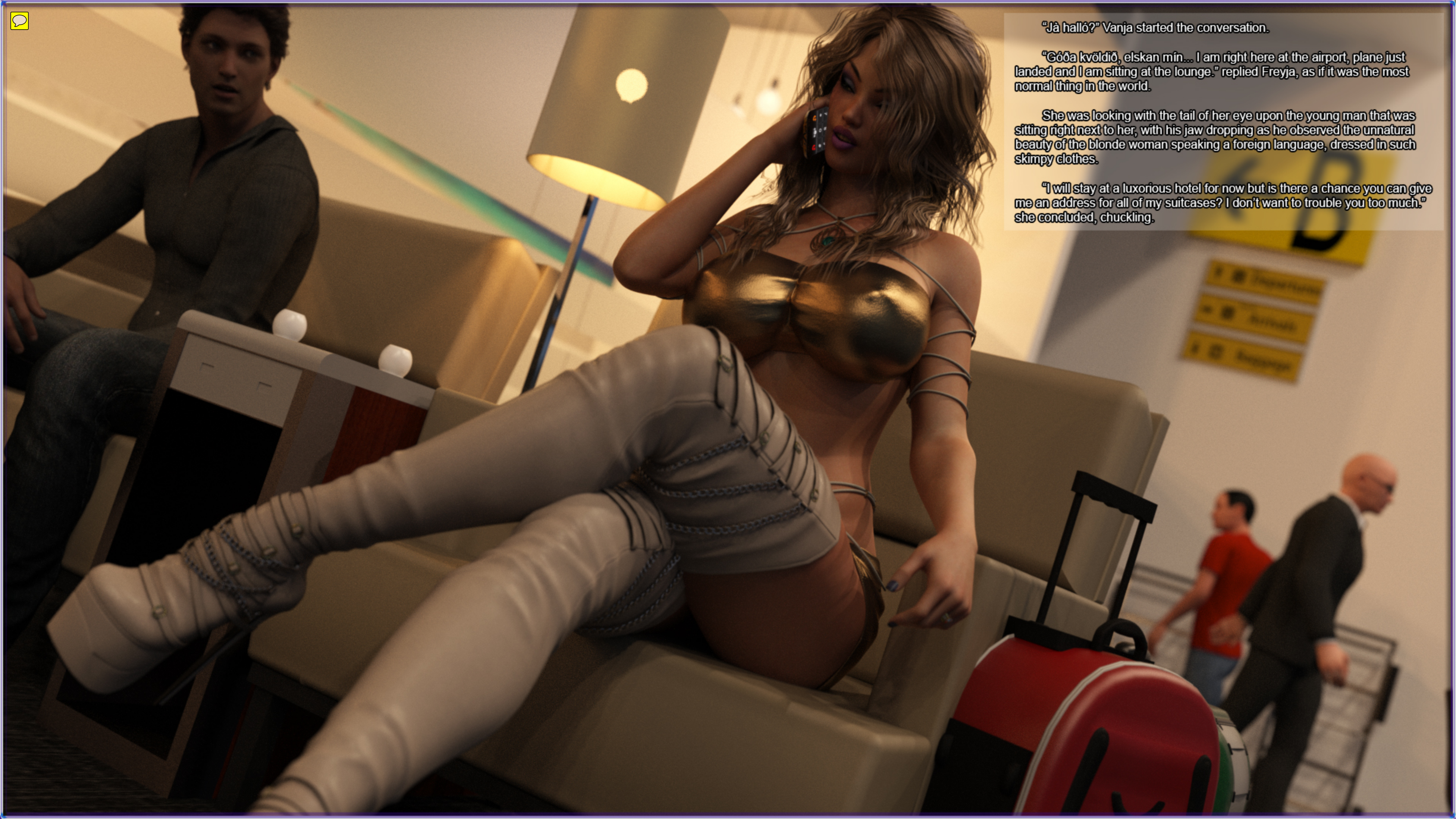
"Hvað í andskotinum?" was the red haired woman's reaction as she saw the number on her screen.

"What is it, darling?" asked Sadira, coming closer to her.

"Not what... Who." replied Vanja, still not answering "It's Freyja..."

"Helja's mother? I thought I said there was no need to call her." commented the owner of the Spa.

"I didn't... I believed your words but... It's weird, it seems like she is making a call from... Here... She is in the United States!" unable to contain her curiosity anymore, Vanja answered the call and placed the phone next to her right ear.



"Já halló?" Vanja started the conversation.

"Góða kvöldið, elskan mín... I am right here at the airport, plane just landed and I am sitting at the lounge." replied Freyja, as if it was the most normal thing in the world.

She was looking with the tail of her eye upon the young man that was sitting right next to her, with his jaw dropping as he observed the unnatural beauty of the blonde woman speaking a foreign language, dressed in such skimpy clothes.

"I will stay at a luxurious hotel for now but is there a chance you can give me an address for all of my suitcases? I don't want to trouble you too much." she concluded, chuckling.



"Haa.. já já auðvitað. I don't mind at all but... Freyja, why are you in the United States? Is Måni with you?" asked Vanja.

"Oh no, my dear... Måni had an unfortunate accident a couple of weeks ago, he was watching some porn and apparently his heart gave in, causing... lung failure. My poor late husband suffocated to death." Freyja replied with a lustful tone of voice "Svo sorglegt... But at least I got some sort of compensation from his life insurance and... Well, I had really no reason to stay in Iceland... My daughter is here, you are here... I moved all my funds to a local bank account and I'm ready to start a new life."

"Ég skil..." replied Vanja, understanding that Freyja had killed her husband... "I'll tell you what. I am going to get a Limo to pick you up, I will meet you at the airport's main exit in one hour. Do you need some... entertainment on the way?" concluded the red haired girl, smirking.

"You are very kind my darling. I will be waiting for you and... Don't worry about the entertainment... I think I have something cooking right here." replied once more Freyja, still looking at the young man next to her "I will see you soon. Don't be too late or I may just end the fun before you get here!" with a chuckle, the blonde Goddess closed the call.



“So... Care to explain what is going on?” asked Sadira at that point.

“Freyja is here in the US... Apparently, she killed her husband, took all of their wealth for herself and decided to move here. Believe me when I say this: if it is ruthless women you are looking for, you don't wanna miss her in your team.” explained Vanja in return “I am going to go pick her up at the airport... I will test my Gene as soon as we come back, if that's alright?”

“Tell me something first...” the white haired woman's voice was malicious, almost as if she was planning something “What kind of wealth are we talking about here?”

“As much money as you can think of, Sadira...” was the answer.

"Fine... Go pick her up, hun. But do me a favour: bring her here, I want to meet her." the CEO of the Spa's tone of voice was mischevous, the body language she was giving by swaying her curves constantly meant only that she was really excited about something "And make sure of one thing: have a male with you... The Gene may kick in and you could need... Well, let us just say that having someone to receive it would be much better."

"I understand..." replied Vanja "I will see you later then..."

"See you later indeed, my dear."

The conversation was concluded just like that and Sadira decided to not wake up Sylvia and Morgana from their state, not yet. Instead, she watched Vanja leave the corridor and head towards the exit of the Spa while she moved towards the elevator to get to the upper floors, walking towards her office.





The way she walked back was almost like some sort of personal parade, where she kept grinning from ear to ear. Millions of thoughts ran through Sadira's head, thinking of all the possible outcomes of her long awaited plan finally coming to a conclusion.

"Hello there, little slaves..." she told to Corey and Robert "Hope you are cosy enough on my desk... Because you certainly don't want to miss this next show."

Both the men gulped in fear, both of them on their knees, Robert facing the windows, sobbing and thinking about how his life is ruined because of these crazy Women. Sadira just chuckled and stepped towards the right side...



"She remembered... I really need to give Claire a raise, she's such a good worker..." commented Sadira as she observed the mannequin with a strange looking outfit.

It was of the same material as the clothes she was wearing already but it didn't cover at all any of her privates.

If worn as it was, it would have exposed her huge breasts and both her vagina and ass... And the CEO didn't waste time in stripping herself bare and stepping into these new 'clothes', if that could be even considered as such, and proceeded to dispose of the mannequin, placing it back inside of one of the compartments that were in the walls. As she was done, her smirk became even wider...

"Holy shit, what is that super cool outfit?!" said Morgana suddenly.

Sadira had been so lost into her thoughts that she hadn't noticed how much time had passed nor that the two gorgeous blondes were inside of her office.

"I see you're both awake now... How was the time spent with those guys? Any good, my dears?" asked the white haired woman.

"Absolutely fantastic!" replied Morgana, even if she was not very happy about the fact that Sadira ignored her question.

"So... What's with the outfit?" asked Sylvia at that point, drastically.



"This..." started Sadira, turning around and beginning to walk towards the girls, hands on her hips and breasts bouncing wildly at each step she took "Is what I consider to be my personal 'battle outfit', so to speak. It is made of a very particular material, like my previous one, that can stretch beyond any limit... It is a fiber I created myself in my laboratory, imbued as well with the same chemicals as the Gene of the Goddess, to keep my body fed with its effects."

Sylvia and Morgana looked at each other for a second, unable to comprehend why Sadira had gone to the lengths of creating something like that...

"Unfortunately my old one was just a prototype... And it eventually stopped functioning, that is why it was constricting my body so much." continued the CEO of the Spa "But this is the brand new model, perfected... It should work just great for the cause."

With a chuckle, she kept walking towards her desk, going past the two standing confused blonde women.





"Sadira..." started Sylvia "I can no longer be quiet about this, I need to ask you some questions."

Morgana looked puzzled at the sudden words by her partner and just gazed into her eyes.

"Go right ahead, lovely" replied Sadira.

"Well... It is about all of this... This place, this Gene that you gave us and... All of these men that you have in here, shrunken and ready to use... And now, even this outfit of yours, that you defined is for a battle."

"What is it that you do not understand about it?"

"Plenty, to say the truth..." continued Sylvia "When we first walked in here, Claire told us that the males are either way inmates from the death row, that have been sentenced to serve in here until death, or voluntary perverts that enjoy macrophilia..."

"...but none of that makes any sense to me. First off, Corey would have never come back into a Femdom environment after what I did to him... And secondly, the guys that me and Morgana just killed were actually complete vanillas that we enjoyed abusing, they ran away from us... They would have NEVER joined the Spa willingly."

Morgana couldn't help but admit in her head that Sylvia had a very valid point, but she didn't interrupt her.

"And the inmates? There is no way that the Government would sanction the inhumane sexual tortures that we put them through in here. Not that I mind doing it, exactly the opposite in fact... But this establishment should not be even slightly allowed to exist. And the chemical Gene? The satellite-shielded laboratory? Just... What is going on in here?" Sylvia finally concluded, eager for an answer.



"I have done the right thing to bring you both in here... At first, I was only interested in your cosmetic company, but as soon as I heard you speaking to me in this very office... I knew you had to be part of my team, with that intelligence of yours." started Sadira, smirking widely and halting her steps... The two tiny men looking up at her huge figure from the desk.

"The cosmetic company?" asked Morgana "But... Why?"

"Let us go with order..." started the CEO of the Spa "First of all, the males we shrink... It is true that they are inmates, most of them, and they are sent to us without the Government noticing a thing, thanks to the Women we placed into positions of power. They cover our tracks entirely, nothing of this ever came onto a table for discussion.

The rest of them, they are targets... We are taking out one by one all the most important people in this country, replacing them all with Women that are from our side, like the very first man that you killed... he was no fetishist, he was the Secretary of State, obviously very well camouflaged to not let you see his true identity."

Morgana and Sylvia were shocked and were jawdropping by that point... But they didn't stop Sadira from speaking.

"And for the guys you just killed and Corey... They were about to rat you both out. A single man going to the police and accusing two girls like you of rape and torture would have caused them to be laughed at... But three people at the same time? That is a different story. So, you're welcome, darlings." concluded Sadira.





"You... You made us kill Government officials?!" asked Morgana at that point, horrified "B...But why?! Why are you doing this?!"

"I think that is pretty obvious at this point, Morgy..." replied Sylvia with a smirk on her face "She is up to something very big... She is trying to take over the United States..."

"Is... Is that true, Sadira?" asked Morgana once again "But, I do not understand... Why us? Why my cosmetic company? What could you possibly want to do with something like that?"

"Yeah... That is something that I am not quite understanding as well." commented Sylvia, at that point letting the white haired woman reply...

Sadira's lips turned into the most devilish grin that the two blonde women ever saw on her face... She spread her arms wide, as if she was making a speech in front of a crowd.

"Because we are going to put the minor Gene of the Goddess inside of every single product of your company... We are going to spread it through the entire population, all Women will be able to shrink down those inferior males...

And when that will happen, we will finally activate the entire machine that I have been building in these years... We will rule above those walking ball-sacks, as nature has created us to do. No army will be able to stop us Women, we outnumber the males 4 to 1. And with us in the lead, with the true Gene, able to make us grow to huge heights, who would ever dare to face us?!"

A small pause, in which both Sylvia and Morgana began to grin evilly...

"We are going to create a perfect Femdom Society, in which Women will rule... And men will be forced down on their knees, serving us and dying for our pleasure! Are you with me or not?!" she concluded.



*To be
Continued*